

LAUGH A LITTLE BIT.

Here's a motto just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the belian's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit,
Just to laugh a little bit.
Cherish this as sacred writ—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.
—J. E. V. Cooke, in *Cheerful Moments*.

A TALK WITH MR. FREDERICK VILLIERS.

We were talking about presentiments, and Frederick Villiers, the veteran war correspondent, fresh from his ninth campaign, said in that quiet, careless way of his: "When a man goes into a fight feeling that he is going to die, why, he generally does die. It's queer, but it's a fact." "Do you believe that?" I asked much surprised. Villiers nodded, and proceeded to tell stories. "I don't suppose I'll ever forget the face of a young lieutenant I used to see a good deal of in the Russo-Turkish war. We were great friends, although he was a Russian, and he used to tell me all about a girl he loved. He used to get letters from her regularly, but there came a time when these stopped suddenly; there was some delay in the mails, but the poor chap didn't know that. He got very blue about it, and one day, just before the big affair in the Shipka Pass, he said to me: "I'll never get that letter. I know I won't." "Why not?" said I, wishing to cheer him up. "Because I am going to be shot." "Next day the fighting came on—hot fighting, I can tell you—and the second day my friend was seriously wounded. The third he was shot dead; and the fourth day the letter from his sweetheart arrived with her photograph." Villiers thought awhile, then said: "That was a presentiment, wasn't it?" Then Villiers told me how he saw his comrade, Paul Cameron, die out in Africa. "It was during the Dongola trouble, and we were getting ready to move our column across the desert to Khartoum. Paul was in high feather, having received splendid compliments from his paper, the London Standard, with promise of increased salary and a large retaining fee. Everything seemed full of bright promise to him, but suddenly, for no apparent reason, he became gloomy and morose. "I'm afraid, old man, I sha'n't live long enough to enjoy my good luck." "That's what he said to me one day, and the words haunted me, for I had seen too many cases of death following such a presentiment not to fear for him. A little later we went into the battle of Abu Klea, and I never gripped a man's hand, with more rejoicing than I did Cameron's when I found him safe and sound after the engagement. "You see," said I, "these presentiments don't amount to much, after all." "But Paul shook his head and remained depressed. Two days later we were attacked in the desert, and Paul was lying not five yards away from me beside a camel. In these desert fights the smaller force is always huddled together, men and beasts, in a compact circle or a knoll, the enemy attacking from all sides. We simply had to lie there and take it, cursing, praying, and fighting as well as we could. I heard the sing of a bullet near me, and looking Paul's way saw that the poor chap's fears had come true. He lay there on the sand dead." Villiers went on to explain, what is not generally appreciated, that war correspondents who do their duty are exposed to greater danger and suffer a greater mortality than any other class connected with an army. "I remember when eight of us started in a little African campaign, and four of us never came out of it. I guess most of the boys who died there thought they were going to die. That's the beauty of it, you see; if a fellow thinks he is going to get through all right, why, he will; only you can't regulate your thoughts." "How large a percentage of war correspondents get killed?" "About fifty per cent., I should say," answered Villiers—"no, make it sixty per cent." Then came more stories. "I'll tell you another queer thing. Sometimes a man can tell when another man is going to be killed. I've had that experience once or twice. I remember once when I was in London for a little rest, I met a man whose face caught my eye. I kept staring at him—I couldn't help it. "By Jove," I said to myself, "that fellow looks as if he was going to be shot." "Some months later we were both in Suakim as war correspondents for London papers. Quite a coincidence, wasn't it? I

kept thinking of this presentiment of mine about him, but was careful not to tell him. Every time we'd have trouble, though, I'd keep thinking about it, and whenever I'd meet him I'd call out: "Well, my boy, how are you by this time?" "This got to be quite a joke between us, and he could always reply with a mock military salute: "All right, Villiers." "Well, we went into that nasty mess at Tamai, in the Eastern Soudan, and our square got all broken up. My friend was with the marines on the rear face, and when things got pretty bad the boys down there came rallying up to join the 42nd Highlanders, where I was. I saw him plunging past, black with smoke, but all right, and I sang out the same as usual: "Well, my boy how are you by this time?" "He heard me over the noise of the Arab devils, and lifted his hand for the old salute. "All right, Villiers—was all he could say, when he fell flat with a ball through his head and the horses and men trampling over him. "He's gone," I said to myself, and kept thinking of him all through the battle. Two years later, I was taking dinner with some friends in Greenwich, when who should walk in but the same man whose bones were whitening in the desert, as I supposed. "You see they didn't kill me after all," he said. "The ball only took off a part of my head, and here I am," which goes to show that you can't have a presentiment for another fellow." "Did you ever have a presentiment yourself?" I asked. "Certainly not," said Villiers, "otherwise I shouldn't be here. I have been through dozens of battles; I've had horses and camels shot under me, and my clothes cut by bullets, but I've never got so much as a scratch. But wait till I get a presentiment. I came near having one at this Port Arthur affair, very near. You know the engagement began at six o'clock in the morning, and all through the previous night we had been on the march, climbing up steep roads to the great mountain table-land where the Chinese forts were. I hadn't slept much for days, and as my little donkey stumbled along, hour after hour, through the silence of the night, I felt a sense of despondency taking possession of me. Then I noticed that a horned moon was shining in the sky, always a bad omen to soldiers." "Is that for me?" I said to myself, looking at the silver points. "Is this going to be my turn?" "When the guns began firing at the dawn the moon with its sinister horns was still shining, but low on the horizon now, and right over the Chinese forts. When I saw that I got as merry as a boy. I understood that the moon's menace was only for the wretched Chinamen, and rode about among the shells as light-hearted as if I had been in a ball-room. I knew no harm was coming to me, and none came." "Do you mean that you rode on a donkey all through the battle?" "I rode on the donkey as long as the little beast would let me. But donkeys, like horses, don't enjoy the shriek of shells. You know a shell passing six feet away from a man will blow him over, and passing within two feet of him will make him deaf for life, and perhaps kill him outright. So I had to walk about the field most of the day; indeed, I generally prefer to be on my own legs under action." Then Villiers told another story. "I must tell you about the time I charged a Russian battery all alone, or rather it was a crazy horse that I was on that did it, and I stayed with the horse. This was in the Russo-Turkish campaign at the battle on the river Lom. Archibald Forbes and I had gone ahead skirmishing between the lines during the engagement, a very foolish proceeding. My horse suddenly took fright and ran away straight towards the lines of the enemy, the Turks. I managed to saw his head round and then he charged straight up the slope at the Russian battery, which was spitting out hell-fire at the opposing army. I saw there was nothing for it but to let the brute have his way, and up we went toward the guns, the horse running like mad and I hugging his neck. When he reached the parapet he paused just a second to gather his strength, and then with a splendid bound cleared the line of discharging cannons and landed me among the astonished gunners, who immediately put me under arrest and dragged me before the commanding officer." "And what did he do?" "Oh, he laughed," answered Villiers. During our talk, I asked Villiers how it came that he had returned from the front before the war is over, before Pekin had fallen. "There are good and sufficient reasons for that," he said, with snile mysterious. Then he told me what they were—under pledge of strictest secrecy.—*Illustrated American*.

R. W. Richardson, of Hartland.
R. W. Richardson, of Hartland, is to the front as usual. He has leased all the upper part of the Tracey building, and has completely renovated it and repaired the store. Mr. Richardson has his spring stock on hand, and a fine assortment of it, consisting of men's women's and children's clothing, ladies' wrappers, boots and shoes. His stock will fill the store upstairs and down.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—One fill a dose, one box 25 cents.

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Welcome, Newfoundland.

The premier was not too gushing in his speech of welcome to the delegates of Newfoundland at the dinner given in Ottawa. His representation of Canada as the forgiving father ready with outstretched arms ready to receive Newfoundland as the prodigal son was an altogether too truthful one to be altogether agreeable. It was really too plain spoken of the father to dwell on his own forgiveness and benevolence and on the past conduct and present condition of his son. Let Newfoundland play her own part. That the delegates consider it as certain as anything can be which is in the future that Newfoundland will within a few months join the dominion is evinced by their speeches, and the speeches of the Canadian ministers seem full of the same confidence. It is probable that the main and necessary conditions on both sides have been accepted, and that only minor matters and details remain to be arranged. Of course, the legislatures, and probably the peoples also, of both countries will have to be consulted before anything is finally concluded, but there is no doubt about the will of the people of Canada and very little, indeed, about that of the people of Newfoundland, who are probably convinced at heart that nothing else is open to them. The fishermen, who will determine the question, can probably be brought to understand that their immediate and future prosperity depends greatly upon their acceptance of confederation, although today's dispatches bring news of their passing resolutions against it. Though it has been postponed, the union of Canada and Newfoundland is the manifest destiny of the two countries.—*Montreal Witness*.

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The Chicago Police.
Mayor Swift, of Chicago, is in possession of affidavits giving the names of police officials who receive in the aggregate \$7,000 a month for bribes from gamblers. The list of gambling houses, with amounts paid monthly by each for protection according to this affidavit, is as follows: Doc Green, \$250; Dick Purdy, \$500; C. Y. James, \$500; Leo Mayer, \$500; Maher & Shaackle, \$500; Hankins & Co., \$500; Dahl & Condon, \$500; Condon & Smith, \$500. It is estimated other gamblers paid at least \$10,000 in addition to these sums immunity from punishment for violation of law. It is related in the affidavits that there came to Chicago from New York about a year ago four notorious thieves who brought with them a band of boys who had been trained to be expert pickpockets. An arrangement was effected according to this affidavit with certain officials by which these young criminals were allowed to operate in the streets.

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