L SICK WOMEN

LD READ MISS SCHWALM'S LETTER

Parts of Canada Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Effected Similar Cures.

ny wonderful cures of female ills ontinually coming to light which been brought about by Lydia E. ham's Vegetable Compound, and

Miss A. E. Schwalm

rh the advice of Mrs. Pinkham, nn, Mass., which is given to sick n absolutely free of charge.

Pinkham has for many years a study of the ills of her sex; as consulted with and advised nds of suffering women, who owe not only their health but fe to her helpful advice.

Annie E. Schwalm, of 326 Spave., Toronto, Ont., writes:

rs. Pinkham:—

ve found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegecompound a specific for Leucorrhœa, hich I have been troubled for years, d irregular and painful menstruation affected my general health until last I was only a wreck of my former my affliction I was advised to use compound, and am so glad that I did und that in a few short months there trace of Leucorrhœa, my strength ly returned, and in a very short time ered myself a perfectly well woman. riate my good health, and beg to ass that I am most grateful to you for ring such a wonderful remedy for sufwomen."

testimonials which we are conpublishing from grateful women sh beyond a doubt the power of E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comto conquer female diseases.

en suffering from any form of weakness are invited to ly communicate with Mrs. m, at Lynn, Mass. She asks r in return for her advice. It is ely free, and always helpful.

E NOOSE SLIPPED.

M. J. BYERS HAD TO BE NGED ALL OVER AGAIN.

rg, Pa., March 27.—Two men ged here to-day and the first ful hanging was recorded in county. Reno Dardaia went affold first and his neck was William J. Byers followed him the trap was sprung the loops ose pulled away, precipitating e ground. For about one minaggered around under the scaf then Sheriff Dickson caught removing the noose and black d him into the jail. He was t as the result of the fall. The again adjusted, and Byers, pale ding, was again placed on the and the trap sprung. This was no mishap and death re m strangulation. Byers was on his own confession of the August T. Layton, at Turtle June 3, 1901. In the confesmplicated Layton's wife and Williams. They were tried and McWilliams afterward mar Layton. Dardais killed Thos. Imperial, Pa., September during a quarrel over a drink and a dollar. He claimed the s in self defense.

DING OUT THE NAVY.

h War Vessels Struck Off Effective List.

March 27.—According to a tary return just issued, 155 ve been struck off the effeof the navy, under the recent tion scheme. They comprise leships, six armored cruisers, lass cruisers, 19 second-class 11 third-class cruisers, 11 torpoats, 16 slopes, 33 gunboats, scellaneous.

total the vessels described as and "sold" are one armored 5 cruisers, eight torpedo gungunboats, one sloop, two coal eight miscellaneous.

w Automobilists Dress.

oung Mr. Croesus, in January a flying trip from New York gton, the members of his party matter of course well provided s. All of them, including the e fur coats, fur caps or hoods, oves. The chauffeur, however, a complete suit of leather, the headpiece, made him look like a mediæval man in arbecause his feet could not be n such a way as to interfere control of the machinery, he ed with fur boots that came s shoes as high as the knees, s, and although so voluminected against the cold, the milil his guests were becomingly is no longer considered necesn automobilist shall get himself up in the likeness of a burglar, and the fur garments r such conditions by persons d fashion are made of squirPersian lamb, or other shortwhich can be cut to fit the

o-coats are not made for ordilike you and me. They cost to $1,000 apiece, and some of ined with velvet, so as to be occasions as opera cloaks. ing that is nice about them y have capacious pockets, renuff unnecessary, when a lady er; and it is worth mentionhe one worn by pretty Mrs. a wide collar which may be so as to cover her ears. Furhe has a hat of grey squirrel a Highlander's cap, with a s wing on the side of it, to ch of color.—Rene Bache in ing.

Particular People

The average man knows more about tea than his wife thinks he does. Give him

Blue Ribbon

TEA for a month, then try another tea, he won't drink it. It's a short problem, BLUE RIBBON'S the QUALITY that counts.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON TEA.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

The brides were visions of loveliness in their rich ivory white satins, their voluminous veils and fragrant orange blossoms. Their costumes were exactly alike, and, after the ceremony, the guests were continually making mistakes regarding the identity of the two brides, thus causing no little amusement and merriment; but the proud and happy husbands were never at a loss to distinguish them—their fond eyes were quick to recognize each his own.

It happened, very opportunely, that the firm with which Mr. Leighton was associated—found it necessary to send him on a trip to the United States just at this time; thus the whole party sailed together, one bright September morning, and a very happy company they were throughout the voyage; young Sir Arthur being not the least joyous among them. Arriving in New York there came the first separation. Senor Castaldi and his bride deeming it necessary to proceed directly to their home in Mexico, but the young man informed their friends that he hoped, by the end of a couple of years, to be able to dispose of his Mexican mine to such advantage that he could retire from business and settle in a more civilized community—probably New York, when frequent visits between the cousins, who had become strongly attached to each other, would be possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Seaver repaired immediately to their city home, where Florence and her husband and their charge became their guests during their sojourn in New York.

Early in November they returned to England and took up their residence at Worthing Towers, in order that the young heir might be reared in his own home, and where, with a resident tutor, he began in earnest to prepare for his future.

Here the boy was as happy as the day was long with his "Uncle Carrol" and "Aunt Floy," the latter having become almost as dear to him as his benefactor. Here, too, the faithful Jane, now fully recovered, was reinstalled as a trusted servant, and, later, became Mrs. Burns. Tom Dill also became a fixture upon the place, occupying, nominally, the position of under-gardener, but in reality he was a tenderly cared for pensioner, Carrol Leighton feeling that too much could not be done for him in return for his heroism in the past.

For many years this happy household lived at the Towers and without a shadow to mar their joy.

A sturdy youngster, whom they named Robert, for Florence's much-loved guardian, made his appearance before the end of the second year of Mr. and Mrs. Leighton's married life, and, eighteen months later, there came a little golden-haired daughter who was christained Laura Vincent, after her father's mother.

Mr. Leighton's business prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations, and be bade fair, as the years went on, to amass a handsome fortune.

He began early to take an interest in public affairs and showed himself so thoroughly in earnest in the promotion of every good work — so straightforward and unimpeachable in life and character, that he was finally elected the member for his borough and took his seat as an M. P., in which capacity he served his party—for years—in a way that won him its unbounded confidence and esteem.

As Sir Arthur Vincent Page grew older he began to manifest a great interest in the condition of the homeless newsboys, bootblacks, and other street gamins of London, where, during his early years, he had obtained so much experimental knowledge of their deprivations and sufferings.

As soon as he arrived at his majority he began to plan, in earnest, how to ameliorate their sad experiences, and so, with the hearty co-operation of his guardian, throwing himself heart and soul into an enterprise that had already been started by another philanthropist, a grand result was ultimately achieved in the establishment of numerous homes, both in city and country, where the homeless could find refuge and where—surrounded by pure and elevating influences, they were able to rise out of the old life to become noble men and women—for girls were also admitted, and loyal citizens.

When it began evident that the young baronet might, at no very distant day, bring home a bride to the Towers, Carrol Leighton, who had long contemplated such a change purchased a fine estate a few miles from Worthing, and, having made all the money he cared for, retired from active business in order to give his attention more fully to his property and his political work.

Here our friends made an ideal home for themselves, and when at length our noble hero was knighted for a signal service, which came to the knowledge and touched the heart of his queen, Florence became, strange to relate, Lady Leighton, thus acquiring the very title and position which she had scorned and declared that nothing could induce her to accept.

She is very proud of her grand, whole-hearted husband, and he of his lovely wife, both of whom fill their positions and dispense the hospitalities of their magnificent home with a dignity, grace and generosity that win for them the highest encomiums of the entire county.

Lady Florence Leighton has many and very costly jewels, but none that she prizes more highly than a certain tiny braided circlet, with its mystic legend, "Love and hope," and which she always wears upon the third finger of her left hand, with the real wedding ring which was placed beside it when she became in truth, the wife of the once unknown bridegroom, to whom she had plighted her vows in Rosedale chapel on a certain tempestuous and memorable night in June.

(The End.)

THE MAN WHO GOT OVER IT.

The elder of the two men was still young, but something had crossed his face, as a fire crosses a forest, sweeping out the lines and looks that had been. The younger was himself, buoyant, self-satisfied, in love with himself and the world.

The elder had a paper in his hand, and he ceaselessly rolled and unrolled it with an intentness that might have been given to the calculation of eclipses or to the evolving of new systems of philosophy. The younger leaned lazily back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"It was good of you, Howard, to hunt me up as soon as you came back to the city," the elder said, for the third time. "I have missed you—I have needed the old companionship—I somehow, I have seemed to be rather—rather alone of late years."

There was a hesitation in his speech that the other found very curious.

"You've been sticking to the office too closely, Morrison," he said, kindly. "Of course, ambition and building one's self up, and hard work, and all that are all right, but you've overdone the thing. It's taking a good deal out of you."

A wintry smile flickered around the lips of the elder man as he unfolded the paper and looked at it critically and then carefully rolled it again.

"Ambition," he said. "Yes—I used to be ambitious, didn't I?—and rather talented, too, people thought."

"I hope you haven't thrown it all away," cried Howard, with a shocked face.

"Thrown it away, Oh, no. Some men woul have done that. But I had a great deal of self control. I remembered, after ard that I had been ambitious, with ertain objects in view, and so I put yself to tasks and have gone at them with set teeth ever since. It has made a difference, of course. I am a plodder now, where I used to run with my soul on fire."

"What in the world has happened to you, old man?" asked the younger, with troubled eyes on the face the fire had swept.

The elder rolled the paper into tighter roll, and held it in both hands, as though it were self-control and it might escape from him at any moment.

"I am glad you came to me as soon as you reached town," he said again, always with the curious hesitation in his manner. 'I have thought of you many times—and have wished to warn you—you are so very young. Howard— fully three years younger than I— and I know that I ought to warn you—against women."

The younger, who had bent forward, leaned back again, and from this time on he did not take his eyes from his companion's face.

"Against women," he repeated, mechanically, still holding tight to his self control. "For you are young, with a sensativeness, and delicacy of spirit which I have often noticed when we were boys together. If such an—experience— came to you—why it might wreck your life. You might never recover. I doubt if you would even live through it. I have thought of that often. As for me I am not sensitive nor delicate; and you see I have lived. Not only that but I have entirely recovered. You could scarcely believe that I can even laugh now when I think of it."

He laughed then, to prove it, and at the sound of that laugh, the face of the other man grew white.

"Oh, yes, it is all over long ago," he added. "I have thanked heaven many times that I was made of coarse fibre, and could triumph over such experiences. But as for you, my boy, don't ever try it. Keep away from them—from women. They will not wait to see if you are the kind that—that lives through it. They will break your heart as a child breaks a doll—to see what is inside — and though your heart beats afterward, the quickness is gone from your spirit and the fire from your brain. That is, it would be from yours. You can see for yourself that I have entirely recovered—entirely.

He waited until he had unrolled the paper and looked at it on all sides, and swiftly rolled it again, before he went on

"It was three years ago, just after you left town—that I first met her. I will not tell you her name—you would not know her—but she was young—I was young then too—and she was so beautiful that all men were attracted to her.

"Do you smile to think that I was attracted, too? True—I had not lived the life most men live. I was a student, and had lived among books and dreams. She was the embodiment of all that was pure and lovely in literature and fancy. I had worshiped her afar off until she called me to her. Howard, she sent the others away and called me, as a queen calls a courtier and I went."

The paper was growing ragged at the edges. He held it up a moment and looked at it, then clasped his fingers around it till they were white from the pressure, and went on:

"For weeks I saw her every day. I found that I could say brilliant things to amuse her—I, the recluse, the silent. Other men, wealthier, well-known, socially, stood off and were amazed, but I cared nothing for them. Through all the ages, through all the imposibilities of time and space, our two souls had been coming together. Missing her, I would have gone on, a solitary student, to my journey's end. I shuddered, sometimes, to think what my life would have been if I had not gone to the house where I met her first.

"Missing me, she would have laughed and jested with the crowd of suitors, until she wearied of them, and they fell away, one by one, and left her still heartwhole and alone.

"My life was filled with such dreams as these, which seemed so true, so natural that I felt it necessary to speak to Elinor, for she must see as clearly as I."

The flood was carrying him on—he resumed hurriedly, with his eyes on the paper:

"One evening I went to her home. Elinor was alone, with a shadow on her face, and something took possession of me, and I—I spoke. I see you are disturbed—for me. You need not be troubled—it was all over long ago. I have lived through it. I can laugh now, when I think of it—ha, ha, ha!

"She laughed, too, at the time, and said it was the strangest thing that a girl could never be friends with a man but that he spoiled it by wanting to marry her. She leaned back in her cushioned chair—there was something made of silk and lace behind her head—and—and she looked so fair and dainty and gentle—but she was laughing; and she told me that she liked to have me near her for several reasons.

"In the first place, I was tall, and she liked tall men. Then, I could talk to her about books, and that enabled her to talk about them, too, without being at the trouble of reading them herself. Then, I was so deliciously serious, and that refreshed her—and above all, she knew she was perfectly safe with me, for no one would ever be insane enough to dream of our marrying.

"She laughed a great deal, yet she was vexed that I had spoken and spoiled it all. She had broken her doll, and, finding nothing but heart's blood inside it, she threw it away. But men were all alike, she said; they all took themselves so seriously.

"And then I laughed also, and went out into the night. A little while after she left London and went abroad; and I—I sat here at my desk and lived.

"Yes, I am quite recovered—fortunately. With some men it might have been a very serious thing. There are men, you know, who put so much of life into a thing that what is left behind isn't worth considering. It would be so with you, Howard. I have thought of you many time, for I knew—what might come—and I wanted to warn you. When you are pouring out your soul they are tolerating you because—because you are tall. It would ruin your life, my boy. Don't let them do it."

"Wait a moment," said the pale-faced younger man, with his hand on the other's arm. "Never mind—I would not have heeded it—no man would—but your warning comes too late. I was married last week. I am on my wedding tour. I thought you knew."

The elder paused, with the paper held out in both motionless hands, and stared at him vacantly.

"Married!" he whispered. "And to—to whom?"

"To Miss Elinor Vancour."

The paper dropped to the floor with a crash, and in the pause that followed Howard heard his watch tick. Then the man who had outlived the tragedy of his life arose and heard himself saying formally, a long way off:

"Allow me to congratulate you."—Illustrated Bits.

WHAT DR. OSLER SAID.

New York Medical Journal Shows Point of Joke.

Echoes and News, an important medical journal of New York, in an editorial, Much Ado About Nothing, has something to say about the frenzied persons who have been criticizing Dr. Wm. Osler. It runs as follows:

The American favorite funny story is about the Englishman who cannot see a joke. The tomato story with "They eat what they can and tin the rest" has circled the globe, and "What was the matetr with the custard pie?" is equally famous. But now it is the Englishman's turn to laugh. We fancy that for some years to come no American on English soil can hear the word "chloroform" without feeling silly.

Americans may not know that with all their ability to see a joke they are world-famous for not being able to take a joke; and a more jovial joker, a more epigrammatic and witty member of society than Dr. Osler never made after-dinner speeches.

The furore that has been raised over his retiring speech at Johns Hopkins reminds one of the "Hobson's kiss" episode, and the "Dewey house" business. It is on a par with the marvellous facility of the press to kindle a mighty flame from a very little matter, and it illustrates most delightfully our national tendency to take ourselves very seriously. We can ha, ha at our neighbors' expense, but not at ourselves.

Now, when Dr. Osler in his dry and genial manner wished modestly to indicate to his fellow workers that he felt he had lived his best days with them, he facetiously quoted from Anthony Trollope's novel, The Fixed Idea, the scheme on which the plot hinges, of a college into which at 60 men should retire for a year of contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform. He adds, pointing at himself, the barb which all the solemn readers of the daily news claim was hurled at their self-respecting selves, these words: "That incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to anyone who, like myself, is nearing the limit, and who, like myself, had made a careful study of the calamities which may befail men during the seventh and eighth decade."

He then adds, after recounting some of the well-known follies of the age: "The teacher's life should have three periods. Study until 25, investigation until 40, profession until 60, at which time he should be retired on a double allowance." The press missed this point.

To round up his playful allusion, he says, with affected hesitation: "Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting too short."

Dr. Osler is taking with him to Oxford, a curious epistolary collection, for he has been bombarded with letters, telegrams, and articles from the senile and the pre-senile all over the country, stating in good, set terms why they should not be chloroformed.

If Dr. Osler was to stay with us much longer we fear that he would have to take to heart the advice of John G. Saxe, who says:

"Learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can;
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man."

A SPRING DANGER.

Many People Weaken Their System by the Use of Purgative Medicines.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system, and cannot possibly cure disease. Thousands of people take purgative medicines in the spring, and make a most serious mistake in doing so. People who feel tired and depressed, who find the appetite variable, who have occasional neadaches, and backaches, or whose blood shows impurities through pimples and eruptions, needs a spring medicine. But they should not dose themselves with harsh griping purgatives that gallop through the bowels, tearing the tissues and weakening the system. A tonic medicine is what is needed in the spring, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best tonic that science has yet discovered. They are quietly absorbed into the system filling the veins with pure rich red blood, that carries health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, rheumatism and all blood troubles. They improve the appetite, and make depressed, easily tired men and women cheerful, active and strong. Mr. James McDougall, Little Shippegan, N. B., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a tonic and blood purifier and have found them superior to all other medicines."

If you need a medicine this spring—and who would not be the better of a tonic after the long dreary in-door months—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. They will send rich, red blood coursing through your veins and give you the buoyancy of perfect health. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. All dealers in medicine sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tomatoes—Experiments in Pruning.

An experiment with a certain method of pruning tomatoes was tried this year with gratifying results. When the plants in the hot-beds had six strong leaves developed, which was on May 23rd, the tops were nipped of and the plants given more room, being placed 5½ inches apart in the frame. The object of pinching off the top of the plant was to cause new shoots to develop at the axils of the leaves in order to have six branches bearing early tomatoes instead of the one cluster usually found on the top of the plant. These were planted out on June 6th, alongside other plants unpruned. On June 22nd, half of the pruned plants were again pruned, all laterals being taken out and the six main branches only being left, the other plants were left to grow at will, and it was found that they produced the most ripe fruit, though not the largest early crop. This system of pruning is very promising. The further advanced the auxiliary shoots are when the plants are set out the larger the early crop is likely to be. In the experiment this year the plants were not started nearly early enough to get the best results. While the first fruit was ripe on the unpruned, Sparks' Earliana, on July 29th, there was very little ripe on that date. The experiment was suggested by Mr. J. S. Littooy, Everett, Washington Territory, who has been pruning tomatoes in this way for some time in Washington with gratifying results, where they have difficulty in ripening tomatoes.

Two varieties were under test, the Sparks' Earliana—one of the best, if not the best—an early variety, and the Matchless, a main crop sort. We would advise all market gardeners to give this system a trial this year.

W. T. MACOUN,
Horticulturist C. E. F.

Sane or Insane?

"Is there any sure test by which to tell the sane from the insane?" inquired a student of the famous French alienist Esquirol. "Please dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student complied. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple, after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some line, but the other is as certainly a lunatic, and ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol, with a smile. "The quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally, has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father; whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."—Dr. Stephen Smith, in Leslie's Magazine for May.

PASTURE : : CROPS.

(By Prof. C. A. Zavitz.)

The area of cleared land devoted to pasture in Ontario amounts to nearly three million acres, and that devoted to hay and clover to about two and one-half million acres annually. A large number of varieties of grasses and clovers have been grown in the Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, both singly and in combination, for pasture and for hay. The mixture of seed now used for the production of pasture for a two years' stand in the short rotation on the College form is as follows: Red clover, 7 lbs.; alsike clover, 2 lbs.; timothy, 4 lbs.; and orchard grass, 5 lbs., making a total of 18 lbs. per acre. This mixture can also be used for hay, but when the chief aim is the production of hay, the orchard grass is not included, and only 15 lbs. of seed per acre are sown.

Farmers frequently write in the spring of the year, stating that through lack of germination of the grass and clover seed, the killing of the plants by the hot dry weather of the summer, or the heaving of the clover in the early spring, the pasture crop is likely to be deficient in the coming season, and asking what they can sow in the spring of the year that will furnish the best pasture in the same season. In each of four years we conducted an experiment in testing fourteen different kinds of crops for the production of pasture in the same season in which the seed was sown. As a result of these experiments we find that we can get better returns from a combination of varieties than from any one variety sown by itself. The following mixture, when sown in the spring, is likely to be ready for use at about six weeks after the seed is sown and to give good satisfaction in furnishing pasture throughout the summer: Oats, one and one-half bushels; early amber sugar cane, 30 pounds, and common red clover, seven pounds; thus making a total of 88 pounds of seed per acre.

Sometimes a farm contains a considerable amount of comparatively tough land or fields which lie at a long distance from the buildings, and the owner is anxious to use a mixture of grasses and clovers which will make a permanent pasture. From twenty years' results in testing different varieties of grasses and clovers, both singly and in combination, we would suggest the following mixture for permanent pasture on an average soil: Orchard grass, 4 lbs.; meadow fescue, 4 lbs.; tall oat grass, 3 lbs.; timothy, 2 lbs.; meadow foxtail, 2 lbs.; Lucerne, 5 lbs.; alsike clover, 2 lbs.; and white clover, 2 lbs., thus making a total of 24 pounds of seed per acre. Some of these varieties produce grass very early in the spring, while others are later and furnish a good bite during the hot, dry weather which occurs frequently in the months of July and August. The seed can be sown in early spring, either with or without a grain crop. Such a mixture as this, when once well established on suitable land, should form a pasture abundant in growth, excellent in quality, and permanent in character.

WIFE BEATING.

Maxim Gorky's Vivid Picture of the Popular Ceremony of "Leading Out."

A strange procession makes its way with savage outcry between the white mud huts of the village street. The crowded mass moves forward—moves thickly and slowly like the flow of some great wave.

Before it travels a little horse, its coat rough witih sweat. And it lifts its forefeet one before the other; its head goes up and down as though its nose would touch the dust, and at each movement of the hind legs the body lurches as though nothing could save it from falling.

A woman not much more than a girl, and perfectly naked, is tied by her hands to the forepart of the cart. She is obliged to go forward in an awkward manner on one side. Her head, with its thick, disordered, lustreless blonde hair, is lifted and a little inclined, backward, and her eyes, wide open, gaze vaguely into the distance with a dull and meaningless regard something less than human. Her whole body is covered in every direction with blue and purple stripes.

On the left the firm, girlish breast is broken by a blow, and the little purple runlet of blood trickles down the body as far as the knee. Below is a crust of cinnamon-colored dust. Long ribands of skin have been torn from the woman's body, which is terribly blue and swollen, as though long beaten with sticks.

Her feet, small and graceful, seem hardly able to carry her, and her whole form so bends and sways that one wonders how she can remain on her feet, for on them also, as on the rest of her body, could be found no inch of space not swollen and discolored.

One canont understand how it is she does not fall to the earth and hanging by the hands, does not pull the cart over on to the warm and dusty roadway.

In the cart stands a tall peasant dressed in a white smock and black sheepskin cap, from beneath which a tangled mat of light red hair hangs across his forehead; in one hand he holds the reins, in the other—a whip, with which he methodically thrashes alternately the back of the horse and the slender body of the woman, by this time already beaten out of all human shape.

The bloodshot eye of the red-headed countryman glistens with an evil delight. The sleeves of his smock rolled up to the elbows expose strong and muscular hands, thickly covered with a growth of reddish hair, his mouth, full of sharp, white teeth, is open, and at intervals gives forth rancous shouts: "Now then!" "Witch!" "Hey!" "Now then!" "Ha!" "How's that, little brothers?"

Behind the bound woman surges a crowd who howl, hoot, whistle, catcall, incite. There follow also boys; sometimes one of them, running forward, shouts some obscenity into the face of the woman. Then a burst of laughter from the crowd drowns all other sounds, even the sharp whistle of the whip as it cuts through the air.

There go women, their faces full of excitement, their eyes shining with pleasure, and men yelling some abomination or other to the man on the cart. He turns toward them and guffaws, with wide open mouth. Down comes the whip upon the woman.

The whip, long and thin, falls on the shoulder and clings round under the arm. Then the man draws it firmly toward him, the woman shrieks, and is thrown backward to the ground. The people crowd round her until she is hidden from sight.

The horse comes to a standstill, but in a moment starts again, and the battered woman is again dragged forward. And the miserable horse walks slowly along as though it fain would say, "See how ignoble a thing is it to be a brute beast, that one is forced to bear a part in such abominations."

The sky, the southern sky, is cloudless, and from it shine the bright rays of the kindly summer sun.

This I have written is no allegorical representation of the persecution or expulsion of a prophet, without honor in his own country. Unfortunately, no!

The ceremony is called the "Leading out." In this manner husbands punish unfaithful wives, this is a painting from life—and I myself saw it in the year 1891, on the 15th of July, in the village of Kandiborka, Kherson, South Russia.—

LONG-DISTANCE MOTHER.

Health and Nourishment Arranged for by Absent Parent.

This one-side of a conversation over the "phone" was heard by a visitor at one of the well known women's clubs in this city, The woman at the 'phone was one of the influential club women of the city, and also a popular young matron.

"Mary," she called evidently to a maid in the house: "How is Jack?"

"—— —— —— ——."

"Has he had his second bottle of sterilized milk yet?"

"—— —— —— ——."

"Well, Mary, if he goes to sleep at 10 o'clock, and stays asleep until 12, you must give him another bottle and then take him out for an airing. If he cries with that sharp, shrill little cry like he did last night, you may know that he has the colic; so Mary just give him half a soda mint tablet in warm water."

Mary at this juncture probably said: 'All right, Mum," or something affiliated to it. Then the mistress and mother continued:

"I expect to be at the club until 1 o'clock, Mary, and you can 'phone to me if there seems to be anything the matter with Jack. Be sure to put on his white heavy coat when he goes out and don't forget about soda mints if he has a colicky cry.'

Then the progresive matron returned to her chairmanship and proceeded to discuss vital sociological questions. It afterward transpired that Jack was her second infant and just four months old. And was prospering under the course of long-distance mothering.

A MODERN MEDICINE.

Which Reaches and Cures All the Little Ailments of Infants and Children.

Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine which replaces barbarous castor oil and poisonous "soothing" stuffs. The Tablets are a sweet, harmless little lozenge, which children take readily, and which may be crushed to a powder or administered in a spoonful of water if necessary. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, breaks up colds, prevents croup, allays the pain of teething, and gives healthful sleep. And you have a solemn guarantee that it contains not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. J. D. Cilly, Heatherton, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, and have always found them a most satisfactory medicine, and one that keeps my children bright and healthy." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DINING CUSTOMS.

A Marked Change Within a Few Years.

During the last eight or ten years there has been a marked change in the dining customs at Washington, and I think that the same may be observed in all large cities. The old-fashioned heavy, long dinner of ten or twelve courses, with four or five kinds of wine, has been abandoned. The fashionable diners of to-day, served at 8 o'clock in the evening, are seldom of more than five or six courses, with two kinds of wine, and it is becoming almost habitual among gentlemen to drink whiskey-and-soda instead of wine. A large number of habitual diners-out have found that whiskey is much less liable to give them gout, and refuse champagnes and red wines altogether. You can dine out every night in the winter nowadays without seeing a bottle of Burgundy, and claret is not drank so much as the light white wines of Germany. It is customary to serve champagne toward the close of a dinner, but the glases are seldom filled more than once. A few years ago the measure of wine was one bottle of champagne for every three guests; now it is one for every six guests. Sauterne and Rhenish wines are usually taken with greater freedom because they are less gouty.

There has been a great change in the fashion of cooking, also. The dishes are very much simpler; rich sauces are no longer popular, and there are more "made" dishes and less "red meat." The "red meat" question is a serious one with many people, as the doctors will tell you. At the butcher shops patronized by the rich people of the Capital the sales of chops, steaks, roasts and fillets are not more than half what they used to be eight or ten years ago, while the demand for game, chicken and salted meats has increased in a corresponding manner. Scarcely a dinner has been served this season without a roast ham. It is a very popular course, enjoyed by women, as well as men.

Mrs. John B. Henderson, who is always a leader, and who gives some of the finest entertainments at the Capital, is now having vegetarian dinners exclusively. There may be one course of chicken, or birds, or fish, but no meat ever comes upon her table. She serves five or six courses of vegetables, nuts and cereal foods, prepared in a most palatable way. A stranger at her table would not know what he was eating and her friends are always curious to know what Mrs. Henderson will give them next in the way of novelties. She also serves only unfermented wines, but her dinners are quite as much enjoyed as any that are given in Washington. She has the most beautiful dining-room in the city. It is surpassed by very few anywhere. Her china, crystal, plate, linen and other table appointments are exquisite, and her service is perfect.

Mrs. Henderson, who is a daughter of the late Senator Foote, of Mississippi, and the wife of former Senator Henderson, of Missouri, has spent most of her life in Washington, and has always been a society leader. She has taken great interest in cookery also, and "The Mary Henderson Cook Book," which she published some years ago, is still a standard. She has invented as many new dishes as Delmonico's chef, but within the last few years has entirely abandoned the use of meat in her cuisine and has recently published a volume called "The Aristocracy of Health," to demonstrate the evils of the use of meat, wines, tobacco and cigarettes.—W. E. Curtis, Cor. Chicago Record.

There are less than nine million people living in Siberia at the present time. The agricultural zone of Eastern Siberia is 25 times as large as the whole of Switzerland, and it is said that 400,000,000 people could easily live in the fertile zone of Siberia.

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