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Ten years of age, but who declines to give his

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'When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had

was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—
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WILL CURE YOU

In an English town there used to live a datt kind of fellow, called "Dicky Pudding." who earned his living chiefly by doing odd jobs and running messages for the local sporting fraternity. Occasionally his masters played practical jokes on their unsuspecting victim, and once they sent him, for a supposed stake of five pounds, to run against another man-who, they said. was to run another route, but who, of course, never started at all-for about a dozen miles on a drenching wet day.

Dicky, quite exhausted, reached the goal after his long run and the "sports" were all there to deciare that he had won. One of them had somehow got hold of a bad fivepound note, and this was given to the winner, the donors thinking that, when the joke was over, they could get the "flash" note back for a couple of shillings or half-

But Dicky managed to get away, and soon reappeared in a suit of the latest style, with hat, tie, boots, and even gloves to make the thing complete. The sporting clique were fairly floored at the man's appearance, and shouted in unison, "Hallo,

old chap, what have you been up to p"
"Well, kind gentlemen," said Dicky, in his daft way, "I tooked that beautiful fiver you gived me to Mr. Dash, the outfitter, and I told the gentleman that changed the fiver that you had gived it to me."

It was like a bombshell in the camp, for the whole lot felt that there would be trouble about the note. So in the end they had to tell the story to the clothier, and substitute a genuine note. It was many days before they could be persuaded that Dicky was as soft as he seemed.

The Earl Was Cool.

The Marquise de Fontenoy tells in her European gossip a story of the Earl of Rosse, who is a mechanical engineer of no mean order. It seems that the other day he entered the engine room of a large manufactory and gazed in a rather careless manner at the working of the machinery. Suddenly he was seen to shake his head, pull his watch out and to look first at the engine and then at the timepiece. The engineer's attention had been attracted by this somewhat odd behavior of the stranger, and he apostrophized him in a rude and aggressive manner, with a "Well, what's up now; what is it that you've got to find fault with, anyhow?" "Oh," replied Lord Rosse, "it's all the

same to me; I've no fault to find. I'm just waiting till the boiler explodes." "The boiler explodes! Why, you are crazy, man!" exclaimed the engineer an-

grily, preparing to turn the peer out as a dangerous crank. "Well." retorted the earl, "if you work

ten minutes longer with that loose screw there the boiler will certainly explode." The engineer, gazing in the direction indicated by Lord Rosse, paled and jumped

to stop the engine. "Why the devil didn't you say so soon-

er?" he blurted out. "Why should I? I have never yet had the opportunity of seeing a boiler explode."

"Billy" Was William IV. Here is an announcement-recorded by Lady Elvey-of the death of King William the Fourth, which is probably a unique delivery by one of the men to whose lot it has fallen "to tell sad stories of the death of kings": Roach, the beltry keeper of "Old Windsor," seems to have received a broad hint that the king was near his end, and waited until he received the news that " all was over," when with haste he repaired to the deanery, arousing the inmates by loudly ringing the bell at the cloister entrance. It was useless for the butler to ask him, "What do you want at this time of night?" His business was with the Dean alone. This distinguished personage, aroused from his slumbers, and clad, not in his surplice, but in another white gar-

"What is the matter, Roach?" "Billy be dead. Be I to ring the bell?"

ment, called from the top of the stairs-

"What 'Billy'?" "The king, to be sure."

"Oh! Yes, Roach; you may toll the

Thus was the news spread that the king was dead, and the young Princess Victoria Queen.

Cherries on the House Tops.

A correspondent writes to a London paper: On the wedding of the Duke of York with the Princess May last year, a party of sightseers sat on the roof of a house in Ludgate-hill, London, and while waiting to see the procession pass, they beguiled the time by eating cherries. A few days ago it was discovered that the gutter of this house was choked, and the man sent up to clear it found four or five lusty young cherry trees growing there. Evidently they had sprung from the cherry stones idly thrown away last year. The fact opens up vast possibilities. In his next discourse on fruit culture Mr. Gladstone will doubtless include a section on the advantages of London house-tops as miniature orchards. And how the errand boys will enjoy their dinner hour when they retire to the root to regale themselves with whitehearts!

Should Fight Shy of France.

It is remarkable that all those princes who have sat on the throne of England, and have espoused the princesses of France, have not only been unpopular with their subjects, but have come to an untimely end: for example, Edward II. married to Isabel, daughter of Philip V., of France, murdered in Berkeley Castle; Richard II., married to Isabel, daughter of Charles VI., of France, murdered in Pontefract Castle; Henry VI., married to Margaret, daughter of Rene, Duke of Anjou, murdered by Richard III.; Charles I., married to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, suffered death on the scaffold.

It was Art. Female friend (examining picture critically, to girl-artist who is an "Impressionist"): "And what is the subject?"

The Artist: "Cows in a meadow." Friend: "Nothing like cows." Artist (severely): "This is not photography; it is art!"

Mission Work in Africa.

From the report of a missionary to Africa: "My congregation refuse to give up cannibalism, but I have succeeded so far in improving their tastes that they now eat with knives and forks."

REPORTING A MURDER.

How Julian Ralph Was Taken for the Murderer.

Once, when I was investigating the horrible and even yet mysterious murder of a young girl in a New Jersey village, I was taken for the murderer by her relatives, whom I could not blame, for they were ignorant, wrought up to an ugly pitch and suspicious of every stranger who came upon the scene. The girl had been buxom and pretty, and yet it must have been a stranger who slew her, they thought, for none who knew her could find it in his heart or in his nature to attempt to wrong her. In the course of a search of the neighborhood I visited the home of the afflicted tamily more than once, and on the last occasion was invited to see the body. As I could not judge what manner of girl she had been without seeing her, I went in. Her three grown up brothers were there, and as I stood beside the coffin one returned to the door of the room, closed it and put his back against it. The others then attempted to carry out a project they had cherished, but concealed, which was to have me touch the body in order that they might see whether blood flowed from the wounds, according as an old superstition holds that such dumb mouths will accuse a murderer. At the moment I would not have done as they wished for a fortune.

"Put your hand on her," said one. "I will not." "Touch her with your hand. You must,

tell you," said another. "You cannot get away. Touch her. They were terribly in earnest. "I will do nothing of the sort," I said, and then I made a very short, but very earnest speech, in which I explained who I was and how easily they could satisfy themselves about me. "And now," said I, advancing to the door. "stand aside and

end this folly-quick!" He obeyed, and in an instant the air of outdoors tasted almost as sweet as anything that I ever drew down my throat.

The Yacht in Romance.

Many wonder why it is that men support expensive steam yachts and go on cruises from place to place the whole season. Very often there are reasons which nobody suspects. The case is known of a wife who encouraged her husband to buy a yacht and took him away, because in that way only could she keep him near her and away from others, if he kept "half seas over" nobody was the wiser. There is a yacht now afloat which cost a great deal of money, which is mainly intended as a sure means of keeping a pretty and romantic young wife close to her husband during the honeymoon. It is only occasionally that she gets ashore, and even it friends are invited on board it is easy to change plans and go off somewhere else, for a yacht, like a woman, is very fickle and changeable, and it is hard to regulate or determine its movements. Still another instance is known of a vacht having been purchased for the express purpose of getting a daughter afloat and keeping her away from an impending unpleasant matrimonial alliance. So the yacht has its own part to play in social affairs.

A Female Bull-Fighter.

Johanna Maestrick, who was born at Berlin, and went, when quite a child, with her parents to Portugal, became a successful bull-fighter. When she was seventeen years of age, a teacher of the art of bullfighting who saw her was struck with her size and beauty, and offered to train her as a torrera, and she made her first appearance in that capacity in an arena at Oporto. A huge crowd collected to witness her performance. She quickly laid two bulls in the saud, and rode off, followed by a band of music and thunders of applause. In 1889 she carried off the first prize at the beauty show held at Lisbon. Bullfighting, though a dangerous occupation, is a well-paid and highly respected one, for the most popular bull-fighter in Spain gets £ 1,000 for each performance.

The Wrong Leg.

She had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. A man had broken his leg. She confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by and broke it into three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirts for bandages. When all was completed she summoned a can and took her patient to the hospital. "Who bandaged this limb so credit-

ably?" enquired the surgeon. "I did," she blushingly replied. "Well, it is most beautifully-most beautifully done; but you have made, I find, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."

Jim's Father Not a Pugilist. Mother-What strange boy was that

you were playing with? A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, Small boy-Jim. "Jim who ?"

"I don't know." "Mercy! There is no telling who he is,

and I don't want you to go with him again until I find out. Perhaps his father is a prize-fighter." "Oh, no, he isn't. Jim said his father was tongue-tied."

After Phychological Facts.

Nothing maddens a man more than to come down to breaktast and have his wife say to him he has been talking in his sleep, and refuse to tell him what he said. Not that his conscience troubles him; oh, no! he is only after phychological facts.

Fishing.

on the veranda of their country house, "I went fishing with Reggie this morning."

The Leading \$1.50 per day nouse of the City, facing the beautiful King Square. Large rooms. Good Table. Efficient service. "Did you? What did you catch?" "I caught Reggie."

Westport, N. S.

Capt. G. C. Haley, of the Schr. Jessie B. says: that for the last 4 years he had been a great sufferer from rheumatism in his knees, which at times swelled up and became very painful. He tried many remedies without success until he obtained some of Dr. Manning's german remedy, which gave him almost instant relief. He also says: "I have used it for indigestion, flatulence, cold in the stomach, cramps, neuralgia, and in fact for almost every kind of pain or ache. I would not be without it, he adds, at any price." Dr. Manning's german remedy is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co'y., St. John N. B., and is for sale by all druggists and dealers.

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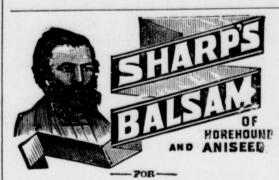
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THE DEADLIEST POISON. Shophanthidin, an Atom of Which Will Kill

a Man.

To the best of our knowledge the most deadly poison is that which was discovered by Prof. Fraser, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and known as shophanthidin. He separated it from the African poison plant, shophanthus hispidus, by means of ether and alcohol. As little as a one-thousandthmillionth part of an ounce of crystalized shophanthidin produces a distinctly injurious effect upon the heart, and a very small quantity is fatal. Another deadly poison is cyanogen gas, the principal ingredients of hydrocyanic or prussic acid. At ordinary temperatures it is simply a gas, but can be condensed by cold and pressure into a thin, colorless liquid and becomes a solid at 30 degrees Fahrenheit. The inhalation in its gaseous state of a most minute quantity would cause instant death. One of the most deadly poisons is arseniuretted hydrogen, or arsenic, which is formed by discomposing an alloy of arsenic and zinc with sulphuric acid. It is a colorless gas, possessing a fetid odor of garlic, and acts as a most deadly poison. Adolph Ferdinand Gehlen, a chemist born about 1775 at Butow, in Pomerania, was the discoverer it. While experimenting with it at Munich, on July 15, he inhaled a single bubble of pure gas and died in eight days from the effects. The accident occurred through his smelling at the joints of his apparatus

fects of this poison in three days. IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

to discover a flaw. Others engaged in

chemical operations have died from the ef-

A Very Smart Young Lawyer Who Decided Against Himself.

About the middle of the last theatrical season an attempt was made to attach the property of a company which was playing at a local house. Some creditor of the star had obtained a judgment against her and meant to sequester the box-office receipts on the last night of the engagement. The local manager consulted a sharp young lawyer with experience in such affairs, and was told how to fix the thing. The plan was for the star to turn the receipts over to the local manager in good legal form. This was done, and the deputy sheriff had to return his writ marked 'no goods.'

There was a number of companies in straits last season. One of them played that same house about the last week of the season. There was again an importunate creditor, a judgment and an attachment. The sharp young lawyer was in the case again also, but this time he represented the creditor. He made his preparations for attaching the box-office. The local manager needed no legal advice this time. He put in practice the trick the sharp young lawyer had taught him on the previous occasion. The lawyer, in the meantime, had forgotten that the trick was of his own devising. He blustered when it was sprung on him, and said: 'That won't hold water for a minute; what fool is your lawyer?' 'You are,' replied the local manager, suavely. And it held water!'

With Their Jackets On.

The late Dr. Letheby made a series of careful examinations some years ago, for the purpose of determining the effects of cooking potatoes without removing the skins. He found that when potatoes were cooked without removing the skins, the loss of nutritive material by extraction of the juice of the potato was about 3 per cent. When the skins were removed before boiling, the loss was 14 per cent., or oneseventh. It thus appears that the removal ville Building to 68 PRINCE of the skins before boiling is a very wasteful process, and these experiments explain why baked potatoes are more palatable than boiled. It is also evident that a roasted or baked potato is more nutritious than a boiled potato.

Maternal Solicitude.

A young negro left Valparaiso in his early childhood. He was taken to Marseilles, where by dint of energy and skill he has acquired a certain competency. He does not neglect his parents who are left behind, but writes to them regularly. The other day his old mother wrote to him an affectionate reply, which contained the tollowing passage: "My dear boy, I trust that in the midst of all your prosperity you have not forgotten our origin, and that you have remained a negro."

A Prince Invented the Mezzotint.

The mezzotint was invented by Prince Rupert. He himself was a practical engraver, and was seeking to perfect the processes employed in his time. One morning he walked out from his honse at Brussels and came upon a soldier about to clean his gun, which had been out all night in the rain and had become rusty. The cloth applied by the soldier to the barrel brought away an impression, and the mezzotint was soon a reality.

Touched by His Loneliness.

An old darky was out yesterday perambulating the streets with a stock of fish for sale. "Here's your fine fish," said he, "buy from the old man who has got nobody in the world except nine children." A chord of sympathy in the hearts of many was touched by the old man's plaint of loneliness, and he soon had all of his fish disposed of.

Doubtful. Willie-"Look, Paw! Who's the tall man with the wide hat?" Papa-"And the long hair?"

"Yes, and the buckskin suit?" "I cannot say my child, whether be is a

It Wouldn't Work on Cows.

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir; lie down !"

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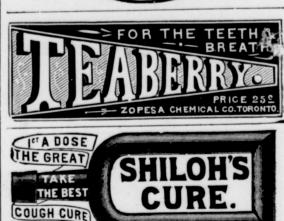
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