You've tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets according to prescription have you and you've failed to get relief. The results are not immediate.

And did you expect the disease to disappear in a week? Did you expect the pellets to do your work in every dose. You would not call the doctor a quack because the cream doesn't rise to the top in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream will not rise. If there's a possible cure for disease in the Pleasant Prescription it is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial. You get the benefit or cure you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases where it has not been GOOD. The public know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently. No experimenting. It's "Tried Reliable." Twenty-five years of success.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else what remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can be a good judge. "I know of no remedy for Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief. She had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take it, and it the results were not as I say I would make no charge. A few days after she called and said she had given her relief."

Coughs

Sore Throat,

Hoarseness,

PERBOROUGH CANOE CO., LTD. Manufacturers to Ontario Canoe Co., Ltd. Peterborough Canoes for Hunting and Pleasure. Boating Skiffs, Sail Boats, Steam Launches. 2 cent stamp for Catalogue.

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that people would have been regularly using Pills for 40 years if they had not been GOOD, The public don't do business on charity, you must continue to buy goods that prove satisfactory.

HEARLE.

I CURE FITS!

[illegible] I have made the disease epilepsy, fits or falling sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason I do not deserve your confidence. Send at once for a bottle of my remedy. Price 25 cents. Address Dr. H. G. Root, 186 Adelaide Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

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WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. WATSON. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

LADIES Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved TAILORS' SQUARES.

Taught in 10 lessons. Patent holder for full art of cutting all garments, sent to any address, Ontario, $1.00. PROF. SMITH, 392 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO. Agents Wanted.

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that you need not suffer a moment longer for breath for fear of suffocation. Our Great Trial Bottle (Regular Size) Mailed Free. Address, Dr. Gray's Asthma Cure Co., 181 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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elimination then be simple and easy and the climax of health and happiness is assured. ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO. (LTD.) Head Office, King Street East, Branch 49 Yonge Street, Toronto. All druggists, grocers and hotels.

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RUPTURE

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HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible] THE CHANGES IN THY FORM.

[illegible] the sudden burning sun is [illegible] soft steam from the [illegible] Already the walks are growing [illegible] with the white and pink wealth [illegible] trees but are now so old and [illegible] to be venerable.

[illegible] gleams of light are stealing shyly [illegible] the branches, and are clinging [illegible] the moss covered walls of the ancient [illegible]. Everything is so remarkably still [illegible] humming of some bees in the blossoms [illegible] ridiculously loud, and [illegible] of the sparrows under the [illegible] eaves, "A sense of [illegible] makes itself felt, and [illegible] the heat seems to grow [illegible] indeed, this April sunshine [illegible] ominous, as though it [illegible] of June.

[illegible] fall noisily, the morning [illegible] all washed with it, [illegible] dull and sorrowful; [illegible] perfect noon is at hand, [illegible] the sweeter for the [illegible] deluged the hours [illegible].

[illegible] cherries that are light [illegible] cherry bushes for [illegible] arms are, even thus [illegible] buds; drooping [illegible] gray the gaunt old [illegible] in the little threes [illegible] is the joy of An[illegible]

[illegible] have burst, [illegible] revelling." [illegible] in the grassy [illegible] spark life in the [illegible] valves are sport[illegible] and fashion that [illegible] the lone cuckoo [illegible] woods of Branksmere [illegible] has roused as last [illegible] and his wide awake; [illegible], growing hourly [illegible] flowers are springing [illegible] everywhere.

[illegible] itself, that looks [illegible] have gilded it from [illegible] to day to have yielded [illegible] Apollo, and to have [illegible] because of his em[illegible]

[illegible] all is sunshine, [illegible] gloom.

[illegible] every one of them, in [illegible] solemn conclave, [illegible] unpremeditated, circuit [illegible] toward this rather [illegible] they always [illegible] or rejoiced, or an[illegible] Margery is sitting [illegible] with a little and [illegible] forehead. An[illegible] hushed into a silence befitting the occasion.

"Perhaps—after all—Billy's wife will be [illegible] nice," hazards Angelica, vaguely. Everybody stares. This startling suggestion puts Dick's vulgar speech to flight at once. It is no more remembered.

"Nice? Nonsense! What would make her nice?" demands Margery. "Did any body ever hear of a nice heiress? They are all the poorest of poor creatures.

"No!" exclaims Blanche, breathlessly. "Well, I never knew that before! I always thought an heiress was a person with big bags full of gold."

"And?"

"And now you say she is a beggar," says the child, excitedly. The poorest of the poor."

"May blessings rest upon your verdant head!" interposes Peter, gayly. "No my good child you are wrong for once. Our heiress is not a beggar."

"She'll be worse than the usual run of 'em, I shouldn't wonder," says Dick, with predetermined misery. "Her being so abjectly poor when Billy first met her and fell in love with her will only heighten the arrogance that I feel certain distinguishes her now. That sudden springing into a fabulous fortune will make her doubly unendurable."

There is so much grim prognostication in his tone that Margery's heart dies within her.

"Oh, that it was to-morrow morning!" she cries pathetically. Upon her, as Miss Daryl, will fall all the horrors of having to make a gracious display of welcome.

"I wonder when she became rich she didn't throw Billy over with a view of gaining a more distinguished parti," some one is saying when she brings herself back from her dismal imaginings. It is Angelica who is speaking, and her a peech, savoring as it does in an aside sort of way of a wish to take the part of the new-comer, is received with a marked disfavor.

"I dare say she was ashamed! Things had gone so far with her and him," says Peter, who, though as a rule careless of his neighbor's shortcomings, seemed determined to find fault with the new sister thrust upon him. "But I expect why she didn't brave everything, even the world's censure, was because Billy must get old Grumpy's title sooner or later. And a title is dear to the soul of the parvenue."

"She can't be called that Peter. It appears she is as well born as any of us. But her father was so poor that—"

"Well, yes. That's so, of course," acknowledges Peter, magnanimously. "But what I mean is that she wanted to be 'my lady.'"

"Grumpy' is good for many a year yet."

"I hope so. Until I can take my degree at all events. I can't say I admire Sir Mutius as a private individual, but as an uncle who can pay my college fees, he is pretty well."

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," quotes Dick, mournfully.

"I'm not his child, the gods be praised," returns Peter stretching himself lazily.

"Has a serpent got a tooth?" asks fat little May, with round open eyes and wonderment. "I thought they sucked everything?"

"I know one serpent that has lots of teeth," responds her youngest brother, with calm but crushing force. "Regular molars!"—this last word seems full of doubt and horrible suggestiveness to the listening May—"and it is coming here to-night."

"Don't be filling her poor little head with nonsense, Dick," says Angelica, softly.

"I don't know how Sir Mutius could be poor mamma's brother," ponders Margery. "One—so soft, so sweet, so perfect—the other—ugh!". She purses up her pretty mouth into a regular "Oh!" of disgust.

"He looks so commonplace," continues Angelica, "so vulgar. He says his lineage is above reproach, and the title certainly is old—but Mumm. Was there ever such a name? It suggests nothing but trade and champagne."

"Tell him so!"

"Thank you! I don't want my head in my hand."

"What a combination the entire name is. Sir Mutius Mumm! I'm certain our maternal grandparent was a wit, and gave the Christian name to his only son as an heirloom."

Margery leans back in her chair as she says this, and forgetful of the coming misery laughs aloud. Such a gay, pretty, whole-hearted laugh! It does one good to hear it.

"Is it possible that I can hear you jest with such trouble staring us in the face?" says Dick reproachfully. "Think of to-night and what it is bringing you."

"It will bring Billy too, though, says Blanche, with a touch of defiance in her childish treble. "Billy won't let her touch us," She has evidently great faith in the eldest brother.

"Billy, indeed! I expect we shall have to call him William now," declares Margery, gloomily.

"At this Blanche gives way to a sudden, irrepressible sense of amusement and chokes very loudly.

"Fancy calling Billy—William! Oh! it's nonsense, stuffy nonsense. 'Good morning, William,'"—putting on a grown-up air—"'I hope to see you well, William!' Ha, ha, ha! I never could do that. I don't care what his wife says, I'll always call him Billy. Why, he doesn't look like anything else."

"Wait till Mrs. Billy hears you. She'd be as mad as a hatter if she heard such a disrespectful, frivolous term applied to her husband!"

"If she is," murmurs Angelica, patting the twin's dimpled hand reassuringly "we'll tio her!"

At this time-honored joke they every one laughed in a body, with all youth's tenderness for an ancient friend, as though it was the freshest in the world.

"Mrs. Billy," repeats Margery softly from the low seat near the fire. "Ah! how I wish she was some one who might be called that. It would so settle things."

"Perhaps she is an old young woman," says Angelica.

"Catch Billy doing a thing of that sort," remarks Peter. "Not likely. She's young, you take my word for it. And they say youth is intolerant. Dick, I share your uncomfortable presentiment. I feel we have caught a Tartar."

"Poor old Billy! If that be so there is a pebbly walk before him," says Angelica, with a sigh. "And when one comes to think of it I believe Billy was the best of us, too.

"He was," says Peter, in the subdued tone of one who is conversing about his beloved dead. "From my soul, I'm sorry for him! Marriage with a woman of that sort—a vir. ago, as I feel sure she is—means eternal misery. Because if you don't murder her by quick means she murders you by slow ones. Billy used to be as good-natured a fellow as one could ask to meet. What he is now, beneath that woman's influence, I don't pretend to know. Dear old boy; he has my sympathy at all events. He was always so quiet, so—so—" Here his eloquence receives a check. "What is the word? So—confound it," says he—"What I mean is that he was so—so—".

"Quite so" interrupts Dick, gravely. "I entirely agree with you, and am sure he was all that and a great deal more."

"I wish to goodness Muriel hadn't chosen this time of all others to go and get married," says Margery, almost indignantly. "She would have been the correct person to receive them. She is always so calm, and so self-possessed. There is a dignity about Muriel that nothing could ruffle, not even a sister-in-law who is coming to drive us all into the wilderness."

"A rash statement," says Dick, sentiously.

"Not a bit of it. Do you think twenty Mrs. Daryls could make Muriel tremble? On the contrary the twenty would tremble before her."

"My dear, pray, spare poor Billy. He is not the anxious proprietor of a harem; he is afflicted with only one sultana."

"Pshaw!—I'm not thinking of Billy," says Miss Daryl, impatiently, "but of Muriel. I wonder you can all be so blind to the fact that she is the one who could have coped successfully with this—this—"

"Entr' acte," suggests Dick."

"This difficulty. She is the only person I know who never gets frightened or flushed by pressure of circumstances; who defies nervousness. Altogether," cries Margery, with a glow of admiration, "I regard Muriel as one whose dignity could not be lowered."

"She must be a phenomenon, then," says Dick, "as I never knew any one whose dignity could not be destroyed by a well-planted blow in the stomach!" This low and rude piece of information is received in utter silence. The twins are guilty of an ill-timed attempt at a giggle, but are summarily hushed into a silence befitting the occasion.

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"Don't delude yourself with false hopes. I'm certain, Blanche, if you persist in playing the fool with those straws and the fire, you'll see yourself presently at an untimely end, and I don't suppose our new relative will be pleased to find the house redolent of roasted pork on her arrival."

"Peter! don't be horrid."

"Oh! yes; it is quite true," cries May, excitedly. "I read the other day that Mr. Mongoose, the African explorer, declared human flesh was quite—quite—that is—he said we were all pigs."

"May! If you will read abominable things of that sort please keep them to yourself. Oh! dear, how the twilight is coming, soon it will be night, and then—I don't in the least know how I shall receive her."

"Throw your arms around her neck. Press her to your throbbing boo-o-som. Break into sympathetic sobs, and cry, 'Sweet sister, how glad I am to welcome you to these ancestral halls.'"

"Not if I know it," exclaims Miss Daryl, indignantly. "I think I see myself, indeed!"

"Very silly of you, my dear; there isn't a looking-glass within a mile of you, so far as I know."

"I wonder if she will be big?" twitters May, who is rather irrepressible, alluding to the unknown Mrs. Daryl.

"Huge!" replies Dick, promptly. "A regular strapper! Stands five foot eleven in her stockings. And walks about the farm all day long in top-boots and leggings, and a cart-whip with which she lays about her generously. There is one small peculiarity, too, in our new sister which may be mentioned," continues Dick, leaning confidentially toward the somewhat disconcerted twin. "She can't bear little girls! Any sort of girl is obnoxious to her, but little ones drive her into a fine frenzy. I have heard from reliable authority that she could willingly—nay, gladly—fling them alive?"

"Oh, Dick!" says May, whimpering sadly.

"Fact, I assure you. I'm awfully sorry for you and poor Blanche, but I don't see how I can help you. I doubt there's a bad time before you."

"Richard—no business!" interrupts Margery, shortly. "You'll give that child softening of the brain if you persist in your present evil courses. I am sure, too, it is foolish to be so down-hearted, Billy will see we are not altogether flung upon the world."

"I dare say. But madam will see that we march, nevertheless. She will hardly like to have so many guests perpetually in her house."

"Who can blame her? I shouldn't like it either," murmurs Margery, sighing. "Perhaps she will effect a compromise, and propose keeping the children here with her."

At this hopeful prospect the twins, without a word of warning, set up a dismal howling. Dick's picture is still fresh in their minds. They dissolve into floods of tears, and are with difficulty even so far restored as to be able to give a cause for their grief.

"Oh, Meg!" cry they, flinging themselves bodily upon Margery, "you wouldn't do it. You know you couldn't do it! Oh! don't leave us behind you. If you must go take us with you. Don't leave us alone with her. Don't give us up to that awful big woman with the cart-whip."

Their wailing is piteous, and rather oppressive.

"What a nuisance you are, Dick," says Peter, impatiently, "filling the heads of those silly children with such folly."

"No—no, dear little cats, we will all go together," Margery is saying soothingly to the twins. It is plain to everybody that she is very nearly on the brink of tears herself.

"Oh! why are we not more fortunate or more rich?" she sighs.

"I shouldn't care to be rich. I should like to be famous," says Dick, slowly.

"I shouldn't care to be either. Extremes are a bore. I only ask to be comfortable," puts in Peter, with another lazy yawn. "Even Croesus had his troubles: Money goes but a short way."

"With some people, certainly," laughs Angelica.

"On the road to happiness, I would have added, my sweet angel," says Peter. "It's poor brief, when all is told."

"Is it? I should like to have a trial of it," returns Margery drily.

But Peter is not listening to her; he is instead caroling at the top of his fresh young lungs a verse in favor of his merry theory:

"Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Bring such glittering toys?
All that heart could desire is the value of breeches,
Will go through the world, my brave boys!"

"I don't think that's a nice song, Meg, do you?" asks Blanche who has finally yet recovered from the late storm. "And I shouldn't like a thin pair of breeches when the weather—should you? Because winter will be coming on, and we should be cold."

This infantile touch of caution convulses Peter with delight.

"What shall we do when first she is cross to us, Meg?" asks Mary nervously, whose thoughts are still upon the "big woman."

"Fall upon her and rend her limb from limb," suggests Dick, severely.

"Smite her, hip and thigh," supplements Peter.

"I wish Tommy was here," says Margery, suddenly. "Though only a cousin, and quite the greatest fool I know, still he is a sort of person that one can speak to."

"Or even Curzon," murmurs Angelica.

"By the bye, I wonder he hasn't been here all day?"

"I don't see what good he would be except to sit in Meg's pocket and stare at her as if she had seven heads."

"He doesn't sit in my pocket," returns Miss Daryl, indignantly. "I never heard such a libel."

"Even if he did he might sit in a worse place," says Angelica, sweetly.

"Oh! talk of somebody," cries Margery, quite forgetful of her ill-temper of a moment since. "Why, there he is—coming across the lower lawn. I'll call him. He hasn't heard a word about their coming to night."

She runs to the window, pushes the casements wide, and makes a wild effort to attract the attention of the tall figure in the distance.

"Curzon! Curzon! Hi! Mr. Bellew! Drat him! I don't believe he has got an ear in his silly head," says Miss Daryl, who is not particular as to the nicety of her language when immersed in the bosom of her family. "Cur—zon! Curzon! I say!"

"Elegant language! Superfine, upon my word," says a gruff voice at this moment, as a form comes from heaven or the earth beneath. A balcony runs outside the schoolroom, extending from it to the library, and over this balcony the voice seems to come.

"It's Grumpy himself!" exclaims Meg, in a horrified tone, falling back into Peter's arms.

"Uncle Mutius!" whispers Angelica.

"Then mum's the word," says Dick, throwing himself hurriedly into the nearest chair.

The heavy sound of pottering old footsteps, the thud of a stout stick, and now—Grumpy!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FISHERIES PROTECTION.

The Fleet in Canadian Waters This Year Will Consist of Seven Cruisers.

An Ottawa despatch says:—In Western Nova Scotia and along the shores of the Bay of Fundy the harbors are already white with the sails of the fishing fleet, and as soon as the last of the ice floes have drifted out of the gulf of St. Lawrence the fishermen all along the coast of the maritime provinces will be afloat for the season of 1893. The vanguard of the American mackerel catchers are about due in Canadian waters also, and with their arrival the duties of the Dominion fishery cruisers will commence. The protection fleet will this year consist of seven cruisers. The schooner Vigilante, Capt. Knowlton, now in the harbor at Shelburne, N. S., and will be put in commission on the 5th inst. The swift schooner Kingfisher, Capt. Kent, is fitting out at Shelburne, N. S., and will go in commission on the 1st of June. The steam cruiser Acadia the flagship of the fleet, will again be commanded by Lieut. Spain, R. N., and will be commissioned about the end of May. The steamer Curlew, Capt. Pratt, is now on duty in the Bay of Fundy. The Stanley, Capt. Finlayson, at present running between Pictou and Charlottetown, will be commissioned as a cruiser in June. The steamer La Canadienne, Capt. Bolanger, is fitting out at Quebec and will be ready to patrol the Gulf and Labrador coasts on the 1st of May.

The fishery steam cruiser Petrel is still at Owen Sound in the builder's hands. When taken over by the Government she will be used to protect the lake fisheries. The survey steamer Bayfield, also at Owen Sound, will be employed again this summer on the Georgian bay survey.

Staff Commander Boulton, R. N., who has had charge of this work for years, is about to return to England, having concluded his term of service with the Dominion Government.

THE ATLANTIC FLOATING ISLAND.

A Detached Piece of the Continent Said to be Floating in Mid-Ocean.

Unless the latest news of the drifting island in the Atlantic has failed to reach us, nothing has been heard of the remarkable mass of earth, roots, and verdure since it was sighted on September 19 last. At that time this bit of the New World seemed destined to add a trifle to the area of the Old. It was far north and east, and, considering its limited experience in navigation, was making good progress toward Europe. It is probable, however, that the October storms tore it to pieces and scattered its fragments over the ocean floor.

Several months ago some information about this remarkable sailor was given. Reports as to its size, printed soon after its discovery, seem to have been exaggerated. The mass was said to have an area of about two acres. We have no reason, to believe, however, that it was seen before July 28, when it appeared to be nearly square in outline, with a length of about a hundred and ten feet on each side, which would give it an area of less than a third of an acre. At that time it was nearly in the longitude of the Bermudas and the latitude of Wilmington, Del. It was in the centre of the Gulf Stream, a mass of earth thickly covered with tropical grass and bushes, whose roots apparently held it together. The mass was elevated above the general level, in one part, until the bushes that crowned it were thirty feet above the sea. It was in plain view at a distance of seven miles.

Nearly a month later the floating island was seen again. It was August 16, and the Gulf Stream had carried it a little north of the latitude of Boston. It was south of Newfoundland, was approaching the Grand Banks, and was in the track of transatlantic travel. More than two weeks later, on September 13 and 14, two vessels came across the wanderer. There was a heavy sea, and the traveller from the tropics was having a hard time of it. The floating mass was not, however, demolished by the violence of the waves, for it was seen again on September 19. It was then in the latitude of Cape Breton Island, was northwest of the Azores, and almost in mid-ocean. It has not been reported since, and probably failed to reach Europe. From the first to the last reports, this waif from tropical America certainly travelled 1,075 miles, and its total journey may have been at least twice that distance.

Floating islands are not a novelty. Parts of large river banks, particularly within the tropics, are sometimes torn away, carrying not only a great mass of vegetation, but also insects and reptiles, hundreds of miles down stream. These floating masses are a very common occurrence in the river Plate of South America. Floating islands are also observed at sea now and then, but we are not aware that they have ever before been reported at so great a distance from land; or that they have been found hitherto in the northern track of transatlantic commerce. The island whose progress over the ocean has just been traced for a remarkable distance, suggests an idea that is of great interest to geographers and geologists.

The fact that many close or complete resemblances were found to exist between the fossil and living flora and fauna of parts of the earth that are separated by great oceans, has long been regarded as evidence that these widely severed regions were once connected by a land bridge which, in the course of time, sank beneath the sea. It is well known that seeds enclosed in shells not easily penetrable may float in ocean currents for many hundreds of miles and produce their kind on the foreign shores they reach; but scientific men have not been able to see how land animals and many varieties of plants, most of them now known only as fossils, could be identically the same or very closely allied in regions severed by wide seas unless these regions were once connected by a land bridge.

We have now undoubted proof that a little speck of land, torn from some coast or river bank, crowned with vegetable if not animal life, has drifted half way across the ocean. It seems reasonable to suppose that floating islands, some of them many times larger than the island we have described, may have played an important part in the distribution of species with which they have not generally been credited.

Shut Up in a Coal Mine.

"The most horrible death of all is that of starving," observed Oscar Christiansen, a few days ago. "The most vigor is lost by being imprisoned in a cave or mine. Some years ago I was working in a coal mine near Padua, Ohio. The distance from the mouth down to the first vein, where I was working, was sixty-three feet. It was an eight foot vein, and had been well worked, so that many large chambers were made and plenty of space was had to move about in. A miner's life is rather weary some and lonely indeed. You have to labor all day long in darkness, with only a little wick lamp on your cap to break the intense darkness. The life is much too hard for the recompense. Then, one's life is always in danger. Great rocks are liable and do frequently fall; explosive gases and fire damp are generated, and the first approach of a light sets them off. The mine is then wrecked and the miners—well, I was once caught in a mine wreck, and in that great mine at Padua. I was working very quietly away back from the shaft of the mine, and all alone. My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked, and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away, and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again I was some what more calm, and began to move about. I crawled along, over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet, then I heard groans, and I knew I was near some injured miner. But here my progress stopped, and I had to quit. A few hours later my light burned out, and then my misery was complete. For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverance. It came eventually. I heard the sound of picks and spon the glimmer of miners' lamps shone through the various crevices. When an opening was made I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say that I look old now, when I am only 35, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endurable, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfulest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of."

Who Invented the Lucifer Match?

The first lucifer Matches, called friction lucifers, were invented and made by Mr. John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees, chemist. He was preparing some lighting mixture for his own use, when, by the accidental friction on the hearth of a piece of wood dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The information thus gained led Mr. Walker to commence the manufacture and sale of friction matches. Wooden splints were coated with sulphur and tipped with a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potash and gum. Each box was supplied with a piece of glass-paper folded in two. When a match was rapidly drawn between the folds of the paper, it at once took fire. The matches were expensive; each box containing eighty-four cost one shilling. Mr. Walker commenced selling these matches in April, 1827, and their use continued until 1833, when the process now in use was invented, and the common lucifer introduced. This process was introduced by Isaac Holden, and two or three others almost simultaneously in different places, so that it became impossible to say which of them can really claim credit for being the first. Many improvements have since been made from time to time, but no fundamental change has taken place in their manufacture. In 1840 red or amorphous phosphorus was manufactured, which led to the making of what are known as safety matches, which will only light when struck on a prepared box. In 1842 machinery was introduced, and matches were rapidly lowered in price, as the machinery for their manufacture was more and more improved, and now instead of a shilling for a single box a dozen boxes can be obtained for three-halfpence. Sweden exports one thousand million boxes of matches annually, and a single automatic machine in that country can cut ten million match-sticks per day, and it arranges them in a vat, where heads are put on at a surprising speed.

In the Austrian army there have been, on the average, 131 suicides per 100,000 men during the last five years. The suicides were equal to a fifth of the total mortality of the army during this period, and more deaths were due to this than to typhoid fever, pneumonia, or consumption.

HEALTH.

Music as a Substitute for Medicine.

The movement for using music instead of medicine in many complaints, especially in nervous cases, is rapidly gaining strength in London. At its head is the "Guild of St. Cecelia," which has for its objects: (1) To test, by trials made in a large number of cases of illness, the power of soft music to induce calmness of mind, alleviation of pain and sleep. (2) To provide a large number of specially trained musicians, who shall be in readiness to answer promptly the summons of a physician. (3) To provide a large hall in a central part of London, in which music shall be given throughout all hours of the day and night, this music to be conveyed by telephone attached to certain wards in each of the chief London hospitals. The question as to whether or not music should be regarded as one of the remedial agents upon which physicians can confidently rely has been discussed by Dr. Blackman in the *Medical Magazine*. He maintains that the effect of music is transmitted by a reflex action on the nerves which govern the supply of blood. The blood vessels are thus dilated, and the blood flows more freely and the sense of warmth is increased. By increased blood supply nutrition is effected; therefore, for the improvement of health, which depends upon nutrition, the musician is an indispensable ally of the physician. Dogiel, a Russian physician, in classifying, after numerous experiments, the physiological effects of music, shows that it exhibits a marked influence on the circulation of the blood, and the rise and fall of the blood pressure. The action of musical tones on animals and men expresses itself for the most part by increased frequency of the beats of the heart. The variations in the circulation consequent upon musical sounds coincide with changes in the breathing, though they may also be observed quite independently of it. The variations in the blood pressure are dependent on the pitch and loudness of the sound and on the tone color. In the variations of the blood pressure the peculiarities of the individuals, whether men or lower animals, are plainly apparent; and even nationality in the case of man has some effect. The practical effect of the operations of the Cecelia Guild has been that music produced general tranquillity, and sent over 50 per cent. of the patients to sleep. In one infirmary in seven out of ten patients the effect of the music was to reduce the temperature and also the pain from which they suffered. An attractive remedy for insomnia is suggested by Dr. Blackman in the shape of a musical box worked by an electric motor. Even non-enthusiasts now concede that much may be done in alleviating the pain and sufferings of the sick in hospitals by the judicious employment of music.

A New Cure for Consumption.

The introduction of the antiseptic treatment of wounds by Sir Joseph Lister is still a matter of modern history, and the enormous advantages which have accrued from the use of carbolic acid in surgical dressings, and the blessings which have followed on his successful method of preventing the putrefaction of wounds are universally acknowledged. The idea of utilizing antiseptics in lung disease has not hitherto, however, been reduced to a practical system. Dr. J. J. Hartnett has just made public his new method of treating pulmonary consumption by the inhalation of antiseptic dry air, combined with a rational system of hygiene and special diet. The merit of this system is mainly due to the clever way in which the latest discoveries of other scientists have been sifted and reduced to practice by its author. The failures of the past are lucidly and impartially explained. Dr. Hartnett shows why inhalations of steam or spray as means of conveying medicaments to the respiratory tracts have proved useless in their relation to pulmonary consumption; he points to the dangers attendant on the treatment of Prof. Koch, and why it failed in practice; and he also refers to the lamentable results which followed on the old system of treating consumption by means of expectorant and other mixtures which, though taken into the stomach, never reached the lung cells, the real seat of the disease. Following up these arguments, and clearly explaining the nature of the bacilli—the living germs which cause the disease—and the peculiar products known to scientists as toxines, which they excrete, Dr. Hartnett goes on to describe how these toxines, which are thrown off by the bacilli in the lungs, are the poisons which, when they are absorbed into the system, are the real cause of the symptoms peculiar to pulmonary consumption. To destroy the bacilli in the lungs, as well as the toxines they excrete, the patients are submitted to a system of constant inhalation of dry air, charged to the fullest extent with volatile extracts distilled from the Alpine pine, the eucalyptus globulus, or Australian gum tree, beech, creosote, menthol, and other preparations of a highly volatile nature and known as antiseptic; that is to say, they have the power of destroying bacteria or low forms of animal life, and of oxidizing the products which they throw off. The method of effecting this purpose is highly ingenious. The instruments used are of three kinds. The first is an apparatus composed of filtering and medicating slides, with a fan and electric motor, which charges the inhalation chambers with the volatile, antiseptic essences. The second is a compressed dry-air inhaler, devised for the purpose of home inhalations, so that patients can sit for hours daily blowing a constant blast of antiseptic air into the lungs during deep inspiration. The third is a neat contrivance in the form of a pocket inhaler, shaped like a cigar, by which those convalescent, or not suffering very acutely, can keep up the inhalations out of doors, or when attending to their ordinary avocations. The effects of the treatment are said to be very marked. After eight or ten days the patient loses the feeling of lassitude and depression from which consumptive invalids usually suffer, the expectoration diminishes, the cough soon subsides, and there are cases now on record of persons who are absolutely free from every sign or symptom of lung trouble and in the enjoyment of good health, who were but a short time ago considered hopelessly incurable cases of consumption. One of the greatest recommendations of the system is that it is perfectly safe, and can not harm the most delicate constitution. Special chambers are now fitted up, charged with the dry antiseptic air, in which patients sit for hours daily. In the scinhalation chambers there is artificially produced what nature does on a large scale in the pine and eucalyptus forests, and it is an indisputable fact that patients suffering from consumption do better amid such surroundings, where the disease never met with, than they do under any other climatic conditions. A large proportion of cases recover in the eucalyptus groves of Australia, and in the pine woods of Colorado and British Columbia.

Coffee Drunkenness.

The idea that tea and coffee are harmless stimulants, or exhilarants, as poetically but untruthfully expressed in the lines of Coleridge, "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," is probably