

HUNTED BY HOUNDS.

More than sixty years ago two boys became friends under very peculiar circumstances, and the friendship lasted a lifetime.

Thomas Ladd, then about 15, and of an adventurous and fearless disposition, was crossing, or attempting to cross, an overflow channel caused by the Mississippi breaking over its banks in a time of high water. He was in a pirogue, or dug-out canoe, and when he had come to about midway of the current, which was turbulent, a floating log struck the little craft and capsized it.

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been a mishap of slight importance to a boy of Thomas Ladd's disposition. He was an expert swimmer and quite used to the exigencies of river life; but, unfortunately, when the moment of collision with the drifting log came he was standing upright in the pirogue, trying to push another threatening obstacle out of his way. The sudden lurch flung him headlong and his right arm was broken by falling across the log, and with one arm to swim with he came near drowning forthwith. The muddy waves were rolling high, which it very difficult, at best, to keep from strangling, and the floating logs and fragments of boughs added greatly to the moment's trouble.

Pluck never fails to show itself, however, and the boy was lucky to a fault. After the first shock of surprise and pain Thomas got his head above water and, finding that he could not trust to his one arm in swimming amid such hindrances, laid hold of the first floating thing that came near him. This proved to be a piece of sawed timber, a beam from some building destroyed by the raging stream and of sufficient size to bear up his weight.

What alarmed him most after his first thrill to consider the whole bearing of his misfortune was the fact that night, moonless and cloudy, already began to cast a gloom over the expanse of water between the funeral walls of forest on either swampy bank. He shouted for help, without the least expectation of being heard. His father's plantation house was two miles away, and besides no voice could be heard very far above the tumult of the waves and the roar of a strong wind in the woods.

Those were days when there was danger of no light sort in going alone and unarmed in the wild forest. Even if Thomas Ladd succeeded in reaching shore a wolf, a bear, or a panther might meet him there. He had drifted far below the plantation landing and his trusty gun had gone down when his canoe turned over. Still he clung to the beam, and now and again yelled right lustily for help as he went up and with the rapid roll of the waves and plunged on and on along the current's central line. Night fell with a fog-like rain that added to the darkness, and the boy's voice became hoarse; his hurt arm throbbed and shot pains into his shoulder and neck; meantime he lost all reckoning of distance or direction.

Clinging to the piece of timber was not any task, for it rocked and tumbled and thumped, being lifted and let fall by the irregular action of the waves. His uninjured arm became numb and his body in the water became chilled. Every moment seemed the last; he was in despair; but a native strain of combative nature sustained him and kept him clinging desperately and calling as loudly as his throat would let him, while at irregular intervals, and always unexpectedly, his head went under water and he had to hold his breath to keep from strangling.

It was pitch dark; driftwood beat against him, and sometimes almost crushed him. He was beginning to weaken in spirit, as he had long ago done in body, when he heard a voice near him, a negro's voice, strong and not unkindly.

"Who dat dar?"

Strange to say this sudden revelation of the possibility of succor unnerved the poor lad and, with a cry half joy, half despair, he lost his hold on the beam.

Even then, however, his pluck would not wholly desert him. D sperately he struggled, turning on one side and swimming with his almost paralyzed arm. At the same time a vague form like that of a large monkey astride of a floating log was bobbing up and down near him.

"Who dat dar?" it repeated.

"Help me! Oh quick! help me!" cried the boy.

"Don't know 'bout dat," was the cool reply. "Who is yo' anyhow?"

"I'm Tom Ladd. My arm's broken. I can't swim any longer. I shall drown."

The water strangled him while he tried to speak, and his voice was strangely hoarse.

"Is yo' Colonel Ladd's little boy?"

"Yes. Quick, help!"

Thomas Ladd had reached the farthest limit of his strength and dogged courage. He was actually sinking when a hand of iron gripped his shoulder; and then he lost consciousness, or rather he sank away into a sort of dream, from which he did not emerge until after daylight, had come on the following morning.

He was lying on a tussock at the root of a huge cypress tree. Under him was a wet but soft bed of leaves and swamp grass, over which was spread an old and tattered coat. Beside him sat a short, heavy negro about twenty years of age, whose countenance was anything but attractive. Bare-headed, woolly, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, with eyes deep set and restless like those of a wild animal, he was chewing tobacco while he hugged his knobby knees and seemed to be hearkening.

In fact, far away in the distance there was something well worth listening to, the peculiar baying of two or three blooded hounds.

Thomas Ladd heard and recognized those cries. Moreover, he instantly knew what it all meant; for he had many a time seen runaway slaves tracked down with well-trained dogs. Although confused in mind on first opening his eyes, the whole situation quickly revealed itself to him. The bloodhounds were at fault up the river, where the negro had taken to water, and they were hunting up and down the channel's bank for the lost trail. Of course they would probably soon find it; for although the boy did not know it, the negro had been compelled to land on the same side of the water from which he had entered it.

"Are you a runaway?" Thomas feebly demanded, as soon as he could speak.

"Ya-as," drawled the negro.

"Whom do you belong to?"

"Gin' Rayburn."

"What did you run off for?"

"Cause," said the black, gloomily.

The boy was too feeble to press his inquiries further; his arm ached atrociously, and he was chilled and sore to the center of every bone in his frame.

Now it turned out that the bloodhounds did not find the track again that day, which was the fault of General Rayburn's overseer, who, concluding that Peter (that was the negro's name) had crossed the overflow stream, took the dogs over to the other side, where a long and vain search up and down was made until darkness forced them to quit.

Meantime Colonel Ladd and his large force of slaves were scouring the county in every direction in an almost hopeless search for Thomas; and so it came to pass that Rayburn's overseer and his bloodhounds were at length joined by the colonel just before they came upon poor Peter, still faithfully watching beside the suffering boy.

This was at about ten of the clock in the morning of the second day. The sky had cleared; the sun shone; warm and sweet breathed the southern air through moss-hung cypress wood, and, to add a spring-time touch, a mocking-bird sang its first March song in the thicket on a bit of hummock.

Colonel Ladd clasped his son's cramped and shivering form to his breast. The overseer rudely collared Peter.

"My dear boy," almost sobbed the father.

"You thieving black scamp!" growled the overseer. "I'll whale every inch of skin off you for this!"

"Father," weakly pleaded Thomas, "you mustn't let him whip the negro, he saved my life."

Already Peter was tied to a tree and the lash was hungry for his back, when Colonel Ladd interferred. Thomas had with difficulty told his story.

The end of it all was that Colonel Ladd bought Peter, paying \$1,150 in cash to General Rayburn for him, which was 30 per cent. more than his market value in New Orleans at the time.

And Peter was given as a birthday present to Thomas. So began the intimate companionship of the two. When the war came and went, leaving all of the negroes free, Peter refused to have his liberty. Thomas Ladd died in 1892, but Peter is still alive, and from his lips I had this true story.

"Yah, sah, boss," he said to me in conclusion, "Marse Thomas was allus mighty good to dis poo' ole niggah, an' wen 'e died he gi' me dis yer plantation an' five mules. W'at I lub him de mos' fo' 'n' w' 'cause he keep dat fernal old overseer from a whirpin' me, dat's w'at!"

SOME QUEER CLUBS.

Gotten Up to Promote All Manner of Theories.

The "Crabbed Club" is a curious London society. This is made up of men who have met with a great disappointment in life, and meets but once a year; quite often enough, considering its character. Very few people could not put in some claim for membership, for who has been so exceptionally fortunate as quite to escape disappointment in life? When this club holds its annual dinner meeting the members, however, do not regale each other with the stories of their various troubles, but on the contrary form a merry company, and endeavor, for that day, if for that day only, to forget their woes.

In New York a peculiar mission work is that carried on by a band of women, who go out at nights to rescue neglected and starving cats. These aged spinsters, as a New York paper has contemptuously named them, have acquired the art of attracting cats to them by a peculiar call, and when found they are well fed, or, it beyond the aid of help, are subjected to a painless death.

A new feature in clubs is recorded from New York. It is the "Dyspeptic Club," and the test of eligibility for membership is a doctor's certificate that the applicant is suffering from a weak stomach. The object of the club is to promote "cheerfulness" among dyspeptics—a much needed quality—and, further, to furnish to the members the latest results of science in treating indigestion.

When a short time ago there was a regular crinoline scare it entered into the heads of some young men to start an "anti-Crinoline Club." The rules were very strict and well calculated if the society grew strong enough to kill the obnoxious article should it ever really catch on again. No young man who joined was to be permitted to escort any lady wearing a crinoline to a theatre, concert, dance, or, in a word, anywhere, and no member would be permitted to call on any lady who received visitors in a hoop-skirt. At social gatherings members could only exchange the baldest greetings with wearers of the crinoline, and were not to dance or talk with them. In the street when a crinoline acquaintance came in sight, it was enjoined on members to become at the moment absorbed in contemplation of the overhead wires.

In the nature of a retaliation, and besides the attempt being made to suppress cigarettes by a society of young women, who bind themselves to have nothing whatever to do with any young man who smokes tobacco in this form. The ladies who have joined declare themselves thoroughly in earnest, and intend to continue their exertions until they have either wiped out this habit or banished the young men who persist in it from their social circle.

In Vienna there is a "Red-haired Club," and to prevent fraudulent admissions, every candidate is obliged to souse his head thoroughly in hot water and soda before the committee. In the same city there is a "Lazy Club," no member of which does anything for a living.

The Parisian head cooks of eminence in their profession have formed an association

known as the "Culinary Academy." The "immortals" of this institute number thirty, and meet once a month, when they discuss at length matters concerning their art, compare notes, invent new dishes and touch up old ones.

Here is a chance for cooks and others desiring a step-up in life. A Parisian paper recently published the prospectus of a curious business. "Limited Joint Stock Company for Obtaining Titles of Nobility; offices in the Chateau. The company make a specialty of Countesses. No fees in advance. Success guaranteed. Cooks, chamber-maids, dressmakers and Germaines can, by applying to us, become Countesses and Counts." It is a matter of common knowledge that on the continent titles are purchasable, but this is making a business concern of it with a vengeance.

Health is precious, but it is possible to be too careful of it. The list of eccentric clubs has just been swelled by the addition to it of the "Hutnichtsabnehmungsverein"—the "Don't-take-off-your-hat Club" of Wehlan, in Germany. The members, who wear cold in the head, are absolved from the obligation of raising the hat in the streets in the winter months. Local charities benefit by the subscriptions.

The hygienic crusade against kissing has taken practical shape in Philadelphia, where an "Anti-Baby-Kissing Society" has sprung up.

THE WISE AND THE OTHERWISE.

In one of his recent books Mr. Leslie Stephen gives it as his opinion that the knowledge attained by the wise can never be communicated to the multitude.

Ah, yes. But who are the "wise" and who belong to the "multitude?" That's about as tough a question to settle as to say who are saints and who are sinners. Things are so mixed, you know. Can we ever be sure we are wise? Is it ever absolutely safe to call another man a fool? Whosoever can decide that is a wise man; and perhaps the only one in all the Queen's dominions.

Was our good friend Mr. Samuel Nicholls a wise man to permit himself to suffer pain for eleven years? No, not perfectly so. Nobody suffers pain if he can help it. He couldn't help it, because he lacked just one bit of knowledge—how to stop it. He knows now; but, alas-a-day, who shall restore time gone? Wise people learn from the experience of others. Possibly here's a lesson for you and me.

We can do no more than skim the surface of Mr. Nicholls' story; the whole of it would make a book. In harvest time, 1880, he felt dull, sleepy, and fagged. Both body and mind were heavy and low like the atmosphere before a thunderstorm. And for him the storm was coming. Presently pain took him in the knees, which swelled up so badly he could hardly stir. The pain in the muscles of his right arm and shoulder; not a mere grumbling ache, but pain so intense that he uses the adjective "frightful" in describing it.

Later on his hands became so swollen and drawn out of shape that he couldn't hold a fork or a spade (he works on a farm). "I was so stiff in the joints of my legs," he says, "that I used to stand up at the dinner table."

Take another expression, quoted literally from his own account: "On certain occasions the pain was so bad that I have hollered for eighteen hours at a time, and have fainted as I sat before the fire."

In Mercy's name, try to fancy that! It makes one's heart sore with pity for him; even now, when it's all over and gone. A martyr on the rack couldn't have suffered worse.

Mr. Nicholls says he got little or no sleep when he had these bad attacks, and often sat up or tried to walk about, instead of going to bed. He was never free from pain; and even when at his best—when the disease was giving him a kind of let-up, or respite—he had great difficulty in getting about his work, and did but little at that.

We are not to suppose that our friend went through all this without an effort for relief. Quite the contrary. He consulted the doctors and applied hot poultices and other things in that line, such as embrocations, rubbing bottles, and so on. Momentary relief came of it, but nothing that looked in the least like a cure.

Now remember that we have merely glanced at this case. The reader's imagination must picture its full history. It covers years enough to make a man old—to make him resemble a ship that has stuck on the rocks and been battered by the gales of half a score of winters. It is a wonder that he should have had anything left to build on, or any balance of courage or hope.

Here's the conclusion in few words, his own words too: "In August, 1891," he says, "a little book happened to fall into my hands, telling about a medicine known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I read in it of a case like mine being cured by this Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. J. F. Cook, chemist, Holbeach, and after taking it a few days some of the stiffness and pain went out of my joints. I kept on, and not long afterwards I was as right as any man can be. I have had no ache or pain since, nearly eighteen months." (Sign'd) Samuel Nicholls, The Glebe Farm, Hougham, near Grantham, January 31st, 1893.

Isn't it a comfort to know that such a case can be cured? "Yes, yes," say we, all of us. It was chronic inflammatory rheumatism.

Now for the golden lesson it teaches. Rheumatism is a result and symptom of a torpid stomach and liver—indigestion and dyspepsia. The only way to cure rheumatism is to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, the cause of it. Mr. Nicholls knows this now.

And if we all bear it in mind, no doctor or philosopher can be as wise than we in the important particular. A'd one thing more: Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is the remedy.

Queer Titles.

Some very queer titles have sometimes been sent. A yard-dog with a kennel, an old chaff-cutting machine, and half a score of eggs, came to one vicar, with a request for a receipt. Another receipt was a couple of rabbits, half-a-dozen trout, two guinea pigs, and a hay rake, while from another of his parishioners came a rusty fowling-piece, an old, worn-out saddle, and a dirty oil painting without a frame. This last, after lying in a garret for five years longer, was taken out and sent to a picture shop to be framed. The dealer, in cleaning it up discovered the signature of Gainsborough

BEST FOR WASH DAY.

SURPRISE SOAP.

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

upon it, and offered a sum of £100 for the painting. The money was at once accepted and sent on to the farmer, who, in his surprise and delight at receiving it, quite forgot to return to the vicar, as he might have done, the amount of the unpaid tithe.

A WONDEROUS POWER IN TEN CENTS.

A few days ago an Ontario druggist said: "The ladies are buying more Diamond Dyes just now than in past years. They come to me and buy one package as an experiment, and find the dye so easy to use that they now color most of their old clothing, and come out with new gowns, cloaks, jackets, and suits for the whole family. In my experience of 20 years as a druggist, I must say that Diamond Dyes are the only package dyes that have lived and worked themselves up to the highest point of popularity." Beware of imitation package dyes, they are frauds and deceptions, and when used cause a vast amount of trouble and disappointment. Ask for the Diamond; see that the name "Diamond" is on each package; refuse all others no matter how strongly you are urged to give them a trial.

Fight Between Otter and Hawk.

A strange conflict was observed the other day by fishermen on the Frische Hafl, near Königsberg, in East Prussia. Two otters had ventured on to the ice. As they were watching them, a large hawk came flying from a neighboring forest, and alighted on the ice not far from the otters. Soon, however, it soared into the air again, swooped down like lightning on one of the otter fled. A desperate fight ensued. It lasted ten minutes, and ended in the death of the hawk. Its neck was bitten through, only a thin strip of skin remaining to unite its body with its head. After its victory the otter dived into the water.

For His Own Pocket.

In these hard times there are many ways of getting money, but few of them are as original as that of the imp-curious German, a citizen of Munich, who, finding himself short of funds, had recourse to the following novel scheme for "raising the wind." He ordered a confectioner to make a pie for his wife's birthday, containing, as a surprise, a lining of new twenty-penny pieces. The man's financial difficulty was relieved, but the confectioner, by last accounts, was still waiting for his money.

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H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of itching Eczema. Tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. I also know of several cases of Itching Pills it has absolutely cured."

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2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.

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