

FOUND HUMOR IN A STORM.

How a British Columbia Editor Described a Cyclone.

The elements were all on a toot last Sunday. As the day grew old the storm grew more violent. It seemed to favor this office with steady attention. The sign blew down like a feather from a flying goose. The wind howled like a jagged demon and the rain was copious enough to indicate an attack of diabetes in the heavens. I thought of Galveston. Then I batted down the hatches, tied myself to the big press and allowed resignation to spread itself slowly over my benign or ten countenance. After that I rested easier. The lurid flashes of nature's electric light plant revealed ever and anon the solemnity of the occasion.

The rain descended in long sheets of active moisture, and I knew that somewhere rain makers were working overtime. The office sprang a leak about the first smokestack and I thought of Noah, but it did me no good, nothing in the building would pair, not even my hosiery. The storm increased in virulence, and the roar on my tin-slatted hurricane deck was like Niagara. The bulldog howled as though praying in Gaelic, while the mice which had been stealing my paper all summer came out of their holes, and with tears in their eyes begged my forgiveness. Take it all in all, it was the wettest storm this town has had for many moons, and it has made soft water a drug in the market.—New Denver (B. C.) Ledger.

The Maritime Homestead.

W. W. Hubbard, who has edited the Co-operative Farmer (lately changed to Maritime Farmer), of Sussex, N. B., since its inception in 1895, will shortly sever his connection with that paper, and will establish a paper devoted to the farm and home field of the Maritime Provinces.

This new journalistic enterprise will be called "THE MARITIME HOMESTEAD," and will have offices in both Halifax and St. John. With the editorial department of this paper will be associated some of the leading agricultural workers of eastern Canada. As its name implies, "THE MARITIME HOMESTEAD" will make a specialty of dealing with those matters connected with our maritime agricultural development, including all departments of animal husbandry, agricultural horticulture, nature study, domestic economy entertaining reading and a special compilation of general and local markets and crop prospects.

The Argument That Acquitted.

This story happened in Georgia in the peace which followed the terrible war. It illustrates the love that so many of the old slaves had for their masters and how that love was shown:

A negro man, strong and healthy, but getting gray from years, was on trial in one of the county superior courts for murder. He had killed another negro, and had been lying in jail for some time, awaiting his trial. The testimony against him was given by other negroes, who witnessed the killing. When the case was called for trial by the presiding judge, an old man rose, and in a voice deep and low, but full of marked gentleness, said: "Will your Honor please mark me for the defence?"

It was Gen. Robert Toombs of Georgia. His face was wrinkled some with age, but it was large and strong, and the lines of intellect made deeper wrinkles than those of age. His hair was white, but it rolled back in baby-curly from the most splendid brow that ever graced a man. His form was tall and straight, and full-sized, though his movements were slow with the years. His eyes still flashed as when he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington.

The case was tried. The witnesses all seemed unfriendly towards the prisoner. In his own statement he claimed that the killing was in self defence.

Gen. Toombs addressed the court and jury at the last, and, after fully discussing the testimony of the witnesses, he concluded thus:

"Your Honor, please, and gentlemen of the jury: A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of Gettysburg. He lay there bleeding to death, with no friendly hand to help him. Shot and shell, the fierce fiery stream of death, were sweeping the earth about him. No friend could go to him, no surgeon dared approach him. The singing of bullets and the wild music of shells was to be his only requiem. My brother had a body-servant, a negro man, who waited on him in camp. This negro saw his master's danger, and straight out into that sheet of battle and flame and death he went. A cannon-shot tore the flesh from his breast, but on he went, and gathering my brother in his arms, the blood of the man mingling with the blood of the master, bore him to safety and to life. Jim, open your collar!"

And the jury saw on Jim's breast long, jagged scars where the shell had ripped its way.

Continuing, Gen. Toombs said: "Jim's skin may be black—he may be a negro, but the man that would do what Jim did for my brother has a soul too white ever to have killed a man except in defence of his life."

Jim was cleared.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

A Child's Suffering.

HER MOTHER FEARED SHE WOULD NOT REGAIN HER HEALTH.

She was First Attacked with Rheumatism and then with St. Vitus Dance—She was Unable to Help Herself and Had to Be Cared for Almost Like an Infant.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the much respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mamie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the Sun, Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health:—"At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mamie was attacked with rheumatism from which she suffered very much, and although she was treated by a clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and I really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her arms and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically, and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a marked change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes all trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all kindred diseases of the blood and nerves, speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cures thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves, and thus reaches the root of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Condolence.

To Bro. BENJ. H. BAIRD and WIFE:—
DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—We the officers and members of Gowan L. O. L. No. 34, desire to tender you our heart felt sympathy in the severe trial you have been called upon to pass through in the lamented death of your two beloved daughters. We realize how helpless we are to lighten your burden of grief by any thing we can say or do. But we are prompted by the hope that this expression of fraternal sympathy may in some degree cheer and comfort you.

Think not of your beloved ones as dead, but as having passed the portal of death to enter on a better life beyond; and when that family circle which has been so suddenly severed by death, shall have been re-established within the blissful precincts of heaven above, you will fully realize as we trust you do already in some measure, that they whom we all mourn are not lost but gone before. May God bless and help you till we meet beyond the river where sorrows are no more and surges cease to roll.

Signed on behalf of the Lodge,
FRANK BAIRD, Co. M.
JOHN BUCKINGHAM, W. M.
STEPHEN SCOTT, R. Sec.

Mr. Murphy's Title.

It was evident in his swagger that he was scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed auburn-haired young man who was loling in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, me dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deuced stranger but on the other side I'm a person of importance; I am Sir Francis Daffy, knight of the garter, knight of the bath, knight of the double eagle, knight of the golden fleece, knight of the iron cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dearman?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep rich brogue:

"Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night and every night—Michael Murphy."—Indianapolis Sun.

Auburn Locks Have Ruled the World.

Auburn-haired women have ruled the world: not women with black dust-colored topknots, but those whose heads are crowned with soft, waving locks, red-golden only in the sunlight. Xantippe, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Catherine of Russia, Queen Elizabeth, Mme. Recamier, Marie Antoinette and many others who made history for the world had such hair.

The woman with auburn hair is intense in her love, and thus she rules men. Then, too, auburn haired woman preserve beauty. Among those of the past whose physical beauty lasted till past 50 is Helen of Troy, who reached the zenith of her charm and came upon the stage of fame at 40. Aspasia was 36 when she was wooed and won by Pericles. Thirty years after she was still a

brilliant figure.

Cleopatra was long past 30 when she met Anthony. Henry VII. was captivated by Diane of Poitiers when she was 36. The King was half her age, yet his devotion was permanent. At the age of 38 Anne of Austria was regarded as one of the most beautiful woman of Europe. Louis XIV. married Mm. de Maintenon, the governess of his children, when she was 43 years old. Catherine of Russia was 33 when she seized the throne which she occupied for 35 years. Mme. Recamier was in the zenith of her beauty between the ages of 35 and 55.

Arabella Kenealy.

Twenty five years ago the name of Dr. Kenealy was known the world over because of his defense of the Tichborne claimant. One of his sons is an American citizen. His daughter is becoming well liked in America for her literary work. A clever and charming story by her appears in the August DELINEATOR. There is love in it of course, but it is love mixed with sense, and we think our lady readers will appreciate and enjoy her little story entitled "Dr. Fordham's Daughter."

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