

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

His majesty's ship *Gazelle* steamed into the harbor of Simonstown after several weeks of a stormy, difficult passage. Requests for leave of absence came pouring in and were gladly granted, for the first officer was in a happy frame of mind. The anchor maneuvers passed off without a flaw, and the commander had expressed thorough satisfaction with the brilliant drill.

As the time drew near for the cadets to go ashore the noise in the messroom increased with every moment. Those of us who had coin divided with others who expected remittances from home at Simonstown. When all were ready to depart we were called on deck and ordered to fall in line. The first officer looked us over, to see that we were as spruce and clean as if we had come out of a bandbox, and then we scrambled down into the cutter that took us ashore.

Simonstown is a small port town, and we could see at a glance that there would be no gayeties such as we craved. The natural scenery was grand. In the distance the Table Mountain with its magnificent outlook upon land and sea invited the venturesome, but while pockets are filled with money naval cadets on shore have little use for rural enjoyment.

So we turned our back upon Simonstown hired a rig and were driven to Cape Town, where cosmopolitan amusements awaited us. But money flies and so did the few days it lasted. Many of the expected checks from home had not arrived. We were not to sail for three weeks, and it was imperative that we should remove ourselves from the temptations of Cape Town. A majority of us had already come to this conclusion, and the proposition to return to Simonstown and a more quiet life met with general approbation.

We travelled afoot over beautiful mountain roads, and when late in the evening we reached the quaint town we determined to spend the rest of our furlough there.

At a pretty little inn we found good Cape wine, and the innkeeper's daughter, a lovely maiden of 17, served it to us in old English bumpers. Some of us drank more than we could answer for to the depleted condition of our pocketbooks, because of the look out of Nelly's sweet brown eyes that went with the cup that cheers. But Nelly was as modest as she was pretty, and her parental eyes watchful into the bargain.

In the messroom we talked only of Nelly, and night after night found us gathered at the hospitable tavern. On the second night another surprise awaited us. In one of the side rooms we found a piano.

"A piano, boys! Gerhard, come!" shouted a dozen happy cadets.

Without a moment's hesitation I dropped into the chair and let my hands wander over the keys. The instrument was in excellent tune, and we sang for hours all the jolly and sentimental airs we knew. Nelly's parents and groups of nightly guests made up our audience.

In time pretty Nelly chose for her favorite place the one next to mine at the piano. As I played from memory and without notes, my eyes were free to roam whither they pleased, and ere long the great orbs of my lovely neighbour held me enthralled.

The first officer had put me in charge of the messroom, and with many onerous duties was combined the privilege of going ashore in the afternoon with the steward to purchase the necessary provisions. What wonder that I should find my way to the tavern for a chat with Nelly rather than keep a watchful eye on the steward.

On these afternoons Nelly and I sat on the bench before the house, unobserved by the tavern keeper and his wife. They saw no danger in their daughter's intercourse with a 19-year-old naval cadet.

Anybody might have listened to our conversation. It dwelt upon the most innocent topics. We discussed the songs mostly that we had sung the night before, and gave Nelly an English version of the German words. She was witty and bright and turned my faulty English into many a laughable pun.

Propinquity led to sentiment on both sides. Unconsciously our hands clasped and when I caught her glances with too ardent admiration the beautiful child veiled her soft brown eyes with their sweeping lashes. Conversation lagged at such moments, and we were happy in rapturous silence.

Once while thus dreaming and reveling in each other's presence Nelly arose suddenly. Her eyes swept mournfully over the distant sea.

"How beautiful you are!" I could not help exclaiming as my eyes leaped on the slender, virginal form of the budding woman.

"Mother wants me. Excuse me," she gasped half audibly and ran into the house. The day for our departure drew near.

"Tomorrow night when the tide is on we shall sail for Melbourne," the first officer had announced at the morning drill.

The last of our jolly evenings at the tavern had come. I was sad and strangely apprehensive. Glass after glass of crimson wine was emptied to Nelly's health between sobs that told of parting and glad reunions. When we were ready to start for the ship that night, the pretty innkeeper's daughter held out her hand to each one of us to say farewell. At last my hand closed around her trembling fingers. I pressed them till they ached, and whispered hurriedly that I would come ashore once more next day.

The following day was full of bustle aboard the *Gazelle*. The ship was made ready to clear and arduous duties were resumed. I had repeatedly endeavored to find an opportunity to go ashore, but fate was against me.

At 6 o'clock the officer of the guard came on deck. He was ordered to go ashore to report the ship's departure to the harbor captain. I asked him to take me with him, as there were still some small

purchases to make for the mess. The officer looked at me incredulously.

"Come along," he said finally, "and be quick about it!"

We walked up the steep hill together, he to go to the captain's quarters and I to hasten to the tavern garden. Nelly received me at the gate.

"I have been waiting all day," she said, "and feared you might not be able to come again."

"Would it have grieved you much, little Nelly?" I questioned.

"I could not have borne it!" she answered simply, and looked straight into my eyes.

"My time is measured by minutes. Bid me far-well and tell me that you will remember the German naval cadet!"

The dark lashes shrouded her tender eyes, and a tear fell on my hand. At sight of her grief I lost my composure. It was feigned at best, for I had grown fond of the charming creature.

"Nelly!"

Slowly she lifted her lovely face. Her tear dimmed glance drove discretion to the winds. Before I knew it my arms were around her. I snatched her to my breast and pressed kiss after kiss on her budding mouth. She made no resistance, and laid her softly clinging arms around my neck.

From afar I could hear the soft splash of the breakwater against the cliffs. It grew louder and stronger, and in its roar drowned my ardent wooing.

"Go back to your ship and to your duty!" it seemed to say.

With a bound, I arose. "Nelly, sweet one, farewell!"

At the gate my footsteps faltered. I turned back and again strained the passionate girl to my heart.

"Nelly, be strong!"

"I cannot! Stay with me—stay!"

Her burning kisses pleaded for her. Her slender arms held me in a vise.

My senses fled, only to return when I heard the saber of the officer of the guard rattling over the stones. He was on his way back to the boat and must have seen us. Nelly, too, had heard the ominous signal.

"Don't leave me," she begged. "Remain with me!"

Her voice implored more than her words as the tender creature sank upon her knees. I tried in vain to imbue her with courage, to make her understand the import of my oath to the emperor's flag.

"I will be faithful to you until death," I promised in the agony of the moment.

"Till death!" she repeated faintly, pressing her hand to her heart. Once more I kissed her, once more I clasped her in my arms, then started away, and just as I had done before, I stopped at the gate to look back once more. I saw her lift a glittering object from the ground. There was a swift motion, a startled cry that froze the marrow in my bones. Then I saw her fall, to the ground.

I stumbled back and bent over the prostrate body. Blood gushed from her breast. Her right hand clutched a short, sharp knife, such as sailors carry aboard ship.

I knelt by the side of the dying woman. "Forgive me, beloved. I could not live without you!" the cold lips faltered, growing mute as they spoke.

"The knife!" I shrieked, trying to wrest from the rigid fingers the cruel weapon. A moment later I would have plunged it into my own breast but for the intervention of the officer of the guard.

He had clutched my arm and lifted me from the ground.

"Come," he said as he led me rapidly away. "She is past help."

Out in the harbor lay the ship. The flag was hoisted and blew with sharp snaps in the stiff breeze.

"You must live," said an inward voice. "Your life belongs to that flag!"

From the moment I set foot aboard the ship duty, with its iron fetters, claimed every thought and nerve. Soon the night shut out the retreating outlines of Simonstown and the little house where my love lay dead.

At midnight I was relieved from duty.

"Cadet Gerhard, come down to my cabin and let me dictate the logbook's record to you," said the officer of the guard.

When I had entered, he closed the cabin door. "Sit down, young fellow," he said. All the sternness had gone from his voice.

"At your age an experience like this is hard to bear," he began as he turned his face to the wall that I might not see the sadness in it. "I, too, loved a charming girl. We were to be married on my return from a long voyage. When I arrived at her home, she was dead. Since then I have devoted myself to this service. Sailors have no business with love."

His eyes were dim as he turned them upon me.

"Go to bed, now, Cadet Gerhard," he added, "and try to regain your peace of mind."

Many years have passed since the tragic event recorded. I have become a serious, thoughtful man. "No woman ever again touched my heart."

On the wall of my cabin hangs a lifesize portrait of my first and only love. Nelly's parents have sent her photograph to me as she was when we loved each other, and from this a famous artist made the painting. It is my faithful companion on all my journeys.—From the German.

DEATH'S COLD SWEAT.

Stood out in Great Beads upon His Face—A Victim of Heart Disease Snatched from the Grave by the Prompt Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Relief in all Cases in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart positively gives relief within 30 minutes after the first dose is taken. James J. Whitney, of Williamsport, Pa., says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, and I indeed thought that my end had come. But relief was found in Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. After using it for a short time I feel now that the trouble is altogether removed." Its effects are magical.

LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

It Will Be Under Pike's Peak and Will Cost \$20,500,000.

Two gangs of workmen have just begun digging in Colorado the longest tunnel which man ever attempted to construct. The main bore will be twenty miles long, and connecting with this, are subsidiary tunnels with a total length of thirty miles. So, in reality, the task that has been put under way is that of digging fifty miles of tunnels, and every foot of this vast system will be under Pike's Peak and the mountains that tower on each side.

The starting point of the main tunnel is at the foot of the mountain leading up to Pike's Peak, near the old town of Colorado City. This point is but a short distance from the railroads which span the country between Colorado Springs and Manitou. From here it runs almost due southwest. The further end of the tunnel is at the edge of the mountains at Four Mile Creek, over in Fremont country, Col., six miles south of Cripple Creek and near the little town of Sunol. Two gangs of men, as stated, are working on the tunnel, one at each end. Just at present they are making progress at the rate of thirty feet a day. It is believed that the mammoth task they have undertaken will be completed in seven years from the first of the present month.

The main tunnel will pass directly under the cone of Pike's peak at a depth of nearly 7,000 feet and 2,000 feet beneath the town of Victor. Its average depth from the surface will be 2,800 feet, and it is designed to test the mineral deposits of the territory at these great depths. Thirty miles of laterals are contemplated, and these will pass underneath all the Cripple Creek district at an average depth of 2,800 feet. Cripple Creek, Victor, Gillette, the various small towns, and a thousand mines are to be made tributary to this vast system.

Under present circumstances the distance—the shortest way—from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek is fifty-four miles. By way of the tunnel the two cities will only be sixteen miles apart. It is estimated by the contractors that the average cost per foot of excavation will be \$80. This makes the total probable expense of digging the tunnel and its subsidiary branches \$20,500,000. All of this sum the tunnel people expect to crush out of the ore their workmen will break while excavating or glean from the nuggets which may fall out of secret pockets so far below the earth's surface.—Examiner.

"HE HATH THE FALLING SICKNESS."

—Shakespeare.

Epilepsy or the "Falling Sickness" has been known for many centuries, and for as long a period of time no cure has been discovered, till Ryckman's Kootenay Cure came upon the scene and revolutionized the healing art. Julius Caesar, one of the greatest men of ancient times, was a victim to it, and no physician of his day could effect a cure. Napoleon, the greatest warrior of modern times, fell a prey to it, and among all his conquering hosts there was not one that could conquer this insidious disease.

But here is Samuel Duffin, residing in the Township of West Nisour, eight miles from the City of London, who makes a sworn statement before a Notary Public, that about eight years ago he had a paralytic stroke, and has ever since been subject to Epileptic Fits, which came upon him so often that it was unsafe for him to be left alone. He was treated by five of the best physicians in the province, and spent hundreds of dollars, to no avail, in endeavoring to get relief. Then he tried Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient, Nerve Change.

"I have taken between three and four bottles," "I have now a good appetite, sleep well every night, and best of all, the fits have almost entirely left me." "My friends see a change in my appearance, and ask me what I have been doing. I gladly tell them I have been taking Kootenay. My general health is wonderfully improved, and I certainly feel, after twelve years of terrible suffering, I have been given a new lease of life by Kootenay Cure, the Greatest Medicine of the Age."

The price of Kootenay Cure is \$1.50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application. One bottle lasts over a month.

RUSSIAN HUNTING DOGS.

The Laikas Furnish Food, and Supply Clothing to Their Owners.

Harding Cox writes about laikas, or northern dogs, to the London Field.

"The duties of the true laikas," he says, "are of an extremely varied nature. Among the Chinese about 1,000,000 are eaten every year, while in Russia the beast is trained for all sorts of hunting—quarrels, bear, deer snipe, capercaillie, ermine, sable and all the other beasts are taken with them even the wolves. It is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 rubles, worth of game is taken every year with the aid of the laikas in Russia. Prince Schirinsky, a Russian noble is trying to get a cross between the laikas and some setter or retriever, believing that he would thereby obtain a dog which would make as nearly a perfect hunting dog as is possible.

"In the Polar swamps the laikas are used in drawing sledges as well as hunting by the natives, while their warm pelts are made to serve as coats and trousers after death.

"The laikas has an upright, pointed ear, which the dog pricks when excited. The muzzle is long and sharp, but powerful, set to a broad forehead. The body is strong and at the quarters broad and powerful.



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name, SURPRISE.

HE WOULD GRUMBLE.

Though the Fruit Crop was Good he saw no Cause for Thankfulness.

A stranger tramping in mid-June through "the garden of England," as the county of Kent is called, sees posted on boards and fences notices announcing that the growing crops of fruit—cherries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries—growing in fields and gardens, and observes the great barns bursting with thousands of bushel-baskets waiting to be filled with the ripe fruit and sent to London. The stranger, should he express his admiration of the orchards, hop-fields and market-gardens to a countryman, will be surprised at two facts: The peasant proprietor never thinks of eating any of the fruit he grows, and the more plentiful the crops the less pleased he professes himself to be. The report of a conversation between a traveler in Kent and a fruit-grower—taken from the *Dover Road*—shows the fruit-grower a born grumbler, who, in his own opinion, is a most unfortunate man.

"Good day to you!" said the tourist, meeting Hodge, who nods his head and mumbles:

"Morn'n'!"

"Splendid crop you have down here! I should think things must be going pretty well in these parts?"

"Ay, goin' down-hill fast enow, I se warrant."

"Oh, how'd you make that out?"

"Make it out, is it? Why, look a-here at them there turnuts; d' you ever see sich poor things? Ay, an' all the root crops is bad's can be."

"Yes, but you're all right with your fruit—cherries and apples?"

"M' yes, there's a dale of fruit this year. A sight too much to please me."

"But you can't have too much of a good thing, can you?"

"Can't you, though? Look at the price down ter nothink, as you may say. Get it for the asking?"

"But I didn't get cherries for the asking. I had to pay eighteen pence a pound for some I bought at Chatham."

"Oh, I desay. Wish I c'd git a penny a pound. But that's jist like them 'ere starve 'em 'rob'em and cheat 'em folks! Wouldn't give 'ee so much as the parings of their finger-nails if they c'd help it!"

"Then why don't you make preserves of some of your fruits?"

"Preserves? What's that, mister?"

"Why, jam, you know. Besides, surely you eat some of your own fruit, don't you?"

"Fruit's to sell, not to eat."

"Well, then, if you can't sell it, don't preserve it, and won't eat any of it, what do you do with it?"

"Give it ter the pigs, in coorse."

"Yes, but why did not eat some of it yourself?"

"Heat it! D'yer take me fur a bloom'n' Nebuchadnezzar? Besides, it's that there overegstubble."

"But Nebuchadnezzar didn't eat fruit," He hadn't the chance, poor fellow! He could only find grass to eat."

"Grass 'oodn't be so ondergestubble as fruit, I reckon. You town folks think a man can live on nothink. Now a pound or two o' steak, a few rashers o' fat bacon, an' a few buggs fur breakfast—that's more my line. Hexpeck a Christian man to heat fruit!"

"But you expect people to buy yours don't you?"

"Naw, I don't hexpeck nothink."

"Then why do you grow it?"

"Because I suppose I'm a fool; that's about the size o' it. Good day t'ye, mister!"

A Characteristic Reply.

The incorruptibility of General Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was above all suspicion. A characteristic anecdote is told of him by J. J. Spencer in the Review of Reviews:

At one time, when General Walker held a government position, a place shared in a measure by another, he was approached with the suggestion that, since the whole department was under their control, by working in harmony they could have whatever they desired.

"I have no desires," said General Walker.

"But, general," said his coadjutor, "do you not see that we can push forward our friends and relatives into good places?"

"I have no friends," was the reply.

Chase's K. & L. Pills Cure Dyspepsia.

For the last eight years I have been a sufferer from constipation and dyspepsia. I tried dozens of different medicines, but nothing gave me relief until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which cured me.

JAMES HEARD, Woodville, Ont.

"PAINE'S."

The Name and Reputation Imply Much.

Paine's Celery Compound Establishes Safety, Health and Strength.

Never Allow any Dealer to Persuade You to Take Something Else.

"Paine's!" Glorious talismanic name that speaks a wealth of hope and health to the thousands of disease-burdened men and women!

"Paine's!" Marvellous healer that cures when all other medicines fail!

"Paine's!" Thou bright loadstar of the despondent that bringest a world of joy and new life after the doctors have declared the case to be incurable!

Now is the time to use Paine's Celery Compound if you would be well, happy and hearty.

The heart, kidneys, liver, stomach—all these great organs with the majority of people are out of order in the spring time and call for aid and repairing so that their work may be properly done.

If you have any of these organs out of repair your whole nervous system is out of gear and your life is in peril.

Paine's Celery Compound gives perfect action to the heart and other important organs; it makes pure blood, gives perfect digestion, sweet sleep, and puts you in a condition of vigor and strength that enables you to battle against the heat of summer and all the epidemics that may arise.

Remember that "Paine's" is the kind that cures. Refuse the something just as good that some dealers would offer you. Ask for Paine's Celery Compound and see that you are supplied with it.

A MASTER OF SILENCE.

It is a Golden Virtue but Often Gives Amusement to Others.

Silence is golden, but a "glum" man is more wearing in the long run than a garrulous one.

Among the few who have a perfect genius for silence is a certain well-known artist, whose reticence is the amusement and wonder of all who know him.

A friend who had dropped into his studio one day was vainly endeavoring to draw Mr. H. into conversation, when the artist's brother appeared in the doorway.

"Hello, Tom!" said the brother.

"Hello, John!" returned Tom, looking up from his easel with a smile.

John wandered about the room for fifteen minutes, turned over his brother's latest work, and then, going toward the door, stopped long enough to say, "Well, goodbye, Tom!"

"Good-by, John!" was the hearty rejoinder.

Tom painted on for some minutes, and then, in an unwonted burst of confidence, he said warmly to his amused friend:

"I tell you, I was glad to see John! Haven't seen him before for a month."

APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE.

A Kincardine Baker who Suffered Distressingly from Indigestion—Apparently a Hopeless Case of Stomach Trouble Until South American Nerveine was Used—His Words are, "It Cured Me Absolutely."

What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincardine, Ont. "About a year ago, as a result of heavy work no doubt, I became very much troubled with indigestion; associated with it were those terribly distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language. I had tried various methods of ridding myself of the trouble, but without success, until I was influenced to use South American Nerveine.

The result, and I gladly say it for the benefit of others—this remedy cured me, and I never hesitate to recommend it to any person affected with any form of stomach trouble."