

PEABODY'S ROMANCE.

"Yes, I know George Peabody personally."

The speaker had a two-story head; such a tall forehead could not tower up in a head of only one story. It was thatched with silver now; for that head was eighty-five years old. Under the pent-house of jet black bushy eyebrows, what bright eyes, looked out. Old age never cools the Douglas blood. Nor does it dim the Douglas. He was sitting in a great arm chair, on the broad back gallery of an old-fashioned Southern home, and it was the grandchild leaning against his knee who asked him the questions: "Did you ever see George Peabody? Did you know him?"

"Yes, little Ethel," he went on, "I knew George Peabody well. I was merchandising at Madison Courthouse, Va., and George Peabody was a wholesale merchant in Baltimore. I always bought my goods from him. No man had had dealings with him once ever torsock him for another man. It never occurred to me that he was a great man, but I felt the power of the absolute straightforwardness and simplicity of his character. Then his integrity was exactly what the word implies—wholeness, entireness, soundness throughout—everywhere, in length, breadth, and thickness. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, but in the chain of characteristics that went to the making up of George Peabody's character there was no weakest link. All were sound and strong."

"Grandpa," said little Ethel, "I know he was a good man, a great man, for we have been studying all about him in our grade, before his money first started our public school down in Selma, Ala., and we have his picture on our walls there, and Miss Emily told us all about him, but somehow, grandpa, I don't love him much. And I never will love him much."

"Why, my child, I don't understand you. It seems to me that every child in the South ought to love George Peabody."

"Well, grandpa, they don't. The little darkeys are not going to love him because he didn't give them any money for their education. All the white children love him except me, and I don't love him one bit. There! I wanted to say that, and I feel so much better that I have said it. That old cracker woman in Factory Row said to her little child the other day: 'I allus loved that ef you got sump'n to say don't keep chawin' of it; jest let in and spit hit out.' Well, I've spit that out and I feel better."

"Can little Ethel give any reason for her feeling? It won't do to say 'because,' you know that never satisfies grandpa. Why is it? Tell me now that you do not love George Peabody after all the history of his noble deeds has been unraveled before you? Can you account to yourself for the fact that he excites no enthusiasm in the heart of a little enthusiast noted for being a hero-worshiper?"

"Why, grandpa, you ought to know," said the child, with that same biding away of sacred thoughts that we see in older people. "You ought to know it anybody in the world does."

"But, girlie, I do not," said the child, nestling up to the old man and laying her curly golden head upon his breast, while he put his arm around her. "I love grandpa, and George Peabody wouldn't get married, and wouldn't have any little boys and girls, and they didn't grow up like my mamma did, and have another little girl like me. I love old men to be grandpas. I don't like George Peabody and John Greenleaf Whittier. I don't mind about Washington Irving because it was so sad about his sweetheart. You know she died, and he never, never never loved anybody else, and so he couldn't get married you know, but had to live on with a broken heart. Oh I love him; indeed I do; but George Peabody—no, I don't like him a bit. I only admire him, and stand quite still, and make a nice dignified bow to him. My heart don't beat any faster, and I don't feel the blood hurrying along up to my face as you say it does when I am very glad and happy. I just look at his picture, and say, all to myself, good morning, sir. You are a very great man, but little Ethel don't love you one bit, not even one tiny teeny, tawny wee bit of a bit."

"Ah, you romantic little child-woman, I understand; I understand. But listen; let grandpa tell you something that he heard in old Virginia such a long long time ago, that he cannot remember who told him. It seems that I have known it always. Here it is: Once upon a time a long while ago, there was a fresh, pretty wholesome, sweet young girl; a girl as true as steel, as modest as a violet; a girl who was a 'very woman of very woman.' She was like Bassanio, the only wealth she had ran in her veins; she was like the milkmaid who sang. 'My face is my fortune.' Beautiful and well born, and with a fair soul. Well a man much older than this girl saw her, grew to know her well, loved her. With the strong true abiding love of a mature man in his heart he went to her and with all the simplicity of truth told her of his love and asked her to be his wife. This man was the rich merchant, George Peabody. The girl did not flush beneath his ardent gaze; she grew pale; her bosom heaved, her eyelids dropped over the eyes where he had hoped to see love looked back into his own. With the worshipping love that fills the heart of him who loves nobly, he waits for a moment in a silence so deep that he hears his own heart beat. Tears escape from the down dropped eyes of the girl; her lip trembles. Then, as it with a supreme effort, she raises her eyes, looks into his, and said: 'I cannot bear to pain you—but, oh, oh—I love another. I love a man in your employ, a poor clerk. I am going to marry him. Forgive me. Forgive us both. He loves me and I love him.'

"Oh, grandpa, what did he do? What did George Peabody do? I am so sorry for him; it hurts me to think about him. I must open my eyes wide so that I cannot see him. My eyes make pictures when they are shut," and I cannot bear to look at his face now, grandpa."

"Tell me, what did he do?"

"He bade her good-by: he told her he hoped she would be happy, and believed that she would be, for the young man was worthy of the love of a true woman. Then he left her."

"Shortly afterward the young man received sudden promotion from Mr. Peabody, then added a partner in the

business. When the wedding took place, Mr. Peabody was an honored guest at the wedding, and his bridal gift was a check for many, many thousands of dollars."

"No, little Ethel, George Peabody did not set his life to the music of a gentle voice and the patter of little feet, but he was tender and true as Douglas of old—tenderer and truer, perhaps, than any of the grandpas, whose little ones nestle lovingly in their arms."

"Very quietly little Ethel climbed down from her grandpa's lap and went into the house. A moment later she returned, her eyes shining through her tears. 'I went to get my history, grandpa. His picture is in it. I wanted to kiss him and tell him that I loved him just like my grandpa.'"

MONGOOSE AGAINST COBRA.

How the Little Fighting Animal Vanquishes the Most Deadly of Serpents.

One of the most interesting and curious animals known to India are the mongooses. They belong to the weasel tribe, and are about the size of half-grown cats. They are dark brown in color, and have long and rather bushy tails. To see them in the jungles playing with their half dozen young is one of the most interesting and entertaining pleasures of jungle life. In their wild state they are exceedingly timid, and scamper off to their hidden retreat at a moment's warning. When taken young they are easily tamed and make agreeable pets.

Both natives and Europeans value them highly, as they will soon clear the premises of the numerous hordes of mice and rats that often abound, and also make way with the larger noxious insects to a great degree. Domesticated, they are cunning and mischievous, fond of milk and eggs, will feed upon any leavings from the table, and are easily reared. They never, however, forget their jungle habits, and cannot be trained so as not to molest either their masters, or the neighbors' chickens or pigeons, and, like their near relative the weasel, they often destroy a whole coopful of chickens in one night, merely cutting the throat with their sharp incisors, sucking the blood from their victim, and leaving the body untouched.

The peculiar trait of this little animal is its great antipathy to the whole serpent tribe. The greatest of interest is always manifested when it is known that a battle is to take place between a mongoose and a cobra. Often Europeans secure a large cobra and, placing it in an unoccupied room, feed it for several days until it is strong and lively, then introduce its natural enemy and watch the terrific conflict.

This is accompanied with much danger, for in captivity the serpent will rarely eat of its own accord. But the enthusiastic youth will put on heavy boots and thick clothing, tie a handkerchief around his neck and about his face, enclose his hands in a pair of thick buckskin gloves, then fearlessly enter the room, catch the venomous creature near the head and force down its throat a number of raw eggs. This process is repeated almost every day for a week or two, until the reptile becomes strong, lively, and powerful.

The mongoose also is not neglected, for it must be in good condition as possible so as to meet its adversary with equal advantage. Both being in excellent condition the battle is announced, and never fails in bringing a large crowd of interested witnesses.

The mongoose is introduced into the room, and immediately the most furious and absorbingly interesting conflict ever seen commences. It is usually a deadly combat, and unless interfered with is always so. The serpent seems to know its enemy. At once its head is erected and hood expanded; dancing and swaying from side to side it advances slowly, carefully to give battle. The hissing and smothered growling, and the glittering eyes and flashing fiery tongue of the maddened reptile is a scene of awful malignity. The mongoose is in no way daunted by the furious anger manifested by its terrible antagonist, and stealthily but cautiously advances. Watch the beautiful little fellow. All our sympathy is with our friend. See him circle round, seeking an advantage. But he is met at every turn by the subtle enemy. If the serpent strikes the mongoose while it is on the ground, which sometimes happens, and has a chance to turn its head, the deadly poison is injected through its fangs and the battle is over, for now the mongoose hurriedly seeks an avenue for escape, and will hasten into the jungle, where some believe it finds an antidote for the poison unknown to humanity. Mongooses have often been closely followed after such a catastrophe, but so far their secret cure has never been discovered. The poison acts so quickly that unless allowed to escape, the poor little creatures soon succumb.

But the mongoose rarely allows such an accident to happen. It is usually quicker than the striking serpent, and often catches the head of its adversary in midair. The wonderful agility of this animal is marvelous. If it gets a good hold of the serpent's jaw, then there is tremendous tussle, and for a time cobra and mongoose are indistinguishable as they roll, flounder, and struggle. They break away, the mongoose retreats and gets his wind, while the serpent seems loath to continue. It dare not follow any seeming advantage, for the mongoose never loses courage as long as it escapes the twisted head of the serpent, and the serpent's head must twist before the death-dealing power is effectual.

They go in for another round. The serpent erect and bleeding at the mouth, is maddened beyond expression. Its wary enemy approaches, it possible, more cautiously than before. It crouches and creeps; the serpent strikes; the mongoose dodges away from its reach. Again it goes through a similar movement and bounds at the head of the serpent, the serpent strikes, and the mongoose lands opposite. As quick as a flash again it jumps for the serpent's head, inflicts a slight wound and lands just beyond the lightning-like strike of

the serpent and as quickly turns to the charge, seizing the serpent close to the head on the neck. The serpent for the moment is pinned to the ground. It lashes its tail and turns its head in every direction, endeavoring to shake off the plucky mongoose. The struggle is desperate and successful, for suddenly the mongoose is away out of reach of its dreadful fangs. Panting and almost breathless, it rests for more wind on one side of the room, while the serpent, bleeding and almost exhausted, coils itself in the centre.

We wonder if the mongoose is wounded, as with its tongue it laps the blood off its body and curiously examines itself with its nose. But see, it is all alert; watch its beautiful, twinkling eyes. It still has all the marks of cunning mischievousness peculiar to its species. Again it is ready for the fray and seeks its enemy. The serpent, with watchful eyes, would escape if it were possible. But no such chance is given. Up goes the bleeding head, sore, wild and angry. It freely bleeds from mouth and neck, but it is full of active, venomous life. Oh, that terrible bloody head; again a rush; they have closed. The tumult is wild, with blood, serpent, and mongoose. We watch with suppressed emotion. The mongoose has its favorite hold. In the struggle, quicker than human eye could follow, it has caught the serpent by the jaw and holds it close to the ground. But the serpent has wrapped its folds two and three times around the body of the mongoose and is endeavoring to squeeze by contraction its precious little life away.

We are almost compelled to rush to its rescue and remark: "It all up with the mongoose." One of the bystanders replies: "Be patient, the mongoose is all right." But look, and you can almost hear its bones crack as the serpent contracts its black coils and struggles to crush. The mongoose is lifted clear from the ground, hind legs extended, and its body is almost covered with blood. But with its head; see its jaws move as it crunches the head of the serpent. They lie together thus some minutes, when it is perceived that the serpent is slowing relaxing its coils. The mongoose quickly takes a better hold. A few more crunches and the victory is gained, as is known, when suddenly the mongoose moves off, dragging the limp and dead body of the snake after him.

The courageous little fellow seemed none the worse for the fearful ordeal he has passed through. He had gained a brilliant victory over the six-foot length of his adversary, and in seeming delight he lapped his furry side of the blood of the reptile.

GRASS INSTEAD OF BRISTLES.

A Museum Man's Scheme for Producing a Wonderful Natural Phenomenon.

For the insignificant sum of ten cents the curiously inclined might have the privilege of seeing during any day of last month in a little museum way down in the French quarter of New Orleans no less a curiosity than a hog sporting a complete and bona fide crop of grass all over his body "in de place whar de ha' ought to grow."

This sounds like the most preposterous thing on record, and so your correspondent conceived it to be until he came to the point of sacrificing a dime on the altar of his incredulity, and beheld with his own eyes the wonder. The animal appeared to be a well-grown nine or ten months' shoot of the Essex bred, with the usual broad back, chubby neck, and short legs, but from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail he was bristling with as perfect fresh green grass as the finest lawn mixture is warranted to produce.

The exhibitor from time to time clipped a stray bit of grass from the hog's abundant crop and passed it around for inspection. I am willing to testify on oath that it was the genuine article and no mistake, and the more I gazed the more the wonder grew that one short hog should wear so strange a hue, till finally my curiosity got the better of my purse strings and I chipped in with some other fellows and got the man to let us on to the fake.

"Easy enough explained," said the exhibitor as he began to spray the animated grass plot with a small rubber bulb which he held constantly in his hand. "Just step behind him and take a close look at the hog. Mind how you handle him, though, or you may break him all up. Seems to be a pretty good thickness of earth 'twix him and the grass, don't there? Yes, Well, that's just it. Grass grows in dirt and nowhere else, so all you've got to do is to get enough of it to stick to a hog, and he will make you about as good a lawn as you'd find anywhere almost."

"That's straight so far as it goes, but, of course, there is a good deal more to it before you can work up such an article as this here. In the first place you've got to get the right kind of a hog. Generally use a Berkshire or an Essex because they are good and broad and you can feed 'em up to be pretty lazy. This is necessary, of course, as a frisky hog is not liable to hold mud or water either for long at a time. The next step is to get right kind of soil."

"Now, I always use dirt collected from ant hills, but this is an old dodge borrowed from the East Indian jugglers, who can make a mango sprout and grow six or seven feet in as many minutes. Scientists say that is the formic acid in earth which causes seed to burst and the germ to develop when placed therein, and this acid is freely generated by the ant. Four a cupful of hot water over a handful of insects and it will become as sour as vinegar. Well, that's the scientific part of the business, and I don't pretend to know much about it, but I don't know that I obtain the best results from ant-hill dirt, and that's all I want."

"Of course it is easy enough to get a layer of soil about an inch thick caked up on a hog, and a little training will teach

him to keep it there all right. I put a ring in this fellow's nose and tie him up short so that he can't skirmish around, and that's about all. I plant my seed, and that's time, for I haven't quite gotten up to the jugglers' minute performance yet. So there's your hog as big as 'tite and as green as grass."

"I have several hogs, which I use at different times, as it would not do to keep one with his pores stopped up too long. Sometimes, too, I vary the monotony by planting small, lowgrowing flowers instead of grass, and once I rigged up a vagary with a sprig of smilax for the tail, little coleus plants making the Stars and Stripes on either side and a razor-back of pansies running between. But that did not go very well. The take was too obvious, and I lost trade by it. Since then I have confined myself almost entirely to grass, which seems to go, somehow, perhaps owing to the general greenness of the public."

Concerning the Nightcap.

The nightcaps almost universally worn some twenty-five years ago are now quite as universally discarded. There is a diversity of opinion in regard to the wisdom of this change. While some doctors assert that there is much less baldness since they were abandoned, others declare, with equal fervor, that neuralgia and catarrh are much more common since the nightcap was banished from the wardrobe.

AGAIN AT WORK AT HIS BENCH. Let's have a short talk with short words. As for myself, I always did like people to talk so I could understand them the first time, and not have to overhaul their words afterwards to find out what they wanted to say.

Did you ever see people that made you think of a rabbit in the grass, always looking out for things to get scared at and to run away from? Of course. Now what is natural in a rabbit may not be so in a man. The rabbit can't fight, and so he has to run. But a human being ought not to get flustered so easily. We are made to stand our ground better.

Here is one who says, "If any one knocked at the door it set my heart all in a flutter." We won't say that this man wanted common courage, for that isn't true. He was naturally as plucky as you are, but something had gone wrong with him. Poke a straw against the back of a man's hand and he takes no notice; poke it in his eyes and he dies.

Now every sound that comes to the ear strikes against a set of nerves—little white cords—inside of it, and the nerves carry the news to the brain, close by. When these nerves are in good form we don't mind one sound in ten thousand. But when they are sore, weak, and tender, a penny dropped on the floor makes a racket like the firing of a pistol. The person with the sore nerves jumps, and his heart struggles as a canary bird does when you hit its cage a whack with a stick—a mean thing to do. So you see a man may have courage enough to be a general in the army and still be upset by a sudden knock on his door. It is not the man, it is his nervous system that flutters. "No difference," you say? Yes there is—a lot of difference.

There. Now we will have the whole story in Mr. Shaw's own words, which are short and plain as the words in the books our little ones read at school. He goes on to say, "I am a poet and shoe maker, and have lived in the district 60 years. I was always sound and all right up to October, 1888. Then I fell ill without knowing what ailed me. My mouth tasted badly, my appetite failed, and after eating I had pain in the chest and sides. I often felt dizzy, as if I should fall, and had a deal of palpitation of the heart, I got so nervous that if any one knocked at the door it set my heart all in a flutter. Later on I was seized with pains in the back and kidneys, that were like being stabbed with a knife. The secretion from my kidneys was thick and white and passed only with straining and difficulty. The pain in my bladder made me suffer like a martyr at night. My friends told me I had Bright's disease, and could not get well. I got so weak I could hardly walk, and often I could only work at my trade five minutes or so at a time."

"I took all kinds of medicine, but got no relief. In it is way I lived along for three years, when a gentleman living at Gainsboro' told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I bought a bottle at Broomhead's drug store, West Stockwith, and when I had used it up I had no more pain, and the flow from my kidneys was of a natural color. When I had finished a second bottle I felt like a new man. By an occasional dose since then I keep in good health. My friends say my recovery is a miracle. After what I have gone through I am surprised to find myself alive and well. Several people who had the same complaint and had the best medical treatment, are now in their graves. I am confident Seigel's Syrup would have cured them. (Signed) William Shaw, East Stockwith, near Gainsboro', January 3rd, 1893."

We end this plain and impressive case in a few more short words. Mr. Shaw's complaint was indigestion and dyspepsia, which both starved and poisoned his nerves, and would, no doubt, soon have wholly stopped the beating of that troubled heart of his. Thank Mercy, he got the remedy before it was too late! Minds and bodies, b'ides and minds! Yet where is our courage, power, and skill when these poor bodies are torn by disease? To help us at such times is the mission of good Mother Seigel.

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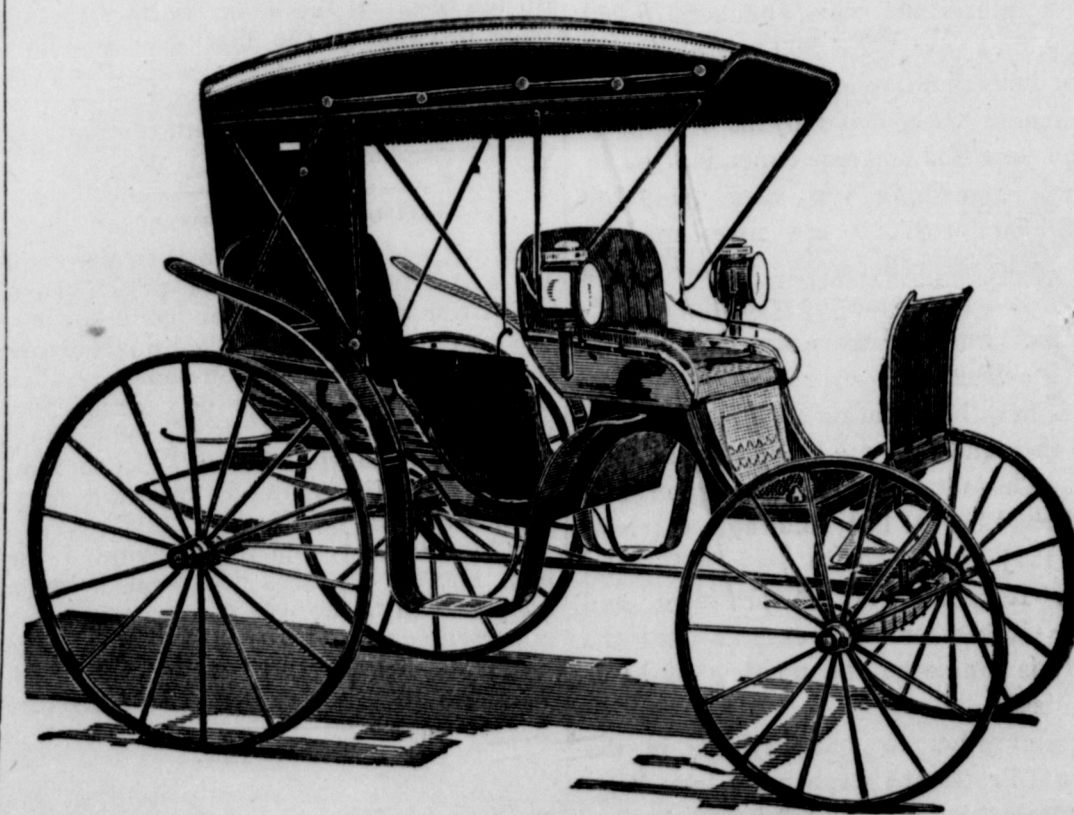
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