MUMMIES ALONG THE WAY.

A CORRESPONDENTS WEIRD STORY OF THE DESERT.

What Was Seen by an Eye Witness and His Vivid Description of the Terrible and Ghastly Sights.

Mr. G. W. Stevens, writing from Omdurman, gives the following vivid and interesting description of the situation, there:—

"Goom!" The hideous cry broke on to the still night, and jarred on the white stars. "Mohammed! Ali! Hassan! Goom, goom!" I sat up on my angareb and groaned. Do not be frightened. "Goom" is not the cry of a beast of prey. It is worse; it is the Arabic for "Wake," and it was three in the morning. We were moving out of our pleasant palm-shade at Magawieh on August 21, and taking the road south again.

The clumsy column formed up after its clumsy wont, and threaded sleepily desertward through the mimosa-thorns. After a few minutes we came, to our wonder, on to a broad, flat road, embanked at each side. It could have hardly been built by scorpions, and there were no other visible inhabitants. Then, at a corner, we came to a sign-post—a sign-post, by all that's astounding!—with "To Metemneh" inscribed thereon. We learned afterwards that the fertile-minded Hickman Boy, finding himself and his battalion wood-cutting in the neighbourhood, had used up some of his spare energy and of his men's spare muscle in making the road and setting up the sign, the only one in the Soudan. At the time the thing was like meeting an old friend after a long parting, and the caravan set out at least half a mile an hour the better for it.

MUMMIES ALONG THE LINE.

We trudged through the sand and scrub for the best part of five hours. Then suddenly it sank and died away. We had noticed already more than the usual number of mummied camels and donkeys by the roadside. The sun had tanned the skin and bleached the bones; hawks and vultures had seen to the rest; they might have been lying there days or years. The camels lay with their heads writhed back till the ears brushed the hump; the attitude in which a camel always dies. But all the donkeys had their throats cut—and that told us we were reaching Metemneh.

Last year about this time or a little earlier, the main force of the Egyptian army lay at Merawi, preparing to advance on Abu Hamed. The Khalifa ordered the Jaalin to advance against it; but the Jaalin had been in the forefront of every dervish disaster since Abu Klea, and they sent secretly to the Sirdar for arms. But it was too late and Mahmud fell upon the Jaalin as Hunter fell upon Abu Hamed. They fought hard, but Mahmud had too many rifles for them. Metemneh was made even as Khartoum and old Berber; the branch of Jaalin, whose headquarters were Metemneh, were blotted out of existence. The carcases we saw were the beasts that had dropped or been overtaken in their flight.

THE SCRUB SANK AND DIED AWAY

We came on to a bare level of old cultivated land, sparsely dotted with dry twigs, seamed with vents and holes and covered thick with bones. Bones, skulls and hides of camels, oxen, horses asses, sheep, goats—the place was carpeted with them, a very Golgotha. A sickening smell came into the air, a smell heavy with blood and fat. We off-saddled at a solitary clump of tall palms on the bank, turned round, and across a mile of treeless desolation saw a forlorn line of black mud wall. The look of the wall alone was somehow enough to tell you there was nobody inside. That was the corpse of Metemneh.

Before we went in we looked at the forts and trenches with which they had lined the bank against the gunboats. It was to be presumed that they had done the same at Omdurman, so we looked at them out of more than idle curiosity. They were rude enough, to be sure. Circular, at some 20 feet radius, the forts were mud emplacements for a single gun with three embrasures looking forward, half right and half left; the guns—captured since at the Atbara—could only be fired as they bore on about in line with one of these. Yet, rough and crumbling as they were, it is plain that the boats' fire had done them little harm. The embrasures were chipped about a good deal, and with very accurate shooting anybody trying to serve the guns would probably have gone down. But the mudwork could shelter any man who sat close enough under it, and common shell, or even shrapnel, would do him little harm. The trenches were not wholly contemptible either—deep and with traverses.

AT THE OLD CAMP.

The next thing was to ride over to Mahmud's old camp. He had placed it behind the ridge on which Metemneh stands in the open desert, and out of range, as he thought, of the boats; the time-fuse of a 12 1-2-pounder shell, picked up in the very centre of the camp, seemed to suggest a subsequent disillusionment. As you rode up you first saw nothing but four mud huts. Then the soil looked redder than that of the desert behind it; presently you saw it had been turned up in shallow heaps; the place looked like a native cemetery. And when we got a little nearer we found that this was his fortified camp. One of the huts appeared to have been his dwelling-house; another was a sort of casemate—mud walls four feet thick, and an arrangement of logs that looked as if it had been meant as a stockade to shield riflemen.

But the rest of the position was merely childish—as planless as his zareba on the Atbara, without any of its difficulties. It was just a number of shelter trenches scattered anyhow over the open sand. Some could have held twenty men, some two. They must have spread over nearly a square mile, but they were quite rare and discontinuous; in the circle of the camp there was about twice as much firm ground as trench. Add that the whole could have been shelled from the Metemneh ridge at half a mile or so, and that you could thence have seen almost every man in the place—well, if Omdurman was to be no harder shell than this—

GALLOWS IN THE DESERT

Now turn back to Metemneh—poor, blind-walled, dead Metemneh. And first, between camp and town, stand a couple of crutched uprights and a crossbar. You wonder what for, a moment, and then wonder that you and one, two, four, six; eight human wondered. A gallows! At the foot of it a few strands of the brown palm-fibre rope they use in this country, jaw-bones. Just the jaw-bones, and again you wonder why; till you remember the story that when Sheikh Ibrahim, of the Jaalin, came here a week or two ago he found eight skulls under the gallows in a rope-netting bag. When he took them up for burial the lower jaws dropped, off, and lie here still.

If the jaws could wag in speech again—but we must try not to be sentimental. If we are, we shall hardly stand the inside of Metemneh. So blank and piteous and empty is the husk of it. These are not mere mud hovels, but town houses as the Soudan understands houses—mud, certainly but large, lofty rooms, with wide window-holes and what once were matting roofs. two that I went into were even double-storeyed; no stairs, of course, but a sort of mud inclined plane outside the walls leading to the upper rooms. Another house had a broad mud bank forming a divan round its chief room. Now the beams were cracked and broken, and the divan had been raised on through the broken roof; shreds of what once may have been hangings were dangling limply in the breeze. At the gateway of this house—once an arch, now a tumble of dry mud—was a black handful of a woman's hair.

PANIC AND MASSACRE.

In every courtyard you see the miserable emblems of panic and massacre. Ride through the gate—there lies a calabash tossed aside; soiled red, peak-toed, a slipper dropped from the foot that durst not stop to pick it up again; the broken sticks and decayed cords of a new angareb that the butchers smashed because it was not worth taking away. And in every courtyard you see great patches of black ashes spreading up the wall. Those monuments are recent; they are the places were, only days ago, they burned the bones of the Jaalin. The dead camels and donkeys lie there yet, across every lane, dry, but still stinking. A parrot-peaked, hairy tarantula scrambles across the path, a lizard's tail slides deeper into a hole; that is all the life of Metemneh. Everything steeped in the shadeless sun, everything dry and silent, silent. The stillness and the stench merge together and soak into your soul, exuding from every foot of this melancholy graveyard—the cenotaph of a whole tribe, fifteen years of the Soudan's history read in an hour. Sun, squalor, stink, and blood; that is Mahdism.

Press your bridle on the drooping pony's neck, turn and ride back to the river, the palms and the lances. God send he does not run away.

HOW A SORE HEALS.

WHEN THE BLOOD IS PURE AND RICH IT WILL HEAL RAPIDLY.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, Who Had Been Troubled With a Running Sore For More Than a Year.

From the Times, Owen Sound.

In the township of Sarawak, Grey county, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley, of East Linton, P.O. Learning that his nephew a young lad now about ten years of age had been cured of a disease of his leg which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the Times made enquiry, and we are convinced that the wonder working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, "Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong." Asked for particulars, Mr. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reporter to his wife, who in telling the case said:—"In the month of September, 1897, my nephew, Chester Gawley, who lives with us, became afflicted with a severe pain in his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one, but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued through the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run, and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitou, Manitoba, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the left leg, which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound. Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Was Very Weak

Blood Was Poor and Thin—Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Strength.

"After being in the hospital for a long time I was very weak and hardly able to walk. My blood was thin and I was as pale as death. When I reached home I was told about Hood's Sarsaparilla, and procured five bottles and began taking it. In a few months after I began its use I found I had gained twenty pounds in weight, and I felt so much better that I continued the use of the medicine until I was as well as ever. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my life." Arthur Mills, Dresden, Ont. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Canada's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Indigestion. 25 cents.

HENRY COXWELL'S RECORD

NEARLY SEVEN MILES ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN A BALLOON.

Stanley Spencer, Whose Recent Achievment Is Being Talked About, Was Play Second Fiddle.

Interest in ballooning for scientific purposes has been revived by the claim put forth by Stanley Spencer, an English aeronaunt, that in company with a Professor Berson during an ascent from the grounds of the Crystal Palace, London, on September 15, he reached a higher elevation than ever mortal had yet attained. Mr. Spencer is a showman well practised in the showman's art, and he is fully alive to the modern fad for record beating achievements, but, unfortunately for his widely advertised accomplishment, there lives in the little town of Tottenham near London, a remarkable man, who will be eighty years old March 2nd next, who has undoubtedly penetrated further into space by nearly ten thousand feet than Stanley Spencer even claims to have done.

Henry Coxwell, whose name and reputation as an aeronaut has been world renowned for half a century, on September 5th, 1862, reached an altitude of 367,000 feet, or within forty feet of seven miles, whereas Spencer only lays claim to an elevation of 27,500 feet, or five and one-fifth miles.

While Spencer's recent ascent from the Crystal Palace was confessedly made for exhibition purposes, Coxwell's ascent was a private one, undertaken solely in the interests of science. His companion in the memorable voyage was the late James Glaisher, F. R. S. Professor of Meteorological Science at the Royal Observatory, the authenticity of whose observations could not well be doubted.

Moreover, the ascent of 1862 was made under the auspices of a committee of the British Association, which comprised such men as Lord Wrottesley, Sir. J. Herschel, Sir. D. Brewster, Admiral Fitzroy, Professor, Airy and Dr. Tyndall, to whom Mr. Glaisher's report was subsequently submitted. The avowed objects of Coxwell and Glaisher's famous expedition into space were set down as follows:—

OBJECTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

"The determination of the temperature of the air and its hygrometrical states at different elevations, and as high as possible; to determine the temperature of the dew point by Daniell's dew point hygrometer and other instruments, to compare the readings of an aneroid barometer with those of a mercurial barometer up to the highest point attainable; to determine the electrical state of the air; to determine the oxygenic condition of the atmosphere by means of ozone papers; to determine the time of vibration of a magnet on the earth and at different distances from it; to collect air at different elevations; to note the height and kind of clouds, their density and thickness; to note atmospherical phenomena in general, and to make general observations."

All manner of known instruments to carry out this comprehensive programme were taken in the car of Coxwell's balloon, and it is absurd to doubt the word or the exactitude of such a man as the late Professor Glashier.

The balloon used by Stanley Spencer in his recent high ascent from the grounds of the Crystal Palace had capacity for 56,000 cubic feet of gas, while that used by Coxwell and Glaisher in their famous ascent from Wolverhampton, in 1862, stood eighty feet from the ground, was more than fifty-five feet in diameter, and it was capable of containing, if fully inflated, nearly 100,000 cubic feet of gas. To allow for expansion only 66,000 feet was used. Spencer went aloft with only 40,000 feet.

It is obviously absurd for Mr. Stanley Spencer to endeavor to upset the well authenticated record of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, about which the London Times in an editorial, printed September 11th, 1862, said: — "The aerial voyage just performed by Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher deserves to rank with the greatest feats of experimentalizers discoverers and travellers."

EXTRACTING GOLD.

Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid then adding a solution of permanganate of potash. Hydrochloric acid is formed, and chlorine is liberated to combine with the gold-forming chloride of gold. This new method as employed at Mt. Morgan, Queensland, is said to have advantages over the amalgamation and cyanide processes. It is more searching than mercury, and can be applied to ores containing copper.

SIBYLLE HAS HER WAY.

Love Finds the Way to Bring Happiness to Baron and Sibylle of Hesse.

The marriage of the Princess Sibylle of Hesse, youngset daughter of the widowed Landgraefin of Hesse, with the Baron von Vinke, which has just taken place in Frankfort-on-the-Main, has cause no end of gossip in German Court circles. The love affair of this prominent couple dates back three years, having originated in the city in which the nuptials were celebrated.

Baron von Vinke, was then, as lieutenant in the Thirteenth Hessian Hussars, stationed in Frankfort, where the Princess was living with her mother. He was introduced to the Princess at one of the riding meetings, which take place twice every week during the winter season, and in which all officers and society women participate.

It proved a case of love at first sight and the Princess managed through her mother to have the Baron as her companion at every riding meeting. This was an easy matter to arrange, as her mother favored the Baron.

CAUSED A LOT OF GOSSIP.

The fondness for each other's society, shown by the Princess and Baron was quickly noticed, and gave rise to gossip which did not cease until the end of the season, and was promptly renewed at the beginning of the next season.

One of the Frankfort so-called society journals, published some of the rumours, and the matter was called to the attention of Baron von Alten, colonel of the Thirteenth Hussars, and to the Princess' brother, who appealed to the Emperor to interfere.

On a hint from the Emperor, who is said to have planned an alliance between the Princess and King Alexander of Servia, the Colonel advised Baron von Vinke not to see the Princess or her mother again, and he was transferred to the Third Dragoons, stationed in Bromberg, the German city, the furthest away from Frankfort.

But "love will find the way." After six months' service in his new regiment, Baron von Vinke obtained a transfer to the reserve list. This enabled him to join his mother in Wiesbaden, twenty minutes by rail from Frankfort. Princess Sibylle's mother regarded the Baron with favor, and he and the Princess, were, therefore, able to meet very frequently.

QUEEN AND DAUGHTER.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was ever of an independent and high-spirited nature, and, as a child, was not always easy to manage. The person to whom she submitted (generally) with grace, and whom she avoided displeasing, was her English governess. The magic influence of this lady has been attributed to the judicious use of the word "darling"—in English. When Wilhelmina was obstreperous and was addressed in sorrowful tones as "darling," she was generally charmed to obedience. She always kept the notion of being queen constantly in mind, and when opposed in any way would murmur. "Ah, when I am queen, then I shall be mistress."

Many delightful stories are afloat about the girl's pride, which the Queen-Regent Emma often found it necessary to check. Here is one of them. The following parley occurred early one morning between mother and child, as the young queen sought entrance to her mother's room:

Wilhelmina. (Knocks.)
Queen Regent—Who is there?
Wilhelmina—The queen
Queen-Regent—Can't come in.
(Wilhelmina reflects for a moment, then knocks again.)
Queen Regent—"Who is there?
Wilhelmina—Your daughter.
Queen-Regent (in a caressing voice) —Come in, darling.

FLOORS MADE OF PAPER.

The newest floor is of paper, and is of German importation. The paper is imported in a dusty, powdery form, and is then mixed with a kind of cement which gives substance to the impalpable stuff and a plaster like appearance. It is said that when the floor is laid, the absence of joints and seams like those of the hardwood floors is a distinct improvement and without the inconvenience of catching dirt. The paste of which the floor is composed is laid on and then rolled out with a heavy roller, specially adapted for the purpose, something like the street roller for asphalt. The floor, when smooth, hard and dry is either stained or painted to match or contrast with the wood work of the room, walnut, cherry, or mahogany stain giving it an appearance like the natural wood. While there are many advantages in this paper floor, one of expense not being inconsiderable, a disadvantage to the sensitive is its pliable feel to the feet, for no matter how hard it is rolled it has always an unnatural sensation to one who walks over it.

COSTLY VANILLA BEANS.

It is not generally known that the vanilla bean is the costliest bean on earth. It grows wild, and is gathered by the natives in Pantla and Misantla, Mexico. When brought from the forests these beans sell at the rate of about $15 per 100, but when dried and cured they can command about that much per pound.

WORLD'S DEEPEST LAKE.

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. In some parts it is 5,261 feet deep; its length is 397 miles, with an area of 15,000 square miles. It is the largest lake in Asia, and the sixth largest in the world.

DIDN'T TAKE IT HOME.

I told my wife I had to stay down town late to get a balance.

What did she say?

She said I seemed to have lost it before I got home.

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A CANNIBAL PLANT.

The Dangerous Vine Is Found in Nicaragua Central America.

There has been discovered in Nicaragua a flesh-eating, or rather man-eating, plant, which for horror is quite the equal of the novelist's imagination. This plant is found, it is asserted, in Nicaragua, and is called by the natives "the devil's snare,"

It appears that a Mr. D——, a naturalist, has lately returned from Central America, where he spent two years in the study of the plants and animals of those regions. In one of the swamps which surround the great Nicaragua Lake he discovered the singular growth of which we are writing.

He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animal's cries came, Mr D—— found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibres. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores.

Drawing his knife, Mr. D—— attempted to cut the poor beast free; but it was with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to sever the fleshy muscular fibres of the plant. When the dog was extricated from the coils of the plant Mr. D—— saw, to his horror and amazement, that the dog's body was blood-stained, "while the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots," and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. D—'s hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered.

TO THE EDITOR.

Many readers have Catarrh, irritable throat, bronchitis etc. We desire to send them a free sample of a remedy absolutely sure to cure. It is neither a snuff, nor a wash, nor an ointment, but a pleasant remedy which is carried by atmospheric air to every part of the throat, lungs and nasal passages. For a short time we shall gladly send to any address a trial outfit of this famous preparation pre-paid. Address N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston Ont.

INCAPACITATED.

I'm sorry, said Meandering Mike, but I can't take that job you offer me in the factory.

Why not?

Whenever I get a cold I'm slightly deaf. I mightn't hear the whistle blow at quitting time.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c

JUSTIFICATION.

How dared you strike a woman! he yelled indignantly.

Well, there was no man around from whom I could borrow anything pleaded the culprit.

THOMAS' PHOSPHATE POWDER

PARROTS AS RAILWAY PORTERS.

Parrots are being put to a practical use in Germany. They have been introduced into the railway stations and trained to call out the name while the train stands there, thus saving the people the trouble of making enquiries, says an English newspaper.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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A FOOLISH MAN.

Go! she said, and never dare
To speak to me as long as you live!
He went—and that's what the maiden fair
Can never, no, never, forgive.

W. P. C. 943

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