

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

"George Tudor, stand up. You are charged with neglecting to support your wife. How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

A young man, not more than thirty, yet old-looking in the dissipated lines and hue of his face. A good face once, with high forehead the contour of an intellectual brain. Now the bloated cheeks and lack-luster eyes, soiled skin and carelessly-worn, shabby attire rendered the whole aspect of the man positively repulsive.

The contrast in the appearance of his wife, standing up erect and sternly determined as his accuser, was almost incredible. The bystanders involuntarily started in surprise to see such a woman announce herself as the wife of such a man. Unmistakably a lady in look, speech and manner. Tall and shapely of figure, elegantly attired in well fitting, dark-colored garments her white face, albeit now hard and stern, had the stamp of superior education and high breeding; and so great was the dissimilarity between this woman and her husband it was almost impossible to conceive how they could ever have lived together.

The painful story was soon told. It was the old, pitiful tale that is constantly enacted in every-day life, whose sad denouement is brought into our police courts every day. They had commenced their married life nearly ten years ago with the brightest prospects of a happy, prosperous future. They had a well-furnished home, and his ability as a salesman commanded a salary much more than required for their needs, and they looked forward to the day not far distant when he would be at the head of a lucrative business of his own. Each month a portion of his earnings were placed in the savings bank, and his wife cheerfully assisted to the utmost in her power in the care and frugality of her household arrangements, in swelling the amount of money laid by.

In an evil hour George fell in with convivial companions, who gradually drew into the downward path of drunkenness, followed by the still more ruinous habit of gambling. In vain the wife pleaded and used all her wily arts of attraction to keep him at home and wean him from these horrible habits; a spell of irrepresible evil seemed to enthrall the whole power of his will, and he steadily sank lower and lower into the dark path of hopeless destruction. He lost his position; savings were soon swallowed; furniture was sold to buy food, and now himself a loathsome wreck of his once fair manhood, his wife was living in a small scantily-furnished upper room, eking out a half-existence by her needle.

"Does he not give you any money for your support?" asked his Honor.

"I have not received one dollar from him in three months. He drinks and gambles every cent he earns."

"She is harsh and cold. She refuses to live with me," said the man, in a husky voice.

"While he continues in his present debased condition I would rather die than associate with him," the woman quickly interjected with a shudder of disgust.

"Still you insist that he shall support you?" said the judge.

"While I bear his name it is my right to be supported by him. But all I ask now is that he will give me as much as will pay the rent of the room I occupy. I will struggle through to attain my own livelihood."

"But would it not be better to live together, if he promises to provide for you?"

"I lost faith in his promises years ago. God only knows what I have suffered in the meantime. And I ask you, judge, if you think a woman with any sense of refinement and self-respect could bring herself to live with a man who has sunk to the loathsome condition to which he has attained?"

Here the woman pointed a finger direct at her husband's repulsive face, and the man dropped his eyes and cowered in conscious abasement. The next moment, with a strange look of blended tenderness and scorn, she added:

"Looking at him as he is now, it brings a sense of shame to me to think that I once loved him with every pulse of my heart. Now, if he will enable me to pay the trifle of three dollars a month rent until I may be in a position to earn it myself, and keep away from me, I will not trouble him any more."

The promise being finally given, the woman, with set lips and the same white, stern face, passed out of the court room.

"George," said a laoter companion of his, as they passed out into the street, "that's pretty hard lines for a man to have to give money to a woman who treats him as scornfully as if he were dirt under her feet."

"It's my own fault. She did love me once, just as she said. And I made her home a miserable one. I wish I was dead!"

No more words can express the passionate fervor with which the wish was uttered.

"Oh, well," said the other, in a careless, sneering voice, "it's pretty certain she don't care shucks for you now, so let's go in somewhere and have a drink."

"No, she don't care for me any more," seemed to come involuntarily from the half-closed lips of George, as he turned on his heel and walked away. He rambled down by the wharf, and a score of times was tempted to jump into the river and end the aching weight at his heart that pressed him down like a lump of lead.

One astonishing thing grew out of the scorn his wife had cast at him. He would let her see that he was not the lost object of loathsome disgust she had so pitilessly set him down to be. Not another glass of liquor would he drink—never again would he gamble.

The next morning he presented himself before a man who had formerly employed him, after such a cleansing of his person and attire as had not been effected in years before.

"Mr. Truman," he said, "I want to try

and be a better man. Will you give me a position? You can give me any salary you like—or none at all—till I prove that I am worthy to be trusted."

"George, I gave you up long ago, but I'll try you."

A month later the first three dollars were sent to Mrs. Tudor. And so with the second and third. He could have spared a little more, but he had a settled purpose in his mind. He was bent on saving every possible dollar till he could set himself up in business and show his wife that there was the right stuff of manhood about him.

But the messenger he employed to take the money informed him that his wife had been sick and was suffering for want of sufficient food. He straightway sent five dollars in addition, and began to double the amount of the monthly pay.

It was now late in the fall, and winter was fast approaching. He learned that his wife's employment had fallen away so that her means of subsistence became yet more circumscribed. He still further increased the amount of his remittance. With a feeling of pain that struck him like a blow, a portion of it was returned, with the information that she would not permit herself to encroach on his requirements.

George took this as another proof of how utterly she had cast him from her. It hardened his heart to bitter feeling, and he came very near seeing to drown recollection in another drunken debauch. He said to himself she was hard and cruel, and he would care nothing more about her.

But he found this was impossible. Chancing to see her one day, his heart jumped with the old quick bound and his pulse beat in a hot glow as he watched the white, beautiful face. He watched her graceful figure as far as he could distinguish it amid the throng, and still gazed after the retreating form long after it was gone. Every harsh feeling vanished from his breast, and he felt an inexpressible longing to win her back to himself.

And yet he knew it was useless. All love for him was dead in her heart. The fire was extinguished and would not be relighted.

As if to prove that this was true, the next money he sent to his wife came back, with a note stating that she had accepted the position of companion to a lady of wealth, which gave her such a home as would preclude any further need of assistance.

"She's lost all her feeling; she's as hard as a stone," he said.

But he was mistaken. When some days later the messenger who had carried the remittances to his wife sought her presence with the announcement that her husband was lying seriously ill she at once said:

"I will go to him," and she did so there and then.

She found him delirious, raving of the wife he had lost. She nursed him as only a true wife can. The doctor gave but little hope of his recovery. At least, he said, he would have to suffer a long, wasting sickness before there would be any change for the better. Mrs. Tudor bowed her head and patiently fulfilled her wily duties. Thanks to her tender care more than all other things, the crisis was passed, and he began the slow process of getting well.

By this time their means were exhausted, and the wife set herself to the task of earning bread for both, first removing to a couple of cheap rooms to get away from the very much extra cost of boarding. Friends assisted them to a few articles of furniture, and George's employer was very kind to them. He not only gave of his abundance, but busied himself to secure a finer class of needlework from his lady acquaintances than could be acquired at the stores.

In his delirious ravings Mrs. Tudor learned of the struggle her husband had made to be a better man, and the knowledge sank deep into her heart. She said nothing, but never was man more tenderly cared for. Never in their first days of happy prosperity had he seen such watchful solicitude for his welfare—such untiring efforts to secure his comfort.

She had always been a proud woman. Brought up in a home of plenty and refinement, she had never been called on to lift her hand to any menial or laborious employment and through all the latter period of their poverty had always clothed herself as became a lady.

In the most pinching of her want she clung to the good attire. Now she sold it, and for the first time arrayed herself in the very humblest garments. She did it for her husband. He knew that she had done it for his sake, while she would not for her own as well as that the sun shone above his head. It was a new revelation of a true woman's heart, such as not in a lifetime of prosperity would he have ever known.

It cut him to the heart to see this grand woman in such humble garb, but it thrilled him with ecstasy to his soul. He said to himself as he sat propped up on his pillow watching the beautiful face bent over her needlework: "I never really knew her till now."

He told the truth. More than that, his wife had not really known herself, either. The touchstone of suffering had brought out the higher qualities of her womanhood like refined gold from the furnace; and it is certain that no period of their prosperity had she felt so much of tranquil happiness as now when the battle of life for daily bread was at its hardest.

She knew that had won back her husband to the true nobility of his manhood; that he was no longer the loathsome, degraded being her soul revolted at, but a man who would hereafter hold himself up to the full stature of manhood's requirements in a manful struggle for their mutual weal.

Surely, God had sent this suffering to bring them together and show to the erring husband the full measure of a good woman's faithful love. Never in his life could he forget this time of hard trial, with a delicate woman working through the long weary hours to maintain him.

Never did his heart give such a jump of delight as when he was able once more to

set his own shoulder to the wheel and lift the heavy burden from his wife. And, pulling together bravely in the union of perfected love, they gradually drew out of the slough of their impoverished condition, slowly but surely, as must ever be where two hearts in true affection pull in mutual trust together.

Two years later, when George and his wife sat together in a nicely-furnished home, the latter attired in good garments that became her so well, and the husband had recovered all his old bright health and manly dignity of bearing, they conversed of his time of sickness and hard struggle with poverty. At length he said, clasping her hand in fervent affection:

"My darling! I pray God you may never be called on to pass through such another ordeal."

With a look of love that thrilled his soul with ecstasy his wife responded:

"I would not have missed it for the world."

A Tidal Wave

Sweeping Over This
Canada of Ours.

Paine's Celery Compound Banishing
Sickness and Disease.

Bestowing Health, Vigor
and New Life.

The Young and the Old Feel Its
Wonderful Power.

The Cure Never Cease to Sing Its
Praises.

Like a mighty tidal wave, Paine's Celery Compound, with its marvellous healing and curing virtues, is sweeping over Canada on its mission of health restoring. Today it is the only medicine that is banishing sickness and disease; the only one that is bestowing health, vigor and new life. Amongst all classes its wonderful power is felt directly the first bottle is commenced.

Paine's Celery Compound, owing to its honesty and never-disappointing virtues, has become the "people's" chosen medicine, and its worthy praises are sung everywhere by thousands of cured people. Nothing else in the world is so well adapted for the needs of the sick and suffering. After one trial it becomes a friend.

A cured lady, Mrs. George Durant, of Elms, Ont., writes as follows:

"For many years I have been a sufferer from liver troubles, and have doctored with several physicians, but only found relief for a short time. My husband advised me to try your Paine's Celery Compound. I did so, and found so much relief from the first bottle that I continued, and am now using the third bottle. Your compound has done more for me than any physician. For months before using the Compound I never had one night of sound sleep; but now I can go to bed and sleep soundly and naturally and feel like a new creature in the morning."

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Riding to Hounds After the Nimble Brutes
in Australia.

There are two ways of hunting kangaroos in Australia, one followed by native hunters and the other by white men. The natives surround a herd of the animals, narrow the circle and then, when the kangaroos dash at them in wild efforts to escape kill them with short spears and clubs, commonly called waddies. It is lively work for the native. The kangaroo uses its hind legs viciously and with great judgment, and dogs, horses, and men have been torn open by the nails of its hind feet.

The white men prefer to follow the kangaroos with dogs. Every herd of kangaroos has a leader, known as the old man or boomer, which warns its followers of the approach of danger by stamping on the ground with his hind foot, making a booming sound that starts all the kangaroos in hearing on a run. A scared herd will run twenty or thirty miles at times, or until it reaches safety. A male weighs from 100 to 175 pounds and is seven or eight feet long. The English make up parties of hunters and follow the kangaroo with dogs somewhat like foxhounds, but of greater size and strength. Women and men join in the sport, riding to the hounds on good horses.

Riding to the place where a herd of the beasts had been seen the day before by bushmen, a Sportsmen's Magazine writer says, "we came to the bush, a growth of ubiquitous ti trees and tree ferns, fit to brush one off his horse. Quiet was the word of caution passed when we came near the sparsely grown ground beyond the bush where the kangaroos had been seen. The dogs were called in, and then we rode from the bush into view of the herd's sanctinel, and then away went the kangaroos, followed by the dogs, and we were at the tail tips of the dogs. The kangaroos could run, but folding their fore legs across their breasts, they sat down. Then with tail



WAYS OF THE LOUPCERVIER.

Savage and Active, He is the Terror of
Smaller Animals.

and hind legs, away they went by hops, no hop being less than twenty feet long, and others being more than thirty feet. They cleared shrubs twelve feet high.

"Curiously enough, the kangaroo travels faster up hill than down, the dogs catching up on the down slopes. The beast sometimes breaks its neck while running down hill by going head over heels. The dogs began to throw their young out of their pouches, and we knew they were hard pressed. They turned suddenly for the water. We found the dogs at a water hole with two boomers at bay. We dismounted, and drawing our knives, waited an opportunity to run in and hamstring them. A dog rushed in and was caught by a hind leg of a boomer and pressed under water, where it was quickly drowned. Then a dog got one of the beasts by the back and threw it, whereupon my cousin quickly hamstringed it, while I rapped its nose with my whip, killing it. We had kangaroo tail soup and steaks for dinner for several days.

PROMPT MEASURES.

How McClellan Obtained Pardon from an
Indian Chief.

When true courage is accompanied by the impulse to act, and act valiantly, at the crucial moment, it is almost invincible. O. S. Marden, in "Architects of fate," gives, as an instance of the spirit ready to surmount an emergency a story relating to Gen. McClellan when, after the Mexican war, he was employed as a topographical engineer in surveying the Pacific coast.

From his headquarters at Vancouver he had gone south to the Columbia river with two companions, a soldier and a servant. One evening he received word that the chiefs of the Columbia river tribes wished to confer with him, and from the messenger's manner he suspected that the Indians meant mischief.

He warned his companions that they must be ready to leave camp at a moment's notice, and then, mounting his horse, he rode boldly into the Indian village. About thirty chiefs were holding council, and McClellan was led into the circle and placed at the right hand of the chief, Saltese, who made known the grievance of the tribe.

Two Indians had been captured by a party of white pioneers and hanged for theft. Atonement for the outrage was absolutely necessary, but although the chiefs pondered long over the question, they had but little to say. McClellan was on friendly terms with them, and he was by no means responsible for the executions; but he was a white man, and for that reason the responsibility seemed to lie with him.

The council was prolonged for hours, and then Saltese passed sentence: McClellan should be immediately put to death.

The officer said nothing, but sat motionless, apparently quite indifferent to his fate. His listlessness threw his captors off their guard, but the instant when the sentence was passed he moved like a flash; he whipped out his revolver and held it close to the chief's temple.

"Revoke that sentence," he cried, with his finger clinking the trigger, "or I shall kill you this instant!"

Saltese, Indian and stoic though he was, grew livid with fear.

"I revoke it!" he exclaimed.

"I must have your word that I can leave this council in safety!"

"You have the word of Saltese," was the quick response.

McClellan knew that the pledge was sacred, and he lowered his revolver and released the chief. Then he stode out of the tent, revolver in hand, mounted his horse and rode away, to summon his followers and place as many miles as possible between themselves and the Indians.—N. Y. Dispatch.

"If the loupervier, or Canadian lynx, were heavy and strong in proportion to his pugnacity and savage appearance he would be a bad customer for man or dog to tackle," said the man from Maine. "As it is, it takes a sandy hound to do one up even if he gets him cornered, which is a hard thing to do. In point of fact, the loupervier is a bluffer. He keeps himself pretty well in the back woods away from the abodes of men, but when the hunter or lumberman comes unexpectedly on one, the beast is by no means sure to run away. Though slight of build, the loupervier is long-legged, and when he faces a man, his eyes glaring yellow, his gray fur sticking out in all directions, his tasseled ears upright, with the ugly grin that shows his long teeth, he isn't the sort of creature that one would like to take up and fondle. If the man approaches him he will spit and snarl as if about to put up a great fight, and it is only at the last moment that he will give ground and leap away. Even then he goes no further than he has to, sometimes darting up a tree or to the top of a high rock, where, ensconced on the defensive, the temptation is not great to follow him. In that case, if the man have a gun of course the affair is quickly settled, but otherwise the loupervier holds the fort.

"To the smaller animals on which he preys the loupervier is a terror. He is quicker than chain lightning graced, and is all over the woods at once. On the ground he skirmishes for rabbits and grouse, and in the trees he captures birds and squirrels, and, more frequently, the young in their nests. He is a deadly enemy to fawns left in hiding by their mothers when they go away to browse for a dinner. Sometimes when pressed by hunger he will attack a doe, dropping on her back from the limb of a tree beneath which she passes; but the results of the experiment do no always encourage him to repeat it, for it implies an experience in bareback riding that knocks bronco-breaking into the shade. But in winter, when the crust formed on the deep snow will bear up a loupervier, he, banded with several of his kind, will successfully hunt the deer, which wallow hampered in the snow. William Oakes, a land surveyor in Maine, once came upon a deer which had been pursued and killed by three louperviers. They had driven the animal into the top of a fallen tree, where, entangled among the branches, it was an easy victim.

"The loupervier, as I have already implied, is not a cautious animal, and he is less difficult to trap than most other animals of the felice kind. Fast in a trap, he will put up his back and spit and hiss at the approach of his captor, but he is easily killed with the blow of a club on the head. He is not so tenacious of life as the wildcat, and a resolute dog that is game to face his teeth and claws for the first brief round will make short work of him. But for any dog not a thoroughbred the first round is all sufficient, his sole concern thereafter being a convenient line of retreat. A man firing at a loupervier in a tree wants to stand well away, for if he ventures within reach of his spring, with the report of his gun he may find the creature landed upon him, clawing at his face, and even if he win he will be apt to carry souvenirs of the encounter in the shape of bites and scratches for many a day.

"With all their savage pugnacity louperviers are sociable, playful creatures, among themselves, and often have been observed on moonlight nights in open spaces of the forest, or on the ice of lakes, frolicking in groups like kittens."

"Carrie—"Jack thinks I'm fickle." Lena—"That's probably the reason he doesn't propose a second time."—Life.