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 and Dressed LUMBER, Shingles,
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A MODEST HERO.
 The officers of Her Majesty's Twenty-fourth and Eighty-fourth Infantry were sitting around their mess-table in Castletown, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening more than 30 years ago—that is, all of them except one; but then, that was only Jones. Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing" that they had come to find it little pleasure, and after some weeks of discomfort, Lieut. Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.
 These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favorable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles at the capital—he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain de Reuzy lispily wondered whether it was possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones solemnly answered that "it was not possible for Capt. de Reuzy to do so."
 Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's ideas of proper behavior, but for some reason or other no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer" or say "it was only Jones," or even quietly assert his cowardice.
 One evening Col. Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room and was immediately accosted.
 "Something new, lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hare on the island; and we intend to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider; will you join us?"
 "You must excuse me, colonel; such a thing is neither in the way of duty, nor pleasure."
 "You forget the honor the colonel does you," said young Ensign Powell.
 "I thank the colonel for his courtesy but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am not a good rider. Therefore I should not enjoy it."
 "You need not be afraid," said the colonel, rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."
 "Excuse me, colonel; I am afraid. If I should be hurt it would cause my mother and sister great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of being taken."
 What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, who had bodily asserted his cowardice? The colonel turned away half contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took Jones' place.
 The morning proved to be a very bad one, with a prospect of a rising storm; and, as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Jones said earnestly to his colonel:
 "I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."
 "I think so, lieutenant; but we promised to line at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far at any rate."
 So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain. Jones attended to the military duties assigned to him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his foot on the quay; but, amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly towards the great shelving Scarlet Rocks, a mile beyond the town. He stopped on an old sailor and asked:
 "Is anything wrong?"
 "A little steamer, sir, off the Calf of Man. She is driving this way, and indeed I fear she will be on the rocks afore to-night."
 Jones stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them they were gathered on the summit of a huge cliff, watching the doomed craft. She was now in sight, and it was evident that her sea-men had almost lost all control of her. She must, ere long, be flung by the waves upon the jagged rocks towards which she was driving. In the lulls of the wind, not only the booming of the minute guns, but also the shouts of the imperilled crew, could be heard.
 "What can be done?" said Jones to an old man, whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.
 "Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If she'd manage to rount to rocks, she would have gone to pieces on a sand, and there plenty of men who would have risked life to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"
 "How far are we above water?"
 "This rock goes down like a wall forty fathoms, sir."
 "What depth of water at the foot?"
 "Thirty feet or more."
 "Good. Have you plenty of light, strong rope?"
 "Much as you want sir. But let me tell you, sir; you can't live three minutes down there, ta first wave will dash you on to the rock, and dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you do get down."
 "Do you know, old man, what surf swimming is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva."
 "God bless you, sir, I thought no white man could do that same."
 While this conversation was going on Jones was divesting himself of all

superfluous clothing and cutting out the sleeves of his pea jacket with his pocket knife. This done, he passed some light, strong rope through them. The men watched him with eager interest, and seeing their inquisitive looks he said:
 "The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body."
 "Ay, ay, sir, I know now what you are doing."
 "Now, men I have only one request; give me plenty of rope as fast I draw on you. When I get on board you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"
 "Ay, ay, sir. But how are you going to reach the water?"
 "I am going to plunge down, I have dived from the mainyard of the Ajax before this. It was a high leap."
 He passed a double coil of the rope around his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying: "Now friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a good start," he raised his bare head one moment to heaven, and taking a short run, leaped, as if from the spring board of a plunge table.
 Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap. Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark foamy depths. When he rose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its centre. It broke its passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones was far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he swam on in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.
 Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer the wreck with every wave, really advancing, however, more below the water than above it.
 Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear, hopeless voice:
 "Help at hand, captain! throw me a buoy!"
 And in another minute or two Jones was on deck, and the cheers of the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on land. There was not a moment to lose; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few minutes to fasten a cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable and the communication was complete.
 "There is a lady here, sir," said the captain, "we must rig a chair for her, she can never walk the dangerous rope."
 "But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?"
 "A slight little thing; half child, sir."
 "Bring her here."
 This was no time for ceremony, without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his left arm, and steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely to shore. The crew rapidly followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body and all things become possible.
 There was plenty of help waiting for the half dead seamen and the lady, her father and the captain were put in the carriage of Braddon and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Jones, amid the confusion, disappeared; he had picked up an oil-skin coat and cap and when everyone turned to thank their deliverer he was gone. No one knew him; the sailors said they believed him to be "one of the military gents by his rigging," but the individuality of the hero had troubled no one until the danger was over. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks and went to pieces; and, it being now quite dark, everyone went home.
 The next day the hunting party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of everyone's conversation.
 "Such a plucky fellow," said Ensign Powell. "I wonder who he was? Gwynne says he was a stranger; perhaps one of the crowd standing at the Abbey."
 "Perhaps," says Capt. Marks, "it was Jones."
 "Oh, Jones would be too much afraid of his mother."
 Jones made a little satirical bow and said, pleasantly: "Perhaps it was Powell?" at which Powell laughed and said: "Not if he knew it."
 In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted, especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Braddon, and all the officers had invitations.
 The ball had a peculiar interest for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present and rumors of her riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It was said that the little steamer was her father's private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and influence.
 Jones said he should not go to the dinner, as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and the Saville would a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o'clock, and see the dancing.
 Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at his default.
 But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love than he had ever been with a woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his

father had painted her during those few minutes that he had held her high above the waves.
 As he passed, the squire remembered that he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.
 "Miss Conyers."
 But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieut. Jones' voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together, said:
 "I have found him! Papa! papa! I have found him!"
 Never was there such an interruption to a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the lieutenant's voice, and the captain knew it, and poor Jones, unwilling enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made a hero of.
 It was wonderful, after that night, what a change took place in Jones' quiet way. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charm, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters, which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.
 Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to Conyers to spend a month and a furlough being granted, he started off in great glee for Kent.
 Jones never returned to the Eighty-fourth.
 The month's furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career, under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.
 Eighteen months after the wreck Col. Underwood read aloud at the mess a description of the marriage of Thomas Jones of Milford Haven to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, Castle Kent.
 And a paragraph below stated that "the Hon. Thomas Jones, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance."
 "Just his luck," said Powell.
 "Just his luck," said Underwood: "and for my part, when I come across one of these fellows again that are afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not afraid to say so, I shall treat him as he deserves. He is a good sporter. Here is the Hon. Mr. Thomas Jones and his lovely bride. We are going to India, gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty-fourth has lost Lieut. Jones, for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as he boarded the wreck."
LORD RANDOLPH'S WAGER.
 How the Statesman Made Quick Time Across Westminster Bridge.
 The late Lord Randolph Churchill was scarcely less famous as a wit and joker than as a statesman. His colleagues in the house of commons were oftentimes the victims of his puns and many a good story in which "Randy" figured as the hero is still told in the lobbies. One night while Lord Randolph was conversing with several friends in the cafe attached to the house a question arose as to the time it would take a pedestrian to cross Westminster bridge. Different opinions were expressed, but no two of the disputants were able to agree. At length Lord Randolph, who had been a silent auditor of the discussion, offered to wager that he could cross from the Middlesex to the Surrey side of the bridge while "Big Ben" struck the great bell in the clock tower of the parliament buildings, was striking the four quarters and the hour of 12. The wager was accepted by one of the members of the company, and it was arranged that at the hour named witnesses should be stationed at each end of the bridge to watch the performance.
 A few minutes before midnight a select party of well known members was seen to emerge from a little door near the speaker's quarters in the parliament building and stroll sedately across the bridge.
 At the farther end the party paused and was soon surrounded by a curious throng. Several other distinguished legislators soon afterward appeared and politely requested passersby to keep to the left. Just then "Big Ben" struck the first quarter of the lithe figure of a man, wearing a top hat and evening clothes, was seen to leap out of a little group of men on the Middlesex side. Some waggish friend raised the cry of "Stop thief!" and in a jiffy had a score of wondering men and boys were fast on the heels of the doughty sprinter. A policeman, hearing the cry and observing the fleeing man, started in pursuit.
 As Big Ben continued to clang the pace grew hotter and hotter. One by one the pursuers began to fall away, but the big policeman hung grimly to his task. When the center of the bridge was reached, the quarters had been rung and the great bell had already begun to strike the hour. A cheer arose from the watchers on the Surrey side, and Lord Randolph, who had not been running up an incline, now had the descent in his favor. A few moments later the panting policeman came upon his man, surrounded by admiring friends.
 "What's up?" stammered the breathless and bewildered body.
 "Two strokes to spare!" puffed the victorious Lord Randolph.
 The officer started, blushed, apologized, wiped his brow and went away.—Exchange.
Crete and Its Natives.
 The peculiarly favorable position of the island, situated at the junction of three continents, as it were, and commanding the coasts of all three, has invested it from the earliest times with an importance such as neither Sicily, Sardinia, nor Cyprus, although much larger in area, ever attained. While forming in prehistoric times a stepping stone for Egyptian and Asiatic civilization in its progress toward the shores of Greece, Crete remained throughout antiquity singularly free from any close political connection with Egypt, Asia or Greece. This insularity is to this day one of the marked characteristics of the Cretan people, and without accepting the view that they are the purest descendants of the Hellenes of the eighth century B. C., we must regard them nevertheless as one of the most interesting branches of the Greek race.
 Unfortunately, the gravest defects of the ancient Greek character were nowhere so pronounced as in Crete, and we are told that its history throughout antiquity was one continuous chain of civil strife, carried on with a savageness and bitterness of animosity exceeding all that was known in the rest of Greece. This political depravity was attended by such a degeneracy of morals as to render the name of "Cretan" a synonym for nearly every vice.

A PECULIAR CASE.
DISTRESSING RESULTS FOLLOWING VACCINATION.
 A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF DAVID McHARDY OF FERGUS THE VICTIM—HAS SUFFERED THE MOST INTENSE AGONY—DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER.
 From the Fergus News Record.
 Nearly every person in this section is acquainted with Mr. David McHardy, the popular leader of St. Andrew's church choir, Fergus. Our reporter called upon Mr. McHardy at his home in Upper Nichol recently, and from him and his estimable wife a tale of terrible suffering was elicited, suffering that has brought a once exceptionally strong and healthy child to the verge of the grave. The subject of the sketch, Lena McHardy, is fourteen years of age, and her parents say she has not grown any since her illness began some two years and a half ago. Her terrible suffering dates from the time she was vaccinated in June, 1894, and what she has since undergone has aroused the deepest sympathy of all the friends of the family. In conversation with Mr. McHardy and his wife, the following facts were elicited:—
 "Two years ago last June," said the father, "Lena was vaccinated by a doctor in Fergus. The arm was very sore and swollen all summer, and became so bad that it was a mass of sores from the shoulder to the elbow. In October 1894 a large lump appeared on her neck, over one of her lungs. The doctor who vaccinated her, treated her all the summer, calling very frequently, but the medicine he gave her did no good and she was growing weaker and weaker. When the lump broke out on her back another doctor was consulted, who said she was in a very bad state of health. Her constitution appeared to be completely undermined, and her appetite had completely failed. The last doctor called in gave some outward applications, and lanced the gathering, but it did not give the patient any benefit. Nine such gatherings have appeared since that time, but each broke and disappeared of its own accord, only however, to be followed by another. The child became very puny, and little or no food would remain on her stomach. At night she would fairly rave with the pain in her arm and back, and consequently her trouble was aggravated by the loss of sleep. She had the best of attendance but to no avail, and she was slowly but surely sinking. Friends advised a treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as a last resort they were tried. To the surprise of both parents and friends Lena began to improve soon after beginning the use of the pills. Her appetite returned, she became stronger and her general health much improved. The sores have not yet left her back and arm, but her constitution is being so very much improved under the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that her parents are looking for a complete cure. Mr. and Mrs. McHardy thank Pink Pills for the present improved condition of their child, as they have done her more good than the scores of bottles of doctor's medicine which she took.
 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, thus driving disease from the system. There are numerous pink colored imitations, against which the public is warned. The genuine Pink Pills can be had only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all others.
PARIS FLATS BEAT CURS.
 The Frenchman Pays Less and Gets More For His Money.
 In some respects at least flat life in Paris seems to hold advantages over that in New York and Harlem. The concierge, for instance, has not obtained yet the despotic power of the imperial Harlem janitor. He does not even attempt to dictate to the tenants when they shall or shall not eat, and they may dump their ashes and cook their meals at their own sweet will.
 The concierge, like the janitor, lives in the building, and he is expected, besides keeping the building scrupulously clean, to attend to all the wants of his tenants. He or his wife must run all the errands, take up the cards of visitors, and see that no guest is compelled to climb up to a flat when the owner is out. For his services the concierge receives a regular fee, amounting to about \$250 a year.
 The rental, too, of the Parisian flat is much less than that of New York, Harlem, or even Brooklyn. At Neully-sur-Seine, a bus ride of about three-quarters of an hour from the heart of Paris, one may get a three room flat, with kitchen and bath, for less than \$10 a month.
 The apartments in this suburb overlook a beautiful park, the rooms are honestly "light and airy," and the kitchen contains running water, a stove, meat safe and coal bin. All the rooms are furnished with parquet flooring, the ceiling is decorated prettily and French windows open out on to little balconies.
 The marketmen in the neighborhood deal in products suitable to such miniature homes. It is possible to buy rabbit, duck, hare, chicken, turkey, goose and other game by the pound. Vegetables, cut ready for soup, can be bought, and the baker brings around crisp bread at 6:30 every morning.—New York Press.
Wrong Guess.
 Mr. Beechwood—If I had all the money I've spent foolishly, I'd—
 Mr. Homebound (interrupting)—You'd save it, of course?
 Mr. Beechwood—Not at all. I'd spend it again.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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Christie, Brown & Co's Biscuits—Armour's Canned Beef—Alymer Boned Chicken, Alymer Boned Duck, Alymer Boned Turkey—Potted Ham, Chicken and Tongue—Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, Heinz's Celebrated Sweet Pickles—Crosse & Blackwell's Marmalade—Batzger's English Jellies, and a full line of Canned Fruits, Prime Sugar Cured Hams, Breakfast Bacon and Rolls always in stock.

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