Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHATER X.

The belief that a bad man is necessarily all bad, has not a solid foundation. Most villains of the piece have a tender spot; it may want finding, but it is there. This feeling is generally over a woman, and it is generally that same woman who is the cause of Justice laying her hands on the man. Tenderness is not a feeling it pays the scoundrel to indulge in. Perhaps that is the reason that its cultivation has been allowed to decay so much. It crops up occasionally, though, to the villain's hurt. Even in villainy, to be successful it is necessary to be thorough.

In the case of Alfred Dubois, there was one of these oases of tenderness—for his brother Adolphe. And in Adolphe's heart, the same feeling existed. Their parents' blend of Corsican and French blood perhaps accounted for the strength of it. Each would cheerfully have laid down his life for the other. And these two loving hearts were separated by the broad Atlantic. Alfred was wearing his heart out in Dartmoor Prison; Adolphe was coining money hand over hand as the proprietor of a gambling-hell out in the Wild and Woolly West. And when the hell closed, and the profits were counted and put aside, gladness came to Adolphe—there was ample to purchase the freedom of his twin brother.

You may look at Dartmoor and scoff at the idea of a prisoner escaping from it; but such things have happened. Money has a great moving influence, even in a quarry, and on a farm; and when it is used as a lever with a warder whose pay is under thirty shillings a week, it helps the proposed escape along. Not that escapes are frequent—attempts at it are; the prison infirmary records show that. The warders have guns, and know how to use them. Their instructions are to aim low. So it happens that the prison doctor should be an expert in the treatment of broken legs—he has experience enough.

Dartmoor is not a paradise upon earth. Its rules and restrictions are so corrosive on a man's soul, that the wonder is that more attempts to escape from it are not made. True, death has a hundred to one chance against a successful issue; but to the average convict, between existence at Dartmoor and the grip of the King of Terrors there is little to choose.

Successful escape is a thing dreaded; unsuccessful attempts are activities. But Adolphe meant success to attend the scheme he had in mind for his brother's liberation.

The fog and mist which so frequently roll over Dartmoor are the helping hands which Nature lends to any plan of escape—and it is a treacherous help too. Fog comes up, and the signal is given to fall in, and the convict risks the warders' guns, and falls out instead. Does so, tempted by the mist which he thinks may shield him till he gets away—away to throw himself on the mercy of some inhabitant. Alas! they prove broken reeds. The mist rools away, and the sun shines, and he is revealed to outside man. But mercy is unknown. Every man's hand is against the convict, for there is a reward for the recovery of any escaped prisoner—and that reward is ever in the mind of the Dartmoor—the earning of it is more profitable than the mere indulging in a feeling of pity. Pity retires to a back seat in favour of £ s. d.

There is practically a ring round Dartmoor prison. It is easy enough to get outside the prison's precincts—only to find a waiting hand, waiting to capture the prisoner. To break through that ring in prison garb is a thing read of in books, but the official records for such an account may be searched in vain. The broad arrow is too prominent. If a convict could change his clothes before leaving the prison grounds that mighty "If" Adolphe had his plan outlined for.

His brother's liberation. About part of it there was nothing novel. It had its origin in an illusion which the brothers Dubois, years before, used to travel with to the French fairs—for they were not then house-dwellers, but of the true Romany. Things had bettered with them. They had made money—no matter how, they had made it, and they left the tents for bricks and mortar.

In their show they had given a hashed-up performance of the Maskelyne & Cooke type, and a false bottom to the van enabled the man escaping from the tied-up box to conceal himself. It was satisfactory to the audience in front of the van, as they could see under it. The trick was never discovered. And that was what gave birth to the idea in Adolphe's mind. If the public were deceived, why not the police?

Adolphe came from America with money; and the possession of money enables a man to surmount difficulties and move mountains. Its actual moving power is as great as faith is said to be. He had a caravan built after the old type, and joined that section of the Lee tribe travelling west. He was able to pay his footing, and consequently was a welcome addition.

He was not well when he joined them, and kept in his bunk a deal. He was willing to pay for help and assistance, and therefore he never stood in need of it. A liberal paymaster rarely lacks kindly attention. As a friend-maker, money stands without a rival. And in his selection of handmaiden his choice fell on Miriam Lee because he was a reader of character. He saw that she was occupying a low down place in the opinion of the tribe, and that her sulky resentment of it was widening the breach. He stepped into it.

He spoke kindly to her, and the kindness melted her at once. It fell on receptive soil, that same kindness fruit grew from it. Miriam would have answered Adolphe's beck and call night or day; she was his willing slave. This was no novelty to Adolphe; both he and his brother had ever been successful with womenkind. But in this instance it was a more willing slavery; there was nought of passion in the combination. And when he thought her gratitude bound her tightly to him, he pledged her to secrecy, and told her his real mission, and she swore to help him all in her power. He knew she would, and she did.

Adolphe was a veritable host in the purchaser, and a better education enables a man to keep it o'er his fellows; and when he told them of the doctor's advice that he should try the air of Dartmoor for the disease on his lungs, they listened. They had heard before of consumptives being ordered there. And when, at a subsequent interview, he told them how sorry he was to leave them, they—they had discussed the situation among themselves meanwhile, and estimated the loss his going away would mean to them—asked why they should separate? Could they not just as well go Dartmoor way as any other? The rushes were in, and could be gathered there easily, and for a few weeks the camp could be engaged making the various basket-work articles they sold.

Adolphe thanked them with his lips, and smiled in his heart; he saw through their friendship—purchased friendship—quite easily. But he had his way. The caravan gradually wended its way Dartmoorwards—Dartmoor, where the prison stood, where his brother was.

CHAPTER XI.

When Nelson, in Trafalgar Bay drew the first serious check on the Napoleonic Bank, and the map of Europe looked likely to have a part left, o'er which the French flag was not flying, it probably never dawned on the Admiral's mind that he would place England in a difficulty in regard to the war prisoners—what to do with them. But that difficulty arose. The prison-ships overflowed, and ultimately a war-prison, to accommodate some or eight thousand men, was built on Dartmoor. This tomb of the living, in altered form exists to this day. Nearly fifty years ago it was turned into a convict prison, and so it remains. Prisoners unfit for the hardest of hard labor, whose sentences are not under five years, are sent there. The chief labor is farming, the moor being reclaimed more and more year by year, the prison grounds consequently widening. The convicts are the farmers. Most prisoners can trace their descent from pilfering. Seventy per cent of our convicts were in their early days shop-assistants. Their dirty hands soiled the till; now, at Dartmoor, they till the soil.

The prison and its surroundings have been so often pictured in books that no description of them need appear in these pages.

The gipsy camp was pitched within half a dozen miles of the prison, and Adolphe began his work. At first his lieutenant did all, and did it well. It was she who, in going from door to door with her basket of fancy goods, found out the warders with the largest families, and those the most poorly off. Adolphe wanted their names and conditions; the poorer a man is the sweeter is the music of jingling money in his ears, the more likely he is to accept a bribe. And soon, by dint of perseverence, the names were sifted, until the warder in charge of the gang in which Alfred worked was found. And then Adolphe stepped upon the scene. How was it arranged? How did the warder come to assist? Well, Adolphe had a well-lined purse, the warder was but human—he had his price. Besides, in this case, there was not much wanted of him; his risk was small.

Just to take letters; in prison lingo, passing a stiff—that was all. And the letters, being written in French, the officer never for a moment suspected that a plot to escape was being hatched under his very nose. The letters were brief, but the instructions in them explicit. The convict swallowed the contents, and then swallowed the letters themselves; chewed over the instructions, and then chewed the paper—it was the safest method of destruction.

The basis of the plan was fog or mist. There was nothing new in that, it was the basis of most of the convicts' plans for escape. But fog has its drawbacks; a man is apt to get lost in it on strange land, and go round and round, perhaps back to the place he started from,—when, in the case of an escaping convict, his last condition becomes worse than his first. Besides, in foggy weather the inhabitants of Dartmoor are alert; they have the reward ever before them. The escaping convict might fall into their hands. When you live near a prison, you never know your luck.

And the guard against this? A compass. The moorland around the prison is reclaimed at the rate of about twenty-five acres per annum. Adolphe knew the identical portion on which his brother was working; one of the prisoner knew exactly where, buried an inch under the peat land outside the boundary within which they were working, the compass was concealed. He could see the place clearly every day; an arrangement of stones led to it. When the fog came he was to dart to that place, lift the compass, and follow the direction he had been given till he met a gipsy-woman with a basket of fancy goods.

If he reached her, the rest was easy. She would be at the corner of the cross-road, with a change of clothing in the basket under the top layer of her fancy goods. So thoughtful was Adolphe of his brother, that he did not risk placing the goods in the cache for the fear of dampness—the mist might not be thick enough for escape for days.

And the cache?—was within a few feet of the open highway, absolutely bare of any sign beyond the ordinary level of the moor. And the very safety of the scheme arose from this openness. Pursuers might go over it even without noticing it.

For a week or two an artist had been painting a picture on this very spot. The moor had not many travellers, and hours would go by without a soul passing. A close observer would have wondered that an artist should have such dirty finger-nails—they were full of moor earth. But there were no close observers.

The artist carried an umbrella tent; it was erected near where he worked. The first day of its erection the artist had brought with him a firm-handled piece of timber, fashioned in the shape of a copper lid, only larger. This he had put flat on the peat surface of the moor and drawn a line round. Then he cut out a thick layer exactly that size, and fixed it to his copper lid, where it remained, and probably remains to this day. Then he worked harder than any convict on the neighboring settlement; but he was working to free his brother.

At intervals a gipsy with a large basket of fancy goods came along, and if no one was in sight, entered the tent. And when she went away she staggered sometimes under the heaviness of her basket, for it was full of the earth the artist was removing. He was making a deep hole, deep enough for a man to stand upright and move about in comfortably; and what he removed for this purpose the girl took away and scattered gradually over the face of the moor.

It was cruelly hard work, but the Corsican blood told, and the labor seemed light. Just under a fortnight it took to complete, and then it was ready. Within a yard of the excavation the land was some feet lower, and for that reason Adolphe had selected the site. Air was necessary in that chamber, for the lid had to fit with exactness, and the dip in the ground allowed of the inlet of air through yard-long iron gas-piping which was driven through the wall of earth. Only the most minute examination of the outer peat would show these small, black, round holes—an examination it was not at all likely would take place.

And then the place was furnished. Candles, matches, food, drink, cosmetique, wig, and shaving apparatus made up the furniture.

Every day thereafter, from the time the convicts issued from their tomb in the morning till their retirement within the walls at night, Miriam sat by the cache making reed baskets. She waited day after day for the fog. Fogs came, but not thick enough. And she waited, too, for the signal which would ring over the moor—the warning from the prison that another prisoner was seeking liberty.

And it came at last. Surely, she was thinking, the fog was heavy enough, and as she thought the signal rang out. The compass would guide him straight. He would be nearly fifteen minutes running distance between the boundary and herself. The moment the signal reached her ears, she started singing. She had a deep, powerful voice, and "Way down upon the Swannee River," despite the fog, rang over the moor.

She had thrown the bundle of clothes down the hole, and knelt beside it with her hand on the concealed handle of the lid. And presently the sound of her voice and the melody—a signal—reached the ears of a panting, eyes-starting-from-his-head wretch, who was running in the direction of it. It gave him fresh life, fresh strength, and he needed it, for he was nearly spent. He came in sight. Not a word was spoken. The lid was lifted, he dropped down the hole, the lid was replaced—all within a minute—and the gipsy girl was sitting on it, weaving her rushes and still singing.

And just in time, for two breathless, uniformed men, with guns in their hands, came up.

"Seen a man running this way?"

"Yes; just a minute ago; was in a hurry, I think, he was panting so. Went up that road. What's the mat—?"

But the men had disappeared in the direction she had indicated before she could say more. They were pursuing the escaped convict!

(To be Continued.)

NEW TANGLED BAITS.

Old Fisherman Sighs for the Days of Angle Worms.

"This is a decadent age," sighed the old fashioned fisherman. "I think that I will go back to first principles and do the rest of my fishing with a long bamboo pole, a stout line well knotted around the tapering end of the pole, and a black hook decorated with a limber angle worm.

"I have just behind with my own eyes what this fad of fancy fishing outfits has led to. The downfall is logical—that's the worst of it, and that's the reason why I am going to send my steel casting rod to the attic, along with a half dozen books of variegated flies, a silver reel, and all the other fol-de-rols. What have I seen?

"Just this. I have walked the length of a long counter laden down with little glass jars containing preserved minnows, preserved frogs, gray fish in alcohol baths, yes, and even pickled worms nicely assorted in lots of a dozen.

"What is there left to fishing? Think of the city kid and the idea of sport he gets from this sort of thing. Digging for angle worms was as much a part of fishing as catching the fish when I was a boy. I used to get up before daylight, take an empty spice box from the kitchen table, hunt up an old iron spoon, and hurry out into the garden to get my bait. I unearthed the big wrigglers with a positive joy, and when the sun showed its rim on the horizon I stuck my well filled treasure box into my jacket pocket, threw my pole over my shoulder, and trudged off to the creek feeling like a sportsman. I had conquered nature; I had a right to be proud.

"When I got a little bigger I came into the joy of a jointed pole, and was allowed to go to the river to fish for bass and pickerel. I always had two days of sport. The first day was given up to catching minnows in the creek with a dip net. A big perforated minnow pail held the minnows safely in captivity, and was anchored carefully to some overhanging branch to wait the next day. Placed in another solid pail, the bait prison would be taken early the next morning to the fishing ground.

"Then when the time came a few years later for vacations from city employment, and I got into the habit of going to the lakes up north, the hunting for frogs for bait was a part of the regular fishing game. Slumping through the swampy shore strips after the green croakers was work too lively to be tiresome. I have felt as much triumph in landing a big bull as in getting the strike from the musky which eventually tried to dine on him.

"And now. All this fun is lost in a shopping trip. Not for me."

NATIVE INDIAN FOLLY

As an instance of the almost incredible folly of the average native of India, the following anecdote will be hard to beat. Two Englishmen one day came upon a young man who was one of their best workmen, writhing in agony from cholera, the result of eating an over-ripe melon. With great difficulty they saved him and kept him by them for three days, when he was cured. The next first act on that he was dead, they heard leaving them had been to straight home and finish the melon. It is stories of this description that one realize the enormous difficulties that have to be overcome by rulers of India.

"Leave me now, my dear," he said, passing his hand nervously over his head. "I want to be alone for an hour or two." "Why, what is the matter?" his wife inquired, with anxiety. "I have to consult a railway guide," groaned the unhappy man.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

LOSSES IN MANURE.

In 1899-01, three series of steer feeding experiments were made at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, comparing the gains obtained from animals kept without tying in a box stall and from those tied as usual in ordinary stalls, the former being watered in the stall, the latter turned out daily to water. The results showed that by the former method a very large saving in cost of attendance is secured, without any decrease in the gain of live weight or any disadvantage as respects the quantity of food required to produce it. The relative economy of the two methods is, however, not fully demonstrated until the value of the resultant manures is known, for these differ materially in the conditions of their preservation.

The manure from the box stall was formed upon a cement floor, and was kept under the animals, compacted by their trampling, until the close of the experiment; that from the animals tied in the stalls and watered in the barnyard was, on the contrary, daily removed and stored in a compact heap under conditions closely approximating those of a covered manure shed, except that it was not subject to trampling by the stock.

The fertilizing constituents in food and litter, less those used in forming new animal tissue, were compared with those recovered in the two manures. The comparison is especially interesting because of the increasing use of the covered shed method in Pennsylvania.

The trampled manure suffered little loss of fertilizing constituents, though less than two-fifths of the dry matter of food and litter was recovered in the manure. The covered shed manure lost one-third of its nitrogen, one-fifth of its potash, and one-seventh of its phosphoric acid. Only one-third of the dry matter of food and litter was recovered in the manure. The potash and phosphoric acid losses must be explained by seepage of liquid manure into the clay floor. The loss of nitrogen is however, chiefly due to volatilization of carbonate of ammonia.

The money value of the fertilizer constituents lost by the second as compared with the first method, is equivalent to $2.50 for each steer stabled for six months. Therefore, manure, if prepared upon a tight floor and with such proportion of litter that it can be trampled into a compact mass, loses very little, if any, of its fertilizer constituents so long as the animals remain upon it. This method of preserving steer manure is therefore distinctly superior to that of the covered shed, though the latter method may not always exhibit as great loss as that observed in this experiment.

SILO THE CORN.

My opinion is that it would pay farmers to build a cheap stave silo and convert a portion of their late corn into silage this year, especially if they have young stock on their farms or can procure young stock at reasonable prices to feed this winter, writes Mr. E. D. Funk. I am not yet ready to say that it is the best for older cattle, i.e., feeding cattle, nor have I any thoughts of saying that it is good feed for them. I have not yet proved that to my own satisfaction.

Through the college of agriculture we have been conducting experiments along that line on our farm and we expect to have some very interesting and valuable figures which will come out in bulletin form when the experiment is fully completed.

I would not advise going to too much expense in putting up a permanent silo right at the start, for the reason that what will suit one farmer will not always be applicable to his neighbor, and therefore we must choose for ourselves. My experience has been so far that I am satisfied that the silo will be a part of the feeding apparatus for the ordinary farmer in the future.

I think there is no better way of curing late corn in a wholesale way for economical feeding than the old-fashioned way of cutting and shocking, and I would consider it the next or second method for curing late corn. Following this comes the shredder, but this year there has been such an abundance of roughness cut in the way of clover and grass that there will be no lack of roughness and practically all the barns are full of that kind of feed and of course shredded fodder should go into the barn to be at its best.

WHEN TO PICK APPLES.

The poor color in much of the apple crop is due to its treatment in the orchard. The trees are too often closely planted, the heads too dense, or the soil may have been overloaded with vegetable matter, which cause the fruit to grow until late fall, and the picking season arrives before the fruit takes on color. These are cultural difficulties that may be largely overcome by Letter pruning, to expose the fruit to the sunlight and by other cultural practices that lead to mature the fruit earlier in the fall.

The usual method of apple picking, however, is responsible for a large part of the poorly colored fruit. The apples in a tree top differ widely in their degree of maturity just as do the peaches on a tree. When the crop is all picked at one time the fruit in all stages of ripeness is mixed indiscriminately together. For a specialist who seeks the finest class of fruit it is a question whether it would not be profitable to pick over the trees two or three times, taking the fruit in each successive picking that approaches the proper degree of size and maturity. The remaining fruit after each picking quickly grows to a larger size and deeper color.

SOME DAIRY ADVICE.

Use only pure bred cows.

Do not cross different breeds haphazard.

Do not keep more stock than you can feed well.

Pair healthy animals, then the progeny will be healthy.

Pair animals of similar character so you may know the kind of progeny to expect.

Pair the animals of such families as give plenty and rich milk, so the progeny will produce plenty and rich milk.

Do not pair two young animals—that makes both parents and progeny suffer.

Make a memorandum of the milk yield, and if possible its test, only thus can a positive knowledge of the cow value be secured.

Keep a record of the breeding (a herd book), by which you may determine the breeding value of an animal.

Visit cattle shows in order to see other animals and to show your own, so as to compare and get practice in judging animals.

Join a bull association so as to secure the service of a good bull at a reasonable cost.

The calf should be protected against dampness and draught—it is very tender while young.

The calf should have the milk in small portions, and as often as the cows are milked, as only then we get the full benefit of the milk.

The calf should have new milk exclusively the first fourteen to twenty days.

HOW A MAMMOTH DIED.

Montreal Animal in St. Petersburg Museum.

An account is given in Nature of the mammoth which has been mounted for exhibition in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg. The animal, a young male of rather small size, was found buried under the Siberian tundra, and was photographed at various stages in the excavation. Dr. Otto Herz, leader of an expedition organized by the St. Petersburg Imperial Academy, took the photographs, and some of these have been presented by Dr. Salensky, director of the Zoological Museum, to the British Museum; two of them are reproduced in the article in Nature. According to the general report published by Dr. Herz, he began to excavate the specimen from the front. In this manner he soon discovered the two fore limbs spread widely apart, and sharply bent at the wrist. Proceeding backward on the left side he unexpectedly met with the hind foot almost at once, and it gradually became evident that the hind limbs were completely turned forward beneath the body. Dr. Herz then removed the skull, and found the well-preserved tongue hanging out of the mandible. He also noticed that the mouth was filled with grass, which had been cropped but not chewed and swallowed. Further examination of the carcass showed that the cavity of the chest was filled with clotted blood. It is, therefore, natural to conclude that the animal was entrapped by falling into a hole, and suddenly died from the bursting of a blood vessel near the heart while making an effort to extricate itself. As shown by the recent researches of Dr. Tolmatschow, the ice surrounding the carcass was not that of a lake or river, but evidently formed from snow. It is thus quite likely that the mammoth was quietly browsing on grassland which formed the thin covering of a glacier, and fell into a crevasse which was obscured by the loose earth.

WOMEN MARRY LATER.

Ages at Which Men and Women Marry.

Mr. Long, in a printed reply to a question in the British House of Commons, states that the mean ages at which men and women have married in recent years are:

	Men.	Women.
1867-70 (four years)	28.0	25.7
1871-5	27.9	25.7
1876	27.9	25.7
1881-5	28.0	25.7
1886-90	28.3	26.0
1891-5	28.4	26.2
1896-1900	28.4	26.2

"I understand from the Registrar-General," Mr. Long added, "that in the years 1867 to 1870 more than thirty percent. of the people married did not state their ages, but that there has been a gradual improvement in the statement of ages, until in 1900 only about one and a quarter per cent. did not state their ages.

"For these and other reasons, however, comparisons between the average ages at marriage in the earlier years with those in the later years cannot be regarded as altogether trustworthy."

"Think of it, my dear," said Mr. Closefist, laying down his newspaper, "there are more than five hundred million dollars in circulation in this country?" "Is that so?" replied his wife, cheerfully. "Well, judging from the difficulty I always experience in getting you to give me a dollar, I thought there wasn't more than five or ten dollars in the world."

Though it is said that speech was given men to enable them to conceal their thoughts, it seems to have been a needless precaution in many cases.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

REFORMS FROM NOVELS

GOOD THAT HAS FOLLOWED MANY WORKS OF FICTION.

Charles Reade's Novels Were Successful to a Remarkable Degree.

The novel with a purpose is rarely met with in modern fiction, for strangely enough, there exists nowadays a popular prejudice against such works, yet some of our greatest reformers have been novelists who have effected reforms by their books. The chief of them was, of course, Charles Reade, and it is a striking fact that his four most successful novels were written solely with the idea of educating the people into a proper frame of mind as to four crying shames; and in each case he was successful to a remarkable degree.

It will readily be understood that any wide-sweeping reform needs the support of popular opinion, and "It is Never too Late to Mend" not only suggested the reforms of which our prison system was in need, but educated the people to appreciate how immediate and essential was the need.

In "Hard Cash," probably the most dramatic novel ever written, the author-reformer attacked another very grave state of things. It struck a terrific blow at private lunatic asylums, which at that time were not only to a great extent free from state control, but were often used as privat prisons for perfectly sane people. "Hard Cash" drew public attention to the way in which some of these places were conducted, and demonstrated two truths which alarmed every one because they menaced every one—that not only could a sane person be incarcerated in an asylum, but, once there, stood small chance of ever being able to

PROVE HIS SANITY.

The abuses of trade unionism were attacked by Charles Reade in "Put Yourself in His Place," in writing which the author drew largely upon actual occurrences. Trade unionism was at the time of the publication of this novel simply a system of tyrannical selfishness and narrow-mindedness, which threatened to ruin British commerce. The book was written in such way that it appealed to every man and woman who could read. Employers and employed read it, and were convinced of the justice of the arguments, so entertainingly advanced and so skilfully cloaked that there was nothing canting in the book.

"Foul Play" was less than any of the other three books mentioned a novel with a purpose. Its chief aim was to entertain. But incidentally, it aimed a blow at ship-scuttling for the purpose of robbing Lloyd's—a species of crime very common and profitable about the time this work was first published. It led to some important reforms in ship broking, which practically put an end to an alarming state of affairs, up to that time either unknown or unappreciated.

A WORLD-RENOWNED

of reform by fiction was that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was this famous story which started the great anti-slavery movement by the Northern States of America against the Southern States, which had the consequence of some millions of slaves being freed. Mrs. Stowe little dreamed, however, that her work would provoke such a terrific conflict, or she would have consigned it to the fire rather than to the printers' hands; indeed, she scarcely thought that it would have more than a slight moral effect. But no work of fiction ever had such a widespreading influence as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Dickens and Thackeray both also effected important reforms by their novels. The latter was instrumental in putting an end to public executions by demonstrating in one of his best drawn characters their brutalizing influence over morbid-minded people.

By "Oliver Twist" Dickens did much to promote reforms in the administration of workhouses. He evidenced the many weak points of the poor laws as they then stood, and stirred up public feeling against the state of things which condemned the poor to very much the same sort of life that a convicted criminal led.

"Nicholas Nickleby," too, had considerable effect in reforming many private schools by suggesting to parents the greater care they should exercise in selecting schools for their sons. And "Martin Chuzzlewit" was very effective in checking reckless emigration.—Tit-Bits.

NOT A CENTAUR.

King Edward Often Fell Off His Horse.

The intense love for all kinds of sport by the king of England has by no means rendered him anything approaching a capable performer in any branch of it himself. He never could learn to play cricket, which, strangely enough, was a peculiarity also of both of his brothers, the duke of Connaught and the late duke of Edinburgh.

His majesty has done more than any man in Europe to promote and encourage horse racing, yet he is notoriously a poor horseman, and during his military career he had many a nasty tumble. In his subaltern days in the crack regiment, the Tenth hussars, he was continually falling out of the saddle, and if it had not been for his rank and position the riding master of his company would have pronounced him a hopeless failure.

No one ever doubted his courage, however, and by the advice of the late Queen Victoria, who was made acquainted with his incapacity in the saddle, he was forbidden to mount anything but the quietest horse that could be procured. The queen also insisted that he must take no part in hunting or in any form of sport in which there was an element of danger.

Bleeding Piles and Erysipelas

Two Severe Cases Which Illustrate the Extraordinary Soothing, Healing Virtues of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Scores of people do not think of trying Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles because they have used so many other treatments in vain that they do not believe their ailment curable. It is by curing when others fail that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won such a record for itself. It will not fail to promptly relieve and completely cure any form of piles, no matter how severe or of how long standing.

Mr. James Uriah Pye, Marion Joseph, Guysborough Co., N.S., writes: "I was bad with bleeding piles for about four years and could get no help. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me in a very short time, and I cannot praise it too highly for this cure." Mrs. Thomas Smith was troubled with erysipelas in the feet and legs and was all swollen up. I gave her some of the ointment which took out the swelling and healed all the sores. She had tried many treatments before, but none seemed to do her any good. I am telling my friends about the wonderful cures which Dr. Chase's Ointment made for Mrs. Smith and myself, and would say that it is only a pleasure for me to recommend so excellent a preparation."

Wherever there is irritation, inflammation, ulceration, or itching of the skin Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring quick relief and will ultimately heal and cure. On this account it is useful in scores of ways in every home, for the cure of eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, chafing, itching peculiar to women, pin worms, piles and all sorts of skin diseases and eruptions. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedy.