New Waiter at Boathouse Inn.

e night of November 5, 1797, was
plete with incidents for the
ers at Parkgate, on the Cheshire
of the Dee estuary, that for some
to come all local events of impor-
were described as having taken
so long before or so long after
eventful evening.

re had been a light fall of snow
first snow that winter; but the
traffic of foot-passengers over
Parade, and of wheeled vehicles
the roadway, had almost obliter-
t. As often happens, the high-
lsh coast opposite had first
the skirts of the snow-clouds
y trailed heavily up from the
nd the outlines of the whitened
of Clwyd, which under ordinary
stances would have been invis-
n a moonless night, now faint-
owed their undulating summits,
e bright starlight, with Moel
au—"The Mother of the Hills,'
g a shadowy watch and ward
them. Clusters of tiny gems
d the whereabouts of Flint Cas-
d town, and of the Holywell and
centres; but in the intervening
s the lights were few and far
een. Non-consistent was the buzz
e Holyhead trains which now in-
ittently steals across the four
a half miles of estuary, and only
weird cries of the gulls and the
l whistle of the curlews broke the
re silence which brooded beyond
quays.

e desolate outlook but served to
uate the bustle of the thriving
port. Parkgate was at this time,
for long afterwards, the princi-
northern gateway to Ireland, and
s ebbed and flowed with the tides
o the delight of mine host—abode
e or other of the snug hostelries
hickly dotted along the Parade,
the wind blew fair for the Em-
Isle. Every few yards there was
, fourteen have vanished within
memory; so that an almost con-
us stream of light was shed from
indows, and, where the snow was
ntrodden, stained it with ruddy
s.

tumult which nightly attended
rival of the London coach had
d, and a quaintly-rigged Dub-
cket, which had just discharged
rgo, rocked lightly at anchor a
ards from the shore; while, by
de of one of the red sandstone
es, another packet was being rap-
lled with merchandise, prepara-
sailing with the morning tide.
l post-chaises, bearing wealthy
gers, who preferred not to wait
early morning coach, had set
th much cracking of the postil-
hips, for West Chester, as the
cathedral-town a dozen miles
river was generally termed.
tains of the large room of the
Hotel, now a flourishing
were only partly drawn, and
could be seen a gay group of
s. The smartly-cut coats and
eches of the gentlemen, their
linen, powdered wigs, and pro-
ornamented court swords, cou-
with their gallant bearing, mark-
hem as persons of distinction;
e the ladies of the party had their
ctions set off by the rich dresses,
-heeled shoes with gleaming buc-
powder, patches and other frivol-
of the time.

eral passers-by loitered to gaze
he fascinating picture thus pre-
to their view; and on the road-
straggling band of urchins were
pting to march in military or-
der the command of a slim boy
e ten years, who, by a broken-
d cutlass, was gallantly leading
on to "fight the French." Not-
anding their valour, and the
s of patriotic songs, which dis-
at brief intervals into shrill
they did not court the shadows
r wandered far from the light-
n of the Parade; for at that
name of the arch-enemy of
had given place to "Bona-
a terror to small boys, and
nts had threatened them
len visitation of the latter
that their youthful minds in-
associated him with the pow-
arkness. To and fro the band
ture warriors marched until at
t of one of their perambula-
ar the Neston turning they
e to face with an advancing
man and a woman.

an was rather over the me-
ght, and powerfully built, with
loping shoulders and long arms.
re a claret-coloured coat with
rous brass buttons on either side,
pair of baggy breeches of the
material buttoned over his
e blue hose. His heavy shoes were
ed with massive brass buckles,
bright red silk handkerchief was
knotted around his brawny
er a coarse but clean white
shirt. His round swarthy face
lean shaven and heavily marked
smallpox. Tiny gold earrings
ed the lobes of his ears, and his
dark eyes were apparently per-
y twinkling with good humour.
lked with the lumbering tread of
ghman, and the most casual ob-
would at once set him down as
nch peasant. He was accompan-
a tall and very erect lady, much
er than himself with well-
d features of a somewhat aqui-
melancholy cast, and expres-
ark eyes. She was well
ainly dressed. Her rath-
feet were neatly shod,
eral rings adorned the shape-
which was employed in hold-
ely around her a large circular
blue cloth. Unlike her com-
she walked with a firm, quick
th which he kept pace with
difficulty.

an was at once recognized by
y, and was hailed by them as
;" while one of them varied
thet by calling out, "Boney,
arty!" A dozen current wit-
at the expense of Frenchmen
lly, and alluding to their sup-
inferiority to Englishmen, were
at him; while the leader pre-
to dispute his passage with
oken weapon.

Frenchman caressed their boy-
ads with parental fondness as
shed by with the words, 'Gud
gud boys! Now let ze ladee
Cries of "He has to run! he
run!" pursued him as he hur-
ng the Parade. His trading excursions, not to mention certain shady smuggling transactions, had brought him through Parkgate for many years, and he was well known to a large circle there.

Soon the watch-house—standing, as it still does, half-way out upon the road, as if it had elbowed its way forward the better to look out upon the broad estuary—loomed up in the semi-darkness before the couple. A portion of it was roofed and glazed, to protect the watchers from the strong westerly gales, while the broad stone steps and the landing to which they led was open to the weather.

On the topmost stair one of the local revenue officers—a short, broad man, with bronzed face, peaked gray beard, and keen, bluish-gray eyes, and with the general aspect of an old veteran—was poising a large telescope in a sling on the outer edge of the wall, and closely scrutinising the black veil which intruded itself between the quay and Hilbre Island. The shoulders of his semi-military coat were powdered over with snow, and a heavy cutlass was tightly girt about his waist.

The Frenchman made out the figure while yet some distance away, and he and his companion came to a full stop, and stood for a little time whispering together and closely scrutinising the actions of the officer before approaching the watch-house. Fully fifty yards away the Frenchman called out in facetious tones, "I say, monsieur. John Bull Whitehead, what you look out there for? Ha, ha! you tink you see Napoleon coming along—eh!"?

"Hullo, Froggy, hullo!" responded the watcher, closing his glass with a snap, "are you back again? Nay. Boney knows better nor come in this quarter. I was watching the Gunpowder Plot fire at Mostyn;" and he pointed over the estuary considerably to the left of where he had actually been looking. "If you squint across you can see it with your naked eye—beggin' the lady's pardin."

Froggy followed the direction of the officer's finger, and with difficulty made out a small leaping tongue of flame distinguishable by its reddish tinge from the pale fixed lights on the Flintshire shore.

"I wish I 'ave your eyes, the Frenchman exclaimed as he moved on.

"If you could see what I was doing from where you stood, my old un, they didn't make you a bad pair," the revenue man muttered to himself as he laid down the glass and began vigorously to clap his numbed arms together; adding, "I'd naythur tell you nor no other frog what I was looking for." Then, as if refreshing his memory: "'Three flashes and a flash,' that's the word they sent down. See a light I sartinly did; but see 'three flashes and a flash' I sartinly did not.

The Boathouse Inn marked, as its crumbling site still marks, the extreme end of the Parade; and, beyond the fields and the shores stretched away to the distant sea-coast. The Mostyn Hotel was patronized by the notables; the Boathouse Inn was frequented by numerous sailors, fishermen, ostlers, post-chaise drivers anchor-smiths, etc., in addition to shoals of individuals of every known occupation, who were continually setting through Parkgate. The large room overlooking the beach rang with song and mirth. A popular song with a swinging chorus was in full progress, and at the end of each verse the pewters rained applause upon the long oak table with a din akin to that of the shipwrights' mallets in a graving-dock, while the old lattice-window rattled in unison in its ancient frame as the Frenchman and his companion passed beneath it, and crept stealthily into the darkness in the rear of the group of buildings, making their way to the opposite side of an unused lime-kiln some fifty yards farther on.

but the alias of "Ould Uncle" had been

After carefully scrutinizing the vic- from her cloak, and, turning towards Hilbre Island, turned the slide of the lantern four times, allowing a lengthy pause between the third and fourth flash. Out of the darkness, some five miles away, came like an echo four answering sparks of light, divided by similar intervals, and almost on the instant the bow of a small boat grated on the beach, and the solitary occupant, a fisherman, sprang lightly ashore.

The new-comer might have sat for the portrait of a Viking. He wore his sixty years lightly, and his tawny beard was unflecked with gray, while his tall figure was erect, and he stepped out across the sands with the suppleness of a youth. "John" was the name given to him by his sponsors. but the alias of "Ould Uncle" had been welded to him in his early boyhood. and had stuck to him as only a Park gate nickname can.

Dark as it was, he and the French man recognized each other, and the latter held out his hand with an un easy laugh. "Uncle," however, tru h ed by, exclaiming breathlessly, "Out of the road, Froggy; out of the road There's trouble down at Tinker's Dale and if some of your dirty countrymen don't get lodgings at Chester Castle to-morrow, my name's not Uncle Meal or."

Before the last word had left hi lips the Frenchman had him by th throat.

"Why, what the hangment!"—he be gan; and then, realizing that his op ponent was in serious earnest, he lock ed him in an iron grip, and a deadly struggle began. To and fro and round and round they swung in a grim silence, unbroken save by their panting breath and the crunching sound of their feet on the gravel of the beach.

The struggle was short. In a few moments it was the Frenchman's throat that was being compressed, and he threw up his hands as he felt himself being borne irresistibly to the ground.

At this point the female, who had been darting hither and thither about the combatants, seeking an opportunity to deliver an effective blow, brought the heavy lantern down on Uncle's head with terrific force, and rapidly repeated the blow again and again, at the same time hissing in French to her exhausted countryman, "The knife, fool—the knife."

The next moment Uncle staggered back, and crying out faintly to the merrymakers, "O Lord! mates, help; I'm murdered!" fell like a log.

The female stood, listening intently, to ascertain if the disturbance had been noticed at the "Boathouse," and the Frenchman vainly tried to stifle the sound of his labored breathing as he too strained his ears; but there was no lull in the carousal, and a score of lusty voices could be heard uproariously lifted together in a rhyme which had become immensely popular at Parkgate:

"Says Boney to Johnny, 'I'm comin' to Dover;
And when I come over I'll be come, I'll be come.'
Says Johnny to Boney, 'You're coming to Dover;
And when you come over you'll be overcome.'"

The last line was repeated several times with great gusto.

On the very brink of the tide, and even nearer to the guilty party than the "Boathouse" itself, stood the Long Row, facetiously so called; its later sobriquet of William and Mary's Row afterwards attaching itself to it owing to the fact that a William and Mary occupied each of the four humble tenements.

The slight disturbance, however, had been unnoticed. The dim lights continued to burn steadily in the windows; and so still was the night that, between the bursts of song, the air was filled with the moaning voice of the surf, as it battled with the Cambrian rocks fully a score of miles away.

A hurried consultation took place. By proceeding along the shore they would almost certainly fall into the hands of one or other of the coast-guard patrols. By taking possession of one of the small boats, and attempting to steer their own course down the river, they would almost as certainly stick fast on one of the numerous sandbanks, with which the fishermen were so familiar. Finally, they decided to obtain the services of a fisherman and boat, and with this object they dragged the body of Uncle into the deep shadow of the kiln, and retraced their steps to the "Boathouse."

To Be Continued.

OVER SIX HUNDRED DISEASES.

Many Are the Maladies With Which Man in His Short Span Is Afflicted.

To face over 600 diseases to which the flesh of frail humanity is heir, is the unpleasant prospect which stares in the face the human being who is about to enter the twentieth century. These, according to the testimony of a well known physician, include only diseases as such, and no injuries, growths and accidents which require surgical attention, and yet may properly be included among the ills of flesh.

To go into the realm of surgery, with its growths, fractures, dislocations, wounds, would more than double the number of diseases. Indeed, the multiplication would be almost endless, as each particular break of a bone, each wound of a bullet, or each contusion of an accident would be counted a separate disease. What with tropical dangers and war risks of soldiers in distant lands, the chance would seem to be largely increased in some form or other.

A ray of hope is held out, however, in the fact that there is escape from many of these diseases for a large number of the country's inhabitants, as is evidenced by the increasing population, in spite of the large array of maladies.

Outside of the zymotic diseases or those caused by the reproduction within the body of living germs, introduced from without, physicians say that, after all, the other diseases are merely forms of inflammation. This one form of inflammation of the mucous lining of the throat will produce a simple sore throat while another form of inflammation of the same tissues will cause a deadly case of diphtheria. Thus, too, an inflammation of the membranes lining the interior of the lungs will be called pneumonia, while another form of inflammation of the membrane covering the lung is called pleurisy. So it goes through various tissues and organs of the body, each having a variety of forms of inflammation, particularized as diseases which are known by this or that name.

Diseases, like fashions, change with the seasons, some being more prevalent in one month of the year than in another, although there is no hard and fast rule to confine them to a particular season. Under the proper provocation a person may have a cold in the head in midsummer, as well as in winter. There is less change from year to year than in fashions.

The multiplication of remedies has more than kept pace with the growth in the number of diseases. All the coal tar products were unknown, but a few years ago. Chemists and manufacturers are now busy and allow scarcely a week to go by without putting on the market a new remedy for which some special curative functions are claimed.

The medical colleges, too, are turning out hundreds of graduates every year who are taking up the fight against disease, adding their investigations and deductions to the work that has gone before. Hygiene and dietetics are being given more attention in the field of preventive medicine, in order to build up the human system so that it will resist the single combined assaults of its disease enemies. So the fight goes on against the 600 odd diseases.

HOUSEHOLD.

CONVULSIONS.

The nervous system of infants is much more irritable than that of older people; that is to say, it is excited to undue action by various stimulants which in the older child or the adult would have no similar effect. For example, many fevers begin in adults with a chill, but in infants with a convulsion. It is this fact that makes spasms so common, and for the most part of comparatively so little significance, in babies.

After the second or third year the nervous system acquires more equilibrium, and then a convulsion is a more serious matter, and indicates the probable existence of some nervous disease in the child.

Medical writers usually divide convulsions in young children into febrile, reflex and toxic, according as they are indicative of the beginning of a fever, or are the result of some irritation of the skin or mucous membranes,—as in children who are cutting teeth or who have worms,—or are caused by the action of some poison circulating in the blood. This poison may be introduced from without, either in the milk or in the air, or it may be formed within the body as a result of indigestion.

In the treatment of a baby in convulsions the first thing, of course, is to find the cause and to remove it, if possible. This is, however, usually the last thing done, for by the time the physician arrives almost all the domestic remedies have usually been tried. It is moreover not always possible to find the true cause, or to remove it when found, and then the treatment must be directed to the convulsion itself.

At the beginning of the spasm the child's clothing should be examined to make sure that there are no pins scratching it, and no strings tied too tightly. It should be taken into a large, airy room, or out-of-door if the weather is suitable. A warm bath is often efficacious. If the spasms have come on soon after eating, especially if the baby is bottle-fed, vomiting should be induced by tickling the throat, or by warm salt and water if the child can swallow.

If the convulsions are due to indigestion or to worms, as they often are or to teething, as they seldom are, the doctor's task will be an easy one; if they are due to a beginning fever, they will subside as the fever develops; if they are due to actual disease of the nervous system, they will probably recur at intervals in spite of the best of treatment.

HOW TO RAISE PANSIES.

There is probably not a child who does not love the pansy, and the majority of grown people regard it with much favor. We see pansies grown in people's door yards, even when no other flower is cultivated there. The one great reason for its popularity is the ease with which it may be grown, and the plenteous returns it gives for the care spent upon it. Pansy plants are raised by getting good seeds and sowing in shallow boxes in the house, or hot beds out of doors. In the house, seeds may be started in February, March or April. Fill the box with fine prepared dirt, bringing it nearly to the top. This soil need not be so very rich, good garden loam will answer very well. Make the top level and smooth and scatter the seed as evenly as possible. When this is done, sift some soil over them until they are covered about a quarter of an inch in depth. Next give a light sprinkling and then wet a piece of spongy paper, or brown wrapping paper, and put over the top of the box, set in a sunny window free from drafts, and in about eight days expect to see the first tiny shoots appear. Do not pour water over the soil, but let all moisture be given through the paper, which should be frequently moistened.

By May the plants ought to be large enough to be set out of doors. Have the ground where they are to be placed shaded deep and mellow, and plenty of well decayed manure worked in, as pansies delight in a rich soil. Select a cloudy day for setting out the plants, and put them about eight inches apart each way, firming them down well. By July they will be in blossom and will continue to flower till late in the fall. In the meantime, work the soil every week, give the plants all the water they can drink. Keep the blossoms well picked off, so that no seed pods—which take the strength from the plants—can form, and give fertilizer if it should be needed. The best fertilizer is liquid manure, if it is not too strong. To my mind a situation which receives the benefit of the sun till noon and is shaded for the remainder of the day is an ideal place for a pansy bed. There is really nothing complex about growing these winsome little flowers, and the slight effort on the grower's part will be more than compensated.

CELERY RECIPES.

Cream of Celery Soup.—Chop fine one root of celery, add 1 1-2 cups water and 1-2 cup rice. Simmer 25 minutes. Scald a cup of cream, and 1-2 cup milk in a double boiler. Squeeze celery and rice through a sieve. saving the water, drained, add this with the celery and rice to the hot milk and cook 20 minutes, season with pepper and salt. If the soup is too thick, add chicken stock.

Creamed Celery—Wash two heads of celery and cut into small pieces. Sprinkle salt over these and add a tablespoonful of butter. Steam. Just before serving, add plenty of rich cream.

Creamed Celery—Cut the celery into small pieces, simmer in boiling water 45 minutes. Drain the celery carefully, adding a seasoning of white pepper, salt, a pint of cream; boil an instant.

Omelet with Celery—First boil the necessary amount of celery, season it with pepper, salt and a little butter. Make an omelet of four well-beaten eggs, allowing a tablespoonful of cream to an egg, add salt and pepper. Fry, and just before doubling one side over the other, carefully add the celery. Serve very hot. with or without jam.

Celery Salad—Wash the celery and place in cold salt water for one or two hours. A few moments before the serving hour, cut the celery into inch pieces and pour a mayonnaise over it. In making this salad, a dainty way is to shred finely the inch lengths. Chickens, lamb, beef and even fish are often minced and added to the salad, using only one kind of the meat.

Boiled Celery—Bring it to the boiling point and simmer for 45 minutes, drain, add pepper, salt and butter.

Celery and Cabbage Salad — Chop two heads of celery and one small cabbage, mix thoroughly. Heat half a pint of vinegar, then add 1 teaspoon white sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 6 of melted butter, a dash of salt and 1 tablespoon mustard. Boil a few minutes, pour over the celery and cabbage.

Celery Sauce—This is often served with chicken. Wash the celery and cut in short lengths, simmer for thirty minutes, allowing a teacup of cold water to each head of celery. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, stir into it rapidly an equal amount of flour, then add the celery and a teacup of milk. Stir "without ceasing" until it reaches the boiling pount, then add a seasoning of salt and pepper.

Celery au Gratin.—Prepare the celery in the usual way, wash, scrape and cut into small pieces. Simmer until tender. Drain and proceed as in all similar dishes, scalloped oysterss, etc.; a layer of bread crumbs, one of celery, seasoning—butter, salt and pepper; the last layer one of crumbs. Bake a rich brown.

Celery and Potatoes—Boil the celery as per recipe given. After it is cold, chop very fine and mix with cold boiled chopped potatoes in the proportion of 1 of celery to 3 of potato. Melt a generous piece of butter in a saucepan and fry the celery and potato, seasoning with pepper and salt.

GUARDED IN DEATH BY HER DOG.

The Faithful Animal's Distress When Her Body Was Taken Away.

Guarded by a handsome dog that had been her constant companion in life, the dead body of an aged lady was found on her doorstep in Philadelphia a few days ago. The poorly-clad woman was noticed by scores of passers-by as she sat on the step, with her head leaning against the door, but they supposed she had become weary and had fallen asleep as she sat in the sun. She was dressed in shabby black, with a worn fur cape thrown around her shoulders, and a white veil over her face made a queer contrast with her otherwise black attire. Women and children on their way to the nearby grocery store noticed the queer pair old woman and dog—seated together, but no one's suspicions were aroused by the woman's long rest.

Finally the wife of a baker, across the street, saw the handsome black and white dog lick the woman's hands and face and then give a dismal howl as his caress was not returned. Fearing that the old woman was ill and could not rise from the step, she started to investigate. As she approached she was met by a threatening advance from the dog, and she reached the step only after many kind words to the animal. Shaking the old woman's shoulder failed to arouse her, and when her arm was raised it was found to be cold and stiff. She dropped it with a scream, and notified the neighbors. A small crowd collected around the old woman, but the dog kept them at bay. Every advance was met by a snarl and a policeman was called.

His approach was likewise resented by the faithful animal, but the patrol wagon was called and the woman's body was placed in it in spite of the dog's protests and growls. When his mistress was put in the wagon and he was left out he howled and barked and ran wildly about, but refused to be caught. The woman was first taken to the hospital, where it was found she had been dead some time, and was then removed to the Morgue, where the Coroner's post-mortem showed she had succumbed to an attack of heart disease.

The dog followed the patrol wagon to the hospital, and evidently thought waited outside until noon, when he returned dejectedly to the house again. his mistress remained there, as he

While no one seemed to know the dead woman, she was a familiar sight on the streets, however, as police and citizens had seen her every morning with the dog. The animal was well kept and wore a handsome collar.

MORAL INFLUENCE RECOGNIZED.

"I suppose there are several lines to the East?" he queried at a railroad ticket office the other day.

"Well, yes," reluctantly replied the agent, "but if you want the shortest and quickest line——"

"That makes no difference to me," interrupted the aller. "I want a line controlled by moral influences. Is the President of your road a religious man?"

"I can't say as to that, but I know that two of our switchmen and three firemen lately joined the Salvation Army and that our Board of Directors discourages poker and beer."

"That's moral influence," said the traveler, as he brightened up, "and you may give me a ticket to New York."

KING SOLOMON'S MINES FOUND?

Carl Peters Asserts That He Found Ophir Where He Looked for It in South Africa.

I have this summer explored the country between the Zambesi and the Pungwe, in Portuguese East Africa and Eastern Mashonaland. Before I started from England I had acquired geographical information which led me to believe that Fura was near the eastern entrance of the Lupata Gorge. There I have found it. It is situated on the banks of the Muira River, about fifteen miles south of the Zambesi, and half-way between Sena and Tete. At the time of my discovery I had with me Mr. Puzy and two mining engineers, Messrs. Gramann and Napolski. I should perhaps explain here that Fura is the native corruption of the word Afur, by which name the Arabs of the sixteenth century knew the district of which I am speaking. Afur is the Sabaean or South Arabian form of the Hebrew name Ohpir. I have ample proof that the Fura we discovered and explored this summer is the Ophir of the Old Testament. Afur or Ophir in the Semitic language, means mine. Fura in the language of the people who now inhabit the district also means mine.

The natives, who are under the powerful chief, Macombe, call themselves Makalanga, which means

PEOPLE OF THE SUN.

Unlike any other Africans I know, they are to this day, sun and fire worshippers. They are quite unlike the ordinary African, and have a distinct Jewish type of face, and in my opinion they are a mixture of the Asiatic conquerers with the original inhabitants of the country.

On arriving in the district, I soon found that the natives had some idea of the existence of the ancient Ophir. In fact, they wash gold themselves after the rainy season, and after storing it in quills, do a fairly large trade in it with Beira and Tete.

At first I had great difficulties with these people. For five weeks they refused to sell me food and performed war dances to frighten me. Macombe, the chief, then sent his brother Suntete to me, demanding what I meant by entering his country. By this time, however, as I had succeeded in getting food from other sources, Cuntete seemed inclined to be friendly. I made friends with him, and I have brought him to England. Up to the present his greatest surprise is that he has not seen the sun. This chief subsequently gave me valuable information regarding the position of the ancient ruins and workings, which I at once investigated. Going to the spot indicated, I found ancient ruins of undoubtedly Semitic type. I discovered phallic emblems, which have always been connected with the ancient Semitic sun worship. Fura itself I found to possess a formation of quartzite slate and diorite, between which gold reefs were running. Under the ruins I found d large alluvial tract, in which we discovered gold and near it magnificent quartz reefs. The ancient workings which I found were not only surface workings, but there were also shafts and roads.

HEWN INTO THE ROCK

I have built a station in this district, and also one in Iynanga, both of which are in charge of trustworthy Europeans. I intend next summer to further investigate the traces of diamonds, coal, white mica and saltpetre which we found.

"My theory with regard to Ophir," said the doctor in conclusion, is this: The ancient conquerors heard at the mouth of the Zambesi of rich alluvial gold up river and sailed up to the eastern entrance of the Lupata, beyond which rapids made navigation difficult. They then proceeded overland and found, under the very walls, of the fortifications, ruins of which he have discovered, alluvial and also reef gold. They then settled for a considerable period, and afterward migrated to the west toward the Ruenye. They eventually settled in the cool climate on Inyanga, conquered all the districts west and southwest as far as the Sanyate River and Tete, and built a great empire along the Zambesi and Sabi rivers. The ancient Sabaean empire probably lasted for thousands of years. Its existence was well known among the Semitic nations, and it is interesting to note that Ophir is always mentioned in the Old Testament without any explanation as to its locality. I have seen enough to be assured that all the products of the ancient Ophir are to be found on the Zambesi.

"As a result of my investigation the Arabian and Indian theories, regarding Ophir fall to pieces, and I claim unhesitatingly to have located this year the Golden Ophir of King Solomon and King Hiram."

HOW BOER TRAPS ARE PREPARED.

An Afrikander in the Paris Matin, writes:—"Just you wait until after the capitulation of Ladysmith and Kimberley, and then you will see. Until the British adopt our way of fighting they will never be able to do anything against us, and we are firmly convinced that they will be killed or captured to a man before forcing us back over our own border. They little know what January has in store for them. We have no more fear of Roberts or Kitchener than we have of Buller or Methuen. They only make two generals more. We shall hasten to capture Ladysmith and Kimberley before they arrive, and then we shall have our hands free to deal with them each in turn as we did with Methuen and Buller. What the Boers do is to secretly and rapidly change their positions after the British scouts have passed, and to mass in force in spots that were previously unoccupied. The result is the British columns inevitably walk into the trap and find themselves met with a murderous fire where they thought there was nobody."

SCIENCE TO THE FRONT.

FACTORY GUIDED BY SCIENCE TURNS OUT A SUPERIOR PRODUCT.

The Result of Years of Labor—Brains and Scientific Knowledge Utilized—Discovery a Financial Gold Mine.

What has always been regarded as a fundamental truth—that every piece of wood once formed part of a tree, great or small—has been shattered to bits. Science is to blame for it.

Wood is now made; it does not grow. A composite of materials goes into one end of a factory and comes out of the other end in boards of all sizes. It is wood that can be sawed, nailed, screwed or polished. But it will not burn. Nor are there any knots in it.

Another peculiarity of this manufactured wood is that it will not shrink warp or buckle. It is like stone in those respects, and it is just about as indestructible. Moreover, it can be polished until it takes on the shimmer and gloss of elaborately treated marble and the polish remains for all time.

Some time in the far future the moan of the alarmist about the destruction of the forests will perhaps be realized. But the people of those times will not suffer much. What the forests do for humanity after innumerable years of growth the factory now does with a few whirls of its machinery.

How is artificial lumber made? The process is simple and its cheapness more than rivals its simplicity. That is where science again comes to the front.

MADE FROM A WASTE PRODUCT.

It is made from straw, in the form of a long-fibre straw board. Heretofore it has been regarded as valueless. But it forms the basis of manufactured wood. This product is treated with chemical baths, producing a material, which has all of the desirable qualities of wood and others which the natural product does not possess.

The basic material—the long fibre straw board—costs practically nothing, and the supply is unlimited. The process of converting it into artificial lumber is, as has been said, a simple one and the cost of the product is therefore small.

The utility of the artificial lumber has already been demonstrated in many different ways. In the first place the material is fire-proof, is a non-conductor of heat and cold, and being air-tight, neither warps nor splits.

ITS ADVANTAGES IN CONSTRUCTION.

Employed as a top flooring and as a ceiling, a room so constructed is not only fire-proof, but is free from cracks, warm in winter and cold in summer, Heat cannot penetrate it, neither can cold.

The material deadens all reverberation. It gives back no echo. In public halls where it has been used the acoustic advantages have been multiplied three fold.

It has been found by builders that the employment of artificial lumber in the wall construction of office buildings and dwellings obviates the use of lath and plaster. Boards of the material are pinned directly to the studding.

This not only permits of a saving in labor and material, and also economizes in space, but makes a compact wall that is considerably stronger and more durable than if made of ordinary material.

As a building material artificial lumber has even more uses than natural wood, because of its many peculiar qualities and its cheapness. But in other fields of commerce its uses are even more numerous.

The material is made in such relief designs and colorings as the builder may desire for walls and ceilings, and at a cost of from one-third to one-half ot other decorative materials. The reliefs in artificial lumber are also much sharper in outline, as the colors are laid on before the embossing is done.

In durability artificial lumber rivals mahogany and oak, and is equally susceptible of beautiful finish. The process of manufacture permits its being made in exact imitation, of all the finer ornamental woods, also of marble and of onyx.

In addition to its being available in the making of all kinds of furniture, it is used in the manufacture of piano cases, of embossed panels, and medallions, for advertising purposes, for picture frames, blackboards, store fixtures of all kinds and packing boxes. In fact it is available for every use that wood is employed.

In the interior finishing of expensive railroad cars it has been employed to great advantage.

ABOUT BEAUTY BUILDING.

Save money on toothsome trash and spend it on a reliable masseuse.

Save money on clothes and spend it on your complexion.

An ugly skin and beautiful apparel fight it out together.

There is the complexion brush.
The fortnightly steam bath.
The purest of olive oil soap.
Complexion bags of bran.
Astringents, such as benzion.
Bleachers, such as hydrozone.
Health bread, such as whole wheat.
Cooling salads.
Hot water for internal treatment and hot water for external treatment.
And cold water and tepid water and vapor baths and sponge baths.
Nine hours' sleep.
Five miles a day in short skirts.
Hygienic underwear.
An afternoon nap.
Health, perfect health.
The road is hard to climb that leads to beauty's castle.

Her Horrible Suspicion—Mrs. Younghusband—It's awful to think of that poor tramp being picked up dead. Younghusband—I can just imagine how you feel, my dear, but perhaps he wasn't the one you gave that mince-pie to.