

A COMMANDO.

Boer Snipers Killed Single Shot.

contended behind the bush on the river bank. A well-aimed shrapnel shell was sent into the bush. Eight of the Boers were killed, and the ninth, who was wounded, surrendered.

General Hunter's column has burned the village of Bothaville, 39 miles from Commando's drift, to the ground. The reason for this was that the Boers in that vicinity had been sniping at the British continuously.

The Boer Commandant de Villiers was killed at Bloemfontein of wounds received in a recent battle.

The declarations are so totally opposed to those made by President Kruger that the Dutch Consul at Lorenzo Marques thinks it is believed here that he has either been misquoted or has been misinformed as to the ex-President's intentions.

VOLUNTEERS' RETURN.

HIGH PRICES PAID FOR SEATS TO VIEW PROCESSION.

A dispatch from London says—The same seats for vantage points where the procession of the City of London Imperial Volunteers can be witnessed is progressing. High prices are being paid. It costs from five shillings to half a guinea for a seat along the Strand, and from two to three guineas along Fleet street.

The wine list for the banquet to returning troops includes 900 quarts of champagne, 400 bottles of sherry, and 300 bottles of claret. This is a peculiar commentary on the request recently issued by Lord Wolsley to the people not to give drinks to the returning soldiers.

ROUNDING UP SPIES.

Remarkable Scenes Witnessed in Johannesburg.

A dispatch from Johannesburg says—A remarkable scene was witnessed here during the morning market. The busy market was largely attended by Boer farmers from the neighbourhood. About seven o'clock, when business was in full swing, the market square became suddenly alive with soldiers, who, having formed a complete cordon, closed in upon the farmers and others attending the sales. Each man was ordered to exhibit the permit which his indisposition to all burghers, etc., under the provisions of martial law, which still prevails here. It was discovered that over fifty men were without permits, and they were thereupon arrested and taken under guard to the fort. Some who were able to give satisfactory accounts of themselves were subsequently released, but the majority are still detained in custody.

The movement, which was directed by the military governor, was cleverly carried out. Its object was to capture Boer spies suspected of using burghers' permits to enable them to enter the town and obtain information for the enemy in the field.

Yesterday the Queen prorogued Parliament until December.

The Hendersons will build the new Shamrock, which is to compete for the America's cup next summer.

English ironmasters protest against giving contracts to Americans for South African railways and bridges.

The departure from Cape Town of the American Consul, Mr. Stowe, was celebrated by the Masonic fraternity there.

Every branch of the British army will be represented in the Duke of York's body guard, when he goes to Australia.

It is proposed to construct a ship canal from Southampton to London. This would enable transatlantic ships to land passengers and freight in London many hours earlier than by any other route.

It is officially announced that Great Britain and Germany have agreed to maintain the territorial integrity of China and to keep the Chinese ports and rivers open for trade, as far as that extent.

Tragic Day was observed in London in the usual manner, namely, the decorating of the Nelson column. A new feature was the introduction of French and Spanish flags in honor of the sailors who fought on the hostile ships.

The Pope is indisposed on account of a cold.

Gen. Linares is Spain's new Minister of War.

The famine outlook in India is generally improving.

There is a big street railway strike at Kingston, Jamaica.

A new sea serpent has turned up on the coast of Japan.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

"Have you been long in communication with the spirit world?" asked Lashmar.

Griselda told them how the spirits of the dead had been her frequent visitors from the time she came to live with Mrs. Minchin; how they had held converse with her and revealed secrets which she dared not impart to mortal ears. She trembled visibly as she spoke of those revelations, and the twitches about her pale, expressive eyes were more marked.

"In all these spirit communications have you ever received any message of practical value?" asked Nestorius; but this question seemed outside Griselda's power of apprehension.

"Those communications are not to be measured by the common standard," said Mrs. Minchin tartly. "If you mean to ask me whether the spirits have ever named the winner of the Derby or prophesied a rise in railway shares, no; and I should cease to believe in them if they lowered themselves by any such paltering with grosser things."

"Then I fear the spirits will not be able to help me," said Lashmar, much troubled by the disappearance of the one who is very dear to me, do you think the spirits will tell me how to find her?"

"Try the slates, Griselda," said Mrs. Minchin, and the medium silently proceeded to obey.

First, she drew forth an old-fashioned Pembroke table, covered with a green cloth of particularly Philistine pattern. She took off the cloth and laid out upon the table, leaving all clear beneath. Then from another part of the room she brought two ordinary school slates, a small basin of water and a sponge, and carefully washed both slates before the eyes of Lashmar and Nestorius, who watched as intently as if this slate-washing had been the most delicate of surgical operations.

When the slates had been dried, Griselda allowed the neophytes to examine them, while she produced a crayon box containing some odd bits of slate pencil, about the third of an inch long.

"Will the spirits write upon the slate with one of these pencils?" asked Nestorius.

"Yes, a spirit will write. You can choose a piece of pencil."

"Thanks, may I mark it?"

"Certainly."

Nestorius took out his penknife and notched an N upon the butt end of the pencil.

The girl placed four chairs round the table. Then she put one slate on the top of the other, with the mark of pencil lying in the hollow space between the two frames. Then Mrs. Minchin, Nestorius, Lashmar, and Griselda sat round the table, holding each other's hands, the medium giving Lashmar her left hand, while with her right she held the slate under the table, her right thumb showing above the table.

Griselda then told Lashmar to ask a question.

"Have you the power to answer my question?" he asked.

There was no reply. They waited for some time in silence, and then the medium suggested that Lashmar and Nestorius should change places; whereupon Nestorius placed himself next the medium and held her hand in his.

Two minutes afterwards they heard a violent scratching on the slate. When they looked at it there appeared the following words:

"Between great minds in all the words there is communion—Nelly."

The message was flattering to Nestorius, but somewhat futile. The signature had a frivolous air which repelled Lashmar.

"Who is Nelly?" he asked discontentedly.

"She is one of my guides," answered Griselda gravely. "The spirits are here and will answer. Ask what you will. You can write your question on a slate if you like, and no one here need know what you ask."

She gave Lashmar another crayon out of her crayon box, and, unconcerned, he wrote his question on one of the slates.

"Is it necessary that the slates should be underneath the table?" asked Nestorius. "Could they not be held above it?"

"Yes," answered Griselda; "above the table if you like."

At her direction they all stood up in a circle and held the double slate above the table. For some minutes there was silence; then came the scratching sound as before, and Lashmar felt the vibration as the pencil trailed along it. Then came three sharp taps with the pencil, signifying that the message was finished.

Lashmar turned the slate with feverish eagerness. The spirit message was written in a corner, the writing the reverse way of the medium's position.

"Look for her among the dead!" That was the message. Lashmar

turned white and sick as he read.

He held the slate towards Nestorius, pointing to the words with tremulous finger, and the statesman's pale cheek blanched a little as he deciphered them.

"Have you any other question to ask?" inquired Griselda with an exhausted air.

"No, I will ask no more," said Lashmar. "It is holding communion with the devil."

And he faltered a hasty expression of gratitude to Mrs. Minchin, looked with undisguised horror at the wooden faced medium, bowed hastily to both and hurried from the room.

"Don't be frightened or disheartened," said Nestorius, when they were in the hall waiting for his lordship's phaeton, to drive up to the porch, "there may be nothing in it—a mere clever trick, perhaps, which we are not able to discover."

"Trick or no trick, it is diabolical," muttered Lashmar. "How came that devilish pencil to put down my worst fear into words—a fear I have hardly acknowledged to myself. Such things must come from direct traffic with Satan. I begin to think our ancestors were not such fools as we take them to have been when they burnt witches. And as for Urban Grandier, I dare say he thoroughly deserved the stake."

There was a pause, a silence which seemed long. Victorian still on his knees by his mother's chair.

"I have missed her sorely," she said at last, "yes, sorely. She comforted me with that low, sweet voice of hers her reading has been a kind of music which soothed my tortured nerves. She has been very sweet, infinitely patient, as sympathetic as I would ever allow her to be. But you are right in your accusation, Victorian, I was never kind to her. We come of a hard race, a race with whom pride of birth has been ever a kind of religion. It is difficult to stoop when such pride as that is bred in our bone, the heritage of a thousand generations. And for my son to marry a girl of no parentage—a domestic in his mother's house!"

"Her father was an Oxford graduate."

"My dear Victorian, consider the herds of Oxford graduates, down to the sons of Oxford fair dressers. People will ask who your wife is. How can you answer them?"

"I will leave the answer to time and the lady who bears my name. Her beauty and her genius should be an all-sufficient answer. But she is not mine yet; I am, talking like Alnaschar. God knows where and when she and I may meet. I am haunted by a hideous foreboding, tortured by the maddening iteration of six miserable words."

"What words?"

"Look for her among the dead,"

And then he told his mother the story of the slate-writing, and how he had tried to look upon the whole thing as a folly, but had been distracted by the import of words which seemed to interpret his worst fears.

"Was it my brain that impelled the pencil?" he said. "Had my thoughts any electrical power which transmitted meaning through a self-acting slate pencil? It seems like madness."

"My poor Victorian," she murmured, "to think that you who were once so sensible should fill your mind with such follies! On the eve of a general election, too, when you want all your wits about you."

Lashmar walked up and down the room in silence, for a few minutes, and then came back to his mother's chair and stood looking down at her.

"You are not very angry with me, I hope, mother," he said softly.

"No, Victorian, I am not angry with you. I am only angry with Fate, which fashions all things so differently from our dreams. To think that this girl whom we both despised should have changed the very current of both our lives. What can I say to you? If you choose to marry her, I cannot hinder you. I am deeply disappointed and deeply chagrined, that is all. I feel that my life has been a failure."

"You will not feel that, mother, in the days to come, when my wife is to you as a daughter. When, with God's blessing, you shall see her children rise up and call you blessed. Good-night, I will not stay with you another moment. We have talked too much for your strength already. Shall I send Barber?"

"Barber," repeated her ladyship with a sigh; "yes, I suppose she had better come to help me to bed. She is a good soul, but when I am ill she always makes me worse."

"Look for her among the dead!" All through the long, sleepless night those words haunted Lashmar with a mechanical, senseless repetition.

He determined on going to Brumm directly after breakfast next morning. He would endeavor to see Griselda alone, free from the influence of old Mrs. Minchin.

He went to his mother's room immediately after leaving his own, but was not able to see her. Barber informed him that her ladyship had had one of her bad nights and was trying to get a morning sleep.

Lady Carmichael appeared at breakfast table, which was altogether an unusual thing.

"I am going home directly after breakfast," said Lord Lashmar, who said to Lady Lashmar, "I am dreadfully sorry to leave this

impassioned face with absolute horror. "Is this madness?" she murmured. "Why, I thought you hated the girl."

"So did I, mother. God knows I tried my hardest to hate her, schooled myself to believe that I detested her, would not suffer my eye to linger upon her face or my memory to recall her gracious presence. And yet in spite of it all she drew me. I believe Providence meant her for me—that my brother trained her for me—that all things have tended unawares to one happy ending—she is to be mine!"

"If you do this thing, Victorian—if you, my son, with your opportunities, marry so far beneath you, I suppose you know that you will break my heart?"

"I know that I will do nothing of the kind, mother sweetest. There will be a feeling of disappointment, no doubt. You would have preferred to see the Lashmar coffers replenished with the wealth Danbrook made in the iron trade. But this regret once past, you will rejoice in your new daughter, since she has been as a daughter to you already, though you did not know it."

In 1705 a man named Joseph Lang was in the service of the monastery at Ettal. When that institution was suppressed, Lang's occupation was gone but he was a handy man, both with tools and with colors, and wandering down to Oberammergau he halted there a little to see if he could work himself in with the industry already established there of toy making. At first he made simple frames of the plainest sort but soon he began to paint wooden figures of saints, apostles, Holy Virgins and Christs which he imported from Tyrol and sent back there to be sold. Then he opened a carving department and before long he had a large majority of the Oberammergau villagers working for him, both as carvers and colorers in this business—a great enlargement of their previous trade of mere toy making.

Lang had eleven sons and ten of them became carvers and one a painter and gilder in their father's establishment. One of the sons, George Lang, developed much business talent perceived the advantages of widening business connections and established agencies in many countries, chiefly in Russia. He had six sons, all of whom followed the trades of carving, painting and gilding. The youngest of these sons, Johann, succeeded to his father's business in 1824 and was perhaps the cleverest man of the line. He went from country to country all over Europe and had his agents in America, England, Russia and Australia. He was on terms of acquaintance everywhere and was sometimes called "The King of Oberammergau."

Again and again the villagers wished to make him Burgomaster or Magistrate, but he would not accept the position. In 1847 he was a rich man, but two years later he was poor owing to his almost unexampled generosity during Oberammergau's long ordeal of trouble. The virtues of "The King of Oberammergau" shone forth very brightly when a large part of the village was burned and many families were homeless or without father or brother to support them.

Johann Lang supported the village. To those who could work he gave work whether their services had present value to him or not. To those who could not work he gave food, shelter and clothing. In 1849 he was poor simply from his lavish giving. He had only two sons, both of whom he had educated in the law. Thus the spell of the succession in the craft of woodworkers was broken and the business passed into other hands. One of these sons was long Burgomaster of the village and was better known to the outside world as the Caiaphas of the "Passion Play." Another descendant of the house, Anton Lang, follows the calling of a potter, and he won the highest praise in the character of Christus in this year's performances of the sacred drama.

THE RIVALRY.

The rival candidates both drove out to a village near Manchester to deliver rival speeches. They had both been asked to dine at the house of a farmer who held some political sway.

When they reached the farmhouse, one felt unwell.

His companion had a ravenous appetite.

Mr. H—, said the housewife, with some indignation, I see you are not eating much! I know the dinner isn't first-class, but it is the best I could get up.

My good woman, the dinner is perfect; but I am ill. In addition to that, I have to make a speech immediately, and I can't speak well after eating freely.

Yes, responded the woman, with spirit; I know how it is—an empty wagon makes the loudest noise!

The politician was silent. The other man ate ravenously.

NOW A CAPITALIST-ERR.

There was a loud knock at the door. "Let 'em all come!" he chuckled, as he went to admit the fifth canvasser. A few minutes' feeble argument at out, remaining true to the Liberal cause—the caller was a Conservative champion—then a shilling and a card passed from one to the other.

"This Jack Klondike, into it's Mary!" as he proceeded to light his pipe with the card. "Only seven o'clock, and we have took four-and-a-tanner!"

And he calmly sat down to wait for the next.

ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRES.

It is not many months since there disappeared from the streets of St. Petersburg, a familiar and very pathetic figure in whom only very few recognized one of the wealthiest subjects of the Czar.

As the 'Grashdamm' said in an obituary notice: "The whole city knew him, for everyone was pretty certain at one time or another to meet the old man, bent with age, poorly clad, going everywhere on foot, looking like a beggar to whom one felt impelled to give alms; or a miser, whom one felt like reproaching for his thrift while pitying him for his bodily infirmities." This seeming beggar, miser, and cripple was possessed of many millions, and the owner of vast properties in the capital, one of the largest markets of which bears his name.

Many amusing stories are told of this millionaire in tatters, and of the mistaken charity of which he was the object. He rarely refused alms offered to him, and in cases where people offered him of their poverty he would track them to their homes, and on the following day would send them back anonymously their charity increased a hundredfold.

The fact was that his life was one long search for objects of his great benevolence, and the most pitiable beggar of St. Petersburg was really his greatest benefactor.

Schultheis von Meiss, who died two years ago at Zurich, was a similar millionaire-hermit, who led a pauper's life while enjoying the revenue of a prince. He had, however, one extravagance; for while he would grudge the meanest coin for any article of personal necessity he would spend thousands of pounds to secure an addition to his gallery of pictures. This marvellous collection, which was bequeathed to the State on his death, included no fewer than 12,000 paintings, of which 291 were by Rembrandt, 158 by Lucas de Leyde, 111 by Durer, and 89 by Schoengauer.

When the Countess Balach of Roumania died, 1,010,000 francs were found secreted in her rooms; and in a bundle of moth-eaten curtains was found a box containing 40,000 francs more. And yet this strange Twoman lived on a few shillings a week, and grudging a halfpenny for a candle to light her to bed.

The richest man in Southern Arizona is an eccentric, plain-living old party of nearly seventy years of age, whose vast possessions in mines, cattle, and lands are valued at 2,000,000 dollars, and yet this double-dollar millionaire lives with his family of a wife and several sons and daughters in a mud hovel which with all its contents would be dear at £50.

The floors are of hard-packed adobe, the windows and doors are of the cheapest pattern, and a drop of paint was never applied inside or out. The old man's only raiment consists of "overalls and a gingham shirt," the only books in his house are a "Cattleman's Guide" and a book of recipes for cattle diseases, and his solitary luxury is "plug tobacco."

ABOUT THE PIANO.

If the piano is much used, it should be so placed in the room that the light will strike over the left shoulder of the player. This sometimes necessitates leaving the back of the piano in an exposed position, which in the case of an upright is not a very comely sight. One way to remedy this is by fitting a piece of tapestry into a frame of some plain colored heavy cloth, and stretching it across, completely covering the back of the piano. Panels of various kinds can be hung in this way, and one woman who was handy with her brush, stretched burlaps over it, painted a pretty frame and then filled in the space with figures of dancing girls.

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.

I know something I won't tell, said the widow boarder's little girl, as little girls have done ever since language was invented.

She meant, child, said the 'Savage Bachelor,' you'll see over that habit when you get older.

ROYAL ELOQUENCE.

Secretaries and Assistants Perform the Mental Tasks of Speech-Making.

Few people have any idea what an enormous amount of labor and careful thought the single Royal duty of public speaking involves; many seem to imagine that the Prince of Wales, for instance, has his speeches on the tip of his tongue, ready at a moment's notice. So it is this from the truth, that public speaking represents, particularly in the Prince's case, more trouble than any other duty Royalty is called upon to perform. From time to time members of the Royal Family have to speak upon almost every conceivable subject, and were they not careful a thousand pitfalls would await them.

It is generally admitted that the Prince of Wales is one of the most remarkably successful public speakers of the present time; he is not eloquent, but he is marvellously accurate as to statistics and details, and has a wonderfully happy knack of saying the right thing in the right place and at the right moment.

As most famous speakers do, the Prince makes use of all three methods of public speaking according to the character of his addresses; his brief speeches, such as acknowledgments of unimportant addresses, etc., are mostly entirely extemporary; more lengthy speeches he prepares and commits to memory and the most lengthy and important are generally elaborated at the time of speaking from copious notes or read from a carefully composed and fully worked out copy in typewriting.

The manner in which the Prince, and we take his case as being typical, prepares speeches of the two latter kinds is generally as follows: Supposing he has consented to open a new wing to an hospital, at which ceremony it is intended to appeal to the charitable and accept "purses," he obtains from the secretary of the hospital a history of the institution, and its work, full statistics, concerning its financial position, its capacity and its needs, its possible developments, and all such things. Then a member of the Prince's clerical staff is set to work upon all reference-books dealing with the locality in which the hospital is situated, to make notes of any fact bearing upon the need of the hospital being extended and brought to a state of efficiency, such as the growth of the population and the influx of the poorer classes.

A very similar method is adopted if the speech is to be read straight from a copy, the only difference being that the data, after being edited by the Prince, is then written by him into speech form, the manuscript of which is subsequently typewritten. This, needless to say, entails considerable additional labour, especially to the Prince, who is not fond of writing.

The Queen, never prepares a speech, for nowadays she never gives voice to one of such length to make notes or other written preparation necessary. But, of course, it is impossible to say whether Her Majesty mentally prepares those little and rare speeches of hers which have such irresistible charms.

The Duke of York is not often called upon to make speeches to prepare for which much research is necessary, but when the occasion arises he is not found wanting, and from time to time he delivers addresses which for terseness, accuracy, and force are quite admirable and which show unmistakable signs of careful preparation and a thorough grip of the subject. Excepting the Prince of Wales, he is the best public speaker in the Royal Family.

PERFECTLY RAW WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

A Terribly Painful Case of Burning, Torturing Eczema, Which Was Thoroughly Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The torture which is caused by the intense itching and burning sensations of eczema makes it one of the most distressing of ailments, while the presence of the raw flesh, which refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, adds to the misery of the sufferer.

The following case is reported as one which illustrates the extraordinary power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has been cured both as a prompt relief for the dreadful itching and as an antiseptic healer, which speedily and certainly brings about a thorough cure.

In vain were all sorts of medicines and ointments used and doctors appeared before the case, but the patient was helpless before the disease, which the flaming fire of eczema were making. Here is the way Mrs. Knight describes this interesting case:

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, states: "My mother, Mrs. Wright, of Norval, suffered for a summer and winter with eczema on her feet. She could neither walk nor sleep, and it became so bad that she was perfectly raw from her toes to her knees.

After trying every available remedy without success, and almost hopeless of relief, she began using Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used eight or nine boxes, with the happy result that she is now completely cured. Anyone wishing further particulars can communicate with Mrs. Wright, Norval, Ont. After such a grand success, is it any wonder that we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?"

It is just such tests as this one that have convinced physicians of the truly wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. "If you are a sufferer, with any itching skin disease, or have a sore that will not heal, make a test for yourself. You will certainly become an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Dr. Chase's Ointment, just as is every one who knows its merits. Besides curing the most severe forms of itching skin diseases, Dr. Chase's Ointment is delightfully healing and soothing in all cases of chafing, skin irritations, sunburn, prickly heat, pimples and blackheads. 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co. Toronto.