

GRANT'S FALL AND RISE.

HE WAS ONCE DISMISSED FROM THE ARMY.

For Drinking a Glass of Liquor, and thus Breaking a Pledge his Major had Caused Him to Sign—How He Again Became a Colonel.

The majority of people who know much about the life of Grant are aware that he graduated from the Military academy at West Point, and remained in the army for some years, when he left the service, to enter it again when his services were needed and troops were called out to suppress the rebellion. Gen. Grant was a captain in the Fourth Infantry at the time of his resignation, and his regiment was stationed in Oregon. Major R. C. Buchanan, also a graduate of the academy, who was a fine type of the old-time soldier, was in command of the battalion to which Capt. Grant's company was attached.

"Old Buck," as Major Buchanan was generally called in the army, was rigid and unbending in his manner and the sternest of disciplinarians. He took it into his head that Capt. Grant was drinking too much, and said so to him. At that time there was a good deal of drinking in the army. Finally in the spring of 1854.

"Old Buck" made Grant sign a pledge, which, with his resignation, he placed in Major Buchanan's hands. Grant meant to keep his word, but one cold morning he called upon a brother officer, who had just brought his wife to the post. Of course, there were refreshments, and among them egg nog, and Grant was invited by the bride to join her in a glass of this delicious drink, little thinking of the consequences, as she did not know of the captain's pledge, and he took one. "What possessed me I never could tell," Grant said brokenly to a brother officer as he told him the story, "but the first thing I knew I had broken my pledge." A few days after this Capt. Grant was sent for by Major Buchanan. Poor Grant knew what was coming as he walked across the parade ground to the office of the commanding officer, and when he entered the office several brother officers left. Major Buchanan nodded to his adjutant, who also left the office, leaving the poor captain to "face the music" alone. Holding two papers in his hand, Major Buchanan said in his sternest manner:

"Capt. Grant, here are two papers you signed two months ago. One is your pledge, the other your resignation. Is it true that you have broken the former?"

Grant met his commanding officer's eye fearlessly. "Yes, sir, it is true," he said. "What do you deem my duty in the matter of your resignation?" was the major's next question.

There was a moment's silence. Then Grant spoke: "You are an old soldier, Major Buchanan. You do not need instruction from me. But, since you have asked me the question, I will answer it. It is your duty to send in the resignation of any officer who breaks his pledge, and I know of no reason why an exception to the rule should be made in the case before you."

"That is all, sir," answered "Old Buck," as he rose and bowed poor Grant out. Two months later an official communication reached the post. It informed Capt. U. S. Grant that his resignation had been accepted, to take effect July 31, 1854. This was the end of it, and Capt. Grant ceased to be an army officer from that date. He packed up his goods, and early one morning left for the East.

In the spring of 1861 a captain of the regular army was ordered to repair to Springfield, Ill., and begin the duties of mustering officer. He found on his arrival at the Capitol that the adjutant-general of the State was a young man who knew very little of army matters and papers, and who was really of no assistance to him in making out the intricate muster rolls. He was told by the adjutant-general that he was authorized to hire a clerk. That same day, while he was working over a pile of muster rolls, the door of his office opened and a man, plainly clad and wearing a heavy brown beard, entered. Walking up to the desk he said:

"Why, don't you know me, Tom?" "It's Sam Grant, isn't it?" replied the captain, as he rose and warmly shook hands with his comrade of West Point and the Mexican war days. He ran his eyes over Grant, and it was clear that he was not prosperous.

"I've come here to get something to do, but I've no influence and I'm getting discouraged. Can't you give me something to do?" Grant asked.

"I need a clerk to help me with these rolls," said the captain, "and if you will take the place at \$100 a month I will be glad to have you."

Grant accepted at once, and hanging his not very new slouch hat on a peg, he was soon hard at work. He gradually told his old comrade his story. He blamed no one but himself, and all he wanted was a chance to redeem the past—just one chance.

"If I can get that chance for you I will, Sam," answered the captain. "I'll try and get you a commission."

A few days later the chance arrived. News reached Springfield that Gen. Polk was on his way to Cairo with 20,000 men. The War Department directed that every available man be sent to the front at once. There were 3,000 men in camp. The captain reported to the governor that he was ready to muster in three regiments. Uniforms and arms had been issued that morning. Nothing but the mustering in and the making out of the commissions for the field officers remained to be done.

"Governor, who are you going to appoint colonels and lieutenant-colonels of these new regiments?" inquired the captain. "I ask because if the news be true these regiments will be led into battle by those officers in forty-eight hours."

The room was full of candidates for these positions, and they listened uneasily to the reply.

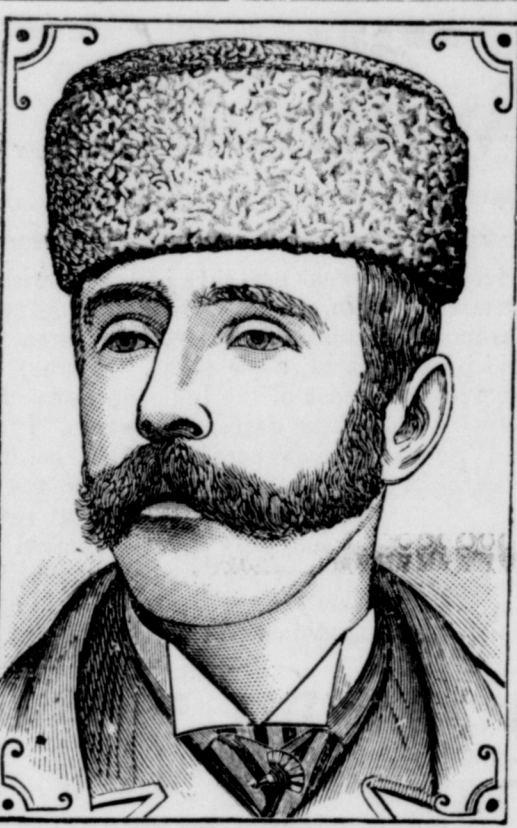
"By Jove! I don't want my troops destroyed because their officers are untrained," answered the Governor. "Have you any suggestions to make?"

"I have in my office," said the mustering officer, "an old soldier. He was at West Point with me and also served through the Mexican war. He knows his

THE KNIFE USED WITHOUT EFFECT B.B.B. RESTORED PERFECT HEALTH.



MISS REINHARDT.
GENTLEMEN.—After having undergone two operations for Kidney Complaint without securing the least relief, and hearing of some remarkable cures made by B.B.B. in our neighborhood, I decided to try it. I was given up by the doctors after the operations failed, and it was providential that I heard of B.B.B. After the use of six bottles I experienced so great relief and so great a change for the better that I felt the good effects would be lasting, as indeed they have been. The seventh bottle perfectly cured me and I am now stronger and better than I ever was before. People who saw me before I took B.B.B. and who see me now can scarcely believe that I am the same person.
FABIOLA REINHARDT, Quebec, Que.



MR. MCCONACHIE.
SOUND AS A DOLLAR.
GENTLEMEN.—About three months ago I was all used up with Rheumatism, suffering more than torture from it frequently. I took three bottles of your valuable medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters, and now feel all O.K. again. Some six years ago I took a few bottles of B.B.B. and found it the best medicine I had ever used. I had the very best of health until this attack of Rheumatism, but now I am glad to say that B.B.B. has made me as sound as a dollar.
A. MCCONACHIE, Kenabutch P.O., Ont.

The Only Cure for Dyspepsia B.B.B.



ERNEST MCGREGOR.
WORST KIND OF DYSPEPSIA.
GENTLEMEN.—I write to inform you that for years I had been troubled with Dyspepsia, and having tried other medicines which entirely failed, I at last found relief and cure in Burdock Blood Bitters, of which I took two bottles, the result being a perfect cure. Although only a young lad I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for four or five years, but I can say now that B.B.B. does its work faithfully in the worst kind of Dyspepsia and has proved itself the only cure for me.
ERNEST MCGREGOR, Whitby, Ont.

business. I recommend him for a commission as colonel or lieutenant-colonel of one of these regiments."

"I will give your friend the commission of colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment upon your recommendation. Make out his commission," said the governor, turning to his adjutant-general.

"What is his name, Captain?" "Ulysses S. Grant," said the Captain.

Half an hour later the captain laid on the desk in front of his clerk, Sam Grant, his commission as Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, saying:

"Here's your chance, Sam."

And so it was. The rest is history.

A COSTLY GRAVEL WALK.

It is Made from the Pebbles Found in Coffee Sacks.

A well known American coffee merchant boasts of having at his country place the most expensive gravel walk in the world. His firm annually imports from Brazil as many as 25,000 sacks of coffee. In every sack there will be found from one to three pounds of small pebbles. They do not get there by accident, but are put in to make weight, just as the unscrupulous Chinaman adds blue clay in solution to the tea he sends over to this country.

The presence of the pebbles is a rule that very rarely has an exception. For

years the discovery of the guilty little pellets was a source of constant annoyance and expense, consequent upon the breaking and injuring of grinding machinery. The genius came to the aid of the coffee roaster, and invented a machine somewhat in order of that delicate apparatus to be found in banks, which detects and throws to one side light-weight gold coin.

The coffee beans, by this device, are passed into a hopper which leads them to a broad wire belt, where they spread out. A strong fan-blast removes particles of husks, covers, etc., to one side. In a manner inexplicable to the bystander the pebbles roll to one side of the belt and pass into a chute which leads to a bin, while the coffee goes marching on to the end of the belt, where it drops into a bin, from which it passes to the parching department.

There are a dozen or more of the machines in operation day and night. The amount of pebbles in a sixty-pound sack of coffee will average over two pounds the year through, or, in this establishment, a total of 50,000 pounds annually. The coffee importer began the construction of his novel garden path five years ago, and about 25,000 pounds of Brazilian pebbles have gone into it. Inasmuch as every pound of these pebbles was paid for as coffee, at not less, say, than fivepence per pound, the garden walk represents, and is, already a souvenir of the duplicity

of the Brazilian exporter to the extent of over \$25,000.

A Child's Question.

"Teddy!" said the governess whose appearance is unfortunately quite the reverse of the disposition which she possesses, to a child who was making all sorts of hideous grimaces with his countenance. "You mustn't do that; some of these days you may perhaps make a very ugly face, and not be able to restore it to its original aspect. You wouldn't like that to happen, would you?"

"No, indeed, Miss Brown!" answered the child; "that I shouldn't!" adding, in a tone of real sympathy, as he sidled up to his dearly-loved, but distinctly ugly governess, "Tell me, Miss Brown, please, did you once make a very ugly face?"

Drugs Dangerous to Compound.

Violent explosions occur when permanganate of potash, glycerine and alcohol are compounded in certain proportions before the water is added to the prescription. A doctor may thoughtlessly prescribe a liniment of tincture of iodine and ammonia, which, if left to itself, is liable to explode with violence. Iodoform and bromine in certain combinations, which physicians may imprudently order, may explode with dangerous force. A druggist who was putting up a prescription of chlorate of potash,

combined with one of the ferruginous salts and hypophosphite of lime, was seriously wounded by the exploding mixture. Another pharmacist, while mixing chlorate of potash with saccharine in a mortar, had the mortification of seeing the mixture explode, burning him badly and shattering his shop.

A Composition.

An exchange reports that a small boy in one of the Germantown, Pa., public schools wrote a composition on King Henry VIII., which reads as follows: "King Henry 8th was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annie Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterward executed, and the 2nd was revoked. Henry 8th was succeeded to the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Beresford's Ride.

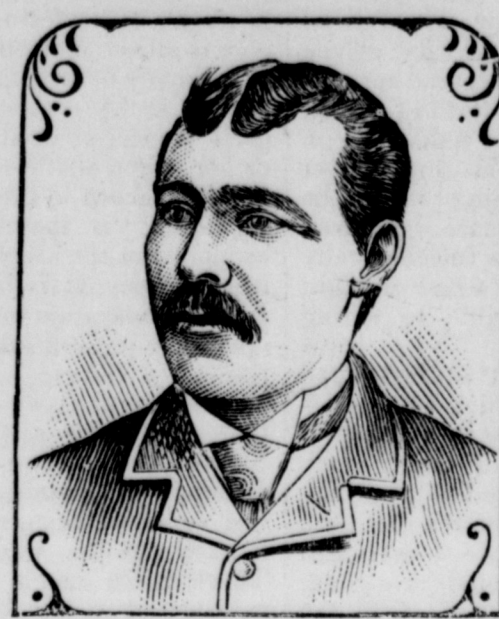
One of Lord "Bill" Beresford's smartest performances was whilst he was with his regiment at Cork. The barracks stand high, and "Bill" was dared by a fellow-officer to drive a four-in-hand down from the summit. He accepted the challenge, and with it a bet of £50. Then he got his four-in-hand, took off all the wheels, and drove down with perfect safety to

A PERFECT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.



HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.
GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years, and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, started to use B.B.B. and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.
BERT J. REID, Wingham, Ont.

SPOTS AND BLEMISHES. Troublesome Scrofula, POSITIVELY CURED BY B. B. B.



DEAR SIRS.—I am thankful to say that through the use of B.B.B. I am strong and healthy to-day. I was troubled with Scrofula and spots and blemishes all over my body. Being recommended to try B.B.B. I did so, and can positively say that it made a perfect cure. The first bottle was very successful, and before I had taken half of the second I was completely well. I recommend B.B.B. to all comers.
LORENZO PULISTON, Sydney Mines, C.B.

CONSTIPATION CURED 99 TIMES IN 100 BY B.B.B.



MRS. FISHER.
A Splendid Remedy.
SIR.—I think it my duty to make known the great benefit I received from B.B.B. I was troubled with constipation and debility, and used three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, which relieved me from suffering. I esteem this splendid remedy above all others and recommend it to all suffering from constipation.
MRS. E. FISHER, Brantford, Ont.

ON ALL SIDES
LIVING WITNESSES
TELL HOW

BBB FOR THE BLOOD **Burdock BLOOD BITTERS** **BBB FOR THE BLOOD**

CURES
All diseases of the Stomach,
Liver, Kidneys, Bowels
and Blood.

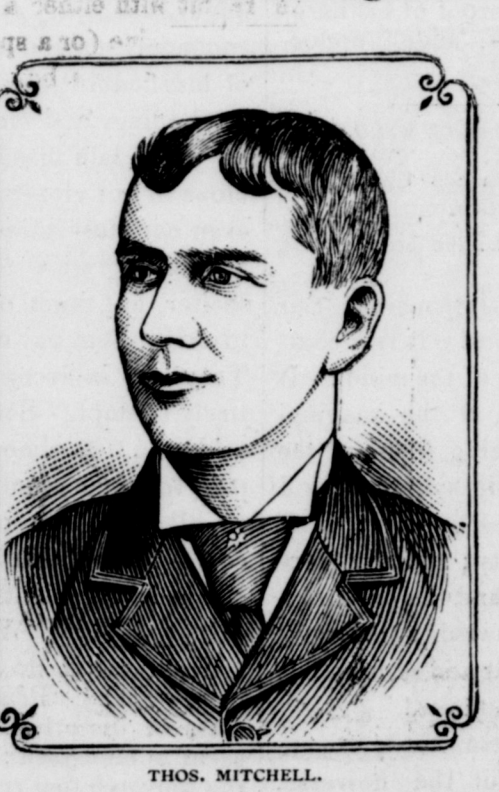
Severe Headache EVERY DAY. B.B.B. A COMPLETE CURE.



MISS FLORA McDONALD.
DEAR SIRS.—I had severe headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicine and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must try B.B.B. because it is the best medicine ever made. I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for Headaches and as a Blood Purifier, is the best in the world, and am glad to recommend it to all my friends.
MISS FLORA McDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

B.B.B. Saved His Life.

Once Pale and Weak—Now Well and Strong.



THOS. MITCHELL.
DEAR SIRS.—Last winter I was very thin and reducing very fast owing to the bad state of my system. I suffered from Biliousness, Bad Blood and Lost Appetite, and the result was very severe Dyspepsia in addition. A friend induced me to try B.B.B., and although I had but little confidence in it I did so. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine, and now feel quite strong again and can eat almost anything without ill effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend B.B.B., for I feel that it saved my life.
THOS. MITCHELL, Joyn P.O.

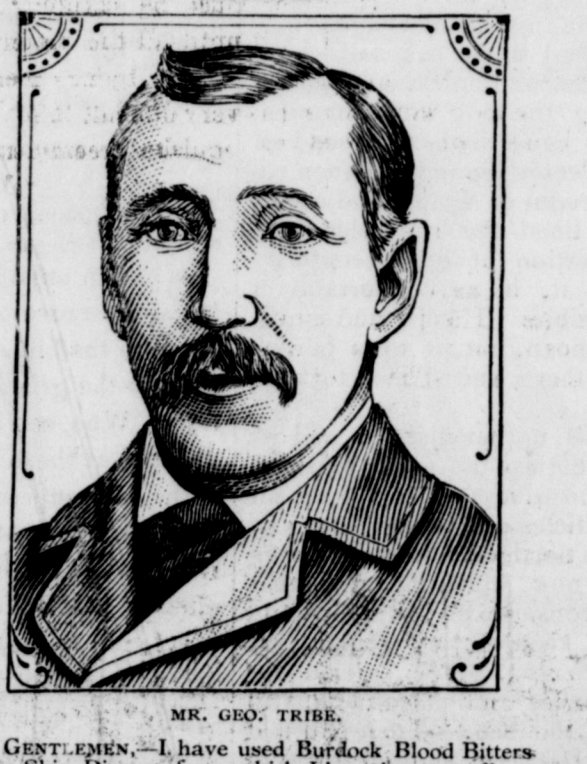
BILIOUSNESS CURED BY B. B. B. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED.



BILIOUSNESS CURED.
GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B.B.B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all.
Yours truly,
WM. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg, Late of Keith, Ont.

A SCALY ERUPTION. UNENDURABLE ITCHING.

Suffered Three Years—Now Perfectly Cured by B. B. B.



MR. GEO. TRIBE.
GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for Skin Disease, from which I have been a sufferer for three years. I have used six bottles and am now entirely cured. I tried other remedies, such as Donald Kennedy's Medical Discovery and the Cuticura Remedies, but all to no good. I doctored one year with the best physicians in the land; they pronounced my disease a Scaly Eruption but could not remove it. It came on in red blotches and spread over my body; the skin became dry and formed hard white scales. The itching was intolerable, but I am now completely cured and I owe it all to B.B.B. I advise all sufferers to use it, as its equal cannot be found.
GEO. TRIBE, Stratfordville, Ont.

himself and the horses, if with some slight damage to the vehicle.

A Plausible Excuse.

"Didn't you say six months ago that if Miss Tipkins wouldn't marry you, you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Tipkins married someone else three months ago, and yet you haven't."

"Oh, it's easy to talk; but, let me tell you, it is not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."

THEORY EXPLODED.

The Belief that Bright's Disease is Incurable no Longer Holds Good.

SOMERSET, Man., March 18.—The old time theory of medical men that Bright's disease was incurable has been exploded to the satisfaction of all the people in this part of Canada. Arthur Coley a well-known farmer, living near here, was attacked by the disease in the autumn of 1893. He was prostrated by it during the whole of the following winter. He and his friends were convinced that he would not live through the past summer. But to-day he is alive and hearty and working like a nailer to make up for the time he lost while sick. The happy change is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only sure remedy for any kidney disease.