

THE JEW'S SECURITY.

Of all the merchants of Venice, Fabio Mutinelli was the most exact in keeping his engagements. He showed himself, moreover, to be possessed of a liberal and generous spirit, especially in his dealings with women and church folk.

The upright character of his methods was celebrated throughout all the republic, and there was a golden altar in San Zani-polo which he had offered to Saint Catherine for the love of the beautiful Catherine Manini, and which was admired by every one who saw it.

As he was very rich he had a host of friends, whom he entertained lavishly. During the war against the Genoese, however, he lost heavily, and troublous times in Naples increased this loss. Indeed, as many as thirty of his vessels were captured by the Uscques or were lost at sea. A powerful prince to whom he had lent large sums of money refused to pay any of it back, and by degrees the magnificent Fabio was despoiled of all his riches and money.

When he sold his palace and his vessels to pay up what he owed he found himself almost penniless. Being a capable fellow, shrewd in business and in the period of life when a man's energy is at his height, Fabio had no fears of building up his business once more.

He had many calculations in his head and came to the conclusion that to tempt new successes and to undertake further enterprises with his vessels he needed 500 ducats.

He accordingly asked Alessio Bontura, the richest citizen of that republic, to oblige him with that sum. But this fine gentleman reflecting that while enterprise acquires riches, only prudence can keep them, declined to expose so large a sum to the chances of business and the perils of the sea. Fabio then addressed himself to Signeius Andrea Morosini, whom he had obliged in the days of his wealth in every possible manner.

"Beloved Fabio," Andrea replied to him, "to anyone else but yourself I would willingly lend this sum. Gold has no attractions for me, and I conform in this respect to the maxims of Horace, the satirist. But your friendship, Fabio Mutinelli, is dear to me and I should run the risk of losing it if I lent you this money. For, in most cases, the commerce of the heart has a hard time of it between creditors and debtors, and I have seen too many examples of it."

With these words the Seigneur Andrea made a pretence of embracing the merchant with great tenderness, and then shut the door in his face.

Next day Fabio went to see the bankers of Florence and Lombardy. But not one of them would consent to lend him even twenty ducats without security. He ran from one firm to another, and everywhere he heard:

"Seigneur Fabio, we know you are the most honorable merchant of the town, and we regret that we must refuse your request, but the good conduct of business makes it necessary."

That evening as he walked sadly homeward, the beautiful Zanetta, who was bathing in the canal, climbed up onto the rim of the floating gondola and, looking lovingly at Fabio, said:

"Dear Seigneur Fabio, I know your troubles, for they are the talk of all the town. Listen to me now. I am not rich, but at the bottom of an old box I have some jewels. If you will accept these, Fabio, from your servant, I shall believe that God and the Holy Virgin love me."

Zanetta, with her wonderful beauty, was indeed poor, and Fabio replied to her in this wise:

"Gracious Zanetta, there's more real nobility in the slums where you live than in all the palaces in Venice!"

Three days more Fabio went to see bankers and money-lenders without finding anyone who would furnish him the money. And everywhere he received unfavorable answers, which practically amounted to this:

"You were very foolish to sell all you had to pay your debts. We would lend the money to a man in debt, perhaps, but never to a man who has neither furniture nor goods."

On the fifth day he arrived in his despair in the Corte delle Galli, which is also called the Ghetto, the quarter where the Hebrews live.

"Who can tell?" he said to himself, "what the Christians have refused me I may obtain from the Jews!"

So he walked along the street San Geremia and San Girolamo, in a narrow, odoriferous canal, which was closed every night by order of the senate and chains stretched across its mouth; and, hesitating to which usurer he should first address himself, he remembered that he had heard people talk about an Israelite named Eliezer, son of Eliezer Maimonide, and say that he was very rich and very shrewd, so having found where Eliezer lived he stopped his gondola opposite his door.

Over the door he saw a picture of the seven candlesticks hung there as a sign of hope for the days when the temple would rise again from its ashes.

The merchant entered a large room lit by a bronze lamp with twelve wicks in full blaze. The Jew Eliezer was sitting in front of his scales. The windows of the house were walled up because he was an unbeliever.

Fabio Mutinelli addressed him in this way: "Eliezer, I have often treated you as a dog and a heathen, and with the fire of youth in my veins, I know that I used to throw mud and stones at the passersby in the street, and that I even may have hit you or yours. I tell you this, not in bravado, but in all loyalty and in the same breath I come to ask you to render me a very great service."

The Jew raised his long, skinny arm in the air; it was dry and knotted like the stem of a wine.

"Fabio Mutinelli, the Father who lives in heaven will judge both you and me!"

What is the service you came to ask me?" "Lend me 500 ducats for a year."

"Money is not lent without good security. What security can you give?" "I must tell you, Eliezer, that not a farthing remains to me, not a silver goblet, or a trinket of gold! Not a friend has stood by me; all have refused to do me this service. I have nothing in the world but my honor and my faith as a Christian. I offer you as security the holy Virgin Mary and her divine son in the church!"

At this answer the Jew beat his old head to one side, as one does who reflects and meditates, stroking his long, white beard the while.

Then he said: "Fabio Mutinelli! Lead me to your security, for it is right the lender should see the security on which he lends."

"It is your right," replied the merchant. "Come with me and you shall see it."

And he led Eliezer to the Church of Orto, near the place called the field of Maures. There, standing upon the altar, he showed to him a figure of the Madonna, the forehead wreathed with a crown of precious gems, the shoulders draped with a gold-embroidered garment, and in her arms the infant Christ, adorned like her with gold and precious stones.

The merchant pointed this out to the Jew and said:

"There is my security!"

Eliezer, resting his keen eyes alternately upon the merchant and the figures, considered a moment, and, then bowing his head, said that he accepted the security. He took Fabio back to his house and measured out to him, full weight, 500 golden ducats.

"They are yours for a year. It is at the expiration of that time, day for day, you do not repay me this sum with the interest fixed by law of Venice, think to yourself, Fabio Mutinelli, what opinion I shall have of the Christian merchant and his security!"

Fabio, without losing time, bought vessels and loaded them with salt and other merchandise, which he sold in the towns along the Adriatic at great profit. Then, with a fresh cargo he set sail for Constantinople, where he purchased rugs, perfumes, peacock feathers, ivory and ebony, which he exchanged for timber bought in advance by some Venetians. In this way in six months he increased ten times the sum he had received.

But one day, while sailing for amusement with some Greek women on the Bosphorus, he went out a long way from the shore and was captured by pirates and taken away to Egypt. Fortunately his gold and his merchandise were in safety, but him the pirates sold to a Saracen gentleman, who put chains on his feet and made him work in the field. Fabio offered to pay his master a large ransom for his release, but the daughter of the Saracen loved him and persuaded her father not to let him go. Looking, then, for escape only to his own efforts, he fled through his chains with the implements he used in the fields, and succeeded in making his way to the River Nile, where he threw himself into a bark.

In this little craft he managed to reach the sea, which was not far away, wandered about the coast for several days, and, at last, when nearly dead with hunger and thirst, was picked up by a Spanish vessel sailing to Genoa. But after eight days' fair weather the ship was attacked by a tempest, which threw her upon the coast of Dalmatia and broke her to pieces. Everybody was drowned except Fabio, who only reached the shore with great difficulty by clinging to a chicken coop. He sank unconscious upon the ground and was found in that condition by a beautiful widow named Loretta, whose house stood near by, and who nursed him and gave him all her attention.

When he came to himself he smelt the perfume of myrrhes and roses, and saw from his window that the garden stretched into terraces to the seashore. Mme. Loretta took the guitar and played and sang to tenderly beside his couch. Fabio, in gratitude and enchantment, covered her hands with a thousand kisses. He thanked her many times, and told her that he was less touched at regaining safety than at owing his life to so lovely a woman.

Then he asked his hostess the exact month and day of the month, and when she told him he began to groan and to lament, for there were only twenty-four hours more of the year to elapse before he must pay to Eliezer his 500 ducats.

The idea of not keeping his word and exposing his security to the reproaches of the Jew was intolerable to him. When Mme. Loretta asked him what the reason of his despair might be he told her. And she, being very devout and pious, was much troubled for his sake.

The difficulty was not to find the 500 ducats, for in the neighboring town there was a banker who for six months had had charge of that sum at Fabio's disposal. But to go in twenty-four hours from the shores of Dalmatia to Venice, with contrary winds and a dangerous sea, was not within the range of possibility.

"Let us first get the money," said Fabio. And when a servant had brought it to him the noble merchant placed the sacks containing the gold in a boat that was moored near the shore. Then he went to the private chapel of Mme. Loretta, and, taking an image of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, made of polished cedar wood, he placed it in the boat beside the rudder. And he said:

"Madame, you are my security. The Jew Eliezer must be paid tomorrow. My honor as well as your own is at stake. That which a mortal sailor such as I am cannot do you will easily accomplish. Beautiful star of the sea, thou whose breast nourished Him who walked upon the waters, bear this money to Eliezer in the Ghetto of Venice, so that the Jew shall not say that thou art worthless and false security."

And, having set the boat loose, he lifted his hat and said in a low voice:

"Adieu, Madame!"

The boat sailed out into the open sea.

For a long time the merchant and the widow followed it with their eyes. Night fell; a pathway of silvery light lay across the peaceful sea.

And the day following Eliezer opened his door and saw in the narrow canal of Ghetto a boat laden with sacks, on the top of which stood a little figure of polished cedar wood, resplendent with the light of the dawn. The boat stopped in front of the house where the picture of the seven candle-sticks was seen above the door, and the Jew recognized the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus, the security of the Christian merchant.—From the French of Anatole France.

BUTCHERED OR BURNED?

We read with horror of the cruelty and butcheries of Gen. Weyler in the fair Isle of Cuba, but little reck we of the ravages of that more direful King of Grave-Fillers, KIDNEY DISEASE, here in our midst.

People of high and low degree drop into graves on all sides of us daily from Kidney Trouble. We incur it ourselves. We encourage it. We do everything but cure it.

Yet there is a cure, pleasant as a May morning. Sure as fate. Infallible as heredity. Before this wonderful remedy, the agonizing tortures of Kidney ills vanish like a snowflake in a fiery furnace.

This cure, of which we sound the praises is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Yet not alone we, but every one who has tried them. One hundred per cent. of cures we record. Here are examples:—

W. F. Smith, 16 Carrol St., Toronto, says:—"I have taken eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills which have cured me of Heart Trouble, Pain in the Back and Dizziness, after other treatments had failed."

D. J. Kenney, Queen's Hotel, Mount Forest says:—"Have suffered greatly from nervousness, but information as to the effects of Dodd's Kidney Pills in such cases led me to use them, with the result that I am cured."

Louis H. Bounsall, 573 King East, Toronto, says:—"Had been troubled for several months with pain in my Back and Kidney's which prevented my entering in bicycle events, but am in the ring once more after using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James Stokes, Deseronto, Ont., says:—"From the first box taken of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found relief, and hundreds here, knowing me for the past fifteen years, can vouch for my cure of long standing Kidney Trouble."

Toys of the Kaiser's Sons for Charity. According to the diary of a German courtier, the children of the Emperor are well supplied with playthings. On Easter eve, he writes, the tutor of the Emperor's sons collects all the toys which have been given to the children during the year. They consist for the most part of things of a military nature, such as miniature cannons, sabres, horns, drums, cornets, and, of course, tin soldiers. Then he causes them to be repainted and generally repaired, and distributes them among the poor and the hospitals of the capital. Last Easter four carts loaded of toys were thus distributed.

One Dose Relieves—A few Bottles Always Cures.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and 'mothering' spells have made my life miserable. When dropsy set in my physician 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 have completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart affection, and are in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it will cure you.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y."

A guard who had been employed on the Great Western Railway running between London and Liverpool, on retiring after fifty years' service, was presented with an address and one hundred guineas. He is said to have travelled four million miles, and nothing had gone wrong during his long service.

DANGER FROM NEW CHEMICALS.

Gases and Compounds Lately in Commercial use Placed Under Restrictions.

Several more or less dangerous articles of chemical manufacture are becoming so largely employed for a variety of useful purposes now that some restrictions as to their sale, conveyance, and storage are, in the interest of the public safety, imperative. Certain substances that were previously regarded as chemical curiosities have ceased to be so, and are now important commercial commodities and made on a very large scale. Thousands of gallons of 'liquid' carbonic acid gas in steel cylinders under high compression may now be seen every day being conveyed in carts from place to place, and similarly other gases are stored under pressure in 'tubes' as, for example, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, and so on, all of which may expose the public to danger. Solid bricks of metallic sodium, again (kept under naphtha, of course), are every day carried from port to port as part of a ship's cargo, and very serious accidents have occasionally arisen from the intermixture of various chemicals on board ship by the damaging effect of a rough passage upon the packages. The trade in cylinders of compressed gases has already been placed under control. Still another chemical substance of comparatively recent discovery is now so extensively used as to have given rise to the necessity of a Home office order being recently issued. We refer to carbide of calcium, which on simply becoming moist gives off the exceedingly inflammable gas acetylene. Carbide of calcium is useful for a variety of purposes, but chiefly because on simply placing it in water it evolves pure acetylene, which possesses a remarkable high illuminating power. The employment of this method of generating a gaseous illuminant for optic lanterns, for photographic purposes, and for lighting private dwelling houses, has already been tried. It is quite obvious that some restriction should be placed upon the sale and storage of this substance, which is now being manufactured on a large scale, and which simply in a moist atmosphere gives off an inflammable gas, which with air forms an explosive mixture. Carbide of calcium is now to be brought under the 14th section of the Petroleum Act, 1871, and, after April 1st 1897, it will be unlawful to keep carbide of calcium except in virtue of a licence to be obtained from the local authority under the Petroleum Act. Doubtless the recent accidents that have been reported from time to time by the employment of acetylene in this way have prompted the Home Office to issue this order, together with a memorandum showing the character of the risks to be guarded against, and giving suggestions as to the nature of the precautions likely to be most effectual for securing safety.

GRAVEL IN THE BLADDER. Used Eighteen Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.—The Stone Dissolved and Removed.—Knew of Others Cured.

Shelburne, Mar. 20 (Special) Mr. John Medill known locally as well as far and near as physical giant and glorying in his strength came to be a great sufferer and tells his cure as follows:—

"I do not hesitate to speak of Dodd's Kidney Pills or anything else exactly as I find them. If a medicine cures me and if I think it will cure others why not say so?"

"It is true I had been suffering for some time with Bladder trouble and learning of a cure made in a similar case, by Dodd's Kidney Pills I commenced using them."

In all I have used eighteen boxes and they have dissolved the stone and have entirely cured me of any sign of such difficulty. I do not hesitate terms of praise for I know of many persons who have been cured by them."

COSTLIEST OF FISH HOOKS.

The Tarpon Hook and the Various Attachments That Go With It.

The most costly of fish hooks are those for tarpon. They are sold at retail at various prices from \$1 a dozen for bare hooks up to \$7 a dozen for hooks fitted up. The standard tarpon hook is four inches in length. Some tarpon fishermen prefer to mount their own hooks. They have ideas of their own as to the best way and the best materials. A swivel is always used. Some of the hooks that are sold fitted up have snells of German silver chain. Sometimes laces of rawhide or porpoise skin are used for snells. Some hooks are fitted with snells of piano wire two feet long, made in three lengths of eight inches each, linked to prevent kinking. Fitted up tarpon hooks that are sold at \$7 a dozen are provided with thirty-six-inch braided or plaited linen snells, wound for two-thirds of their length from the upper end downward, with copper

wire. The tarpon swallows the hook and its teeth are brought up on the snell where it is protected by the copper wire. Sometimes a shark takes the bait. It is desired to lose the shark without the trouble of hauling it in and casting it off, and the shark is likely to free itself by biting through the unprotected lower third of the snell.

While the tarpon hook is the costliest of hooks there are flies that sell for more; there are some salmon flies that retail as high as \$9 a dozen.

A Story 3,000 Years Old.

You know the ancient story about Penelope, the wife of Ulysses? No doubt, for it has been told over and over for the last 2,000 years. Nevertheless let us have it once more—cut short. Ulysses went off to the wars and left Penelope at home. A very long time elapsed and he didn't come back. People tried to persuade her to marry again. She said she would as soon as she finished a piece of cloth she was weaving. All right, they said, thinking they should have her married again before the new moon was old. But they were disappointed. Determined to wait the return of her husband she picked apart every night as much of the cloth as she had woven during the day.

"A very obvious device," you say, "yet what of it?" A good deal of it. It made the old Greek vagabond happy on his return, and it furnishes me with a neat and effective illustration. Kindly read the following letter, and you will see the point for yourself:—

"In the spring of 1886 I began to suffer from illness. I felt weak, languid, and tired. My appetite was very poor, and what little food I took gave me great pain at the chest, sides, and back. After every meal I was sick, my stomach being unable to retain my food. I dieted myself, taking only plain and simple food, but this made no difference.

"As time went on, the pain at my chest and side increased, until it was like a knife cutting me. In this way I continued until October, 1889, when I was obliged to give up my situation. At this time I was in service at the Rectory, Tetworth.

"I returned to my home, when I finally became so weak that I could not lift a knife to my mouth. I was fed on slops, but even this light nourishment gave me intense pain and distress. I got little or no sleep at night, and wasted away so much that I did not think I could live.

"During my long illness I was treated by several different physicians, but their medicines did me no good. In March, 1890, my mother persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking one bottle I found relief. The sickness left me and my food gave me no pain. After having used three bottles I was cured and have never had a day's illness since. My mistress and others asked what had cured me, and I told them it was Mother Seigel's Syrup. I am willing that this statement should be published. (Signed) Mrs. Agnes Sadler, Coombe Wood, Cuddesdon, near Wheatley, Oxfordshire, February 2nd, 1894."

In Mrs. Sadler's letter you will observe parts of two sentences set in italics by the printer. Be good enough to read them again. The idea is that the lady's stomach rejected food, and that she wasted away. Why? Because the human body is like the web of cloth which Penelope was weaving and unravelling, so long ago. The food we eat weaves it bigger, and wear and tear pick it to pieces. This happens every day—all the time. When the weaving equals the unravelling, you are well; when the unravelling is more than the weaving, you do what Mrs. Sadler did—you waste away.

The weaver (or builder) is the stomach and the other organs of indigestion. Our correspondent suffered from a failure of these organs to do their work. Her food lay and fermented in her stomach. Hence all her pain and sickness. Unless one can digest it is worse than useless to eat. Because, instead of making you feel strong, courageous, and ambitious, food turns against you; becomes sour, rotten, and poisonous, and scatters the seeds of suffering in every part of your body reached by the corrupted blood; and that is everywhere. This is indigestion and dyspepsia—the bane and curse of all life, civilized or savage, since man appeared on the earth. Read Mrs. Sadler's letter again to learn how it begins, how it advances, the horrors of being a slave to it, and (best of all) how to cure it.

Home-made Penelope famous in a poem; but through their letters and words of thanks for rescue from suffering, the women of England have conferred a better renown on Mother Seigel and her great discovery.

Sharply Reproved.

Every gossip needs a mentor, and once in a while the need is supplied.

A woman well known for the freedom of her tongue remarked with an air of great satisfaction:

"I always try to make as many friends as possible."

"Of course," said Miss Cayenne; "if one had no friends, how could one discuss their private affairs?"—Washington Star.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

But This Time it was a God-Send to Mr. John Brown, a G. A. R. Veteran, of 2446 Marshall St., Philadelphia—Dodged Shot and Shell in the Interests of His Country. Only to be Attacked by that Insidious Disease, Catarrh.—But Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cured and Permanently, too—This is What He Says:—

"By a mere accident I came across Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I was a great sufferer from that dread malady—catarrh. Today it gives me unbounded pleasure to state for suffering humanity's sake that this wonderful remedy effected a speedy and permanent cure in my case, and I have been so thankful for it that I am willing to spend the remainder of my days in spreading the good news to my fellow sufferers."