

A MODERN TELL.

Courcy Devereaux & Co. is the name engraved on the plates of our office door in Brown's court, No. 113, third floor.

I never go there myself unless there is something special on, but my partner, Courcy Devereaux, as he calls himself, attends daily, if only for an hour or so, for the looks of the thing, and to read his paper.

As for myself, I am the "company," Bloggs is my name, plain John Bloggs and when this office business was first proposed I felt hurt because Courcy wouldn't put my name in full also.

But I had to give way, as I did to everything he proposed, for he is Al, and a credit to his profession.

To what profession, did you ask? Well, I will try and explain it all to you, but you must first understand that my partner has an extraordinary headpiece for business. It is astonishing the way he can think out everything.

'Bloggs, old boy,' says he, one evening, about a month ago, 'you remember that house I pointed out to you at the corner of Dovecot terrace?'

'I do. What of it?' I answered.

'I am told that there is living there a rich American. He is married, only one servant—quiet sort of people evidently; and as I know you can't like dogs in your business capacity, I find they do not keep one big or little. Tomorrow morning, therefore, you must proceed to Dovecot terrace go to the side door in the wall, and try to sell the servant one of the firm's brooches'—and my partner smiled.

Next morning I set out, for part of my work as partner was to carry a black box occasionally, containing brooches, which I sold to servant girls, as a rule.

'Sold,' I said, but seeing as how we gave about three-and-six-pence each for those brooches, we ought to have got a trifle more than the price my partner told me always to charge, but he was always so good-hearted, he was.

'Charge sixpence each for 'em,' says he. 'We shall never lose anything by being generous.'

It was just like him—he was too generous—but I never had the heart myself to sell more than two at that price to one servant.

My plan of business was that, when the girl opened the door, my box was open too, and a tempting show of brooches met her gaze, and my three words, 'Only sixpence each,' never failed to effect a sale.

This one was no exception to the rule, and in less than two minutes I was exhibiting my stock in trade on the kitchen table. I can tell you that girl was no fool, for she picked out three of the nicest brooches I'd got, two of 'em for her sisters of course. It was fortunate for me that she hadn't got six more sisters, anyway.

Then arose a little difficulty—her money was upstairs, and she seemed a bit afraid of leaving me by myself while she went for it, which was only natural.

'Don't be afraid of me, miss; here's my license, properly signed. Thomas Jones is my name, as you can see for yourself in black and white.'

She was satisfied, and went away up the back stairs at once.

You see, when this brooch selling business was started my partner could not bear the idea of having my proper name put in the license—bless you he is so proud, and he would not for the world like his city friends to know that his partner hawked brooches to servant girls.

But if he is proud, I am awfully curious, and I could not control myself; so I stopped quietly across the kitchen and peeped through the door at the back which led into the scullery, then tiptoed to the door which led to the front of the house, and, turning the handle quietly, peeped through into the hall.

'Nice little place this, altogether; should like one like this some day myself,' I thought. For these little glimpses of different houses taught me a lot of useful things, you know, as I am observant of matters that some people would not give me credit for.

Just at this moment the girl came back with the money, and as my curiosity had evaporated, she found me putting my box in order.

'There you are,' she said, 'one-and-sixpence. I haven't kept you long, and if you are coming round this way in about a fortnight's time you might call again. I shall have my wages then, as the master and missus are going back to America, and I should like one or two more to take home with me.'

As I before remarked, my partner is Al in his profession, and you would have thought so, too, if you had seen him handle some of his inventions so beautifully. But he never patented any of them, as he often said that such a course made everybody as wise as yourself. Moreover, he disliked notoriety, and so do I, too, I can assure you.

The same evening we talked matters over a while more, and then, after supper and a cigar, we both donned our machine-toshies, into certain inside pockets of which we inserted a few of the before mentioned inventions.

When we started out it was beginning to rain slightly, but we did not mind that, and strange to say, just about 12 o'clock we found ourselves at the side door of 1 Dovecot terrace.

'Why, all is darkness, Bloggs,' I suppose they have gone to bed. Well, we won't disturb them, eh, old man?'

He was very thoughtful, you see, for other people, was my partner, so he left me while I unfastened the door in the wall, and strolled along the road a little way, after which he joined me inside the little yard, when we closed the door once again, fastening it inside.

'Good business so far, Bloggs. Now give me No. 2, and we will soon be there, my boy.'

No. 2 was one of those wonderful inventions I have spoken about, and such an insinuating work of art was it that in a very

few minutes we both stood by the table on which I had placed my box the morning previous.

Locating the door which led into the hall, we found it unfastened and like a pair of specters we passed through, and so on to the door, which led into the front parlor. This door was fastened.

'Sorry to spoil our friend's door, Bloggs, but we shall be obliged to use No. 2 once more.'

So No. 2 was again manipulated by my partner with such dexterity and silence that the slight instrument soon began to show its effect on the woodwork, inasmuch as a small shower of sawdust was apparent, to our joint satisfaction.

My partner whispered again: 'Now for No. 3, Bloggs. Then turn the light on a little more, and we won't be long before we invite ourselves inside, and, after our business is transacted, old boy, why—hey, presto! begone!'

Necessarily I stood quite close to my partner as I lighted his operations. Were you ever in a railway collision or pitched out of a balloon crash upon mother earth?

Perhaps not, but, anyhow, as my senses began to return to me I fancied I had experienced both, and then I gradually opened my eyes, at the same time trying to raise my hand to an enormous lump which I felt sure I was suddenly possessed of.

Both my hands and arms were tightly secured to the chair I was seated in, and, turning my head, there was my partner, in the same predicament.

'Feel better now, old fellow,' says he, 'after your tumble?'

Ha! now I remembered. The sudden glare of electric light over our heads and at the same instant a sudden swishing something landed round our shoulders, and, with a tremendous jerk, down we both went crash on the tiled floor—then oblivion.

After that the dismal awakening, tied up, and with the knowledge that some good Samaritan, to bring me to my senses had insinuated about a quart of water around my neck.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' said a voice at my elbow. 'Sorry to interrupt you so suddenly at your work, but the fact is the £250 pounds which I suppose you were expecting to find in the esortoire was put by me into the bank to-day.'

And the speaker, who had hitherto been standing behind us, came in front and regarded us with a quiet twinkle in his eye. 'Come here, lassie, and let me introduce you to our visitors,' he said, as he flicked off the ash from a cigar he was smoking.

The 'lassie,' who was evidently his wife, came to the front door also and stood by the man's side.

He was altogether a splendid specimen of humanity; she, however, was rather a small built woman, but had evidently plenty of nerve, and by the manner in which she handled a small silver-mounted rifle I was convinced that she was able to use it.

'Gentlemen, this is my wife, the champion lady shot, and for myself, well, I am supposed to throw a lasso as well as most where I came from.'

Now I understand the swishing noise and our sudden overthrow.

The lady had been an amused spectator until now, but suddenly a thought seemed to strike her.

'Biram, just wait a minute, please.'

So Biram bent his head while she whispered.

Then he laughed and they left us.

'We are trapped, old fellow, this time, and no mistake; they have gone for the police,' said my partner, turning his head toward me. 'Where will it all end?'

'Dartmoor,' said I, 'if—'

'Silence, please,' said the lady (for she had now returned tapping the butt of her rifle); 'and, moreover, do not stir.'

The reason of her request was evident. Mr. Biram—an amateur photographer evidently—now came and planted a camera in front of us as we sat bound and helpless.

Now, as her majesty's photographers in different parts of the country have the honor of possessing my likeness—more or less distorted, I admit—I protested and proceeded to disarrange my features with the idea of baffling their intentions.

She looked at me and, smiling quietly, said:

'Wait a minute, Biram, I'll fix him for you.'

When she came back she had a different gun in the one hand, and a common wine cork in the other, which she placed carefully on the bald spot on my head.

'Now, my man,' says she, 'did you ever hear of William Tell?'

'Never knew him, that I am aware of, ma'am.'

'Well,' says she, 'William Tell was the man who with a bow and arrow, shot an apple from the top of his son's head placed like that'—and she pointed to the cork on my head. 'Now we folks out West, she continued, 'can beat those old-fashioned games hollow, but we use guns, and by preference, as I don't wish to disturb the neighbors, I will use an airgun. Please get me the small mirror from the kitchen, Biram.'

I suddenly grasped the position, but couldn't speak a word to save my life, nor dared I stir. My features straightened instantly, and, shutting my eyes, I tried to count how many jills I had seen the inside of, and what the different chaplains had talked to me about, but I couldn't remember.

Biram came with the glass, and—oh, it was horrible!—she stood with her back to me, while Biram held the glass for her.

'Ping!'

What a frightful sensation it was as the cork flew off.

'Fix that camera again, Biram,' said she, turning round. 'I think after that he won't trouble you again; if not, I must try again at something smaller.'

I tried to look as pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

And so the pictures were completed to their satisfaction, but not to ours, you may be sure.

Mr. Biram then undid the cords about



us, to our relief, as we were cramped horribly.

'Sit still a minute, you pair, and be advised by me,' he said, eying us both sternly. 'Do not stir or move a hand without my permission; otherwise you must take the consequences.'

We understood and nodded, for Mrs. Biram was fingering a small revolver in a manner that I did not much care for, while my partner listened gloomily.

'You may think your lucky stars that I shall not give you in charge for the reason—'

'Hear, hear, guv'nor!' I said.

'Because,' he added, 'we wish to get back to the States soon, and your trial would delay somewhat; but I warn you to steer clear of London for a time, for it my wife sees either of you hanging around she would certainly go in for some more gun practice; so remember.'

I heard Mrs. Biram say something laughingly to her husband and then: 'I believe,' he said, eying me, 'that you sell brooches very cheap?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied, meekly, 'too cheap. I am thinking of going out of that trade after all this.'

'You may,' he answered, grimly smiling, 'after another transaction with my wife, and respecting which I desire you to forward to her that she may receive them not later than this evening twenty-four similar brooches. If not, why, you must take the consequences; and then, of course, we shall be compelled to stop and see the fun.'

'Bloggs,' says my partner, as he was packing up the brooches to be posted as soon as the office opened—'Bloggs, I've got an old aunt in North Wales who hasn't seen me for a long time. Will you come?'

I thought of the woman who, without winking, knocked corks off the heads of honest men; and then—'would I come?' I fled.—Answers.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF

FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA.

What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer.

It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.

It is thousands of little vesicles filled with an irritant fluid, which burst and flow over the raw surface of the denuded skin, causing more torture than all other skin diseases combined.

It comes on almost any part of the body and is no respecter of age, as old people as well as tender infants are the subjects of its attack.

What about the cure? Physicians seem prone to regard it as almost beyond their reach.

What about Kootenay Cure? Why, it's the very remedy wherever there is any deterioration of the blood.

In the case of Mr. G. W. Dawson, Fulton P. O., Ont., stated under oath, it simply worked marvels. He had Eczema for five years, was treated by many physicians in Canada and the United States, but got so bad at last with the frightful itching and burning that he thought he would go insane. Six bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure cured him.

Mr. William Marchant, an Engineer, living at 242 Catherine Street North, Hamilton, makes a sworn statement that he suffered intensely with Eczema which covered his whole body. He was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was discharged at the end of that time as incurable. Four bottles of Kootenay Cure entirely cured his Eczema.

Other proofs of the remarkable efficacy of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure may be had by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Hundreds of people testify under oath. The New Ingredient used in Kootenay Cure will revolutionize medical science. One bottle lasts over a month.

A BICYCLE RECONNAISSANCE.

Two Conditions in Which a Bicycle is Quite Valueless.

The horse, as an adjunct of military operations, has been definitely relegated to an inferior position by a bicycle reconnaissance made by United States soldiers in June, 1896, the full official report of which has lately been made public by the commanding officer of the expedition, Lieutenant Abercrombie, and printed in the Army and Navy Journal.

Lieutenant Abercrombie, accompanied by a sergeant and a private soldier, each man carrying on his machine blankets, half-shelter tent, revolver, cartridges, rations and spare apparatus, so that the weight of each machine was brought up to forty-five pounds, rode from Fort Omaha to Chicago and back. This journey eastward was made in almost constant rain, over roads so flooded and muddy that it was necessary for a part of the way to abandon them and take to the railroad track. The two soldiers were new men at the business, having never made a long journey before.

With these and other disadvantages, Lieutenant Abercrombie and his men made the round trip—a distance of eleven hundred and forty-two miles—in thirteen days

of actual travel, averaging eighty-four miles a day on the eastward trip, and ninety-three miles a day on the trip westward, when the roads were somewhat drier.

The riders frequently had to dismount to lead their machines through sand. On one occasion they were obliged to fell a tree to make a foot-bridge across a river, and on another they had to cut brush and lay it down and make a foothold on the bottom of an expanse of water, through which they waded up to their knees, carrying their wheels above their heads. On the first day the detachment made eighty six miles, over roads which, Lieutenant Abercrombie says, a horseman could not have traversed in any length of time. On the second day the party were forced to take to the railroad track.

The shock of bouncing from one to another was quite severe; 'and when,' the lieutenant says, 'a trestle presented itself, a new complication arose. To dismount and walk meant to lose time and to cool off and stiffen up; so the trestles were ridden, although the vibration of the handle-bars, where the sleepers were more than the regulation distance apart, was terrific. I could scarcely realize that such a delicate-looking machine as a bicycle could stand such rough usage. But we averaged on the railroad track over nine miles an hour.'

The party reached General Merritt's headquarters in Chicago, having made the distance from Omaha, five hundred and eighty-eight miles, in seven days, over roads as rough as rain and sun could make them.

The return was made more easily, and with less railroad-track travel. As a result of his experience, Lieutenant Abercrombie declares that the practical value of a bicycle as a means of transportation for a scout, a reconnoitering patrol, an infantry screen or mounted picket is demonstrated.

'There are,' he says, 'two conditions, and only two, where a bicycle is valueless as a means of transportation to a trained rider, and those are in sand, devoid of vegetation, and in soft, unpacked snow.'

TOO ASPIRING.

If he Wasn't Quick he Was Not Fit for a Newboy's Work.

It is a popular fallacy that the lower walks of life are open to any who cannot succeed in the upper walks. A different view of the subject is suggested by a story which comes from Birmingham, England. Even the humblest profession demands certain qualities, if it is to be prosecuted with success.

It was one of those drizzling, dispiriting evenings, when a superabundance of internal comfort is necessary to balance the outward dreariness. The shops in Corporation Street had just been lighted for the evening, and from the doorway of one of them a clean, well-dressed little boy looked with longing eyes at the gutter urchins, with their damp bundles of newspapers and matches.

To that small victim of respectability and refined surroundings the free life of these street arabs presented an irresistible charm. Presently the boy overcame his diffidence, and leaving the shelter of the doorway, sought one of the newsboys.

'Do you think,' he humbly asked, after a few preliminary words, 'that I should be able to earn money as you do, if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?'

The newsboy looked him over critically. 'What does the likes of you want selling papers?' he asked.

'I'm tired of being idle at home,' replied the small aspirant.

'Well,' said the other, with the serious air of an authority on the subject in question, 'd'yer think yer could 'old a bundle o' papers in one 'and, race like the mischief, lick three or four boys bigger'n yerself with the other 'and, while yer keeps two more off with yer feet, and takes a toff's ha'penny, an' yells yer papers all the time?'

'No, I don't,' replied the well-dressed little boy.

'Then yer're no good in the Corporation Street news agency biz,' replied the ragged authority. 'You'd better git yer people to 'prentice yer to the clergy, or something light.'

OUT OF THE TOILS.

Physicians Failed, Cure-Alls Failed—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A. E. Young of Barnston, P. Q. Quickly and Permanently.

This is her testimony: 'I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease.'

SAVED WITH A CRUTCH.

The Brave Deed of a Puny Little Crippled Indian Boy.

We are accustomed to read of Indian bravery under the excitement of battle, but seldom hear of the exhibition of any noble qualities whatever on the part of the red man who lives a dependant life among the whites. An act of heroism on the part of a lame little Indian boy in an Oregon town is worthy of note, for more reasons than one.

On one of the last days of last March, two ladies of The Dalles, Oregon, Mrs. Butcher and Mrs. Gessler, were out gathering wild flowers. They were accompanied by a little girl whose name was Balot. On the way home the party were passing over a foot-bridge across Mill Creek, the waters of which were high, when the little girl slipped and fell into the stream, and was instantly borne beyond reach by the current.

The two ladies started to run down the bank of the stream, hoping for a chance to rescue the child, when their way was suddenly barred by a high and close barbed-wire fence. They struggled to get over it, but failed. Meantime they called loudly for help.

But there was no one within hearing except a little crippled Indian boy named Jim Busha. He came hobbling along on his crutches on the other side of the fence. They asked him to go in search of help, but when little Jim saw the child in the stream, and how necessary it was that whatever help was given should be given instantly, he preferred to supply the help himself.

He rushed into the whirling water as far as he could go, and held out his crutch to the girl. She managed to seize it, and Jim, holding in a really unful way to the footing that he had, pulled the child near him, took her in his arms, and brought her safely to the shore.

SKIN DISEASES!

One Remedy Which Has Never Failed—Tried and Tested Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, chafing, black heads, salt rheum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyersburg, Ont., writes:

'I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Piles, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease.'

Peter Vanallen, L'Amable, Que., had the eczema for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers, Edman-son, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto. Price 60 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchial and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lineed and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised making it pleasant to take. Large bottle 25 cents.

A Thoughtful Girl.

'Here's an account of a Colorado girl who climbed to the top of Mount Popocatepetl and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."'

'She had some sense, didn't she? It's too bad some other girls are not as thoughtful when they want to sing.'—Chicago Evening Post.

He had Experience.

'But,' said the Cuban insurgent, 'you will not be able to see the prisoner. He is incommunicado.'

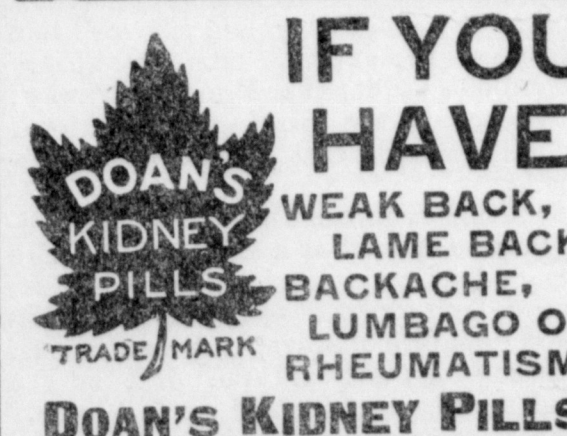
'Bish!' said the dauntless filibuster, who had once been a New York book agent, 'I'll manage to see him. I've seen hundreds of men who were supposed to be incommunicado.'

Wheeling Sarcasm.

'Wheeler who rides a "lightning"!'—'You ought to get a lock for that wheel.'

'Scorch' (who rides a 'Blue Streak')—'Think so?'

'Yes. Some one might steal it—for the lamp.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU.

DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS, DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

HAVE YOU DROPSY, KIDNEY OR URINARY TROUBLES OF ANY KIND? IF SO, DOAN'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, FRIGHTFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGETFULNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

EVEN IF YOUR MEMORY IS DEFECTIVE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DOAN'S PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES, AND EVERY DOSE HELPS THE CURE.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.