A LAME BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL OF MALADIES.

Mr. Peter Millar Suffered for Years, and Experimented With Many Medicines Before Finding a Cure.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Perhaps no prettier place is to be seen in Ontario than that at Newman's upper lock on the Rideau Canal. At this station for a quarter of a century resided Mr. Peter Millar, who during that period acted in the capacity of lockman, and was perhaps the best known man on the canal. Mr. Millar is now a resident of Merrickville, having retired from active life. To a correspondent of The Recorder he related the following experience: "For many years I was troubled with a lame back which gave me great pain at times, and caused me much loss of sleep. I tried different kinds of medicine but found little or no relief. The spring of 1895 I was assisting at getting out ice one day when I felt something snap or give way. Before I could straighten myself up, I [illegible] so bad that when I laid down I was unable to rise without assistance, and I fully made up my mind that I had become a chronic invalid, and never expected to see a well day again. A [illegible] weeks after my back had almost given out, I saw by an [illegible] newspaper that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a person troubled similarly. I [illegible] immediately sent and procured a [illegible] them. Before I had finished [illegible] I found my back somewhat [illegible]. I procured five boxes more [illegible] time they were used I found [illegible] perfectly cured. Since I took [illegible] I have not had a pain or [illegible] and my health has [illegible] than it had been for years before."

In [illegible] the genuine always ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as there are many pink colored imitations.

Midsummer Vacations.

Midsummer vacations have commenced [illegible] with the decrease of [illegible] at this season. The custom[illegible] called a strike where [illegible] regarding wages for the coming year have not been reached, and the [illegible] of amalgamated iron workers [illegible] July 1st, is of this [illegible] the strike of coal miners in [illegible] central Western States [illegible] may prove costly. In some iron and [illegible] works wages have been reduced owing to low prices. The general [illegible] that the removal of uncertainty will in any case increase business [illegible] of the future depends [illegible] the brightening prospects [illegible] highest importance. Estimates [illegible] usually most pessimistic [illegible] exceed any made a month [illegible] 550,000,000 bushels of wheat [illegible] conditions, but largely [illegible] of corn. Cotton prospects [illegible] as the crop appears to be [illegible] late in regions which [illegible]. The movement of [illegible] Dun's Review.

[illegible] never will be, a [illegible] remedy, for all [illegible] the very nature [illegible] such that were [illegible] and differently seated [illegible] the system of the [illegible] relieve one ill in [illegible] the other. We [illegible] a Quinine Wine, when [illegible] sound, unadulterated [illegible] many ills. [illegible] and judicious use, the [illegible] into convalescence [illegible] the influence which Quinine [illegible] restoratives. [illegible] spirits of those [illegible] state of morbid despondency [illegible] interest in life is a [illegible] the nerves, [illegible] refreshing sleep— [illegible] action of the blood, [illegible] courses through [illegible] the healthy [illegible] of the system, thereby [illegible] necessary result, [illegible] and giving life [illegible] which naturally [illegible] result, im[illegible] Northrop & Lyman of [illegible] the public their [illegible] the usual rate, [illegible] of scientists, [illegible] perfection of [illegible] druggists sell it.

[illegible] (in Oklahoma)—Is [illegible] a widow in the [illegible] the favor of the [illegible]

[illegible] Neither way. She's what [illegible] widder.

[illegible] was killed [illegible] stirred up with

[illegible] safe [illegible] of [illegible] with in [illegible] it is [illegible] and acts [illegible] all [illegible] of [illegible] that, a [illegible] at a [illegible] poor from

[illegible] Lessons.

[illegible] as valuable [illegible] us, and none [illegible] profit by them. [illegible] one miserable [illegible] never learns any[illegible] the lessons of the [illegible] useless ex[illegible].

[illegible] Mr. S. [illegible], Belle[illegible] used Dr. [illegible] Inflammatory [illegible] effects a [illegible] whole of one [illegible] have [illegible] rheumatism [illegible] of Dr. [illegible] hand, and I [illegible] others, as it did.

[illegible] Been There.

[illegible] that old saying, "All [illegible] is absurd. I [illegible] should be con[illegible]

[illegible] you have never been [illegible]

[illegible] Parmelee's Pills are [illegible] to the [illegible] Mr. John [illegible] Ont., writes: "I [illegible] that can equal [illegible] Dyspepsia or Liver [illegible]. The relief ex[illegible] was wonder[illegible] medicine Parme[illegible] given in all [illegible]

Her Reason.

Clara—Why did you ask Tom to give [illegible] of Jack?

Martha—Because Jack said I could [illegible] lessons, and Tom said it would take a dozen or so.

Mr. [illegible] Columbus, Ohio, writes: [illegible] afflicted for some [illegible] Liver Complaint, [illegible] Parmelee's Pills the best medicine [illegible]. These Pills do [illegible], and should be [illegible] is required. They are [illegible] Coated, and rolled in the [illegible] to preserve there purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste.

A Helping Hand.

Evangelist—Are you doing anything to make the world [illegible]?

The Friend—Well, I've killed our neighbor's dog and cat, and am now busy on a scheme to demolish the piano, sir.

TO THE STORE CLERK

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE EMPLOYED IN STORES AND FACTORIES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches to a Mighty Host of Toilers—He Gives Good Advice for the Life That Now Is as Well for the Life to Come.

Washington, July 12.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage addressed to the great host of clerks in stores and offices and factories will inspire such persons with healthful ambition and allay many of their annoyances. Text, Acts xvi, 14, "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us, whose heart the Lord opened." Proverbs xxii, 29; "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten, but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head and hand and heart and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them at the foot of the rainbow a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come, but she will after awhile invert the same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor and moral defeat. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores and shops and banking houses of the country. They are not an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, under circumstances which will either make or break them for time and for eternity. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are eyes abroad which deserve to be hunted down and dragged out into the noonday light.

Only a Schoolroom.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After awhile some December day the head men of the firm will call you into the back office and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us." We are going to do well by you. We are going to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home an old comrade will meet you and say, "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing!" But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel I am now addressing people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce and your will turn it this way or that. Now clerks, but to bankers, insurance company directors, importers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty "on change"—standing foremost in the great commercial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may on the platform plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forward with their means to sustain the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down a prominent street with his son, who has just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting $50,000 of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say, "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put $50,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail to Valparaiso and say, "Let me pilot this ship out to sea." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business, thinks there is another occupation more comfortable, goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale or Harvard or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men fumbling in business from year to year is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say, "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome, and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells $5,000 worth of goods in a year will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells $5,000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman!

Discipline.

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment and then submit to them. Every well ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral. It is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me. I am my own master. I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure, between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge or fret or complain, you go with ready hands and cheerful face and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command of "March!"

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say, "I could tell you something if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again, I counsel clerks to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment and resist them. In the 6,000 years that have passed there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store and say: "Sir, I want to serve you, I want to oblige you. It is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation, and while they sink you will rise. Do not because of seeming temporary advantage give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the verdancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

Annoyances.

Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves and stretch them out of shape, and they put on all styles of cloak and walk to the mirror to see how they look, and then they sail out of the store, saying, "I will not take it to-day," which means, "I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons and laces and cloths to smooth out $1,000 worth of goods, not a cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now, I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter and sneaks into the street, you all join in the cry pellmell, "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store not expecting to buy anything, but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too, "Stop thief!"

If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances, I would say, "Dry goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance, a great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "A dollar? Outrageous! A dollar!" Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturers on the banks of the Merrimac because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out toward the employer who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war. He levied the taxes. He puts up the rents. Of course the clerk!

Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would on a certain occasion tell the people what was in their hearts. A crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said, "I will tell you what is in your hearts—to buy cheap and sell dear." Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store! Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies, proving yourself to be a gentleman or a lady. Remember that if the prices are high and your purse is lean that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid those perplexities of commercial life and such a one comes home all worn out, be lenient and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seven times heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Bad Employers.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December, but when anything goes wrong—a streak of dust on the counter or a box with the cover off—thunder showers of scolding. Men imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks, their whole manner as much as to say, "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you." Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, when if a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful, but I mean in prosperous times. Some of you remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple rise in value of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson upholstery, rumbling in the long roll of the tenpin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after awhile a disaster will come along and will put one hand on this pillar and another hand on that pillar and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshipers as grapes are mashed in the wine press.

Then there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last 20 years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal. Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked, "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities, building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions and millions and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood and muscle and nerve of half paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any name, but I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you. You can't get any other place."

Good Employers.

Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchants who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks, when they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman. I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare. I want you to understand that if I am a little higher up in this store I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back 40 or 50 years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York, a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang, they prayed, they exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of Mammon were counting their golden beads. You say Arthur Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men, but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the gospel, and that he is before the throne of God to-day, forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

There are a great many young men and young women who want a word of encouragement, Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them to-morrow morning in their place of business than a present of $15,000 ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, and I remember the other man, who took my hand in both of his and said: "God bless you, my brother. You have entered a glorious profession. Be faithful to God and he will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that handshaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven 20 years. There are old men here to-day who can look back to 40 years ago when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got then. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties, from the granite hills of the north, from the savannas of the south, from the prairies of the west. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

The Final Lesson.

My word is to all clerks—be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich islander used to think when he slew an enemy all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever and the throne of God for a fulcrum you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, you stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God and you will rise up strong to thrash the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen raindrops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you to-day that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap. O young man, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save! In a hospital a Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang out on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah, he was only battling the specters of his own brain, but it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, to-day. There are 10,000 spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God up and at them.

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the custom house steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Washington and New York and London and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes and Babylon and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire bells of the judgment day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day all the affairs of banking houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side the clerks and the men who employed them. Every invoice made out, all the labels of goods, all certificates of stock, all lists of prices, all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains, all gougings, all snap judgments, all false entries, all adulteration of liquors with copperas and strychnine. All mixing of teas and sugars and coffees and sirups with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal and iron and oil and silver and stocks. On that day, when the cities of this world are smoking in the last conflagration, the trial will go on, and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk! No getting up early, no retiring late, no walking around with weary limbs, but a mansion in which to live and a realm of light and love and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne, for, while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

His One Weakness.

Farmer Medders—I understand that your son is learnin' the mandolin?

Farmer Hornbeak—Yes, but as in all other respects, he is a good boy, I shall continue to let him live at home.

A Comparison.

The parliamentary system in vogue in the Canadian provinces has a tendency to develop strong leadership, and to give that leadership a continuity of service that results in statesmanlike training of great value. Our American system gives high average training in public life to a larger number of men; but it would not seem so well to promote the development of permanent and highly trained leaders of the first rank, whose positions depend upon their unquestioned qualities of intellect and character. There is no particular reason why we in the United States should not feel as much interest and as much pride in the strong and admirable men who are our neighbors across the line in Canada, as anybody is entitled to feel in Great Britain. These men are the products of American rather than European conditions. They owe nothing more to their traditional ties with the old home beyond sea than we in the United States owe to our historical European ties.—From "The Progress of the World," in American Monthly Review of Reviews.

TO A POET.

And have you passed the Druid gates,
Where armed angels stand,
And found the house where Kathleen waits
To heal the thorn pricked hand,
And wreath with ivy leaves the head
Long bared to wind and rain,
Ere hand and head to the rose that's red
Be vowed, and her's remain?

And have you breathed the very air,
Full of the rose's breath?
Have you beheld her, strange and fair,
Yourself untouched of death?
How comes it, then, so bold you are
That you can bide the pain
Of seeing her grow faint and far
And earth your own again?

Yet lack of yours is gain of ours,
And we are very fain
To see you here mid earthly flowers,
Tended by mortal men.
Stay here awhile for kindness' sake
And sing the rose a space
Until, like you, our bonds we break
And see her very face.

—Norah Hopper.

THE WANDERER.

Thirty-four years ago a tree was planted and the letters "T. H. M." cut in the bark.

It was planted at the foot of a grave in a beautiful cemetery in one of the Ohio river towns in Kentucky. The letters were cut in the bark so that when the tree grew they would grow with it and not fade out as in wood and often in marble, but become more distinct with time. There was no headstone, footboard or other mark save the tree with the letters to indicate who the mortal was that reposed beneath the little mound of earth.

The tree grew and spread its branches as a canopy over the grave. Birds sang in its branches, wooing melodies to their mates, and fluttered in their ecstasy of joy as they taught their nestlings to stretch their wings and fly.

Visitors wondered what these letters meant and speculated long and often as to who was buried there, but none could answer.

It is the purpose of this narrative to throw some light on the subject, for it was the writer who cut the letters in the tree. It embraces one of those strange coincidences with which history furnishes an occasional parallel, but which may be classed among the marvelous when it occurs.

The story began with Mary Forbes, whom I knew in childhood days. She was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and we received our education together in the old log schoolhouse in the western part of Ontario.

Her young life was an unfortunate one. She was one of those born under a cloud, and the shadow followed her and grew darker from the sun's rise to its setting.

Among the children at school she went by the name of "Tow Headed Mary," a distinction conferred on her because of the resemblance of her hair to a bunch of tow. Her mind was not overly bright, and her mother and sisters imposed on her to a degree that was little short of criminal, and she was made a kind of drudge to the balance of the family. Some called her "daft," a phrase in the Scotch dialect which means a state of mind bordering between stupidity and something worse.

When asked a question, she would stop and think. It required time to get its purport through her brain. But as she grasped the idea her face would light up and show that although slow in comprehending she was not devoid of the reasoning faculties.

Her sister and even her mother ignored her to a large extent. When any gayety was in progress among the young people, Mary was left out. The school children, too, shunned her. In their merrymaking she took but little, if any, part. She was never seen to laugh and clap her hands in the ecstasy of childish joy.

I always thought and still think the Scotch treated their children with undue severity. They misconceived the purpose of religion, for to themselves and offspring it was a matter of gloom, of rigid adherence to doctrines that neither they nor anybody else could understand.

Mary's parents were Scotch, and adhered to the old rules, maxims and dogmas of the kirk. Surrounded with such an atmosphere it would be a miracle if her mind ever became bright.

Between her and myself a degree of childish sympathy sprang up.

I used to favor her in many little ways, which seemed to do her a world of good.

It's a beautiful thing in our nature that the heart can be touched and softened by little acts of kindness which cost the dispenser nothing and yet are often treasured up for a lifetime by the recipient.

Mary was a girl of 15 or thereabout when I left home to begin life. From that time forward I lost all trace of her. Our courses in life diverged. It was the parting of the ways. The opening of the great war between the north and south found me in a small town on the Ohio river in Kentucky. It was an unfortunate locality to be in during those exciting times, for the raids of one army or the other kept the people in constant apprehension and dread. Grant had already taken Fort Donelson and pushed the Confederate army back into Tennessee. Many of those following the Confederate cause returned into Kentucky in small independent bands and waged a guerrilla warfare from one end of the state to the other. This necessitated on the part of the government the establishment of military posts, with a strong guard, at nearly all the towns on the Ohio river. Between these roving bands and the Federal troops daily skirmishes or night attacks became a common occurrence.

Sometimes these engagements would occur in the towns or along the public highway, wherever by chance or design the opposing forces met. At such meetings there would occur a fusillade that would last from five minutes to half an hour, according to the numbers engaged.

It may be mentioned here that during the war there was a disposition among many of the soldiers on both sides to hide their identity. They evidently enlisted in the armies from other motives than patriotism. If not killed outright, they were willing and anxious to be lost to all who ever knew them before. They enlisted under various assumed names and all manner of disguises. When killed, not a scrap of paper could be found to tell who they were. In a few instances women would don male attire and enter the armies. Their sex was often discovered in hospitals when wounded and under treatment.

Whenever a skirmish occurred in or about our town the services of the citizens were enlisted in behalf of the wounded. We improvised a hospital for the immediate treatment of the worst cases, such as could not be moved with safety on board the transporter to government hospitals.

On one of these occasions, after a more than usually severe skirmish, a number of wounded men were brought in on stretchers. One among the number was so badly injured that for a time we thought he would surely die before the surgeon could reach him. He was suffering from a bad wound in the side, the ball having passed entirely through his body. It became necessary to remove his clothing, and in doing so we discovered it was a woman.

It required but a short time for the surgeon to pronounce the wound a fatal one. All that could be done was to make the passage to the other world as easy as possible for the patient.

That night we endeavored to discover who she was, but without success. In appearance she was a woman of middle life, blond hair, cut short, and physically strong. Her face was bronzed from exposure and could have been easily mistaken for that of a man, particularly when half covered with the regulation soldier's cap. We examined her clothing in search of a scrap of paper or anything else on which her name might be written, but found nothing. It was the old story, with which we had become familiar, of hiding her identity. It would be one more added to the list of the "unknown dead," for whom is set apart space in every military cemetery in the land.

It was my turn to be on watch that night, and as she was sinking fast I made repeated efforts to extract from her some intimation of who she was, but at each effort she shook her head, but made no reply.

I had previously detected a slight Scotch accent in her speech, and, knowing the strong feeling of nationality in the race, I drew my chair close to her couch and, gently taking her hand, I said: "My good woman, you must be aware that your life is fast going out, and that a few hours at best will see the end. I have no personal interest in knowing who you are or what misfortune has brought you to so untimely a pass. But there may be others who have a personal interest in knowing your fate, and as I perceive by your accent you are Scotch or of Scotch parentage I would be glad to do you a service, for I am partly of that nationality myself."

I ceased speaking, but there was no reply. She simply looked at me, nothing more. My finger was on her pulse. It fluttered, bounded and fluttered again.

I waited. Her eyes were still on my face, but she said nothing. She was very weak, and I gave her time. It might have been 20 minutes or half an hour.

"What's your name?" she said at length.

I told her and waited as before. I was long in doubt whether she would pursue the matter further, but at last came the question, "Where are you from?"

Glad of the opportunity, I gave her the name of the state, county, nearest town and neighborhood in which I was born.

For a short space I thought the heart ceased to beat. The pulse was beyond my sense of touch. But she revived slowly and in an hour's time was able to speak. "Come close to me," she said, "for I am very weak."

I drew my chair and bent over her.

"Did you know a family by the name of Forbes?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There was a family of that name in our neighborhood, and the children were my schoolmates."

There was another long pause. In her weak condition it required time to collect and shape ideas. There was nothing to do but wait, for experience told me that if pressed for a disclosure she would simply say nothing.

In the interval I was revolving in my mind who she could possibly be and what connection she had with the Forbes family. I called to mind each one of the children, but could see in the dying woman's face no resemblance. To be sure, it was 20 years since I had seen any of them, and they were at that age when years of maturity would bring the greatest changes. In this interval of waiting she was lying completely passive. She at length turned her eyes full on my face, and her lips moved as if to speak. I bent over her that I might catch each whisper.

"Do you remember," she said, "their daughter Mary?"

"Yes," I answered, "but surely you are not Mary Forbes?"

"No," she said very faintly, "I am only Tow Headed Mary. They never treated me right."

I was paralyzed with astonishment.

My thoughts went back to Mary's child life. I sat motionless by the side of the poor dying victim of neglect, if not cruelty. I could see the "towhead" as I saw it in childhood's days. I saw her sad face, spiritless and subdued, and I could hear the mother's voice in harsh, unsympathetic tones, driving the unfortunate child about like a slave.

And this was the end. What intermediate steps led up to it I know not, nor did it matter. The clouds that enveloped her young life had followed her to the sun's setting.

While I sat thus in a reverie, she turned her face toward me. "Let no one know," she whispered, "where I am buried. I die for him."

My finger was on her pulse. It fluttered, stopped, rose again, and again receded. Her eyes were still fixed on my face with an expression of gratitude.

It was already morning. The first rays of the sun that dispelled the mists and clouds in the eastern horizon penetrated the little window of our improvised hospital and fell on the face of the dead.

She passed away without a struggle. I was in doubt for a time whether she was in fact dead, for her eyes seemed to be still searching my face. They were sightless orbs now, but perhaps their vision had been already transferred to a brighter and happier land, where she will be treated right.

I never knew who the "him" was she referred to, nor did I learn why she abandoned her people and disowned her sex for the life of a soldier.

My sympathies were all in her favor, let her be soldier or anything else, for I knew the hopeless life of her childhood days. I performed my duty to her remains and planted the tree at the foot of her grave. I cut the initial letters "T. H. M." in the bark, which stand for "Tow Headed Mary."

I watched its growth for many years, and at each recurring season when I visited the grave—for I must confess it had a melancholy charm for me—I recounted the sad history of poor Mary Forbes.—J. Campbell in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Queen Bess' Giant.

Queen Elizabeth had a Flemish porter who was over 8 feet high and of great strength, and he was an extremely good natured man. Whenever he met any one who was abnormally tall he used to patronize him in a friendly sort of way, and on one occasion, when he met in an inn two soldiers who were over 6 feet in height, he said, "Come under my arms, my little fellows." And taking them up he walked down the room with them under his arms as if they had been children, much to their disgust.—London Standard.

Horseless Wagon vs. Horse.

Never sweats.
Doesn't feel its oats.
Has no kick coming.
Couldn't if he had.
Can go on a mile track without a skip and never turn a hair.
Can't be jockeyed.
Never scares at trolley cars.
Doesn't "eat its head off."
Goes like lightning.
Never stalls in an ash wagon.
Can't be spurred.
Doesn't get hot under the collar.
Not afraid of bikers.
Never backs over the dump.
Doesn't buck like a broncho.
Isn't afraid of the stable boss.
Not a high flyer.
Will not jump on the horseshoer.
"Anybody can ride it"—if he or she knows how.
Defies the hostler.
Doesn't demolish the dashboard with its heels.
Doesn't want to stop at every watering trough on the road.
Has no object in taking the bit in its teeth.
It will not bite.
Doesn't eat much.
Isn't afraid of getting its hoof caught in a slot.
Has no reason to depend on mano strength.

STILL—

It can't do much plowing.
Hence—it is not the farmer's friend.
Wouldn't be much account in a hurdle race—cause it can't jump fences and things.
Couldn't "follow the hounds" in a fox hunt.
Doesn't know gee from haw.
It is liable to come on top of the pedestrian "so sudden."
It has wheels.

BUT—

It's a good thing which doesn't need pushing along.

Removing Stains From Linen.

Wine stains in linen may be effectually removed by holding the stained article in milk that is still boiling on the fire. Fruit stains are best treated with yellow soap, well rubbed into each side of the stain, after which tie a piece of pearlash in the stained portion of the fabric and boil the article in water. When finally removed and exposed to the light and air in drying, the marks will gradually disappear. Mildew spots on linen should be rubbed with soap and fine chalk powder.

A Clever Chappie.

"Herbert Watts is a clever fellow. He couldn't find an umbwellah that would roll tight enough to suit him. What do you suppose he did?"

"I cawn't imagine."

"He had an umbwellah covah made for his cane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE GYPSY MOTH.

WHICH COSTS A STATE OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

Desperate Efforts Made in Massachusetts to Exterminate the Nuisance—Peculiar Origin of the Pest.

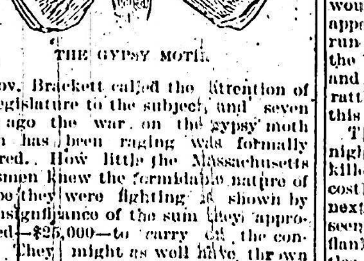
After spending $195,000 during the past six years in waging war upon the gypsy moth the state of Massachusetts has just made another appropriation of $150,000 for the same purpose. The moth will eat up that trifle in less time than it takes to collect it of the taxpayers and go marching on in countless millions more ready to meet the next attack.

Mr. Fernald, the entomologist of the Massachusetts state board of agriculture, estimates that it will require $200,000 a year for the next five years, then $100,000 a year for five years more and then another period of five years at $15,000 per year—$1,575,000 in all—to extirpate this pest. This, of course, is saying nothing of the hundreds of thousands of dollars' damage that will be done in the meantime to trees and crops.

And, says the New York World, it all came about because a Frenchman 28 years ago left a tray standing by an open window where the wind whisked its contents out to the ground below and then scattered them hither and thither. The Frenchman was Mr. Trouvelot and the contents of the tray were eggs of the gypsy moth Mr. Trouvelot had brought with him to Massachusetts from Paris. The Frenchman knew the mischief he had inadvertently wrought, for he knew the gypsy moth—knew its astounding breeding powers and knew the damage it had done in France. No living creature, unless it be the Australian rabbit, has such tremendous capacity for reproduction as this devastating moth or worm.

In a few years after that unlucky puff of wind in the vicinity of Medford had sown the seed fully 30 townships in Massachusetts were being ravaged by the moth. It was like trying to bail out the ocean with a spoon for individual farmers or even committees to make war upon the invaders. Where thousands were killed hundreds of thousands sprang up in a night to take their places and breed millions more.

It was evident that there must be something more than spasmodic effort at extermination or the state of Massachusetts would be stripped bare of foliage.



THE GYPSY MOTH.

So Gov. Brackett called the attention of the legislature to the subject, and seven years ago the war on the gypsy moth which has been raging was formally declared. How little the Massachusetts statesmen knew the formidable nature of the foe they were fighting is shown by the insignificance of the sum they appropriated—$25,000—to carry on the conflict. They might as well have thrown their money to the winds. The next year the moths were worse than they had ever been before, and they have been growing steadily worse from year to year ever since.

But Massachusetts has not thus far followed the lead of Australia in calling upon the world for help in exterminating her prolific rabbits and offering enormous rewards for any recipe that would destroy them. Massachusetts has undertaken her own fight and seems at last to realize the magnitude of what she has on her hands. It is true that at a former session of congress Massachusetts did ask for a appropriation of $40,000 to help her carry on the war. But congress declined. It was decided to take no part in a insect war that was entirely local. So Massachusetts was left to work out her own salvation, and she has gone into the task with all her traditional energy of purpose.

Tally Sticks.

That tally sticks were at one time pretty general may be concluded from the derivation of the word "score." In its original signification a "score" is a "scar," a cut made in a counting stick. So also a "tally" is derived from the French taille.

The Roman numerals are derived from scores. They were mere notches cut in wood originally. The V for five was a rude representation of the outspread hand, and the X in like manner symbolized all ten fingers; the IV was a comparatively late innovation; originally the IV was represented by four strokes, or notches, as in clock dials.

The old Celtic alphabet—the Ogham writing—was of very similar nature. It consisted of notches cut at the corner of a square stone or else from a stem line. The letters B, L, F, S, N are formed by cutting strokes at right angles to the stem line on the right hand, and the letters H, D, T, C, Q by strokes at right angles to the left. Thus, a single stroke to the right is B and to the left is H, two to the right are L, and the same number to the left is D. Three to one side are F, three to the other are T. Long strokes, numbering from one to five, cutting the stem diagonally, expressed M, G, Ng, St, R, and short strokes, numbering from one to five, cutting across the stem at right angles, give the vowels.

It is easy to see that the tally stick was used for numbers before the alphabet was thought of by our Celtic forefathers. Having proved the tally stick valuable for accounts, they applied it for writing messages on rods and memorials on tombs.—Chambers' Journal.

Responsibility in Church Work.

We all need responsibility. It rouses us and helps us to grow, and churches ought to be the first to accord it. It needs tact and judgment to divide it fairly, for all are not equally fitted for the same thing, but there is no one in any parish in the land who is not able to help along in some department of church work, and most are far more willing to do their share than church officials always know.

First of the Season.

"That was a neat way Gobang took to give his wife a new bathing-suit."

"I hadn't heard. How was it?"

He rolled it up and left it in her napkin-ring."

How He Made a Saving.

"That mine in Tuolumne county is costing me a mint of money," said a local capitalist to one of his employees. "I wish you would figure around and see if you can't make a saving somewhere. If you can, I'll raise your salary $50 a month."

"But suppose I can't make a saving of $50 a month?" inquired the young man.

"Well, I've tried to figure it out myself, and I can't find where I can save a cent. If you can, you are worth $50 a month more."

"All right, sir. I'll look into it."

The young man went over all the accounts, but he could not find where he could cut down a single expense. Finally it occurred to him that he was drawing $25 a month for acting as secretary of the mining company.

"I've found a place where you can save $25 a month," he informed his employer the next day. "I've cut off that salary of $25 a month we've been paying the secretary for doing nothing."

He got his rise.—San Francisco Post.

A Setback.

"We hunted up that intellectual woman who invented the self rocking cradle. We wanted to give her a vote of thanks."

"Well, how did she receive you?"

"The inventor turned out to be a man who wanted to get off to the baseball game."—Detroit Free Press.

RATS HOLD THE FORT.

Refuse to [illegible] by Dog or Cat and Get [illegible] Steal Nightly.

Within a stone's throw of Sixth avenue, where Broadway crosses that thoroughfare at Thirty-fourth street, there is a two-story frame building which is overrun by rats. The building is an old one, [illegible] three months ago it had been [illegible] for some time.

On the ground floor of the building is a saloon. The second floor is used as a reception room where men and women may [illegible].

When the present occupant of the building started his saloon his bartenders were [illegible] every morning by the disappearance of [illegible] eggs that had been left under the [illegible] at closing time. They couldn't imagine where the eggs went to until [illegible] seen eating one of the shells.

When the eggs were put out of their reach the rats turned loose on the sugar. Lump and powdered sugar disappeared in surprising quantities. It was kept in small wooden boxes screwed to the top of the bar, but the rats bit through the boxes. [illegible] free lunch began to vanish through [illegible] in the rear of a big ice box, [illegible] to the ice box an inside case [illegible] to be gnawed through. [illegible] that all the food left over night [illegible] box had been stolen or [illegible], the proprietor of the saloon [illegible] that he would get rid of his [illegible] guests. He got a female cat [illegible] who gave her a long pedigree as [illegible] exterminator of rats. The cat entered [illegible] her new duties, and for two days [illegible] seemed to have selected a new [illegible]. When the cat gave birth to three kittens [illegible] she was kept busy caring for [illegible] and forgot the rats. Three days after the kittens appeared one was stolen by the rats. The next night another was carried off, and the third [illegible] the litter met a like fate a day or two later. Finally the rats tackled [illegible]. In the early morning [illegible] was found on the barroom floor. She was badly bitten about [illegible] and pieces of her fur were scattered about the floor. There was not [illegible] that any of the rats had been [illegible].

One of the bartenders owns a bulldog named Jim. Jim is an ugly-looking brute and his temper is no sweeter than his looks. If there is anything Jim hates more than other dogs it is rats. Therefore [illegible] thought rats would be scarce [illegible] was installed in the saloon.

The bulldog was left in the saloon when it was closed for the night. Early in the morning, when Jim was placed on guard, people passing saw a very angry bulldog rushing up and down the saloon. In the [illegible] light it was hard at first to see what he was after. If one looked closely he could make out the forms of [illegible] close up against the walls [illegible]. When the dog would [illegible] them they would disappear [illegible] while a rat would run [illegible] barroom floor. Quick as the [illegible] the rats were quicker, and [illegible] hours Jim was badly rattled. The rats seemed to recognize this [illegible] grew bolder.

The [illegible] supremacy lasted all night [illegible] dog was worsted. He killed [illegible] rat, and it was such a costly [illegible] Jim was banished the next [illegible] rat killed was first seen [illegible] board behind the bar, flanked by glassware and unopened bottles [illegible] espied the rat, apparently [illegible] it appeared, but the dog [illegible] was playing a losing game [illegible] strategic. With his business [illegible] rat behind the bar, Jim [illegible] his tormentors on the [illegible] in a direct line with the [illegible] board, however, Jim made [illegible] sprang over the bar [illegible] the rat. There was a crash [illegible] followed by growls and the [illegible] of the dying rat. Making [illegible] was a thorough one the dog [illegible] body of the rat to the [illegible] floor. Crouching down beside [illegible] to see if life was extinct [illegible] still on guard when the saloon [illegible] in the morning.

The [illegible] getting rid of that one rat [illegible] over $50, and the proprietor [illegible] figured that he [illegible] at that rate before half of [illegible] been killed.

The [illegible] saloon are confirmed topers [illegible] their favorite beverage, [illegible] the beer trough every night [illegible] rats have been killed because [illegible] too drunk to get to their [illegible] beer they drink [illegible] their appetites, and [illegible] on the free lunch are more [illegible] whole cheese has been eaten [illegible] meats go as quick[illegible].

Poison [illegible] to, but one experiment [illegible] that line of battle. The [illegible] baked on a piece of cheese [illegible] rat nibbled at. [illegible] and three days after [illegible] wall had to be torn out.

The [illegible] to clean the bar [illegible] the rats would [illegible] pipes to get their supply [illegible].—New York Sun.

[illegible] the Lags.

"[illegible] arrange it so [illegible] flowers?"

"[illegible] Whenever I take [illegible] lets me stop the clock."

[illegible] Grows Old.

Miss [illegible] years of age, I inquired. [illegible] Who is he? At 25, What [illegible] Where is he?

Sentimental Soul.

Weary Watkins—Funny, but I've been hearin' crickets for two or three days all the time.

Hungry Higgins—Yes, they're two of 'em in [illegible]. Don't they sound homelike and all that sort of thing?—Indianapolis Journal.

Cautious to a Degree.

"That deaf mute seems to be a pretty sharp fellow, but he is very quiet."

"Yes, and he's mighty silent. Why, he never lets his right hand know what his left hand is saying."—New York Journal.

An Example.

"What's kleptomania, daddy?" asked [illegible].

"Kleptomania," the old man explained by illustration, "is a disease dat might make a nigger steal punkins w'en dey was a watermelon patch in de same lot."—Indianapolis Journal.

Masculine Stupidity.

"There is one idea that you can never get out of the average man's head."

"What is that?"

"The idea that his wife hasn't anything to do and that she could lounge in the hammock all day if she wanted to."—Chicago Record.

[illegible] Stage and Off.

"It isn't well [illegible] that Joe Jefferson is a [illegible] fisherman?"

"It was [illegible]

[illegible] forgets his lines."

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