

When The Rain is Peltin'.

What's the use in feelin' gloomy an' a-moanin' of your lot,
When the rain is peltin' down around the door?
Clouds may hang a-cleer lower, but all trouble has an end,
An' the blessed sun is goin' to shine some more.
A-frownin' an' a-growin' never made a harvest big,
An' a-feelin' blue won't fill the pumpkin vine;
An' the cheerful chap as whistles most will reap a bigger crop
Than the feller who can only sit an' whine.

It takes a heap of heartfulness to hum a lively tune
When the rain is peltin' down around the door,
Providin' it's in fall-time (the rain is good in June)
An' you haven't got the crops in on the floor,
But the Lord aint helpin' him that doesn't help his self
An' a faint heart never paid a mortgage, shore!
So you've got to keep a-singin' just to scare the devil off
When the rain is peltin' down around the door.

Sakes alive! I reckon trouble would be plentiful as sin.
When the rain is peltin' down around the door,
If we all sat down a-grumblin' an' a-questionin' of Him
'Cause 'benefits received' were muddin' pore.
But all be up an' doin' with a singin' in your heart
An' see how light the burdens then'll seem.
It aint the logic of the Lord to give the worker 'skin'
An' allow the drone to revel in the dream.

I reckon all the singin' that a man could ever do
When the rain is peltin' down around the door,
Wouldn't churn a pound of butter if he didn't use his hands,
But it makes the butter sweeter, certain shore.
Did you ever see a bee 'at wasn't hummin' while it worked,
A-gettin' in her goodly winter store?
They hum an' hive an' hoard their wealth for idle days to come,
Whe the rain is peltin' down around the door.

The Captain's Daughter

CHAPTER I.

She was a bonnie lassie, and many an admiring glance fell upon her as she stood on the Broomielee that beautiful summer morning, with the sunlight falling around her and lighting up her golden hair. The scene was one of bustle and activity. Enormous vessels, almost countless in number, and from nearly every nation under the sun, were busy loading or unloading. The great quay was crowded with pleasure seekers going 'down the water,' and the Clyde steamers—the finest fleet in the world—were pulling out from their docks thronged with Glasgow citizens bound for the many delightful resorts of which the Clyde alone can boast.

The subject of my sketch stood apart from the surging crowd, and was looking wistfully into the dark eyes of a young sailor who had just sprung ashore to bid her a last good-by. The great ship in which he was about to sail lay tugging at her moorings. She was bound for Sydney, and the usual excitement at the going out of such a vessel prevailed. Young Colin Campbell was the quartermaster on the magnificent steamer. He was proud of his position, and would guard it with the utmost fidelity. How handsome and brave he looked as he stood beside the fair young girl, who had come to see him sail! His dark blue, neatly-fitting sailor suit set off the fine figure to advantage; the deep sailor collar rolled away from the bronzed neck, the dark curls clustered thickly round his shapely head, where rested the jaunty sailor cap, with the name of the vessel inscribed in gilt letters around the band. He was, indeed, the typical Scotch sailor in all the glory of young manhood. Janet loved him in her shy, self-contained Scottish fashion, and Colin understood her. The look on her flower-like face and in her beautiful eyes, where the shadows were lurking at present, expressed what the red lips fail would utter.

'Wish me God speed, Janet,' said Colin as he took her white dimpled hands in his strong, warm grasp. 'I will have fair weather and a prosperous voyage I will return by Hallowe'en, and we will spend the happy time together.'

'Ah, Colin,' sobbed the girl, 'but something tells me you will never come back; the voyage is long, and the sea is treacherous and deep, and I feel as if I should never look into your dear face again.'

'Keep a brave heart, Janet,' said Colin, 'and never fear; God guides the mariner into ports of peace in time of danger, and when I am pacing the lonely deck with the stars for my companions my thoughts will be of you; when the storm is at its height, and the waves lash about in their fury, thoughts of you will comfort me and your presence will never forsake me.'

'All hands on duty!' shouted the captain. A hurried kiss, a last goodby, and he was gone. Janet stood alone, weeping silently. Sweethearts and wives are waving a tearful goodby as the gallant ship is cleared from her moorings and swings slowly round and is steaming majestically down the river. The loved ones on the shore gaze tearfully after the departing vessel, and at length sadly disperse to their homes to watch and pray for the ship's safe return.

CHAPTER II.

Donald Cameron was a retired sea captain who lived in a beautiful villa in Dumbarton, near the bank of the Clyde. For years he had followed the sea, and many an interesting yarn he could spin of shipwreck and adventure, and of the different countries he had seen. He had grown tired of 'knocking about,' as he termed it, and believed in 'reefing his own topsails, let the wind blow high or low. Janet was his only child, and his idol. Her mother died when she was but a wee bit lassie, but kind Auntie Jean had taken the 'mitherless bairn' to her heart and had carefully watched over her lovely charge; and now the three lived happily together in their beautiful villa overlooking the Clyde.

Captain Cameron could not have chosen a fairer spot for a residence. A few miles above was prosperous, energetic Glasgow, with its miles and miles of shipping from all over the world. The fine fleet of Clyde steamers daily went by, thronged with tourists in search of scenes of beauty and cooler air. All this Donald could see while he sat on the pebbly beach in the long, bright summer months, smoking his pipe and watching stately vessels to and from distant lands. His own town was full of historical interest to visitors. There stood the rock of Dumbarton, rugged and grand, upholding its formidable fortress. In the keep of the castle might have been seen the sword of the dauntless Wallace. This is where he struck the first blow for injured, unhappy Scotland, and from the summit of this stupendous rock he tore down the dragon of England and planted the lion of Scotland in its stead. Below is the peaceful valley, and a splendid panorama is here spread before you of beautiful, pastoral scenes, encircling hills dotted here and there with white villas and bonnie

green woods, with misty mountain-tops away in the background.

This is where Donald Cameron had chosen to live the remainder of his days with his lovely daughter Janet, the pride of Dumbarton. Janet was the village belle, and none could compare with her in beauty and goodness. She was sought by many a braw lad, but could not remember the time when she did not love him, for they had grown up together, the handsome, sturdy lad and the winsome, blue-eyed lass. Colin loved the sea and early chose it for his vocation. The sea had a fascination for Janet, and she had long vowed within herself that a sailor's wife she would be as soon as she was old enough to marry.

The days flew rapidly by. Colin had been gone since July. It was drawing near the end of October, and he had promised to be back for Hallowe'en, a festival that is observed throughout all Scotland. This is the night when the faeries come and dance on the greensward and the lads and lassies pry into the future. Poor Janet, she was doomed to disappointment, and grief. Hallowe'en came, with its games and charms, and the merry children marching through the streets with their candles and custocks; but Colin did not come, nor could any tidings be learned of the vessel long past due.

CHAPTER III.

'Hallowe'en, a night o' teen,
A candle and a custock;
Doonducks has gotten a wife
And they ca' her Jenny Lustock.'

This was the shrill cry that ushered in the eve of All Hallowmas, or the Festival of All Saints, on the 31st day of October, and the merry children went tripping through the streets, singing gaily with their candles and custocks and gay-colored lanterns. And truly the faeries were not more sprightly than these happy children in their innocent glee keeping their Hallowe'en. Bright lights shone from the windows of Captain Cameron's villa. Twice had the purple bloom been on the heather; twice had the daisies blossomed on the lea, but no tidings had ever been heard of Colin. Janet mourned for him in secret. The roses in her cheek had faded. Her step was less sprightly than of yore, and her happy song had ceased. Her father had asked in her young companions and a few of his own cronies for this night of all nights. He wanted to see his 'lass,' as he fondly called her happy; she was too young to give way to sorrow. And Janet tried her best to please him.

Fires were burning brightly in the grates and lights shone brilliantly from the windows. The great kitchen was the scene of merriment. In one end was a large fireplace. A kettle hung over the glowing coals singing a merry tune. In the middle of the floor stood a large tub nearly filled to the brim with clear, cold water; beside it stood a hamper full of rosy-cheeked apples. Around these were grouped young men and maidens fair to see waiting their turn to duck for apples. On the white tables was the great bowl of the steaming toddy—no wonder the kettle sang! Current loaf fairs of oatcake and a big 'Whang' out from a big cheese graced the board, which, together with the toddy, helped constitute the good cheer.

The merry-making now began in earnest. Aunt Jean brought out a bag full of nuts and a great scramble ensued to see who should burn theirs first. Their fates were soon decided by that charm, and then away they all scampered to try something else. Janet tried to be happy with the rest, but loving thoughts of Colin would creep into her mind; if she only knew whether he were still in the land of the living or rolling inat the bottom of the sea!

'Let us try some charms,' said a young lad. 'Come, Janet, and help us pu' the stocks.' Out they go hand in hand, with eyes tightly closed, and slowly grope their way to the kailyard, pulling the first they come to. Some are tall, some short, some are sweet, some sour, some have lots of earth hanging to the roots—indicative of a large fortune. With shout and laughter they scampered back to the house to place their kailruns above the door. One wonders off alone to try some special charm. Meg goes to the glass to eat an apple, but hearing a gruesome noise somewhere, she starts back in fear. 'Let us sow the hempseed!' cried Willie. 'Ye daurna,' said Jock. The bag of hempseed is brought out and each one takes a handful and with beating heart and shaking limbs goes to some lonely spot to sow it.

A little bit of the Scotch superstition clings to Janet. She had the hempseed in her mind and resolved to try it. She has no fear as she goes into the garden and rakes the ground. She scatters the seed and as it falls to the ground she repeats to herself—Hempseed, I sow thee; hempseed, I sow thee; and him that is to be my true love, come after me and pu' thee. She looked over her left shoulder and saw some one at the end of the garden in the attitude of pulling hemp. Janet stood as if petrified for a moment, then uttered one

long scream which brought the old folks running out of the house, to find Janet in the arms of a man.

'Losh pity me!' said the captain, 'what's a' this?' 'It's the deil!' exclaimed an old lady in tones of horror. 'Guid preserve us it's Colin Campbell or his ghost,' said Aunt Janet. It was indeed Colin in the flesh, with the same lovelight dancing in his 'ee's.' What a welcome he received. They dragged him into the cheerful kitchen, seated him by the fireside, where they gathered round him while he related to them the story of the adventure and dangers he had encountered during the two years he had been away.

CHAPTER IV.

Colin had arrived in Sydney all safe. They had shipped their cargo, and were homeward bound, when nearing the Cape of Good Hope one of the storms peculiar to that latitude suddenly burst upon them. Every man was called on deck, but before they had time to shorten sail the storm had reached the height of its fury. The captain shouted his commands, but not a word could be heard in the roar of the tempest. Darkeness and terror reigned a vivid flash of lightning would now and then leap forth from a volume of black and light up the ghastly faces of the sailors in the shrouds. Buffeted and tossed about for hours the ship at last sprang a leak. The pumps being useless the lifeboats were lowered and passengers and crew jumped in and pushed away from the sinking vessel. It was well they did for in a few moments she whirled and sank before them.

After the storm had ceased Colin and some of the crew found themselves alone in a small boat without food or covering, drifting aimlessly about on a trackless sea. Tortured with the pangs of hunger, and no hope of rescue, death seemed to stare them in the face, when on the third day a ship was sighted which seemed to be bearing down on them. Nearer and nearer it came and soon they were hailed by friendly voices and taken on board, where they were soon made comfortable. The vessel was bound for Geelong and thither our hero had to go. The wind being against them it was many days before they arrived in port. Poor Colin! He was in a strange land without money, clothes or shelter. He met a party of young men going from Geelong to the gold diggings, who, after hearing his story, provided him with money and invited him to go with them and share their fortunes; so, purchasing a few necessary articles he started at once with his newly found friends for the region of gold.

After days of travel through the bush they reached the place in safety, staked out their claims and proceeded to business. They worked diligently from day to day, but for some time seldom smiled. Week after week rolled on, and all they found of the precious dust was only a few ounces. Colin, unused to such hardships and pining for home and Janet, fell ill of a fever and for many weeks his life was despaired of. His friends nursed him as well as they could in such a rough place, and had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to health once more. He again resumed his duties at the mine, digging and picking in his search for gold. One day as he was working busily he struck what he thought was a stone and broke his pick; stooping down to investigate he saw something glitter. With his spade he dug around it; and there before him lay a great shining nugget of gold. How they rejoiced in the little but that night! Their dreams were at last realized; their fortunes were made. As soon as they could they sold their claim at a splendid figure, and with their precious nugget started for Sydney, where they disposed of it, divided the proceeds, and with joyful hearts sailed for home. And there he was, stalwart in form and bronzed in feature, but the same true hearted lad.

He had seen Janet go into the garden and guessing what she was about to do, resolved to follow her. The Hallowe'en ended happily for Janet after all, and a prayer of thankfulness arose in her heart to the One who had guided her loved one back to this quiet haven of rest. She will never repeat the sowing of hempseed to see what the future has in store for her, but will always cherish with right good cheer, the night that brought Colin back to love and happiness.

A Good Appetite.

'A good appetite is sauce for poor food,' according to the old adage, but a voracious appetite might be both inconvenient and expensive. If a man were built on the same lines as a caterpillar, the whole round earth would shortly become a desert waste. This small creature will in the course of four or five weeks eat more than six thousand times its weight in food. An adult human being must have a most excellent appetite to consume within three months' time an amount of food that will equal his own weight. A few persons eat more than this, but by far the greater number take less. An estimate of the food consumption of the world would show a general average far below these figures. The majority of persons get enough food

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to satisfy their cravings, but their is a very considerable minority that scarcely know what it is to be free from the pangs of hunger.—The Ledger.

THE DOG AS FOOD.

Facts That Klondikers May Learn Through Experience.

'The more we know of men, the more we like dogs,' writes misanthropically that great friend of animals, M. Toussental. Perhaps it is because the inhabitants of the Celestial empire do not know men sufficiently well that they still regard the dog as an edible animal, and one of the most savory of morsels. But it is to be hoped, says La Nature, that in the progress of civilization a day will come when these brave animals—'candidates for humanity,' according to Michelet's picturesque expression—will no longer figure on the menus of state dinners at the Court of Peking.

Darwin relates somewhere that when the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are pressed by famine they kill and eat their old women rather than their dogs, and that in Australia fathers will sacrifice their children in order that the mothers may be able to nourish this useful servant of man. The Chinese, however, tend and fatten their dogs carefully—to eat. They also consider the cat a choice dish. The Abbe Le Noir, in his 'Travels in the Far East,' relates that in the markets of many cities are to be seen dogs and cats hanging side by side by the head or tail, and that on most farms these animals are kept in little coops like hencoops. They remain thus from two to three weeks, condemned to almost complete immobility, and are fed on nothing but a mixture of rice and farina. We do not know the edible dog or the edible cat in France, and probably since the siege they have been but little served—openly at least—on the tables of Paris restaurants. At Peking and throughout China, however, there is no dainty repast without its fillet or leg of dog; the cat is rather a dish of the poorer classes.

These same customs that are so repulsive to us as to seem like a kind of semi-cannibalism existed, nevertheless among the people of classic antiquity. History tells us that in early times the dog was always regarded as an edible animal. The inhabitants of certain nomes of Egypt piously embalmed their dead dogs, but others considered that it was more in conformity to the doctrines of a wise economy to kill and eat them. Plutarch tells us that the dwellers in Cynopolis, where dogs were honored as divine, made war on the Oxyrinchis, who had committed the sacrilege of eating dogs. In his book on diet, Hippocrates, speaking of common articles of food, is of the opinion that the flesh of the dog gives heat and strength but is difficult of digestion. 'Our fathers,' says Pliny, 'regarded small dogs as so pure a food that they used them for expiatory victims. Even today young dogs' flesh is served at feasts held in honor of the gods.' And further on: 'This meat was used in the installation feasts of the pontiffs.' According to Apicius, who has left us a curious treatise on 'Cookery,' the Romans ate also adult dogs.

The Savages of North America, for lack of provisions, often sacrifice their companions of the chase. We are told that before the introduction of cattle the Spaniards in Mexico used the native dogs so freely as food that the species has now completely disappeared. According to Captain Cook, the natives of New Zealand ate their dogs and clothed themselves in the skins. Foster adds: 'They love the flesh passionately, and prefer it to that of the pig.' The Greenlanders and the Kamchatskans also sometimes eat their dogs, but only when reduced to this cruel extremity by famine. In Africa dogs form the food of certain negro tribes. In the Ashantee country the flesh is eaten both fresh and dried. And it appears that in the lower region, among the Batekes, there is a custom that must make every friend of dumb beasts rage with indignation—before killing a dog for food it is maltreated and tortured, to make the flesh more tender.

To Ward off Lions.

In a recent lecture the German traveler Prof. Pechuel-Loeschke declared that the danger from attacks by wild animals in the African deserts and elsewhere was greatly exaggerated, and that the best weapon against attack was an umbrella, which would ward off any lion or tiger.

Fifty Years ago And Now.

Away back about the year 1844 a book was published destined to become famous in its day—namely, 'Vestiges of Creation,' acknowledged, after his death, as the work of Robert Chambers. It was a worrying and upsetting kind of book, especially to conservatively-minded people; those who hate to have their lifelong belief or theories attacked or disturbed. 'This is a book,' said one critic, 'which will tend to poison the fountain of science, and sap the foundations of religion.' Some went so far as to call it a blatant infidel publication. Yet it merely advocated the proposition that the origin and movements of the solar system were explained and determined by uniform laws. It opposed the doctrine of special creations, asserting that all organisms, from the lowest to the highest, were the result of an inherent impulse imparted by the Almighty, both to advance them from the several grades and to modify their structure as circumstances required.

This was nothing more than what every intelligent person now believes—showing what a prodigious growth there has been in thought in the last fifty years. About nine years after Mr. Chambers' alarming book came out Von Mohl told the wonderful story how all plant and animal life is built up from a structureless jelly, which he named 'protoplasm.' This, too, scared certain slow-going persons, who were persuaded that the foundations were sapped this time for sure. Still, as it turned out, no harm was done. All the world whose opinion is worth having long ago accepted these teachings; and every work on physiology has found an honored place for Von Mohl's protoplasm. Thus we throw aside the old and adopt the new—'making of our dead selves stepping stones to higher things,' as Tennyson puts it. In few words the drift of all meditation and discovery is to find an incalculable variety of facts to be the expression of a few dominant principles.

Now let us try to ascertain what this prodigious has to do with a case of illness as described and set forth by the woman who was chiefly concerned in it. Perhaps they are more closely related than you would at first fancy:

'In March, 1890,' she writes, 'I began to feel weak and ailing. A sickly, faint feeling used to come over me, and I trembled from head to foot. I had no appetite, and the little food I ate gave me a deal of pain. After meals I had an awful pain at the chest and left side. I had a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach, as if craving food; yet when it was put before me I could not touch it.'

'I lost flesh rapidly, and was so thin that my clothing hung upon me. I was often doubled up with pain, and what I suffered is past description. Gradually I wasted away, everyday becoming weaker. I had no strength for anything, and had to lie down from time to time. I had such a miserable, low feeling that I did not care what became of me, and I wished myself dead. For a year I continued like this, in spite of doctors and the medicine I took.'

'One day a book was left at the house, and I read of a case exactly like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine, and when I had taken it felt much better. I could eat well, and my food agreed with me. I now began to gain strength. All the languid, miserable feeling left me, and by continuing the use of the medicine a short time longer I was strong as ever. So marked was the change in me that friends asked me what I had taken. I told them all that Mother Seigel's Syrup had put new life into me. You can publish this statement as you like (Signed) (Mrs.) Catherine Wick, 57, Felstead street, Hackney Wick, London, N. E., July 16th, 1897.'

Fifty years ago the medical men would not have known what to make of such a case as this. Perhaps, you say, many of them don't know now. Let us not be uncharitable. But they would not have hesitated to take it in hand. They would have prescribed for every separate and distinct symptom she had. They would have physicked, dosed, blistered, and bled her. And she might easily enough have died; as she wished to do at one time. As it was a few bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup cured her of what seemed like a fatal wasting disease, with complications. One simple harmless remedy quickly did away with the entire trouble. Fifty years ago this would have been considered impossible. But, as one great law governs the solar system, and as all organic life arises from protoplasm, so the human body—which is not a special creation, but a part of the system of things—is, in health and in disease, actuated by few forces, the chief of which is the digestive machinery. The leading disease—the source of most other diseases—is dyspepsia, M. S. Taylor's complaint. Cure that and you cure them. This is the central fact of the new medical era, and Mother Seigel's syrup represents its foundational doctrine of healing.