S IN BRIEF

e Prince and Princess of presented five pictures by Coret to the new Irish

—President Diaz has been Emperor of China the first on of the Order of the

.—A bill prohibiting the facture of cigarettes was he Assembly to-day. The less than $50 or more

g.—It is reported that has been sent to Rigo to d. He was permitted to s, paying his own fare.

Baltimore and Ohio were destroyed by fire ailing a loss of about comotives will be almost . Three hundred men of employment.

.—Inquiries made at the Interior show that no received of report from ther anti-Semite riots Gomel.

C.—More than ordinary used in shipping circles aneous sailings for the rd January last of the hern liner, Minnesota, d the Canadian Pacific n from Vancouver.

ormer Supreme Court e sailed to-day on the gate appointed by Pres- o an international com- Brussels, Feb. 21, and ty on maritime colli-

The House has passed providing for fines and d punishment for poly- ery. Much sentiment favor of a law against e it is claimed a nnot be enforced be- ficulty of proving mar-

Cal.—Owen Kelly, a and capitalist, of Phil- anted by the police of n arrested here. Kelly olice that he was the en taken into custody found on his person.

As a result of the the police department gambling in the Chin- of Police Wittman d from duty on charges nd neglect of duty.

view of the failure of to form a Hungarian Premier Kekerle has Vienna to see the Em- probable that former will be consulted.

e to-day received in the members of the elegates to Rome for Proclamation of the ption, and who have a visit to the Holy

Fire to-day damaged alem Gas Light Com- ss of $27,000. The the retort house, d, together with the 50 tons of coal. The plant were not resi-

ustralia.—The Orient ia, with passengers y, New South Wales, Island, 20 miles out position is not con- The British cruiser to the Odina's as-

ficial despatch from says that upon the t Castro, the court nstruct a of the American As- sion, the despatch tment in the Am-

A serious even miles , State Nation- or buildings are ction. Fire com- have gone to the

W. H. Hunt, of the Bank, arrived in t in charge of an ell in the county lk, declaring that The banker was rges of receiving bank to be insol-

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DISEASE
ES BACKACHE

Coffee is the great drink in the States—but in Canada people prefer
Blue Ribbon Tea
the standard of quality

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"All right—that is just what I want you to do. But now go on, please—I want to hear more about these women, the nurse and the housekeeper," said Mr. Seaver, settling back in his chair.

"Well, there is not much more tell, only that when the housekeeper pounced upon the long-missing nurse—whose name, by the way, is not Mary, but Jane—the shock of the meeting seemed to complete the good work that Dr. Field had been doing, and she came at once to herself. The housekeeper, as I said, took her home with her and began to question her about herself and the child. Jane could recall everything up to the moment that she reached the ground after descending the ladder with the brave fireman who had gone o her rescue—after that all was a blank until quite recently, when glimpses of memory have returned to her, only she could not think connectedly long at a time. It seems that they have been here two or three times to seek me during the last few days; but I have been out of town, only returning this morning. I had questioned Mary or Jane, a great deal, first and last, asking her if she could remember anything about having the care of a child before she lost her mind. Sometimes she thought she could remember a baby, then her memory would fail her, and then all would be a blank again. It seems she told the old housekeeper of this, and the woman became inspired with the idea that I must know something about the boy; so insisted upon coming to me. It strikes me as a somewhat remarkable coincidence that they should appear upon the scene right in the midst of these explanations. I have kept them—they are in the next room—for I want them to go with us to Wellington & Hayes. Both are almost paralyzed with joy when I assured them that Sir Julien's boy was alive and would yet come to his inheritance. It seems that the present butler visits the old housekeeper, whom he has privately informed that he does not favor the reigning baronet—he claims that 'he isn't a born gentleman—he 'aven't good blood in 'is veins.'"

"The butler has the right of it—I agree with him, said Mr. Seaver, with a laugh.

"Now," Mr. Carrol resumed, "I can account for Leighton's sudden appearance before me during my holiday. Jamie and I were down on the beach one afternoon, when he stumbled upon us, and I wondered to see him there, for I believed him to be in America. Now I can also understand why he was so strangely agitated when he observed and questioned me about Jamie's scarred legs and feet, for he was barefooted and barelegged, and I told him the boy's story. He had heard of the mysterious disappearance of the child and his nurse, in all probability, and putting this and that together—realizing the age of the boy and that the dates which I mentioned coincided with what he knew, he doubtless came to the conclusion that he was the lost heir, and that if that fact should become known he would be hurled from the proud position and lose the magnificent fortune which he had so recently acquired. Ah, what a fiend he is!—he must even then have conceived the plan of kidnaping Jamie, for I remember now hearing him tell him where he could find all the starfish he wanted. He directed him to a certain group of rocks, where, on the next afternoon, I found his hat and basket, and believed he had met with an accident and been drowned. But he will have a long account to settle with me now—he has reached the end of his rope at last. Heavens! It makes my blood boil when I think that he dared aspire to the hand of Miss Richardson," he concluded, with blazing eyes and sternly compressed lips.

Mr. Seaver colored slightly at this last remark, and wondered what he would think if he knew that Walter Leighton even dared to claim Florence as his wife, and had threatened her with a public scandal and the law.

But he refrained from mentioning these facts, hoping that, through some good luck, they might be concealed.

Florence was his ward, he was very fond of her, and it was his duty, as well as his desire, to shield her in every way possible.

"He certainly is a very crafty, unprincipled fellow, and I heartily wish that I had never accepted his invitation to visit at the Towers," he observed, with a somewhat dejected air.

"Oh, pray do not say that, when your visit has resulted in so much good; but for it Jamie might never have been released," exclaimed Mr. Carrol, earnestly.

"Well, I am rather irritated to be under obligations to such a villain to have partaken of the hospitality of a man against whom I must give evidence which will doubtless doom him to a convict's fate," the lawyer gravely replied.

"I do not think you should experience the slightest twinge, when you take into consideration the good you have achieved by going to Worthing Towers," the young man returned, with considerable spirit. "Now, will you come with me to see Wellington & Hayes?"

"Yes, with all my heart," responded Mr. Seaver, "and there will be just about time to tell them this story, I think, before our train leaves."

They went out immediately, Mr. Carrol first summoning the old housekeeper and nurse. Calling a carriage, they were driven directly to Lincoln's Inn, where they were fortunate enough to find both members of the firm in their office. They concisely stated their business, and the staid old lawyers could hardly have been more startled and amazed if a bombshell had exploded at their feet. They sat literally speechless and spellbound while the usurper's plot was unfolded to them. But they found their tongues at last, and the four men talked and compared notes until it was too late for Mr. Seaver to catch the train he had intended to take and then it was decided that it would be impossible to bring any action against Sir Walter Leighton that night, as the law required certain formalities which could not be complied with at so late an hour in the day.

Messrs. Wellington & Hayes strongly advised Mr. Seaver to return to the Towers alone, and conduct himself throughout the evening as if nothing unusual had occurred to disturb his equanimity. It would be very unwise, they declared, for Mr. Carrol to accompany him, as they had planned, for his presence would certainly cause the baronet to scent danger, and he would be very likely to give them the slip and escape the justice which he merited. He was advised to wait and go down on the morrow, together with the proper officials, and the old housekeeper and nurse.

This plan was somewhat disappointing to the young man, who was very impatient to see Jamie; but he plainly saw the wisdom of it, and submitted to it with a readiness that proved his desire to have full justice meted out to the criminal who had at last overreached himself.

He, however, went out and bought Jamie the nicest books for boys that he could find, and, slipping between the leaves an affectionate note—assuring him that he "would surely come to-morrow, when he would have great news for him," gave it to Mr. Seaver to take to him.

So the lawyer returned alone; but upon his arrival he found his wife and two wards in a state of considerable excitement over a somewhat thrilling incident that had occurred earlier in the day.

It will be remembered that both Florence and Monica went down to lunch—Mrs. Seaver remaining on guard with Jamie—and lingered for a while afterward in the drawing-room.

Here Monica was solicited to play an accompaniment for one of the guests, who had that morning received a new song, and she obligingly sat down at the piano to comply with the request.

A few moments afterwards Florence stole quietly out, intending to slip upstairs to her room and Jamie.

As she crossed the hall, and had almost gained the stairway, she heard a coarse voice in the vestibule inquire of the butler if Miss Monica King was a guest in the house.

"Yes," the butler replied, "the lady is there, and will you please step into the reception-room and send your card to her?"

"It isn't necessary to send my card," the voice returned as the stranger stepped inside the door; "you can tell her that some one wishes to see her at once in the reception-room."

Florence had paused at the foot of the stairs—something familiar in the man's tone attracting her—and glanced back at him. He saw her, started, then, with an evil gleam in his eyes, he strode rapidly toward her.

"Oho!" he said, with triumphant vibration in his tones, "so here you are right close at hand! Come, now, we don't want any scene, so you just put on your things and go with me without any leave takings."

Florence for an instant shrank involuntarily from him, for she recognized at once as the man who had so rudely accosted her in London the previus fall; she knew, also, that he must be Carl King, and had doubtless come with the intention to compel Monica to go away with him.

The next moment she straightened herself haughtily and looked him steadily in the eye.

"I do not understand you, sir," she coldly returned; "you have evidently made a mistake, and do not know whom you are addressing."

"Don't I now—really!" the intruder sneered. "You can't play that little game on me—you've tried once or twice before with Inez, but it won't go down with the old man. March, now, and get on your things," he continued, fiercely, "or there'll be a devil of a row; for, by Heaven! you shall not give me the slip a second time."

"I tell you, sir, you have made a mistake—you do not know the lady you are addressing," Florence persisted.

The man swore, and grew red in the face.

"Know you—of course I know you, Monica King!"

"I am not Monica King. I am Miss Richardson; but I now recognize you as the man who once before insisted that I was some one you knew—who, in fact, insulted me on Regent street in London, nearly a year ago," Florence undauntedly returned.

"Aha! and who was that puppy who presumed to meddle with what was none of his business?—I owe him one for that!" the man retorted, flushing angrily.

Florence deigned no reply; but, turning with an air of proud dignity to the wide-eyed, wondering butler, she quietly observed:

"Burns, I think you had better call your master and let him deal with this man."

"Don't trouble yourself to do anything of the sort, my good fellow," said Carl King, and giving him an ugly look. "I don't want anything of that —— baronet. I have simply come to take away this young lady, whose guardian I am; and if she won't go with me peaceably, I shall use forciable measures."

Even as he spoke a perplexed look began to gleam in his eyes, for the girl surely did not act like Monica.

"You are not my guardian," said Florence, "I reiterate I am Miss Richardson, and the ward of Mr. Robert Seaver, of New York, United States of America."

"Bosh!" coarsely retorted Mr. King; "you can't fool me with any such trumped up story. This man," pointing at Burns, "has just told me that Monica King is in this house. How is it?" he questioned, turning angrily to the butler. "Isn't this young woman, Miss King?"

"No, sir; this is Miss Richardson, sir," responded Burns, with grave precision.

He had learned to distinguish the young ladies by their dress.

"Then where is Miss King?" demanded the man. "You told me that she was here."

"I—sir—excuse me, sir," stammered the butler, who began to fear he had made some serious blunder.

But even as he spoke the drawing-room door opened again, and Monica herself appeared upon the scene.

One swift glance was sufficient to show her who was there, and a startled cry escaped her; then, with the speed of light, she darted toward the stairs.

But the man intercepted her before she could reach them.

"By the powers!" he exclaimed, as he glanced from her to Florence, "so there are two of you! Well, this is the biggest surprise I ever had in my life! Great Scott! and you are as alike as two peas!—it is no wonder Inez was fooled!"

Florence stepped forward and confronted him.

"If you will step into yonder reception room," she said, indicating the apartment with an imperious gesture, "I will explain this riddle to you. Monica, go upstairs if you like, and I will come presently," she added, turning to her cousin.

"No, she don't!" said Carl King, menacingly.

"No dear, I will remain with you," Monica calmly observed, as she slipped one arm around Florence's waist and herself led the way to the reception room.

"Burns, will you please remain in the hall." Florence commanded, as she closed the door, but wondering to herself what could have made Monica so fearless of her enemy all at once.

Then she turned again to confront him, and shivered slightly as she caught the malignant look with which he was regarding her cousin.

"It is, perhaps, superfluous for me to tell you that I know you are Mr. Carl King and that you have cruelly wronged Monica," Florence began, coldly; "but I told you that I would explain our likeness to each other. We are cousins—Monica's father was my mother's brother, but even so, it seems very strange that we should resemble each other more closely than some twin sisters. We met, for the first time, on our way from Rome, discovered our relationship, and I, after hearing her story, insisted that she should remain with me and share with me, as a sister—at least until her wrongs could be redressed and her own fortune restored to her."

"Indeed! Really, Miss Richardson, you are decidedly independent and plain-spoken for a young woman of your years," sneered the man, his voice shaking with suppressed wrath.

"There are times when plain speaking is necessary," retorted Florence, sententiously.

"Humph! So you are the girl I saw on Regent street that day!" King musingly observed. "Well, it is no wonder I mistook you for Monica; but I would just like to get my paw on that fellow who gave me such a plunger. Well," he continued, turning with a scowl to Monica, "now that the riddle is explained, and I have unearthed you at last, you will just march yourself out of this in double-quick time. D'ye hear?"

"Carl King, I shall never go anywhere with you again," said Monica, in a low but resolute tone. "Your authority over me ceased on that night when you so cruelly consigned me to that private madhouse."

"Shut up!" interposed the man, fiercely, and, striding angrily toward her; "I am in no mood to bandy words with you or take any of your impudence. I say that I have unearthed you, and now—you are coming with me."

Florence very deftly slipped in between her cousin and the infuriated man.

"Don't presume to lay so much as one finger upon Miss King," she exclaimed, with haughtily uplifted head and flashing eyes; "she shall never leave this house with you—she shall never fall into your power again."

"By Heaven, she shall!" snarled the villain, and raising a heavy hand as if to sweep the dauntless girl from his path.

But she never flinched a hair behim. She stood her ground and held him with her blazing eyes.

"Monica, go quickly—go to your room!" she pleaded.

A low, cold laugh rang through the room.

"I will, Floy, presently," she replied; "but first I will attend Carl King while he makes his exit. Now, sir, stand not upon the order of your going but—go!"

And before the man realized her intention, the girl had leveled a small silver-mounted revolver at him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A startled and wrathful oath leaped to Carl King's lips as he found himself covered by that deadly toy in Monica's hand.

He shrank back involuntarily and paled visibly. He knew that the girl was an almost unerring marksman, for her father had taught her, years ago, to handle firearms, for, in the rough and uncivilized country where they had lived, it was a necessity to know how to defend one's self, and he had often seen this frail girl shoot a hawk upon the wing.

He had known, too, that she had long owned a fine brace of revolvers, but he supposed that they were both in her trunk, which had been in his possession ever since the night that she was taken to Dr. Flint's sanitarium.

But the present situation proved that she had determined to sell her recovered liberty dearly, and had accordingly provided herself with means of self-defense, and with a view to just such an emergency as this.

(To be continued.)

OXFORD WAYS AMUSE.

Holders of Rhodes' Scholarships Think They Are in Kindergartens.

Some of them have been valedictorians at American colleges, like the energetic Mr. Nixon, who is now at Balliol after a successful career at Wesleyan; some of them have been teachers, like Mr. Vernor, of South Carolina, who is at Christ Church, and at least one, Mr. Scholtz, has been a college lecturer and is fitting himself at Worcester for an important chair in the University of Wisconsin.

For thoughtful, mature men, of this order the restraining influences of paternal government must be irksome. Some of them say that they dislike the restrictions on their liberty, but there is no evidence that they are seriously irritated or annoyed. They are quick to catch the humor of the thing and to describe the colleges as kindergartens for adults or as academic nurseries with awkward governesses and nursemaids. The majority are amused and in a tolerant spirit accommodate themselves to their new environment.

One of the commonest phrases among them is "playing the game." They plume themselves on their skill in adapting themselves to new conditions and putting up with restrictions which they consider unnecessary and beneath their dignity. There is something after all in the American virtue of flexibility and accommodation. Whether it is in the ethics of Aristotle, on which the classical purists lay so much stress, may be doubted, but it is in the American blood.

The English tourist, when he travels abroad, may exhaust his energies in condemning with fine irony or coarse profanity everything unusual, from the serving of an egg or the cooking of a beefsteak to the making of a bed or the ordering of a bill. The American traveler enjoys the sense of being in a foreign country and adapts himself with easy grace to whatever is different from his own experience.

In a similar spirit these American college men consider paternal rule as a part of their foreign education ,and as a striking proof of English conservatism. They accept it as a characteristic feature of the Oxford game, which they are learning to play, and get out of it as much fun as they can find.

One trembles when he tries to think of the results of American millionaires, weary of founding libraries and building art museums ,should imitate Mr. Rhodes' philanthropy and establish a system of scholarships at Harvard or Yale for the benefit of the British youth. Would there be the same spirit of accommodation?—Chicago Chronicle.

CAREFUL MOTHERS.

The little troubles that afflict children come without warning, and the careful mother should keep at hand a medicine to relieve and cure the ailments of childhood. There is no medicine does this so speedily and thoroughly as Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother knows this medicine is safe, because it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever and teething troubles. They break up colds, prevent croup and bring natural sleep. Mrs. Mary Fair, Escott, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the very best results and would not be without them in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Clever Boy.

Agitation against fads in public schools continues with great fury in New York City. One father declares his boy is now ready to be graduated, but does not know the name of a single general who participated in the civil war, the time or place of a single battle either in the civil war or revolutionary war, the capitals of five states in the union, the name of a single member of the President's Cabinet, the route of a single trunk line running out of New York, the names of the five boroughs constituting the city of Greater New York, the location of the capital of the state or the name of the present Governor or how to reach Hoboken by ferry. This prodigy of ignorance lives in Harlem and passes for a bright boy among his fellows.

Pigheaded in the Extreme.

(Boston Transcript.)

Howes—You have no cause to be angry with Shedd simply because he disagrees with you on this question. Every question has its two sides.

Barnes—I know that, confound it, but why can't he choose the same one that I have chosen? He could do it just as well as not, and he would if there was any decency about him.

ACUTE INDIGESTION

A Trouble That Causes Untold Suffering to Thousands Throughout Canada.

"I suffered so much with acute indigestion that I frequently would walk the floor through the long nights," said Mrs. Thomas Vincent, residing at 98 St. Peter street, Quebec. "I had been afflicted with the trouble," she continued, "for upwards of twenty years, but it was only during the past year that it assumed an acute form. There were times when I was almost distracted; everything I ate disagreed with me and the pains in the region of the stomach weer almost unbearable. When the attacks were at their worst my head would grow dizzy and would throb violently, and sometimes I would experience severe attacks of nausea. As time went on I was almost worn out either through abstinence from food or the havoc it wrought when I did take it. I tried many much lauded dyspepsia cures, but they did me no good. In fact I got nothing that helped me until my nephew urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had used them himself with the greatest benefit, and assured me that they would help me. After I had taken three or four boxes of the pills there was some improvement and I continued to take the pills regularly for about three months, and at the end of that time I found myself cured. I could eat a hearty meal and eat it with a relish; I slept soundly at night, my weight increased ,and my constitution generally was built up. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of dyspepsia, if they are given a fair trial such as I gave them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure cases like Mrs. Vincent's simply because they fill the veins with that rich, red blood that enables every organ of the body to do its work properly. That is the reason why the pills cure all blood and nerve troubles such as anaemia, neuralgia, rheumatism, heart troubles, skin diseases, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and the special ailments of growing girls and women of middle age. When you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills see that you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EVENING FINERY.

An Elaborate Gown That Gives a Simple Effect.

There are the most exquisite evening dresses, which is quite natural at this season of big entertainments.

Very lovely was one seen at a soiree, It was of taffeta souple in pervenche blue. The very full skirt was rather deeply bordered with narrow ruchings of plaited dentelle Valenciennes. The corsage which showed the straight busk sage, which showed the straight busked front, of very old times, was draped crosswise over a corselet of taffetas emblk from [illegible] and sequins. There was a [illegible] effect of finest white mousseline, interlaced with blue ribbon. The puffy sleeves ended about half way to the elbow in plaited frills of the Valenciennes. The description may not sound plain. This is not saying, however, that the dress did not look so. It appeared elaborately free from frills, crisp and simple, pretty and dainty.

Velours chiffon is to be worn far into the spring. All conturiers are agreed that this material should be trimmed much less than crepe de chene and similar fabrics.

As for other fabrics, they are embroidered.

These embroideries are neither light nor heavy. They are richly silky and they are somewhat enriched with jewels and paillettes. If this glistening part of the trimming be heavy, however, all chic is lost. There is just enough to emphasize the pattern, and to lighten it.

Lace appliques are too dear to the heart of La Parisienne to be dispensed with, while mousseline floral embroidery is retained. Tiny double roses are done beautifully. So are buds, there being sufficient foliage to sustain the design.

ARCHBISHOP'S RELIGIOUS DOG.

Philadelphia Students Have Educated Mgr. Ryan's Collie and He's Wise.

The famous St. Bernard dog trained to a show of religious practices by a Benedictine monk has a rival in a collie owen by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The collie struck up an acquaintance with the Archbishop one day while he was taking his customary walk in Fairmount Park, and thereafter stuck close to the heels of the prelate, even to the doors of the episcopal residence.

"Begone!" commanded the archbishop, who was afraid that some one might think he was trying to smuggle the handsome animal into the house. The dog went sheepishly down the steps, but, catching sight of the archbishop's kindly look, bounded up again, wagging his tail.

"Well, come in, then," said the prelate, and the collie obeyed with a bound.

Since that day, a year ago, he has been an attache of the archbishop's household. He knows how to put his paws together in an attitude of prayer, he "sings," thumps the piano with his big paws and exhibits penitence of misbehavior. The students around the archiepiscopal residence have taken the greatest pains with his religious education, and the collie would no more think of barking during religious service than he would of trying to pick a quarrel with the sculptured hound on the lawn. During religious processions he assumes of his own accord an attitude of respect, sitting on his hind legs and remaining motionless until the procession passes.

The dog had not been long in the possession of the archbishop before Mgr. Ryan discovered that he belonged to another man who was much chagrined at his loss. This real owner approached the archbishop, as he and the collie were strolling in the park one day.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "but that's my dog."

"Maybe it is," said his excellency, laughing. "I never was sure he was mine; he followed me home."

The stranger called to the animal, which seemed delighted to see him. Then he showed the archbishop that the collie had a pedigree which would arouse the envy of half the blue-blooded dogs in the city.

"I've spent weeks hunting for him," resumed the stranger, "and now that I've found him you can have him."

The archbishop offered to buy the dog, but the man insisted that he accept the collie as a gift; and he did. Every morning now the collie accompanies Mgr. Ryan on his walk through the park. He knows the hours of the service in the cathedral and can be usually seen at the side door waiting for the archbishop to come out. Whether there is service or not, he never tries to enter the church.

The dog's value is rated at about $500, but five times that amount could not buy him from the archbishop.

HE WALKED.

Can a Business Man Walk 5,000 Miles a Year?

On the 1st of January, 1903, I conceived the idea of walking 5,000 miles before thet expiration of the year. The object was not to achieve any unusual feat, nor to accomplish any conspicuous performance. The underlying motive was, rather, to ensure a plan by which regular and systematic exercise could be obtained.

To travel this distance it was necessary to cover an average of fourteen miles a day. Now, fourteen miles for a day's walk is well within the compass of the ordinary man. But an occasional walk of this length is one thing; the sustained effort, day after day throughout the year, is another.

Let me answer the question placed at the head of this article by saying that at the end of the year I had completed a distance on foot of 5,205 miles, or a daily average of fourteen and one-quarter miles. The stipulated 5,000 miles were finished on the 16th of December, but an additional 200 miles were covered in order that each of the fifty-two weeks of the year might claim an average distance traversed of 100 miles.

I set out upon my enterprise with the knowledge that it was incumbent upon me to maintain a daily average of fourteen miles, and I made it a rule, when practicable, of keeping above the average, so as to have something in hand to meet the emergencies which were almost certain to arise. That they did arise was shown by the fact that for fifteen days in the year, owing to sickness, lameness and railway traveling, no walking whatever could be indulged in. The inability to utilize these fifteen days was equal to a loss of over 200 miles. It will therefore be seen that, under the circumstances named, it was imperative on many occasions to exceed the distance of fourteen miles a day, in order to preserve the average.

At the beginning of my walk my weight was 192 pounds in street cloths, while at the end of it my weight was 178 pounds. This loss of fourteen pounds was in every way acceptable. The avoirdupois lost was only redundant weight, and I felt, as a result, more active, stronger, and harder. In the matter of health, I felt decidedly better than I had done for several years.—W. Alford Green in February Outing.

THE SILENT SEA.

Terrors of an Ocean Where Disaster Lurks for Mariners.

Of all the navigated seas of the world the most dreaded by the mariner is the great southern ocean which stretches between the Cape and Australia, and lies nearest to the Antarctic circle. A lonely highway is this—far from the main ocean trading routes, and but few ships are to be found in its waters. Its awful solitude has given it the name of the "Silent Sea." The terrors of this ocean, apart from its loneliness, are many. It is subject to the most fearful hurricanes, which break with hardly any warning, and the waves of the Atlantic, even during the most severe storms are as nothing compared with the huge rollers that rise here when the weather is quite normal. Merchant officers are instructed to keep constantly in touch with their barometers night and day, for the mercury, from being quite steady, will fall a couple of inches in as many hours, and unless this warning is heeding, the sails taken in, the hatches battened down, and all precautions, the first burst of the storm will mean the destruction of the vessel with all on board. One day last autumn three vessels, each of over a thousand tons burden, were posted as missing at Lloyd's. They had disappeared in the Silent Sea without leaving a trace of their fate. Woe betide the ship which springs a leak, loses a spar, or meets with any other serious mishap on this sea, for she has practically no hope of assistance, and, unless she can effect her own repairs she will be at the mercy of the first storm which should arise. Yet another danger on the Silent Sea is the ice, which, breaking away from the Antarctic circle, drifts northwards into the track of navigation, an ever-present peril to passing vessels. Recently the 'Loch Bredan,' one of the finest vessels of her fine and well-found class, was posted as missing at Lloyd's. Her captain—one of the most experienced navigators of these seas—had been in her for a great number of years, and was most popular in Australia. The vessel left Adelaide, South Africa, on September, last, for Port Natal, was spoken to the south of Australia on the 15th September, all well, and has never since been heard of. She has simply disappeared in the Silent Sea. A week ago another vessel was also posted missing; she, too, was lost in the southern ocean. And during the past twelve months there have been at least a dozen such disappearances.

A Test for Milk.

"This is one place where you are sure of getting absolutely pure milk," said George Mitchell, as he stood behind the bar storing away in the refrigerator a number of bottles of the fluid.

"There are a number of prepared or mixed drinks in which we use it, and milk that is the lease bit impure will curdle the minute the whiskey or other alcoholic stimulant strikes it. You may be sure we never take any chances, therefore, and are certain that every ounce of milk we obtain from a dairy is above the slightest suspicion as to its quality. If you ever have any doubt about the kind of milk you may be obtaining at home, just test a small quantity of it by mixing with whiskey. If it doesn't curdle it is all right, as pure as milk can possibly be; but if it does, well, there's something wrong about it, that's all."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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