A. Leflar.

Result of a Neglected Cold.

DISEASED LUNGS

Which Doctors Failed to Help,

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it, thinking it would go away as it came; but I found, after a little while, that the slightest exertion pained me. I then

Consulted a Doctor

who found, on examining my lungs, that the upper part of the left one was badly affected. He gave me some medicine which I took as directed, but it did not seem to do any good. Fortunately, I happened to read in Ayer's Almanac, of the effect that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral had on others, and I determined to give it a trial. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."—A. LEFLAR, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon be ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

DURHAM DIRECTORY

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W. J. CONNOR, PASTOR.

Sabbath Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School and Bible class at 9:30 a.m. Church Wardens, W. B. Vollet and T. M. Whitmore.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. A. G. JANSEN, PASTOR.

Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

REV. W. McGREGOR, PASTOR.

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REV. R. MALONEY, Pastor.

Durham Services—11 a. m. first Sunday of every month. Glenelg Services—9 a. m. first Sunday of every month. 10:30 a. m. third Sunday of every month.

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE. Thomas Lander, Registrar. John A. Munro Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

POST OFFICE. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 7 p. m. Arch. MacKenzie Postmaster.

DURHAM LODGE NO. 306 OF A. F. & A. M. Night of Meeting, Tuesday on or before full moon of each month. Visiting brethren welcome. Thos. Brown W. M. Geo. Russell, Sec.

GREY LODGE NO. 169 I.O.O.F. Night of Meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brethern welcomed. W. B. Vollet Sec.

DURHAM L. O. L. NO. 632. Night of Meeting, on Thursday on or before full moon in each month. James Staples, Secretary.

SONS OF SCOTLAND, BEN NEVIS CAMP NO. 45, meets in S. of S. Hall Friday on or before full moon. George Binnie, Chief, Geo. Russel, Sec.

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Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham.
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Guelph—First Wedesday in each month
Harriston—Friday before the Guelph Fair
Drayton—Saturday before Guelph.
Elora—The day before Guelph.
Douglas—Monday before Elora Fair.
Hamilton—Crystal Palace Grounds, the day after Guelph.
Listowel—First Friday in each month.
Fergus—Thursday following Mount Forest
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STRANGLED BY A TREE.

HORRIBLE SNAKE-LIKE COILS OF A TREE IN MADAGASCAR.

The Natives Dance Wildly About It—They Give It a Woman Victim and Watch Her Death Struggles in Its Embrace—Frightful Orgies of the Savages.

Far in the interior of Madagascar dwells the remnant of the tribe of the Mkodes, a diminutive race of primitive people. These aboriginals never exceed 4 feet 8 inches in height, always go perfectly naked, and have no other religion than the worship of the serpent-tree. Near where the Mkodes live in caverns the serpent-tree, hidden in what appears to be impenetrable forest, awaits its victims. When these superstitious little folk wish to banish some evil or court some favor they assemble here, dancing and singing around their verdant object of worship.

The trunk of this tree resembles a pineapple in shape, is about eight feet high, black and hard as iron. From the top of the cone eight leaves hang to the ground. These are about twelve feet long, three feet wide, very thick and end in sharp points. Stout thorns cover the inner side. The top of the cone is white, round and from afar looks like a small dinner-plate turned down on a larger one.

This larger "plate" contains a clear, viscous liquid, known to possess exceedingly intoxicating and soporific properties. Just below it extends six green and hairy shoots, about eight feet long and sharp-pointed. Above these, from between the two "plates," six white, plum-like tendrils rise vertically about six feet. They are in constant motion, shooting and twisting around with bewildering rapidity. The faint hissing noise thereby produced strengthens the illusion that these tendrils are snakes performing

A HIDEOUS DANCE.

Wilder and wilder grows the dance of the natives around the tree; wilder and wilder sounds the chant. Finally the savages, with a rush, surround one of the females, and at the point of their wicked javelins forces her to mount to the top of the tree. There she sits terror-stricken. The mob yells, "Drink! Drink!" In desperation the unfortunate victim at last scoops up some of the fatal liquid with the hollow of her hand, drinks it, and jumps to her feet, shouting and gesticulating wildly among the vicious snaky tendrils.

One of the tendrils coils around her neck—others wind around her arms and legs. The woman gives vent to horrible shrieks and more demoniacal laughter. While her struggles already grow fainter and fainter, the horizontal hairy shoots suddenly rise one by one, like great green snakes, and twine themselves with relentless force around her. It is a vivid interpretation of Laocoon's fate, without the beauty of that hero's death.

The woman struggles no longer. Now, almost incredible, the eight monster leaves raise their tips from the ground; they rise higher and higher, until they inclose the victim as in a case of iron; they press closer and closer, until—oh, horror! the serpent-tree's store of lethe, mingled with the blood of the human sacrifice, oozes through the interstices.

With a yell of mad delight the savages rush to the tree and lap up every drop of the horrid fluid. The god is appeased. After hideous orgies the participants sink down one by one in convulsions and delirium to long insensibility, while the grim black tree continues to hold its victim in tight embrace.

STORIES BY WOLSELEY.

WAR EXPERIENCES OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The Courage of a War Correspondent—Charles Gordon in the Crimea—An Anecdote of Henry M. Stanley.

But let us now recur to the charm of intercourse with Lord Wolseley, and to the happy and kindly qualities which endear him to his friends. He is at his best when speaking of his war experiences, whether in the New World or in the Old. No one has ever given more graphic sketches of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson than Lord Wolseley can give, as the French say, between the pear and the cheese, and his stories of the Crimea, of the Indian mutiny, of wars in China and Africa, are hardly to be equalled. Let us take a Crimean story first, premising solely that memory, however vivid, is not a phonograph, and in this instance it is careless of incidental details, which add little but local color to the picture. The tale was elicited by a question as to whether Lord Wolseley knew Charles Gordon in the Crimea, and what he thought of him.

"Oh, yes, I knew Gordon—knew him very well. We were subalterns together; young fellows, just beginning life, full of spirits and go. In spite of all the hardships, the road before us seemed bright, interminable, always leading upward. Gerald Graham, Gordon, and I were often together in the advanced works in front of the Redan. We had already come to look on Graham's courage as something almost supernatural. You know his height—well on to 6 feet 6 inches, I should say. Well, he used to stand up in the trenches and pay no more attention to the Russian fire than if the bullets had been snowballs, and when he was relieved in the evening, instead of crawling along the trench under cover, he used to step out of it on to the open ground and make a bee line for his quarters. At first the Russians were too astonished at this piece of cheek to take any steps to put an end to it, but as it was repeated again and again, their sharpshooters grew more numerous, till at last

A PERFECT MOB

of them used to wait for Graham's appearance, and then let fly. But he walked away, with his back to them, evening after evening, as cool as a cucumber, and was never touched. Again and again we remonstrated with him, told him he had no business to make a cock-shy of himself, but nothing we could say altered his resolution. 'He'd be hung,' he said, 'before he'd take the trouble to crawl a quarter of a mile out of his way to avoid the Russian fire—let them shoot and be damn'd to them.'"

"And you," we asked, interrupting the narrator; "how used you to go to your tent?"

"Oh," he went on, modestly, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, "I crawled along the trench in the mud and slush till I was well beyond gunshot. I suppose my disposition was calculating and ambitious. I did not see what could be taken by getting a bullet in the back for no reason."

"And Gordon?"—again we interrupted.

"That's the curious part of it," was the reply. "One evening Charley Gordon would link arms with Graham, and walk away as if a hailstorm of bullets had no power to hurt him, and the very next evening he would crawl along the trench after me as if he would like to hide in the slush."

The second story is concerned with the man who will probably be found to have won enduring reputation, though not exactly the fame of the heroic defender of Khartoum.

"War correspondents!" exclaimed Lord Wolseley. "Some of them are

DESPERATELY BRAVE,

while others are anything but heroes. The majority, I think, do their duty well, even when it leads them into tight places. By-the-way, talking of tight places and war correspondents, I remember an incident that may interest you. It was at the beginning of the Ashanti campaign, just after our landing. A square-built little man came up to me and said, speaking slowly and with an unmistakable American accent:—

"'General, allow me to introduce myself. I am the correspondent of the New York Herald. I——'

"Too busy to attend to him I cut him short with, 'What can I do for you, sir?'

"He replied imperturbably, with the same exasperating slowness, 'Well, General, I want to be as near you as I can if there is any fightin' to be seen.'

"'Capt. So-and-So has charge of all the arrangements concerning correspondents,' I rejoined, curtly; 'you had better see him.' And with this I turned on my heel, and went about my business.

"I saw no more of my correspondent with the aggravating coolness and slowness of speech for many a day. I did not even know whether he was accompanying the column or not.

"Personally speaking, I was only in danger once during the whole expedition. It was shortly before we entered Coomassie. I had pressed forward with the advanced troops, hoping to break the last effort at resistance and have done with the affair, when the enemy, utilizing the heavy covert, came down and fairly surrounded us. For a few minutes the position was critical, and every man had to fight, for the enemy's fire was poured in at

CLOSE QUARTERS.

They pressed upon us from all sides, dodging from tree to tree, and continually edging closer, hoping to get hand to hand. In the hottest of it my attention was caught by a man in civilian's clothes, who was some fifteen or twenty yards in front of me, and who was completely surrounded by the savages. He seemed to pay no attention to the danger he was in, but, kneeling on one knee, took aim, and fired again and again, and I seemed to see that every time he fired a black man fell. I was fascinated by his danger and coolness. As our main body came up, and the savages were driven back, I went forward to see that no harm came to my civilian friend, who rose just as I reached him. To my astonishment it was the correspondent of the New York Herald, and he began again in the same slow, calm way:—

"'Well, General——'

"'Again I interrupted him, 'You were lucky to escape. Didn't you see that you were surrounded?'

"'Well, General,' he began again, 'I guess I was too much occupied with the niggers in front to pay much attention to those behind.'

"That was evidently the simple truth. Whatever men may say in the future about Henry M. Stanley, no one that has seen him in danger will deny that his courage is of the first quality. I took a liking to him on the spot, and we became great friends; nor has anything occurred since to alter my opinion of him."—Saturday Review.

ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

The Foreign Office at London Informed of the Awful Loss of Life in Asia Minor.

Consular reports and other information received at the British Foreign Office, confirm the worst fears of the destruction of the Armenians within the area from Trebizond southward to Van, and from Alexandretta north-westward to Kara-Hissar. Whole Christian towns and villages have been pillaged and burned and their inhabitants massacred. Those who have been left alone have been forced to abandon their faith and turn Mohammedans. Accurate details concerning the condition of affairs in the districts beyond the immediate spheres of the consulates remain wanting, but there is no reason to doubt the reports derived from fugitive survivors and the better sort of Turks who have not shared in the outrages, that a similar condition of affairs exists in those places. The correspondent of the "Speaker," the paper which first gave publicity to the Armenian outrages, is now known to have close relations with the consulates in Constantinople and from information derived from them he estimates that not less than five hundred thousand persons have either been killed or are now dying of starvation beyond the chance of timely relief. He says that after the soldiers had sacked the Armenian towns and villages the Kurds completed the plunder. The latter mixed what grain they could not carry off with dung, and set fire to the houses, leaving the people with no food and their homes heaps of smouldering ruins. The ambassadors have advised the Porte to permit the Red Cross societies to undertake the relief of the distressed people, but the presence of hundreds of Red Cross agents would reveal horrors that the Porte must conceal. This fact debars the possibility of the government giving its assent to the plan.

TURKISH INACTIVITY AT HADJIN.

The representative of the United Press in Constantinople has received a letter from the Hadjin mission, which begins with the words: "We are alive, praise the Lord." The letter refers to the prominent part that Circassians have taken in the atrocities around Hadjin and says that ten thousand Circassians and Turks were actively employed in sacking the Christian villages. The governor did nothing to protect the Christians, and even refused them permission to defend themselves. He did, however, promise the aid of regular Turkish troops, who, the writer states, were of the same feather as those engaged in the murders and pillage. In the face of these statements the official Turkish statements, repeatedly communicated to the press, that order has been restored everywhere become worthless. If the Foreign Office published all its information, says the "Speaker," Lord Salisbury would not dare to appear in public. He would be mobbed in the streets.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething it pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Sad Case.

A little girl went with her mother to see a lady who was an assiduous collector of China, and in whose parlor were cabinets filled with her trophies, besides odd plates and dishes, bearing indisputable marks of age, which hung in conspicuous places on the walls.

The child sat quietly during the long call, and while her mother and the china collector talked of matters of mutual interest, she looked about her with big, wondering eyes.

Mamma," she said, thoughtfully, as she was getting ready for bed that night, don't you feel sorry for poor Mrs. Haskell, without any kitchen?

Without any kitchen, my child, what do you mean? asked her mother.

Why, didn't you see? asked the little girl in a tone of great surprise; she has to keep all her dishes in the parlor!

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Suggesting a Remedy.

New Woman—Husband, I need a change. The doctor says my life is too monotonous; I need excitement.

Husband—Try staying at home.

No earnest thinker will borrow from others that which he has not already, more or less, thought out for himself. Charles Kingsley.

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SOME WONDERFUL GUNS.

TYPE OF HIGH POWER RIFLES USED IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

How the Guns are Manufactured—An Intricate and Costly Process—Ten Months Required to Build a 46-Ton Rifle.

Successful trials of the high powered 12-inch 46-ton wire-bound guns, with which the new British battle-ships of the Majestic class are being armed have directed special attention to this system of construction for ordnance. The principle of wire construction with ordnance is of very ancient date. In the very earliest days of cannon it was a common custom to strengthen the barrel of a gun by winding rope or hide around it. It does not appear, however, that the system obtained any credit until about forty or fifty years ago, when the origin of its reintroduction for the manufacture of modern ordnance is claimed for Dr. Woodridge, of the United States, as well as for Mr. Brunel, the celebrated English engineer, Mr. Longridge, however, appears to be the first person who originated the present plan and pointed out the mode of winding the wire now in use in England, so as to make it capable of standing the maximum pressures required.

In 1885 this gentleman called attention to the increase in the strength of guns which could be obtained by the use of wire in their construction, but although experiments were made at various times, it was not until 1881 that the question of using wire was seriously taken up in England. Between the years 1875 and 1879 several wire-wound guns were made by the Armstrong firm, at Elswick, the largest being a 10-inch gun, and the designs were even prepared for manufacturing 110-ton wire-wound guns. In 1883 a 10-inch wire gun was made at Elswick, and shortly afterward experiments were carried out in France with wire guns. The form of the wire used in that country, however, was circular in section, instead of rectangular, such as is adopted for the Government service in England.

Of the early experimental guns, however, little was known outside professional circles until in 1884 a 9.24-inch gun was made at Woolwich, and exhaustively tried in the years 1887 and 1888. This is the piece which is commonly known as

THE JUBILEE GUN,

because of a series of experiments carried out in the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign for the purpose of ascertaining its extreme range. It was fired at an elevation of 45 degrees, and the range was then nearly 22,000 yards, or twelve and one-fifth miles, and at an elevation of 40 degrees the range was a little more than 20,000 yards. Two successive shots at this great range fell within 30 yards of each other.

Experiments were continued with great success until 1890, when the employment of the system in making British service guns may be said to have regularly commenced. It has thus been little more than five years in practice, but at the present time many hundreds of guns so constructed are actually in use in her Majesty's land and sea service. These guns vary in size from the 12-pounder gun of six hundred weight, used by the Horse Artillery, up to the 12-inch guns, weighing forty-six tons each, with which the new battleships are now being armed.

The system of the wire winding gun, is exceedingly simple. A tube, or barrel, of steel is surmounted by a layer of steel hoops, or, in the case of the 12-inch gun, by one single hoop. Over this hoop steel wire is wound, the number of successive layers of wire varying in different guns from nine to seventy-eight layers in depth. The wire, or ribbon, is rectangular in section, and is wound on the barrel of the piece at an average strain of about forty tones to the square inch. The strain actually varies with each successive layer, being greatest with the first layer and least with the last layer. To wind the wire the gun is put into an ordinary lathe, the wire having previously been wound on a large drum. This drum is passed over an elevated shaft, working automatically with the lathe and controlled by a brake. One end of the wire is secured to the gun by being passed under a ring of metal and screwed down. The lathe being then turned around, the wire is wound off the drum on the gun. It is to be noted that the wire is not wound directly on the barrel, or inner tube, but on the hooping which covers it, although in the case of the 12-inch gun this hooping takes the shape of a tube as long as the bore of the gun itself. The end of the wire is secured in the same way as at the beginning, with a ring of metal, and these rings are afterward turned down to the level of the last layer of wire.

On each of the 12-inch guns of the Majestic class there is wound no less than

102 MILES OF WIRE,

the dimensions of the wire being 6-100ths by 25-100ths of an inch. When the winding is completed a layer of hoops is shrunk on, so that externally there is no difference in appearance between the wire gun and the ordinary gun. There is no other gun in which the wire principle has been carried to such an extent as in the new 12-inch gun, in which the wire is wound from one end to the other. In the lighter guns it is wound only over the chamber and to a point about half way down the bore to support the maximum pressures.

There are several processes through which the material has to pass in the construction of a modern gun, prior to wire winding. First the steel is cast into an ingot or bar which is cut into shape and bored and then forged. The forging is rough bored and turned, and test pieces are taken from it. It is then annealed, hardened and again annealed. These operations are carried out not only on the barrel, but on each hoop. It is on the tube and hoops after this treatment that the wire is wound. After the wire has been wound upon the hoops the outer jacket is shrunk on. It is then turned outside, and rifled, and the final operation includes the fine boring of the chamber, and the fitting of the breech mechanism. The boring is done by a steel cylinder with a ring of sharp blades on its end, which, as the cylinder revolves, gouges out the ring hole along the axis of the ingot. The hardening in carried out by heating the tube and then plunging it into a bath of oil or water. At the Woolwich Arsenal, the Government factory in England, oil is invariably used for hardening, but in one at least of the private establishments, the proprietor has a belief that nothing equals cold water. The annealing process consists in again heating the forging to a temperature of, say, 900 degrees Fahrenheit, and allowing it to cool down gradually in the furnace.

The time occupied in the process of manufacturing a 12-inch gun has recently been considerably lessened. Before the system of wire winding became the custom the construction of a heavy calibre gun occupied from fourteen to sixteen months, but the 12-inch guns for the new battle-ships have been made on an average in less than eleven months, and ten and a half months is now looked upon as the ordinary time for the manufacture of one of these enormous pieces of ordnance. Of this period at least four to five months are taken up in the

PRELIMINARY OPERATIONS

of turning, annealing and testing the forging.

The wire-winding process in the case of a 12-inch gun will take from six weeks to two months, and the process of rifling nearly as long. This last-named operation is one which it is impossible to hurry, as only one man can be employed in the delicate work, for each groove of the rifling has to be done separately, and there are forty-eight grooves to be cut.

The advantage claimed for the wire system, theoretically, is that, by judiciously regulating the tension, it is possible to make the whole of the material of the gun take up its proper share of the strain at the moment of firing, when the pressures in the bore are at a maximum. Practically, it gives great transverse strength, so that a burst seems almost impossible where it is used, and the tension to which the wire is subjected during its acceptance trials and at the time it is wound on the gun insures every portion of the material used in this form being thoroughly tested, so that there is no fear of hidden flaws.

The only disadvantage of wire is that it gives neither longitudinal nor girder strength to the gun, but this is of no serious importance, as there is no difficulty in providing strength to the amount required in the inner tube and in the jacket and other parts covering the wire, so that the wire guns of the present day have as much longitudinal and girder strength as the gun of a few years ago, in the manufacture of which hoops only were used, and perhaps more.

Longitudinal strength is the strength which is necessary to resist the stresses brought upon the tube in opposite directions by the pressure of the powder gases to the rear, and the friction of the projectile and the gases as they pass along the bore, which tend to

BREAK THE GUN IN TWO

Girder strength is that which is necessary in the case of very long guns to prevent bending by their own weight when only partially supported, as in the mountings for the heavy guns on board some of the British battle-ships. A gun might be amply strong enough to resist the stresses in a longitudinal direction, and yet be deficient in girder strength, which is obtained by judiciously adjusting the weight of the different hoops, or tubes, used in its construction, and also taking care that the connections between these hoops are as rigid as it is possible to make them.

It has been contended that a shot striking a wire-wound gun might burst the covering jacket and cut several turns of wire. It has, however, been proved in practice that wire is not so susceptible to damage as might be supposed. It has been found that when it breaks during the winding it unwinds itself very little, the friction between the parts being so great. Moreover, great care is taken to secure the end of the wire after every few turns, so that the danger which might arise if several of the layers were cut is much reduced, since although the outer layer might be damaged, the tension of those underneath would not be affected.

The reason for the adoption of the wire wound system lies, no doubt, chiefly in the introduction or cordite (smokeless powder) charges, and also in the belief that the time must soon arrive when shells charged with high explosives will be fired from heavy ordnance. The enormous transverse strength given by wire is a property which, under these circumstances, might be of very great value.

In addition to those manufactured at Woolwich Arsenal, guns for the British naval service are supplied by the firms of Whitworth, Armstrong and Vickers. These firms also supply forgings, and, in addition, forgings are obtained from the firms of Cammell, Brown and Spencer. Wire for winding on the guns, which is drawn out and requires to be carefully tempered to get the required strength, is supplied by six firms—viz., Messrs. Hill & Co., Warrall & Co., Tion & Co., Firth & Sons, Brunton & Sons and Rolleson & Sons.

WILLIAM JOB'S ROMANCE.

He and His Bride Each Journeyed 3,000 Miles to Wed.

William Job was married to Miss Sarah Ann Ennis, in the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Morristown, N.J., on Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. George P. Eckman officiating.

There have been numberless marriages in quaint and staid old Morristown, but the Job-Ennis ceremony, in some respects, differed from all the weddings on record in that town. In the first place the home of the bridegroom is near Helena, Mont., and he travelled nearly 3,000 miles to meet his bride, who journeyed even a greater distance from her home in Cornwall, England. Sweethearts, betrothed and faithful, they had not seen each other in seventeen years.

William Job was born in a village of Cornwall just thirty-six years ago. His father was a miner, and the boy grew up in the mines. But he found time to study, and he stored his mind with valuable knowledge of mines and minerals. He fell in love with pretty, black-haired, rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed Sadie Ennis, a neighbor's child. Poverty frowned on William's hopes, but he was brave at heart, and at 19 years of age William told Sarah of his love.

Did she love him? Would she be true and wait? Her answer was satisfactory. So on a gloomy morning, seventeen years ago, William Job stood on the deck of an ocean steamer and watched the hills of his native land fade below the horizon. He landed in New York and proceeded direct to the copper mines at Lake Superior, where he got work. It was not the kind of that he was looking for, nor what his studies had fitted him for, so he soon drifted West. British pluck and native ability won, and Mr. William Job's check for $250,000 would be honored in Helena to-day, it is said.

About two months ago Sarah received a letter from her lover asking her to meet him in Morristown, N. J. Their waiting was ended, he said. He would come to claim her. She has a brother, William Ennis, in Morristown. At his home they would be married, William said. And the brave Cornish woman came, reaching there on Nov. 23. Mr. Job arrived on Monday last, and drove to 26 Harrison street, where William Ennis lives. There the meeting took place.

A newspaper reporter saw the couple on Wednesday night. Mr. Ennis's cottage was aglow with light, and of good cheer there was an abundance.

Mr. Job modestly told the story of his long courtship, and then a Mr. Dade came into the room, and Mr. Ennis and two more men, and they beamed upon Mr. Job, who beamed in return. When asked if he had made a fortune in Montana, the bridegroom replied: "Well, I've saved a tidy bit, and have some investments which are paying rather well."

"What is your occupation?"

"Miner, sir; just a plain miner, and proud of it, too. At present I'm superintendent of the Ontario mine, which is owned by English capitalists. Yes, I'm also interested."

"Don't you mind him," said Mr. Dade. "It's true he's rich. Why, at the close of the ceremony he kissed Sarah and at the same time crushed a check in her hand. For how much, do you suppose? Ten thousand dollars, as true as I'm sitting here."

The comely bride nodded assent when Mr. Job said: "We go to New York on Thursday, and on Saturday we shall leave for our new home in Helena."

The bridegroom admitted that he had reached the age of 36 years, and that he had been in love with Sarah for thirty-four.

Recognized the Symptoms.

Isn't this sleeping on the edge of a precipice awful? remarked one of Larkins' business friends in a troubled tone.

Oh, then you have a baby at your house, too, responded Larkins vaguely.

As It Struck Him.

Little Johnny saw a small tug engaged in towing a large ship, and heard the tug whistle loudly.

O papa! he exclaimed. That big boat's got the little one by the tail, and it's squealing!

A Stayer.

She (looking at the clock)—Dear me! He (tenderly)—Are you surprised to find it so late?

She (yawning)—No. I am surprised to find that it is so early.

TERRIFIC FIGHT BETWEEN HORSES.

Wild Ones Charge Upon a Cavalry Camp and a Fierce Battle Follows.

Just at sundown, and while we were at supper, a drove of wild horses numbering eighty-eight suddenly emerged from Thatcher's pass and deployed on the level ground of the valley, says a correspondent in the Free Press. Three or four were recognized as cavalry horses abandoned on the march, and twice that number had collar marks to prove that they had stampeded from some immigrant train. When clear of the pass they formed in a line and advanced upon us to within a quarter of a mile. We had seventy-five horses at the lariat pins. On the instant we discovered the wild herd and while four-fifths of the men were yet under their blankets, the Captain's horse uttered a scream, which must have been taken as a signal. He reared up, shook his head like an angry lion, and freed himself of his halter. In the same instant every other horse in the command secured his liberty; some pulled up the pins, some worked their heads clear of the straps, and away went the whole drove down the valley.

It was not a stampede, as we naturally feared. Even had our animals desired to join the ranks of the free they would have been rebuffed. Our horses were bunched. They drove right through the lines of the wild horses and left four of them lying crippled on the grass as they passed. The prairie drove retreated up the valley half a mile and then wheeled about in single line. When our drove halted and turned there was a distance of three-quarters of a mile between the combatants. We were ordered to fall in with a view of advancing upon the wild horses and driving them off, but before we had gotten into line it was

TOO LATE.

The sight was a wonderful one. The two leaders advanced as if they meant to decide the issue by a fight between them, but when within forty yards of each other they wheeled and returned to their respective lines. Then we witnessed something which only a cavalry man will credit. Our horses fell into double line and dressed to the right as perfectly as if a trooper occupied each saddle, and while we looked the lines suddenly moved forward on a charge. When they swept past us the alignment was absolutely perfect, with the Captain's horse on the right and leading by about twenty feet. The line of wild horses bent and wavered, but did not break until struck.

It was like striking a drumhead with a sledge-hammer. I believe that fully forty horses went down under the shock, but all except four were speedily on their feet again. From this on it was a melee, the whole drove circling around and each horse biting and kicking and displaying such ferocity as to astonish us. The mob fought past us down the valley and back, and right in front of the camp the climax came. The battle had been raging for half an hour when the prairie leader hobbled out of it on three legs and bleeding from half a dozen wounds, and that seemed to take the pluck out of his followers. Some ran up the valley and some down, but of the eighty-eight only fifty-seven got away. When the hottest of it was over we dashed in and secured a horse here and there and in this manner we finally got hold of the last one, which was the Captain's.

Of the seventy-five only five had escaped scot free. Every one of the others had been bitten and kicked, and twelve of them were so crippled as to be worthless.

Lovely Woman.

Of the new fashioned woman there is
much being said—
Of her wanting to vote and a' that
And of her desire to wear man's attire,
His coat and his vest and a' that,
But a' that and a' that.
She may wear trousers and a' that;
She may even ride a horse astride—
But a woman's a woman for a' that.

See yonder damsel passing by;
She's up to date and a' that,
She wears a man's hat, likewise his cravat,
His shirt and collar and a' that,
And a' that and a' that,
His suspenders and cuffs and a' that,
But do what she can to imitate man—
A woman's a woman for a' that,

The modern maid, her form arrayed
In sweater and bloomers and a' that,
Rides a "bike exactly like
Her brother does, an a' that.
She may wear bloomers for skirts and a' that,
Wear men's collars and shirts and a' that
May wear vests if she will, but the fact remains still
A woman's a woman for a' that.

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SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body indiscretion, or excesses in later years, premature decay, the loss of manhood, ruining the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men, who would shine as an early age at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to carry out a young, fruitless and melancholy existence. Other result matrimony, but find, alas, too late, they are not there. The victims are found in all stations of life—The farm, the store, the workshop, the pulpit, the bar, the trades and the professions.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

WM. A. WALKER. WM. A. WALKER. MRS. CHAS. FERRY. CHAS. FERRY.

BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED

Wm. A. Walker of Jack Street says—"I have suffered much from a certain very "dry" life. I unintentionally contracted Syphilis and other Private diseases. I had ulcers in the throat, copper colored blotches on the face, pimples on the face, hair falling out, joints became thin and disjointed. I was actually treated for Mercury, but it did not cure me. I was fast going to the grave when I consulted Drs. K. & K., who promised me a cure. I am under advice of my family, and feel that it is my duty to say I am now cured. Their treatment is wonderful. You feel yourself gaining every day. They are honorable & Gentlemanly. Their New Method Treatment will cure you. Why let it become for ever ruining your life? Remember, they guarantee a cure in a single case."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Capt. Chas. Ferry says—"I owe my life to Drs. K. & K. At 14 I contracted bad habits. At 21 I was a wreck. Physicians gave me up. I had Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhoea. Emissions were draining and weakening my system. I married at 24 under advice of my family, but it was a mistake. I had experienced no change. In eight months my wife sued for divorce. I then consulted Drs. K. & K., who promised me to manhood by their New Method Treatment. It has not only cured me, but my nerves. My wife married again and is happy. That was six years ago. Drs. K. & K. are honest, reliable specialists and I heartily recommend them."

IMPOTENCY VARICOCELE EMISSIONS CURED

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FULL OF ENCOURAGEMENT

FOR ALL WOMEN.

In Bed 5 Months—Had Given Up All Hope of Getting Well—A Remedy Found at Last to which "I Owe My Life."

Science has fully established the fact that all the nervous energy of our bodies is generated by nerve centres located near the base of the brain. When the supply of nerve force has been diminished either by excessive physical or mental labours, or owing to a derangement of the nerve centres, we are first conscious of a languor or tired and worn out feeling, then of a mild form of nervousness, headache, or stomach trouble, which is perhaps succeeded by nervous prostration, chronic indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a general sinking of the whole system. In this day of hurry, fret and worry, there are very few who enjoy perfect health; nearly everyone has some trouble, an ache, or pain, a weakness, a nerve trouble, something wrong with the stomach and bowels, poor blood, heart disease, or sick headache; all of which are brought on by a lack of nervous energy to enable the different organs of the body to perform their respective work.

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