

The Dancing Bear.

"Yes," said Aunt Tabitha solemnly, "Polly Andrews, old Deacon Andrew's wife, has gone back to live with her own people. And Polly says that if it hadn't been for the actions of the deacon's pet bear she might never have appreciated the sinfulness of the man with whom she was united in holy bonds of matrimony."

"For twenty years," Polly said to him as she was leaving his house, "for twenty years I've lived with you and never appreciated what a white sepulchre you were. But now I'm done. A man who would teach a pious dancing bear the couchee-couchee don't deserve the companionship of a Christian woman. It wouldn't be long before you would want me to be wearing short skirts and indulging in fancy dances. And I've got my soul to save and my joints are too stiff to take up such things at my time of life." So she left him.

"It wasn't so much that there was anything wrong in what the bear did. But the actions of that innocent-minded creature showed what company the deacon had been keeping and the way he had been enjoying himself when he went to the city on what he called business trips. But the path of the transgressor is hard, and now in his declining years the sinful deacon finds himself abandoned, not only by his wife, but by the bear who had been his pride and joy."

"The deacon had bought that bear when it was a cub and began its training early. There's no denying it was a bear of talents. It could dance a clog and a heel-and-toe shuffle and other dances not generally included in the repertoire of fat, middle-aged bears. It used to go on errands to the store, drive the cows home and make itself generally useful about the farm. Whenever the deacon went to the store the bear used to trudge after him. Then the bear would sit in a corner, not making a bit of trouble, but listening as intelligently as if it was a human being. The deacon thought the world of that bear."

"There's a bear among bears," he used to say proudly, "a bear that will make his mark in the bear world. He's a credit to himself and even more to the man who owns him."

"Three or four times a year the deacon used to go to the city on business trips. He used to take the bear with him, and while he never gave any clear explanation to Polly as to what his business was, she trusted him and the bear and never suspected that anything was wrong, though there's no denying that as a general thing Polly was ready with her suspicions and inclined to be a little jealous, not being as good looking as some I could name. The deacon always used to come home looking pretty well worn out, but he explained to Polly that was because he had been working so hard and bustling around to get a good price for the things raised on the farm."

"One night about three weeks ago, just after the deacon and the bear had returned from a trip to the city, Lon Atwell dropped in at the deacon's house. The deacon was down at the store, but for some reason the bear hadn't gone with him and was sitting in the kitchen with a pious look on its furry face. It happened that quite a number of the neighbors had called that evening and Lon, having his fiddle with him, thought he would give them some tunes. He played two or three favorites and then the bear strolled in from the kitchen. Folks always liked to see the bear dance, so Lon struck up a brisk clog. But instead of tripping lightly about the room the bear looked at Lon with a bored expression, as much as to say that it had gotten beyond clog dancing. Then Lon tried some other tunes, but the bear didn't respond."

"Maybe these dances aren't modern enough for him," remarked Lon, puzzled. "I'll try him with a skirt dance."

"Polly protested against this, saying that she didn't think skirt dances were the right thing for a deacon's house. But Lon exclaimed that the bear probably wouldn't know how to dance it, and that even if it did, not having any skirts, it wouldn't be in the least improper. It seemed to me that was a sort of queer way to decide whether a dance was proper, but that was what Lon said, and he having been away to the academy and played in the city band, people thought he was quite the authority on etiquette."

"Lon commenced playing the music for the skirt dance. The bear was interested in a second. It commenced to dance about the room in a gay fashion, kicking up its heels in front and to the side and backward. It was interesting, if not an edifying exhibition. But Polly was scandalized

"Stop that music this instant!" she said to Lon. "I won't permit such an exhibition in a Christian house. What isn't proper for a deacon's wife is improper for the deacon's bear. What would you think of me if I should go around trying to wave my heels in the air?"

"Every one agreed that they would be considerably surprised, not to say shocked, if Polly should take to acting in that way. Lon stopped playing and the bear stopped dancing. But both of them looked considerably disgruntled."

"Polly felt sort of suspicious about the actions of that bear. The bear spent most of its time with the deacon, and where could he have learned such a shocking dance unless in some place where the deacon had taken him? And what business did the deacon have going into any place where a dance of that kind was likely to be seen? I could see Polly's lips tighten and I knew there was trouble ahead for the deacon. The actions of Lon Atwell put the finishing touches on the sad business."

"Lon was pretty dissatisfied at having the skirt dancing stopped and he wanted to find out if the bear knew any other improper dances."

"Seems to me I remember another dance that used to be popular in the city a couple of years ago," said Lon, in his most innocent manner. "I wonder if the bear knows how to dance it."

"Then Lon began playing a queer, long drawn out sort of barbarous music. You never saw anything affect a bear so. It was on its hind feet in a moment, dancing all over the room. But I can't describe the dance. If the skirt dancing was painful to a truly good person, this second dance was a thousand times worse. The bear seemed to enjoy it thoroughly and that wicked Lon Atwell almost fell off his chair from laughing."

"Well, well," Lon almost shouted. "Who would have thought the pious old deacon's bear would know how to dance the couchee-couchee?"

"None of us had ever seen that performance, though we had all heard of it, and if

we had known what kind of a dance the bear was dancing we never would have allowed the exhibition, at least not more than a minute so as to see what it was really like. Polly was ready to sink through the floor with mortification. But just as she was going to give Lon Atwell her opinion of him and his music the dance stopped. And she noticed that the deacon had come in quietly and was standing in the doorway with an expression that seemed more like amused interest than grief on his face."

"And are you the venerable reprobate who has corrupted this innocent bear and taught him these scandalous dances?" she asked in severe tones."

"The deacon is 65 years old and pretty stiff in his legs. He seemed rather surprised at Polly's question."

"Do you think that at my time of life and with my rheumatism I would spend my time gyrating about on the floor for the purpose of teaching a bear improper dances?" he asked in the most innocent way."

"When Polly came to think it over she saw that the deacon was right on this point. He certainly couldn't have taught the bear himself, he had taken him where such dances could be seen. She told the deacon that he was a hypocrite, a deceiver, and a man of sin. She said that she was afraid that if she stayed with him any longer she would be spoiled herself. The deacon allowed that some things were too old and sour to be spoiled. And then Polly packed up her things and went home to her people."

"Maybe the deacon wasn't entirely to blame for things up to this point. A good many of the neighbors thought Polly acted pretty hastily. The deacon gave as an excuse that he had to go to the theatre and shows in order to get acquainted with people and make friends and customers. There is something in that, though it hardly seems probable that in order to sell vegetables a man has to attend shows so often that his bear learns to dance the couchee-couchee. But for the desertion of his pet bear, which left him alone in the world, only the deacon himself was to blame."

"After Polly left him of course the deacon had to keep house himself. Men folks are never good hands at such work—the deacon's meals were badly cooked, and everything was upside down. This made him short tempered. Instead of realizing that it was his own selfishness and folly that were responsible for his wife's leaving

him, the deacon laid all the blame on that poor, abused bear."

"If you hadn't been such a fool as to dance skirt dances in front of Polly," he used to say to the bear, "all this would never have happened." Then he would hit the bear a good cuff on the side of the head."

"After a while the bear got so that he didn't want to come home nights, being afraid of harsh words and blows from the deacon. So he would stay out late and when he did arrive home the deacon would have to get out of bed to let him in. One night, just after the deacon was snugly tucked in bed, he heard the bear knocking at the door. Instead of letting the poor, cold animal in, the deacon shoved up the window and shouted to the bear that he would have to stay out all night. "If you get cold," he added, "you can amuse yourself and keep warm by dancing a skirt dance, or the couchee-couchee, or some other of those fool performances that brought disgrace on yourself and your worthy owner."

"Of course, the bear couldn't dance without music, and, after waiting out in the cold until he was almost frozen, he took to the woods. And he never came back. The deacon was heart broken when he found his pet had left him for good. But I didn't feel much sympathy for him. "Just like a man," I said to Polly: "ill-treats the companion of his sinful pleasures and then wonders that he or she don't love him forever."

The Elephant As a Worker.

Mr. E. N. Buxton, in discussing the question of the preservation of big game in Africa, points out the great difficulty of protecting elephants, on account of the high market value of their tusks, and then avers that personally he is opposed to the destruction of elephants at all, on the ground that, valuable as they are for their ivory, they might be still more valuable as weight carriers. The idea of employing elephants as domestic animals of burden is not new, and many have testified to the patient and effective manner in which they apply their enormous strength in the service of man.

The Bicycle Wheel's Astronomy.

At the Yale observatory an interesting use has been found for the bicycle wheel. By fitting such a wheel with a series of opaque screens placed at regular intervals and then rotating it, with the aid of a small motor, at the rate of from 30 to 50

turns in a minute in front of the camera used to photograph meteors, Dr. Ekin has succeeded in measuring the velocity of the meteors' flight. The principle depends upon the interruptions produced by the screens in the trails of light made upon the photographic plates by the flying meteors. The velocity of the wheel is known at every instant by means of a chronographic record, and the length of the interruptions indicates the speed of the meteors."

The Origin of Writing.

Arthur J. Evans, the discoverer of the remains of a great prehistoric palace at Knossos in Crete, which is believed to be the original of the fabled 'Labyrinth,' says that the revelations made there carry back the existence of written documents on Greek soil some eight centuries beyond the earliest known monuments of Greek writing, and five centuries beyond the earliest dated Phœnician record as seen on the Moabite stone. These discoveries, therefore, "place the whole question of the origin of writing on a new basis." Mr. Evans thinks that the Cretan hieroglyphs exactly correspond with what, in virtue of their names, we must suppose to have been the pictorial originals of the Phœnician letters on which the alphabet is based. Among these are Aleph, the ox's head; Beth, the house; Daleth, the door, and so forth. This contravenes the old theory of De Rouge that the Phœnician letters were derived from early Egyptian forms signifying quite different objects."

Breaking up a Mob.

The Chinese carefully avoid being caught in the rain. They have a superstition that drops of rain falling on the head breed vermin, which with their very long hair, is very difficult to get rid of. But they are equally careful not to wet their feet. This latter precaution is not due entirely to the fact that the soles of their shoes are made of pasteboard and liable to be injured by soaking, but a belief that soreness of the feet is brought about by getting them damp. In commenting on these peculiarities, Leslie's Weekly prints the following:

The Chinese fear of rain has sometimes had a striking effect on mobs and armies. At the time of the massacre in 1870, at Tientsin, the mob burned the French consulate, with the cathedral and the convent, destroyed the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity, and murdered the consul, the Sisters and several priests. Then the crowd started toward the other settlement, determined to put all foreigners to death.

The cathedral behind it was in flames, and the mob, fresh from the torture of nuns, was hungry for blood. It started down the Taku road with frenzied shouts and the beating of drums and gongs, when suddenly rain began to fall. That was the end of the massacre. The crowd covered their heads and scattered."

How Old are the Big Trees.

An age as great as 5,000 years has sometimes been ascribed to the giant trees of California. Prof. Charles E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, regards this estimate as very much exaggerated. He says that he once counted with great care the rings of growth of a tree felled in 1853, and which was fully 24 or 25 feet in diameter, so that its stump served as the floor of a dancing pavilion. The rings numbered 1,147, and that number would represent the age of the tree in years. Professor Bessey adds that he gravely doubts whether any of the existing trees approach the age of 2,000 years."

The Beet Beats the Sugar-Cane.

According to a recent consular report from Magdeburg, Germany, the production of beet-sugar in the world is now twice as great as that of cane-sugar. This victory of the beet over the cane is ascribed to the influence of the science of chemistry in developing the industry of beet-sugar-making. This influence is especially exerted in Germany, where more than a thousand chemists are exclusively employed in the sugar factories. The manufacture of beet-sugar has taken a sudden start in Spain since she lost her colonies in the war with the United States."

Trains With a Motor at Each End.

Experiments are being made on the Waussee Railroad between Berlin and Zehlendorf, Germany, to determine the precise value of electric propulsion as a substitute for steam. The train used consists of eight ordinary cars and is provided with an electric motor car at each end, the advantage of this arrangement being that the reversing of the train at the terminals of the journey becomes unnecessary. Thus far the electric power has proved to be about fifteen per cent cheaper than steam power."

McSwatters—Another duel in Kentucky. McSwatters—Both contestants killed. McSwatters—Neither of them touched; but six spectators are expected to die.



BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

Music at The...

There was plenty of New Year's Eve. The made the night at... in the night services had apprec...

Musical circles will be ing of the engagement Gordon Forbes to Rev. Trindad.

Mr. and Mrs. Hansobital at Association Hall.

The city of Moscow concert hall to seat 2500 be attached to the famous vatory.

Friz Kreisler, the viol at the Symphony conc February 6th and 9th. Bethoven concerts.

A society has recently Brussels for the study of old instruments and a pri will be given this month.

Glen Hall, the Chicago engaged by the Handel at of Boston for the performance "Redemption" on Easter S...

The Boston Herald say a standpoint of beauty the Miladi and The Musket prettiest girls in the count...

A new Spanish tenor Biel has recently been has been singing lately in "L'Africain" in Madrid a ance is said to have arouse iam.

TALK OF THE T...

The company playing at ohanic's Institute closes its day. The two weeks ha pleasure to patrons of the brought financial success al bills for this week were Und a dramatization of Ouida's "One of our Girls." In the Bonstelle played the part of pet of the French army and saying that she played it we ince on the holiday drew an tested the capacity of the evening performance was w At the close of the present company go to Halifax, it indefinite stay.

Our Regiment, and Frou K bills at the Opera House for which on the holiday drew sp In Frou Frou, the sparkli thoughtless girl, Miss Nora part that called for some very al work. She was thorough and played it in a way that w precision. Mr. King had role of which he made the ver balance of the cast was go pieces handsome new scenery

Suzette Willey is playing Boston to excellent houses.

"The Cotton Spinner" is at the Boston, Bowdoin square

Nellie McHenry is making success in Boston in the title ro E. S. Willard & Company New York engagement on Mo ing.

Austin and Stone are exploit sword swallower this week. S be a wonder.

Rose Melville in "Sis E success of last season is m great success on her road tour. in Boston sometime this month.

"On the Suwanee River," play of the south, like the song it takes its name seems destin forever. Tropical settings of g are a strong feature of the play.

Blanche Bates has been secur vid Belasco to play Cigarette in ter's dramatization of Under T With her will be Philip Cunnin Edward S. Ables. The produ be at the Garden theatre, New Y time this month.

Maria Dainton who last Mon made her American debut in F The Bell of Bohemia, has a grea reputation. She played for nine tive months in the Palace Music E giving invitations of celebrated co operatic stars, the longest on ever played by any music hall England. Miss Dainton is only old.

The Castle Square company, Edmund Breese is a member, w Hazel Kirke for a week beginning Miss Eleanor Moretti who came

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONES.

There was plenty of music in the city on New Year's Eve. The different bands made their night air a harmony of sweet sounds...

Musical circles will be interested in hearing of the engagement of Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes to Rev. Mr. Morton of Trinidad.

The city of Moscow is to have a new concert hall to seat 2500 people. It will be attached to the famous musical conservatory.

Frans Kreischer, the violinist, will appear at the Symphony concerts in Boston on February 6th and 9th. He will play the Beethoven concertos.

A society has recently been formed in Brussels for the study of old music, and old instruments and a private performance will be given this month.

Glen Hall, the Chicago tenor, has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn society of Boston for the performance of "The Redemption" on Easter Sunday next.

The Boston Herald says to judge from a standpoint of beauty the management of Miladi and The Musketeers has all the prettiest girls in the country in its chorus.

A new Spanish tenor by the name of Biel has recently been discovered. He has been singing lately in "Trovatore" and "L'Africaine" in Madrid and his performance is said to have aroused great enthusiasm.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The company playing at the New Metropolitan Theatre closes its engagement today. The two weeks have given much pleasure to patrons of the house, and brought financial success along too.

Our Regiment, and Frou Frou were the bills at the Opera House for this week, and which on the holiday drew splendid houses. In Frou Frou, the sparkling, dancing, thoughtless girl, Miss Nora O'Brien had a part that called for some very fine emotional work.

Suzette Willey is playing "She" in Boston to excellent houses.

"The Cotton Spinner" is making a hit at the Boston, Bowdoin square.

Nellie McHenry is making a great success in Boston in the title role of "M'liss".

E. S. Willard & Company opened a New York engagement on Monday evening.

Austin and Stone are exploiting a female sword swallower this week. She is said to be a wonder.

Rose Melville in "Miss Hopkins" a success of last season is meeting with great success on her road tour. She plays in Boston sometime this month.

"On the Suwanee River," a beautiful play of the south, like the song from which it takes its name seems destined to live forever. Tropical settings of great beauty are a strong feature of the play.

Blanche Bates has been secured by David Belasco to play Cigarette in Paul Potter's dramatization of Under Two Flags. With her will be Philip Cunningham and Edward S. Ables. The production will be at the Garden theatre, New York, some time this month.

Maria Dainton who last Monday night made her American debut in Boston, in The Bell of Bobemia, has a great London reputation. She played for nine consecutive months in the Palace Music Hall there, giving invitations of celebrated comedy and operatic stars, the longest engagement ever played by any music hall artist in England. Miss Dainton is only 19 years old.

The Castle Square company, of which Edmund Breese is a member, will revive Hazel Kirke for a week beginning Jan. 7. Miss Eleanor Moretti who came here to

join the Trav' Stock company but remained only a few days is now leading lady of "Hearts Are Trumps" at the Boston Post says she looks like an Italian, and has a stage name that is decidedly foreign. But as a matter of fact, she is the daughter of the late Katherine Rogers and is a sister of Katherine Florence, who is now playing in New York with William H. Crane in "David Harum."

Miss Lois Fuller arrived in New York on Christmas day, from Europe, and leaves shortly for Japan where she will appear at the Imperial theatre in Tokio. The great dancer is in splendid health and her only worry seemed to be over her manager who was detained in Italy through illness.

It is now ten years since La Loie made her first conquest in Paris, and Parisians have never grown tired of the scepter of art by which she still rules them. Last year L'orel the famous painter placed Loie with her swirl line robes on his canvas and hung her in the Paris salon, where during the entire season she was surrounded by crowds who admired the glorious dash and color of Lerolls picture and Loie's beauty of face and figure. The picture was said by one critic to be a perfect picture of the pagan spring.

Nat Goodwin and Maxime Elliott are playing to good audiences in Boston in "When We Were Twenty One." Says the Boston Post in speaking of the play: For some reason or other, or probably no reason at all, certain remarkably moral people have uttered complaints against the club room scenes in "When We Were Twenty-one," which Nat. C. Goodwin and Maxime Elliott are presenting at the Hollis Square Theatre. Now there are two sides to every question, and so it is with this case, in which the actor must be allowed his little say as well as the public. Mr. Goodwin sees nothing immoral in his latest vehicle.

Perhaps a short statement which Mr. Goodwin made lately with regard to the immorality of the stage will bear repeating. He said in the course of the statement: All of us, more or less, like a shock. We get into a rut of emotions once in a while, and anything which takes us out of it seems to give a certain amount of pleasure. If the shock comes to our morals all the worse for our morals, but why we blame the shock I can't quite make out. It's not necessary for us to take it, if we do not want to. It is not obligatory on us to see the nasty play any more than we are compelled to drink 500 glasses of whiskey a day; but the public goes to see the worst play merely because it wants to see nastiness. And that's the public's affair and not the actor's. Then why blame the actor?

Henri Fonguier in the December Harper's Magazine has the following on "The Art of Bernhardt": It is a proof of the genius, which is universally accorded to Sarah Bernhardt that her manner has undergone a constant modification corresponding to the development in her own conception of dramatic art, which has become increasingly more elevated and comprehensive. In her youth she was a very pretty woman with a fair complexion and a charming countenance, at once sweet and expressive; she possessed that musical voice which has been called la voix d'or, and which a poet, in speaking of her, once described as "une voix blonde." Her physical advantages are all made subservient to her ends. She acts, as it is the fashion to say, with all the forces of her being, but her gifts, which were very evenly developed in her education at the Conservatoire, have made her as great in tragedy as in comedy; or, to speak more exactly, she ignores those limitations of genius to which custom and precedent confine the artists of our day—limitations which only result in an excessive restriction of talent from over specialization. Sarah Bernhardt, then, is by nature an interpreter of the French classics, and in particular of the works of Racine. The phase "psychological stage" is modern, but the conception is very old. Racine's dramatic art is limited in incident, and is satisfied with very simple situations, but it excels all others in its marvellous analysis of the emotions, and of the struggles to which they give rise in the human soul. Sarah Bernhardt's genius, in my opinion, found the essentials of its evolution in the study of this particular author's dramatic art. At the beginning of her career she was a comedian, led thereto by her natural gifts, by which, however, she was, as always happens in such cases, very little governed. She developed into a thoughtful and accomplished actress, possessing psychological insight in the highest degree and manifesting it in complete detail, at the same time that she depicted sentiment and passion in all their delicacy or violence, and invariably sustained the character of the heroine, or of the hero, whom she represented.

Mr. William Farnum who became a great favorite during his visits here with W. S. Harkins is playing in Ben Hur, regarding which the Boston Transcript has the following beautiful pen picture of the chariot race. "Realistic and exciting as in the great chariot race in "Ben Hur," as seen in front of the footlights at the new Colonial theatre, one gets a new and curious sensation by watching this wonderful illusory spectacle from a vantage point behind the scene. It is as if one put himself in the actual place of one of the painted Orientals leaning from the panoramic canvas of the circus of Antioch itself. Huddled into a triangular niche, formed by two intersecting portions of the elaborate scenery, one can feel something like Malluch as he bent from his seat above the Gate of Triumph to witness the climax of Ben Hur's revenge—the breaking of Messala's chariot wheel and the tossing of his arrogant rival in the dust.

At one's feet the big stage itself is all transformed from the boards trod by buskin and sock into a regular mechanical workshop and riddled of machinery. Four horses stand abreast before each chariot, resting upon the eight heavy treadmills, each chariot platform weighing, with its involved accessories, a grand total of 13,000 pounds. Yet each of these chariots with shouting riders, plunging steeds and weighty cradles are soon to be shifted back and forth at will by invisible means and by a simple turn of the wrist.

A queer sight it is behind the scenes just before the race begins. Up to date little stable boys standing by the horses at the antique chariots; a host of Romans and Asiatics in trappings of the "gorgeous east," allowing by a small regiment of stage hands; the siren-like Iras patting one horse's nose under the eye of the cool master mechanic in immaculate street garb. Now Ben Hur in his white tunic clambors cautiously over the narrow boarding to his perch in one of the race cars, and now Messala, with red coat flying, hurries across the cradles and leaps into his chariot. That red garment is like the waited signal to the eight steeds. Their spathetic demeanor vanishes in an instant, their ears are pricked forward for the word "Go!" and, as the first rumble of the wheels arises, their hoofs start flying over the treadmills.

The light has been kept a minute to encourage the horses in their start. Now darkness falls, and the sensitive auditor behind the scenes hidden only a few feet from the roaring machinery and plunging steeds, feels a sort of uncanny sensation, even though it be not dread. Then as suddenly the light is on again and he sees the now thoroughly aroused racers seethingly charging straight at him with flying leaps and nerves a-quiver. The illusory dust arises in a cloud from their feet, and both charioteers with their cracking whips appear to be about to dash upon the staring spectator. Especially is this true when one chariot after the other is shifted ahead, and the audience in front behold the tragedy of Messala's overthrow.

Cats in Government Service. The cat of the White House—to whom precedence must naturally be accorded in any consideration of governmental felines—is a handsome bipartite puss, bearing the name of Thomas Jefferson McKinley. He is sleek, graceful and frisky, a recent observer reports; still young, with the kittenishness of his nature scarcely toned down.

His personal appearance is far from maintained; the standard of Jeffersonian simplicity set by the first of the two presidents whose names he has the honor to be. In fact, he is an obvious dandy. He wears a fine white waistcoat of fluffy fur, his four soft paws are shod with white slippers, and there is a white tip to his waving tail, but the rest of his attire is an elegant black coat of unimpeachable glossiness.

He submits occasionally, with bored complacency, to petting from the hand of the chief executive or the first lady in the land; but the person for whom he entertains real respect, and whom he evidently considers the ruler of the state and the dispenser of patronage, is the chief cook of the establishment.

The government maintains and provides for numerous cats. The army, has its regular corps of them, kept at the commissary depots of the great cities, and each draws regular pay equal to eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents a year.

It is customary for the officer in charge of each depot to submit to the War Department a request for an allowance for so many cats, and the regulations provide that

meat shall be purchased for them at a price not greater than five cents a pound; and to these rations a stated amount of canned milk is added for variety.

It has been proved by experiment that no matter how good the cats are as hunters, nor how abundant the mice, no cat thrives properly on a diet of unmitigated mouse; nor does it neglect its duties when other food is provided. Bids for the cat's meat are regularly posted, calling for "fresh beef suitable for feeding cats, bone to be excluded—to be delivered at the contractor's place of business on such days as may be designed, and in such quantities."

More than three hundred cats are in the employ of the Post-Office Department, distributed among about fifty of the largest offices. The New York City office expends sixty dollars annually in cat's meat.

Most of the other large governmental buildings are supplied with cats. At the immense cold-storage depot recently established at Manila, cats will be necessary, and it is proposed to send there some of the famous cold-storage breed from Pittsburgh. This breed originated in the great warehouses of a cold-storage company, and has developed special qualifications for enduring extreme cold. The cold-storage cats are short tailed, chubby, with long and heavy fur, and their eyeballs and whiskers are extraordinarily long and strong. It is said they do not thrive when transferred to an ordinary atmosphere.

Prevention of Skin Diseases. Among the most common diseases of the skin are acne and eczema, one of which is known to be, and the other probably is, the result of the presence of a microbe on or in the skin. This microbe is a vegetable growth, although a very minute one, and like other noxious weeds, when once it has been planted and has begun to grow it is often extremely difficult to dislodge it.

Every farmer knows that it is easier to keep a field clean by constant care than to clear it after it has once been overgrown with weeds. It is the same with the skin. It is easier to keep the skin in health, and to arrest a commencing disease, than to cure a disease once it has become firmly established.

If it were generally understood that the presence of a few pimples constitutes a true skin disease, which, if neglected, will probably grow worse, fewer persons would suffer from the disfigurement of acne.

The skin is much like the system in general; if it is in good condition it will repel the assaults of disease, but if neglected it becomes less resistant, and soon offers a favorable soil for the growth of noxious germs.

The skin is one of the so called excretory organs, and like the other organs of similar function—the kidneys and the bowels—do not perform their work properly, an undue proportion of the waste products of the body must be got rid of through the pores of the skin. This throws work upon the integument which it is not accustomed to perform, and it soon becomes diseased in consequence.

The first thing necessary to keep the skin well is to maintain the health of the body by exercise, cleanliness, fresh air day and night, good food properly cooked, a sufficient amount of sleep and suitable clothing. In addition to these general measures the skin itself should receive special attention in the way of a daily bath, followed by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel or flesh-brush.

Some persons have naturally clear skin, while others appear to have a special predisposition to blackheads and pimples. The fortunate ones must see to it that they do not mar what nature has given them by an unhygienic mode of life; but the others need not despair, for their tendency to eruptions may often be overcome by scrupulous care both of the body and of the skin itself, after the manner above indicated, and in such other ways as the physician may direct.

Unequal Division. A story of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler,

SOFT WHITE HANDS IN ONE NIGHT. Produced by CUTICURA SOAP.

Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists, POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston, U. S. A.

which the New England Home Magazine prints, may be old to some, but it is good enough to be told again on the chance of its being new to others.

On one occasion when in Congress, General Butler rose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate.

"Why, general," said the member, reproachfully, you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined General Butler, grimly, "but I don't divide eternity with you."

Kind Pedestrian—He's half a dollar, my poor man. Instead of living this way, why don't you learn a trade? Fanhandler—I would, sir, if I knew of a better one than this.

"Miss Bunk avenged herself on me for neglecting her invitation." "How?" "She told everybody that I was old enough to be a trifle forgetful."



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mtrs. MONTREAL.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s., 1s. 6d. and 1s. 9s. Tins, OR CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d., tins.

They have the Largest sale of any Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

Superseded by Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchia, Penicillin, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EYAN & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or South Pharmaceutical Chemists, Southamptons, Eng.

News and Opinions

OF National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

E. W. Grover

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day



The twentieth century is with us at last, bringing with it the long looked for and the long talked of privi-

Throughout the city the new year was ushered in with the clanging of bells, the boom of cannons and music of bands, while in most of the churches special services were held.

The skating season is now about at its height and the different rinks are being extensively patronized.

On New Year's afternoon and evening a pleasant family reunion was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, Duke street, about twenty-five guests being present.

Judge Forbes announces the engagement of his daughter Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes with Rev. Dr. Morrison of Trinidad.

Another engagement which is being talked about in this city's social circles is that of Miss Partridge, daughter of Dean Partridge of Fredericton, to Mr. Robert Ferrabee of Montreal.

Mrs. Lord and Miss Thomas of Boston, Mass., who have been spending the holidays with Mrs. Lord's parents Dr. and Mrs. Walter, P. Ross street have returned home.

Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Albert J. Gross and daughter, Miss Randolph have taken rooms at the Park Hotel King Square, for the winter, where they will be pleased to meet their friends each Friday afternoon.

Miss Ethel Ogden of Sackville is spending the holidays with friends in the city.

Mr and Mrs J. L. Breen of Portland, Maine, are spending a few days in town, guests at the Royal.

Mr and Mrs H. P. Timmerman spent Christmas in Montreal with Mrs. Timmerman's parents, Mr and Mrs Charles Drinkwater.

Dr F. A. L. Lockhart, of Montreal, is spending a vacation with his parents on Prince street.

Mr and Mrs H. P. Timmerman spent Christmas in Montreal with Mrs. Timmerman's parents, Mr and Mrs Charles Drinkwater.

Miss Hattie L. Ketchum, who has been studying at the Framingham Training School for Nurses...

Mr Will B. Crook, of Moncton, spent New Year's with friends in the city.

Mr and Mrs John J. Barry have gone to New York to spend a few weeks vacation.

Mr and Mrs E. B. Flood are receiving congratulations on the arrival at their home of a little son.

Mr Herbert Stockton left for New York on Thursday last and will spend a few weeks vacation with friends in that city.

On Tuesday evening Capt. Fred C. Jones entertained a number of friends in honor of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. White of Halifax, who have been in the city for the past few weeks.

Miss Myrtle Waring is in Amherst visiting Mrs. E. L. Robertson.

Miss Katie Fitzpatrick of Moncton, is in the city the guest of Mrs. D. O'Neill, Main street.

Mr James Dalton, who for the past term has been a student at the McGill Medical school, Montreal, is here spending the vacation with his parents in the North End.

Mr Leo Bradley, who has been spending the Christmas vacation at his home in the North End, returned to his studies at St. Joseph's University on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs J. Whittlock and Miss Ada McKernan of St. Stephen were in the city over Sunday.

Mrs Robert Jardine and Miss Jardine are at present in Sackville.

Mr W. A. Lewis and Miss Lewis of Moncton were in town during the latter part of the week.

Miss Catherine L. Lowe has returned from a short but pleasant visit to her friend, Mrs. S. Friedman, at Carbon, Maine.

Mr and Mrs H. A. King, North End, have their home brightened by the arrival of a little son, whom they propose calling Murray Kitchener.

Miss Idelle of Halifax who has been spending the holidays with her parents in the city, returned home on Friday.

The many friends of Mr. Matthew J. Cavanaugh are pleased to hear that he has almost completely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Miss Maud Fairall spent the holiday at Fredericton with her friend Miss Perkins.

Quite a number of young gentlemen belonging to the city went to Fredericton to be present at the Bachelor's ball, given at that place on New Year's evening, which we believe passed off as successfully as affairs of this sort usually do.

On Thursday evening a pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Capt. Wm. Swarbridge, St. James street.

Jan. 2.—Mrs R. A. Stuart and daughter Amy, are visiting Dr and Mrs Stuart in Hamilton.

Mr T. E. Wren has been confined to his house lately by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

The friends of Mr. Marshall Maxwell will be glad to learn that he has distinguished himself in his examinations at McGill college.

Jan. 3.—Rev Mr McNameara and Mr G. DeVeber drove down to St. John on Thursday.

Mr Ernest McDermott of Fredericton, is home. Messrs John Law, Jr., and Ernest Shields, who have been attending Normal School at Fredericton, are spending their vacations at their homes here.

Mr and Mrs George W. Carpenter will celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding in Johnstown, Queens County, N. B., on Jan. 10th, 1901, having completed fifty years of happy married life.

Mr Fred Loag of Keswick Ridge spent Christmas with his daughter Mrs A. S. Evey and Miss Lottie Loag.

Mr Henderson and family of Woodstock and J. D. Baird and family of Grand, were guests of S. S. Miller on Christmas.

Miss Lillian Blake, daughter of Harry Blake, station agent at Esch, returned on Saturday from the Hall's School for the Blind, where she has been studying four years.

Dec. 31.—Mr and Mrs E. W. Lewis are spending a few days in Moncton.

Mr and Mrs Richard Murray have returned home after spending Xmas at Flat Lands.

Miss Kate Fitzpatrick of Moncton is in St. John visiting her friend, Mrs D. O'Neill.

Miss Rachel Love, of Amherst is visiting in the city.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise...

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. E. G. SCOVIL, — "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES; E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

FRY'S pure concentrated COCOA. "No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE". 200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS. STRONGEST AND BEST.

Buotouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buotouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Boiling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Pulpite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY;

HALIFAX NOTES.



PROGRESS FOR SALE IN HALIFAX BY THE NEWBOYS

PROGRESS FOR SALE IN HALIFAX BY THE NEWBOYS... at the following news stands and centres.

Jan. 2.—Miss Houghton is home from Philadelphia, spending Christmas with her mother, Mrs. C. H. O'Connell, Inglis street.

Mrs. George R. Anderson, Brunswick street, is home again after a two months' visit to friends and relatives in New Brunswick.

Mrs. Major Williams and Mrs. Capt. Sutton arrived by the Coranthian from Liverpool; they are at the Halifax, and will remain here awaiting the arrival of their husbands by the Roslyn Castle.

Mrs. Carrie, wife of Rev. Prof. Currie, Pine Hill colliery, is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mr. Wm. Anderson, son of Willoughby Anderson, who has been a resident of the West for a number of years, is home from Seattle on a visit, accompanied by his wife.

Miss Zaida Forbes of Liverpool, N. S., who went to South Africa as nurse, with the First Canadian Contingent, will arrive in Halifax by the Roslyn Castle on the 10th of January.

YARMOUTH.

Jan. 2.—Mr and Mrs Wm Lewis celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on Wednesday evening last. A large number of guests were present including many grandchildren and presented Mr and Mrs Lewis with many golden tokens of their esteem.

The members of the St. Ambrose Dramatic Club presented the pretty little opera "Christmas Tide" in the opera house last week and quite a sum realized for the support of the Mountbello dinner.

Miss Estelle Gunn of the Western Union Telegraph Office went to Picton Thursday to attend the funeral of her sister.

Mr. Ted Lillier is visiting his grandparents, Mr and Mrs A. J. Hood.

Mr. George Wym arrived from Franfort-on-Main, Germany, on Saturday and is visiting his mother, Mrs. J. W. Wym.

Mr. Frank Britain and his sister, Miss Mary Brittain, are in town.

Mr. Will Ritchie spent Christmas with Mr and Mrs J. Ritchie.

Jan. 3.—T. I. D. Moffat of Halifax, spent Christmas in town with his friends Mr and Mrs Barry D. Bent, "Hillside," Eddy street.

WINDSOR.

Jan. 2.—Rev. J. W. Aikens and family are spending a couple of weeks at Mitchell, Ontario.

Mr. Walter Lawson, Jr. of the Commercial bank of Windsor at Middleton, spent Christmas with his parents at Windsor.

Mr. Wilson, wife and child of Windsor spent Christmas in Kewville, the guests of M. A. Wilson's father, Mary Wm. Wood.

Mr. Norman Sanford, Burlington, law student at Dalhousie, passed through Windsor recently on his way home to spend his vacation.

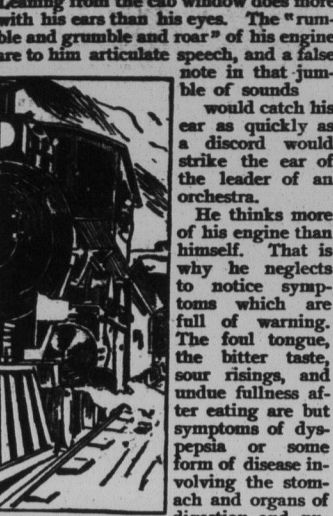
Miss Annie Curry has returned home from a visit to Boston.

Mr. George Towner has gone to Cleveland, Ohio, to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. R. S. Unleske.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford have gone to New York to spend the holiday season.

Miss Gertrude Whitman came home from Edgemoor last week, bringing Miss Wilkinson of Chatham with her for the holidays.

The Engineer



Learning from the cab window does more with his ears than his eyes. The "rumble and grumble and roar" of his engine are to him articulate speech, and a false note in that jumble would catch his ear as quickly as a discord would strike the ear of the leader of an orchestra.

He thinks more of his engine than himself. That is why he neglects to notice symptoms which are full of warning. The foul tongue, the bitter taste, the sour risings, and undue fullness after eating are but symptoms of dyspepsia or some form of disease involving the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. "I need ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several trials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana.

"Silver Plate that Wears." Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., always combine the desirable features of silver plate—artistic designs, carefully finished with highest grade of plate. Remember "1847"—the mark of the genuine Rogers.

FAT REDUCTION. Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Her treatment is not "Banning," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Fad" of many years ago, and offers a specialist's treatment. Her's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of the United States and Canada.

NOTICE. Referring to several articles in your paper and others of your City in reference to a recent meeting of the representatives of this Company with your Mayor and Board of Trade, we desire to state that Mr. Matthew Lodge, "Promoter" and formerly a clerk in the Gas and Water Department of Moncton, N. B., has no authority and is not in any way connected with this Company as an Agent, Stockholder, Promoter, or authorized to negotiate its affairs.

New Year Gifts.

are much appreciated. Don't fail to see the display at Allan's White Pharmacy. Everything during this week at a special 10 per cent discount. Ebony goods, Plate Toilet Mirrors, Thermometers, Dressing Cases, Perfumes, and Toilet Requisites of every description. Call and see my display.

Remember the Store. ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY. W. C. Rudman Allan, 87 CHARLOTTE STREET. Telephone 239. Mail orders promptly filled. 12-4

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

Scrubner's FOR 1901 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

PARROBORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parroboro Book store. Chaplain Lane delivered his intensely interesting lecture on South Africa to a large audience in Grace Methodist church on New Year's night.

AMHERST.

Jan. 3.—T. I. D. Moffat of Halifax, spent Christmas in town with his friends Mr and Mrs Barry D. Bent, "Hillside," Eddy street.

AMHERST.

Mr and Mrs George Purdy spent the holiday season with their son, Dr. Clinton Purdy and Mrs. Purdy, Moncton.

AMHERST.

Mr. Dick McLeod left on Wednesday for California, where he has a lucrative position awaiting him.

AMHERST.

Dr. and Mrs. McDougall, returned today from New Glasgow where they had been attending the marriage of the Dr's cousin, Miss McDougall to Mr. Thomas Fraser of that town which took place on Christmas Day.

AMHERST.

We regret losing Mr and Mrs McCurdy and Mr. S. McCurdy, who have sold their property here and moved to Hampton, N. B.

AMHERST.

Our students who came home from the various educational institutions for the holidays were Miss Price and the Misses Cooke from Acadia seminary Messrs Gordon Yates and Bert Newcomb from Acadia college, Mr. Tilley Price from Acadia Villa school, Miss Spruce and Messrs Rex Vickery, Hilton Tucker and Howard Spicer from Dalhousie, Mr. Theodore Ryan from St. Francis Xavier and Miss Bigney and Mr. Varley B. Fullerton from Mt. Allison.

AMHERST.

Mr. W. Davison of Mt. Allison is spending the holidays with his parents.

AMHERST.

St. George's organist and choir and others numbering altogether twenty seven drove to Moore river to church last Sunday morning. The sleighing was perfection and the weather also.

AMHERST.

Mrs. Bent Fullerton and Mr. Varley Fullerton

AMHERST.

Jan. 2.—Mr O'Leary of J. M. Hayes. Mrs. L. M. How paid a holiday visit to her mother, Mrs. J. M. Hayes, at her home in Amherst.

Miss MacLellan and Miss MacLellan are spending some of their winter at the home of Mrs. J. M. Hayes, at her home in Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hayes are spending some of their winter at the home of Mrs. J. M. Hayes, at her home in Amherst.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1901.

Girl Rescued from Captivity.

Thirteen years ago Paul Crampel, a brilliant young Frenchman, who had made a name by exploring the depths of the French Congo country, was welcomed home to Paris with all the honors and attention that the French bestow upon their successful men.

Three weeks ago the French newspapers printed long accounts of the overthrow of Sultan Rabah, who for years has been master of the Central Sudan. They told of the killing of this powerful potentate and of the establishment of French authority where he had ruled supreme; and the long story contained one little paragraph which seems not to have attracted much attention.

The story of this girl is a most unusual one. About 1887 Crampel lived for months in the unknown east part of the French Congo. He wandered from chief to chief of the great Pahouin tribe, that numbers at least a million souls.

One day a chief surprised the young explorer by remarking: 'I am astonished that you have lived to come through all this country. The chiefs have treated you badly, and now you say you will return alone among the whites.'

The explorer protested in vain that he did not desire such a present. He told Chief Igue that he had left a young wife at home, and that among his people a man has only one wife. But the more they talked the more certain it was that the chief would be offended if his present were rejected.

The next day at a large meeting of the people the chief appeared leading Niarize by the hand. The girl was then 13 years old. When her father had brought the child before Crampel he said to the smiling little creature:

'Now you no longer have a father or mother or brothers or sisters. You belong to the white man and you are going to his country.'

Thus it happened that this little girl was taken from her native forests and introduced to the wonderful sights of Paris where she was soon placed in school. Crampel and his wife expected that she would learn to read and live out her years in France. But one day the plans for Niarize's future were suddenly changed. Crampel had received a commission to go to the region between the Congo and Lake Tchad. He was to make treaties with the chiefs of the tribes and place them under the protection of France.

In fact he was to be France's representative in the race for Lake Tchad in which England and Germany were participating. Crampel greatly needed an interpreter to accompany him on his journey. It was believed that the influence of the Pahouins extended there and that the tribes probably understood this language. He needed a Pahouin interpreter.

Crampel had not heard of the conquering influence of Rabah in the Sudan and he approached his destination little dream-

ing that he and his small party were at the mercy of a powerful foe. Rabah was informed of every step the explorer took. He permitted him to advance until the little party had entered the southern part of Wadia, on the southern edge of the Sahara. Then he sent a party to meet Crampel with orders to kill the intruding white man. One day a crowd of apparently friendly Mohammedans suddenly overpowered and disarmed the Senegal soldiers while at the same moment another throng attacked Crampel and his Arab interpreter and stabbed them repeatedly with knives. Then as the dying men lay on the ground the Arabs shot them through the head. All their clothing was stripped from the bodies which were dragged through the scrub and abandoned by the murderers. The black members of the expedition were kept as slaves. One of them escaped and he told this story of the part Niarize had taken in the fearful scene.

He said that when the attack came, as unexpected as a thunderbolt on a sunny day, the young girl seized a gun, shot dead one of the men who was stabbing her master and a moment later she too fell dead with a bullet through her body.

But Mr. Dybowski, who led the search expedition which France sent out to ascertain what had become of Crampel, returned home with another story which he believed to be the true one. He said that all the native and Arab versions of the affair that he could gather agreed in saying that the girl had seized a gun to defend her master, had shot an Arab and was immediately knocked down and disarmed; that she had recovered from the severe injury she received and was taken further north as the slave of one of Crampel's murderers.

This account now appears to have been substantially correct. The girl seems sooner or later to have become attached to the establishment of the Sultan Rabah himself. He doubtless heard that she had been in the white man's party and probably endeavored to obtain from her all the information she could give about Crampel and his country. Dybowski sought in vain for any written account of his journey that Crampel might have prepared. Not until this late day were any details of this nature brought to light. But on the same day that Niarize was rescued Crampel's diary was found in Rabah's baggage.

Niarize is now about 26 years of age. It is pleasant to hear that she has at last been freed from her long captivity. Perhaps she will be permitted again to visit Paris. She could tell many details of the last long march of Crampel that would interest not only his widow and friends but also the entire French people, who were deeply touched by his sad fate. Mme. Crampel, since her husband's death, has become an artist of considerable repute. There is no doubt that she would be very glad to meet again the black girl who, when she last saw her, was a child standing by her husband's side as the steamer carried him from his home forever.

THE LOSS OF A VENDETTA.

Death Takes the Last Participant in a Kansas Feud.

By the death of Charles Vaughn, fifteen miles south of Cedarvale, Kan., in the Osage reservation, the last survivor of a feud which was fought along the border with all the fierceness of a Corsican vendetta for months was wiped out. The participants were, on the one hand, Jim and Charles Vaughn, cowboys, who were cousins, and Tom Wilber and Dennis Amos, who ran a 'joint' in Caney, Kan., in 1879 and 1880, and the feud began in this joint in August, 1880, when Amos in a game of poker beat Jim Vaughn out of \$70.

Vaughn was by accident unarmed at the time, but left, swearing that he would return in three days and kill all the Amoses. Accordingly, Vaughn returned to the ranch on which he was working in the Territory, procured a brace of six-shooters and on the appointed day went back to Caney. The Amoses, barricaded in their joint and armed with three double-barrelled shotguns, were waiting for him. Vaughn hitched his horse and, pulling his six-shooters, began firing and walking to-

ward the Amos joint. The Amoses replied with a broadside from their shotguns and when the smoke had cleared away Vaughn lay in the street with his body full of buckshot and Tom Amos lay on the floor with his jaw shattered by a bullet. Blood poison set in and four weeks later Amos was buried. On the other hand, Vaughn, who was thought to have been mortally wounded, recovered, and in two months was able to go to work again.

Vaughn was a crack shot and the Amoses lived in constant terror of him, and after they found that he had gotten well they swore out a warrant for his arrest—which was an unusual proceeding in those days. A deputy sheriff, who was a warm friend of the joint keepers, arrested Vaughn and put the Amoses and one of their friends on the force to guard him the night after the arrest. During the night, while the deputy slept, the Amoses shot and killed Vaughn. They claimed that he had tried to escape. However, three of the five shots which had pierced the dead man's body were fired after he had fallen—so the direction of the bullets indicated.

The Amoses at that time did not know of the existence of Charles Vaughn—who was employed on a ranch in Texas—and, after they had killed Jim, settled down to quiet life. Wilber remained in Caney and Dennis Amos, with his young wife and child, located on a farm just east of Cedarvale. A friend of Jim Vaughn in the meantime notified Charles Vaughn of the manner in which his cousin had been killed, and Charles thereupon boarded the next train and went to Caney. He remained quiet a day and by inquiry learned of the whereabouts of the Amoses. On the second day after his arrival he met Wilber Amos in a drug store, and walking up to him informed him that he was there for the purpose of killing him. Amos reached for his gun, but Vaughn was too quick for him and sent a 46-caliber bullet through his brain. The dead man had hardly struck the floor before Vaughn was on his horse riding at a breakneck speed toward town.

Dennis Amos was eating dinner when Vaughn reached his house, and without introducing himself the Texan opened fire and sent one bullet through Dennis's breast and another through his head. The infuriated cowboy then picked up the child and dashed its brains out against the floor. He also fired a shot at the woman, but she escaped into the bedroom, and Vaughn, thinking his pursuers were close upon him, mounted his horse and rode away. Although a posse pursued him for two days, he was not overtaken, and his whereabouts had never been known from that day to the day of his death. Yesterday, when, after a six weeks' struggle with the fever, he found that he had to die he told his attendants that he was Charles Vaughn and narrated the story, with the older residents of this town known to be true.

Cicero's Wit.

The retort exasperating is not a modern feature of a trial by jury. In the case against Verres, one of the great trials of antiquity, in which Cicero appeared for the prosecution and Hortensius for the defense Cicero made a typical excursion against his opponent.

Hortensius was known, in violation of the law, which required the services of advocates at Rome to be gratuitous, to have received as a present from his client a valuable image of the sphinx, one of the spoils of his government in Sicily. While Cicero was examining a witness, Hortensius made a rally.

'You speak in fiddles,' said he. 'I cannot understand you.' 'That is odd,' Cicero rejoined, 'for you have a sphinx at home to solve them.'

Ups And Downs.

'Really your face is very familiar; sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names.'

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air. 'I fancied,' he said, 'that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman.'

The face of the lady blazed. 'Sir' she fairly snarled. 'But a remarkable lucky series of stock investments,' he went on, 'has enabled me to become your next door neighbor.'

The lady's face softened. 'So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs,' she smiling said.

Photography in Warfare.

The military applications of photography are increasing continually, and this great aid to military science ranks side by side with that other strong arm of the art of war, viz.: electricity. Among its latest applications may be mentioned photography under water, the photography of coast profiles, telephotography (or photography at a distance), electrical (rapid) photography, microphotography, series-photography (or kintescope effects), the photography of explosions of mines, etc.

Some other recent applications, which are yet old enough to have a little history, are the uses of photography in the carrier (or bombing) pigeon service, in reconnaissance and as an aid to instruction.

Although the application of photography to the carrier pigeon service dates back to the siege of Paris in 1870-1, some of the most interesting details of improvements of this service have only quite recently been made public.

Carrier pigeons themselves were used as early as 1674 at the siege of Leyden. The pigeon cannot carry comfortably and safely a despatch weighing over half a gram, consequently the original despatches had to be written very small, on very thin paper, and only one side of the paper could be used.

The demands of this service during the siege of Paris were so great that it became essential to find some means of increasing the carrying capacity of the pigeon by reducing the size of the despatches. This was effected by photography. A chemist named Barresville, in Tours, had discovered a method which was practicable. By it the despatches were first printed in the ordinary way, then reduced by photography about 300 times; in this way one pigeon could carry a number of despatches at one time. The attempt to print on both sides of the paper failed, but when the demands on the service still further increased a number of despatches were printed on a large sheet (9x34 inches) in three columns; this was then reduced by photography even more than 300 times and copied. In this way some sixty-four sheets, containing about 9,800 despatches, averaging sixteen words, were sent in three days.

But the demands on the service kept growing, and state aid was called into requisition. [Photography again came to the rescue. A photographer of Paris, named Degron, discovered a way of enormously increasing the carrying capacity of a pigeon; the despatches printed on a large sheet were divided into a number of sections, which were reduced by photography on glass plates with dry collodion on the surface; the negative thus obtained was further reduced on another plate covered with dry collodion; this gave a photographic positive about 1.2x2.12 inches. By treatment in an acid bath the thin collodion pellicle could be removed. On each pellicle about 3,200 despatches could be reproduced, and its weight was so small that a single pigeon could carry some 50,000 despatches. By means of a special apparatus (magnifying some 600 times) the despatches could be read, copied and transmitted.

Every carrier pigeon station now has its photographic laboratory attached, but since the demands on the service will never be so great again as they were in Paris the despatches can be reduced on a larger scale, so that when received they can be read by means of an ordinary lens.

Capt. Malagoli of the Italian Army has made many experiments in this domain. He used besides the dry collodion pellicle, a special thin paper (pellure) and found that on this material he could reduce short despatches eight times either from written or printed originals and still enable the receiver to read them without the use of a lens.

One of the most important duties in reconnaissance is the preparation by the reconnoitering officer of good sketches, but this takes time, which is not always available or permissible. A photographic camera will do in a few seconds what it would take the most expert topographer as many hours to prepare; moreover the result is materially accurate and nothing in the picture is forgotten, as often happens

in making sketches. Then to avoid their falling into the hands of the enemy, the plates can be sent at once to headquarters, where they can be developed in a few minutes.

Even if there is time for sketching, the photographs will give valuable additional information. For example, a sketch of a village requires many explanatory notes to tell the commanding officer whether it can readily be prepared for defence, such as the character of the material of houses and walls, their form, with or without angles, the character of surrounding hedges, bridges and a thousand and one other data. A photograph tells all this and more at a glance. If the reconnoitering officer marks on a good map the point at which he took a particular photograph, everything in his photograph can be readily read to scale which is an immense advantage.

If a photograph of a defile destroyed by the enemy comes in at headquarters the engineer officer can at once make all his calculations and preparations for repairs, and when he reaches the point, perhaps several days later, he can at once proceed with his work.

In the China-Japanese War it was proved that photographs can be taken under fire, and in the attack and defence of fortifications this will be of inestimable value, saving many a life which would have to be sacrificed in a forced reconnaissance to gain the needed information.

The apparatus required can be carried on a bicycle or in a knapsack. The system is quick, certain and mathematically exact.

Photography as an aid to instruction was used in England as early as 1869, and by its means England secured a uniformity in drill and training which was astonishing when her far scattered colonies are taken into consideration. The photographs for this purpose include arms, ammunition, equipments, manoeuvres in drill, harness, and positions and motions of the soldier in aiming and firing, false as well as correct. The great advantage to be derived from such illustrations has been utilized in all the military schools and institutions.

The art of war makes use of all the sciences, but none has contributed to its advancement in the same degree as electricity and photography.

Dangerous Baboons.

A hunter, while exploring in Borneo, shot a large baboon at a spring some distance from camp. So says an exchange, which proceeds to relate the dangerous result of the shot.

The animal fell with a sharp cry, and immediately another baboon came in sight and gave a loud yell. While the hunter was preparing to shoot the newcomer, a small army of baboons appeared, and the hunter realized that he was in danger of being torn to pieces.

One full grown baboon is easily a match for a man, and a hundred are to be dreaded more than as many wolves. The hunter promptly took to his heels, with the baboons after him.

Occasionally he paused and shot the nearest one, but he would have been overpowered had not his comrades sallied out from the camp, and with a general volley compelled the pursuers to retreat.

Rather Too Sharp.

The Kansas City Star tells an amusing story of a "well-known man of letters" who was staying at a primitive hotel in Normandy. With him was a young friend. One morning the elder visitor addressed the host as follows:

'You would oblige me by making your charges as low as possible for my young colleague. He is not a rich man.'

The landlord, delighted with the presence in his house of the man of renown, promised to have due consideration for the purse of his young guest. But a few days afterward the famous author came to him again, saying:

'By the way, don't let my bill be bigger than that of my young friend. It would humiliate him. Boys like that are so extremely touchy.'

Aunt Rachel—I'm sure Mandy has gone out for a long walk.

The Caller—What makes you think so? Aunt Rachel—She had on her short walking skirt.

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including 'Quality', 'SURPRISE Soap', 'INSTITUTE', 'MARKINS', 'NSTELLE', 'Flags', 'Girls', 'Club', 'Carnival!', 'Rink', 'LAUNDRY', and 'Charlotte St.'.

By Right of Love.

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART III.

Yet enough of the Calzede spirit remain in her to make her admire him for not consenting to give her up when she hinted that freedom would be desirable.

In fact, this curious feminine mixture of Beaudesert and Calzede—of gentleness and gipsy—was in a peculiar malleable frame of mind during the hours of that day of Tony Hanlan's death and his widow's threatened illness.

It was unfortunate for Zebra that Mona's influence was removed at that critical period of her life, and that Beaudesert was too concerned about the woman he loved to take notice of anything or anyone else.

Late in the afternoon, the storm which had been gathering since early morning, broke with great violence.

Thunder, lightning, hail, and wind combined drove Zebra back to the castle in spite of her desire to linger on the common, where an incident had occurred which rendered her vaguely anxious on Jose's account, and which served to weigh down the scale of her varying moods yet once more on the side of her desperate cousin.

As she stood near the shed where she had made that memorable change of garments with the latter, a man snatched past, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth—to all appearances the picture of leisure and indifference.

But the glance he shot at Zebra had nothing indifferent about it.

She saw that easily enough.

He recognized her as quickly as she recognized him.

For a moment her heart seemed to cease beating, and the color receded from her cheeks.

But she did not lose her presence of mind for so much as an instant.

He stopped at once, and touched his hat removing the pipe from his mouth.

"Beg pardon, miss; but you don't happen to have seen any more convicts wandering round about the neighborhood, I suppose?" he said significantly.

"Convicts?" she replied, with cleverly assumed surprise; then, breaking into a little laugh, she added, "Oh I remember you now. You are one of the men who tried to make out that I was an escaped convict. Did you catch that poor fellow? I hope not."

He looked keenly at her as he drily answered—

"No; we didn't catch him. He wasn't seen anywhere near the Demon's Pool, where, you may remember, miss, you directed us to look for him."

But Zebra was not in the remotest degree disconcerted by either his words or his manner.

She was far too clever an actress to betray the slightest clue to the knowledge she possessed of Jose Calzede's whereabouts.

"You don't mean that you think he fell in and was drowned?" she exclaimed, in a startled voice.

"I don't fancy he went anywhere near enough to be in danger of losing his precious life that way," replied the man. "He's still alive. I haven't a doubt, and I did hear that he'd been seen leaving the castle late last night. That was what made me take the liberty of speaking to you on the subject."

Words and tone were both suspicious.

Zebra saw that the man knew a great deal more than he was likely to admit, even if she dared question him.

It would not be safe to do so, she decided; so she shook her head carelessly as she laughed again, saying—

"I begin to think myself that the castle is haunted. One hears all sorts of mysterious sounds at night; but the ghosts don't take visible form and shape, not even that of escaped convicts."

She walked away then, leaving the man looking after her with increased suspicion in his eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

It seemed as though the breaking of the storm was the signal for Mona Hanlan to awake to gradual consciousness of what was going on around her.

She opened her eyes and looked about her wondering.

She could not at first understand her position.

Her mind was in a haze.

Why was she in bed?

And why the nurse sitting there dozing in a chair by the bedside?

The night of the nurse recalled Tony to her mind.

She ought to be with him, not here, she told herself.

Then, as her brain grew clearer, she remembered that Tony was dead—in a strange house, with none but strange hands about him.

The nurse—deprived of her anticipated rest that morning by the call to try and undo the mischief wrought by Emilio—was sleeping now far too soundly to be disturbed by Mona's light movements as she hurriedly dressed herself, anxious to get to the room where her husband lay in his last long sleep; anxious, also, to find Beaudesert and tell him—what was it she had to tell him?

She could not at present call it to mind, strive she would.

She would remember presently, perhaps when she had seen poor Tony.

It was growing dusk as she made her

way to the postern tower.

The darkness of the sky made it appear much later than it actually was.

The wind howled about the old castle like a thousand furious demons, trying to find a way in, and enraged because they could not succeed in doing so.

The sound of the waves dashing against the cliffs was audible above the roar of the tempest and the lashing of the rain against the windows.

It was weather to make even a man, desirous of earning a large reward for recapturing an escaping convict, seek shelter in preference to remaining in the open on the very likely chance of gratifying his ambition.

It was weather to make Fernando Toro think of one or two of his past sins as he watched the storm from an upper window of the cottage above the old churchyard and realized the necessity of getting on board the Santa Eulalia some time that night, unless he was to forfeit the keen delight of a diabolical revenge he had prepared for the man who had connived at Tony Hanlan's escape.

Which sin haunted him most of the long list laid to his account?

Was it an old, half forgotten crime? or a more recent piece of evil doing—such as the poisoning of the unsuspecting man whom, in his priestly past, he had bound in wedlock to the traitress who had helped him in his devilish task?

Or was it the fate of his cousin and namesake, who, only two days before, had sunk to the bottom of the Channel with a gaping wound in his throat—doomed to this horrible end of a scarcely less horrible imprisonment on account of his rashly spoken threat to expose his cousin's villainies at the first opportunity.

"Curse the storm!"

The words were Emilio's, but they found an echo in the elder ruffian's heart, though he turned sneeringly to the youth.

"You'd like weather made on purpose for you no doubt! What has brought you here? Is it not enough that you have upset all our plans—that you have sacrificed a future worthy of a prince—for the sake of a woman's face? A woman who moreover, cares not the stuff of a candle for you."

"What's gone wrong with you, Toro?" answered Emilio, with a laugh. "Ah! two can play at that game."

"Emilio! For shame!" a harsh feminine voice cried out.

Mercedes had entered the room, to find the man and the boy covering each other with pistols.

She sprang forward between the two, who sullenly returned their deadly weapons to their pockets.

Mercedes turned to her son, with the eager question—

"What has brought you here this afternoon, Emilio?"

He shrugged his shoulders as he answered carelessly—

"This wretched storm. I wanted to know if you would start in spite of it. I mean to go! She may be out of my reach tomorrow. She's recovered consciousness, and I heard her just now telling Beaudesert that she should take Hanlan's body away as soon as possible, and bury it in town somewhere."

"You had better give up this mad plan, Emilio; it may prove the ruin of us all," Mercedes warned.

"I'll take my chance of ruin, mother. If the rest of you care to give up your share in what I shall have with me by way of personal luggage you can do so, and I'll get a boat of my own, and Mona and I will manage it together."

Toro turned on the boastful lad with a savage laugh.

"You do well not to fear starting in the storm. Rest assured, young braggart, that your destiny is not drowning. But are you going to endanger the life of the woman you profess to love?"

"Yes; rather than leave her for Beaudesert I think I hate her more than I love her," Emilio answered.

"Quite possible. I never yet knew you love anyone but yourself."

It was Mercedes who gave utterance to these words.

She spoke bitterly.

She had sacrificed so much for this son of hers, and he was repaying her by rendering it all so utterly useless—all the sun, and anxiety, and suffering of mind and body.

"What about Zebra?" she asked, after a few moments' silence.

Emilio laughed.

"Haven't seen her for hours. You must go to Jose for information in that quarter. He'll look after her all right."

"And I'll look after him," said Toro to himself, as he noted, with satisfaction, signs of abatement in the storm.

He, who had mercilessly sent so many others to their death, was strangely afraid himself of dying.

Every man has his weakness.

Few people would have guessed this finely-built man, with his dark, inscrutable face, to have been the plaything of a tormenting spectre, whose name was Cowardice.

Mona felt sufficiently well to dine with the rest that evening.

She was very pale, but quite composed, and able to enter into conversation with the countess.

Beaudesert, washing her with the eyes of love, said to himself that she was not yet wholly awake—some part of her inner consciousness still slumbered.

And he was right, for she had not yet remembered what it was she had so greatly wished to tell him.

Emilio was absent, and no one mention of him.

In his ignorance of the young villain's real character, Beaudesert regarded the episode of that morning as having been intended for a practical joke of the worst possible taste, which had unfortunately led to a tragic result.

That the boy abated himself in miserable penitence for what he had done, Beaudesert tried hard to believe; but he suspected it was rather in sullen resentment that Fate had treated him so roughly.

Zebra was at the dinner table, but she made a poor pretence of dining.

She was wondering how she could warn Jose not to approach the castle, and was usually conscious that if she succeeded in warning him he would only think it a ruse on her part to keep him away, bearing in mind the nature of their last interview.

The countess retired, when dinner was over, to her own apartments.

This was her invariable custom.

This evening she asked Mona to go with her for a few minutes' chat.

The kind old lady wished to offer her sympathy and condolence to the young widow with more thoroughness than she had been able to do with mere thoroughness than she had been able to do with others present.

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Zebra, thankful for the continued lull in the storm, dressed herself for walking, and went into the grounds to try and get rid of her increasing restlessness.

Beaudesert, left to himself, wandered from room to room, wondering if he should see anything more of Mona that night.

Suddenly a wild shriek rang out on the silent night; then another, and another.

They seemed to come from the direction of the postern door, and thither rushed Beaudesert.

He was just in time to see Mona stagger, and fall, a helpless prisoner, into Emilio's arms, a sickly smell of chloroform tainting the air.

Emilio had been less skillful than Calzede's emissaries, or else Mona had started shrieking at the mere sight of him.

Beaudesert was unarmed; but he was prepared for Emilio's pistol, which was levelled at him directly he attempted to take Mona from her unscrupulous captor.

Before the trigger was pressed the pistol pointed harmlessly upward, and the shot only damaged the ceiling a little.

Another quick touch, and the weapon changed hands.

"Now," said Beaudesert, sternly, "out of this, you young ruffian, or, earl though you may be, you shall go to goal for attempted murder."

He had gained possession of Mona's unconscious form by this time, and he clasped her to him with his left arm, while his right hand held the threatening pistol within a few inches of the youth's enraged and befuddled face.

There appeared to be no choice between flight and death, for Beaudesert was a desperate man, prepared to go any lengths to avenge the woman he loved.

Emilio turned and fled, cursing horribly in his native Spanish.

Still carrying Mona, Beaudesert followed to the postern door, which he made fast against possible intruders.

Then he gave his whole attention to his darling, who was already recovering from the effects of chloroform.

Her eyes opened, and met his anxious look.

She drew a deep breath, and glanced around in a stupefied fashion.

Then memory began to return, and she clung nervously to Beaudesert.

"Emilio! Was it my fancy? Was he here?"

"He has gone, Mona; he shall not annoy you again."

"Then I did not dream it, after all! I wanted to tell you—to warn you—but there was no opportunity, and then I forgot. It was the night before poor Tony got in, Emilio, his mother, and Jose Calzede. He went in search of Zebra, but the others locked themselves in a room."

"They talked until they quarrelled—it was about me. Emilio said he would give up the earldom, but not me. His mother told him he might have both, for if she were an earl, any woman would marry him."

"Then he said he was tired of pretending to be Lord Darkhaven, and now that they had all the jewels, he should go back to the old life and throw in his luck with the Calzades."

His mother was very angry, telling him he was ungrateful and wicked to upset her plans in such a manner.

"I am the Countess of Darkhaven, she said, 'and, as my son, you are, of course, the earl.'"

Emilio laughed savagely and told her he had known all the time, she had married a man called Emilio Diaz when Lord Darkhaven cast her off, and that he was that man's son and no other's, and not that he had all he wanted he meant to enjoy himself, which he could never do as an English lord.

"And now, come with me, and I will see if he has taken the gems he bid so carefully. All those nights when he and his mother were here so often they were busy unsetting the stones from your mother's jewels, Lord Darkhaven—how do you like your title? It is yours, you know, and has been all the time I have been calling you Mr. Beaudesert."

He was incapable of reply.

As a man walking in his sleep he followed her to the room where she said the gems were hidden.

When she saw they were gone, she laughed, and bidding him follow her still she led the way to her own sitting room where, unlocking a cabinet, she took from it a tiny bag made of one of her own pocket handkerchiefs.



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This she opened, and poured the contents on the table, saying—

"There! They are all here, I fancy! You will have to get them reset, that is all I filled their bags with little stones. I was busy that night. And now I am very tired. Ploose take the jewels and go."

"But I haven't said a word of thanks. I haven't."

"Won't it wait until tomorrow? I am so tired. Hark! The wind is rising again. I am so glad. I love the wind. It will rock me to sleep."

It rocked others to a still sounder sleep.

When the tide went back next morning, the bodies of Zebra Beaudesert and Jose Calzede were found in a pool under the rocks, and later, those of Emilio and his mother.

They must have decided to trust themselves to the treacherous sea rather than await what might happen on land when the Darkhaven jewels were found to be missing.

Apparently they never knew that these had been saved by Mona Hanlan.

Toro, too, was drowned in his endeavor to reach the Santa Eulalia.

That the vessel itself perished with all on board seemed evident, for portions of a craft of her size and build came ashore day after day for the next week, and one day the name floated in under the cliffs, thus settling at rest all doubts as to her fate.

It could not be otherwise than a relief to the new earl to reflect that he was free for ever from the hated Calzades, much as he would have liked an explanation of some of their doings, such as the presence of the Santa Eulalia in the Channel just then, and the intentions of Mercedes—or possibly Toro—with regard to Tony Hanlan's wife.

Was Mona's freedom to depend on her husband's attitude towards the man who had robbed him, should he—Tony—succeed in escaping, and continue his prosecution, in England, of the arch defrauder?

This and other points of interest must now remain for a secret; one of the many mysteries buried beneath the heaving waters.

"When am I to have that kiss, Mona?"

Mona had been a widow for six months, during which she travelled with Lady Fortescue, scarcely seeing Lord Darkhaven at all.

But when she returned to England he became a frequent visitor; and she had felt for some days past that he was anxious to be her accepted lover.

For answer she raised her face, smiling into his eyes, and whispering—

"My lips belonged to poor Tony then; they were his by right of purchase."

"And now?" he murmured, with his mouth on hers.

"Now they are yours—by right of love," she answered.

MEXICAN BUSINESS WAYS.

Some Experiences of Americans in Dealing With the Natives.

"The visitor to Mexico encounters many strange sights and curious customs and methods of doing business," said an American business man. "A great deal of mining and agricultural machinery has been brought into Mexico, and the Mexican ranchero, if not instructed in handling the new-fangled farm machinery, is sometimes at a loss to get things at work. The loss of a screw, a nut or bolt sometimes completely blocks all his efforts to get things in motion. Not long ago I went out with a gentleman from the States on a trip through the country selling ploughs, and during our travels in the State of Michoacan stopped at a very large hacienda. The owner was very polite and kind, but when it came to the point of buying a plough he did not seem to be in the humor to trade. He said:—

"Why, I have bought several different kinds of tools and implements from the States, but must confess I have had bad luck with them. Not long ago I received a mowing machine from a well-known manufactory, and it won't work, and I'm getting tired of being swindled."

"We thought it very queer that a new machine would not work, and requested that he get it out and let us look it over, which of course, he gladly did. We looked it all over very carefully and could see

CANCER

of pain. For Canadian testimonials and free book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MANUFACTURING CO., 377 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday

If we are to have any chance of getting on our feet, we must at least in some measure be able to mark the destinies of the Divine ministry of humankind of the masses, the in it, the endeavor to enter into it to mark the season to those less fortunate than ourselves and the peace into some life in the shadow, to be for Christ and for order of which fills all the house of God market-places.

So our Lord has come into the world on the Christmas time lives of the poor.

Those who regard the poor, with indifference, with Christ. Poverty is ashamed of. He of one who had might forever protect. How many of them have been poor men had done their life's work; how many poor men! And their life's work, cast aside, while the erected monument God's best saints have found among the poor, therefore regard the as entailing any reproach on those who are in men who have made were poor men; they were not as struggle of earlier they were poor in talents, they were God-fearing, they they required was of that in the forest of duty brought its forest was cleared farms took its place has seen no greater than this transformation forest covered country and populous nation the hand of industry; try was presented in is what requires to set before them some selves out of their did not include this and does not meet the attention of the list of the poor about.

But besides an ordinary man, or any hope in his work. too many millions Food and lodging are not enough. They multitudes can earn From this there are inevitably follow. The ambitious and talented satisfied with mere many of these countries find no satisfaction across the border must be, that in old age, there will number to be provided. So long as it reached through misdeeds the community about. These working-men are old age unprovided for their country as they fought for it. They fields of peaceful achievement on the fields of war. their duty. Both when disabled, to receive the state. Why should dishonor for the poor port in his old age in of refuge? But it is regarded as a reproach and be an inmate of the poor house. Because men do not Jesus did, the poor with us. They are with us. We would be without them. Their measure of our international. That nation most wisely to make prosperity, which inste

Sunday Reading.

This is the Season of the Year for the Charitably Disposed.

If we are in the spirit of the Christmas time our thoughts go out to the poor.

So our Lord has brought by His own coming into the world, all this beauty of the Christmas time into our lives and the lives of the poor.

Those who regard the poor, the deserving poor, with scorn or with unkindly or indifferent feelings, are not in sympathy with Christ.

But besides an opportunity to work, a poor man, or any man, needs to have some hope in his work.

These working-men and women who reach old age unprovided for, deserve as well of their country as the soldiers who have fought for it.

Because men do not think of the poor as Jesus did, the poor will always have with us. They are with us for beneficent ends.

carries into their lives the light of hope, which enables them to turn their lives to profitable use for themselves and for the country.

Boys need more masculine care and intercourse than they get in early life.

Too much of this sort of thing makes the boys feminine or weak in some respects.

The father is usually to blame, in part, because he leaves the children to the women folk.

But that is not meant that I 'preach' at the boys or lead them with 'advice.'

For instance, one of my boys, a youngster of eight, told me that some of his playmates were learning to smoke.

Masculine companionship need not make a boor of the boy, though it often does.

Child Labor in South Carolina. The question of child labor in factories in South Carolina is being vigorously agitated.

in the public schools than whites.

The argument of mill owners in this state against the age limit is that it child labor is prohibited in this state while it is allowed in North Carolina.

A feature of the last census was an endeavor to record the industrial progress of Canada under the Conservative fiscal policy.

So generous, also, were the enumerators in the application of the de jure system, which allows for the counting of temporary absences.

The largest census district in the Dominion in 1891 was New Westminster, B. C.

In spite of its padding, gross inaccuracies and misstatements, the last Dominion census was most disappointing and discouraging to Canadians.

Fun has a Valuable Side. "Show me a man who does not appreciate humor," said John Kendrick Bange to me.

No people in the world make more of New Year's than the Scotch, and innumerable are the superstitions connected with the day.



Don't boggle

Boggle-To hesitate, as from doubt, or from a faculty to hold back, etc. (Standard Dictionary.) Boggling doesn't pay, in the matter of Pearline.



has apparently hopeless task of standing an egg on end and make thinkers of wise men who sat around him?

NEW YEAR'S THE WORLD ROUND. Functions in European Courts and Rejoicings in China and Japan.

At the Russian capital the princes of the Imperial family, personages of the court, functionaries and servants of the palace come in regular order to prevent their homage and good wishes to the Emperor.

Jan. 1 is in Berlin the day for the court of congratulation which is held by the emperor and empress.

In China, the New Year rejoicings extend over three weeks, during which time little or no business is transacted.

Bonfires of mammoth proportions are kindled on New Year's eve in Persia—New Year's is March 21—and people dance about them.

again. It is bad luck to be late for breakfast and good luck to be the first one to speak to the cook.

A STAFF COLLEGE IN INDIA. Great Britain Has About Decided to Found One There to Meet Local Needs.

While the United States is still considering the establishment of a staff college, England has decided on organizing her second one, which is to be in India.

The increase in the home college could not advantageously meet all the demands consequently, the acting commander-in-chief in India, Gen. Sir Arthur Palmer.

A Dangerous Gift. The toy rifle, like the gun that nobody knew was loaded and the revolver that is kept to defend the house against burglars.

Suspicious. Auctioneer: 'Step in, ladies and gentlemen, and I will show you something that has never been seen before.'

She—Here's a report about a man begging to be sent to jail in place of his wife. He—Ha, yet you say men are never a self-sacrificing as women. Was the woman guilty? She—Oh, yes. She stole some clothes that had been given her to wash; but if they had looked her up her husband would have to go to work.

THE WAYS OF PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire packer, played a game of snowball with his grandchildren the other day.

"See grandpa do it" cried the youngsters in delight as Mr. Armour gathered up the scanty snow, packed it into balls and hurled it at the fence.

"Guess that's enough, boys," he said by and by. "I'm cold. We'd better go into the house."

Since that day Mr. Armour has been shut up in his Prairie avenue house in Chicago under the care of a physician and a trained nurse. He has been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which at times threatened to develop into pneumonia, but at last accounts he was recovering.

While Mr. Armour's friends hope to see him out soon, and able to take his accustomed trips to his offices and to the Armour Mission Sunday School, it is believed that there is not much prospect of his resuming his former business activity.

Philip D. Armour as a captain of industry will long be conspicuous in the commercial and industrial history of America. His traits are less picturesque, perhaps, than those of the Paterson locomotive builder, Jacob S. Rogers.

"I am no talker. I made my money by learning to keep my mouth shut. When the teeth are shut the tongue is at home. Besides, you'll never be convicted of foolishness if you follow this rule."

Whenever Mr. Armour has had any comments to make on travel, business, politics or religion they have always been terse and to the point, but he never was anxious to take the public into his confidence. He is one of the leading members of the Chicago Commercial Club and has seldom been absent from its dinners, but no one can recall him as an after dinner speaker.

Mr. Armour's pet projects in philanthropy are the Armour institute, a school of technology, and the Armour mission, an unsectarian institution whose object is to promote the physical, intellectual and moral improvement of children and youth.

These institutions stand side by side at Armour avenue and Thirty-third street on the south side, in Chicago. They represent an investment by Mr. Armour in behalf of the educational and ethical welfare of the community amounting to \$2,500,000.

While the first building was being erected some fifteen years ago. It was reported one day that the bricklayers had struck because of sympathy with certain alleged labor grievances in which the Armour's figured at the Union stock yards.

"Are the bricklayers refusing to work for you?" Mr. Armour was asked.

"Oh, no," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "The mission is still going up. They don't interfere much with my christian work. I intended to build another mission house, but have postponed operations for the present, you see, I have been a little short on religion for some years. And I thought the best thing I could do would be to try to get even. I sent that young man sitting over there out to see the contractors, and he came back and said: 'By G—' 'Stop there, Dave,' said I. Don't swear in talking about a mission house. Perhaps, though, you'll be forgiven on my account, so go on," he told me that the contractors advised a postponement of work for a year or so, and I agreed.

A little more than a year ago he made his last gift of \$750,000 to Armour Institute. The first intimation of the gift was made on a Sunday afternoon, when Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, president of the institute, was conducting the Sunday school at the Armour Mission. Mr. Armour was on hand, beaming on the exercises. After the services were concluded he said to Dr. Gunsaulus:

"Doctor, it seems to me you are taking a great many cares on yourself."

"Yes, but they are delightful cares and I love to assume them."

"Well, doctor, I have been thinking of lightening them. I have come to the conclusion that I will give the institute more money. Call on me to-morrow and I'll tell you more about it."

When the transfer had been made, the next day, Dr. Gunsaulus said: "Mr. Armour, I feel that this institute is the greatest investment you ever made."

"I believe it," said the millionaire. "It is paying dividends every day."

That he has always been deeply interested in young men and happy when he has had the opportunity to encourage the young and ambitious has been well illustrated by more than one incident. He has always shown a desire to do the right thing at the right time to shape the character for growth in the right direction in young persons in the plastic period of life.

One day while travelling between New York and Chicago he became interested in a colored boy, a sleeping car porter, whom he saw trying to read a book. He named the boy "Gen. Forrest."

"General," said Mr. Armour, "I'll give you a five-dollar bill if you will read one line of that book without stopping to spell out the word."

The boy grinned, but accepted the challenge and read out a line without hesitation. He not only received the five-dollar note but on further questioning stirred Mr. Armour to still greater interest. He disclosed a desire for knowledge that impelled Mr. Armour to propose a way for his education.

Three or four years ago a Chicago newspaper reporter called on Mr. Armour at his office and asked him to contribute his views to a New Year's symposium on this question: "On what lines has the greatest progress been made during the last year?"

"Well," replied Mr. Armour with an amused expression, "we Americans have been progressing in several directions. For one thing, speaking for myself, I can assure you that we are making better sausages than ever before. Have you any ministers out in the part of the town where you live?" They would preach better sermons if they included more of Armour's sausages in their diet.

out investigation. He once said that he did not like the idea of refusing any modest appeal without investigation, as it might be from some person unfortunate but most worthy.

"Strange ups and downs happens in this world," he added. "It is among the possibilities that my own son might see the time when he would appeal for help to some man that had once been turned down by me. Stranger things have happened. For this reason, I believe in relieving human misery so far as it is in my power. For this reason, it is well not to turn a deaf ear to any deserving case of charity."

"One day, some years ago, a Chicago minister, apparently of the Chabad type, called on him and applied for help for a poor woman in his parish, whom he had found in poverty and destitution in the most trying hour of childbirth. He was supplied with a sum ample for immediate needs and requested to see that the poor creature received necessary comforts with the least possible delay. Mr. Armour's ability to shunt his thoughts quickly is one of his traits. This matter was speedily forgotten. Imagine his surprise when Chabad returned the next day and said: 'I have brought your money back, Mr. Armour.'"

"What does that mean?"

"My dear brother," said Chabad, "I am sorry to say that when I applied to you yesterday my information as to this case for Christian charity had been received only by hearsay. I have since investigated personally and discovered that the poor woman in childbirth is unmarried and living in sin. She has not sought salvation that is freely offered without money and without price. I could not, therefore, conscientiously give her the money. To satisfy my conscience I must therefore return it."

Mr. Armour's indignation was aroused. He dismissed Chabad curtly. Then he sent a special messenger to relieve the unfortunate woman and make her unhappy lot as easy as circumstances would permit.

"Above all," he said, in recalling this case, "a minister of the gospel of Christ should have been the first to show mercy to this fallen one; and if she was in sin and the slough of despond, he should have been the first to reach forth a hand to lift her out and start her on the right road."

On one of his journeys through France Mr. Armour found entertainment in a manufacturing town, where he inspected a factory in which several hundred girls were employed in making lace curtains. Sauntering through the workshops he observed that many of the girls seemed to be in poor health. They seemed to be overworked, pinched and worn in appearance. Many appeared to be old and withered before their time. He thought that he had never seen a little army of work people so forlorn and hungry looking. It was a sight that weighed heavily on him. Before quitting the factory he called at the private office of the superintendent and requested the privilege of leaving a sum of money to be distributed among the girls, whose wretched appearance had touched his sympathies. His request being readily granted, he handed over a handsome sum, and before departing enjoyed the pleasant sight of its distribution all the girls being lined up to receive the gift.

He used to be at his desk in his Chicago office every morning at 7 o'clock, an hour earlier than some of his clerks arrived. He had his breakfast before 6, and his customary retiring hour was 9 in the evening. These old rules no longer hold good. But in those early rising times a comical thing once happened. One morning he discovered a clerk in the office ahead of him.

"Good morning," said Mr. Armour. "Rather early for you, isn't it?"

"It is," said the clerk with a flush of embarrassment. "I'm down a little early this morning, but you see I'm a little behind with my ledgers and I want to catch up."

"Nothing pleases me more than to see a young man faithful and ambitious; one that isn't afraid of working over hours. You may go and order a new suit of clothes and tell your tailor to send the bill to me."

The clerk almost fell off his stool with astonishment. The truth was that he had spent the night painting the town and with consciousness of guilt was quaking in fear of discharge. He ordered a \$80 suit, and when the bill came in was lectured by Mr. Armour for his extravagance. Mr. Armour pointed out in a fatherly way the danger of living beyond one's means.

At Christmas time it has always been one of Mr. Armour's little pleasures to lay in a stock of gold coins and walk into his offices with a cheerful greeting and toss the coins around quite promiscuously among his 200 clerks. He has never held a public office. Political preferment has not comported with the bent of his mind or ambition. At the earnest solicitation of the late Alexander Mitchell of Milwaukee he became one of the directors of the St.

Paul railway, an exception to his custom in such matters. The Armour industries have on the average given employment to about fifteen thousand men, besides many boys and young women.

CANADA'S FAST COAL FIELDS.

Enough Coal in Crow's Nest Region to Supply the World for 330 Years.

Those who claim to know say that only a beginning has been made in the exploitation of the mineral wealth of British Columbia, and especially the southern portion of it, known as the Kootenay region.

W. A. Carlyle, formerly professor of mining at McGill university, then for a number of years Provincial Mineralogist of British Columbia, and now manager of the Rio Tinto mines, in Spain, said in one of his reports that if ever a low grade ore could be worked with profit, almost the whole of the Kootenay country could be mined.

It is claimed that this is just what the Crow's Nest Pass railroad and the development of the coal fields in the pass render possible. In fact, the Boston and Montreal company claims to have made a contract for the treatment of the output of their mines at \$3.50 per ton during the coming summer. New York, Boston and Montreal capitalists are interested in this venture.

The coal deposits of Crow's Nest Pass are very extensive, and mines at Fernie are being energetically worked by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Limited, of Toronto. This company has all or more than it can do to supply the demand for coke in the mining regions. It controls a small kingdom of coal lands, no less than 20,000 acres in extent, almost all of which contains coal. The granting of this immense area is attributed to political motives, as the holders are all friends of the government, and the question has been made an issue in politics.

G. McBride of McGill university, who spent the past summer in this country, in an article on the mineral wealth of the Crow's Nest Pass region, says:

"All around the town of Fernie, which is the chief centre of the coal business of this region, the country for many miles is full of coal beds, some 20 seams varying in thickness from a mere sheet to a solid mass of coal 30 feet high. These seams, it laid one on top of the other, would aggregate a thickness of 150 feet. These great beds extend over an area of many thousand acres and the Geological Survey of Canada estimates that it 50 per cent. of this bed allowed as unworkable there would still be an accessible body of coal containing about 10,000,000,000 tons. We get a faint idea of the magnitude of these figures when we consider, that, taking 300,000,000 tons to be the amount of coal now consumed in the world each year, there is enough fuel in the Crow's Nest country to supply the entire world for over 330 years, at its present rate of consumption. In the mines alone this would afford employment to every able-bodied man in Canada from this time until the year 2,000, to say nothing of the thousands who would find work in its transportation and sale."

"As the coal is easily reached from the surface and is present in such abundance, it can be mined with comparatively small expense. The plant now in operation is a very convenient one, and is so arranged that from the time the coal is first shoveled into the small cars in the mines until it is ready to be shipped it has never to be touched with a shovel."

It will thus be seen that the gold and silver mines of the Kootenay, for which this immense output is being cooked, need not wait for fuel for their smelters. The output of coal, even at present, is over 800,000 tons per year, and is rapidly increasing.

Watson Wants Electricity Taught in Schools. Thomas A. Edison makes some hopeful predictions for electricity, in an article contributed by him to January "Success."

Not only as a motive power for massive enterprises will electricity find use during the coming half century, but it will also be applied to the "gentler sciences," if I may use the term. By this I mean surgery, optics, and astronomy, but greater minds than mine must dwell on this particular branch of electrical usage. Already we have surgical instruments that are being operated by electricity with gratifying success; indeed, they have gone beyond the experimental stage. It will find a large field in the operation of manufacturing machinery, as the Niagara Falls plant shows, and it may even extend to the airship, but I think it best to confine its uses to the earth, until these uses have been exhausted.

Electricity as a science should be made one of the several studies in every school in the land. It should rank with spelling and arithmetic; for, the more it is used, the more potent it becomes as an important element in all of the world's general

affairs, and its value, in connection with practical business and business affairs, can not be given too prominent a place in America's future.

File Terrors Swept Away.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—79

Miss Johnson—No, no Mirab Jackson. Ah am in no hurry to change mah name. Mr. Jackson (seriously)—Praps not; but ah am in a big hurry to change mah lodgings.

"Bought my Life for 35 cents."—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. "It was a living death to me until I tried Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Thanks to them to-day I am well, and I tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents." 60 in a box.—80

Passenger (on southern railway)—What kind of a train is this, conductor—a local or freight?

Conductor (incidentally)—No, sir, this is the fast express. Passenger—Oh, I beg your pardon; but would you mind telling me what it is fast to?



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1000 pages, is sent free on receipt of 51 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customers and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chat of

Among the specialties in the use of hands with black velvet. These are especially clothes in the pale Any sort of embroidery for dress trimmings—embroidery of various old-fashioned in eff gowns of black silk skirt with many ribbons. Some of gathered flounce, or even. Silver buttons the velvet, and esp straps across the fro of the new wide s adds to the quaint gown, especially with late neck. Another this season for a c you have a carriage-trimmed elaborately silver galloon. For cloth is made up of shiny lace and dam. Cloths in the vari palest tint to black materials for dress while for evening pa have blossomed out shewn is especially light, and this an cloth seem to coo materials for even gold cloths, embroi applique lace design combination with blue or yellow silk, with long coat tail effect of a saah falli finishes a most ge made up with wh charming evening ing the tucked flounce all around which is of the sa Guipure lace in a d edge of the flounce, appearance of a tur skirt.

On some of the effects in trimming que design out shade and embro round the edges. effects silk gown, stered flounce be; and of the silk; plique lace on addition, and the allar and stitche alls around the ed the pretty fancie tions of lace colla at home gowns s and of velvet, bu portions on str ack silk costume road tall on the season's novelties, bolero of board pint lace collar. costumes is also trimmed with vel roidery. Black s anne and silk tas h-another cloth b. Pretty waists of popular than even say are much mo skirts of the same east. Orpe de sa prettist ones. met with a stitche ne of lace. The f silk and the un dition, striped are velvet ribbon. An ilk has a vest of th old dete.

The variety in hardly surpassed. Any design on order, providing ag and not clum which fare open ivers to show an ouseline in one Black or colored p e collar and the with silk or satin white, with tiny g e soft or of messu e either side and woun the neck an The night with 1000 pages, is sent free on receipt of 51 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customers and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Among the special novelties in trimming is the use of bands of gold canvas studded with black velvet buttons or embroidered with black and white or colored silks. These are especially recommended for cloths in the pale colors so much worn. Any sort of embroidery on gold is good style for dress trimming, and so is chenille embroidery of various kinds. Quaint and old-fashioned in effect are some of the new gowns of black silk striped around the skirt with many rows of black velvet ribbons. Some of these are made with a gathered flounce, on which the velvet is sewn. Silver buttons are effective with the velvet, and especially so for fastening straps across the front to form a vest. One of the new wide shoulder collars of lace adds to the quaint effect of this style of gown, especially with a small square décolleté neck. Another unusual costume worn this season for a calling gown, provided you have a carriage, is made of white cloth trimmed elaborately with chinchilla and silver galloon. For dressy occasions ivory cloth is made up charmingly with real cluny lace and dainty touches of gold. Cloths in the varied colorings, from the palest tint to black, are the ultra smart materials for dressy and street gowns, while for evening gowns velvet seems to have blossomed out afresh. The beautiful sheen is especially effective under the gas-light, and this and the gold and silver cloth seem to comprise the novelties in materials for evening dress. Silver and gold cloths, embroidered with chenille and applique lace designs, are very striking in combination with cream lace over pink, blue or yellow silk. A bolero of the cloth with long coat tail ends, which have the effect of a sash falling over the lace skirt, finishes a most gorgeous gown. Panne made up with white Brussels net is a charming evening gown, the net forming the tucked front, and a deep flounce all around the foundation skirt, which is of the same color as the panne. Guipure lace in a deep band is inset on the edge of the flounce, and the panne has the appearance of a tunic falling over the lace skirt.

On some of the dark cloth gowns unusual effects in trimming are made by an applique design out of cloth in a lighter shade and embroidered with chenille round the edges. A pretty model for a fluted silk gown, where the skirt has a gathered flounce headed with two stitched ends of the silk; a long sash of silk with applique lace on the ends is a pretty addition, and the silk bodice has a lace collar and stitched straps. Little gold alle around the edge of the lace are one of the pretty fancies, and all sorts and conditions of lace collars are worn, especially at home gowns either of cloth or silk. Bands of velvet, buttons and lace are the novelties on another cloth gown. A sack silk costume trimmed with bands of road tail on the skirt is one of the season's novelties, and the bodice shows bolero of board tail with a Venetian pint lace collar. One of the new princess statures is also crowned with a bolero, trimmed with velvet applique and embroidery. Black and white braid, stitched anne and silk tassels are the decoration on another cloth bodice. Pretty waists of silk and lace are more popular than even for theatre wear, but they are much more stylishly worn with skirts of the same color than with any contrast. Crepe de chine silk, and cloth form the prettiest ones. Here is a pretty lace waist with a stitched collar of silk under the lace. The yoke and straps are also of silk and the undersleeves are of tucked chiffon, striped around with narrow black velvet ribbon. Another bodice in white silk has a vest of the same embroidered in old dots.

TRENDS OF FASHION.

The variety in neckwear this season is hardly surpassed by any other item of dress. Any design or combination of materials which can be put into a stock in an order, providing it is well fitted, becoming and not clumsy in effect. The collar which flares open at either side in tiny covers to show an inner stock of lace or pouselline is one of the special fancies. Black or colored panne may form the outer collar, and the little revers are faced with silk or satin in contrasting colors or white, with tiny gold buttons on the edge. A soft tie of messelline or lace is attached to either side and knotted low midway down the neck and bust.

The neck with a turnover edge is very popular, and very pretty made of silk or soft satin, finely tucked in diamond design. In white silk the tucked should be stitched with colored or black silk, the narrow

turn over band finished with silk the same color as the stitching and also stitched or embroidered in small gold polka dots. A narrow satin tie knotted in front and decorated with polka dots is the finish at the base. Pretty little turnover edges such as are worn so much in embroidered linen lawn, are made of black velvet and embroidered with gold. These are pretty over white or colored silk stocks simply tucked around. The effect is quite changed by pointing the bands down to the lower edge of the collar directly in front, where there is space between, and joining them with a narrow black velvet tie knotted in the centre and falling in two short ends decorated with ferrets. These little gold ornaments are everywhere, if there is an end to which they be attached, but if they are daintily distributed they are very fascinating in spite of their universal use.

Decorations for the hair are a striking feature of evening dress, since there is such an abundance of color in the variety. A flat rosette bow of pink liberty satin at either side of the knot pinned by a hand in front is one variation of the mode which answers every purpose of an evening bonnet and is worn in the street cars with a veil as if it were one. Very large white ribbon bows are also seen, but the prettiest of all are the roses in white, colors and gold. One rose with tiny buds and green leaves, arranged well towards the front at one side and almost resting on the forehead, is extremely chic, and for those to whom it is becoming one rose low at one side is pretty. Dainty glittering butterflies of gauze and jet or gold are sometimes arranged with the flowers, and again you see a simple wreath of green leaves around the knot of hair crowned by a diamond ornament directly in the centre. Indeed, the hair ornament is an accessory of dress which is really very important this season and should be selected with especial care and attention.

Hand painted designs decorate the toes of some of the new slippers. The blouse and bolero jackets of baby lamb are so much worn and so much in demand that the skins are getting scarce.

Ermine fur and white chiffon form a fashionable combination for evening and bridesmaid's hats, and a bunch of roses at one side is the only trimming.

The latest evening gloves are supplied with jewel fastenings and silk lacings.

Bags, Ornamental and Useful.

Bags are useful and pretty presents. Is the present for a woman friend? Then out of stout muslin make three bags, five or six inches square, and fill them with sawdust or bran. Sew up the fourth side. Over this slip, pillow-case fashion, covers of three contrasting tints of silk. These covers must be an inch longer, after fringing the open ends, than the enclosures. The material may be brocade, satin or linen. If the latter, on each embroider a flower, a motto, or, on one only, a monogram. Now tie with a silk thread the mouth of each close to the stuffed inner bag, and tie the three together so that they stand apart at their bases. Nothing is easier to make, is prettier or more useful than this pin-cushion.

Another is made by taking two of these inner bags and slipping them into a silk, satin or embroidered bolster and sewing up its ends. It must be long enough to leave a vacant space in the middle, like that of old fashioned saddle bags. Hang the cushion by this empty portion over the gas bracket or a small brass standard. The ends may be fringed or tied with ribbon like a bag, or be trimmed with crocheted rings into which are tied out silk fringe.

A work bag is also acceptable. Take any paste-board box some six inches square, or if circular, of the same diameter, and cut it about three inches high. Now out of India silk fashion a bag some eight inches long and thirty inches wide, and fit the closed end to the bottom of the box. Next fasten with blind stitches the top of the box to the side of the bag, so it will be comparatively smooth, though slightly full at the two are sewed together. Turn down the top two inches, run in a casing, and then an inch wide satin ribbon to draw it up by, and you have a beautiful bag. When placed upon the work table the box makes a substantial bottom, while the contents are kept in place. In the interior fit small spool bags, a thimble bag, an emery case and a needle-book of white cashmere with embroidered cover. A pretty style of the latter is to make the similarity of a large butterfly of plush, buttonhole the edge and work on spots golden yellow.

A collar bag for old or young, man or woman, can be made out of bed-ticking. Take a strip one foot wide and long enough

to make a bag fifteen inches deep, with the front turned over with a pointed flap. On the white stripes, castitch or leather-stitch all the bits of silk left from embroidery in a 'hit or miss' style, working black over the blue stripes. The more colors there are the better. Finish the edge with silk cord or bind with ribbon, i. e. with thin silk, and it will be quaint enough to suit the most fastidious.

Silver Plate in Winter.

Silver in winter requires especial attention. Gas from coal fires as well as from burners tarnishes and discolors. The sulphur from india rubber is also inimical to silver, so that the ring around the neck of a fruit jar will in a few hours turn a spoon black. That silver not in everyday use should be kept in cases made of Canton flannel or of chamois skin. The latter, because more impenetrable to moisture, is best. The case may be long and narrow, with a strip of silk or ribbon down the centre, and loops into which spoons and knives are to be slipped. This open case can be covered with any suitable material. It is to be folded, when the articles are in it, and kept in a drawer or separate case, together with a piece of cambray gum, which helps to keep silver from tarnishing. Large pieces of silver require separate bags made to fit, and forks need a separate receptacle. When from neglect, plate has grown much spotted, vigorous measures are required. In that case take one spoonful of ammonia to sixteen of vinegar, rub over the stains rapidly and at once plunge into hot soap-suds. Any substance which is strong enough to remove stains will eat the surface of silver and must not be permitted to remain.

Silver in constant use needs only to have a daily wash in scalding suds, then to be rinsed in water equally hot and wiped dry, so that for a long time it will be bright without extra care. Table salt applied to the discolorations produced by the sulphur in eggs will remove it at once. Whiting applied with a moistened cloth, rubbed on soap, will usually be all that is necessary. Should the plate have been neglected a long time, the cloth may be first moistened with alcohol or diluted ammonia. Engraved and reposed silver needs to be cleaned with whiting applied on a tooth brush. After it is dry, cover the hair with a sweeping cap to avoid dust, and thoroughly brush over the raised and incised surfaces with a soft brush that penetrates every part of the figures or lettering. A thorough rubbing and then brushing in this manner will restore the original brilliancy of plate as no other treatment can do.

Joseph Chamberlain on England's Future. Joseph Chamberlain, whom many charge with the Boer War, has a vigorous article in "Success" for January, in which he gives to the American people his conception of the destiny in store for England, now that her empire is practically a unit. He says:— "What should we be without our empire? Two small islands, with an overcrowded population, in the Northern Sea. What would they be without us? Fragments,—nations, indeed, but without the fulness of national life, without the cohesion that enables them to look the world in the face. We are bound together, also by something which, in international and national affairs, is, perhaps, even stronger than material interests,—by the ties of sentiment, by common ideals and common aspirations. We crave from them, from our kinsfolk, from our fellow-subjects, their affection; we invite their sympathy; we delight in their support.

That does not mean that we are hostile to other nations. On the contrary, we desire their friendship, too. We should be glad to have their approbation if it were not purchased at the cost of more essential objects. We hope that they will reciprocate the friendly feelings which we express and feel for them; but, if not, we will humbly submit to our destiny,—we will endeavor to do without it,—conscious of our remoteness.

If we cannot persuade them, then we must be isolated; but if, even then, we are surrounded and buttressed by these groups of sister nations, I say, in the words of the Canadian statesman, our isolation will be a splendid isolation. I do not say this in a spirit of vulgar ostentation. I do not think that the view I am putting before you is an ignominious view of our national destiny. No; it is better for all of us; it widens our horizon and broadens our view to be free men in a company of nations, to be citizens of no mean city. We have the comfort of knowing that, if even the worst of disasters were to overtake this country; if we were to be, as is often prophesied by our critics abroad, a fallen state; or if by some physical convulsion of nature, we were to sink like a volcanic island in the sea that we have ruled so long, even then we should leave behind kindred across the Atlantic and in the Pacific seas, and they would

carry to distant ages and to unknown heights the scepter of our great dominion.

NEW THEATRICAL STAR.

A King of Moonshiners to go on the Stage After Justice Gets Through With Him.

Old Billy Pritts, king of the moonshine gang operating in Somerset and Fayette counties, Pa., is the latest star to flash upon the histrionic firmament. After living for forty years as an outlaw with a price on his head, Pritts was run down and captured by revenue officers last August. Aside by his sons, he stood seige for nearly a day, and was wounded in the leg before he surrendered.

Pritts was taken to Uniontown, where he was held for trial in the United States District Court. His patriarchal appearance so impressed several of the town's business men that they went on his bail bond. It was at Uniontown that he first saw a play. He was greatly impressed. The production was one of the melodramatic types and showed life in the wilds of the Tennessee mountains. A battle with moonshiners was one of the features of the day.

It was at the height of the battle that Pritts laid the foundation for his stage career. The play-acting moonshiners were being slowly overwhelmed by the revenue officers when Pritts with the experience of an old campaigner, saw an opening. Leaping from his seat he yelled: "Look out boys! They're comin' up behind! Give it to 'em back through the brush!"

Pritts made the hit of the evening. A Pittsburg theatrical man who was in the audience hunted up the old moonshiner after the performance and made him an offer. He explained the nature of stage work and offered him more money each week than the old man had ever seen in a bunch in his life. Pritts was delighted.

"I guess," he said sorrowfully, "I can't ever go back to my 'stillin' sgin, I reckon the money will come in handy. What'll I have to do?"

"Do!" responded the theatrical man, "why just what you've always been doing. You'll be my leading man. I'll get up a play and have you make whiskey on the stage. There'll be a battle with revenue officers and you'll save the heroine's life and be pardoned, and live happy ever after."

"Bot," said Billy with a grin, "I don't think I'll be pardoned, They caught me dead an' I guess I'm in for it."

"Oh, but the play will come after," said the theatrical man. "After you've served your time, you know."

"I can't understand," Billy went on. "They tell me it is agin the law so make whiskey. That's what I'm arrested for. Wouldn't it be agin the law to make it on the stage as well as any other place? Then I'm to fight the officers every night, I guess I'd be in jail the rest of my natural."

After the make-believe features of the business were explained Pritts agreed to sign a contract.

"I've got a still up in the mountain that is just the thing," he said. "Good for sixty gallon any day. I'll have 'er brought down so you can look at 'er."

Thus the new theatrical star was discovered. Pritts will be put on the stage as soon as he is out of his present troubles.

Sure Of His Job.

In an article on the Baltimore Locomotive works in Frank Leslie's Monthly the following tale of bravery is told, showing the danger the men are placed in while at work:

Three men came up carrying a long iron shaft, which had been cut in two, so that an iron ring could be inserted between the two halves. An empty crucible a foot wide and deep hung in the ring. The forward end of the pole held a crossbar, making it as it were a huge T. Two men held the T part of the pole, the third grasped the rear end. The crucible hung between. The remainder of the molten metal from the caldron was tipped into one crucible and the men trotted off with it, the two in front with strained faces, the man behind driving them complacently; the oddest team in the world. He steered them through a doorway, and they emptied their crucible into a small mold. As they went they kept step in an unusual manner. Instead of stepping off right foot with right foot, the left man's right leg and the right man's left leg went forward together, knee with knee, foot with foot. We asked why. "That," said our guide, "is to prevent them from tripping. If they should fall, you know, that metal would pour over them."

"Of course, such a thing never happened."

"Yes, it did, once. One of the men went down. The other jumped clear, but the fellow on the floor swam in it."

TO THE DEAF.—A man deaf, cured of his Deafness and Hoarseness in the Head by Dr. Nicholas Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Dr. Institute, 750 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness.

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

35 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

"Horrible! Of course he died instantly, poor man?"

"No, the foreman of the carrying gang, taking in the situation, made several terrific leaps for him—jumped right into the middle of it—picked him up and threw him out of it bodily. Then he jumped clear himself, with the stuff dropping from his shoes. They both went to the hospital, but they are all right now. Heroic, wasn't it? By the way, that's him, the foreman, Jim H—, over there now. He is still looking after those fellows."

We looked over to where a big muscular fellow was directing a gang of men manipulating molten metal. He was not disfigured, and he did not look like a hero, but thereafter the grime that covered him seemed very noble indeed. And he would not say a word of his feat when we sought to talk with him about it. But Jim H— will probably never want for a job as long as Baldwin's is working.

20 Years of Vile Catarrh.—Chas. J. Brown, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years, during which time my health has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." soc—73

"I didn't know it was to be a comic opera."

"Well, you knew it was to be an opera given by an amateur company, didn't you?"

Rheumatism will Succumb to South American Rheumatic Cure because it goes right to the seat of the trouble and removes the cause. Many so-called cures but deaden pain temporarily only, to have it return again with doubled violence. Not so with this great remedy. It eradicates from the system the last vestige of the disease and its cures are permanent.—74

"Pa," said little Georgie, "why did Diogenes live in a tub?"

"Oh, the old gentleman replied as he fished a crumpled piece of drawwork out from under himself, I suppose that was the only place he could find where they didn't have sofa pillows and these blamed tides all over everything."

Heart-Sick People.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart tonic that never fails to cure—is swift in its effects—goes closer to the "border land" and snatches from death's grip more sufferers than any other remedy for any family of diseases and ailments in the category of human sufferings. Gives relief in 30 minutes.—75

"I will fill your life with sunshine," said he.

This while they sat under the languorous lamps of the conservatory. The women shuddered—contentedly, to be sure; for well she knew what a bright her complexion was in the garish light of noon.

The Poisoned Spring.—As in nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are bound to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter means poison in the spring. South American Nervine is a great purifier, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the uncounted testimony of thousands of cured ones.—76

"I notice that a London preacher has been running a London newspaper for a week."

"Well, from what I've seen of the London newspapers I don't believe the readers have noticed any difference."

Life's a Burden.—If the stomach is not right. Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light-Headed? Do you have Sick Headache? Any and all of these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—77

Caller.—Is Mrs Kallippe at home? Ellen (just over)—No, mum.

Caller.—Do you know where she has gone? Ellen.—Yes, mum. Upstairs, she has the back way.

"My Kidneys are all Wrong! How shall I insure best results in the shortest time?" It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the "pill form" treatment, and when it strikes the spot there's healing in an instant.—78

Visitor.—Why are you walking up and down here?

Soldier.—I'm on sentry duty.

Visitor.—Why don't you sit down.

Soldier.—Because I am part of the standing army.

Johnny.—Pa, what is the "servant girl" problem?

Mr. Grinkam.—Finding how much money is due her at the end of the second day.

My Friend's Engagement.

When a woman says she will, she will, you may depend on it. And when she says she won't, she won't, and that's the end of that.

It was a charming face, despite its iron and steel, a pleasant little countenance, with hazel eyes lighting it up as sunshine does a pleasant landscape.

And yet no one ever thought of calling Nervis Lloyd beautiful, though to me she was more, and her sweet face with its varying expression was a study for which I knew no weariness.

A soft, dark complexion, just tinted with vermilion where the oval cheeks rounded from the perfect chin and low, smooth forehead, deepening in shade as roses do, as the rich color neared the centre—cherry-red pointing lips, and the varied pearls of teeth ever exposed in a smile.

A petite figure, dimpled and rounded, an embodiment of perfect symmetry, a step the poetry of motion, and a voice clear and silvery as a bird's note. She was a little spruce—half woman, half child—who knelt at my feet, exclaiming—

'There, it's all done now! Hal Andrews and I are engaged!'

'Engaged?'

'I looked up, expecting of course to see blushes and smiles, but I saw instead, an angry pout, a pair of flashing eyes sparkling through a mist of tears, and a bright anger-spot upon each cheek.'

'Engaged? I repeated, and to Hal Andrews? What do you mean?'

'Being the lady's hostess and especial friend, and feeling the responsibility of the trust reposed in me by her parents, in committing their daughter to my charge for the summer, I felt it incumbent upon me to make this inquiry, though, knowing the rather contrary and secretive spirit of the young person, I had not the remotest idea of receiving any reliable answer. But, instead of a reply, Nervis Lloyd dropped her face into my lap and began to cry as if her heart would break.'

'Don't spoil your eyes,' said I, 'if you are engaged to that handsome, intelligent—'

'Blockhead!' ejaculated Nervis. 'That ugly, ignorant blockhead; he just deserves a fool's-cap, and then—'

'You would be well matched, I think, judging from your description of the young gentleman, and the actions of a certain young lady who shall be nameless.'

Minerva, raising her tear-stained face, brought her white, even teeth together as if she wished the young gentleman in question had been between them.

'You know, dear,' she said, 'I gave his sister Sophie my album to write in a few weeks ago; and this morning, when I went after it, I found it with an abominable scrawl of that audacious—'

'Settle, my dear!'

'Well, read it yourself, then; I never saw such impertinence in my life.'

She drew a soiled, crumpled, gilt-edged leaf from her pocket, and I saw in a moment how rudely it had been torn from its violet perfumed mates.

Smoothing the delicate tinted paper upon my knees, and rubbing out the creases with some difficulty, these lines became visible, written in a careless yet elegant hand.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS LLOYD.
In ancient time the fabled goddess famed
For wit and wisdom was Minerva named;
But times are changed, and now, as I observe her,
The very opposite is named Minerva.

'But we're engaged,' laughed the young lady, in a sort of insane glee. 'As you are reading that gentleman's verification, here is another specimen of his admiration for his betrothed wife—'

Another piece of crumpled paper, the leaf of an old school book, on which was written in pencil—

Fair ladies wear,
To give a contrast to their lily faces,
Rich robes rare;
Minerva, should she follow their example,
Would wear
The covering of the Polar bear.

'He admires skim-milk complexion, like Miss Malvina Woodard's for example—great weary looking blue eyes and—'

'But I don't insist on that Miss Malvina. She quite a pretty young lady, if I am any judge.'

'Young lady! Twenty five it she's a day. Pretty! Turn up nose—red hair—'

'Beautiful auburn, dear!'

'Then grass is auburn. I called red.'

'Fie, Nervis!'

'Well, be as much as you like, I shall have my say out—only; remember this: Hal Andrews loves Vio Woodard better than he does his eyes, and he hates me worse than poison, and yet for all that we are engaged, and shall be married at Christmas!'

school-days began, and now, as they are about to terminate, I have one of much greater importance to beg of you. We are both too young to think of marrying yet, but will you, some time before five years have expired, make me the happiest fellow alive, by giving me the right to call you mine always?

'Yours truly,
'HAL ANDREWS.'

The reply.
'DEAR HAL.—Yours received—if papa and mamma are willing—yes.'

'So you really did love him, Nervis?'

I questioned, giving back the little yellow notes.

'Yes—love in the past, never in the present nor future tense, remember. I did love Hal, the wretched tease, but I thoroughly hate him now. Well, I was about to say, after awhile he became acquainted with one pretty girl, then with another, and he gave me the cold shoulder whenever we met at any party or picnic; sometimes scarcely noticing me at all. After a time he became acquainted with Vio Woodard, and he's grown more hateful and unbearable to me ever since.'

'And you pined in loneliness, and nubile reclusiveness, during the whole time?'

'Me? I did nothing of the sort—let him know how I cared for him indeed—just the contrary. Did I ever practise my look of scorn and contempt before you? No! Well, it's rather annihilating, and if Hal and Vio Woodard didn't feel their insignificance, it's no fault of mine. Fine in loneliness! Not I. I first desperately with Charlie Morse, and Ed Stanley, and Paul Lyons; but do you suppose that odious Hal Andrews cared? Not a whit!'

'Well, what of it?'

'Can't you see? Here's the whole case in a nut-shell. Hal and I are engaged—'

'I've changed my tactics—we are engaged, and he either has to give up his adorable Malvina and marry me, whom he hates worse than poison, or I'll see him for breach of promise, or frighten him into the belief that I will, in order to be revenged.'

I wrote him a note this morning, and told him I hoped he remembered our engagement, and that I should appoint Christmas as our wedding-day, giving him a gentle hint regarding a law-suit, in case he refused to live up to the spirit of the letter he wrote me nearly five years ago. I suppose I shall hear from him in the course of his day. My! won't he rave! Give up his adorable Vio!—marry me! I can see in imagination his look of horror and consternation, and I've taken especial pains to tell our insufferable gossip, Miss Nott, as a profound secret, of our engagement, and it'll be all over the town by tonight.'

'Nervis!'

'Oh, don't be horrified! Just think of Hal engaged to the opposite of wit and wisdom, this contrast to a polar bear! Bah! which do you suppose he will think best to do; take the bitter pill, or forfeit several hundred pounds as a balsam to heal my wounded (?) heart!'

'Not able to say?' I replied, looking quizzically into the flushed but pretty face turned now towards me.

'Well, I think he'll be vexed about it. At any rate, he can't help himself, and I'm glad of it, for I'm sure I hate the fellow.'

And with this somewhat suspicious answer, Minerva Lloyd rose to her feet and shook out the folds of her dress.

'But, Nervis,' said I, 'you don't really mean to marry Hal Andrews with such feelings as you now entertain towards him?'

'No; I've no idea whatever of marrying him, but I'll make him believe so, and everyone else, until the very last minute, and then I'll jilt him.'

'You're a very wicked and foolish girl,' said I, but I doubt if my friend heard me, for in her gay carelessness she was trilling a light song as she ran merrily upstairs.

Half an hour afterwards, when I went up to call Minerva to tea, I found her crying over an old likeness of Hal Andrews.

I knew it was his, though she quickly thrust it into her pocket, for the very simple reason that when a moment afterwards, she drew forth her handkerchief to wipe away the suspicious tears, out tumbled the photograph upon the floor.

But at tea she was unusually gay, laughed and jested, and told my fortune in a teacup, predicting I should be an old maid to the end of my mortal career, which prophecy, by the way, has proved untrue.

After tea, when the twilight was falling, and the stars were coming out one by one, Nervis stole out into the garden, and when looking after my charge some half-hour later, I found her in the arbour earnestly engaged in conversation with Hal Andrews. What induced me to listen I cannot conceive, unless a feeling of the responsibility resting upon me in regard to my friend's conduct silenced my scruples.

I do not honestly believe it was mere curiosity, so it must have been pure anxiety that made me overstep the bounds of good breeding in the palpable manner I did.

Hal possessed a rich, manly voice, and a handsome open countenance, which, as it was turned partially towards me, I admired more than ever.

The clear hazel eyes, high, full forehead waving chestnut hair, Grecian profile, ruddy complexion, and dark moustache I thought improved in the moonlight.

I pardoned little Nervis then for having given him an unrequited love, and but for a look containing a certain manly face that lay against my heart, I might have found myself guilty of a like absurdity.

As it was, anything of the kind was out of the question, and shielded from observation as I was by a climbing tendrill of sweet briar, I heard Hal saying—

'Certainly, I shall hold you to your promise, Nervis. I had supposed that question settled some years ago. You will find me ready at the appointed time.'

'What?' gasped Nervis.

'I am sure you cannot fail to understand me. Even if I had thought to do otherwise, your delicate hint in regard to a suit at law would have decided me, for I would rather marry you than pay the damage your broken heart would sustain.'

'You surely would not marry me and love another?' said my little friend, in a pleading tone.

'Why not? Men often do such things, and women, too, for that matter. It's nothing when one gets used to it,' said Hal nonchalantly, concluding his sentence with a whistled tune no one, perhaps, ever heard before or since.

Nervis crushed a handful of flowers she held and scattered their fragrant petals over the grassy carpet of the little arbour.

There were tears in her eyes, and they dropped down over her cheeks and fell upon the little fingers still crushing the fragrant blooms.

'I'll take it all back, Hal,' she said at length; 'I just wanted to tease you.'

'And have "bitten your nose to spite your face," to use the old saying. Now, it strikes me I have you as last as you had me a moment ago. In case you refuse to fulfil your contract, after the letter I redamned shall I claim for my lacerated heart? I have no hesitancy in regard to my notes to you coming before the public, and, of course, I suppose, have a like feeling in regard to yours.'

'Oh, Hal!' Nervis was now thoroughly frightened and in earnest. 'You know I wouldn't have anything of the kind done for the world. Let it all go. I know you don't want to marry me, and I don't you, I'm sure.'

'Why don't you?'

'Why—why—'

'You are in love with Charlie Morse, or Paul Lyons, or Ed Stanley, perhaps?'

'No, I'm not!'

'Then what is your reason, eh?'

Hal broke off a tendrill from the arbour vine, and threw it playfully over Nervis's dimpled shoulders.

'Because—because,' she said tremulously her voice nearly breaking down between the words, 'I wouldn't marry a man who did not love me.'

'Then where's the objection to marrying me Nervis? Of course I love you, and if you had not been such a little coquette, I should never have given you reason to doubt it. I was a fool to ask you to bind yourself to me five years ago—you with your youth and inexperience—and I realized it afterwards, but I could not say to you "Consider yourself free, Nervis," without being misunderstood by you as wishing my own liberty. Besides, had I kept no other company but yours, you would have felt under obligation to do the same, and I tried another plan, intending, unless you were otherwise provided for before Christmas, to ask you, as I do tonight, dear—when shall the happy day be?'

I did not wait to hear the reply, but, half an hour later, Nervis came up to my room, her face radiant with smiles and blushes, and the very same words upon her lips she had so differently uttered a few hours before—

'There, it's all done now! Hal and I are engaged!'

'Ah!' said I sleepily, 'what about the goddess of wisdom and the polar bear?'

'Do laugh, will you?'

A little rosy palm was laid softly over my mouth, and a pair of pouting cherry lips were pressed to my cheek.

'You poor fated-to-be old maid,' whispered the rosy lips, 'how I pity you! You must come to our wedding at Christmas.'

And so I did.

Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur's studio in Paris is being rapidly dismantled and all her paintings sent to their respective purchasers. The celebrated animal painter is an exemplification of the old adage, 'A prophet in his own country,' for, strangely enough she has never aroused much enthusiasm among her own countrymen. She felt this indifference bitterly, and was frequently heard to remark: 'Alas! my beloved France will never shelter the offspring of my brush.' Her words were prophetic.

It is doubtful whether a single canvas of hers has found a purchaser in France; all her best known works, at least, have gone to England and America, which countries have always been singularly appreciative of her work.

Mr. Silverthorn stood in his spacious drawing-room graciously welcoming the guests who had thronged to his musicale.

Mr. Goldberg, an intimate friend, approached, and in a whisper asked permission to introduce a few friends, which he did as follows:—

'Mr. Myers, seven millions; Mr. Huber, five millions; Mr. Smith, two millions; Mr. Miller, one million.'

'And who is the gentleman just behind you?' asked the host.

'He? Oh! he's only a celebrated professor.'

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

TRUST IN STEAMBOAT OLDFIES.

They Used to Carry Thousands of Dollars. Yet Gave no Receipt.

'Men are more distrustful of each other in these days than they were in the days when the public carrier system was less perfect than it is now,' said Captain Frank M. Mahan to a Chicago Journal reporter.

Captain Mahan, who retired from the river service many years ago is now a manufacturer of fire apparatus in Chicago.

'Things have changed considerably since I used to clerk on the Mississippi in the early forties,' he continued. 'At that time there were no railroads, express companies, or letter-of-credit systems in vogue. For a long time I was master of a boat that ran between Galena and St. Louis.'

We started from Galena with about half a cargo of lead, and the rest of the cargo, consisting of provisions principally, would be picked up in town along the river.

'When we got to St. Louis we got rid of our cargo, and lay over three or four days picking up a new load for the return trip. By that time the commission merchants to whom the provisions had been consigned would have sold the goods delivered by us.'

'Their clerks would then be sent with envelopes containing proceeds and account of sale. These would be given to the clerk of the boat, who would place them in the vault. Thousands of dollars would sometimes be sent up and down the river in packages and envelopes. Receipts for money or goods were never given or asked for.'

'Once I made the trip intrusted with the delivery of ten shot bags filled with gold, which was consigned to merchants along the river. Although the system then in vogue would be declared "loose" in these days money rarely went astray.'

'During the twenty years I served as clerk or master of a steamboat there were only two instances where valuable packages went astray. One day in the spring of 1848, John Tracy, a clerk of one of the Mississippi steamboats, was sitting on the levee checking freight, when a gentleman handed him a package containing \$500.'

'Tracy was busy at the time and put the money in his overcoat pocket. When the boat returned complaint was made because the package had not been delivered. No trace of the missing envelope could be found, and Tracy opened an old overcoat hole in which he had thrown his overcoat six months before.'

'He wore the coat several days, when one day his attention was called to a hole in the lining. Putting his hand down in the lining he pulled out the missing package containing the \$500.'

'Two years later a clerk I knew on the Anthony Wayne received \$150 from a merchant at Churchville, a little town just below Keokuk. The package was directed to a merchant at Mineral Point. Instead of placing the package in the vault the clerk put it in a pigeonhole, where it lay all winter, that being the boat's last trip for the season. It was discovered and delivered to its owner the following spring. The same system was in vogue; all along the river.'

'Once the clerk on the boat on which I was master received \$10,000 from a New Orleans firm to be delivered to a merchant in St. Louis. No receipt was given at either end of the route.'

'Valuable scarcely ever went astray, and embezzlement was almost an unknown word. I remember how the defalcation of a Missouri bank cashier, who ran away with \$8,000 was at one time the talk of the west. I delivered many packages to Gen. Grant when he was in business at Galena, J. Russell Jones and Capt John B. Fitzgerald, now of Chicago, were both well-known rivermen before the war.'

The Only Gentleman.

She was middle-aged, well groomed and wore her glasses with a Bostonian air, but when she entered a crowded State street car in front of the public library the other

night not a man stirred to offer her a seat. She seized hold of a strap and gazed about her with a stony glare for a few seconds when a somewhat intoxicated individual near the front of the car arose and with that comical alcoholic gravity, motioned her toward the seat which he had just vacated.

'Here lady,' he spluttered, 'take my seat.'

The woman seated herself and regarded the other passengers coldly.

'Your the only gentleman in the car, sir!' she declared with a sardonic smile.

The drunk swayed forward slightly and then he looked into her face genially.

'You betah yor d— life I am,' said he.

Words Are Unsightly.

That is the reason no one is clamoring for a few more warts—make them fashionable and a remedy to grow warts would quickly be made a financial success. Yes, Fatman's Corn and Wart Extractor removes them, works quickly and without pain—any druggist will tell you more about this remedy.

New British Artillery.

The rearming of the British artillery and the replenishing of the stores of ammunition and other war material will, it is stated, necessitate a vote at the next session of the British Parliament of from forty to sixty millions of dollars. A good deal of this money has been already spent or anticipated, the Krupp works in Germany being employed on an order for fifteen batteries of quick firers, large orders having been placed in the hands of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim in England for guns and mountings. One order is for forty-two of the 4.7 inch guns that are reported to have proved very serviceable in the South African war, and another is for thirty-five howitzer batteries with the wagons, limbers and carriages. The same firm is also at work on the mountings for twenty-seven garrison battery 9.2 inch guns of the Vickers type, one of the most powerful and destructive weapons in either the British land or sea services.

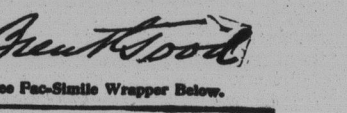
As the orders for these ornaments were given without reference to Parliament, the necessity for them must be very urgent. The despatch of arms and ammunition to India for the rearming of the British garrisons there and the discarded rifles to the native regiments proceeds as rapidly as the arms arrive. Arrangements for making smokeless powder, and other war materials have also been made, the establishments being located in central India.

McSwatters—Another duel in Kentucky. McSwatters—Both contestants killed. McSwatters—Neither of them touched; but six spectators are expected to die.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

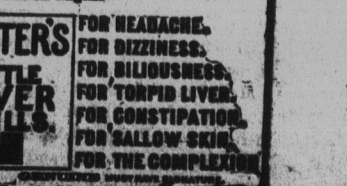
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take so often.



FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR "SALLOW SKIN," FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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RE-UNITED.

Outside she went slow and steady, smiling... the cold winter air was not felt by the tired girls behind the counter...

At last came the full of early afternoon. The girls, in scattered groups, were making the best of an opportunity for a chat...

He was a man of middle age in full health and vigor, tall, well-formed, with a slight sprinkling of white in his brown hair...

He looked at the glove counter, unfastened his great coat, took his hat in hand and then glanced up pleasantly into the face of the clerk...

"I do not know the number, but—but I judge about the size you wear. If you will be good as to show me them, perhaps I can judge," he said, going first at the party...

"That face—that hand—that ring! Was he dreaming, and would it vanish presently as something of the same vision had so often done during those long years since...

"The gloves fell. Margaret! It was the same sweet smile! He felt that he could not leave without some further information as to the girl's identity...

"You must always think before you speak," said the cautious philosopher. "You must not let the other fellow, who follows the popular plan, get in ahead of me and take all the interest out of what I say..."

"I see they are talking of making a law to hang kidnappers." "Yes, but I know of a better way to dispose of them."

"Let's turn them over to our colleges for hazing purposes." "And you don't love me any more, Miss Clara?"

"Really, Mr. Blank, don't press me for an answer." "But you told Goldboy the other day you thought I was out of sight."

"Well, 'out of sight, out of mind,' you know." "I notice that a couple of Frenchmen think they have found a new explanation of the sense of smell. They claim that all odors are conveyed by ethereal undulations."

"Wonder if those knowing lads ever encountered a chunk of ethereal Limburger on a close night in a dark cellar?" "Isn't it ridiculous the way they celebrate weddings nowadays?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's just like this jubilee the British had intended to hold upon Lord Roberts' return."

"I can't quite see the connection." "The idea of celebrating over a war that's practically just beginning?"

"Let him come, mamma, dearest. I am sure it will be best," she said, striving to keep down a sigh that would come. Little supper was eaten that night, and the talk was all of Mr. Hunter.

"So, when the tall, handsome man sought the glove counter on the morrow, Margaret gracefully offered him her hand, and told him how her mother remembered her old friend, and that she would be pleased to see him again at their home."

He responded with a look of intense satisfaction and a warm clasp, saying simply, "I will be there tonight."

Margaret was dreadfully upset all day, and undecided to her part in this pretty romance. Should she go home from the store, or go to a friend's first to leave them uninterrupted?

As she planned, so, indeed, it was, and upon entering the cosy room, she found two happy faces, looking years younger and handsomer in the blessing of being again reunited.

the girl near by, he fulfilled the odd request.

It was a pleasant little dining-room, bright and cosy, with a small table laid with a pretty white cloth, and places for two.

By a little side table holding a drop-light sat a woman, no longer young, but still pleasing to look upon, save that the cheeks were a trifle hollow and the face pale.

A step sounded outside the door, and a moment later the young girl of the glove-counter episode entered. The woman looked up with a sweet smile, and arose, laying aside the work and greeting the girl with a caress.

When her hat and coat had been removed Margaret, with a mischievous look on her face, drew the card from her pocket-book, and stopping her mother as she placed the teapot upon the table, held it before her eyes.

"Philip?" the mother exclaimed, with a catch of the breath almost painful. "Why, why, Margaret, child, where did you get that card?" and, nervously putting out her hand for it, the mother suddenly set down.

"Then, in a few words, the girl told all she knew of the incident, and described in glowing terms the handsome gentleman's appearance."

"And so, dear mamma, you do know him. Please tell me something about him—and if to-morrow when he comes I may permit him to call to see you, as he wishes?"

The bright blush which made the two look now so much alike slowly faded and came again.

"Yes! No! I hardly know what to say darling. I do not know if it were better or no that we meet again. It is a very commonplace story, dear, but I will tell you. We were once devoted to one another. Both were jealous and very proud. He said some unkind words which I resented and refused to forgive. Later I left B—for the West. There I met your father, whom I respected very much, and who very soon persuaded me to marry him."

"Then, of course, I dared not think of my earlier love, and soon rumors reached me of his marriage. After carrying out your father's dying request and burying him in his native city, I could not spare the little means I had to go back West. In Margaret Russell only a few dear friends recognized and sought the Margaret Young of earlier days. I knew that Philip had grown to wealth and position in his own town, but did not expect to meet him in our humble sphere. I know, too, that he never married. What do you say darling, should we be ashamed of our humble home—a simple flat, with a room which serves as a dining room, sitting room, and drawing room?"

Margaret was silent. She had been so much to her mother and she to her, and if he came—only too well Margaret foresaw the inevitable. She recalled the emotion of the man, and now saw a new light in her mother's soft brown eyes. Could she be so selfish as to say one word to prevent the meeting. And if—well—her dear mother would be relieved of all further cares and trials and be restored to former position? It was characteristic of her sweet, unselfish little heart that she saw no future benefit just then for herself.

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"If your father has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnetic Dyes for home use."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"She married a millionaire, didn't she?" "You mean that he was a millionaire at the time she married him."

"Women," said the wise man, "are opposed to expansion." "How do you prove that?" "They wear corsets."

"If I ask you once to marry me and you say 'No,' I'll never ask you again." "You won't?" "Well, I see now why you didn't succeed as a book agent."

Miss Nourish—I know nothing about the world. Mrs. Ganser—That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?"

Tommy—Say, paw. Mr. Egg—Well? "What is an upright piano?" "One that doesn't play ragtime, I suppose."

"What 10 books would you take if you had to leave the rest of your life on a desert island?" "Oh, I wouldn't take books at all; I'd take things to eat."

Edith—Our butler is dignified, enough to be the lord mayor of London! "Eh—Is that all? Why, our butler is dignified enough to be the lord mayor of London's butler."

"And was my present a surprise to your sister, Johnny?" "You bet! She said she never suspected you'd give her anything so cheap."—London Tit-Bits.

"I'm sorry, John, but the moths have eaten a hole through the pocket of your winter coat." "Through the pocket, eh?" returned the husband; "I'll bet they were female moths."

Deacon Goodleigh—Ah, Christmas teaches us every one a great lesson. "Mr. Brockleigh—You bet it does. It teaches us to begin saving right away for next Christmas, unless we want to be bankrupt again."

"What's the matter with the doll? Its got its clothes upside down and wrong side to the front." "That's one o' them dolls that the Vassar girls made and gave away to the poor an' unfortunate."

Bacon—I saw a sign down the street today at a hand laundry. "Ebert—Well, what's strange about that?" "Why, isn't it funny that a man would go to a laundry to have his hands washed?"

"You must always think before you speak," said the cautious philosopher. "You must not let the other fellow, who follows the popular plan, get in ahead of me and take all the interest out of what I say. You forget the value of time."

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"Let's turn them over to our colleges for hazing purposes." "And you don't love me any more, Miss Clara?"

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conference merely remarked that the minister met with a respectful though somewhat frosty reception.

Even a Scotchman cannot always be depended on, if he would. Like other people, however, he is sometimes fussy without meaning to be. The Scottish American thinks that the message sent by a young man in Philadelphia to his waiting bride may have kept her from worrying over his non-appearance, but that she must, after all, have received it with mixed feelings.

The bride-elect lived in a village some distance from the home of William the bridegroom. The wedding was to be at her home of William the bridegroom. On the essential day the young man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that William missed his train.

Naturally he was in what is known as a "state of mind." Something must be done, and done at once. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come. William." If the bride-elect knew her William, she probably knew how he felt when he sent the message, and forgave the mental confusion which resulted in what she must have looked upon as a needless request.

It is not uncommon for the first wife to bear of 'my mother's cooking,' per for the second wife to learn that her predecessor had all the excellent traits of Solomon's virtuous women.

The lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence.

"Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the room and answered:

"There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

"Are you old enough to vote?" asked the tourist in North Carolina. "I dunno exactly what my age is, boss," replied the colored man. "But I kin tell you dis: I alius 'was old enough to know better 'n to try to vote."

BORN.

- Windsor, Dec 18, to the wife of Robert Carr, a son.
Mooseport, Dec 27, to the wife of Allan McDonald, a son.
Halifax, Nov 6, to the wife of George K. Miller, a son.
Alma, A. Co, Dec 19, to the wife of D. A. McQuaid, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec 24, to the wife of Alvin Harris, a daughter.
Lower Granville, Dec 20, to the wife of Mr. Mus-tala, a son.
Alma, A. Co, Dec 14, to the wife of Ralston Bauland, a son.
Harrison Cove, Halifax, Co, Dec 1, to the wife of Chas. Weaver, a son.
Port Jervis, Halifax, Co, Dec 12, to the wife of H. M. Smiley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Hants, Dec 24, John Conley to Mary Lemon.
Halifax, Dec. 19, Daniel Boutler to Leah Fraser.
Boston, Nov. 29, Agatha Grant to Geo. Leason.
Truro, Dec. 12, John Elias to Abbie Reynolds.
New Glasgow, W. E. Brown to Maggie Forbes.
Lynn, Dec. 12, Wm. F. Moses to Bertha Martin.
Canso, Dec. 24, Borden Jones to Minnie Lumsden.
Pictou, Dec. 19, David H. Hoare to Janie M. Small.
Truro, Dec. 18, Stephen Fulton to Maggie Ralph.
Windsor, Dec. 12, Stephen Baker to Jennie Cooper.
Colchester, Dec. 17, David Reid to Grace Gammon.
Pictou, Dec. 6, Howard McDonald to Laura McDonald.
Newport, Hants, Dec. 20, Lionel Casavan to Bertha Melrose.
Hartford, Dec. 26, Charles E. Can to Mabel Roach.
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, William Lawrence to Dextra Bruce.
Canso, N. S., Dec. 25, Samuel Kerr to Julia McDonald.
Groves' Point, Dec. 16, Hugh McKinnon to Isabel McKay.
Bridgewater, Dec. 20, Morton Fraser to Elizabeth Melrose.
Bridgewater, Dec. 12, Arthur J. Wager to May Ramsay.
Providence, R. I., John MacDonald to Mary McKinnon.
Amherst, Dec. 24, Sanford Thompson to Mary Wheaton.
Pictou, Dec. 12, John D. Chisholm to Jennet A. Doherty.
Amherst, Dec. 19, David A. Jewell to Edith E. Jordan.
Pictou, Dec. 18, Jas. D. McIntosh to Minnie McDonald.
Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Mary Sowter to Isabel McDonald.
Upper Port LaTour, Dec. 4, Dora Slate to David Flemming.
Pictou, Dec. 8, William Wetters to Margaret Outhouse.
Truro, Dec. 20, Fred T. Campbell to Margaret E. Whidden.
Sydney, Dec. 19, Norman McSkill to Bessie Belliveau.
Louisburg, C. B., Dec. 12, William McKinnon to Mary Pope.
Riverdale, N. S., Dec. 16, Allen Eschbar to Isabel Doherty.
Barton Cove, N. S., Nov. 20, Arthur Bushanna to Edie McLean.
Pictou, Dec. 24, Chas. Glasgow to Ellen Hildrum.
Truro, Dec. 12, Angus Matheson to Sarah McDonald.
Lexington, Inverness, Dec. 12, James McKinnon to Annie McPherson.
Lower Argyle, Dec. 19, Clayton D. Spencey to Agnes A. Goodwin.
Hants, Dec. 20, G. A. C. E. Nov. 27, M. J. E. Skell to Annie McLeod.
North Hampton, N. S., Dec. 23, Frank Horner to Della Belle Crowell.

Spanish Courtsay.

Spanish courtesy is traditional, but it is doubtful whether the extent to which it is carried, even by the papers, would be practicable in any other land. When the Minister of the Interior Date visited Barcelona some time since, he was treated and forced at by the crowd, and finally forced to leave his carriage to escape the storm of stones showered at him. And yet the Spanish papers in referring to the

DIED.

- Port, Dec. 2, John Sisk, 75.
Halifax, Dec. 21, Mrs. Bartley, 68.
New York, Dec. 20, Isabel Perry, 58.
Yarmouth, Dec. 19, John Hall, 82.
Pictou, Dec. 12, Mrs. John E. Lee, 81.
Boston, Dec. 19, Isabel Goodwin, 80.
Digby, Dec. 21, Annie Turnbull, 80.
Covington, Dec. 21, Annie O'Brien, 72.
Truro, Dec. 21, Mrs. J. L. Williams, 72.
Halifax, Dec. 17, Mrs. John Grant, 67.
New York, Dec. 21, George Vales, 61.
Canso, Dec. 17, Wm. Patterson, 51.
Louisburg, Dec. 20, George Scott, 48.
Daguerre, Dec. 21, Lewis Tupper, 22.
Knox, Kings Co, Dec. 17, Isaac Vail, 78.
East Palestine, O. S. 25, Jennie Smith, 72.
Windsor, Dec. 22, Malinda Sellen, 82.
Atholboro, Mass., Dec. 15, Miss A. J. Grosvenor, 82.
Ipswich, Mass Dec 7, Gilbert Sabers, 82.
Westville, Fla., Dec 11, John Murray, 82.
Cambridge, Mass, Catherine Jane McCole, 82.
Knox, Kings Co, Dec. 19, Mrs. Isaac Vail, 82.
Beverly, Dec. 21, William O'Brien, 72.
Pleasant Harbor, Dec. 29, Jasper Gwynne, 82.
Myles River, Dec. 21, Fobelia Judson, 82.
Fortage, Kings Co, Dec. 21, Mrs. A. Klamm, 82.
San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 5, John McLaughlin, 82.
Halifax, Dec. 27, Mrs. Thomas Meddum, 82.
Oakland, California, Dec. 23, Sarah Ann Smith, 72.
Westville, Fla., Dec 7, Mrs. Mary McQuinn, 72.
Alma, Colchester, Dec. 22, Mrs. Robert Grant, 82.
Westville, Fla., Dec. 11, John Lee of Grand Bay.
Somerset, Kent, Dec 11, Hamilton Galloway, 82.
Beaver Dam, Shelburne Co, Dec 22, Mrs. James Foster, 71.
Bioshetho Village, Dec 17, Mrs. Babbie Mallin, 67.
Halifax, New Hampshire, Dec 19, Wm Langille, 82.
Riverdale, Parramore, Dec 14, Mrs Henry Howells, 67.
Big Glace Bay, O. B., Dec 16, Mrs Duncan McDonald, 82.
Lower Calabash, Colchester, Dec 21, Christy McDonald, 16.
Spring Missa, D. R., Nov 19, infant son of Mr and Mrs James Carr, 8 days.
Calabash, Queens, Dec 12, Mildred, infant of Mr and Mrs L. A. Thompson, 11 mos.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all the most distressing and dangerous ailments of women such as menstrual irregularities, inflammation of the uterus, etc. P. O. Box 996, Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Tourist Sleepers. MONTREAL TO PACIFIC COAST EVERY THURSDAY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

SPEECH

The Lads in K...

Those who thought that the "Soldiers' Home" in South Africa had reopened this week, will be surprised to learn that the province arrived on the 2nd.

The greeting they were to turn any man's heart to volunteers have encountered was extraordinary that not seem to affect them.

Thursday morning at first arrivals put in an average of only five or six received just as hearty Mayor Daniel, Warden and other gentlemen of the town together with Premier Attorney General.

There were a hundred or more were tired and the good for the Hotel, where they were quartered the majority parted to get ready to volunteers in the afternoon.

They did not wait until they express which connects a morning brought a few their turn had to stand cordial greeting.

In the afternoon when press arrived from Halifax large and the enthusiasm days when the lads went This must have been the line for at Moncton, where Markham and another K. off the train to greet the crush was so great that to get on board again. wait for the next express.

All of the boys who do city were quartered at the and the manager, Mr. M. no pains to make them comfortable in the office when the afternoon can hardly The crush was so great that impossible to move. M. children thronged about volunteers and gave them come. The stalwart form Woodstock was surrounded group of ladies who listen answers to the major question not quite, six feet in height, small compared with from the same town, with taller and weighs over 200 little wonder that the people splendid physique and w...



J. HAWK Who it is said will re-enlist Africa.