

## THE OTHER BOX.

A well-brought-up boy learns at a very early age that practical jokes are dangerous things. Sometimes he learns it at his mother's knee, sometimes on his father's face down. Otherwise he receives physical demonstration from a bigger boy. From which it would appear that the youngsters gazetted to the Irrepressibles were not well brought up. At all events, they had the reputation of being the most rowdy crew in the army list. Now, in India, a reputation is only gained by being deserved. And it was in a hill-station that the subalterns of the Irrepressibles reached the loftiest pinnacle of their folly. The affair was hushed up afterward, for the honor of the regiment, as such things should be.

The Irrepressibles were unlucky in their quarters that year. They were fixed on the plains at a time when there was nothing to do, no game no society, no anything. In a case like that they were thrown back on themselves, and the result was unfortunate. Men's tempers began to give way under the strain, and from the commanding officer down to the smallest boy capable of beating a drum, there was not one who did not curse the hour he was born at least seven times a day.

The trouble came. It all arose out of the Junior Subaltern going out fishing one day, or out of the fact that he caught nothing. Coming back, however, he must needs run across a cobra, which, with his usual foolishness, he duly forked and transferred alive and wriggling into his creel. Thence, on arrival at quarters, it was removed to a perforated box and tenderly fed.

Two of the subalterns began to develop a most astonishing degree of hatred the one for the other. They were two men sufficiently alike in character and capabilities to be either the firmest of friends or the bitterest of enemies. As a matter of choice they were the latter. Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble, no doubt. In the natural order of things, this little feeling didn't make life any the pleasanter for the rest. At was it was treated as a welcome diversion, and for a time the other youngsters used to take an artistic pleasure in fanning the quarrel, foremost being the Junior Subaltern.

What was originally a variation of the monotony of life, however, soon came to be a nuisance, and the Irrepressibles began to feel very sick. Then they got to wishing that one or both of the men would die. This is not a nice sentiment to entertain toward any man, especially if he is a brother-officer. But, most of all, each of the men wished that the other would go out, and this was not even worse.

At last matters came to a head. The two subalterns had a regular row one night after mess. They would have come to blows if it hadn't been for the interference of the older men. There were six men present, all subalterns except one, and it would have been better if they had let the two fight it out then and there. Probably the difficulty might have been settled finally. But peace was patched up for about three days, and then they broke out worse than ever, and said things that half a century ago would have led to pistols next morning. In the meantime, the Junior Subaltern and four other imps of mischief had matured a plan by which they hoped to fix up the matter once for all. And in this plan, naturally enough, the snake took some part. It was a grim enough practical joke at the best, and they ought to have possessed more sense between the five of them than to think of such a thing.

The idea was nothing more or less than to propose to the two men to spend a night together, and with the cobra, in a disused room in quarters. They were to be locked in and left to settle the matter among themselves during the night, and in the morning the rest of the party would release the survivors, if any. Of course there was no thought, even for a moment, of letting loose the cobra in that way, but, as the Junior Subaltern said: "It won't do them any harm to tickle it out, and perhaps with reflection will come an increase of wisdom."

While the two men were still in the heat of anger, the Junior Subaltern propounded to them his idea of settling their difficulty by means of the snake. He and his confederates looked narrowly at the men, and fancied they blushed slightly at the prospect. This must have been imagination, however, for, as with one breath, they both agreed, and even seemed anxious to have the matter settled. They must have been very mad.

The affair being thus decided, a dis-used room was chosen as the scene of the ordeal, and was hastily cleared of what furniture was in it. This being done, the two men, who had not changed color during the scene, were stationed at opposite corners of the room, propped up in sitting positions, with a clear space between them of something like fifteen feet.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the boy brought in the fatal box and deposited it in the centre of the room, in such a manner that the lid should open sideways. Here again his ingenuity came into play. It was obvious that the box must be opened when all except the principals were outside the door. Luckily, the box had a sliding lid, and the Junior Subaltern was able to arrange it so that, by attaching a piece of string, any one standing outside the door would be able to slide back the lid and so release the presumed occupant of the box.

During all these arrangements the five conspirators had felt very serious. They began to realize that it was rather a grim joke they were having, and it is probable that the two men who weren't behind the scenes, who each doubted whether he might be alive in the morning, were less nervous. But then they were still very angry, and hadn't had time yet to think out all the details.

At last all the arrangements had been settled with due exactness. The Junior Subaltern had been an unconscionable time at work. It is probable that he was getting sick of his box, and would have been glad enough to show it up if anyone had given him the lead. After all, he

knew that there was an ugly side to the farce, and as his first boyish enthusiasm died away he wanted to throw the thing up. But no one helped him out of it, and for very shame he could scarcely give himself away. Besides, the two principals wouldn't have thanked him.

Nothing more remained to be done. There was solemn enough leave-taking on all sides as the five youngsters filed out of the room and locked the door, leaving the two men in their corners and the box in the centre of the room. For a moment or two the five stood in silence out in the passage, the Junior Subaltern holding the end of the string and shaking life an aspen leaf with suppressed excitement. Then he gave it a sharp tug, and they could hear the box lid sliding back until it dropped to the floor with a slight smack.

It was a hushed and rather conscience-stricken band that dispersed to the various rooms in quarters, and the hours of that night hung heavily. It is a fact that the five youngsters did not average an hour of sleep between them. This was proved by the alacrity with which they all turned out at the first break of dawn, and assembled, shivering and drawn-looking and haggard, ready to go and release their voluntary prisoners.

They were, in fact, so disturbed that they took no notice of the Senior Captain, who, for some reason best known to himself, had turned out, too, and followed them as they trod softly along to the door of the disused room. He was still unnoticed as they reached it, and there made a marked halt; and his curiosity to see their little game prevented him from announcing himself. They stood for a moment in breathless silence, showing a strange, sudden disinclination to stir.

Then, as was the case the night before, the Junior Subaltern took the lead. There was a faint murmur as he turned the key in the lock and stepped boldly into the room the rest following in a crowd. The Senior Captain stood for a moment outside, wondering and trying to make out what it all meant. But a sudden stifled cry caused him to step quickly after them.

It was a man who had been in several actions. He had seen men killed under all sorts of ghastly circumstances. He had commanded burial parties sent out after the Afghan women had been at their devilish work, and had seen sights that, hardened as he was, had made him feel sick and full of horror. But those scenes were in no way comparable with what met his eyes as he entered the room behind his juniors.

The two men were no longer propped up in the position in which they had been left. Their swollen, distorted bodies were huddled on the floor in attitudes that showed the awful manner in which they had met their doom. But the figures, almost grotesque in the contortions which had attended the last death agony, were as nothing. In each case the face was upturned, livid, with distended cheeks and cracked skin, with flecks of blood oozing from mouth and nose, and with eyes widely open and a fear and horror in them past all description. It was not so much the physical agony as the expression of terror in the fixed faces that rendered these corpses so dreadful to contemplate. Yet the two men, while faults, as any men should be.

As he looked in, the Captain was glued to the ground by the nameless horror of that death stare. He seemed forgetful of his companions, of where he was, all his faculties concentrated on the two huddled masses on the floor.

A ghastly incident aroused him. The Junior Subaltern burst into a laugh, faint at first, and then swelling into peal after peal of uproarious mirth. The others stood and watched him.

"Ha! ha!" he shouted, reeling from foot to foot, and holding his shaking sides. "Look at them! Don't they sham well? Aren't they first-rate actors?"

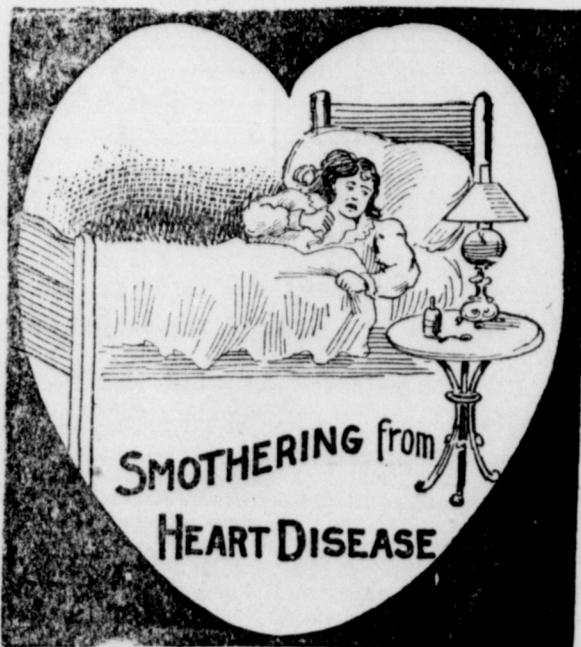
The Senior Captain stepped up to him, and laid a hand roughly on his shoulder. Then the boy turned, and they could all see in his eyes that he was mad. But the touch had quieted him.

"They act beautifully, don't they?" he whispered confidentially to his senior officer. "I wonder when they first found out the joke."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, soothingly.

"Mean?" the maniac replied. "Why don't you see? I had two boxes just alike, and I put the empty box in here. The snake is still in my own room."

It seemed something like a grim contradiction that, almost at the same moment, a flat, spectacled head reared itself under one of the bodies, and two baleful eyes surveyed the awe-struck group.—San Francisco Argonaut.



Delay Means Death.

One Dose Relieves—A Few Bottles Always Cure.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and smothering spells have made my life miserable. When doctors said I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure advertised. As a last resort I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my dropsy, and brought me out of bed, and five bottles completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart affections, and are in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it will cure you!"—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.



## BISHOP B. W. ARNETT

SWAYS AUDIENCES WITH HIS MASTERLY ELOQUENCE.

He Writes a Letter of More Than Usual Interest to Suffering Humanity.

At Wilberforce, Ohio, three miles north of Xenia and near Dayton and Springfield, is located Wilberforce University and Payne Theological Seminary.

These two institutions of learning have educated many ministers and teachers.

In this somewhat noted educational centre, resides Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett, D. D., a divine who is of especial prominence because of his thrilling eloquence with which he has swayed many audiences.

Among the high officials of the church, no one is more distinguished than he.



BISHOP B. W. ARNETT.

Before being elected bishop he was a leading minister in his church and also a very prominent Republican. He represented his country in the Ohio Legislature for several years.

Having given this sketch of the bishop, the following testimonial from him will be found very interesting reading and fully explains itself.

To whom it may concern:

"In April, 1894, while on my way home from Philadelphia I caught a very severe cold, which soon developed into rheumatism. It was impossible for me to rest by day or sleep by night. About the first of June I was compelled to take to my bed, where I remained for some time. When I was able to get up, I could only get about by the use of crutches.

"The fall came on and the rheumatism grew worse, lasting all through the winter of '94 and '95. I suffered as I never suffered before. I thought that the spring would bring me relief, but it did not, consequently I was forced to cancel a number of engagements to speak.

"One day in June, 1895, my wife said, 'Bishop, I read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; suppose you try them and see if they will not help you?'

"I said, 'No, there is no use of getting them for we have tried almost everything that has been recommended to us, and none of the remedies suggested seemed to help my case.'

"She said no more, but went to Xenia, Ohio, and bought a box of the pills. On her return she gave me a dose at noon and another at night. She was only called to attend to me during that night.

"For months previous she had been called three to four times during the night. The next day I took three doses of the pills, and the second night I was not disturbed. My wife, for the first time in more than ten months, had a good night's sleep.

"I have not lost a night's sleep since that time on account of the rheumatism. I carry a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my pocket wherever I go.

"I cheerfully bear testimony and hope that others may find relief as I did. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to several people.

"Yours for God and Man,

BENJAMIN W. ARNETT.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

## AN EARLY FRIEND OF GREECE

The Cause of Greece is very Popular in Switzerland.

While the bankers and soldiers who are now maintaining the cause of the Greeks against Turkey and Russia are worthy of praise, few of them can render such good service as the banker of Geneva, Jean Gabriel Eynard, did in the years from 1821 to 1847, when the present kingdom of Greece was winning its independence, and escaping from the difficulties that beset its earlier years, says the Springfield Republican. Eynard was older than most of the Greek heroes and their European and American friends; born in 1775, he was two years older than Henry Clay and six years older than Webster, who both upheld the cause of Greece in Congress; he was thirteen years older than Byron, and a quarter of a century before Howe and Miller, who fought for Greece in 1824. Like many of the French Swiss, Eynard was born in France, at Lyons, where his father, originally from Geneva, had founded a bank. The revolution

## FROM THE FOOTBALL GAME.

It was no wonder William Campbell could find no easy place in bed. When one is uneasy himself there are no easy beds or easy chairs. And William was more than uneasy—he was feverish and in pain. His mother tells how it came about. Perhaps the tale may be a lesson to other young football players and cricketers.

"In September, 1891," says Mrs. Campbell, "my son William, then 21 years old, whilst playing football, took a violent cold, which struck into his system. He felt chills all over him, and was very hoarse. I did what I could for him, but he got worse.

"In a few days he complained of an awful pain in the left breast. He said it felt as if he was being cut with a knife. His breathing was so short that he seemed as if he would suffocate; he couldn't draw a deep breath at all. I sent for a doctor, who put on mustard plasters and gave him medicine. The doctor said William was suffering from inflammation of the lungs.

"For weeks he was in the greatest agony; he got very little sleep, and could find no easy place in bed. His breathing all the time got worse and worse. He was so bad that people passing the house door could hear his heavy, laboured breathing.

"After a time a bad cough set in, and he spat up quantities of thick phlegm like one in consumption. In the morning he would have severe attacks of vomiting to bring away the thick matter that had gathered in his throat.

"As my boy got worse and worse I called in a second doctor, who said what the first one had said—that the disease was inflammation of the lungs; and he said further that his case was chronic now, and that he was afraid not much could be done for him; he was too far gone.

"He lingered along in this way month after month, and from a strong, powerful young fellow he became weak as a child, and I had to raise him in bed. His cheekbones stood out; he was thin as a lath, and looked as if he could not last much longer.

"We gave him cod-liver oil and all kinds of nourishment, but it didn't seem to stay by him or do him any good. He used to get up for a few hours and sit in the arm chair by the fire, but was quite helpless. The neighbours would look at him and say to me, 'your Will's gone the brace.' They thought he was dying.

"After the poor boy had suffered fourteen months a wee book was left at the house, telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and after he had taken it a few days he felt better, and began to eat. From this time he got up the hill every day. He was soon back at his work as strong as ever. It is my firm belief that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my son's life. (Signed) Elizabeth Campbell, Kirk Green, Muirkirk, Scotland August 29th, 1895."

Mrs. Campbell is a respectable lady, and is known to Mr. Blackwood, the postmaster, who vouches for the accuracy of her statement. Her case is well known in the neighbourhood where she resides.

## ORIGIN OF SMOKING.

It is a Question Whether Tobacco was Used Before Raleigh's Time.

Whether people in the Old World smoked or not before Sir Walter Raleigh is a question still obscure. It is alleged that 'elf pipes,' the little, thick, short clay which the later Mr. Charles Keene patronized, have been found among the debris of Roman settlements, says the London News. If the Roman army smoked, it does not follow that it smoked tobacco. The fumes of other herbs and roots were certainly inhaled by various ancient peoples, who would doubtless have preferred our own weed if they could have got it.

There are some who believe tobacco to be indigenous in China and South Africa, and it would be interesting to know whether the Zulus took snuff, as they do at present, when they were first met and observed by Europeans. The cigar of the Carib was, apparently, seen and appreciated by the Spanish discoverers long before the red stone pipe of the Huron, Algonquin and Iroquois. These races attributed the easily-worked and beautiful pipestone to a special gift of the Great Spirit, and the tobacco plant, like maize, had originally been a beautiful maiden.

As every one knows, the universal Shakespeare never once mentions tobacco, though he was just the man to make Troilus console himself with a pipe for the infidelity of Cressida. Perhaps Shakespeare hated Tobacco, as Mr. Swinburne, in 'Tobacco Talk,' is said to do, yet Shakespeare must have often been in a tobacco parlour at the Mermaid Tavern. Possibly Shakespeare did not want to offend the royal author of 'Counterblast,' in King Jamie, in whose rather faulty character Mr. Swinburne is said to admire the hatred of the weed which showed itself in the execution of Raleigh.

## PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

No Case of Catarrh Too Acute, or Too Long Standing but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder can Alay and Cure—When All Else Fails it Cures—Try it First and Save Experimenting.

"Five years ago my little daughter was attacked with catarrh of a very severe type. We used all known Catarrh cures, and treated with most skillful physicians for over three years, and her case was pronounced chronic and incurable. Last winter we heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A bottle was procured, and I here state for the benefit and encouragement of all sufferers from this dreadful malady that after using two bottles my child was completely cured, and I consider it my duty to give my testimony for the benefit of like sufferers." Mrs. Geo. Graves Ingersoll, Ont.

## Dr. CHASE CURES FATHER AND CHILD

Both afflicted with Eczema of a very troublesome type and cured in a remarkably short while by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"I was troubled for ten years with eczema on one leg; the itching was something terrible; would scratch until the blood came. How I came to know the value of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT, I have a little girl two years; when she was one year old the same disease began to show upon her face. It wasn't long before her face became literally covered with it. In order to keep her from scratching it we had to bandage her hands up. I tried several doctors, but got no relief. Seeing DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT so highly advertised I made up my mind to purchase a box, which I did from one of our leading druggists. The first application I noticed a change. It was then I began to think about myself. With four or five applications, to my surprise, I am completely cured, no sign of the disease, and my little girl's face to-day is clear of all the scabs. I am only too glad to inform any person what a blessing DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT has proved itself.

HIRAM FREY.

Wheel Maker, Norwood, Ont.