Happy Hygein.

(A REAL EXHIBITION OF HEALTH.) Hail, beauty, wit and wealth!
As the goddess of good health
I would speak: Mine's an ancient reputation, For my nearest blood relation Was a Greek.

Know-I never take a chill.

I lead a placid life, Undisturbed by any strife In that organ out of sight
Which 'tis reckoned more polite
Not to mention.

In my cuisine I eschew Ev'ry entrement, ragout. Fricasse; And to all those foreign entrees Murmur, "Intrigantes, ah, n'entrez Pas ici!"

Men offer me in vain Bitter beer and sweet champagne And chartreuse; As my father's duteous daughter, E'en Apollinaris water I refuse.

I should feel a grievous sinner,
"Twixt my luncheon and my dinner
To drink tes;
Would I ruin my digestion
With that beverage in question?
Not for me.

My waist I've let alone; Never yet to busk or bone Did I force it. Could I reconcile my ribs Could I reconcile noting to figurative fibs
In a corset?

To sit I shouldn't dare Upon a draughty stair, Decollete. Though an eligible Peer Were to whisper in my ear, "Prithee, stay!"

Those folks are feckless fools
Who, neglecting nature's rules,
Violate,
In their wild career of pleasure
Ev'ry bygienic measure
Till too late. So the rich had better raise

PAULINE.

If I wished, the Governor of Tobolsk should be telegraphed or written to; but, as I was bound any way to go to that town, is would be just as well if I made my inquiries in person. To this I quite agreed, mistrusting the speed of the Russian post or the newly-opened telegraph. I was er the newly-opened telegraph. I

ready to start to morrow.

So, after getting all the hints and information I could, I thanked the chief for his courtesy, and with my precious papers in my pocket, went to complete my preparations for my journey; a journey which might be a thousand or two thousand miles longer or shorter, according to where it had pleased the Governor of Tobolsk to

bestow the wretched Ceneri.

Before I started I received a letter from Priscilla-one of those labored and rather misty epistles usually written by people of her station in life. It told me that Pauline was well; that she was willing to be guided by Priscilla's advice, and to remain with her until the return of her unknown relation or friend. "But, Master Gilbert," the letter went on, "I am sorry to say I believe she is not quite right at times. The poor young lady talks wildly about an awful crime: but she save she is content to wait for justice to be done, as some one she has seen in her dreams during her illness is working for her. She doesn't know who it is, but it is some one

who knows everything."

This intelligence made me feel easier.

Not only did it show me that Pauline would wait quietly until my return, but also that some glimmering of the immediate past might be dawning upon her. The closing lines of Priscilla's letter made

my heart beat with hope.
"This afternoon, Master Gilbert, she seemed to discover for the first time that she had a wedding ring on her finger. She asked me how it came there. I told her I could not say. Then she sat for hours and hours twisting it round and round, thinking and thinking. I asked her, at last, what she was thinking of. 'Dreams I am pretty, quiet smile of hers. I was dying to tell the dear young lady that she was my own master's lawful wife. I was afraid she would take the ring off, but she didn't, thank

Yes, thank God, she did not! As I read Priscilla's letter I yearned to turn home-ward and fly back to my wife. But I conquered the inclination, although I felt more and more certain that my meeting with Ceneri would be a happy one for me; that I should return, and, if necessary, once more place that ring on her finger and claim her as my own, knowing that she was purer than the gold of which that

ms purer than the gold of which that shining circles was made.

Pauline! my beautful Pauline! my wife, my love, we shall be happy yet!

The next day I started for Siberia.

CHAPTER XI. A HELL UPON EABTH.

It was midsummer when I left St Petersburg. The heat was oppressive and quite disturbed my idea of the Russian climate. I went by rail to Moscow, by the iron road which runs straight as a line from the one large city to the other. The Czar ordered it to be so made, without curves or deviations. When the engineers asked him what populous places they should take on their way, his Imperial Majesty took a ruler and on the map ruled a straight line from St. Petersburg to Mos-"Make it so." were his commands nd so it was made, as rigid and careless of the convenience of other persons as his own despotism—a railway for some four hundred miles running simply to its destination, not daring, however much tempted, o swerve aside and disobey the autocrat's

At Moscow, the colossal, I lingered a couple of days. It was there I had settled to engage a guide and interpreter. As I spoke two or three languages besides my own, I was able to pick and choose, and at last selected a pleasant mannered, sharp-looking young fellow who averred that he knew every inch of the great post road to the east. Then bidding farewell to the mighty Kremlin with its churches, watch towers and battlements. I started with my new companion for Nijni Novgorod; at which place we must bid adieu to the railway.

We passed the old picturesque but decaying town of Vladimir, and after duly admiring its five-domed cathedral I found nothing more to distract my attention until we reached Nijni. My companion was vary anxious that we should linger for a day or two at this city. The great fair was on, and he assured me it was a sight not to be missed. I had not come to Russia to look at fairs or festivities, so commanded him to make instant preparations for continuing the journey.

We now changed our mode of convey-

Being summer the rivers were open and navigation practicable. We took the steamer and went down the broad Volga till we passed Kasan and reached the river Kama. Up this tortuous stream we went until we landed at the large, important

We were five days on the water-I think the five longest days I ever spent. The winding river, the slow-going steamer, made me long for the land again; there

shall cross the Ural Mountains and be in

At Perm we made our final preparations. From now we must depend on post horses. Ivan, my guide, after the proper amount of bought a tarantass-a sort of phae-The luggage was stowed into it; we took our seats; our first relay of horses were engaged—three in number and har-nessed in the peculiar Russian fashion the yemschik started them with the words of encouragement and endearment which in Russia are supposed to be more efficacious than the thong, and away we went on

our long, long drive.
We crossed the Urals, which after all are not so very high. We passed the stone obelisk erected, Ivan told me, in honor of a Cossack chief named Yermak. We read the word "Europe" on the side which ine word "Europe" on the side which first met our eyes, and turning round we saw "Asia" written on the back. I spent to accommodate at least twice that number and lay awake the best part of it trying to calculate how many miles stratched, between Pauline and myself. For days and days have passed since I left St. and days have passed since I left St. Petersburg and I have travelled at all possible speed; yet the journey seems scarcely begun. Indeed, I cannot even guess at its ength until I get to Tobolsk.

A trifle of some four hundred miles from Ekaterineburg to Tiumen, another of two hundred from Tiumen to Tobolsk, and I shall await the pleasure of the Governor-General and what information he may

choose to give me.

The carriage and ourselves are ferried across the broad yellow Irtuish—that river, the crossing of which by a Russian officer at once raises him a step in rank; for such is the inducement held out to serve in Siberia; and at the east bank of the Irtuish Siberia Tobolsk at last! The sight of my pass

ports renders the Governor civility itself. He invited me to dine with him and, as for prudential reasons I thought it better to coept his invitation, treated me royally. His register told me all I wanted to know bout Ceneri. He had been sent to the very extreme of the Czar's dominions, as his was a case which called for special severity. Where he would finish his jour-ney was not settled, but that made a little difference to me. As he would travel the greater part of the way on foot, and as there was but one road. I must overtake him, although he left Tobolsk months ago The escort which accompanied that particular gang of prisoners was under the command of Captain Varlamoff, to whom his Excellency would write a few lines which I should take with me—he would also give me a supplementary passport

signed by himself.
"Where do you think I shall overtake the party?" I asked.

The Governor made a calculation.
"Somewhere about Irkutsk," he thought. And Irkutsk two thousand miles, more

or less, from Tobolsk! or less, from Tobolski

I bade the great man a grateful adieu
and spurred on at such speed that even the
good-tempered Ivan began to grumble.
Man, even a Russian, was but mortal, he
said, and I could not expect to find Arab steeds among Government post horses which the postmasters were compelled to furnish at about two pence a mile a horse. I left the yemschik and himself no time for refreshment. Their tea had not grown cool enough to swallow before I was insisting on a fresh start. And as for a proper night's rest!

Tea! Until I made that journey I never knew the amount of tea a mortal could hold. One and all they drank it by the gallon. They carried it about com-pressed into bricks, cemented, I heard with a shudder, by sheep's or some other animal's blood. They drank it morn, noon and night. Whenever there was a stop page and boiling water could be obtained bucketsful of tea were made and poured down their throats

The impressions I retain of that long journey are not very deep. I was not traversing the country for the sake of writing a book of travels, or to observe the manners and customs of the people. My great object was to overtake Cenerias quickly as posssible, and my endeavors were directed to passing from one posting station to another as swiftly as I could. We sped over vast steppes, wild marshes, through forests of birch, tall pines, oak, ash, and other trees; we were ferried over broad rivers. On and on we went as straight to our destination as the great post road rest we had so put up with such pitiful accommodation as we could get. Unless the place at which we stopped was of some importance, inns were unknown. By dint of practice I at last contrived to obtain almost enough sleep, if not to satisfy me, to

aside to visit no objects of interest spoken of by travellers. From morn to night and generally through the greater part of the night our wheels rolled along the road. And at every posting station I read on the wooden post which stands in front of it the number of miles we were from St. Petersburg, until, as the days and weeks passed, I began to feel appalled at the distance I had come and the distance I must return. Should I ever see Pauline Who can say what may have hap pened before I .return to England? At

times I grew quite dispirited.

I think what made me realize the length of the journey even more than days or him outside to wait for me. measured miles was to see, as we went on, Varlamoff would not hear the country people gradually changing their costume and dialect. The yemschiks who drove us changed in appearance and in nationality; the very bread of the horses varied. But let man or cattle be of what kind they may, we were well and skilfully

onducted. onducted.

The weather was glorious, almost too glorious. The cultivated country we passed through looked thriving and productive. Siberia was very different in appearance from what is usually associated with its name. The air when not too warm was simply delicious. Never have I breathed a more invigorating and bracing atmosphere. There were days when the breeze seemed

to send new life through every vein.

The people I thought fairly honest, and whenever I found a need of producing my papers the word civility will scarcely express the treatment I received. should have been treated without these

potent talismans I cannot say.

The whole country-side in most places was busy with the hay-harvest; a matter of such importance to the community at large that convicts are told off for some six weeks to assist in the work of saving the weeks to assist in the work of saving the crops. The wild flowers, many of them very beautiful, grew freely; the people looked well and contented. Altogether my impressions of Siberia in summer were

leasant ones. Yet I wished it had been the dead of winter. Then it is that, in spite of cold, one travels more pleasantly. Ivan assured me that when a good snow road is formed and a tarantass may be exchanged for a world were rotting and putrefying. As it passed you, you felt that the thick air was passed you, you felt that the thick air was passed you, you felt that the thick air was passed you, you felt that the thick air was passed you, you felt that the thick air was passed you, you felt that the thick air was passed you. afraid from memory to say how many miles may be covered in twenty four hours when the smooth going runners take the

We had of course, various small accidents and delays on the road. However strongly built a tarantass may be, it is but mortal. Wheels broke, axietrees gave way, shafts snapped, twice we were overturned, but as no evil except delay ensued I need not relate the hisory of these misfortunes.

Nor need I enumerate the towns and illages through which we passed unless made me long for the land again; there one seemed to be making progress. The cone seemed to be making progress. The road there was straight, not running into a hundred bends.

We were now nearly at the end of Europe. A hundred miles further and we long for the land again; there is the many were quarrelling, cursing and swearing. Moved by ourosity they pressed around us as closely as they dared, laughing a was burned over.

We have ever now nearly at the end of Europe. A hundred miles further and we least to make my story as interty a

most of the others, even if I knew how to | hell made by men for their fellow-men. spell their names, would be nothing more than vain sounds. Perhaps, when we trace the march of the Russian army destined to invade our Indian empire we may become better acquainted with the Czar's Asiatic dominions.

Yet at the entrance to each of these little towns or villages, the very names of which I have forgotten, so surely as you found the well-appointed posting station, you found also a gloomy square building, varying with the size of the place, surrounded by a tall palisade, the gates of which were barred, olted and sentried—these buildings were

the ostrogs, or prisons. Here it was that the wretched sonvicts Here it was that the wretened Jouvies were housed as they halted on their long march. In these places they were packed like sardines in a box. Prisons built to hold two hundred were often called upon scenes at these prisons or depots begared description. Men, sometimes unsexed women with them, huddled into rooms reeking with fiith, the floors throwing out poisonous emanations—rooms built to give but scanty space to a small number, crowded to sufficiation. The mortality at times was fearful. The trials of the march were as nothing when compared to the hor-rors of the so-called rest. And it was in one of these ostrogs I should find Ceneri.

We passed many gangs of convicts plodding along to their fate. Ivan told me that most of them were in chains. This I should not have noticed, as the irons are only on the legs and worn under the trousers Poor wretched beings, my heart ached for them! Felons though they were, I could never refuse the charity they invariably prayed for. So far as I could see they were not unkindly treated by the soldiers and officers, but terrible tales were told me about their sufferings at the hands of inhuman jailers and commandants of prisons There, for the slightest infraction of rules the rod, the dark cell and a variety of other punishments were called into play.

I always felt relieved when we had passed out of sight of a gang like this. The con trast between my own position and that of such a number of my fellowmen was too painful to contemplate—and yet if Ceneri did not clear away every shadow of doubt from my mind I might retrace my steps a more miserable wretch than either of those

foot-sore convicts.

Some week or ten days after leaving Tobolsk I began to make inquiries at every ostrog as to when Captain Varlamoff's gang passed, and when I might expect to overtake it. The answers I received to the latter question corresponded with that given me by the Governor—all agreed, at lrkutsk, or just beyond. Day after day I found we were gaining rapidly upon the party, and when at last we reached the large, handsome town of Irkutsk, I rightly reckoned that I had reached the end or

nearly the end of my journey.

On inquiry I found Captain Varlamoff I was not at all sorry to take a couple of

days' rest after my fatigues. I was not sorry to indulge once more in the comforts of comparative civilization; yet nearly every hour I was sending down to inquire if the convicts had arrived. More ardently than I had longed to reach Irkutsk, I longed to turn the horses' heads westward and start on the return journey.

I had heard no news from home since I left St. Petersburg. Indeed I could not

expect a letter, as, after my departure from Nijni Novgorod, I had positively outstrip-ped the post. On the road home I hoped to find letters waiting me.

After I had kicked my heels in Irkutsk

for two days I received the welcome news that Captain Varlamoff had marched his prisoners to the ostrog at 4 o'clock that afternoon. I rose from my dinner and went

with all speed to the prison.

A man in plain clothes—a civilian—demanding to be conducted to the presence of a Russian captain who had just arrived from a long march, seemed almost too great a joke for the sentries to bear in a soldierlike manner. Their stolid faces broke into scornful smiles as they asked Ivan if "the would take us. When nature forced us to little father" had gone quite mad. It required much firmness, much persuasion and a gratuity, which to the simple military mind represented an unlimited quan-tity of "vodka," and consequently many happy drinking bouts, before I was allowed to pass through the gates of the high palis serve my needs, whilst jolting along in the tarantass.

It was a monotonous journey. 1 turned presence of the captain.

A fine, fierce-looking young soldier, who glared at me for disturbing him; for having, by advice, adopted the Russian costume, which by now was stained and frayed by travel, there was nothing to show him I was not a civilian whom any soldier might kick at his pleasure.

It was delightful to see the change the

perusal of the Tobolsk Governor's letter made in the captain's appearance. He rose, and with the greatest courtesy offered me a chair, and asked me in French if I spoke that language.

I assured him on that point, and finding I could dispense with Ivan's services sent

Variamoff would not hear of commenc ing business until wine and organettes made their appearance—then he was at my service in anything and everything. I told him what I desired.

"To speak in private with one of my convicts. Certainly—this letter places me at your commands. But which convict?"

I gave him the true name. He shook his

"I know none of them by that name. Most of the names the political prisoners pass under are false ones. When they leave me they will become numbers, so it doesn't matter

I suggested Ceneri. He shook his head 'I know the man I want is with you," I "How shall I find him?

"You know him by sight?" " Yes-well." "Then you had better come with me and try and pick him out among my unfortunates. Light another cigarette—you will want it." he added with meaning. He led the way, and soon we stood before a heavy door. At his command a jailer,

armed with mighty keys, appeared. The grinding locks were turned, and the door was opened.

oisonous with disease and death.

I recovered myself as best I could, and followed my guide into the grim interior.
The door closed behind us.
Had I the power to describe the sights I

saw when my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I should not be believed. The prison was spacious, but, when the number of the prisoners was considered, it should have been three times the size. It was thronged with wretched heings. They were standing, sitting and lying about. Men of all ages, and, it seemed, of all nationalities. Men with features of the lowest human type. They were huddled in groups—

Filth I the place was one mass of it. Filth under foot—filth on the walls, the rafters and the beams—filth floating about in the hot, heavy, pestiterous air. Each man seemed to be a moving mass of filth Zola would revel in a minute description of the horrors of that place, but I must leave them to the imagination, although know and even trust that no one's imagina-

tion can come near the reality.

The only thing I could think of was this:
Why did not these men rush out, overpower the guards, and escape from this reeking den? I put the question to Varlamoff.

"They never attempt to escape whilst on the march," he said. "It is a point of honor among them. If one escapes those "It is a point of left are treated with much greater eeverity." "Do none ever get away?" "Yes, many do when they are sent to

the works. But it does them no good

They must pass through the towns on their

flight or they would starve. are always caught and sent back." I was peering into all the faces about trying to find the one I sought. My inspec tion was received with looks sullen, suspi cious, defiant or careless. Remarks were made in undertones, but Varlamoff's dreaded presence kept me from insult.

examined many groups without success then I made a tour of the prison. All along the wall was a slanting plat form upon which men lay in various atti tudes. Being the most comfortable station every inch of it was covered by recumbent forms. In the angle formed by the prison walls I saw a man reclining, as if utterly worn out. His head sank down upon his breast, his eyes were closed. There was something in his figure which struck me as familiar. I walked to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder. He opened his weary eyes and raised his sad face. It was Manuel Ceneri!

CHAPTER XII.

THE NAME OF THE MAN.

his eyes which passed at once from hope-lessness to bewilderment. He seemed to of the hold, and dear old ladies, main props be uncertain whether it was a phantom or of the missionary cause, have gone cau a man he was looking at. He rose to his tiously

"I have come from England to see you.
This is the prisoner I am looking for," I sails may catch every lightest breeze in the said, turning to the officer who stood at my side, mitigating to some extent the noxiousness of the atmosphere by the cigarette he puffed vigorously.

"I am glad you have found him," he said will am glad you have found him," he said there has been no unnecessary extravely the said among the islands. Everything is good and substantial about the cabins, but there has been no unnecessary extravely the said among the islands. Everything is good and substantial about the cabins, but there has been no unnecessary extravely the said among the islands.

the better; the air here is unhealthy. Unhealthy! It was fetid! I was filled with wonder, as I looked at the bland French-speaking captain at my side, at the state of mind to which a man must bring On inquiry I found Captain Varlamon had not yet arrived. At the place where I had last inquired I had been told he had passed through a day before, so it was been told he was but doing his duty. Perhaps he was. It may be the crimes of the prison-told had a sympathy. But, oh! to stand ers forbade sympathy. But, oh! to stand there in the midst of those poor wretches, turned for the time into little more than animals! I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the jailer must have a harder heart than the worst of his captives !

May I take him to the ion?" "I think not. I will find you a room here. Please follow me. Phow! that is a relief."

"May I take him to the ion?"

"I think not. I will find you a room lere. Please follow me. Pnow! that is a cole of."

We were now outside the prison door and breathing fresh air once more. The laptain led me to a kind of office, dirty and furnished barely enough, but a paraand breathing fresh air once more. The captain led me to a kind of cffice, dirty and furnished barely enough, but a paradise compared to the scene we had just quitted. "Wait here; I will send the prisoner to

vou. As he turned to leave me I thought of the inspector was not on hand, but that is a delusion."

"And when the excavating is finished?"

"Then the excavator packs up and the world, I could not keep from wish-leaves, but the inspector stocks the closer. miserable, dejected appearance Ceneri had presented. Let him be the greatest villain

my guide in quest of the best wine and from clover seed, but his knowledge is meat he could get. Wine, when ordered thrown away. When the street is opened thing-champagne. At an inn of any standing champagne, or at least its substi-tute, wine of the Don, may be procured. My messenger soon returned with a bottle of the real beverage and a good supply of cold meat and white bread. As soon as i; was placed on the rough table a tall soldier

led in my expected guest.

I placed a chair for Ceneri, into which jingle of the irons on his legs Then I told my interpreter to leave us. The sol-

an eager, wistful expression on his face. Drowning as he was, no doubt he caught at the straw of my unexpected appearance thinking it might assist him to freedom Perhaps it was to enjoy a moment or two brightened by the faintest or wildest gleam of hope, made him pause before he spoke to me

"I have come a long, long way to see you, Dr. Ceneri," I began. "If the way seemed long to you, what has it been to me? You at least can return when you like to freedom and happiness." He spoke in the quiet tone of despair. I The Mudir of Dongola, England's only had been unable to prevent my words friend in the Soudan, is a slight, delicate

*Whether I can go back to happiness or The effect of his extreme piety on the The has brought me so far to see you for a few

minutes.

He looked at me curiously, but not susbiciously. I could do him no harm—for

officers, civil and military, are bound

officers, civil and military, are bound

officers, civil and military, are bound was epened.

"Follow me," said Varlamoff, with a pictously. I could do him no harm—for officers, civil and military, are bound to keep from fainting.

From the stench which rushed through it, nothing now could matter to him, except more or less bodily discomfort. I shud-dered as I realized what his sentence meant, and, in spite of myself, a compassionate feeling stole over me.

> first let me give you some wine and food." "Thank you," he said, almost humbly.
> "You would scarcely believe, Mr. Vaughan, that a man may be reduced to such a state that he can hardly restrain himself at the sight of decent meat and drink. I could believe anything after the interior of the ostrog. I opened the wine and placed it before him. As he ate and drank,

I had leisure to observe him attentively. His sufferings had wrought a great change in him. Every feature was sharpened, every limb seemed slighter—he looked at least ten years older. He wore the Rus-

ing their tale upon his frame. He had never given me the idea of being a robust man, and as I looked at him I thought that whatever work he might be put to, it would not pay the Russian Government for his sorry keep. But the probabilities were, they would not have to keep him long.

He ate, not voraciously, but with a keen

appetite. The wine he used sparingly. His meal being finished, he glanced around as if in quest of something. I guessed what he wauted and passed him my oigarcase and a light. He thanked me and began to smoke with an air of enjoyment For a while I had not the heart to interrupt the poor wretch. When he left me it must be to return to that hell peopled by human beings. But time was slipping by Outside the door I could hear the monot onous step of the sentry, and I did not know what period of grace the polite captain might allow to his prisoner.

(To be continued.) Inspecting a Missionary Ship.

The children's new missionary ship, the Morning Star, has been taking on cargo for the Sandwich Islands for the past week at Lewis' wharf, Boston. The present missionary ship is the fourth one of the same name built by the contributions of Sunday school children all over the country. One was sold, when worn out by voyagings in the South Sea, and two were wrecked on coral reefs off some of the remote islands of the Pacific. Each time the money was forthcoming to build another ship, and when the fourth Morning Star was com-menced, more than the necessary \$45,000 was ready. Nearly 100,000 children own shares in the little ship, and all of them living near Boston have been down to see the vessel during the past fortnight.

It is many years since my own pennies rattled into the Sunday school box to help build a Morning Star, but the pride of past ownership now passes to this latest ship that wears that name Until the missionary ship was made fast to the wharf the sailors never saw such THE NAME OF THE MAN.

TOWNESS OF THE MAN.

TOWNESS OF THE SALOT AND SALOT AN a man he was looking at. He rose to his tiously up the steep gang-plank and feet in a dazed, stupefied way, and stood face to face with me, whilst his wretched arrangements of the cabics and statefellow-prisoners pressed curiously around rooms. This newest Morning Star is 130 "Mr. Vaughan! Here! In Siberia!" he said, as one not believing his own senses.
"I have come from England to see you.

This is the prisoner I am locking a way to be think in order that the made eighty feet high in order that the said.

> the captain's sanctum.—Boston Globe. The Paving Inspector.

souvenirs and bits of fancy work that ador

"What is this man doing here?" "Why, he's the Paving Inspector."

"Of what use is he?"
"Well—um. He gets \$3 per day." " For what?'

"For what?"
"To inspect."
"What does he inspect?"
"Nobody knows. When the contractor on the excavation begins work the Paving Inspector appears. He looks over the street and nods his head. He walks up and down and thinks of his \$3 a day. He "Certainly; so you are authorized to do.
I am a soldier; you in this matter are my superior officer."

"May 1 to be a soldier."

"May 1 to be a soldier." sits around on the curbstone and shakes

"But if he failed to show up?"
"Oh, that would make no difference What the contractor doesn't know the

would just touch the spot, but further than that he never goes. Some folks think the excavator might dig right down to China is the inspector was not on hand, but that is a

in the world, I could not keep from wishing to do some little thing to benefit him.

"I may give him food and dring?" I may know saud from blue clay, but is may know saud from blue clay, but is the sand is drawn in. He sked. The captain shrugged his shoulders and but he has nothing to say to him. When laughed good temperedly.

"He ought not to be hungry. He has the rations which Government says are sufficient. But then you may be hungry and thirsty. It so, I do not see how I oan that's all. When the blocks are all laid he lay it down with a trembling sigh, but that's all. When the blocks are all laid he can be seen that the proving the same that the p stop you sending for wine and food—of course for yourself."

remains to see the hot tar poured on and the gravel spread out. He knows hot tar I thanked him and forthwith dispatched from mineral paint, and he knows gravel by a gentleman, means in Russia but one for traffic he certifies to that effect, and his tremendous mental and physical labors are concluded-except to draw his pay."-

What Troubled the Flock.

Detroit Free Press.

The salary of the Baptist pastor at Grantville, Neb., is \$100 a year. The recipient does not try to live on it, but works at his old trade of shoemaking. His he sank wearily. As he did so I heard the jingle of the irons on his legs

Then I

Then I dier, who no doubt had received his orders, saluted me gravely and followed his example. The door closed behind him, and Ceneri and I were alone.

Ceneri and I were alone.

The man as who could be that the opposition cobbler. Now we think that the opposition cobbler. Now we think that the opposition cobbler are saw he could be the composition cobbler. Ceneri and I were alone.

He had somewhat recovered from his that it is real mean. The man saw he could be useful in both channels and his congregation could not interfere.

One Effect of Convaiescence.

"Why are you so thoughtful?" asked a wife of her convalescent husband. He had been very sick, and for several days his been very sick, and for several tays me life was depaired of, but he was getting better very rapidly. "I am afraid," he said in response to his wife's question, "that I may have committed myself rather too strongly with the minister.'

THE Mudir of Dongola, England's only sounding cold and my voice being stern. If man, with a pale, pensive face, lighted up my coming had raised any hope in his heart, my manner now dispelled it. He knew I had not made the journey for his sake.

"Whether I are so hear to happings or "the barriage of the large nose, hooked like a vulture's beak." not depends on what you tell me. You may imagine it is no light matter which has enabled him to maintain himself in power almost within armstroke of the

a large Koran, resembling a family Bible, before him, while a companion squate in front, at the opposite side of the room, holding a similar volume, from which he reads. This personage is a splendid looking Nubian, over six feet tall, and a cousing "I have much of importance to say, but of the Mahdi, a fact which excites much comment.

The most destructive prairie fire known Montana since white men set foot in the territory broke out in the Bears' Paw mountains, near a log camp, on the 11th of October. It raged and spread, and threatened Fort Assiniboine. Troops were sent out to fight it while several miles from the fort, but they were driven back. Reinforcements were sent, and the course of the flames was finally turned and the fort saved, but they destroyed everything within fifty yards of the buildings. A tract

Covington, Ky., has a dog detective, it is to hunt up missing whose business it is to hunt up missing pets. He knows all the dogs in town and INDIA AND CANADA.

Advantages of the Dominion-An Army Veteran's Experience. (Toronto Mail.)

The Earl of Dufferin, our late Governor-General, is evidently a man of destiny. His appointment to the Viceroyalty of India is a deserved honor, and he will have the best wishes of every loyal Canadian. But he has no sinecure. English rule in India is a difficult thing to maintain—as the late Postmaster-General Fawcett often pointedly told Parliament-for it is one civilization attempting to rule another on its own domain. Moreover, the ruling class will always be in a minority because the climate is so exacting that Euglishmen cannot colonize the country in any considerable numbers. Adults cannot long abide there without a change of climate, and children born there of Caucasian parents, invariably die if they are kept in the country over six years.

India has many natural advantages over other English dependencies, but Canada has a more healthful climate, and she is not vexed with the problems of the government

of aliens. The heat of the lowlands of India is something dreadful, the average being over 80°. In the dry season the glass often registers 120°. Most of the wealthy class an flee to the mountains in summer, but the army officers and men have to endure it. As a consequence the mortality is very

Not long ago it was our privilege to converse at some length with Mr.T.B. Deacon of Goderich, who has served in Her Majesty's Indian army over 17 years.

our inquiry on how the climate affects the health of foreigners, he said: "Well, one does not notice the change at first unless the dry and hot season is on-Indeed I endured the damp hot of winter and the dry heat of summer very well for many years. Not until 1877 did I begin to many years. Not until 1677 did l'hegin to feel knocked up entirely. Then I lost flech rapidly, my appetite was that capricious that I could find nothing agreeable, my bowels were stupidly tyrpid, my spirit was genedirectly I wanted any vim, I got that yellow that I looked very like a lemon, and m legs swelled like in size to an elephant's And sure enough, I was weak! No, I had no pain at all. I was simply quietly wasting away, my system being completely saturated with malaria. None of the army physicians could help me, and I finally went home for treatment, but the Londo medical men gave it up when they saw me and learned that I had been soldering in India. Quite given out, I came to Canada, but got no help here. either. I had about made up my mind that it was all up with me, but by a very fortunate turn of circumstances I began to use the famous Warner's safe cure, and when I had taken nine bottles I got to be a strong and healthy man, having run from 92 to 142 lbs., the most I ever weighed. I have not had to take a drop of medicine in over a twelvemonth. No, I shall not go back to India and I don't advise any of my friends either here or at home to go there The Caucasian has no business there what

Some of us may at times feel like finding a little fault with our cold Dominion, but take it all in all we have a climate much preferable to that of "India's coral strand," and we will stick to our own country.

Don Carlos recently expressed his confidence that the crown of Spain would devolve on him at Alfonso's death, and meanwhile he will make no further to secure it.

The Day of Small Things.

a forever. It is not the great difficulties of life that try us but the small appoyances that ceasessly wear away patience and good temper. The smallest grain in the eye or the pricking of a pin, even an aching corn, upset us completely, and therefore it becomes our duty to protect ourselves against the lesser evils which grow great by repetition. To remove corns all that is ecessary is to purchase Putnam's Painles remove them and without the slighest pain or discomfort. Putnam's Extractor, like or discomfort. Putnam's Extractor, other articles of merit, has numerous imitators. Be on your guard against such Ask for and get Putnam's Extractor.

The novelist, F. Marion Crawford, pet cat on whose gold collar is inscribed. 'I'm F. M. Crawford's cat; whose cat are you?'

Have You Thought About It. Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal external pains by the use of Polson' NERVILINE, the great pain oure? Nerviline has never been known to fail in a single case; it cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known. bottle of Nerviline. You will find Nerviline a sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, head-ache. Buy and try. Large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists.

The notorious dive formerly kept by "Billy" McGlory, in New York city, has been reopened as a so-called "temperance

Another Life Saved.

theatre.

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his

A dinner was given to ten gentlemen at the Bellevue, Philadelphia, last week, the elegance of which is a subject of much talk in fashionable circles. The menus were in the form of a book of antique leather with a solid silver clasp. There were nine pages to the book, each page representing a course, and beautifully illuminated in oil. The gossips say these dainty books of the gastronomic library cost \$10 each.

Wrecked Manhood. Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-con fidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials

The New Orleans Exposition opens Dec 6th. The main building is completed. In the machinery department sixty-six boilers are in position. A system of water-works supplies 3,000,000 gallons of water

Address World's Dispensary Medical Asso-

Fraisty, thy Name is Woman."

That she is frail, often in body, "'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity. And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frality in women, or female weaknesses or

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A new village in Kentucky has been named Cleveland.

derangements. By reduced to one dollar.

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"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the ast three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending 'Hop Bitters' to me,

I used two bottles! Am entirely cured, and heartily recom mend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of

your Hop

* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism [!] Seven years, and no medicine seemed to

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success" In this great and " Valuable medicine : Anyone! * * wis wishing to know more bout my oure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington

Remedy the best remedy in existence
For Indigestion, kidney -Complaint

"And nervous debility. I have just

Returned From the South in a fruitless search or health, and find that your Bitters are loing me more

Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!" And scarcely able to walk. Now I am

Gaining strength! and And hardly a day passes but what I am complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or Hops" in their name

When a woman makes up her mind to do crewel work she always gets worsted. The key to this will be sold for a quarter -The Hatchet. The greatest depth so far discovered in the coean is 26,850 feet, five miles, or about 2,200 feet less than the height of the world's

loftiest mountain neak. Mount Everest one of the Himalaya chain, which is found to be not less, and apparently a little more than 29,000 feet above the sea level.



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