

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892.

LIFE AMONG THE MOORS.

AMONG CAMELS AND PEOPLE IN TANGIER'S NARROW STREETS.

Down the Mediterranean Passed Ancient Towns and City—Beautiful Scenery, and Aggressive People who Make Life a Burden to the Traveller.

(Progress Special Correspondence.)
At Tarrifa we had no difficulty in securing passage in a staunch coasting steamer, plying between Lisbon and Cadiz. After a day in the latter, once the emporium of the world and still the most winsome and beautiful city of Spain, we sailed on a smaller vessel, little better than a ferry-boat, for the African coast, touching for an hour at Tarifa, the southernmost city of continental Europe, but fifteen miles southwest of Gibraltar.

In this less than one hundred miles from Cadiz there are innumerable scenes and memories of wondrous impressiveness. Cadiz itself was the Tarshish of bible history, Juno's wondrous island, and the glorious Iberia of Anacreon and Homer. At the end of the 4th century it was the richest, most brilliant, and most profligate city in the world.

In an hour's time you have come abreast of Cape Trafalgar. Your steamer's course is through the very waters where Nelson won his immortal victory over the combined fleets of Gravinia and Villeneuve. And now Tarifa is reached; Tarifa celebrated of all cities of the Latin race for the fatal beauty of its women; Tarifa where the besieging Moors put to death the son of Don Alonso before his eyes in an attempt to effect the city's surrender: where mighty battles between the kings of Castile and Spain against the Moors were fought beneath its walls; where once 4,000 Roman soldiers came and took to themselves their pick of Spanish women; where the Berbers first met the dispirited armies of Roderick, last of the Goths; Tarifa with its scores of towers and gates, labyrinthine streets, balconies hidden behind masses of flowers, and its half Spanish, half Moorish scenes and life which taunt and tempt ravishingly to dalliance and delay.

From this point, as your course is set to the southwest for Tangier almost straight across the strait of Gibraltar, the scene on every hand is one of matchless beauty and grandeur. Back to the northwest stretches the Spanish coast line to Trafalgar, low lying along the sea, but with a background of undulating foothills, breaking into deep gorges, and capped by lofty sierras, the whole checkered by vineyards and dotted with cities and hamlets, in the distance as white as flakes of snow. Back across the waters to the northeast looms gray old Gibraltar, a line of fishing villages, arsenals, quays and moles at its base like a slender ribbon of foam, its thousands of threatening cannon above hidden and summited by terraces bright and vines and gardens fair.

Before you is Africa, warm and glowing beneath a midwinter sun. Away to the southeast is the shadowy peak of Ape's Hill at whose base Ceuta lies. A grand and diversified coast stretches westward, past as yet invisible Tangier, to Cape Spartel, the northwesternmost point in Africa. Portions of the coast are grandly precipitous. Again great forests sweep from noble heights into slumberous valleys which undulate softly to the sea. The lights and shades are strange. The lights and shades of the middle strait blend into a rosy haze towards land, this into a brilliant blue further on, and the coast line at the water's edge seems like a thread of lustrous onyx. Above this, brown; then purple; then emerald; and beyond, there is a glowing of faint orange, as though the valleys palpably flung back the sunlight which lingered lovingly above. Beyond this, a line of tender purple, jagged with leafy, misty fountains. This is where the Atlas Mountains are. And then between the mountain passes and peaks and the sky is a faint thread of saffron pale pink, something like a gauze of lavender laid on a bank of roses. That gleam of color flashes the mental vision to the vast Sahara and the far Soudan.

But just now we have rounded Cape Malabar and Tangier lies before us like a mass of foam churned in the seething tides of the Gibraltar strait, and tossed into structural semblance upon the mountain-rimmed shore of the bay. Soon the mass of white resolves itself into splashes of more brilliant white and seams and checkers of shade; then into white cubes of varying dimensions. Gradually projecting corners and heights of snowy masonry take shape to the eye; and then the pale pinks, yellows and blues of the painted walls blend into a rosy whole, broken only by a slender square tower, with glistening porcelain sides, and one huge, ruinous mass, to which the city seems to lead in giant house-top steps. The one is the tower from the minaret of which the Moslem muezzin calls the faithful to prayers, crying Mohammed and Allah to the four quarters of the earth. The other is the Kasba or castle, where the heartless Kirke, during the brief English occupancy of Tangier which gave the world at least the famous "Pepp's Diary," was guilty of more wanton crimes and butcheries than were ever charged to fiercest and fellest tyrant Moor.

There is no mole, quay or pier at Tangier; and we came to anchor near the shelving shore, where the harborside traffic goes on with wondrous din, and the Moorish customs officers squat upon their haunches transacting their duties in severe silence and gravity. On either side were numberless telluacs, with strange craft from the lower Mediterranean, and perhaps two score of French, Spanish, English and Dutch schooners, barks and brigs, and two huge British men-of-war, which had been lying here several days in view of possible danger to British interests, from the threatened revolt of interior tribes, who seem always to be about to be doing something unpleasant.

Getting ashore at Tangier is not altogether a stately performance. Scarcely had our steamer anchored, when there came swarming over the rail from all

quarters a horde of swarthy turbaned harbor porters, dressed in the natural black leathern skin of Morocco, many with huge rings in their ears, dangle and banglets of tinkling metals, and bright sashes, barelegged and barefooted, or shod with loose sandals; all as uncanny and weird a lot as ever looted a ship and butchered its crew in the good old days of Moorish piracy and pillage.

Formerly these black imps grabbed travellers bodily, lifted them astride their back or shoulders and waded ashore with them. Recently a diminutive landing-stage has been built, but the treatment is quite as atrocious. Ordinarily the stranger's belongings are seized and pitched into a half dozen different small boats and himself made the unwilling subject of a fierce scramble, after which the victor pulls and hauls his victim into still another boat, and rushes him to the landing where a separate bribe must be paid for the recovery of each article, and a final heavy tribute is exacted for one's own liberation. Precisely the same form of piracy is repeated on your way to a hotel with your own effects; but once within the great gate leading into the city from the harbor side, and you are safer from annoyance and exaction than in any Moorish or Christian city in the world.

No one can wholly tell another what Tangier is like within its ancient city walls. It has no street geography. Though it contains scarcely more than 20,000 souls, its own inhabitants get lost within it; and there is but one street or way in which the stranger is safe from absolute wreck or consciousness of location. This extends upwards from the harbor side to the Socco-Barra, the great market place outside of Tangier, just where you leave the city, on the way to Fez, Morocco's capital. Once a dozen yards away from this narrow thoroughfare of bazaars, and the prompting to prayer to Allah or Allah's subject for succor is a quickly realized experience.

But for Dobrado and his kinsman whom we met on landing, I should have turned back, passed the night outside the great city gate upon the shore beneath the stars and some handy tarpaulin, and incontinently fled the place upon the next day's steamer for Gibraltar. As it was, I kept close to my Gallegan guides. The evening had fallen before we had entered the city. The single thoroughfare was a babel of donkeys, camels, goats, water-carriers, bare-legged African soldiers and merchants closing their tiny shops. The din of "Balak!—Balak!—Balak!" the equivalent for our "Look out!" shrieked by thousands of voices in the choky, clam-like street, was deafening. Scores of times on our half-mile way we were ground against buildings, wedged between camels or flung into pitch-black archedways.

After an hour's struggle, we turned from this main thoroughfare and plunged in and upward among a maze of streets, so narrow that opposing walls could be touched by outstretched hands. The silence here was as startling as had been the din. Now and then perhaps a ghostly figure flitted by. Here and there was heard the wimpling sound of water from overflowing fountains. Occasionally a muffled form asleep beneath an archway was stumbled upon. Not a light was seen in the whole distance. But for the stars overhead, it was like groping torchless through the catacombs.

At last Dobrado's kinsman halted. With the bit of his heavy knife, almost as ponderous as a Cuban machete, he knocked loudly upon a barred and bolted door. A black face peered savagely from a tiny wicket. There was parley which sounded like a mixture of the Roman tongue and Gallegan Spanish. The wicket closed and soon an old man clad in flowing robes, attended by the African, returned. We were admitted to what seemed the dungeon antechamber to a larger dungeon. Directly Dobrado's kinsman showed the way up some slippery stone steps. Following a long gallery, we soon emerged into the open air. Thence we were conducted along what appeared to be a crumbling parapet, and I was finally led into a room perfectly bare of furniture. The place seemed to be a detached structure set upon a house-top, abutting against the walls of a still loftier abutment. Some fine rugs were brought for a pallet. The African almost as soon appeared with a cut brass lamp, a cup of tea in which mint leaves were floating and a small roll of white bread. He deposited these in the middle of the floor and disappeared. Dobrado, who was to pass the night with his kinsman, showered the blessings of God upon me and left. I relished my food, put out my antique lamp, wrapped myself in my splendid rugs, and passed my first night in the land of the Moors in sweet and dreamless sleep.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

When to Wear Diamonds.

Diamonds should not be worn in the morning ever.

They should not be worn when a simple visit is paid before two o'clock.

They should not be worn when one is doing charitable work.

They should not be worn where they are likely to attract so much attention that they will cause envy and heart-burnings.

They should not be worn in profusion with any street toilet, although a small brooch, a pair of solitaire ear-rings and a ring which is concealed by the glove, are frequently noticed on refined women.

They should not be worn in bathing; this sounds a little odd, but as they have been seen in such places somebody evidently needs to be given a word or two about them.

They should not be worn to any extent, even in the evening, at places of amusement.

They should never be seen on children. They should not be worn by people who are in mourning.

They should not be worn unless one's gown is in harmony with them, for a soiled, mussed costume and a profusion of diamonds is a very bad combination.

They should not be worn at all unless they are real, unless they are properly set, and unless they are suited to the wearer.—*Florence Maryatt in the Journal.*

THE CORPSE WAS CROSS.

IT READS THE OBITUARIES IN THE MORNING PAPERS.

And Gets its Back up—The Mysterious Case of William Mentrum of Fredericton—He Demands an Apology and at Last Becomes Mollified and Happy.

It is seldom, even in this glorious climate, that a man is able to live long enough to read his own obituary.

It is seldom that people get knocked down and abused by the corpse for making offensive remarks.

The cases are somewhat rare in which the editor who has published the obituary is called upon by the corpse in person and requested to apologize.

All of these things, however, happened in the fair old town of Fredericton last week.

It was on Wednesday that the *Gleaner* announced the death of Mr. William Mentrum of that place and gave a schedule of the virtues of the deceased. He had been a God-fearing citizen and played the clarinet.

The correspondents of the St. John dailies were prompt and vigilant as usual. With the aid of *Gleaner*, and scissors, and paste-pot, a torrent of woe went surging over the wires. On Thursday the *Telegraph*, and *Sun*, and *Globe* and *Gazette* wept tears of printer's ink over the untimely taking off of Mr. Mentrum.

On Friday, however, the *Sun* came to the conclusion that Mr. Mentrum's demise had not received sufficient publicity. It copied the harrowing details from the *Gleaner* in full, and the versatile Payne slung in a closing paragraph of undiluted gloom.

In the meantime it dawned upon Mr. Mentrum that something had happened. He was ambling gently down the street on Thursday morning, when he met a citizen who remarked: "Hello! Pete, I thought you were dead!" Then came citizen No. 2, and citizen No. 3, and citizen No. 4, and they all remarked to Mr. Mentrum: "Hello! Pete, I thought you were dead!"

Now, Mr. Mentrum, is a quiet man. But that is no reason why he should be accused of being dead. Mr. Mentrum went for the citizens who thus saluted him, and showed a surprising command of the latest resources of the English language. He was mad all over. He was so mad that he aubled into a law office and insisted on various actions for defamation of character being instituted at once. But there he learned with amazement that his death had been announced in the *Gleaner*.

Mr. Mentrum's next move was to amble up street, where he sought out the citizens who saluted him, and expressed his grief that he had harbored thoughts of violence. Then he aubled into the *Gleaner* office. Mr. Crockett was in. He was greatly surprised to see the corpse, and especially to hear the corpse demand an apology. Mr. Crockett has no part in respect for living things, but he has a deep respect for corpses that insist upon apologies. So the *Gleaner* came out on Thursday with a most abject apology to Mr. Mentrum.

Of course the *Telegraph* correspondent promptly wired that Mr. Mentrum was alive and hearty, and so did the intelligent scribes of the *Globe* and the *Gazette*. The *Sun* man, by some incredible fatality, failed to read the *Gleaner* with his customary assiduity; hence the uncontrollable grief of brother Payne.

Mr. Mentrum was very mad up to Thursday evening. He must have met a hundred people during that day who insisted upon remarking: "Hello! Pete, I thought you were dead!" Then he began to feel better. By Friday morning he was able to feel a positive pleasure over the flattering notices he had received. By Saturday morning he had become jubilant over the unbounded fame he had attained. On Saturday evening Mr. Mentrum was ecstatic. He took his clarinet down from the wall and played the "Morning Glory March" till he was hoarse in the face. Then he fell asleep and in his dreams beheld an epitaph which read:

Here lies Peter Mentrum
Awaiting the morrow,
When Gabriel will play on
His big goose-bone.

Here lies Peter Mentrum,
His horn in his hand,
Frank Bryson he left
For the heavenly band.

Here lies Peter Mentrum,
He died once before,
And nobody knows what
Has taken him o'er.

Here lies Peter Mentrum,
Devoid of life-breath—
The jury declared
He was tickled to death.

Horse Sense.

As regards color, gray horses live longest, roan horses nearly as long. Cream colored horses are deficient of staying power, especially in summer weather. Bays, on an average, are the best. Horses with black hoofs are stronger and tougher than others.

There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on; the lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to turn an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage, and prevents it bearing too heavy on the hand. The eyes should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelid fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lop ear indicates dullness and stubbornness; when too far back there is a disposition to mischief.—*Rider and Driver.*

The Editor's Advice.

Poet—"Has my poem, 'Signs of Spring,' that you published, been copied into any of your exchanges?"

Editor—"No; but a number of subscribers have been in asking for the author."

Poet (delighted)—"Indeed?"

Editor—"Yes; and as you might happen to meet with some of them when you come here I would advise you not to call again until the thing has blown over."—*New York Press.*

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AMATEUR ACTORS OF THE PAST.

St. John Boys Who Appeared on the Stage Thirty Years Ago.

An old and yellow play bill of "The St. John Dramatic Club" has found its way to PROGRESS office, and will be of interest as showing what was going on among the amateurs of this city more than a quarter of a century ago. The bill reads:

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE!
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS,
Feb. 7th and 8th.

Two Grand Entertainments
BY THE
ST. JOHN DRAMATIC CLUB!

The members of the St. John Dramatic Club have the honor to announce to their friends and the public that they will give Two Grand Dramatic Entertainments in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute on the above evenings, on which occasion they will perform, for the first time, the Melo-Drama MATTEO FALCONE.
Or, THE BRIGAND AND HIS SON!
FORTUNATO BY LITTLE JOE.

The Last Act of
RICHARD III!
Or, THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD!

And the very Laughable Farce of
THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM!

By A Full and Effective Orchestra under the Leadership of MR. DAVID OSWALD, of the Excelsior Band, will be in attendance.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 8, 1866.

The evening's entertainment will commence with the Melo-Drama MATTEO FALCONE!

Or, THE BRIGAND AND HIS SON!
FORTUNATO BY LITTLE JOE
Captain Alezio.....Mr. J. C. Ferguson
Corporal Nicolo Gamba.....Mr. F. McCafferty
Matteo Falcone.....Mr. W. Nannery
Gianetto Sampiero.....Mr. W. J. McGovern
Brozio.....Mr. J. C. Ferguson
Soldiers, Brigands, &c.....Mr. J. Roper

To be followed by the Last Act of
RICHARD III!
Or, THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD!

King Richard III.....Mr. W. Nannery
Earl of Richmond.....Mr. J. C. Ferguson
Norfolk.....Mr. R. J. Ritchey
Stanley.....Mr. F. McCafferty
Cately.....Mr. J. C. Ferguson
Ratcliff.....Mr. W. B. McSweeney
Oxford.....Mr. W. J. McGovern
Blunt.....Mr. J. Roper

To conclude with the very Amusing Farce of
THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.
Mr. Nicodemus.....Mr. J. C. Ferguson
Squire Aldwinckle.....Mr. W. J. McGovern
Capt. Vautington.....Mr. R. J. Ritchey
Dickory.....Mr. F. McCafferty
Paul.....Mr. J. C. Ferguson
Thomas.....Mr. J. Roper

J. C. FERGUSON, Secretary.

Most of the names will be recognized even at this date. Little Joe was Joseph McCafferty, brother of Frank McCafferty, late of McCafferty & Daly, whose name also appears. Wm. Nannery was subsequently a manager on his own account and is now in California. J. C. Ferguson is the "silver-tongued orator" of today. McWilliams, who was in charge of the box office at the Academy of Music, Halifax, died in New York. W. J. McGovern is still a resident of St. John, and so is R. J. Ritchey, though he spells his name with an "ie" at the end of it now-a-days. W. B. McSweeney was a Moncton boy who studied law with Charles Duff, and is now practising in Halifax. "J. Roper" was Joseph Rogers, who was drowned a Philadelphia, a few years ago.

David Oswald, the leader of the orchestra, was a colored barber whose shop was in the Sands Arcade, Prince William street.

The latter part of the bill is mutilated so that it cannot be quoted in full. From what is left of it, it is learned that J. C. Ferguson was secretary of the club, and the tickets were 25 cents each. G. W. Day was the printer.

THE ALASKA POTLATCH.

How Indians Make Fortunes and Can Afford to Give Them Away.

None of Mr. Healy's observations among the Indians says a writer in the *New York Sun*, is more interesting than his study of the purpose and meaning of "the potlatch," that strangest of all institutions established among the aborigines of America. The potlatch is celebrated in our State of Washington and in British Columbia, and it has been described again and again as a custom whereby an Indian, when he acquires what he considers wealth, gives all that he has away to his friends. We know that in Washington and the neighboring British territory it has been said that the sum obtained as a preliminary to this philanthropic ceremony is \$2,000, and that when a Siwash has saved up that sum he converts it into food and blankets tobacco, tea, and whatever is most coveted by his neighbors. He then calls them all to his house, or perhaps builds a house large enough to hold hundreds of them, and distributes his purchases until nothing is left to him but the clothing he wears. All this is true of the potlatch in Alaska, but Mr. Healy says he spent five years in trying to find out why the custom should obtain among a people whose most marked characteristics were thrift, avarice, and parsimony. The

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GLORY and PROFIT AWAIT YOU.

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so valuable that we paid \$250 last year for the NAME alone when sold under the No. "400." This year we think more of it than ever and to aid in making its merits still wider known we have doubled the amount of the money prize.

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because the essential features of EARLINESS, SIZE, WEIGHT, COLOR, SOLIDITY and QUALITY, that make the ideal Tomato, this Ponderosa variety possesses in the superlative degree. Delicate persons will always prefer it because it is nearly seedless.

Price per packet 20c, 6 packets for \$1, 12 packets for \$1.75, 25 packets for \$3. For the earliest single fruits raised from seeds of Ponderosa bought in 1891 in our sealed packets. Full details in Catalogue mentioned below, where also its fine qualities are told at length. It should be grown in

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more he studied these Indians the less he was able to account for the potlatch; more over the savages, if such they can be called, were not at all inclined to assist him in his study. But he persisted, and he mastered the secret.

The potlatch is, he says a singular form of usury and of barter, it is a method of banking. He noticed with great surprise that after two years a man who had stripped himself with a potlatch, became rich again. The fact is that the potlatch gets double for all that he gives. When he holds his feast he keeps a tally of all that he distributes and of those who receive it. His book of record may be nothing better than a string full of knots perforated by pins to represent what and to whom he gives. Such a record may be supplemented by hieroglyphs marked on paper to indicate that Searchek got two blankets, that pugnose received eight plugs of tobacco, and that Mistress One-eye got a knife, but in whatever way the transactions may be set down, the fact is positive that the record is kept. When all is distributed and every one has feasted and drunk and made merry, and when the potlatcher is poor again he becomes a public charge, and collects tolls from all who received his gifts. From every one he demands and obtains twice what he gave to each. This they give to him when they can spare it—two blankets for one that they received, ten plugs of tobacco for five, and so on through the list. In the end a potlatcher is certain to become a very rich man. The custom thrives on the shiftless elements of the communities where it is practised. The potlatcher is the pawnbroker of his people.

HORRORS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

What the Japanese Experienced During the Shock of Three Months ago.

It is now nearly three months since the great earthquake in the provinces of Nagoya and Gifu in Japan, but the condition of the sufferers has been ameliorated only partly. The awful convulsion of nature wrecked all that human genius and labor had built up in the province, and the efforts of thousands to straighten out the terrible confusion have been successful in a slight degree only. Those who have visited the different places where the shock was felt severely, describe a most horrible condition of affairs. It is impossible for the ordinary individual to form the slightest idea of the horrors that have existed since the great convulsion. The horrors of the earthquakes in other lands have been pictured often, and the comparatively mild visitation at Charleston several years ago gave Americans an idea of what might happen. But the earthquake in Japan was so stupendous in its results that

all others of modern date, at least, are mere incidents in comparison. For certain reasons, the fatalities following an earthquake in Japan are more horrible than in other countries.

Of the 6,500 persons who were killed in the earthquake of Oct. 28, comparatively few were killed instantly. Nearly all were awakened by the shaking came. They were awakened by the falling in of the houses. Japanese houses are peculiar in construction. The side walls are partitions are made of very light woods, while the roofs are solid and heavy. When a shock comes to the walls tumble and let the roof down to the ground. Some of the occupants may be killed outright by the falling timbers, but events have proved that usually they are pinned to the earth and hemmed in on all sides by the wreckage. They are nothing more than open copper vessels, the fuel being a preparation made largely of charcoal. The timbers fall into the stoves, overturning them and scattering the glowing coals over the very inflammable materials which are always present in Japanese houses such as papers partitions. By the fires the unfortunate Japanese are roasted to death.

In an interview published in the *N. Y. Sun* about the time of the earthquake, Sir Edwin Arnold described in detail the manner in which these fires destroyed a whole town. He said that the invalid women and children are always the greatest sufferers, because they have not the strength to push aside the wreckage that surrounds them. There is never much time to escape, as the fires start as soon as the houses tumble down. Nine thousands persons were seriously injured in the October earthquake. 70,000 houses were destroyed and 400,000 persons were rendered homeless. One thousand nine hundred little children were made orphans and were sent by the imperial Government to orphan asylums in various parts of the country. The first shock was in the nature of an upheaval, and was followed speedily by others in which the ground sank and collapsed. The railroads from Tokio which is about 200 miles away, were torn up and wrecked in many places. The highways were crossed by large, yawning fissures, through which boiling water and noxious gases came. The towns in the districts affected are lower than the rivers, and dikes had been built to keep the water from flooding them. These dikes have to be watched carefully at all times, and in spite of the utmost vigilance, there are annual floods which result in considerable damage. The shocks rent the dikes in places, and the terrors of a flood were added.

Popularly called the king of medicines—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.