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This is the cradle in which there grew that thought of a philanthropic brain; A remedy that would make life new For the multitudes that were racked with pain.

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was in its infancy half a century ago. To-day it doth "bestride the narrow world like a colossus." What is the secret of its power? Its cures! The number of them! The wonder of them! Imitators have followed it from the beginning of its success. They are still behind it. Wearing the only medal granted to sarsaparilla in the World's Fair of 1893, it points proudly to its record. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

DEATH OF THE LAST WITNESS OF NAPOLEON'S DEFEAT.

James R. Greene's Graphic Account of the Greatest Conflict of History Given to a Reporter Just Before His Death—An Admirer of Napoleon, Although an Englishman.

The battle of Waterloo was fought eighty-two years ago, yet a man who saw that great conflict, and who was probably the last of the witnesses of Napoleon's final defeat, died only a few days ago. His name was James R. Greene, and he lived at the little town of Ellsworth, Ohio, writes a correspondent. A few weeks ago I saw and interviewed this relic of a past age. When I approached his humble cottage he was sitting on his little stoop or porch enjoying the warm August sunshine, and pulling off one by one the leaves from a peach twig he held in his hand. He greeted me with a hospitality and welcome that savored of the old South, and his modulation reminded me of the old school of planters. Though English by birth he was an American by adoption. He was born in England, just his horse. Maitland's Brigade did deadlier work, and hundreds of the Old Imperial Guard fell at a volley. Soon Wellington took the offensive, and as the sun was setting—a late summer evening—on an already bloody battlefield, the word was given, and the thousands of surviving allied forces who had stood since noon accepting the punishment of the French sprang forward and the Old Guard of France, defeated, demoralized, decimated, turned and fled.

Again "Uncle Jimmy" put his hand to his head as if suffering the same mental agony that Napoleon felt when he said, "Old Guard, farewell; Old Guard, farewell, and forever." The peach twig with which he had gesticulated and emphasized fell to the floor; for a moment.

A DEATH-LIKE PALLORE overspread his face. His pulse, which for years had been but twenty-five a minute, became more sluggish, and I felt that the old man's lease had at last expired; that he would die, as it were, on the field of Waterloo; die as he had lived, amid the din and roar and rout of one of the world's decisive battles. Ere long, however, much to my relief, a smile played about his lips as he returned and "Uncle Jimmy" was again sitting on the porch of his lonely little home in Ellsworth and fourscore and two years had passed since the acting of the scenes he had so vividly described.

He apologized for monopolizing the conversation—protesting that I had been ill-repaid for coming so far to see him—and after a little rest related experiences of his life both before and after Waterloo that read like tales from Kipling.

"What is your opinion of Napoleon?" I asked. "Napoleon was a gentleman, no coward, a fair fighter and a great General, Wellington was not so great a General as Napoleon," he replied.

For eleven years after Waterloo he was in the British marines and touched every seaport in the world.

"I am a Mason," he said, "I became a member of the High Griffith lodge, Doncaster, England, in 1822. So you see I come pretty nearly, if not quite, being the oldest Mason. Are you a Mason?" he asked. "No, I have not that honor," I replied. "Oh, every citizen is a Mason if he only knew it," he rejoined.

REASON DETHRONED. Anxious Mother—I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man thirty years older than herself.

Judge—Why, madam, girls marry old men every day, and are not considered insane. Anxious Mother—Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor.

TRIP IN A DIVING BELL.

What a Man Saw at the Bottom of Lake Huron—A Submarine Explosion.

Two months ago the wreck of the steamer Pewabic, which was sunk in 1885 in Lake Huron, off Alpena, Mich., was located. Since then an insurance company which paid \$61,000 on the loss of the copper with which the vessel was loaded, has been negotiating with a wrecking firm for the recovery of as much of the cargo as is practicable.

The depth of the water made diving operations impossible, as no diver can work with safety at a depth of 160 feet. It became necessary, therefore, for any wrecking concern that would take hold of it to construct a special diving apparatus, strong and safe enough to withstand the pressure of water at such a depth. Worden G. Smith, of Milwaukee, invented a diving bell and organized a company to raise the cargo, and the apparatus has been at work for several weeks. While in the vicinity Mr. J. S. Gadsden, agent of the insurance company had the experience of seeing a charge of dynamite placed in the vessel and fired off by electricity.

"When we were about twenty feet below the water's surface," said Mr. Gadsden, in relating his experience in we got down deeper the overhead pressure of the water increased. There was a slight leak at the edges of the cover, but as sure was so great that it was sealed tight, and not a drop came through. We were in telephonic communication with the surface all the time and the bell was lighted by electricity. We were lowered first on one side of the steamer, which we inspected. It was a hazy day and rather dark still at that depth we could see the heads of the bolts that held the gunwale of the steamer in place at a distance of six or seven feet. Then we were lifted and moved over to the other side of the vessel. Through the glass in the bottom and sides we could see below us and on every side through the water. Several fine specimens of lake trout were seen swimming by, several of them almost touching the glass.

A WOMAN GOES DOWN. "The bell has four legs on the outside, worked by cogs and cranks from the inside for balancing it on the bottom, where there is a sloping surface. There is also a little propeller for moving it round to any desired position, also worked from the inside. An ingenious feature is two steel rods, working in ball bearing joints or journals, which pass through the bottom of the bell and at their ends are grappling hooks for handling the wreckage.

"A piece of rock was lowered from the surface, and it was pushed into a position where it would hold the cable to which it was attached. Then a piece of dynamite was lowered and placed in the same way. An electric wire was attached to it, and we told them to explode the surface of the lake was greatly agitated and large numbers of lake trout were killed by the shock and soon were seen floating on the water. The men on the barge were so eager in gathering in the trout with nets that they neglected to lower us to see the big bubbles made at the bottom. When we went down the sediment was so agitated that we could see nothing.

Three weeks before I was there the wife of Captain Peterson, who is in charge of the life saving station at Thunder Bay, her sister and another lady were down in the bell. It was the first time ever women were at the bottom of the lake and survived. The inventor of the bell claims that it can be lowered to a depth of 450 feet with perfect safety, and, by putting in heavier glass, to a depth of 1,000 feet."

STEER CLEAR OF THAT. No debating society has ever yet dared to tackle the question, which is the best make of bicycles? Otherwise it would be in session yet.

UNDYING LOVE. Mr. Billion—You shall never marry my daughter, sir. Impassioned Suitor—Your threats do not frighten me. I'll marry her or die! When once I love, sir, no power on earth can— Mr. Billion—Oh, I'm not proposing to use force. How much cash will it take to buy you off? Impassioned Suitor—Um—er—how much'll you give?

PLUCKING THE INNOCENT. A Wily Fakir Who Was "Done" by the Farmers. "No," said the soap fakir to a group of people that had gathered around him, "there is no use talking to me about the innocence of the countryman. He may buy a gold brick occasionally or sign a bank cheque and lose his farm, but, as a rule, he can take care of himself just as well as the next one, and generally a little better. If I knew as much as some farmers I wouldn't be in the business, and you can gamble on that."

"Why, say, do you know what happened to me the last time I was down in the country? I got pinched, that's what I done. I got my satchel out in front of the hotel in a little town about thirty miles east here and began to do a few tricks to draw a crowd.

"After I'd made an egg disappear and pulled a few knots open for them, I says, 'Now, gentlemen, I'm going to show you a trick that nobody else on earth has ever attempted. You see my hat here? Well, we'll imagine for the time being that it's a flower pot. Out of this hat I'm going to make a bush grow up, and when I've done that I'll make every leaf on it turn into a \$5 note.'

"What? Did I do it? Of course I did. But, say, do you know what come of it? Blamed if they didn't arrest me and fine me \$15 for 'raisin' bills, which the Justice of the Peace said was contrary to the statoots made and provided.

"Well, I sort of had a hankerin' to know whether they done it in good faith or just because they thought I was easy pickin', and what do you think I found out? Why, the people of that town hadn't paid any taxes for eight years. They'd actually been runnin' things by plucking just such innocent fellows as me.

"Now, gentlemen, there's a \$1 bill in one of these little packages. Who will give me 10 cents for the first choice?"

ROUTED BY BEES.

How a Highland Regiment Were Put to Flight in India.

The Scottish Highland dress with its kilt, in which the trousers are totally lacking, has certain advantages for a soldier, and certain disadvantages—as the Highlanders who accompanied Lord Roberts on one of his expeditions to Afghanistan once found out to their cost. Lord Roberts tells the story of the occurrence, in his "Forty-one Years in India."

As the troops were advancing, Lord Roberts was employed for a little time within an enclosure at Alamahg, when he heard great confusion, as of a panic, among his troops without on the plain. Getting on the roof, he looked out over the plain, and saw the troops flying in every direction. There was no firing and the enemy was not in sight, but evidently something serious had happened to throw the men into such confusion.

The general mounted and rode to the scene. There he found that the enemy was not the Afghan, but a mass of infuriated bees, which seemed to penetrate everywhere, and which were especially active against the Highlanders, who were particularly vulnerable to their attacks.

The general promptly decided that discretion was the better part of valor in such a contest, and withdrew the command in as good order as possible to a position remote from the scene of the attack. Then he instituted an inquiry, and found that the stampede had been the result of the thoughtlessness of an officer of the 9th Lancers, who had thrust his lance into a hive of bees. The intrepid insects had instantly rushed to the assault—as they would have done if the whole British army had been present.

"There were no serious consequences," Lord Roberts concludes; "but the Highlanders were heard to remark on the unsuitability of their dress for an encounter with an enemy of that description."

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HIGH AUTHORITY. Nell—What sort of a woman is that Mrs. Westleigh? She isn't very well-bred, is she? Belle—She is a perfect lady, I heard her say so, the other day, herself.