LATE FOREIGN NEWS

Iceland has no prisoners, no police, no thieves, no enormously rich, and no miserably poor. Iceland enjoys women's suffrage.

On one of the islands off the coast of Maine lives a man, now 50 years old, who was born there, and has never been off the island. He has accumulated a fortune in the grocery business, and is content to live and die on the few sea-girt acres.

James Rediker, of Fort Fairfield, Me., has just been released from Houlton jail after an incarceration of four years for debt. He was able to pay, but wouldn't, and transferred all of his property, worth $10,000 at thousands of dollars, to relatives, saying that he could stand boarding at the jail as long as the county and his creditors could. The amount of his indebtedness was insignificant.

A despatch received dated Capetown states that the locust pest is still doing a great deal of damage in South Africa. One swarm crossed over Alicedale towards the sea in a column over six miles wide. The bulk of the maize crop in the Orange Free State has been destroyed by the locusts, causing an estimated loss of nearly £200,000.

The Shanghai correspondent of the *Standard* says:—At the request of the Chinese Government, the British Government have renewed for another six months, from April last, the prohibition of the exportation of arms from Hong Kong, which was made in consequence of the Mason affair. This measure was considered necessary on account of the continued activity of the secret societies.

A Gibralter Telegram states that a Spaniard was brought into the British lines, on Monday evening, suffering from a serious gunshot wound, which, it is supposed, he received in a smugglers' affray. The man, whose condition was at once seen to be hopeless, was conveyed to the North Front Hospital, where notwithstanding every care and attention, he expired shortly after admission.

A consular report just issued says that some few years ago English hats were almost unknown in Greece, but now that they have been introduced there is an increasing demand for them. Hard-felt hats are almost all English, while the soft-felts remain French and Austrian. English makers ought to keep their well-known trade marks on the best qualities and have different ones for the inferior article, for which there is a ready sale. The superior kind is only bought by the upper classes, and there is a fear of the sale falling off if the mark is indifferently placed.

A case of remarkable longevity is reported from Vienna. At Drezniez, in the district of Mostar, lives a peasant named Ap-ko Jurich, who, if his documents are to be credited, is at present 130 years old. He still works in his vineyard, and goes to church every Sunday, although the church is "two hours," he says, from his home. His eyebrows meet over the nose and grow so thickly that they have to be cut that they may not obscure his sight. He likes to talk of old times, and tells interesting stories. His mother died aged 120, but his father died young.

A horrible domestic tragedy was enacted on Tuesday, in the village of Woodman, near Edenbury, in the house of a wheelwright named Conrad. His son, 22 years of age, was found dead in bed with his skull cut in two, while in another part of the dwelling lay the young man's mother, terribly wounded. The woman was still alive, but in a very critical condition, such as to preclude all possibility of obtaining any information from her. On a search being subsequently made in the yard of the house the body of one of his sisters was found in a well, the unfortunate girl being in a state of insanity. It is supposed that the young man, in a fit of insanity, killed his mother and sister and then drowned himself in the well.

A DEED OF DARING.

The Gallantry of a Young English Officer in Burmah.

Few more gallant deeds have ever been done than the march on Feb. 9, of which mention is made in Lieut. E. MacMunn's account of the "Kachyens," a copy of which, with a map, we received, sends us, then, in the London Times. It is a real epic, one to read up better, simple as that of a lay, for it enables the reader to understand how the English won, and why they continue to hold, their position in Asia. Mr. MacMunn had been ordered to march with two companies, of whom, fortunately for him, twelve were Gorkhas, to convey some stores, principally rum, from Mytichina to Sadon, a small fortified post in Burmah, a distance of about fifty miles. The road was considered perfectly safe, and about twenty five miles were passed in tranquility, when the young lieutenant and he cannot be over twenty two received information which showed that some rebels of the Kachyen tribes intended to bar his path. This meant that he must either retreat, or force his way along a rough road, continually crossed by streams, and lined with jungle in each side, though

which might number hundreds, and did number sixty at least, armed with muskets, and sufficiently instructed in the military art to build stockades both of timber and stone. Lieutenant MacMunn, who had probably never heard a gun fired in anger in his life, seems not to have doubted for a moment about his duty. The people in Sadon, he thought, would want the stores, and he pushed on, to find the enemy holding a ford where they knew was up to his shoulder. He plunged in with three Gorkhas, and ordered the eighty yards of water, "getting volleyed at awfully," but was left unscathed, and rushed one side of the stockade, and then, bringing over the rest of his men, crushed the remaining works. The Kachyens fled four miles in advance towards Sadon halted again, constructed another stockade, and filled the jungle on each side of the road with musketers, who plored in, as the Gorkhas advanced, a deadly fire. The Jemadar was shot through the lungs, a Gorkha hit in the foot, and Lieutenant MacMunn wounded in the wrist but he went

DOWN INTO THE JUNGLE

with two men only, the remainder forming a rear guard, and carried the stockade, the Kachyens firing futile volleys, and the English and his comrades, as he writes in Sandhurst slang, "giving them beans." Sadon was now visible, and encouraged by this, at Lieutenant MacMunn pressed on; but the Kachyens were not tired of the fight, and had erected another stockade, the time of stone, across the road, with a ditch five feet deep by ten feet broad in front of it, a proof in itself of their considerable numbers and skill. The officer asked "the boys" if they would "tollow straight," and they being Gorkhas, half mad with fighting, and understanding by this time quite clearly what manner of man was leading them, "yelled" that they would, and did. Into and out of the ditch, and up to the stockade, and again the Kachyens fled, only to turn once more, and—but we must let Lieutenant MacMunn tell the rest of his own story: "It took us half an hour to repair the road and pull down the stockade; and on and on, wondering where our friends were. The garrison of Sadon knew nothing of the advance, guarding against danger. One mile on they again fired at us from the jungle; but the road was clear, and we hurried on down to Sadon, where we had to cross a river bridged by our sappers. On the way down they

RANGE AWAY AT US,

and near the river they had stuck in an amount of pointed spikes in the road, and, twice, we pulled those up they fired again and again, and we volleyed in return. We then hurried down to the bridge; to our joy it was destroyed, so we had to cross the river by wading lower down, and very deep it was. It was quite dark, and took us quite half an hour to get everyone across, and then the road was blocked with spikes and trees, and the Kachyens fired continually. At last we got to Sadon village, half a mile below the fort which our fellows had made. In the village from every house and corner they fired. My horse was shot in the hind leg, the bullet going through the muscle, and a driver was hit too. The Gorkha ponies broke loose and galloped about; the mules went in every direction, and the Gorkhas cursed and blazed away, and still no sign from our friends, and I began to fear the fort had been taken. I put the wounded driver on a pony, and we hurried on, collecting what ponies and mules we could. In ten minutes more we saw the fort in the darkness ahead, and I started off a ringing cheer, followed by my men; bugles rang out, and they cheered in reply, and in another minute we were inside. I was

SURROUNDED BY MEN

on all sides, patting me on the back, holding me up, giving me water, asking questions." That is to say, Lieutenant MacMunn, a youngster, almost yesterday from Woolwich, had led twelve Gorkhas on a march down a jungle road of twenty-four miles, hampered with mules and commissariat stores; had crossed two rivers by fording, and carried three stockades; doing the whole work under continuous fire from an enemy far superior in numbers, far swifter of foot, and, as far as constructing defences went, almost as expert as sappers. No wonder that, after such a march, men in the fort "held the Lieutenant up," or that the Goorkhas, who knew what a man is admitted that had their leader been hard hit, they could never have got in. It was a small thing, the march, done with a small force for a small object, but it was a genuine feat of soldiering, of the old heroic kind with this result, among others, that wherever that officer goes, or whatever deed he tries to perform, if there are Gorkhas about, though they cannot understand one word in ten he says, he will have in them, who are as brave as he is, comrades who will follow him, if it be straight to inevitable death.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Mr. Bowser as he came home one evening last winter and began snuffing and snuffing and smelling around the sitting room.

"N-o-thing," replied Mrs. Bowser, trying hard to smile and look happy.

"But I smell camphor."

"Yes, I have a little toothache—just a trifle, you know."

"H'm! Toothache! Well, don't look for any sympathy from me. If people will be careless they must expect to suffer for it."

"But, you—you——"

"Never, Mrs. Bowser! Never had the toothache in my life, and never expect to have while I keep my senses. If a woman don't know any more than to go barefoot around the house in winter time let her suffer for it."

"But you know I haven't been so silly as that," she protested.

"Then it was something else just as foolish. Don't expect me to pity you. It's a wonder to me that you haven't got forty different ailments instead of one. If it wasn't for the constant vigilance of the husbands of this land the wives would die off like flies."

"You may have toothache some day."

"It is barely possible, but if I do you won't know it, and I shan't want any of your sympathy. There may be a few husbands in the world who upset the house when they happen to have a pain or an ache, but I'm not one of them. It that tooth isn't all right to-morrow morning you'll go down and have it yanked out."

The other evening as Mr. Bowser sat reading his paper he gave a sudden start, and as Mrs. Bowser looked at him he was wobbling his tongue around as if trying to bite it.

"What's the matter?" she queried.

"Nothing."

"But you look worried."

"Bosh!

"It wasn't two minutes before Mr. Bowser let go of his paper and half rose up, and something like a groan escaped his lips.

"Something certainly ails!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser, as she laid aside her hook. "I haven't seen you look so pale since you fell downstairs with the beefsteak."

"Nonsense! I'd like to know why I should look pale. I was never in better health than I am at this minute. I was just thinking that I'd go downstairs and overhaul my medicine chest. I expected it needs replenishing."

He got up and walked around and finally disappeared downstairs. A few minutes later Mrs. Bowser heard the rattling of bottles and boxes, and as she went to the foot of the stairs Mr. Bowser was saying to himself:

"It's mighty funny—mighty funny! Regular old jumping toothache, and a double tooth at that! Jewhitta-ker-to-gee! but how I suffer!"

"Mr. Bowser, have you found the chest?" called Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, of course."

"Shall I come down?"

"If I need you I will let you know."

He got the vial of peppermint essence and dosed his aching tooth. The pain ceased almost instantly, and Mr. Bowser sat down and smiled in a grim way and said to himself:

"Fact! But I thought I was a goner! It would have kicked Mrs. Bowser kilt to death if the thing had kept on. Nothing like having your will about."

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth is the matter down there?" called Mrs. Bowser, as a chair was upset and something seemed to go hopping around the room.

"I upset a chair."

"As soon as she heard her moving away he tried paregoric, turpentine, laudanum, and winter-green sauce. The wholesale mixture of remedies astonished the tooth and quieted the pain.

"She'll never know a word about it—not a word." whispered Mr. Bowser, as he began replacing the bottles. "I don't suppose it was the regular toothache, but she'd have declared it was and made capital out of it. When Mrs. Bowser gets the start of me it will be a cold day."

Something uttered a war whoop. Something kicked over two chairs and banged a footstool against a door. Before Mrs. Bowser could get out of her chair something came flying down stairs and made two circles of the sitting room and fell into a chair.

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth is the meaning of this?"

He groaned dismally and pressed both hands on his jaw.

"You've got the toothache!"

He groaned a groan which strung out ten feet long and shut his eyes.

What a golden opportunity for Mrs. Bowser! She should have given him due notice not to expect any sympathy from her and added that any man who would go and sit in a niche one is his shirt sleeves must expect to suffer for it.

When his tooth jumped him out of his chair over the divan and around the fire screen she should have observed that it was a wonder he hadn't died twenty years before, and that a visit to a dentist followed by a "yank" would be the proper caper early in the morning. Then, as Mr. Bowser stood in the center of the room, his eyes hanging out and the fringe of his bald pate trying to stand up in the next "jump," she could have finished him off by asserting that but for the constant and unwearying vigilance of the wives of this land not a husband would live over five years at the very longest.

But she didn't. She got him into bed at once, put a flat-iron to his feet, made a poultice for his jaw and was still working on him when he fell asleep at 3 o'clock in the morning. And five hours later, when Mr. Bowser got out of bed feeling all right, he cheerfully remarked:

"There was a case, Mrs. Bowser, where you could plainly see the difference. You'd have probably been dosing and doping and groaning all night, while I was simply removed for half an hour or so and then flung it off by the exercise of will power."

"But I thought you never had toothache," she replied.

"And I never do, Mrs. Bowser—never. If this had been a case of toothache I could have sat there and laughed over it."

"But what was it?"

"A case of Asiatic neuralgia, Mrs. Bowser—something just 400 times worse than as if all your teeth ached at once. Women are never afflicted with it, as it comes from too much brain work. Run along now and see if breakfast is ready. It was a simple incidence—a mere trifle—not worth talking about."

Thoughtlessness.

Very much of the wrongdoing of the world arises from ignorance and thoughtlessness. Temptations are strong, desires are ardent, inclinations are imperious, and the weak and undisciplined judgment is easily led to conclude that there is no great harm in yielding. Gradually this yielding comes to be a habit, and the character is formed, or rather wrecked, by self-indulgence, where it might have been saved, elevated and strengthened by more knowledge and a wiser training. How many wrong acts are directly traceable to the common plea, "I didn't think?" And, while we condemn the plea itself and count it a part of the wrong, we must also condemn the defective education that has failed to develop right thinking as the mainspring of right action.

SNOW AND FROST.

Ten Inches of the Beautiful at Deadwood and Frost With It.

A St. Paul despatch says:—Despatches received this evening say that a great snow storm is raging west of the Missouri river in South Dakota. At Deadwood snow has been falling fiercely for 10 hours and lies on the ground to the depth of 10 inches. Traffic is almost suspended and the temperature has fallen below the freezing point. Nothing of the sort has ever before occurred in June in the north-west in the history of the signal service.

A fall of black snow lately astonished the residents of Geneva, Switzerland.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Tommy's School.

"Geography's a nuisance, and arithmetic's a bore"
Said Tommy, with a frown upon his face.
"I hate the sight of grammars, and my Latin makes me roar;
It's always sure to get me in disgrace.
When I'm a man," he added, as he threw his school books down,
"I'll have a school where boys will think is fine!
They need not know an adjective or adverb from a noun,
Nor whether Cæsar bridged the Po or Rhine.

"I don't care if they think that George the third was King of Spain.
When these old fogies lived so long ago.
Or if they all should answer that the Volga is in Maine,
What difference would it make, I'd like to know!
But instead of useless things, I'll teach 'em how to coast and skate;
They all shall learn to row and sail a boat,
And how to fire a pistol, and to shoot a rifle straight,
And how to swim, and how to dive and float.

"We'll play at tennis and at cricket all the live-long day;
And then there's polo, and—Oh, yes, foot ball;
And have hall they shall every single one learn how to play.
For that's the most important thing of all.
I tell you," finished Thomas, "I'll have one of just that kind;
Then all the boys, you see, will want to go.
They will not run away and say my school's an 'awful grind,'
Or call the lessons dull and hard, I know."

ST. NICHOLAS.

A Night in the Woods.

"Perhaps the teacher would like to go with you to-night, Joe."

"Yes, I should," I said. "A night in the woods will be a new experience for me.

I was then a young man, teaching in a newly settled part of Northern Ontario. The farms in that section were only partly cleared and most of them had what they called a "sugar bush," that is a number of maple trees from which sap is obtained for making maple syrup and sugar.

It was the early part of the spring and most of the farmers were engaged in the above mentioned business. The process is as follows: First, the trees are tapped by cutting a notch in them and the sap which oozes out is made to run into wooden troughs, one of which is placed at the foot of each tree. When the troughs are full the sap, which tastes like sweet water, is gathered in pails and poured into a large iron kettle, suspended from poles. Under this a fire is then made. The sap must be carefully watched, so that it will not boil over. If syrup is wanted, the liquor is only allowed to come to a certain thickness; if sugar is to be made, it is allowed to boil down until it becomes quite thick. It is strained when hot, to remove little pieces of wood and other impurities.

Several of the farmers had had their syrup stolen at night, as they had left it unguarded. Mr. Norton, with whom I was boarding, was far too cautious a man to allow such a calamity to befall him, and his son had erected a temporary dwelling in the woods. It was supported by poles, like a tent, but instead of canvas they used boards and branches, which they covered with quilts. Here some of the family slept every night, watching by turns and literally "keeping the pot boiling."

I gladly accepted the offer to accompany Joe and spend a night with him in sweet communion.

It was after supper when we left the house. We had to cross several fields before entering the woods. The air was mild and pleasant, the ground was covered with the winter's snow, and as we walked through the bush we inhaled the fragrant breath of the pine trees. Although it is many years since then, the smell of pine always reminds me of those woods and that night. We had to walk in Indian file on the narrow path and Joe strode on in front of me while his brother brought up the rear. A tall broad-shouldered young fellow was Joe, with any amount of courage and endurance. He was very sociable and although not educated, possessed a fund of practical common sense and originality which always made his conversation interesting. Having dismissed his brother, we threw ourselves down on the couch of pine branches inside the tent and Joe entertained me with many anecdotes of his experience as a lumberman, going out every now and then to replenish the fire.

We had arranged that he was to watch the first part of the night and to call me about 2 o'clock. As I said before, the sap needed constant watching to see that it did not boil over. Joe went in and out and I lay on my back gazing up at the sky through a little rift in the tent. All sorts of curious thoughts, occasioned by my novel surroundings, ran through my mind. The stars looked like curious eyes peering at me. I imagined myself a soldier sleeping in his tent, and thought how many great generals must have fought their battles beforehand, while lying sleepless at night.

I was just dropping off to sleep when I was aroused by a strange noise which seemed to come from some distance. "Joe!" I called, "what on earth is that?"

"It is a wild cat," he answered, coming to the door and looking in.

"Are you afraid?" I asked.

"No, they seldom attack anyone unless they are provoked. They have never bothered us here in the woods. The fire frightens them off."

I noticed, however, that Joe took his gun out of the tent, loaded it and leaned it up against the top of a tree.

I listened for a long time, but heard nothing but the crackling of the fire, the lonely "hoo hoo" of the owls and the distant barking of dogs. Presently I dozed off.

I had been asleep about two hours when I was awakened by a sharp, prolonged yell, so loud, I think it could have been heard a mile away. My heart beat violently; I lay motionless for about a minute and then got up and ran to the door. The kettle was swinging two and fro, spilling the boiling sap from it on all sides. Joe stood there, his face as pale as death.

"What was it Joe?" I asked breathlessly looking from him to the swaying kettle.

"The wild cat," he answered, and then laughed as he added, "But I do not think it will trouble us any more."

I seems that Joe had gone round to the side of the fire furthest from the door of the tent and had stopped to pull a stick out from under the kettle. Happening to look up as he rose, he saw two fiery eyes glaring at him from the branch of a tree on his right. They belonged to a wildcat. The animal evidently thought that Joe intended to strike it. After remaining for a moment motionless it prepared to springe. Joe did not lose his presence of mind. He knew that the wildcat would be upon him before he could get his gun, which was on the other side of the fire. He watched it intently, and just as it sprang into the air he stepped back and it fell into the kettle of boiling sap. Giving vent to the yell which I have described, the animal leaped out and dashed madly away. We found its dead body in the woods the next day.

Of course none of us cared to eat syrup flavored with wildcat, so we were forced to throw that kettleful away. The next year the syrup was allowed to stand its chance of being stolen, and the wildcats were deprived of the chance of taking a hot bath.

How to Find Heaven.

"You gave us an excellent sermon on Heaven yesterday," said a rich parishioner to his minister as he met him on Monday morning, "but you did not tell us where to find it." "Well," replied the minister, "I will tell you now. Down in that alley yonder is a poor but most excellent widow, at times almost suffering for the necessaries of life. Go down and see her, send her a basket of provisions and a load of coal, and let her see that you care for and sympathize with her, and if you don't find Heaven you will find something very like its spirit." They parted—the rich man did as suggested. And, when after some days, he and his pastor again met, he thanked the latter warmly for his suggestion, saying that "if he didn't find Heaven, he found something very much like what he thought it might be."

The Best Sunshine.

All sunshine is delightful, but the best of all kinds is sunshine in the home—the sunshine of a loving, cheerful spirit. Better even than the sunlight and warmth of heaven is that of a cheery face, having, as it does, a kind and cheerful heart. No one understands it, or fails to feel its influence. A bright eye, an unclouded brow, a sunny smile, a loving word, all tell of peace, joy and delight in the pleasure of others. One glance at such a face has lifted the mists and shadows from many a heavy heart, and scattered the fogs from many a burdened spirit. A bright, warm, cheerful face inside the home will drive away sadness and gloom and make it impossible for them to exist. The germs of disease, which at times may lurk in the most elegantly furnished rooms if kept dark, will vanish before the bright and cheery sunlight. And so it is with human beings as with rooms. Open, then, the windows of your heart, and let the sunshine come in.

LATE CABLE NEWS

The Mining Horror—Oscar and Kaiser to Meet—Cholera in Persia.

It will be fully two weeks before all the bodies are recovered from the Birkenberg silver mine, and it will be fully fifteen months before the shafts can be reconstructed and the mine made safe by replacing the timbers that have been destroyed by the fire. The fragments of bodies that have been brought to the surface filled three wagons. The bodies that were intact so far as the limbs are concerned were greatly swollen. Only thirteen of the rescued survived, while twenty-seven of the men who volunteered for rescue work were killed by falling timbers or other accidents, or suffocated to death.

The damage to the mine amounts to 1,800,000 florins.

The czar must be highly pleased with the manner in which the plans for the meeting between himself and the emperor were concealed till they were on the eve of being realized. The official organs here insist that the proposal for the meeting emanated from the czar, who wrote suggesting that the interview be held at Kiel, giving the short time at his disposal before he return. to St. Petersburg as the reason for his not coming to Potsdam. A stronger reasons however, is his well-grounded dislike to the railway journey necessary to reach Potsdam and the possible risk of nihilist outrage. The emperor will meet the czar off the port of Kiel on the imperial yacht.

Advices from Persia state the cholera continues to rage in the province of Khorassan, and is increasing in virulence. By order of the shah the Persian authorities took energetic steps to prevent the spread of the disease westward in the direction of Teheran, and these efforts have been successful. Toward Afghanistan, however, there are signs that the disease is extending, and many cases were reported in the neighborhood of the frontier. The people who are attacked receive no medical assistance and are driven back if they attempt to leave their infected homes. Soldiers are stationed around the plague-stricken villages with orders to shoot anyone who attempts to pass the line, and the plague is extinguished by compelling the whole population of a village to keep together. Inhabitants who are not stricken are compelled by force to bury the dead. In Meshid, the capital of Khorassan, the European residents have given intelligent direction to the plans of the local authorities so far as the prejudices of the latter would permit, and the cholera is being gradually stamped out.

Making Soil Rich.

Farmers are more and more engaging in market gardening, which leads the *American Cultivator* to say to them that large profits are often made by the gardener. They have to be large per acre, because if not, they would not afford a living for himself and family and some surplus to lay by for future use. Often the owners of near by land think that what one man has done others can do, and so they begin to imitate as far as possible. They usually forget one important fact. The successful gardener has been years bringing up his soil to the point where all the labor he puts on it will pay. The beginner may think that by carting extra loads of manure, covering the ground as deeply as it can be plowed under, he can make the soil rich enough in a single season to secure paying results. What is the consequence? Unless the season be extremely wet, the manure fails to rot, and drying the land still more does little if any good.

For many kinds of crops the experienced gardener would not think of applying coarse, unfermented manure from the stable. He uses such manure for the coarser crops, early potatoes, sweet corn and cabbages. The frequent and thorough cultivation such crops require works the manure through the soil, and greatly helps in decomposing it. This fills the soil with vegetable matter rich in nitrogen. The second year stable manure is not applied, but a dressing of mineral manures, phosphate, and nitrates of soda or potash. These are made immediately available than stable manure, and with the remains of stable manure left over make a better crop the second year than the first.

It is a great help in beginning gardening on ordinary farm land if it can be begun the first year on a clover sod plowed in the fall and as much fine manure as can be had used as top-dressing through the winter. Where all these advantages can be had, it is possible with a light dressing of nitrate of soda to bring ordinary farm land into fair condition for gardening the first year. The chief difficulty will be not in lack of fertility but in excess of weeds stimulated to more vigorous growth by such excess of plant food. It is for this reason that the coarser crops that can be cultivated mainly with horse power are necessary, however thoroughly the land is fertilized. One year's thorough cultivation of such crops under high manuring will start and kill a large proportion of dormant weed seeds in the soil. Many years of perfectly clean cultivation, never allowing a weed to mature its seeds, will not destroy all. Most weed seeds need to be very close to the surface to germinate. Many years of successive plowings will every time bring some new seeds to the proper conditions for germinating.

Begin the Day Aright.

A good beginning is always desirable in a day of work or pleasure. A few cheerful words count for more than a wildcat. The time, for they often serve as a keynote for the whole day. It depends largely upon the mother of a family whether home is a sunny resting-place or merely a habitation of complaint and contention. Unhappy indeed is the household that begins the morning with domestic wrangles. There are some heads of families who seem to consider it due to their dignity that they should perpetually wear a severe aspect, and who are never sterner or more unrelenting than at the breakfast-table. The family leave for their respective daily tasks with a sensation of chilliness that requires the most cheerful surroundings to overcome.

There are mothers who begin the new day with recounting all the minor vexations of the day before. The husband and sons who are hurrying off to business are compelled to listen to the grievances with servants and other petty afflictions which the mistress may choose to rehearse. It is hardly strange if they inwardly wonder if, all the tales of household woes are not due to bad management, so continual is the problem presented. The thoughtful mother aims none of her domestic trials at the breakfast-table. Here is an atmosphere of serenity and sunshine.

A sunny word now goes far to lighten the day's tasks, to speed the parting members of the family and to help those who remain behind in the performance of their various duties. The hostess who goes to her kitchen and deftly straightens out with a few touches of her own the tangled skein of work which she may find there accomplishes more by a few well chosen words of encouragement than she will by a score of complaints. Consideration and kindness often do wonders with even the most stupid and obdurate of servants. It shows great selfishness for the family or for the mother to make other members of the household bear the burden of their individual trials and grievances at the breakfast table. Each one has a right to a cheerful beginning of his day's work.

OVER THE WHIRLPOOL BANK.

Mad Plunge of a Horse and Remarkable Escape of the Driver.

A Niagara Falls despatch says:—A horse and carriage belonging to Mr. Slater of Niagara Falls plunged over the bank near the whirlpool, this afternoon, and fell 200 feet.

It was reported at first that the driver, Ernest Messner, 18 years old, had been killed, but he turned up later and said he was caught in the trees growing from the bank. His version of the affair is that as he was backing the carriage toward the river the horse made a sudden plunge and carried all down the embankment.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

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DICKENS' UNSYMPATHETIC WIFE.

Dickens's Cold Feet.

Mr. Wybert Reeve, in his reminiscences of the stage, describes on the authority of Wilkie Collins a scene at Judge Talfourd's, in which Dickens played a part. It was a dinner party, at which most of the leading representatives of literature and art were present. The conversation turned on Dickens' last book. Some of the characters were highly praised. Mrs. Dickens joined in the conversation, and said she could not understand what people could see in his writings to talk so much about them. The face of Dickens betrayed his feelings. Again the book was referred to, and a lady present said she wondered when and how many strange thoughts came into his head. "Oh," replied Dickens, "I don't know. They come at odd times; sometimes in the night, when I jump out of bed and jot them down, for fear I should have lost them by the morning." "That is true," said Mrs. Dickens. "I have reason to know it—jumping out of bed and getting in again, with his feet as cold as a stone." Dickens left the table, and was afterwards found sitting in a small room off the hall—silent and alone.

Oatmeal Bags For the Bath.

An authority tells how to make the oatmeal bags which, used in the bath, give a velvety softness and whiteness to the skin. Take five pounds of oatmeal, ground fine, a half pound of pure Castile soap, reduced to powder and a pound of powdered Italian orris root. Cut a yard of thin cheese cloth into bags about four inches square, sewing them on the machine and taking care not to leave any untied threads where a break may let the contents ooze out. Mix the soap, oatmeal and orris root thoroughly and fill the bags loosely. Sew up the opening in each and lay them away to use as required. They are used as a sponge, dipped in warm water, making a thick, velvety lather and wonderfully softening the skin, while the orris imparts a lasting fragrance.

It will be remembered that all soap applications, even the purest should be entirely rinsed from the skin. Hospital nurses are trained to wash patients first in soap and water, then in clear, very hot water to take off the soap. It is recognized that boiling water is one of the excellent mild disinfectants.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy.

C. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Low Prices and Hard Times.

Although with the advent of spring indications are plentiful that business is waking up, farmers and others are still complaining of low prices and hard times. A careful study of commercial history shows a universal rise and fall occurring with so much regularity that *tables* have been published showing that these changes occur in cycles and that within certain limits they can be predicted. Hard phil sophers have even attributed them to sun spots. For two years past prices ruled high. Now they are low. In Great Britain, and indeed, all over Europe, this depression in prices is far more severe than in the United States and Canada. British journals trace the trouble in that country to the Baring failure and the Argentine bankruptcy, which have largely prevented foreigners from buying British goods, and to the McKinley notion in the States, which encourages manufactures there, and by so much lessens the demand for foreign goods. Like the general Canadian view that this country is suffering more than others, this is too narrow, although there is no doubt that the tariff must have had some effect. The general failure of crops in Europe last year was a much more potent factor in the case, as the people generally had less to spend for other things, being obliged to save in order to buy bread. The London *Economist* shows, in a recent issue, that of thirty of the most common articles of necessity, two thirds fell in price during the first quarter of the present year, and prices of produce and manufactured articles fell at the same rate. The net decline in prices of all products in the three months was 3 per cent. The "range of prices," says the Economist on April 1st, was "within a little more than 2 per cent. of the lowest ever recorded." Italy, France, Germany and Russia are steadily adding to their overburdening debts, because political conditions are so critical and dangerous that large standing armies, and war supplies, must be kept ready for probable emergencies. England ostensibly has free trade in foreign products, but the burden of taxation there is in excess of what we have to pay, even when the indirect taxes and tariff duties are reckoned. The new cycle will soon come around, and prices of farm produce will relatively improve, but the farmer must not be surprised to find that other products will be on a parity with what he has to sell, and that the net results will be about the same as now.

A Big Trouble.

The great sciatic nerve, when disturbed, can give more pain than any nerve of the human body. Fortunately it is easily subdued by the right remedy at the right time. On this subject Mr. William Blagden of Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire, Eng., writes: "I was a sufferer from sciatica for two years. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me when all other remedies had failed."

ST. JACOB'S OIL

St. Jacobs Oil

CONQUERS PAIN.

The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married in not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRONOUNCED HOPELESS.

An Estimable Young Lady Raised From A Death-bed After Being Given Up by Several Doctors—A Simple Statement of Facts.

Trenton Courier.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the Courier has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant of Galway, N.Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the $1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple, (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware, and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few moons before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians had failed, is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—and it is a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the case above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the Courier was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefitted by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefitted by the use of this remedy. Among others Miss Emma Fleming, grand-daughter of Mr. Robt. Young. It was stated that Miss Fleming had been raised from what was supposed to be death-bed, after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the Courier determined to investigate it further, and ascertain the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robt. Young, grand-father of the young lady was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a wise miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his grand-daughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his grand-daughter was well as she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what had already been told of Young's giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first suspicious that the story of this young lady, in the blood of womanhood and health, was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was unanimously said from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mills, near Trenton, and is now miller at Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 110 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newcastle whom she consulted said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a such a cold would go to her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she had to be lifted in and out of bed and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grand-father, having read in the Courier of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his grandaughter to take them. Miss Fleming had been before recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills; on the seventh day after beginning the use of the Pink Pills, she was able to walk down stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvelous. Her appetite was gone, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death bed, in seven days she was able to walk down stairs, feeling renewed strength and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect.

Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as she ever did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only a sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice