

"WE SELL" "SALADA"

Ceylon tea in sealed lead packets only, in order to be in a position to guarantee contents. This is your safeguard. Black, Mixed or Natural GREEN. By all grocers. Received the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

THE NILE AND RED SEA

SHORT CUT TO OCEAN WILL BE SOON A FACT.

Large Force Now at Work—
The Enterprise in Full Swing.

Before long the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan will have a railroad connecting the Nile with the Red Sea, and giving that vast inland region the short cut to ocean which is comparatively demanded by its growing commercial interest. About thirty miles of track have been laid westward from the confluence of the Nile and Athbara Rivers, and at the port of Suakin a large force is grappling with the chief difficulties to be found on the route, the cutting of the roadbed across the coast mountains. The enterprise is thus in full swing at both ends of the line.

Over twenty years ago it was thought that this rail would be pushed through to the Nile by military necessity. What was wanted was a rail route from the Red Sea to Berber, a little north of the Athbara's mouth, so that troops and supplies might quickly be carried within easy reach of Omdurman, where the Mahdist power might be attacked in its greatest centre. A large amount of railroad material was landed at Suakin, and in a short time military trains were running a few miles inland to Otao. But the task was too difficult with Mahdist forces swarming on every side. For months there had been hard fighting in the region around Suakin. The Anglo-Egyptian forces never got firm foothold in this region, through which the caravan route between Suakin and Berber ran. Till Kitchener went up the Nile he never crossed the Mahdist capital. The railroad project was abandoned and never revived until recently.

COMPARATIVELY SHORT. The railroad will be comparatively short. Following the winding caravan route, the distance between the Nile and the sea is only 250 miles. Travellers well supplied with food and water have made the journey in less than a week. The usual caravan time is 15 days. When the railroad is completed the journey will be made in the daylight of one day. Then the era of the large trading caravan, toiling slowly over the wide sandy tracts and lingering beside the brackish wells, will be closed. Probably Berber will never be the river port through which the products of the upper Soudan will be carried to the sea, nor has it ever recovered from its three days' bombardment by Anglo-Egyptian cannon. But the mouth of the Athbara, where a steel bridge crosses it, will be the collecting centre for the exports of the Soudan; and the Nile, linked with the Red Sea, will become its commercial affluent.

Even the most costly caravan transport has lost of the greatest importance to the Egyptian Soudan. Before the Mahdist war, from 20,000 to 30,000 camels annually crossed between Berber and Suakin, but only the most valuable products could bear the cost of camel transportation. Various guns were among the chief commodities carried. The Soudan is looking forward to the export of cotton and grain, and such articles are too cheap and heavy for transport by animals over considerable distances. The railroad has become a necessity, and the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan is to add its productive power to the world's resources.

ROAD A NECESSITY.

The road is a necessity because the long rail and water route down the Nile to the Mediterranean is very costly. There seems to be no prospect of cheap freights by this route, for the locomotives on the long desert railroad up the Nile are fired by coal that costs \$10 a ton at Wady Halfa, the starting point of the road. The distance from Khartoum down the Nile to Alexandria on the Mediterranean is 1,300 miles of railroad and 200 of water. When this new railroad across the southern part of the Nubian desert is completed, Khartoum will be separated from the sea by only 470 miles of steam routes. Sea freights will rule for the remainder of the journal.

HABIT'S CHAIN.

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard.

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee.

"I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellness."

WEALTH IN SHIPWRECKS

DIVER WHO EARNED \$25,000 IN ONE DIVE.

Ten Per Cent. of \$250,000 Taken From the Wreck of the Steamer Rio Janeiro.

The most remarkable of the few human fishes in the world, called deep-sea divers, is Hal Leffon, of San Francisco. He has dived for a living in nearly all the different deep waters of this planet. His specialty of late years has been "salving"; that is, recovering treasure from sunken ships. He gets his commission on whatever he finds on the surface. It was he who earned \$25,000 in a single dive to the sunken steamer Rio Janeiro, which went down off San Francisco with all aboard, including \$2,000,000 in gold from the Klondike. His story as told to the writer was amazing.

"Yes, there's something uncanny to the layman in the work of submarine diver," he said, speaking as the educated man he is. "Our duties of probing the mysteries of sunken and rescuing property, and establishing the identity of the dead seem to have a mysterious attraction—for those not of our profession.

"I have not always been a salver,

I have scraped incrustations from ship bottoms to increase the speed of the vessels; I have worked in land tunnels; I have dived in flooded mines; I have even been an ordinary pearl diver. But, of course, we deep-sea divers regard ourselves as in a class much higher than that of those who work in rivers or along a coast. Our pay, too, is much higher.

"In northern waters the bottom of the sea is monotonous in appearance but in tropical waters it is very beautiful. On West Indian sea-beds I have worked amid forests of exotic seaweed, and have married again. Several neighbors who have seen the bright-colored fish inquisitively examining me. There were also flowers, palms, shells, corals, and sponges, all making a scene pleasing to the eye.

"Of course, our calling is extra hazardous. No life insurance company will insure us. So the marine insurance companies issue special policies on our lives to protect our widows."

"But you don't need insurance

and preventing risk of hydrophobia. He also believes he can cure any snake bite on earth, from a ground rattle to a velvet tail or diamond rattle. An Indian never

was known to go mad from a dog bite or die from a rattle's bite,

while other races succumb to the venom of a snake or go mad from the bite of a rabid dog. The Indian believes that cleansing the stomach each full of the moon by vomiting gives long life and good health to all who will practise it through life.

The Indian, when in battle and fatally wounded, believes that if his medicine man can reach him with his bitter medicine before he dies it will give his instant relief and he will be able to escape from the battlefield. He thinks every man is born with a certain amount of life which easily loses all confidence in him and never goes over it.

The Indian never makes up after falling out with an enemy, but may speak to an enemy as he passes, but die with the hatred in his heart.

He believes as much or has as much faith in an Indian doctor as the paleface has in his M.D. The Indian doctor claims he never undertakes to treat a patient unless he thoroughly understands the nature of the case.

The Indian once believed in witches, but does not now. He says some old time Indians were witches but they are not expert in medicine they once were. He believes that through their medicines was gained the power of witchcraft.

The Indian believes in ghosts, but claims that not many are able to see them; some never see them, while others do.

INDIANS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Believe in Ghosts, Witches and Power of the Medicine Men.

The Indian believes there are boa constrictors in the streams of North America, and also that the South American tapir lives in North America.

He calls the boa constrictor the iron-claw-war-rayer and calls the tapir nose-eater.

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WAS IN ITS GRIP

FOR 25 YEARS

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS KIDNEY DISEASE.

Remarkable Cure Reported From Quebec—The Lesson it Teaches.

HUNTERSTOWN, Que., Jan. 9.—(Special)—The thousands of Canadians who suffer from Chronic Kidney Complaint will be interested in the cure of Maxime Boucher of this place. For twenty-five years he suffered from Kidney Complaint. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Speaking of his case Mr. Boucher says:

"It was Dodd's Kidney Pills that cured me. For twenty-five years I

suffered with the malady of the Kidneys. I felt always feeble and was

in pain. Once I received a

Dodd's Almanac and read of many

wonderful cures in it. Then I decided

to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial.

I took twenty-five boxes in

all and now I am perfectly cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure

sick kidneys. If the disease has got

a firm hold it takes them longer

if it is just starting. But there

is no form nor stage of kidney

disease that cannot be cured by

Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A PARDON FOR "JIM."

Black "Mammy" Offers Convincing Argument.

During the last year of Robert Taylor's incumbency of the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee, an ancient black mammy came in one day to beg the governor to pardon her old husband.

"Marse Bob," she said, "I wish

your pardner dat ole nigger Jim

outen den. Dey's goin' home nowhar,

en we needs him at home."

"Can't do it, Aunt Hannah,"

the governor said. "The newspapers are

roasting me to a turn now for

not doing so many convicts—and—"

"Laws bress yo' life, Marse Bob."

The old woman pleadingly interposed,

"I wish you would, Marse Bob. Ise

you wuzzen no bigger dan a minnit—

deys jis got dat ole nigger in den

an ain no good for nuffin, an—"

"What's he in for, Aunt Hannah?"

the governor asked.

"I's for one po' little ole ham,

Marse Bob. We wuz outen meat, an

Jim he jes went down to Mr. Smif's

smokehouse. He did, an' tuck one

po' little ole ham, an' dey tuck him

up fur dat, an' he ate it down dar in de pen, an' he ate it down fur nuffin, nowhar.

We needs him at home,"

Marse Bob, an' I wish—"

"If he is so onery and useless,

Aunt Hannah, what do you want

him out for?"

"Wy, laws bress yo' life, Marse Bob, w