

Flabbiness in man is subservient. will be greater or a skin is greater and the fullness in skin, which is both subservient. a chin to speak of. is a character- solely human. In are prolonged; and beyond the brain. In re fore-shortened ward, a chin is to be, over-shad- ment and well- arrival of the fit- ness. In these new brains retain Record-Herald.

TYPHOID

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Could Not Keep Him Down

Dr. Jameson, of Raid Fame, is One of the Irrepressibles.

(New York Tribune.) There are some men who cannot be kept down. Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, of South Africa, familiarly known as "Dr. Jim," appeared as one of them. By a strange turn of the wheel the man who rose from a physician's practice to the office of administrator of a province in South Africa, then fell technically by the famous filibustering expedition into the Transvaal to the low level of a convict, has again risen. This time the height attained is greater than any he has reached before. He had been called to the office of Premier of Cape Colony, to succeed Sir John Sprigg, probably the first instance on record of the promotion of a convict to a premier-ship.

"Dr. Jim," perhaps, did not need the assistance of a madcap raid to give his name currency, but nothing in his career has done so much to make it remembered as his invasion of the North African Republic prior to the Boer war and the narrow escape from the imposition of the death penalty upon him and his officers by the Boer authorities as a consequence. Winning recognition from Cecil Rhodes by his ability to accomplish military and political missions which seemed almost im- possible of accomplishment, in course of time he became a most important officer in the employ of the British South Africa Company, of which Cecil Rhodes was head.

It was within his power to organize military expeditions, so, in December, 1895, when the outlanders in Johannesburg, who had armed them- selves with the intention of obtain- ing constitutional recognition, asked him to come to their assistance, with his usual promptness he started the next day with a force of 600 British mounted police in com- mand of several British officers, for the South African Republic. They were armed with Lee-Metford and Martini-Henry rifles and eight Max- im guns, and Dr. Jameson took pains to prevent any official recall reach- ing him. He cut the telegraph wires near Mafeking. Only a day's supply of rations was taken. Notwithstanding Dr. Jameson's secret departure and his attempts to prevent any official recall reaching him, Mr. Chamberlain received information regarding it and ordered Sir Hercules Robinson, the British high commissioner in South Africa, to repudiate his action by pro- claiming and sending a messenger to Dr. Jameson ordering his immediate return. The messenger reached the adventurers, who felt that they had the sympathy of persons in power, even if accepted usage was against a "friendly" nation, and Dr. Jameson replied to the message that it "should be attended to."

Other warnings of a similar character reached him from other sources, but Dr. Jameson replied to these that he was anxious to fulfill his "promise made to the principal

of affairs and together we stepped out on the terrace.

"The night was dark as pitch, but in the heart of the forest there appeared between the trees a reddish haze.

"That is Albert's campfire," said the King, abruptly. "If the sentinels are loyal, he and his men will climb the mountain beyond us, where no man has ever set his foot before."

"Your Majesty must not sleep in your own room to-night," I ventured.

"In my grandfather's time there was a subterranean passage which went under the lake," he remarked, "I would give a thousand florins to know if it still exists."

The King did not lack courage, as we all know who have served him. I shall never forget how he looked that night as he stood before me in his blue uniform of hussars, erect and proud, ready to fling a jest in the face of death. He knew as well as I what would happen if he fell into the hands of Albert's men.

Who could have slept after all this? Not Hubert von Tauschach, at any rate.

I still remember how, when the King had retired to bed in the red chamber, I took out my old uniform of dragoons, buckled on my sword, and loaded my pistols. Then I went into the anteroom in order to be near him should anything happen.

The hours crept on slowly—more slowly than ever in my life before. The steps of the sentinel were the only sound that broke the stillness. In vain I tried to persuade myself that the castle could not be stormed by a band of highwaymen.

Suddenly I heard a scream. I af- terward learned that it came from little Marie, who had been torn out of her sleep to be carried up into the mountains.

I sprang to the door and called to the sentinel. There was no reply.

A pistol shot flashed through the darkness and showed me our guards dying in the corridor and a crowd of strange men with swords and pistols in their hands in the moon- light on the floor of the King's chamber.

I slammed the door and swung into place the heavy iron bars. A knock at the door of the royal sleeping chamber was answered by King Lid- wig himself.

He was pale, and had drawn his sword. There was no need of telling him anything.

"How long will it take them to break open the door, Hubert?" he asked.

"About fifteen minutes, I think, your Majesty."

Suddenly the large window was torn off its hinges and a man with a rope about his waist came tum- bling in. It was one of Albert's men. They must have let him down from the tower above the room.

He fired at the King, but with a stroke on his arm I deflected the bullet, and before he could fire a second shot the King had felled him with the butt of his pistol.

But were others had entered oth- ers might follow, and there were al- ready two of them in the room. I led them to the door of the ravine.

Then I turned to the King. Two men lay dead at his feet and he was standing with the third before him, at the other end of the room near the portrait of his father.

"I am not a coward," said the King, his sword-play. Albert's men were still working at the outer door. What good would it do us if the King should conquer this foe? Death awaited us in the corridor. The door of the King's chamber re- ceived my heart, and I laughed aloud when his blade struck in the panel behind the old King's por- trait. The foe flew threw an evil glance at me, but it was his last, for his sword was quick and sure.

The man fell, frothing at the mouth.

"Here is the forgotten passage," Hubert, the King said, and added with deep reverence, "Lord, it is Thy will."

I bowed my head and looked at the miracle which had happened. The bandit had thrust his sword into the forgotten door leading to the passage to the vaults.

The sword must have touched a secret spring, or the wood was rotten with age. The opening in the wall showed us a way of escape.

I remember that I took a candle and lighted the King while he de- scended the stone stairs after I had closed the door behind me, and replaced the heavy iron bars at its back. We traversed a cellar and then went down another narrow and steep stairway and through a long tunnel which was so low that we had to stoop in it.

At last we stopped. The way which we had come ended abruptly before an immense well, from which an odor so fearful emanated that we instantly recoiled.

The King sat down on a stone ledge in deep despair. In the still- ness we heard a distant, ill-boding sound, as of many feet and shout- ing voices.

After a while he said, "It is not like my grandfather to have built himself such a rat trap. If we only had a lantern we would try the water in the well."

This sudden inspiration gave me a start. I leaped out over the water without paying attention to the fearful roar.

What I saw was a well about thirty feet deep, with a black bot- tom and slime and mud all over the sides. The bad air extinguished the light in my hand.

"If you only had a stone to throw. How dark it is," the King said. "Listen, Hubert, do you hear anything?"

"I hear a sound as of galloping horses," I said.

"At the bottom of a well? Heavens, it is true," he exclaimed.

We leaned over the well and as- certained that we were not mis- taken. "It is no well but a tower on the mountain side," the King suddenly cried. "I have seen it in my hunting. There must be a way out somewhere. I would give a thousand florins for a match."

"I have matches in my pocket, Your Majesty, and as true as I live, I think my hand is touching an iron step."

I lighted the candle, and we again

leaned over the black hole. Before the light went out, it had shown us an iron ladder built on one side of the slimy wall.

While I again lighted the candle, the King went down, to life or death, as his destiny willed.

"Be careful how you step, Hubert," he called up to me. "There is a door here."

A fresh breeze confirmed his words. I threw away the light and felt my way down. At the bottom of the ladder was a door, and through it we stepped out into the valley, at the foot of the cliff.

All I remember of the rest is that the King's arms were around my neck, and that he repeated over and over,

"Not your love—no, I cannot live without my old friend."

We ran through the forest like two schoolboys, in the nearest village we secured horses and were in the capital at daybreak.

Thus Albert of Jaegendorf was driven out of the country, but little Marie stayed with him, and she who once was carried screaming from the castle now rules over him with an iron will.

That the King's marriage also came to pass does not belong to this story. But to me, Hubert von Tauschach, it shall never be said that I served any one but my King, whom I pray that all good spirits may protect from evil.

ATHOLE BROSE 'O' AULD SCOTLAND

In the Highlands of Scotland once upon a time this drink, or diet or what you may choose to call it, was recommended as a panacea for almost all ordinary ills. It was used on the hills and in the cottages of the straths and glens, used for fatigue, after exposure to cold, or before going out to face snow blizzards, used to induce sleep and to cure colds, and rheu- matism. But the reader will please remember that those who used it were hardy Scots, dwelling among the mountains and breathing the purest of air. I would not recommend it, there- fore, to those who live south of the silver Tweed. In fact, I do not recom- mend it to any one who can do without such questionable stimulation.

I dare say there are more ways than one of making Athole brose, just as there are making oatmeal porridge. Some Highlanders simply mix heather honey, with whiskey and oatmeal (that is, the real Scotch whisky, not the adulterated stuff of our day), and call it, consists of a hand- ful of oatmeal, two tablespoonfuls of honey, and a very little drop of whis- key—say, half a tumblerful. This for each man. That makes the real High- land tartan brose; but I seriously ad- vise the English tourist who desires to become intimately acquainted with the delicacy to note exactly on which side of the room the door is before part- taking, else he may be glad of a bed beneath the table. But, joking apart, for, however people may differ in opin- ion concerning the merits of whiskey (and a dietetic or medicinal, there is no doubt about the oatmeal and the honey. Well, I have sung the virtues of the former many times and oft; let me, therefore, change my lay, and strike the lyre in favor of heather honey.—W. Gordon Stables, M. D., B. N., in Scot- tish American.

Vivid Story of the Chemulpo Sea Fight.

A Cincinnati, O., despatch says: Bishop David H. Moore, of the Meth- odist Episcopal Church, whose field is in China, Japan and Corea, was a witness of the naval battle between the Russians and the Japanese at Chemulpo. In a letter to the Cincinnati Post, Bishop Moore gives a vivid description of the contest.

The Bishop left Shanghai, Feb. 6, in the Ssangari, of the Russian line, plying between that city and Port Arthur, which cast anchor in Chemulpo harbor on the morning of Feb. 7, near the Russian cruisers Var- zig and Korietz, and the next day all were at the bottom of the sea. Not a Japanese cruiser was in sight at this time. The bishop, after de- scribing the arrival of 12 Japanese warships, writes in part as follows:

"Tuesday, the 9th, like a shock ran through the city the report that the Japanese consul had notified the Russians that if they did not sail out by noon they would be attacked in the harbor at 4 p.m. Soon after an official order was made public that the Japanese ships would attack the Russian men-of-war in Chemulpo harbor if they did not leave before noon. The Russians, decided to go out at once and stripped their ships for action.

"Our mission compound commands a fine view of the harbor and road- stead, and to the left and further seaward, a still better view is secured as the ships disappeared in the haze, our hearts stood still with almost agonizing suspense. Then came the roar of two shots across their bows. Then, refusing to lay to, they opened their batteries and were reopened upon by the concen- trated fire of the Japanese ships. Five minutes we thought would suf- fice to end the unequal combat, but thunder of the guns, 30 minutes, 45 minutes, 52 minutes, and unable to stand it any longer, the Russians swung around and steamed back to their anchorage, with flags still flying.

"Sure of their prey, and perhaps unwilling to fight unnecessarily in the harbor, the Japanese did not grumble, but remained their station on the roadstead, completely block- ing the only channel. The four fun- nelled, Cramp-built big cruiser Var- zig was evidently badly wounded and listed to port. The Korietz, the smaller of the two, was appar- ently unharmed.

"We hastened to row out in a sampan to inspect ourselves. We saw no scars or wounds on the Korietz, though the sailors were putting fresh paint on her hull here and there, as if to conceal scars, and the officer directing had his lead bandaged. Allen asked in Rus- sian how they fared. The com- mander replied that they had no chance, and that at 4 p. m. he should would go up. The Varzig ex- ceedingly was sinking. She was mor- tally wounded amidsthips and had

THE KING AND IN GOTTESBERG CASTLE.

From the German.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I, Hubert von Tauschach, first discovered the danger which threat- ened the castle of Gottesberg, and thanked God that my master, the King, was not with us.

I have always taken pleasure in writing a little in my leisure hours, and when I write I always sit in the east tower of the castle, whence there is a magnificent view over the mountain crags and the big pine forest at the foot of the castle.

That ill-starred morning I had written a letter to the King con- cerning Countess Helen, our guest, and though I and many other loyal subjects would gladly have seen her on the other side of the frontier, I had merely reported to the frontier, I had merely reported to us heres any- thing but misfortune for the coun- try. If this woman—witty, high spir- ited and beautiful as she was—should ever become queen.

Deep in thought, I had gone to the window to look out. At a dis- tance from the castle, in the forest, I caught sight of mounted men.

The sun shone on their green and yellow colors. I recognized the crest of Albert of Jaegendorf and under- stood that the Countess's hour had struck.

For this man had sworn that he would neither sleep in a bed nor change his shirt until Helen of Ger- steln should have been driven out of the country, and most of the King's subjects secretly applauded Albert's sentiments.

I had promised the King to protect Helen of Gersteln with my life, and I meant to keep my word, accordingly, I immediately sent for the Cap- tain of the Guard. He was a young fellow, stupid and conceited.

"Sir Hubert," he said, "you have sharp eyes for your age. These are undoubtedly Albert's men."

"In that case I hope you are pre- pared, Captain," I rejoined.

He smiled.

"Gottesberg is impregnable," he said. "The sentinels are at their posts, and the drawbridge is not safe raised. If the Countess is not safe here, it will not be my fault."

Then I went down to break the news to Countess Helen, who was taking tea with her sister Marie. They were the handsomest pair of sisters in the kingdom.

The understood already from my tone in greeting her that there was danger in the air, and grew pale as I told her I had seen in the

forest two mounted men with black feathers and silver crosses.

She went over to the window and looked out. Between the tree trunks a light bluish mist was visible.

"There is a camp-fire in the forest—don't try to deny it," said Hubert, Albert of Jaegendorf is there with his men. Isn't it so? she asked.

"I fear so, Countess."

"She laid an icy hand on mine. 'What shall I do? Tell me, in heav- en's name!'"

"There is the report which is sent under escort to his Majesty every evening at sundown. If you could take it yourself—"

"You must be mad!" she cried. "I—a woman and alone—and Albert of Jaegendorf at the doors?"

"If you were to ride to the city with the message to his Majesty, you would wear the uniform of a cour- tier and have an escort. The cap- tain thinks the castle impregnable, but there are others who maintain that Albert and his men would storm Paradise if they saw a chance of finding booty there. In a few hours we shall know who is right."

Thus Helen of Gersteln became the King's courier. When the sun had gone down she left the castle with six dragoons as her escort.

"Albert will read her letter," I said to little Marie, as we stood looking after the departing ones, "and it will serve as her passport, as it simply states that she is well and happy at Gottesberg."

The captain and I were sitting at our evening meal, when a servant suddenly appeared and whispered in my ear that his Majesty had come and was waiting for me in the little library where he was in the habit of working.

The message frightened me so that my knees trembled under me; and when I stood before the King he at once read the secret in my face.

"Where is the Countess? Why did you let her go?" he asked in the clear, cold voice which always pre- ceeded an outburst of wrath.

"Your Majesty," I stammered, "she went because Albert of Jaegendorf is at the doors."

He looked at me with his gray eyes, and the expression in them showed that he understood and was grateful.

"Albert of Jaegendorf?" he re- peated, doubtfully. "I came along the forest path and saw neither him nor his men."

I told how I had made the countess put on the uniform of a courier. The King thought the plan daring—too much so. However, he wished to convince himself of the true state

THE WOMEN WHO DO OUR SHOPPING.

(Toronto News.)

"Going shopping" is hardly understood in its true significance.

The newspaper funny man jokes about bargain hunters even when it is the legitimate advertising revenue from bargain stores that is probably paying the funny man's salary.

The lords of creation hate to come home to a cold supper just because their wife has been down town shopping, never remembering she has prob- ably put in a hard afternoon trying to make his dollars stretch round the fam- ily circle till both ends meet—stockings for him, shoes for baby, a new frock for Elizabeth, a new pair of trousers for the boy—"he's so hard on his clothes, you know, and these were marked down from a dollar to sixty-eight cents"—and half a dozen napkins for the din- ing-room, and all sorts of other things for the family and the home, and pos- sibly, not probably, something for her own dear self. It's not first or oftenest the "invertebrate shopper" thinks of her- self.

No, she is studying the newspaper advertising and saving her dollars to buy things for everybody but herself; things father wouldn't be able to have nor the little folks if she didn't shop so well that a dollar of your money will so expand with pride at being handled by such an expert and does things you couldn't make a dollar do to save your life.

Your house is well furnished, your table is well supplied, your children are well clothed because the woman who is the financial manager of your home knows how to shop.

How often have you ever said that you appreciated what she was doing for you some?

Have you ever congratulated her on her genius at her buying, instead of cracking cheap jokes at her propensity to follow up the bargain sales?

If you are an average man, you have probably never once in your life said the hearty, cheering things you ought to say to her, and you do say to Tom, Dick and Bill whenever they happen to hit anywhere near the bull's-eye in their undertakings. Your wife might score a whole blackboard of ten strikes in her shopping and be a regular Napo- leon of domestic finance without your notice, and to reflect, unless you see it in the sporting columns or the war news, Did it ever occur to you that nobody much cares what newspaper you read, or whether you read one at all, for the reader all the big business men want to reach with their advertising and all the wise journalists want to reach with

VALSER. are arous- ing the tandier of the

each- the- dy is

We had the first officer of the Ssangari, the ship we landed from the day before. He indicated that all was lost, and shortly after we saw the men dash below as if to scuttle her. Now the men are en- deavoring to leave the Korietz. We were within a few yards of her last two boats as they put off. It is 20 minutes to four and we recall the captain's words and Laster our rowers. There is an island sur- rounded by a revolving light, 600 yards away.

We land and climb to its summit. The hands of the watch denote 4. Instantly a terrific explosion in the stern and almost simultaneously another forward, sent the Korietz to its doom. Two malignant volumes of smoke and debris leap, writhing and twisting upward, clashing and struggling, as though two monsters in mortal combat. And as their black bodies pulled apart for a mo- ment, the sinking ship, tearful with filmy haze, shone through.

Through the blackness of dark- ness and the rain of falling fragments of their ruined ship came stately and solemn and grand from the French ship, where they had asylum, her crew's majestic chant of the Rus- sian national hymn, at once their new oath of allegiance to the white star, and a requiem over their lost ship. The smokestack, her gleaming prow and portions of her steel frame, show where the Korietz met her fate.

Now at fierce fire rages in the bunkers of the Varzig, more and more she lists to port. She has outlived her sun, but at six o'clock, with one great shudder, like a huge levitation, she turns on her side and dis- appears. Only the Ssangari remains, so recently our home. She sinks, all too slowly. A boat puts off to her from the French cruiser and soon her beautiful upperworks are a roar- ing furnace of flame. All night she burns and glows, and dies with the morning light.

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