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Rather Dubious Collateral.

"Mamma, can I have Jimmie's pancakes?"

"What's the matter with Jimmie?"

"Why, I promised him two of the oranges that Aunt Jane will bring me if she goes to Calyforny nex' year."

A Crisis Reveals Character.

Some of the most potent factors of character lie underneath the plane of consciousness. Their existence is not even suspected until at some crisis they emerge, and decide the issue of character and life.—McCook.

Veils Are Ruinous to the Complexion.

Veils do more to ruin the complexion than any other thing. The skin needs the friction of the air. Constant covering interferes with the circulation and the healthy action of the pores. It heats the face and keeps it covered with an oily moisture which catches the dust and dirt and gets into the pores. When the face is left exposed to the air the dust is blown off, the skin is kept dry and clean. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood and gives color to the cheeks.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To Prevent is Better Than to Repent.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevents a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

What to Lean On.

The past is a poor support to lean on. Some lean on the good name of their ancestors, some on their own record at school or college, and others, again, on a feat which they once accomplished. In judging an unknown man it is an advantage to know something of what he has done. But a man's own estimate of himself must be based upon what he can do now.

FROM FAR KENLIS

Comes a Story of Disease Banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Thomas L. Hubb Cured of Kidney Disease After Various Medicines Had Been Tried and Had Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Kenlis P.O., N.W.T.—Even in this remote point in our great Dominion the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills has penetrated, pain and suffering have been driven out, and health and happiness have been given in their stead by this grand medicine.

Mr. Thomas L. Hubbs, owner and occupant of Section 28, Township 19, Range 11, met with a severe accident about a year ago. He was thrown out of his wagon, and among the injuries he sustained was a very severe strain of the Kidneys.

Soon after his mishap his kidneys began to make manifest the fact that they were unable to do their work properly. Severe, stabbing pains darted across the small of his back, and a dull, terrible ache in his loins kept him in continual agony.

Various remedies were used, but none gave any relief. The pains seemed to grow worse, and, hearing of the wonderful efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, he decided to try what they would do for him.

He bought a box and began taking the pills, going strictly according to the directions. Judge of his delight when in a few days he began to feel better. Day by day the improvement grew more marked, until when he had taken all the pills he was "Sound as a bell," and not a trace of his old trouble remained.

Mr. Hubbs, in writing of his case, says: "I live in the municipality of Indian Head, and all who know me can vouch for the truth of this statement."

Where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used Kidney Disease cannot exist. It is driven out swiftly and promptly, never to return.

Orchard and Garden.

Plow "shallow" in your orchard.

Don't plant fruit trees on poor land. It will not do.

Plant a few shrubs and fruit trees about your house.

Wood ashes are good for a lawn, especially on sandy soil.

If selecting a fruit orchard spot, be sure that it is located high.

Plan your gardens so that you can stir them with a cultivator.

Dig up and burn your trees and mix into the soil coal or wood ashes.

Heavy land should be well drained before an orchard is planted on it.

Scape the bark lice from your fruit trees and give the trunks a coat of whitewash.

The Sirdar's Namesake.

A registrar in the east end of London has recently recorded the birth of a child who has been named Sirdar Kitchener.

It has been observed in hospitals that nails on amputated fingers continue to grow.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Arguing by Analogy.

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Scholar—Whalebone.

Teacher—Right! Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal?

Scholar—Sealing wax.

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A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

By Guy Boothby.

Half an hour later the lookout whom the captain had sent into the fore crosstrees to report anything he might see sang out, "Sail ho!"

"How does she bear?" cried the skipper from the deck.

"Dead ahead, sir," was the man's reply.

"What does she look like?"

"A big topsail schooner, painted white."

"The Lone Star for certain then," said Alie, taking my hand again.

As she spoke the breakfast bell sounded, and we went below to our meal. When we returned to the deck, the distance between the two boats had diminished considerably, and we could make out the schooner quite distinctly. She was little more than five miles away now, and there could be no possible doubt about her identity. Then as we watched she went slowly about, and next moment we saw a string of signals break out at her masthead.

"I think," I said, taking the opportunity of a pause in their conversation to make a practical suggestion, "if you ladies will allow me to say such a thing, it would be as well if we facilitated our transshipping by getting our luggage ready. If I mistake not, Patterson is piping a couple of boats away even now."

I was right, for as we looked the boats were descending from the port davits.

"George is ever practical, is he not, Alie?" said Janet in a teasing tone. "I fear there is not much romance in his constitution."

"I am not quite so sure of that," said Alie, with a roguish glance at me, "and, all things considered, I think I may claim to be a very good judge."

"If I am to get the worst of it in this fashion," retorted Janet, with a great pretense of anger, "I shall go below and look after my luggage."

"Let us all go," said Alie, and down we accordingly went.

By the time the necessary work was accomplished and the crew had conveyed our luggage to the deck, the boats from the Lone Star were alongside. They were in charge of Gammel, the third officer, who, when he came aboard, raised his hat respectfully to Alie. In return she shook him warmly by the hand and expressed the joy it was to her to see the Lone Star again. The luggage was then conveyed down the gangway and put aboard one boat, which immediately set off for the schooner. At Alie's desire I then called the captain aft.

"Captain Brown," I said, "before we leave the yacht I should very much like with your permission to say a few words to your crew."

My request was granted, and the hands were immediately summoned aft. Then, having descended to the cabin for something I wanted, I prepared to make a little speech.

"Captain Brown," I said, "officers and crew of this yacht, before we leave you to join yonder craft I wish, in my wife's name and my own, to thank you for the manner in which you have performed your respective duties. A pleasanter time than we have had aboard this yacht during the past six weeks no one could desire, and now that we are leaving you I desire to hand you some little souvenirs of our acquaintance. Accordingly I am presenting to your captain a sum of money which will allow each man of you £5 when he arrives in England and to the captain and his chief officer these two gold chronometers, which I hope will remind them of our short but intimate acquaintance."

When I had finished and had made the presentations, the captain, on behalf of the ship's company, replied, and then, amid hearty cheers, we descended the gangway, took our places in the boat and set off for the Lone Star.

When we came alongside, we discovered the whole ship's company drawn up to receive us. Patterson was at the gangway, and, to my surprise, welcomed us with more emotion than I had previously thought his character capable of exhibiting. I did not know until afterward that he had become aware by cable of the dangerous situation from which we had rescued his leader.

As soon as we were safely on board the boats were hoisted to the davits, all was made, and after an exchange of salutations between the two yachts we separated, each proceeding on our different ways.

Of the voyage across the Indian ocean there is little or nothing to be told. For no greater part of the distance fine weather accompanied us. We sat on deck or in the saloon, read, related our experiences, "fought our battles o'er again" and watched the ever changing ocean.

All next day we were occupied crossing the Java sea, the water still as smooth as glass and the sun glaring down fiercely upon us. Naturally we were all most keen to arrive at the settlement and truly rejoiced next day when Patterson informed us that by the evening of the day following we should be within easy reach of it.

Next morning just after daylight I was awakened by a loud thumping at my cabin door.

"Who is there?" I cried.

"Walworth. We want you on deck at once."

Pyjama clad though I was, I thrust my feet into slippers and ran up the companion ladder. I found Patterson there anxiously awaiting me.

"What is the matter?" I asked breathlessly. "Why did you send for me?"

"If you want my reason," he said, pointing over our starboard side, "look there."

I looked and to my horror saw ahead of us, commanding the whole strait, two enormous men-of-war. They were within six miles of us and were evidently making preparations for stopping us.

"What's to be done?" I cried. "Another quarter of an hour, and they'll blow us into atoms if we don't heave to."

"Will you inform your wife, and then perhaps we had better hold a council of war," answered Patterson.

Without another word I went below and told Alie.

"I will dress and come on deck at once," she said.

I went off to my own cabin and hastily clothed myself. Having done so, I returned to the deck to find Patterson looking through his glass at something astern.

"We're nicely caught," he said on becoming aware of my presence. "There's another of them behind us."

I took the glass and looked for myself. What he reported was quite correct. We were caught like rats in a trap. Just as I returned the glass to him Alie appeared and joined our group.

"This is bad news, gentlemen," she said quite calmly. "I suppose there can be no doubt they are after us. What have you to suggest?"

"It is difficult to say," answered Patterson. "Two things, however, are quite certain."

"What are they?"

"The first is that unless we are prepared to run the schooner ashore we must go backward or forward. There is no middle course. In either case the result will be the same."

"Have you sent word to the engine room to get up steam?"

"We have had a full pressure this hour past."

Alie turned to me.

"What do you advise, my husband?"

"There is nothing else for it," I answered, "but to run the gantlet of them. We must try and get through."

"Very good, then. Run it shall be. Are you satisfied, Mr. Patterson?"

"Quite. I agree with Dr. De Normanville; it is our only chance."

"Then let us get as close to them as we can and directly their signals go up race for it. We shall probably be hit, but we mustn't mind that."

The wind was blowing from the most favorable quarter, and every moment was bringing us nearer to our enemies. So far they had made no sign, but it was evident now that they were drawing closer to each other.

When we were within easy range, the second officer reported that the larger of the two cruisers was signaling.

"What does she say?" asked Patterson.

The officer put up his glass again, and having looked studied the admiralty book lying upon the hatchway.

"Heave to and let me examine you."

"Very kind, indeed," said Alie. "But we're not to be caught in that way. No, no, my friend, if you want us you will have to use sterner measures than that."

Patterson gave an order, and presently a stream of bunting was flying from our own gaff end.

"What are you saying?" I asked when the signals had unrolled and caught the wind.

"I'm asking him why he wants to stop us?" answered Patterson.

All this time we were creeping up between them. Once more a signal broke out, and again the officer reported. This time it ran, "Heave to, and I'll send a boat." But this was equally unregarded.

For ten minutes there was no change save that we had now come up level with them. Then down fluttered the string of flags, and at the same instant a flash of fire came from the nearest vessel, followed by a cloud of white smoke. Almost at the same instant a sharp report reached our ears.

"A blank cartridge to show that they mean business," I answered.

"Hadn't we better go ahead?" Alie remarked.

"I think so," said Patterson and rang the telegraph. The needle flew round to "Full steam ahead," and off we went.

"Give her every ounce she can carry!" shouted Patterson down the speaking tube, and the engineers proved fully equal to the occasion. Before very long the whole fabric of the vessel trembled under the pressure. She quivered like a frightened stag and cut through the green water at a furious pace. Then, seeing our ruse, the cruiser fired. But either intentionally or because they had not accurately gauged our distance the ball went wide.

"We're in for it now," said Alie. "This looks as if it will be the most exciting flight in the Lone Star's history."

"If only we could give them one in return!" I said longingly. "However, we can't stop for that. So go on, little barkie," I cried enthusiastically, patting the bulwark with my hand as if to encourage her. "You know how much depends upon you."

As if she were really aware of it the gallant little craft dashed on, throwing off the foam in two great waves from her cutwater and sending the spray in clouds above her bows. The pace was terrific, and it seemed already to have dawned upon the cruisers that if they wanted to catch us they must be quick about it. By this time we had run between them, and therefore they had to turn round before they could pursue us, which meant a start for us that was of the utmost importance in our race for freedom.

Before they attempted to turn, however, both decided on letting us know their tempers, and two guns crashed out almost simultaneously. Again the ball from the bigger of the two fell wide, but that from her consort was more scientifically aimed, and our fore topmast came down with a crash.

"That's the first blood drawn," I said to Alie as the crew sprang aloft to clear away the raffle. "I wonder what the next will be."

"If we can continue this pace, we shall soon be out of range," she answered.

"But can we continue it?" I asked. "The strain must be enormous. Do you feel how every timber is quivering under it?"

As I spoke Alie turned, and I saw that Janet had come on deck. With a white face she looked at the two vessels behind us and asked what their presence meant.

"It means," said Alie, going to her and assuming possession of her hand, "that England is determined to try and have the Beautiful White Devil after all."

"But she shan't," said Janet loyally, "not if I have to keep her off with my own hands."

"Bravo, my sister!" I cried enthusiastically. "That's the sort of spirit we boast aboard this boat. Never fear, we'll slip them yet, won't we, Alie?"

The girl answered me with a smile that went to my heart, so brave and yet so sad was it.

By this time the men-of-war had turned and were in full pursuit of us. But we had the advantage of a start and were momentarily increasing our lead. Again one ship fired, but as we were all steaming too fast for correct aiming the ball did no damage. After that they saved their powder and concentrated all their energies on the task of catching us. All the morning we steamed on and by 3 o'clock were a good ten miles ahead.

"If we can only keep this pace up till dusk, I think we may manage to give them the slip after all," said Alie, going to the taffrail and looking behind her at the pursuing ships.

Their commanders seemed to realize this, too, for they once more began to try long shots at us. But though two fell very close no harm was done.

About half past 3 Patterson left the bridge and came down to where we were sitting aft. He held a chart in his hand, and when he came up with us he knelt down and pinned it to the deck.

"May I draw your attention to this chart?" he said as soon as his preparations were complete. "You will remember that the first time we were ever chased it was in this very place. Well, on that occasion we managed to escape by taking this channel between these two reefs. Our pursuer, as doubtless you have not forgotten, drew too much water and could not follow us. Now, if you are willing to chance it we might try the same plan again."

"What do you think?" asked Alie, turning to me. "It is a desperate risk to run, but then we must remember that we are in a desperate position."

I knelt down upon the deck and carefully examined the chart. It showed a long, straggling reef shaped something like a wriggling snake, with an opening in the middle just wide enough, if the measurements were to be depended upon, to permit our vessel to pass through. One fact was self evident, and that was that if we did get through we should be saved.

"I am for chancing it," I said after I had given the matter proper consideration.

"Then we will follow your advice," said Alie. "We will try the passage."

"Very good," Patterson answered quietly, and, having rolled up the chart, he returned to the bridge.

After that for nearly half an hour we raced on at full speed, the warships coming after us as fast as their steaming capabilities would permit.

Then our pace began somewhat to abate, and, looking ahead, I could distinguish in the gathering dusk what looked like an unbroken line of breakers stretching away for miles to port and starboard, from far out in the open sea almost to the ragged coast line on our left. Our course had long since been altered, and now we were steering directly for the troubled water. The pace was still terrific, but we were slowing down perceptibly.

"We are close to the opening now," said Alie, leading the way up on to the bridge. "If we make a mistake and touch, we shall go to pieces in five minutes. Let us therefore keep together, husband mine."

We stood to windward of the binnacle and watched what was about to happen. The breakers were scarcely half a mile ahead, the warships perhaps six miles astern.

Then two men crawled into the chains and set the leads going. The second officer was sent forrard to reconnoiter, and Patterson, dismissing the steersman, took the wheel himself. The third officer was stationed at the telegraph.

Suddenly Patterson drew himself up, spun the spokes with a preliminary twist to see that all was in working order, and then turned to his subordinate at the telegraph.

"Stop her!" he cried.

The bell tinkled in the engine room and answered on the bridge. The throbbing of the propeller ceased as if by magic, and next moment we were only moving forward by our own impetus. Almost before one could think we were among the breakers, but still going forward. I glanced at Patterson out of the corner of my eye. He was standing as erect and passionless as a marble statue, looking straight before him. On both sides the breakers dashed and roared, the spray rising into our faces and falling upon the decks like rain. There was a slight grinding noise for a second or two, and then Patterson gave a shout:

"Full steam ahead!"

The bell answered like magic, and instantly the schooner shot forward. Next moment we were through the reef in smooth water and safe.

Looking behind us we could see that the cruisers had stopped and turned. They knew too well what the result would be if they attempted to follow us.

[CONTINUED.]

BLYKINS A CYNIC.

HE INDULGES IN SNEERS AT PHILOSOPHICAL PHRASES.

Tells His Wife, When She Tries to Argue, That She Is In a Sea of Thought With a Punctured Life Preserver.

Mr. Blykins was in a skeptical frame of mind. He had been sitting glum and silent for some time. His wife essayed once or twice, but her efforts met with no encouragement. She realized that his own thoughts were of more importance to him than any which might be suggested by an outside consciousness and relapsed into silence. She had some curiosity, but she knew from experience that the easiest way to have it satisfied was to wait until his overcharged intellect began a spontaneous disclosure. This soon occurred.

"They make me weary!" he exclaimed as he closed with a bang the book over whose reading he had fallen into irate reverie.

"Who do, dear?" she inquired disinterestedly.

"People. Folks who write things. These essayists and poets and philosophers who start out to make you think that if you will only buy their books and read 'em life will be a path of roses, with all the thorns neatly shaved off the stems."

"The book you were just reading was written by a very wise man," she ventured to suggest.

"That's what you say," he answered. "That's the way they fool the public and get their publications sold on all newsstands. This man has a piece about the value of time. Among other things he says: 'Take care of the precious minutes. They never will return.'"

"That's perfectly true," commented his wife.

"How do you know?" he inquired.

"Because it has been said so often before."

"That explains the whole process. Say something short and say it often enough, and people will take it for granted. How does he know the precious moments never will return? It's like that old nonsense to the effect that the mill will never grind with the water that is past."

"That's perfectly true, too," she answered with conviction.

"No, it ain't. What becomes of the water after the mill is through grinding with it? The clouds take it up and pour it down in rain somewhere. It flows through springs and creeks and rivers and into the ocean, and the clouds take it up and drop it again. It's constantly going the rounds. It may take a long time, but if it's a good, durable mill it'll keep up the same old grind with the same old water.

"That's the way nature works. She uses old material over and over again, sometimes in one shape and sometimes in another. But it's there. How do we know that these are new precious minutes?

"How do we know that they ain't the same old minutes being worked off on us again like the water that runs the mill? They don't care so long as they can make it all sound nice and get their books sold.

"But when you come to put what they say to the real test you're like a man out on a sea of thought with a punctured life preserver."—Washington Star.

At the Shrine of Taste.

"Do tell me, Etta! Is it true? They say your engagement with Mr. Smith is off?"

"It is true. It was broken off at my request. His name would not hyphenate well with mine. Think how 'Etta Blackwell Smith' would sound?"—Chicago Tribune.

EVILS OF INBREEDING.

Degeneracy in Sheep When the Practice Is Continued.

Among sheep the direct loss from close inbreeding is the most apparent, says E. P. Smith in the Boston Cultivator. The degeneration of a flock is so rapid that you can almost see it from one generation to another. It naturally follows that the need of thoroughbred rams from other flocks to add new blood to the sheep is greater in flocks that have been inbred for a succession of years.

The first thing noticeable in the line of degeneration is the undersize of the lambs. The animals actually show smaller size from one generation to another, and if the inbreeding is kept up they become small and puny creatures, or at least a fair percentage of the lambs will be thus undersized.

The loss is of itself twofold. The lamb that is undersized produces less wool because there is a smaller surface for it to grow on. In the course of several generations the amount of surface may decrease by almost a square foot. Count up how much wool is produced on a square foot of the sheep's hide and you will get at the exact loss. Then the undersized lamb yields so much less meat for the butcher. The loss here, too, is considerable, and when finally sent to be killed the loss on the wool and the mutton will make a rather startling sum.

But this is not the only loss sustained from inbreeding. The wool gradually grows thinner on the hide of the poor, scrubby sheep. Only one hair is found where before two grew. The inherent weakness of the animals shows itself in the thin crop of wool, the same as an old man or one suffering from long sickness or insidious disease. The quality of the wool naturally degenerates along with the other things. Place the wool of a scrub on the scales, and it is found wanting in weight. Place it then before the sorter and picker and they quickly mark it down as second class. The fiber lacks something that experts can quickly distinguish.

Here are the fourfold losses: Less mutton, less surface for the wool, less wool to the square inch and inferior quality of wool, which brings only the lowest prices in the markets.

Points in Breeding Horses.

A year ago or more we wrote on the "Passing of the Horse." There was talk of selling horseflesh in the open market, as is done in France and maybe in other places. A near friend of mine was offered $30 for a 8-year-old fine colt. The war changed all this. Prices have gone up, and it costs a goodly sum to buy a matched pair of carriage horses or a well trained trotter for buggy or a fine saddle horse. Horses are still plenty, but a well trained and safe family horse cannot be had for less than $100 or more. Now, in order to breed good coachers, there should be a large infusion of Cleveland bay blood, or in place of that, French stagers. The dams, to bring good sized colts, should be large, roomy, with clean limbs, clean eyes and compact form, and above all have good, tractable dispositions. The dam imparts disposition, temper and teachableness to the foal, while the sire gives color and general form. Combine these leading traits and matches in color and a horse of this stamp will always be salable. The coachers, so called, on exhibition at large fairs and horse shows, which we have seen, have shown no especial size, in fact, no peculiarity but a bobtail coming to the knees, or rather hock, and cut off square, resembling most of anything a wornout broom. Thoroughbred horses seldom show large size, but they are intelligent and have bones resembling in compactness and fiber ivory more than anything else. Most of them would be rejected as too small for cavalry or artillery horses. They make, however, the most salable saddle horses.—C. W. Murtfeldt in St. Louis Republic.

Unruly Hogs.

A correspondent of the Rural World gives the following on how to keep a roguish hog from rooting gates open: "Fasten a ring in the center of the nose, then fasten another ring in this one, and so on till you make a chain of rings nearly up to the ears. Then make a fork in the chain and put the last ring of each fork in each ear. Now, let me tell you how one man alone can do all this without catching or handling even the largest hog. I have a low stanchion made in the manger of my barn by sawing out a space large enough to work back and forth at top and stationary at bottom. Then at top fix a drop lever with several notches to fit over the top of this scantling. Then fix a narrow shoot so you can force the hog to try to get through the hole in the manger. You can fasten the hog securely here so he will be perfectly quiet, and you can ring, blindfold or do anything else except drench him. To do that lay him on his back."