KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont.)

But they had no time for further talk, for the hounds, though running rather more slowly, were still advancing steadily over the sticky clay fallows. Now there are certain horses who cannot get along at all in heavy, wet soil. Even animals that are very decent stayers on the top of the ground collapse altogether when their hoofs sink fetlock-deep in the soft earth. Directly they entered the plough, Grisette began to labor and falter in her stride. She stretched her head forwards, the white foam lathered the reins like soap-suds, while the mare's mane hung damp and straight in steaming wisps upon her dripping neck. She had clearly shot her bolt, and now dropped heavy on the hand, although she ceased pulling and snatching at the bridle. As they crossed the second of the two ploughed fields she subsided from a gallop to a canter, from a canter to a feeble lurching trot. Still it would never do to stop with the pack now well ahead, and Kate determined to struggle on to the end. She was by no means insensible to the danger of riding a beaten animal, only she could not bring herself to cease following the hounds when up till now she had held so good a place and entertained such a pleasant consciousness of having gone really well. Nevertheless, what but a few short minutes ago, in spite of Grisette's little eccentricities, had appeared to her the summit of human enjoyment, gradually assumed a painful and alarming nature. She began to speculate on the probable duration of the run, and devoutly wished for its prompt termination, or at least a prolonged and highly welcome check. If something did not happen, and that soon, she would be forced nolens volens to give in, for to feel that wretched Grisette sobbing and laboring under her, to see the limp neck and distended nostril, to hear the catching breath and palpitating heart, going like a sledge-hammer, to watch the convulsive jerkings of the quivering tail, and the spasmodic heavings of the panted flank, had become both pitiful and vexatious in the middle of a good run. Fortunately there was grass once more ahead, and only a small straggly fence intervening between it and the plough. With a faltering leap, followed by a real bad peck, and a desperate struggle to regain her footing, Grisette got over it, bearing away on her moist brow the marks of mother earth.

"That was a near thing," thought Kate. "However, a miss is as good as a mile, according to the old saying."

Her spirit rose within her in spite of this mishap, for she hoped that the light going, added to some judicious nursing on her part, might succeed in pulling the mare through after all. But these hopes were destined to be of very short duration, for to her dismay only about a couple of hundred yards off loomed an immense stake-and-bound fence, newly trimmed, with a binder running all along the top as thick as a man's arm, and apparently ten thousand times more unyielding—an obstacle, even on the fittest and freshest of horses, entitled to great respect. Colonel Clinker, when he saw it in the distance took a pull at Snowflake and waited for Kate to come up almost alongside.

"For heaven's sake," he said in a voice full of anxiety, "take care what you are about! Your mare's dead beat, and I don't half like your going at it."

"I can't possibly show the white feather now," came the answer between her set teeth.

"At all events," he said, "let me go first. There's just a chance of Snowflake's carrying away the binder or making a hole somewhere. Put the mare steadily at the fence, and keep her well in hand, for she's bound to scramble terribly."

But the gallant Snowflake for once failed to satisfy his master's aspirations. He collected himself for an effort, and flew the obstacle like a bird, with at least a foot to spare. There was little fear of his bringing topbinders away. So great, however, was Colonel Clinker's anxiety, that he pulled him back almost to a standstill, in order that he might watch how Kate fared. Urging the mare on by heel and voice, the girl rode bravely at the fence, but even before Grisette took off she knew for certain they were bound to come to grief. There was no answering response to her call, no elasticity of motion or willingless of spirit, nothing but a disheartening reluctance to proceed.

A horrible crash, a violent fall, a recollection of the mare rolling backwards and forwards over her body, followed by the death-like feeling of a heavy, crushing weight pinning her to the ground, were Kate's next immediate sensations. Far too beat to attempt rising from the place where she had fallen, Grisette laid on the helpless girl, grunting with terror, every now and then hitting out with her hind legs, which momentarily threatened to dash the head of her unfortunate rider to pieces. Each minute it seemed as if the deadly iron hoofs must prove fatal.

"Good God!" exclaimed Colonel Clinker, hastening to dismount. "I never saw a worse fall in my life; she will be killed to a certainty. Here, one of you fellows," he said to a couple of men who had just come up, "hold my horse, will you? There is not a minute to be lost. We must get her away somehow."

His face was ghastly, with not a vestige of color left in it; still his presence of mind did not desert him. In any emergency he was quick to decide upon a course of action, and he saw at a glance that owing to the danger of Grisette kicking out yet more violently, it would be useless attempting to draw Kate's prostrate body from under her by main strength. The best chance appeared to be to get the mare on her legs as quickly and as quietly as possible. The risk might be great, but it must be run, there was no help for it. "The brute will struggle," he said. "However, it's a case of kill or cure, and we can only act for the best. Delay can do no good."

Kate in her dangerous position heard the words.

"You are right," she said, looking at him with a faint smile. "Delay can do no good, and I promise to keep as still as a mouse."

The relief of hearing her speak these few words and of knowing she retained her senses was so immense that it lightened half the load of care weighing on Jack Clinker's heart.

"That's right," he said more cheerily. "Trust to us, and all will come well yet. We shan't let any harm happen to you if we can help it."

She tried to answer, but her face paled suddenly, as just then Grisette gave a fresh struggle, and the iron hoofs missed her head by the eighth of an inch.

"Bless the girl!" said Colonel Clinker to himself, "what a good plucked 'un she is, to be sure! She never screamed once, although I fear she must be in great pain."

And he was right, though she would have scorned any outward expression of the fact, for her breath came hard and slow, and a sickly sensation was stealing over her. To be so near a sudden and awful death, to realize all its terrors in that first swift, overpowering impulse of physical fear and human weakness common to mankind, was an experience not lightly to be encountered even by the bravest. Kate did not call out or faint, but in those few moments when she lay under Grisette she lived a lifetime. Suffering, retrospection, memory, hopes and doubts were all condensed in that brief period. Like in a mirror, the actions of her girlhood presented themselves to her mind—her dear dead uncle, the old home, Herbert, Maggie, Mary Whitbread, and a host of confused thoughts. How was it that the life she had often professed to disdain appeared so sweet at the first prospect of losing it? Why did she suddenly cling to it with such a strange tenacity, when one good blow of Grisette's hoofs could so easily put an end to earthly struggles? She could not have told, or given herself any satisfactory reason for this change of feeling, which at twenty-two was only thoroughly natural, being but the strong vitality of youth rebelling against possible death.

Meantime several people flocked round the spot where the disaster had taken place, for bad as human nature is represented, there are always a certain number of folks ready if an accident occurs, even when hounds are running hard, to give up their own immediate enjoyment and come to the assistance of their less fortunate fellow-creature. Perhaps the consciousness that one good turn deserves another, and that their own time may be near at hand, has something to do with the truly Samaritan spirit which unquestionably exhibits itself in the hunting-field. A man who will jump on you almost as soon as look at you will nevertheless often give up a good run in case of an emergency arising.

Colonel Clinker, aided by several kindly volunteers, now seized Grisette by the head and flank, and with all his force attempted to raise her from the ground. Twice she made a sort of half effort, and twice, her legs seeming to slip from under her, she rolled back on the girl; but at the third essay, and after a short though desperate scramble, during which Colonel Clinker held up Grisette's neck with an iron grasp, she managed once more to gain her footing, and stood on all fours, snorting and shaking like an aspen-leaf. Kate lay perfectly still, for the two last rolls had crushed her sorely.

"Are you terribly hurt?" asked Jack Clinker fearfully, bending over the prostrate form. "Tear me! she is insensible!" he added in alarm, when no immediate answer was forthcoming.

His words and anxious pertrubed face braced Kate to fresh effort.

"No, I'm not," she answered bravely, though her lips quivered as she spoke. "At least," correcting herself, for she had never felt as she did now, and was not very sure what might happen next, "at least, not quite. I shall be better in a little, I dare say."

"Ah! the brute rolled over you several times. However, I hope you will feel more like yourself in a few minutes. You've had an ugly shaking."

"Thanks," she replied. "You're all so kind to me, and I hate myself for making such an absurd fuss, but I think I shall do now."

She tried to raise herself upon her elbow as she spoke, but the movement caused such discomfort she was glad to desist from the effort.

"Give her a drop of brandy," suggested one. "Undo her habit," said a second. "Loosen her collar," advised a third. "Cut her stays-lace," hazarded a fourth. "Stand her up," exclaimed a fifth ignorant but well-intentioned onlooker.

"Do nothing of the sort, gentlemen," said Colonel Clinker, decidedly. "Let the lady have plenty of air, and don't all crowd round her together. She wants to be left quite still for a bit, and allowed to remain where she is a few minutes until she comes round. In fact," he added, with a keener insight into Kate's probable wishes than was possessed by the rest of the assembled company, "I really hardly know if it is necessary to detain you any longer. It's a pity for you all to lose your sport, and I will remain with the young lady. I feel sure she would rather you lost no more time."

"Oh yes!" interrupted Kate, "it makes me quite unhappy that so many people should have their fun spoilt on my account. Please go."

Thus admonished, one by one the little crowd dispersed, until Jack Clinker was the sole member of it left.

"I wish you'd go too," said she, directly they found themselves alone, with a remnant of her old pride. "I've been quite bothered enough as it is, and I dare say Stirrup will appear before very long. I don't the least mind being left alone, and I can't bear the idea of your not seeing the finish of so good a run."

"Hounds are miles away by this time," he answered indifferently, "and though I admit it was a good run, it is by no means the first, and, please God, by no means the last I shall take part in. So don't vex yourself about that. I'm not altogether such a selfish savage as to leave a lady all by herself in circumstances like the present." He hesitated for one moment, and then added, "especially you." She could not have told why, but his answer comforted her. She had begged him to leave her, but at the same time she had not wanted him to go, and now he disclaimed the intention of quitting her so peremptorily that she desisted from any further persuasion.

"You are very good," she said once more, "and I suppose you will take your own way, whatever I urge to the contrary."

"Way? Why, of course I shall. I'm used to having my own way in everything, as you'll soon find out," he answered cheerily. His admiration for her cool courage was rising fast. At that moment all thought of fox and hounds had vanished from his mind. His next action was to take off his red coat, roll it into a ball, and place it under the girl's head. "There, that's better, is it not?" he said. "Makes a sort of pillow. Do you feel cold at all? I wish to goodness I had something to throw over you and keep you warm. After all I was a fool sending those fellows off in such a hurry, but I began to be afraid they might annoy you. They mean well, but have not a bit of tact."

"I'm very glad you did," she said with a smile. "Some of their suggestions were positively alarming. But won't you catch cold without any coat?"

That simple act had touched her woman's heart, and pro-disposed her more in his favor than all that had gone before. It testified to a chivalrous and kindly nature.

"Not I. Do you think I'm barley-sugar to melt in the sun or the rain, as the case may be? But we must not let you stay here too long, for there is such a thing as rheumatism in this world. Do you think you could get up now if I were to help you a little? Don't be in any hurry, unless you feel inclined, only perhaps it may be wise to make an effort."

"I'll try," she said submissively. "I feel much better than I did a little while ago."

"Capital! The quiet has done you good after all! I have had so many falls of one sort and another myself that I know from experience what a relief it is, when one is knocked out of time, to be allowed to lie still for a minute or two. Officious friends either can't or won't understand that fact, and give you no peace until they have hauled you on to your horse again. Often and often have I wished them all a hundred miles away."

"Talking of horses, what has become of my unfortunate steed? Has she broken her neck or run away?"

"Neither, though the former would have served her right for her misdemeanours. She's not very far off or likely to wander in her present condition."

The Honble. Jack cast an indignant glance over his shoulder at the unconscious authoress of Kate's misfortunes, who, tied to a gate-post side by side with the good old Snowflake, looked exceedingly wretched and forlorn, bespattered with mud from head to tail, the crutches of her saddle all dented in, and her coat, stiffening rapidly from the cold air supervening on lavish prespiration.

"The beast!" exclaimed he, eyeing her with marked disfavor. "I should like to shoot her on the spot."

"Don't be so bloodthirsty. What did poor Grisette do to encompass our downfall, for really I hardly know?"

"I will tell you easily enough. She never made the ghost of an effort, or rose one single inch, but just galloped straight into the fence, caught the binder with her chest, and turned a complete somersault into the field. A pretty lady's hunter!"

"Now, I won't have you abuse my property. It's not good manners; besides, remember, the poor thing was dead beat, and really was not so much to blame after all. We seemed to me to have been galloping tremendously fast, and I don't somehow think she's much of a stayer. She did not give me the impression."

"That I can easily believe, for those tearing, rushing brutes generally do pull themselves out in something under twenty minutes, and once they begin to blow it's all up. They ride like a lump of lead for the rest of the day. I don't tumble to that class of animal. Nine times out of ten they're soft, showy, and cowardly. As for Grisette—that is her name, is it not?—you ought not to give her a chance of repeating her misconduct in the future. You stuck to her like a brick, and rode awfully well, but take my word fot it, she's not a safe animal for any lady to hunt."

"She has her faults, I admit, but perfection is terribly hard to find, either in human beings or in horseflesh. Such at least is my experience."

he had succeeded in assuming a sitting position, but still felt unequal to the task of remounting or standing upright. It was, therefore, with some relief she saw Colonel Clinker's second horseman now appear on the scene, who, touching his hat respectfully, as if not altogether sure his presence might not be considered orders he had received erewhile, said in a half-apologetic, half-explanatory sort of way—

"I ge pardon, sir! but farmer Smith 'ee told me as 'ow you was a-staying behind with a lady as 'ad met with a bad haccident, and I took the liberty of riding Hopal part of the way back again to see if I could render any assistance. I 'ope I acted right, sir."

"Quite right," answered his master in tones of unqualified approbation, though the chances were on any other occasion poor Leatherdale might have received a severe reprimand for this breach of discipline. "And now, Leatherdale, attend to what I say: I want you to go straight to the inn and tell them to bring a trap immediately, and to wait at the cross-road for Grahy until I turn up. You know the place I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, well nigh upon the old sign-post, afore you come to the seventh milestone."

"Exactly; and Logtherdale, don't forget to ask for the loan of a shawl or warm wrap of some sort of other. The young lady is sure to feel chilly after a bit, when the reaction sets in. If they make any bother about lending it, you can mention my name and give them half-a-crown. Do you understand what I want?"

"I'm to order a trap and borrow a shawl, and tell 'em to wait till you come, sir."

"That's it, and Leatherdale" turning to speak with the man aside, so that Kate might not overhear, his final injunction—"it's as well to be on the safe side. If you should happen to meet Miss Browser's groom on the way, or anyone going in the direction of Foxington, ask him to call at Dr. Baker's and leave a message saying his services wil be required at Sport Lodge in about an hour's time. I fear there may be some broken bones to set."

"'Deed, sir! I'm sorry to hear that, sir!" said Leatherdale with ready sympathy as he rode off to do his master's bidding, determined, after the manner of his kind, that the ill-news of Miss Browser's accident should lose nothing in transmission, but rather gain in point and piquancy.

(To be continued.)

Wet Feet Bring Coughs and Colds

Children Especially are Exposed to Great Danger From the Cause.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Where is there a boy who does not delight to test the thinnest ice and to splash in the water, which results from the spring thaws!

There will be more coughs and colds among children during the next few weeks than at any other season of the year, as a result of wet feet and exposure to cold and dampness.

It seems scarcely necessary to suggest the advisability of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand for use in case of emergency.

You never know what night your child may awake a victim of croup frantically gasping for breath and by having this great medicine ready for immediate use you can afford quick relief and cure.

Bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, bad coughs and severe chest colds, sore throat, throat irritation and all forms of throat, bronchial and lung troubles are readily cured by this treatment, which has become so popular throughout Canada.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., states:—"My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hopes of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I can positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

ABOUT POTATO BLIGHT.

Many farmers are asking for information in regard to potato blight writes F. C. Stewart. One question frequently asked, is it safe to plant potatoes on land where potatoes blighted and rotted last year. In my opinion it is entirely safe so far as late blight and rot are concerned. It appears that potatoes on new land suffer quite as much from blight and rot as do potatoes on land where the crop was affected the previous season. All of the evidence at hand goes to show that the fungus causing late blight and rot of potatoes does not live over winter in the soil. The disease is carried over only in the tubers.

This suggests another question, should blighted potatoes be used for planting. The use of blighted potatoes for seed should be avoided when it is convenient to do so, but the risk in using blighted seed is not nearly as great as many people think. If reasonable care is taken not to plant any tubers which show discoloration of the flesh or other evidence of disease blighted seed may be used with comparatively little risk. One cannot afford to pay high prices for seed potatoes simply because they are free from blight.

While it is probably true that potato blight would be far less destructive than it is if farmers generally would take the precaution to plant only blight-free seed, it is absolutely impossible to bring about such concerted action; and the fact is, there is always enough blighed seed planted in every neighborhood to insure a general outbreak of blight provided the weather conditions are favorable for it. The disease spreads with remarkable facility and rapidity.

A third question often asked, are there any blight-proof varieties of potatoes. Undoubtedly there are slight differences among varieties in respect to their susceptibility to blight and rot, but such differences are so slight as to be unimportant. Early varieties often escape injury from blight in seasons when late varieties are much affected; but this is due to the date of planting rather than to any immunity possessed by the varieties. In other seasons these same early varieties may be destroyed by blight. It may be taken for granted, without investigation, that any advertisement of blight-proof seed potatoes is a humbug.

The only real solution of the potato blight problem is thorough spraying with bordeaux, commencing when the plants are 6 to 8 inches high and repeating the treatment at intervals of about two weeks throughout the season. Paris green or other poison should be used in the bordeaux at the rate of four to six ounces per 50 gallons of solution.

RAISING TURKEYS.

The demand for turkeys is increasing faster than the supply and since we have the wild turkey, the best in the world, that does not have to be imported to improve our farm turkeys with size and vigor, our farmers should give more attention to raising turkeys on the farm.

A correspondent says:—The scarcity and high prices of turkeys last fall and this winter have set many farmers thinking. A man who had a flock of 20 or 30 averaging 9 or 10 pounds each, which netted him 20 cents per pound, begins to reason that turkeys pay about as much profit as any product of the farm. Such reasoning is calculated to give a stimulus to the enterprise. There are hundreds of farms throughout the land where the conditions for a large flock of turkeys are well nigh ideal, yet the owners of these farms have to buy their Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey.

The demand for this splendid fowl is steadily increasing. There is no kind of poultry which is more attractive in appearance, either dead or alive, or is more in demand as a delicacy for the family board. As the country grows richer, the great middle class of mechanics, clerks, bookkeepers and people of moderate incomes indulge more and more in this luxury.

The demand is for a fat, plump fowl of six or seven pounds. Such a turkey sells readily, as it is about the size required for the ordinary family. That more turkeys are not raised is no doubt owing to the fact that they are somewhat harder to rear than chickens or ducks.

This is owing largely to their wild nature, as they have but recently been domesticated, in comparison to our common barnyard fowl.

Domestication and breeding have not done so much for the turkey as for the common hen. Of hens we have breeds without number, and the fancier can choose almost any breed his fancy may dictate. But when a man decides to raise turkeys he has few breeds to choose from; and these breeds have mainly the habits and characteristics, the difference being chiefly in the size of the fowl.

CHOICE OF A HOME SITE.

A drive through any part of the country will usally cause the observer, if he has discernment for the fitness of things, to wonder at the building sites that have been selected, or at least are now occupied with farmers' home buildings. On the one hand may be seen a dwelling situated at the foot of a slope, where it receives the drainage from the higher ground, upon which there are perhaps stables, sties, and stock yards, while the house grounds and cellar are quite likely to be impossible of good drainage. On the other hand may be seen a house perched upon the topmost point of a bluff or set into a hillside, where the tired house wife and weary workers must climb by stairs or a steep patch to and from their home thousands of times yearly.

Some of these sites were no doubt chosen at an early date, when the face of the country was covered with timber and undergrowth, and before permanent roadways were determined upon; but it is true, likewise, that the same mistake are being repeated with recent locations, where much superior sites were available within a stone's throw of the same property. The reasons for such obvious errors in judgment are frequently not difficult to discover. The important matter of essentials has been lost sight of, or eclipsed by something quite trivial in comparison, such as a convenient location for a tank, cellar, nearness to a brook, or a favorite nook for a garden.

The importance of a right choice in the matter of selecting a site is almost beyond estimate, having direct bearing upon the lives of a number of generations. The hygienic and sanitary conditions should, of course, have first and count for most. Convenience of approach and general sightability, with a view to easy labor, is another weighty consideration, unless the builder has means to provide help and labor sufficient to overcome such objection. Another consideration scarcely less important is the beauty of location and outlook of landscape and pleasant views to be obtained. It is not necessary to choose a site on a ridge or some other exposed place to secure a pretty or picturesque location for a farm house; more in studying the matter carefully on the ground, with the help of experienced observers who should have a touch of the artist in their make-up.

The selection of the outline of buildings and material of which they are made will be but humble matters of detail are quite easy of planning and costuming for a picture in the influence they will exert or inflict upon owners and passers-by.

COWS IN SPRING.

A good many times farmers keep their cows in the barn and feed them grass in the pasture. The cows get their living, dropping at first all hay and ground feed, which is a bad practice. The cows have been so long away from green feed, they gorge themselves with the fresh grass, which tastes wonderfully good to them, with the result that their bowels are suddenly relaxed and a consequent weakening of the entire system follows. The cows show a marked loss of strength and vitality.

The best way to get the cows accustomed to the change from hay to springtime is to let them out a little while each day for a week, gradually allowing them to get enough grass to partly satisfy their appetites, and then get them back to the yard. Every day during the time this process is going on lots of good hay should be given, together with a good ration of ground feed, preferably wheat bran and corn meal. In this way the strength of the cows will be kept up, and they will be gradually made ready for the change when she will be sent to the range all day in the pasture.

Almost every farmer knows that for a few days after the cows are turned to pasture, or treated according to the condition above or turning them suddenly out to grass, there is a drop off in the amount of milk they give. This is undoubtedly due to the sharp turn in the mode of feeding, and the tendency of the cows to roam all over the fields for a while when first released from their long imprisonment.

HOUSES MADE IN FACTORIES

It is curious to read of houses as articles of export. Yet the manufacture and shipment of houses is an important industry in Sweden. There are enormous saw mills near Stockholm, at which wooden houses are made by the hundred for all parts of the world. They are constructed in sections for convenience of carriage, and on their arrival at the place where they are to be erected they are fitted together. They are not mere sheds or "shanties," but elegantly constructed residences suitable for the summer dwellings of the well-to-do. Hunting lodges, school-houses, public halls, and other structures are included among the products of the Swedish factories.

EATING AT NIGHT

Every living bird and beast strives its utmost to cram itself with food before retiring for the night, that this food is digested as the night progresses. The evening meal is the feed of the day with the best nutrition, and yet doctors tell people to refrain from eating heartily at night, and even advise us to retire with a more or less empty stomach. Do we following nature when following this advice?

A WELSH PISA.

In Wales there exists the "leaning tower" of Caerphilly Castle which is 77 feet in height, and inclines no less than 11 feet out of the perpendicular. In proportion this is greater than the Tower of Pisa, which is 180 feet and leans 15 feet.

Felicia—Do you buy many bonnets, Patricia? Patricia—Dear me, no; it takes every cent of my pin-money for cab hire and beauty culture.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a complete and absolute cure for each and every form of Piles, including bleeding and protruding Piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it to cure you. Testimonials in the daily press and testimonials from your neighbors are what they think of it. For sale at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

JAPANESE JOTTINGS

The motto of all the sexes is "Death before dishonor."

A Japanese man has his horse on the right side, and his carts are hauled up on the beach at first.

Cremation is among the Japanese, Every large town has its crematorium, which is under Government inspection.

In Japan a woman rarely appears with her husband in public. Even at private dinner parties the hostess seldom shows.

In Japan there are pagodas of considerable height which have withstood the effects of frequent earthquake shocks for centuries.

The House of Peers consists of the Japanese Parliament, three hundred members, elected for four years.

Only when a Japanese wife is dressed very smartly does her husband consider her worth respect—at home she is a slave.

Among the memorials erected by the Japanese to commemorate their war against China is one to the memory of the horse that fell during the campaign.

One of the biggest bells in the world hangs in a temple at Kioto, in Japan. It is rung by a clapper, and is used in having with an instrument resembling a battering-ram.

If a Japanese lady has time to possess herself of as much tobacco as she can smoke, she considers herself a fortunate lady.

In the northern province is worship, strictly into the hearts of the women, and is allowed to whatever it takes in the way of food.

The number of voters in Japan amounts to one per cent. of the population. All electors must be twenty-five years of age and pay fifteen yen in direct taxation.

A Japanese prisoner, in lieu of detention, of reformatory labor, for one hours a day, dressed in cotton clothes of terra-cotta or brown color.

The Japanese lady blacks her teeth black on her wedding day, and she shaved her eyebrows when the first baby was born. These customs are now confined to the lower classes in the districts.

A free translation of the "Kimigayo" the national Anthem of our Sovereign for years—in fact, just as it stands, which is a rock, gathers its moss.

The reign of the Mikado has been marked with great progress and Japan has emerged from a state of unprecedented seclusion to a position which has made the introduction of its ideas has secured the highest place among the nations.

Patriotism is, in Japan, to the ruler perhaps more than to the country. A Japan asked in the Tokio school for an explanation of the question "Which wish?" Twenty times the answer was "Long live the Emperor!"

Robbers are taken to the gallows in some parts of Japan. When a robbery occurs the ruler of the district makes a male population, each write on a paper the person they suspect committed the crime. The votes most votes are taken as the guilty person.

The Japanese have a custom of placing the dead, in Japan, in a coffin with the head in the sitting position, as in the sleeping room. The coffin is placed in the private house, and a telegram of the person's death is posted upon the door, so that the convenience of friends may be consulted.

The honor of being the first reigning family to be admitted into the peerage of Japan, one of which has ended the throne of Japan, cars before the throne of the family, therefore, the unbroken succession of Japan for upward of twenty centuries, the present Emperor of Japanese throne is the oldest line.

It is only a few years since Pilgrim's Progress was translated into Japanese, and illustrations by native artists are depicted with a Pilgrim in the dungeon of Giant Despair, the large Wooden Cross known to Oriental Christians, angels waiting on the other side of the river to receive the pilgrim, and in the latest illustrations.

At the entrance to the Japanese railways are stations, which are a tower of closely-woven bamboo suspended above the station, so that a train has the effect of this closing over the tunnel is that the station and train that, when it has passed, the curtain is raised. No steam is left in the tunnel. The Japanese have only had railways for years, but they have already had some problems that have puzzled British engineers.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

Little Margie had been to the dentist to have a tooth extracted and this is how she explained the proceedings:

"The man grabbed hold with a pair of big tongs and pulled his nest, and just before it came out the tooth came out."

They who will walk in the path of duty may be said to have a small prospect of being on the range.

MANY CAUSES OF STRIFE

300 YEARS OF WAR FOR CLEAN SHAVE.

Trivial Affairs Have Sufficed to Plunge Nations in Bloodshed.

Nothing is more amazing in the history of nations than the absurdly trivial causes which have been sufficient to let loose the dogs of war and deluge continents in blood.

Many a man has started an innocent riot in his household by appearing unannounced with a clean face after having worn a hirsute adornment for a number of years, but it is almost incredible at first glance that two great nations should have plunged into an intermittent warfare lasting 300 years from the same cause. Yet nothing more than this was the primary source of three centuries of war between England and France. In order to please the bishop of Rouen, Louis VII of France consented to remove his beard in common with his subjects, to present a clean shaven face to the world. It was a disastrous step for it led to so much friction between his wife, who resented her husband changed appearance that at the end of months later the wife of Henry II of England. From this marriage Henry to the angry, disarmed Queen of Louis centuries of bloodshed may be said to have followed.

Inclosed in an iron case in the cathedral of Modena there may be to-day a bucket which, 900 years ago, was the innocent cause of a terrible war. Some soldiers of Modena, in a mood of mischief, had taken a bucket from a public well and refused to give it up on demand. Fights between the soldiers of the rival and jealous states ensued, and from this spark was kindled a war which devastated a large part of Europe and led to the imprisonment of the king of Sardinia, son of the German emperor.

BROKEN TEAPOT.

A war in China two years and a half ago, which involved the loss of half a million lives, originally from a broken teapot. The teapot was the treasured possession of a dignitary high in the councils of the emperor, and was travelling through the provinces in the northwest of China, some of his retinue, who followed behind the main body, were robbed by a band of robbers, and the teapot was ceremoniously flung on the ground and broken. The matter was referred to the emperor by the mandarin, a punitive force was sent out, and a long and terrible war followed.

Lord Palmerston used to say that only three men had ever been in the nature of the troubles in Holstein which led to two great wars—two of them had died before the broke out, and he, the third, had completely forgotten what it was all about. The war, however, the result of the manipulation by Bismarck of a telegram set France and Germany flying at each other's throats, and within a generation ago, with results too well known to contemplate.

SPILLED WATER.

The war of the Spanish Succession, in which the great duke of Marlborough played so conspicuous and brilliant a part, was, it is said, the outcome of a spilt glass of water at the Tuileries ball. One of the ladies had expressed a wish for a glass of water in the Spanish and British and Spanish and French who forthwith hastened to fill the glass. On returning each holding a tumbler, they found that the fair lady had fainted and dancing with a flatesman; and to crown the comfiture the English diplomatist accused against the Spaniard, who had set the water, he was carrying it to an exchange of courtesies. A ridiculous incident, engendered to inflame jealousy and resentment sympathies and the balance of the direction.

The seven years' war was due, according to this version, to the vanity of Frederick in wanting to see his name largely in the gazettes. The mutiny was precipitated by bridges serve out to the which they believed were made of the fat of animals unclean to Hindu and Mohammedan. The Turko-Russian war, in which thousands, was started by the smith's hammer with which a provinian blacksmith killed a rector who had insulted his daughter.

STOLEN PETTICOAT.

Among other ludicrous causes which wars have sprung are the loss of a lacel petticoat of a lady by a Moor, which, with the delta that followed the loss, many years of fierce warfare between the Spaniards and the Moors, the emptying of a bucket on an entire citizen on the head of a Milan who was passing under the window.

Borrowing a tobacco pipe and failing to return it kindled strife years among the rival races of Pamirs and Afghanistan, and due to the relative attractiveness of and vipers as food gave rise to years of fighting between Egypt and Pisa; and it is said two states fought for years on end as to their respective powers of drinking.

"Do you know, George, dear, when you gave me your first kiss was so astonished that I fainted?" George—"Ah, darling! I should have known better than to give you only one."

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a humorist. She looked at him for a moment, and then "Yes. It is becoming thread."