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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
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Irene's Strange Engagement Ring

I.

There is one man in the world for whom I have a message. I have never seen him, nor does he know of my existence. But, by telling an incident that came into my life, I hope to bring to his notice an explanation that is of vital moment to him. And, so strange a world is this, it may chance that the first to read the story I am about to tell may be the man it most concerns.

When twenty-three years of age I became engaged to a man whose position was not sufficiently established to justify immediate marriage, and by mutual consent we settled down to a long engagement. But at the end of two years we had a misunderstanding. There was bitter feeling on both sides. My engagement-ring was a beautifully wrought band of gold, with strange characters within, which, being interpreted, read, "United, I symbolize love; separated, I symboloze hate."

This ring my lover had bought from an old man who had been one of his father's tenants. The man, who was of Oriental origin, stated that it had been given to his people generations before, as a reward from a king whose ancestors had taken it from a captive prince.

On the outside of the ring, above the word "hate," was a tiny dark stone, almost black, and very dull; opposite the word "love" was set a small pearl of wondrous purity. By pressing delicately yet firmly on the little black stone, the ring would part into two sections, and it was only by holding the two parts together and pressing on the pearl that they would again unite.

As my lover turned to leave me on the night of our quarrel I pressed my finger on the dark stone, and the ring fell apart in my hand. "Take it!" I said, and I held it out to him.

He took the little pieces of gold, and as he looked at them his anger softened. He would even then have become reconciled. But I was hard, for anger burned deep in my heart. He pleaded with me; I was obdurate. Then he took the half of the ring in which was set the pearl and put it in my hand.

"Irene," said he, "if you ever send me that bit of gold, I'll come to you, if I have to cross seven seas."

Then he left me. I put the piece of ring in the soft cotton-wool of a jeweller's box, which I put in the back of a little drawer in my desk, and took up the routine of my life.

I shall not dwell on the years that followed. Five years passed, and found me still living in the home of my childhood.

My father, according to his habit, had gone early to bed. I heard Jane closing the house. She came to me.

"Shall I lock the outside doors, Miss Irene?"

"No; I'll see to things here," I answered absently.

"It's a terrible night, Miss Irene."

"Yes, Jane."

And it was a terrible night. A roaring wind blew in terrific gusts around the house. Sitting before the fire, I grew lost in brooding thoughts and almost unconscious of my surroundings. Suddenly the clear, sharp ring of the electric bell sounded through the house. I glanced at the clock. It was half-past ten. I stood breathless. Then I did what I had always said I would never do under such circumstances—I opened the door into the vestibule. A man stood near me. I tried to scream, but no sound came. The man stepped towards me and took off his hat.

As I glanced at him all my dormant faculties seemed for an instant to leap into life. Then there was a rushing sound in my ears, the floor seemed to undulate, I felt myself caught in strong arms, and a mistiness came over the lights, through which I saw dimly the face of my lover.

When I came to myself I was lying on the divan in the library. My lover's arms were close about me; he was covering my face with kisses.

"Irene, Irene! Dear one, I did not mean to frighten you!"

"Did you come back because you loved me?" I whispered.

"Love you? Sweetheart, my love has grown deeper each year since last I saw you! Five years I have waited for that message!"

"What message?" I asked faintly. "I did not know that you were coming."

"Because you did not hear from me? I should have written you, Irene, but I wanted my first word to you to come from my lips. I took the first steamer from Paris after getting your message. But how did you know I was in Paris? I was most unexpectedly detained there, and had not been in the city two hours. How did the boy know where to find me?"

"What boy? What message?" I asked, in a dazed tone.

"The message you sent me with the half of the ring."

"The ring?" I exclaimed. "The ring? I did not send it!"

He stared at me a moment, then laughed.

"You are not yet fully conscious, Irene. In a moment you will remember."

"There is some mistake. I did not send you my part of the ring. I have it upstairs."

He looked at me, dumb. He threw off his overcoat, took from the pocket of his vest a little box, opened it, and there lay the half of the ring in which was set the pearl.

I touched it with my fingers, for I could not believe my eyes.

"It cannot be!" I murmured. "I did not send it! Tell me, how did you get it?"

He spoke concisely:

"It was about nine o'clock when I reached my hotel, and I had been in the room but a short time, when there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and a boy handed me a little package, saying, 'I was instructed to give this to you, sir,' and was gone before I could say anything. I saw this little box, and in it the half of the ring I left with you five years ago to-night. Wrapped about the gold was a piece of paper, on which was written, 'Come to me on the night of the 17th of January at eight o'clock.' I have come, and now you say you did not send me this half of the ring."

II.

Saying no more, I rushed from the library and ran swiftly up the stairs to my room.

I turned to my desk, and with trembling fingers opened the small drawer. I felt in the back and drew out the little white box. There, on its bed of cotton-wool, lay the half of the ring.

I was excited to a point of absolute calmness. Walking slowly, I went down the stairs, clinging to the banisters. I pushed aside the hangings into the library, walked up to the man within, and handed him the bit of gold. Then he did not do in the least what I had expected. He looked closely at the two pieces of gold in his hand, started in surprise, threw them carelessly on the table, and, walking over to the mantle, stood leaning on it and looked moodily into the fire. As he did not speak I walked over to his side.

"Why do you take it this way? There is no harm done."

He turned on me fiercely.

"No harm done, when you did not expect me, and undoubtedly did not want me? Oh, no, there is no harm done! But I see it all now—your terror when you saw me, your swoon. And do you know you have spoken no word of greeting to me? As for a word of love—my Heaven, I do not know!—you may even now be married!"

"Have you the rest of the ring?" I asked quietly.

He took a leather case from his pocket and handed it to me. I opened it, and flushed as I saw a miniature of myself mounted in the cover. Lying on its bed of white satin was the little piece of gold that meant so much. I took it out, held it against the other part in my hand, the severed edges meeting, pressed on the pearl, and the ring became again a gleaming band of gold.

"Herbert," I asked, "will you put it on my finger?" And I knew that the love of my whole heart shone in my eyes.

I do not think a happier couple ever stepped out in the light than were we when, three months later, we started on our honeymoon. The details of that delightful trip have no interest to outsiders, with the exception of an incident that occurred in Lucerne.

We were lunching one day at our hotel. At a table near us sat two women—one a regal-looking matron of about sixty, the other a girl of perhaps twenty-five, and the most beautiful creature I have ever beheld. Yet it was a face of almost tragic sadness.

They soon rose to leave. As they passed us the girl's light summer wrap brushed against me, and the lace fluttering on its border caught on the prongs of a fork which lay near the edge of the table. The fork was near me at my left, and I instinctively put my left hand over it to keep it from being pulled off the table. As she turned and glanced down the girl gave a faint scream.

"Where did you get it? Tell me quick, where did you get it? You have seen him! Where is he? The ring!" gasped the girl. "The ring! She has it!"

I shall never again say that men are lacking in tact. I do not know how he did it, but before I had in the least regained my self-possession Herbert had us all out of the room and away from the staring few who were in it.

Herbert calmly seated us all, leading the sobbing girl to the easiest chair, and then, seating himself beside her, without asking a question, began to tell her the story of our ring.

The details of the story she told I cannot repeat, for to do so would be to betray a confidence. But this much I can say:

The girl was the only daughter of an old English family, the stately woman her aunt. There had entered into her life a tragic love-story, which, when I heard it, made my own experience seem almost without interest. There is but one man in the world who knows the whole of that story, and that is the man who was her lover. If it is ever told, he must tell it.

The original of the ancient ring I wore—for there were two—had been in this man's family for countless generations, and we could only come to the conclusion that, in some early time, a cunning goldsmith had seen the ring, and skilfully fashioned one like it, which he had sold to someone as the original. It had probably been sold and resold, until it finally reached my finger. Through the stupid mistake of a boy who had delivered a package to the man in Room 314, instead of 214 of the Grand Hotel, at Paris, a flood of happiness had come into two lives, while over two others impenetrable darkness had fallen.

The girl's story was told, and we sat in awed silence, overcome by the sadness of it.

"Oh," said she, "how slight a thing—how slight a thing can turn the current of our lives! I have always feared that the package did not reach him. I did not address it, because it was too small, but I gave the boy a card with the address written on it. He must have lost the card, and thought he remembered the number of the room, and could reach the right man in that way."

She rose and stood among us.

"But I will find him! I will find him, and he shall know the truth!"

Ten years have passed since that day. I have received many letters from my English friend. Year after year she has watched for some news of her lover. She spent large sums of money in trying to find him. But in vain. A few weeks ago she died. Her life had not been one of selfish grief and useless sorrow. The day she died I received a letter from her—the last she ever wrote. In it she said, "Oh, that I might vindicate myself to him! I would do it before all the world!"

The letter seems to me now like a message from the dead. And of late there has come to me the hope that, by telling the story of my ring, I might be able to bring to the eyes of the man it most concerns the vindication of one whose loyalty never faltered, and whose glorious heart was true to him to the end.—London Answers.

DYED IN THE WOOL.

Tribal Customs in the Northern Caucasus.

The most stubborn facts to deal with are tribal customs. They are the accumulated and inherited habits of innumerable past generations, and are inwoven with the deepest conscientious convictions. To change such customs it is necessary to change the entire nature of the tribe. The London Daily Telegraph gives an excellent example of the tenacity of tribal custom in the following account of the vendetta, practised in the Northern Caucasus. Nearly half the deaths in this region are due to the vendetta and three-fourths of these again are the result of a curious marriage custom. The young swain who discovers a maiden that strikes his fancy does not "pop the question," but hastens to get together the money requisite to buy her of her parents out and out. He must pay from $175 to $1,000. But in case he can not raise such a sum as this, he induces a few stalwart comrades to seize the maiden and carry her off. The Telegraph continues:

"What too often follows then may be gathered from a case in point which has just taken place in Sosslambek. Bokayeff is the bridegroom's name and Neshko that of the

GIRL OF SWEET SIXTEEN

who had the misfortune to find favor in his eyes. His pockets being empty, he persuaded three comrades to kidnap the maid, whom he then took took off to another village as his wife. But her father, on discovering here whereabouts, had her sent back by the police, and then demanded £30 for the loss of her services, as we should say. Bokayeff, to whom the demand was made, would not or could not pay. The girl's father thereupon claimed that sum from the bridegroom's companions, who are equally liable. They admitted the justice of his claim and called upon Bokayeff to hand over the sum to them. On his refusal they shot him dead, that being the custom of the country, although daggers are also allowed to take the place of bullets. The three youths were forthw,th arrested and will, of course, be tried and deported in due course. But that, far from being the end of the matter, is only the very beginning. The kindred of the slain man are now preparing to 'wipe out' the relations of the murderers, while the family of the dishonored girl is bound by the custom of the country to wash away the stain on her reputation in the blood of the clans of both the murdered man and his murderers. And Russian law is powerless to intervene."

REASONS MAKE SALES.

A reason will sell an article where a broad unsubstantial claim will merely excite suspicion. The merchant with stock to sell should consider the points that will claim the attention of possible buyers and appeal to those who have ideas of goods and desire real worth. In selecting the theme for a good advertisement, stand strongly for character, for good sense and logic. The reason makes the article valuable. The buyer will understand the good from the argument, and will appreciate the purchase the more after it is paid for, because of the good points cited by the one who wanted to sell the article. It is reason that makes sales and honesty in argument that holds the reputation of the merchant. If strong points are marked by real honesty there will be no doubt of holding and building business. The more is this true because some merchants have adopted a plan of "yellow" campaigning for business. They have been making bold claims which the goods could not back up and the result is that people steer clear of them. If the reason is a good one and the argument is honest there will be no doubt of the advantage of such campaigning both in moral and financial profit. It is not reasonable to be unreasonable with arguments.

Macaroni is made in 40 different shapes and sizes. A special kind of very hard wheat is used in this manufacture.

Emaciated By Kidney Disease

Suffered Greatly From Backache, Sleeplessness and Headache—Now Enthusiastic in Praising Dr. Chases Kidney-Liver Pills.

One feature of kidney disease is the gradual loss of flesh and wasting away of the tissues of the body. Slowly and surely the victim feels strength and vigor ebbing away and realizes his awful condition. The following letter suggests a remedy which has brought back health and happiness to thousands of sufferers from kidney disease.

Mr. William E. Halditch, Port Robinson, Ont., states:— "I was for several years a great sufferer from kidney trouble from which dread disease I am now happily free. I had all the usual symptoms in an aggravated degree and at times was completely incapacitated with pains in the back, biliousness and headache. I had little or no appetite, insomnia resulted and my condition was really wretched. I became emaciated and grew despondent and hopeless of relief as I had taken treatment from doctors to no avail.

"Finally on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and, after using a few boxes I was again enjoying health and vigor as the worst symptoms had entirely passed away. When I think of my present good health in comparison with my miserable condition of three years ago I would not go back to my former state for any amount of money. I may be considered enthusiastic over Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but, considering the benefit derived from them, I have every reason to be."

Acting, as they do, directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure purity of the blood, good circulation and perfect condition of the digestive organs. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., 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 remedies.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

LOOKING AFTER THE MILK.

The following hints by J. A. Ruddick, Chief of the Dairy Division, Ottawa, although written specially for cheese makers, will be found of value by patrons in caring for cheese-making:

1. You cannot make strictly fine cheese from milk which is overripe or tainted.

2. If you are a progressive cheese maker, you will study the causes of tainted milk and assist the patrons to remove them.

3. Milk may become tainted from—
(a) Feed unsuitable for milking cows;
(b) Injudicious feeding.
(c) An impure water supply;
(d) Want of salt by the cow;
(e) Absorption of odors;
(f) The germs that get into the milk during and after milking.

4. Encourage the patrons to aerate the milk, but advise them that aeration must be carried out in a place where the air is pure and free from dust or bad odors.

5. Milk will be injured rather than improved if aerated in a stable, barnyard, or even alongside a milking yard, from which dust arises.

6. Milk is not prevented from turning sour by aeration, except in so far as the process lowers the temperature.

7. Generally speaking, a patron who delivers tainted or gassy milk to a cheese factory causes a more serious loss to his fellow patrons than one who skims or waters his milk. This fact should be impressed on the minds of all patrons.

8. In warm weather the milk should be cooled to a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit or lower.

9. Attend personally to the taking in of the milk as far as possible.

10. Keep your weighing stand and everything thereon, including your clothes and person, thoroughly clean. You have no right to require the patrons to furnish clean milk unless you set a good example.

11. Make fermentation tests of each person's milk as frequently as possible. By this means you will often locate taints which are not discernible when the milk is being received.

CALVES IN HOT WEATHER.

The change from the stable to the pasture is a trying one for the calf. Especially when turned out into a field where there is little or no provision to protect the animal from storm and sunshine, is there a tendency to drop back and perhaps to loss of life. Every field devoted to the pasturage of calves should be furnished with a house into which they can retreat during the hot hours of the day and out of the rains which so often come in summer. A calf that gets chilled out of doors at night or in time of storm is almost sure to be sick and a sick calf is about the poorest property a man can have.

Another mistake we often make when we send the calf out to pasture is to take a way a good share, if not all, of the milk he has been having. There are some who say the calf does just as well after June if he is entirely weaned and put out to shift for himself, but this does not look reasonable. Milk is the calf's natural food. He misses it if deprived of it. He cannot get anything to take its place in the field. He must consequently suffer loss. The milk food should be kept up as long as possible. If this means until the calf is ten months or a year old, all the better. The calf will be worth all the more for it.

Still another mistake many make is in taking away the hay the calf has been used to having in the barn. Nothing is better for the calf than a good ration of hay. Calves will begin to nibble at a lock of bright hay when not more than a week old.

SLOPPING PIGS.

Swine are the only stock on the farm that are commonly fed sloppy food, and it is undeniable that they are the most frequently troubled with digestive derangement. This suggests the question, is there any good reason why the feeding of pigs should differ so widely from that of other farm stock? Why not give them their feed dry, and their drink in a separate trough? Some of the most healthy and thrifty pigs we have ever seen were treated in this way, making rapid gains in weight. If this theory be correct, what an immense amount of labor might be saved by the use of self-feeding devices for the dry feed, and troughs supplied by pipes from a spring or tank, and having a float to regulate the height of the water in the trough. For young pigs requiring milk this plan may not be feasible, though it is a question whether they might not better have their milk straight and their meal by itself, but in the case of older pigs that have passed the milk stage, or where the supply of milk is not sufficient to go round, it is quite practicable. It is nature's way to let the animals do their own mixing of their feeds, and it is well in some things to let her have her way. It will cost but little to try this plan. It will not occasion any serious loss if it is not a success, and we shall be glad to hear from any who may try it as to their success or failure.

FARMERS AND HARD TIMES.

Farmers feel hard times later and less severely than other classes, because their products are necessities and will be bought so long as others have any money left, and because their position is comparatively independent and not wholly upset by stock market flurries or by closing of factories. Unlike the speculative classes, they are not rich one year and bankrupt the next. They go along quite steadily without feeling the extreme effect of the industrial times and fairly free from worry along that particular line. In fact, the average farmer frets far more about the weather, the insects, the animal diseases and other natural foes than about the industrial condition of the country. Of course the whole community is bound together to a certain extent, and no class can suffer without all the others sooner or later getting a share, but the farmer can weather the storm better than anybody else. Financial panics and industrial scares are not bred on the farms.

FOWLS FOR THE TABLE.

The Brahma has the frame and of meat, but it is deficient on the build for laying on large quantities breast, caused by the fact that it is bred to remain near the ground instead of flying. The Game, on the contrary, being a very active and vigorous bird, is well developed on the breast, and having small bones and large muscles, it is an excellent table fowl. The standard exhibition Games are not referred to here, although they are not entirely deficient, but those Games bred exclusively for the pit. Being trained and developed for strength, those characteristics are inherent in their progeny, and render them an excellent breed of fowls. When crossed on the Brahmas they combine quality and size, and though not such high flyers as the pure breeds, they possess the good qualities of the Games with the weight of the Brahmas. In breed for home use these points should not be overlooked. Under no circumstances should quality be sacrificed.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Here and There the Wide World Over.

The United States consumes nearly a third more coffee than all the rest of the world put together.

Along the route from England to India $400,000,000 of British treasure is said to lie at the bottom of the sea.

The construction of the Manchurian and Siberian railroads have together cost Russia nearly $560,000,000.

The total available military strength of the British Empire is now more than 1,100,000 men. The regular establishment is still some 40,000 men in excess of the peace standard.

The death rate of the globe is estimated at sixty-eight a minute, 97,920 a day, or 35,740,800 a year. The birth rate is seventy a minute, 100,800 a day, or 36,972,000 a year, reckoning the year to be 365 days in length.

The French Government has commissioned Fremiet, the sculptor, to design a monument to be erected in Paris in memory of the carrier pigeons that did so much for the beleaguered Parisians during the Franco-Prussian War.

The distance of the new star in Perseus from the earth is estimated at 400,000,000,000,000 miles. A railroad train, travelling continuously at the rate of sixty miles an hour, would take more than 760,000,000 years to reach the new star.

The incidents that arose during the recent floods in Kansas were not all pathetic or tragic. One real estate company, which had advertised an auction of town lots, was obliged to call off the auction by postal card, for on the day that had been set the lots in question were several feet under water.

Germany is taking radical measures to save the little island of Heligoland from disintegrating. The rocks, which are partly saline, crumble before the onslaught of the sea, and retaining walls are to be built as a protection. The importance of the island is naval. It is useful for the protection of the Elbe and Weser Rivers.

A FLOATING CHURCH.

A novel religious undertaking is at present under way in Berlin. It is proposed to establish a floating church on the Spree. Religious workers find that the sailors of Berlin will not go to established places of worship in the city, and after the fashion of Mohammed, the church union has decided to take the church to the seamen by organizing a floating church on the river. There are 130,000 sailors and watermen occupied annually on the Berlin waterways, and the object of the floating church is to bring these men under the influence of religious ordinances. The River navigation mission has held services at numerous shore stations, but these are regarded as mere makeshifts, and in order to meet the spiritual needs of the seamen a ship, with a cabin capable of accommodating fifty at a service, is to be stationed on the river, and in it regular church services will be conducted. Substantial subscriptions have been collected for this uncommon religious scheme.

HE CANNOT LOSE.

The conversation happened to turn on an eccentric capitalist, who had retired from business with a fortune large enough to satisfy the average ambition, but not so large as popular report credited him with having.

"What is he doing with money?" was asked.

"The only thing I have heard of his doing," was the reply, "is buying up mortgages on little one or two-story houses owned by widows or orphans."

"I should call that pretty poor business for a man of his means."

"He seems to be satisfied with the investment. He never forecloses the mortgages, and never collects any interest on them."

Perhaps the eccentric capitalist knows what he is doing, and will get large returns on his "investment" some day.

Forty-five only of the crew of the new liner "Kaiser Wilhelm II." are ordinary sailors, the remaining 555 being mechanics, etc.

ECLIPSES WIN BATTLES.

THEY OFTEN HERALD REMARKABLE EVENTS.

An Eclipse Was the Forerunner of the Terrible Rinderpest in South Africa.

From the earliest times, and amongst all peoples, an eclipse of the sun has been held to presage disaster. Take, for example, the battle of Isandlwhana, one of the most disastrous reverses ever sustained by our arms. It was fought on January 22nd, 1879, on which date a remarkable eclipse overshadowed all South Africa. We sent eight hundred and thirty-seven officers and men into action, in open order against fifteen thousand of the bravest warriors on earth. The result was precisely what might have been foreseen. The battle began at noon. Less than two hours later all was over, not a man of the little British force being left alive to tell the tale. Strangely enough, too, the phenomenon was equally ill-omened from the Zulu point of view. Cetewayo and his indunas imagined, when the sudden darkness fell upon the land, that the gods were angry at so much bloodshed; and they, therefore, considerately refrained from attacking Lord Chelmsford's command as it was retiring from the camp to the drift in the early dawn of the following morning.

Had they not held back, victory must assuredly have been theirs, the war would have been temporarily terminated by the annihilation of one party to the quarrel, and Natal would have been at the mercy of thirty thousand armed savages.

On April 25th, 1857, an Order in Council was issued prohibiting the importation into this country of cattle from abroad because of the rinderpest which was raging throughout Europe.

For eight years precisely, in consequence of this order, all went well with us. Not a single case was reported.

Then, on April 25th, 1865, there occurred a total eclipse; and within forth-eight hours, from three different localities in England, came news of the outbreak of

THE DREADED PLAGUE.

All attempts to cope with it were vain. It swept through the country like fire through flax. In all 248,965 cattle were attacked, of which number 124,187 died, and 80,597 were slaughtered and the carcases buried in quicklime. Not for considerably over a century had British agriculture received so staggering a blow.

And as with cattle so with men. Parallel cases have occurred over and over again.

The eclipse of September, 1842, for instance, heralded the terrible "Sweating Sickness," one of the most dreadful and mysterious plagues of ancient or modern times. Unlike other similar pestilential epidemics, which invariably follow well defined lines of travel and spread over considerable areas, the "Sweating Sickness" had no known source of origin but broke out suddenly with explosive violence, and in this country alone, on the morning of the day following the phenomenon in question. It mostly skipped the very poor, attacking for preference the well-fed and well-to-do. Of these, nine hundred were seized daily, and ninety out of a hundred died. Twelve hours decided whether it would prove fatal or not, but thousands breathed their last with two hours of the seizure. In most of the principal towns and cities half the people died, and Oxford was depopulated.

Similar instances are plentiful, and that without going back very far either. On July 27th, 1832, a remarkable total eclipse of the sun coincided with the worst and first English cholera epidemic, when fifty thousand people perished.

Nearly twenty years later, on November 30th, 1853; another eclipse occurred, and again cholera accompanied it,

SLAYING ITS THOUSANDS

in Newcastle, Hexham, Tynemouth, and other northern towns.

That of April 25th, 1865, let us go free; but it was the signal for the disease to break out in Turkey, and fifty thousand people perished in Constantinople alone.

Lastly, on August 19th, 1887, came yet a fourth total eclipse, and with it yet again came the cholera, slaying over a quarter of a million people in Europe alone, and fully fifty thousand in America.

Famine, too, is presaged all too frequently. Leaving out of consideration those of ancient times, it is a fact which can easily be verified that the failure of the Irish potato crop, and the consequent deaths by starvation of over a million of our fellow-countrymen and women, followed hard upon the heels of the total eclipse of April 24th, 1846; while that of September 17th, 1876 heralded the great Asiatic drought and famine, which caused the deaths of 500,000 people in India, and no fewer than 9,500,000 in China.

Very remarkable was the eclipse of May 3rd, 1715, when the darkness was so intense over the greater part of the south-west of England that the stars shone brightly at noontide, and the birds went to roost. The phenomenon caused consternation, not only here, but wherever it was visible; yet this was the day selected by Sweden to plunge into the terrible struggle with Prussia, a struggle which only ended when the former country had lost one hundred thousanh of its bravest citizens, and most of the foreign territory for which in times past it had made

SO MANY SACRIFICES.

On this self-same day, too, came the Old Pretender's couriers to the Earl of Mat, bidding him organize the rebellion which broke out in deadly earnest a few months later, and which ended so disastrously for them both.

The battle of Sticklasted, the "Danish Flodden," was fought during a total eclipse, which overshadowed both armies. No more crushing defeat is recorded in history. The Danes lost thirty thousand common soldiers, eight hundred nobles, and their king, Olaf.

Similarly fell Leopold II. of Austria, at Sempach, and with him "four thousand knights of high rank." The eclipse took place two days before the battle, and Leopold's generals, mistrusting the omen, begged him not to hazard an engagement. He, however, reassured them by remarking, not without some show of reason, that the omen might just as likely forbode disaster to the Swiss as to themselves.

On April 8th, 1652, occurred one of the most famous of recorded eclipses. It is called "Mirk Monday" in Scotland to this day. And on that date we struck the first blow in the disastrous Dutch war, in the course of which our mercantile marine was well-nigh destroyed, and Van Tromp sailed up the English Channel with a broom at his masthead.

Of earthquakes which have either immediately followed or been coincident with solar eclipses, there are many recorded examples. Perhaps the two most striking instances are the

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON,

which was preceded by the annular eclipse of October 29th, 1755; and the terrible series of seismic disturbances which coincided with the total eclipse of August 18th, 1868.

These latter, taken in their entirety, constitute one of the most destructive and far-reaching earthquakes of modern times. For over a week the shocks continued. The ocean, as well as the land, was agitated; and more than two hundred vessels, with in many cases all their crews, were lost; while in Northern Peru and Southern Equador, the centre of the disturbances, no fewer than 25,000 persons perished, and $300,000,000 worth of property was destroyed.

Finally, and not least striking come what may be termed the personal mishaps which have at different times befallen those engaged in observing the phenomena in question. The list is a long one; but three typical examples must suffice.

On December 22nd, 1889, there occurred a total eclipse, to study which an expedition went to the Salud Isle, near Demerara. It was in charge of Father Stephen J. Perry, who died at sea five days afterwards of a mysterious malady, which baffled alike the best medical skill and the most careful nursing.

The eclipse of July 8th, 1842, was observed by Beresina's party, which traveled into Western Manchuria for that express purpose. On the return journey they were attacked by brigands and all killed save one.

While of M. Felix Descroix and his three companions, who went to Central Africa early in 1865 in order to photograph and report upon the total eclipse of April 25th of that year, no trace has ever been found nor news heard from that day to this.—Pearson's Weekly.

WORK AND LIVE LONG.

A Man Who Says Natural Rules Have Been His Mainstay.

John Clemens, who is 97 years old, says that work is the greatest promoter of long life. He is still hale and hearty and looks back over a life well sprinkled with misfortunes with satisfaction and contentment.

He lives in the south end of St. Louis, Mo., near where his former home was before the cyclone tore it down. He still works, and says he hopes to work for a good many years more. His rules for long life are simple, and as explained by him are as follows:

Work is the key to a long life.
Work is natural exercise.
Work creates a natural appetite.
Work brings restful sleep.
Work fortifies against disease.
Work brings happiness and prosperity.
Eat with moderation.
Eat whenever you are hungry.
Eat wholesome food.
Eat seasonable vegetables.
Drink whatever you wish, moderately.
Never drink to excess.
Avoid excitement and late hours
Use tobacco, but not in cigarettes

Mr. Clemens is of Corsican parentage, although he was born on board ship on the way to France. His youth was spent on the sea, and after he went to the United States he worked in every capacity on the Mississippi steamboats. He has been shipwrecked, shot and otherwise wounded, but says his simple rules for living have kept him alive and well this long.

The pearl fisheries of West Australia employ 2,505 men, of whom 110 are Englishmen. The average yield per boat per season is $4,000

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