

John Smith's Arms.

When Jamestown, Virginia, begins next year the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first English settlers there, the memory of John Smith will come in for a large share of the glory. If the adventurous Englishman could come to life and witness the display, he would probably be somewhat amazed that of all his exploits this founding of the Jamestown colony should be the one to be perpetuated.

Probably he gave more weight, in his own estimation of his career, to the affair in Transylvania by which he acquired the right to bear armor with the "figure and description of three Turk's heads." For John Smith, the restless English boy who could not be kept at home, and who started from Lincolnshire for Paris with ten shillings in his pocket, won a tremendous reputation as a fighting man in the Orient before his thoughts turned to America.

Before he was twenty years old Smith had journeyed far, seeking adventure; and after three years of fighting in the Low Countries had retired for a while to some wild land near his birthplace, where he divided his time between studying the theory of war and practising to gain skill with the lance, sword, pistol and battle-axe. Not long afterward his adventurous spirit carried him into the wars against the Turks, and, rewarded with the command of a company of two hundred and fifty men for his exploits, he found himself part of an army besieging the apparently invincible town of Regal, in which was a medley of "Turks, Tartars, renegades and banditti."

The siege growing tedious, one of the besieged, "Lord Turbasha," challenged any captain in the outer army to single combat, the loser to forfeit his head. The lot fell to Smith. A day's truce was declared, and while the townspeople gathered on the heights and the besiegers on the plain, Smith and Turbasha rode forward between the two forces with much playing of trumpets, the Turk gorgeously appareled and accompanied by a janizary, Smith plainly clad and accompanied by a page. On the arena their encounter was brief. With the skill gained by practice in his "wood-lot" at home, Smith drove his spear straight through the Turk's helmet at the first encounter.

A friend of Turbasha's, one "Grualgo," promptly challenged Smith to fight for the head of Turbasha or lose his own; and again there was a truce day, with two armies looking on while Turk and Christian charged on horseback, lances leveled. Both lances shattering at the meeting, both men drew pistols, and the Turk was shot through one arm.

On a general challenge from Smith, a third champion of the Turks then appeared in one "Bonny Mulgro," who, having choice of weapons, named pistols and battle-axes. The real fight proved a Homeric struggle, both men hammering each other terrifically with the immense weapons. Smith lost his, and was apparently at the other's mercy, when he quickly drew his sword and ran the other through.

Prince Sigismund, commander of the Hungarian army, bestowed upon Smith a coat of arms in memory of the deeds, the device being three Turk's heads; and the coat Smith registered at the Herald's College in London twenty-five years later.

The Little River Stone.

For centuries before the opening of the famous diamond-fields by the English the aboriginal tribes of South Africa had been trampling gems of countless price underfoot, and for years Dutch and English hunters, pioneers, farmers, shepherds and missionaries trekked as heedlessly over the Vaal region. There is nothing surprising in this oversight, says Mr. Gardiner F. Williams in "The Diamond Mines of South Africa." To the native a rough diamond had no more attraction than any other pretty pebble.

One of the trekking Boers, Daniel Jacobs, had made his home on the Orange River, near the little settlement of Hopetown. Here his children grew up round him with little more care than the goats that browsed on the kopjes.

They had never seen a toy of any kind, but the instinct of childhood will find playthings on the face of the most barren karoo, and the Jacobs children were luckily close to the edge of a river which was strewn with uncommon beautiful pebbles, mixed with coarser gravel.

So it came about that a poor farmer's boy found on the river bank one day in the early spring of 1867 a little white stone that was worth more than his father's farm. He carried it home in his pocket—fortunately for the future of South Africa—and dropped it with a handful of other pebbles on the farmhouse floor.

A heap of these party-colored stones was so common a sight in the yard or on the floor of a farmhouse on the banks of the Orange and Vaal that none of the plodding Boers gave it a second glance. But when the children tossed the stones about, the little white pebble was so sparkling in the sunlight that it caught the eye of the farmer's wife. She did not care enough for it to pick it up, but

spoke of it as a curious stone to a neighbour, Schalk Van Niekerk.

Van Niekerk asked to see it but it was not in the heap. One of the children had rolled it away in the yard. After some search it was found in the dust, for nobody on the farm would stoop for such a trifle. When Van Niekerk wiped off the dust, the little white stone glittered so prettily that he offered to buy it. The good vrouw laughed at the idea of selling a pebble.

"You can keep the stone if you want it," she said.

So Van Niekerk put it in his pocket and carried it home. He had only a vague notion that it might have some value, and put it in the hands of a travelling trader, John O'Reilly, who undertook to find out what kind of a stone it was, and whether it could be sold.

He showed the stone to several Jews in Hopetown and in Colesberg, a settlement farther up the Orange River valley. No one there would give a penny for it.

"It is a pretty stone enough," they said, "probably a topaz, but nobody would pay anything for it."

Perhaps O'Reilly would have thrown the pebble away if it had not come under the eye of the acting civil commissioner at Colesberg, Mr. Lorenzo Boyes. Mr. Boyes found on trial that the stone would scratch glass.

"I think it is a diamond," he observed, gravely.

O'Reilly was greatly cheered up.

"You are the only man I have seen," he said, "who says it is worth anything. Whatever it is worth you shall have a share in it."

The stone was sent for determination to the foremost mineralogist in the colony, Dr. W. G. Atherstone, residing at Grahamstown.

It was so lightly valued that it was put in an unsealed envelope and carried to Grahamstown in the regular post-cart. When the postboy handed the letter to Dr. Atherstone, the little river stone fell out and rolled away. The doctor picked it up and read the letter of transmission. Then he examined the stone expertly, and soon after wrote to Mr. Boyes:

"I congratulate you on the stone you have sent to me. It is a veritable diamond, weighs twenty-one and a quarter carats, and is worth five hundred pounds. It has spoiled all the jewelers' files in Grahamstown, and where that came from there must be more."

This report was a revelation which transformed the despised karooland as the grim Cinderella was transmuted by the wand of her fairy godmother. Capitol was attracted to the region, and finally the great chartered company which the late Cecil John Rhodes conceived was brought into existence.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
144 BERKLEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Steamed Apples.

The following is a delicious way to prepare winter apples. Peel, quarter and core six or eight apples. Steam or boil until about half cooked. Take from the fire and let it cool. Make a syrup of two cups of sugar and half a cup of water. Drop the apples into the boiling syrup for a few minutes, or until they become clear. Let cool and serve with cream.

IN A DEADLY DECLINE.

Saved Just in Time by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Before my daughter Lena began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she looked more like a corpse than a live girl," says Mrs. Geo. A. Myles, of South Woodlee, Ont. "Her blood seemed as though it had all turned to water. Then she began to have bad spells with her heart. At the least excitement her heart would beat so rapidly as to almost smother her. She grew very thin, had no appetite, and what little food she did eat did not seem to nourish her. She was treated by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse and her heart got so bad that we were afraid that she would die. She slept but very little, and would frequently awake with a start and sometimes would jump right up in bed. These starts would always bring on a bad spell and leave her weak and exhausted. We had almost given up all hope of her ever being well again, when we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a couple of boxes she began to sleep better at night, and color began to return to her lips. From that on she kept right on gaining and after taking eight boxes of the pills she was again in good health. She is now fifteen years of age, the picture of health, and since beginning the pills has gained about forty pounds in weight. Only those who saw her when ill can appreciate the marvelous change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought about in her condition. I believe that had it not been for the pills she would be in her grave today, and it is with feelings of great gratitude that I write you in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer."

And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every weak, ailing, pale-faced young woman who is slipping from anaemia into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. In that way they strike straight at the root of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and back-aches, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the secret ailments and irregularities of girls and women. Sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BORN.

MORSE.—At Presque Isle, Me., on October 24th, to the wife of Edward Morse, a son.

MARRIED.

MOORE-HARRIS.—At the Carlisle Hotel, Woodstock, N. B., on October 24th, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney, Samuel Moore, of Lower Prince William, York County, N. B., and Alice Harris, of the same place.

DIED.

SPENCE.—At Glasville, on the 20th instant, Janet, beloved wife of Andrew Spence, in the sixty-eight year of her age.

PALMER.—At the home of his brother Bradford on October 19th, of heart trouble, George Palmer, of Victoria Corner, Carleton County, N. B., aged 68 years, leaving a wife, one brother, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

A Bargain

The busy shopper paused at the fruit vendor's stand. "How much are your pine-apples?" she asked.

"Eight cent' a piece, lady."

"Well, I declare, that's too good to be missed; I'll take eight of them," she said.

The dealer placed them in a bag and said: "Eight eights—eighty-eight. You take dem along for eighty-five."

The lady's eyes sparkled at the bargain price, and she departed in a happy frame of mind—happy until her husband told her to brush up on the multiplication table.

—November Lippincott's.

TRY THE new method of cleaning clothes at R. B. Jones the "Good Fit" tailor.

Which William?

During a conversation between the present German Kaiser and his Chancellor, the latter in closing a remark, said:

"As the immortal William once put it, 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends; rough hew them how we will.'"

"That's pretty good," spoke up the Kaiser, "But, by the way, when did I say that?"—November Lippincott's.

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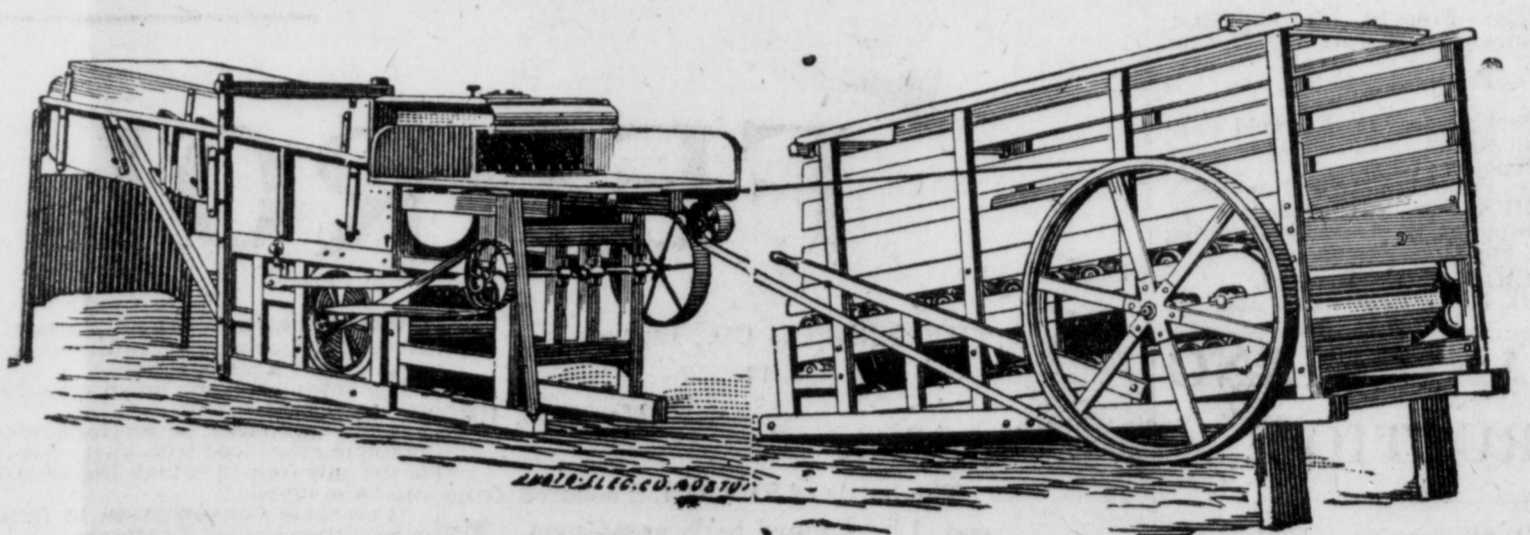
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