

A CUBAN EXPERIENCE

Fate and Prof. Henry A. Ward willed it that my ups and downs as a field naturalist should begin in Cuba, and that during the sanguinary insurrection of 1874, and on the very spot which constituted the penal settlement of the Spanish government.

The Virginus affair was by no means cold when I landed at Havana, with the world before me, a light outfit, a lighter purse, no down on my upper lip, and just twenty-eight words of Spanish on my tongue. But as my dollars diminished my Spanish and my experience increased.

It was a rough initiation, but it helped me to cut certain wisdom teeth that, as the slang is, I needed in my business. I was bound for the Isle of Pines, south of the mainland of Cuba, to hunt manatee, crocodiles, birds, and whatever else I could find.

By good luck I made numerous friends as I went along, who did for me far more than I deserved at their hands. I shall never forget the kindness of Don Juan Blanco, Senor Carramba and Consul-General Hall. Probably they were moved to take an interest in me because I was so very palpably an innocent abroad, and only a shade less green than the Cuban parrots that I shot and skinned.

I fraternized with all sorts and conditions of men, including several Cuban patriots detained on the island 'on parole.' But, callow as I was, I had sense enough not to attempt to talk with the prisoners in close confinement, who repeatedly tried to beckon me up to their barred windows and give me written communications of all sorts. The feeling of Spanish officials toward all Americans was rather bitter, chiefly because of the Virginus affair. Because of that, and my liking for certain prisoners who could speak English, I was considered a suspicious character, and my goings and comings were noted accordingly.

Finally, however, my opportunity came to show my good will toward Spain, and I rose to meet an occasion that was fairly thrust upon me. I stuffed a tortoise shell turtle for the commander of the little gunboat that lay in the river at Nueva Gerona, was duly dined by him on board his vessel, and the entente cordials was at length fully established.

One day, when I least expected it, I had an adventure. I had been three weeks or more in and about the little town of Nueva Gerona, and in my innocent conceit it seemed to me that in one way or another everybody knew me, and what my business was.

Nevertheless, I never went anywhere without my cedula, or passport, from the governor general at Havana, ready for instant use. On that particular afternoon I carried it in the leather case that usually contained my field glass.

Satan prompted me to climb the mountain near the town, on a hunt for minerals, which I did, and toward evening came down in country that was quite new to me, several miles from the town. Being dreadfully thirsty from my climbing, I sought the first house I could find, and on being greeted by the bar-footed senora and her equally bar-footed daughter, I said in very lame Spanish:

'Good day, madam. I would like to buy some of the oranges on that tree.'

The old lady inspected me sharply with her piercing black eyes, and finally replied: 'They are not good to eat. They are not sweet.'

'I am thirsty. Will you then give me a drink?'

'We have no water in the house.'

'Good day, madam.'

I walked off slowly along the road leading toward the town, fairly dripping with perspiration and tired out. I suppose I must have looked even more like a brigand than I thought, and the fossil 'specimen' I carried in my hand probably heightened my dangerous appearance. At all events, the old lady chose to regard me as a desperate character.

I had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile along a narrow lane through the jungle, very thirsty, but otherwise at peace with all the world, when suddenly 'Click-click!' said the hammer of a gun behind me.

Looking backward I saw a big, black-haired man, a Spaniard, with a low forehead and a prize-fighter's countenance, stealing close up to me. He had stalked me as if I had been a stupid porcupine, and was within thirty feet of me before I dreamed of an attack. He was panting with excitement, and had murder in his eyes. As I wheeled and faced him, he cried out savagely in Spanish: 'Cibolacarrambaholywookus!'

Horror! I did not understand even one word of his command! Seeing my hesitation he instantly brought his double-barreled shotgun up to his shoulder.

For one brief instant only my tongue was paralyzed with the horror of helplessness; then I realized that unless I did some talking pretty quickly, and that unless I talked to mighty good purpose as well, there would be one 'collecting naturalist' the less.

'Take care!' I cried, throwing my arms across my face. 'Take care!'

He bawled at me again, more savagely than before, then raised his gun to his cheek, shut one eye, and took deliberate aim at my head—to blow my brains out, as I fully believed.

At such moments a fellow's thoughts fly fast. In one second of time I thought at least twenty different things, in about this order: 'Fresh bright caps on both barrels—loaded, cocked, and in the hands of a fool—excited as he is, he'll kill me by accident, even if not by intention—the man must be crazy—I'm just the same as a dead man—Virginus affair—murdered in cold blood—it's hard to be shot like this by a mere fool—but I'll die standing, at all events!'

I stood my ground. 'Take care!' I cried again, in genuine terror. 'Put away that gun! I am an American!'

Another volley of Spanish from behind the shotgun, all like so much Sanskrit to me. I realized that if talk could not save

me, nothing could. Every Spanish word that I had learned rallied at my tongue's end, and I talked bad Castilian literally 'for dear life.'

'I am an American. Take care! The governor-general at Havana knows me. He gave me a cedula—I have it here! I am a naturalist—I hunt crocodiles; I live at the house of Senor Carramba. Put away that gun! Do you hear?'

At last the Spaniard diverted his aim from my head, and commanded, fiercely: 'Put that black box on the ground!'

The only words I understood were 'box' and 'ground,' but I quickly guessed at the rest, and straightway tossed the deadly leather case upon the grass beside the road.

'If usted matar me, cuidado the American consul-general! Usted matar tambien! You kill also!' This was slightly ambiguous, but it was the best 'bluff' I could make.

I was wholly mystified as to the intentions, or the hallucinations of my assailant. I had no idea he meant to rob me, for I felt sure I was not a tempting subject for an intelligent highwayman. So long as that infernal old gun was not pointed straight at my head, and I could look elsewhere than down those two great iron tunnels, I was not so badly scared.

My great fear was that the apparent idiot would fire first, and get explanations afterward; moreover, I object on principle to having a gun pointed at me in a foreign language.

The upshot of it was he decided not to shoot me, or at least not then. I demanded that he look at my cedula, but he would not even open the black case.

'Why kill you me?' I said. 'Do you want money? I have none here.'

'No!' cried my villain loudly, with a savage scowl.

'Then make me prisoner,' I said, 'and let us go to Nueva Gerona, to the house of the commandant.'

He reflected a moment. 'Vamonos!' he responded at last, motioning me imperatively to march ahead.

'Bueno; but cuidado with that gun!'

We marched, he at my heels, shotgun in hand at full cock, and with my binocular case dangling from his swarthy neck. I thought of the Virginus massacre, and knew that he was none too good to shoot me in the back; but it was not likely he would do so, seeing he could as well have shot me, 'by first intention,' as surgeons say.

After going a mile toward town, in surly silence, we met a man on horseback, who instantly pulled up short as he met us and saw the situation.

'Carramba, Senor Guillermo! What is he doing with you?'

'First, he would kill me; but now I am a prisoner.'

'Do you know this man?' demanded the horseman of my savage captor.

'No. Who is he?'

'He is an American naturalist. Don Juan Blanco and Senor Carramba are his friends. You will get into trouble for this, I promise you.'

The fellow immediately gave me back my leather case.

'Why did you not read my cedula?' I demanded.

He made no answer, but turning about strode rapidly back the way we had come.

An hour later I reached the town, and lost no time in reporting at police headquarters. I am bound to say that the authorities acted quite handsomely about the matter. They promptly sent two soldiers, a clerk and an interpreter with me, to arrest the man with a gun, and bring him in.

On reaching the house from whence I suspected the man had come, he was gone; and the old lady and her daughter prevaricated freely. They assured us the man was 'far away,' denied all knowledge of me or my capture, and stuck to it until it began to look as if I had done all the lying!

The clerk and interpreter were plainly in doubt as to which of us was doing the romancing, and I confess I began to feel very uncomfortable. Finally luck saved me, and I saw something.

I said to the interpreter: 'Ask her if her husband had a double-barreled shotgun like the one I have described.'

He did so. 'No,' was the reply. 'He has no gun of any kind.'

'Good. Now wait a moment.'

Through the crack of the door of an adjoining room fate willed it that I should see the very gun we wished to find! Stepping quickly into the room, I brought the weapon forth and handed it to the clerk.

'This is the very gun! Both barrels loaded with buckshot, of course.'

Tableau! The old lady broke down and with many tears declared that she would lie no more, but would tell us the whole truth.

She said that when I stopped at the house to buy the oranges, I looked so disreputable she became convinced I was a bad man; and when I had gone she immediately called her husband and set him on me. They decided I was either an escaped prisoner, or a spy, seeking to free the prisoners at Nueva Gerona, and in either case it was her husband's duty to shoot me!

It was only a little mistake, that was all; and all I got out of it was the exact knowledge of how disagreeable it is to stand up at a distance of ten feet and look into the muzzle of a double barrel gun, with the expectation of having the top of your head blown off in two seconds more.

Yes, there was one thing more. I found I could die without whimpering; but I had no relish for it.—William Hornaday in the Youth's Companion.

Accidents to Children.

Children in their play, are apt to get sprains, bruises or cuts, and the pain these little ones suffer before relief is brought to them should convince mothers that it is necessary to be always prepared for accidents. 'Quickcure' is a healer, that acts quickly and removes pain at once.

WON A WIFE WITH CHEWING GUM.

A New York Man's Proposal Finds an Acceptance in Montreal.

Orleans avenue, Maisonneuve, and the surrounding neighborhood are busy discussing a pretty little romance in real life which reached a consummation when Philip Anderson of 372 West 114th street and Marie Mitchenese an employee of the Hochelaga Cotton Mills, were united in marriage.

It is a prettily story. Months ago Marie bought a package of chewing gum. She says she does not make a practice of chewing, but on this occasion she bought some gum for a friend and opened the package just to take out one square for herself.

On the tissue paper next to the gum were the words: 'Will you please write to Philip Anderson, 372 West 114th street, New York? I will answer.'

Miss Mitchenese consulted the lady with whom she boarded, and they agreed that it would be only a joke, and no harm would come of it. She wrote a little note saying it was she who had received the package with the request. And she wound up with 'Now what do you want?'

There was a business ring to the letter, and Mr. Anderson rather liked it. He replied that he was a young man with a fairly good position in a chewing gum factory; that he would like to continue the correspondence, and, if agreeable to Miss Mitchenese, would be pleased to receive her photograph.

Miss Mitchenese was still business-like when she wrote: 'Send me yours first and then I will send you mine.' The photograph was received by return mail, and then the lady sent hers off. They were both pleased at the exchange.

The letters grew in number and their tone gradually changed. From 'Dear Miss' it got to 'Dear Miss Mitchenese' to 'My Dear Miss Mitchenese,' to 'Dear Marie,' to 'My Dear Marie,' to 'Dearest,' and at last the young man took his summer vacation and in August he landed in Montreal.

Evidently the two were satisfied with each other. Just what was said is not for publication, but there are tell-tale facts which make it appear that the young man asked her to name the happy day. He went away at peace with all the world, and yesterday morning came back to claim his bride. It was a quiet little wedding. There were no presents of gold or silver—or checks. It was just a wedding.—Montreal Herald.

all his flags in yard-arm and rainbow dress; but when the salute was over and the smoke was lazily drifting away it was seen that the British ship was not dressed, and had not fired a salute.

A few minutes later a gig came along side the Franklin, an English lieutenant came on board with this message:

Captain Dun presents his compliments to Captain Rodgers, and begs leave to inform him that if he had known that this was an American anniversary he would have been ready to salute and dress ship. As it is, he will do so at eight o'clock.'

Captain Rodgers saw that Captain Dun had forgotten that May 24 was the Queen's birthday, and he so worded his reply as to save Captain Dun's feelings as much as possible.

'Present my compliments to Captain Dun,' he said, 'and tell him that if I had known that he did not intend to dress ship and salute for Her Majesty's birthday until eight o'clock, I would have delayed my own salute until that hour. Your morning gun was taken for the first gun of your salute, and the Franklin went ahead without you.'

By eight o'clock the British ship banged away twenty-one times, and the Franklin did likewise. But didn't the other English captains in the Mediterranean roast poor Dun when they learned that he had to be reminded of the Queen's birthday by an American!

PILE-OF-CLOUDS' HOME RUN.

The Red Men's Names Made the Report a Picturesque One.

Indians may be supposed to be well on the road to civilization when baseball nines from the reservations in the Northwest play match games with representative ball nines from the cities and towns. The success of the Carlisle School foot-ball team is well known; the Indians play this game with great enjoyment. The adaptation to baseball is perhaps not quite so marked.

Lately the nine of the Lapwai Indian tribe, in the State of Washington, played two match games with the Spokane club, at Spokane. At the first game the Indians were said by the Spokane papers to be very evidently suffering from 'stage fright,' and this nervousness unfavorably affected their play. In the second game they played much better, but still the whites, among whom were some excellent players, won from them.

The Indian names certainly made a picturesque appearance in the report of the games. In the Lapwai nine, Red Wolf played first base, Red Duck third base, and Pile-of-Clouds did excellent work in the right field. Pile-of-Clouds proved a great batter, and in the second game was the only man who scored a home run. He and another Indian, who was very unromantically named Smith, had five hits each to their credit. All the Indians did excellent base-running. Items like this, which give a new flavor to baseball reporting, embellish the reports of the games.

Pile-of-Clouds was the next brave to wield the willow. He smote the ball along the right field foul line, and it was lost on the track. Three men came in ahead of Pile-of-Clouds, and an instant later he also piled across the plate.

Such achievements as this for the red men offer a desirable substitute for the bloody excitements of the war-path. It is worthy of note that the Indian nine made no trouble about the decisions of the umpire, although the Spokane paper from which we have quoted says that in the second game his decisions were all against them. 'The crowd was not slow to see this,' the paper says, 'and there were loud murmurs of discontent.'

Perhaps the evidence of sympathy on the part of a great crowd of white specta-

A Joy That Endures.

Cures Made By Paine's Celery Compound Are Permanent.

Recent Testimony Of a Lady Cured Years Ago.

Some years ago Mrs. D. O'Connor, of Guelph, Ont., suffered from the tortures of indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, noise in the head, sleeplessness, dependancy and weakness. Her case was an exceptionally serious one, as her troubles had been dragging her down for over twenty-five years. At the time her case quite baffled the skill of the best doctors.

Getting wearied with medical treatment that gave no promising results, she was fortunately directed to that life saver, Paine's Celery Compound, and like thousands before her, she found a new life. Mrs. O'Connor was recently asked the question, 'What is your present opinion of Paine's Celery Compound?' She answered as follows:

'In reply to your communication regarding Paine's Celery Compound, would say that I cheerfully recommend it to any one afflicted as I was. It did for me all that was required. My advice to every one I come in contact with is, 'Always keep a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound in the house.' Several people have used it on my recommendation and have been benefited. You can use these lines in any way you desire.'

FORGOT THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The Great Event Was Recalled to the Englishman by an American.

An exchange prints a strange and interesting narrative from the mouth of an old naval officer. The event in question occurred in 1870, when the United States flag-ship Franklin was lying in the harbor of Malaga, Spain Anchored near by was a large British ironclad. The naval officer says:

Captain Rodgers commanded the Franklin, and I will call the ironclad's commander Captain Dun. When one-man-of-war celebrates a national holiday it is customary for all other war-ships in the same harbor to celebrate it also. Consequently, early in the morning of May 24th, the Franklin was prepared to dress ship in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday, and at daybreak our quartermasters were watching the British ship, ready to follow her motions as we say.

Presently a puff of smoke belched out from the Briton's starboard bow, and supposing it to be the first gun of the national salute, the executive officer of the Franklin cracked off twenty-one guns and broke



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Out of the PIT.

We don't have to go very far back to reach a time when medical treatment was based upon the grossest superstitions. Disease was held to be obsession, and the dominant school of doctors selected remedies on account of their fancied resemblance to the symptoms of the ailment, or to the seat of it in the body. They taught that God had marked every plant in such a way as to indicate its particular use as a medicine.

The juice of the plant called sanguinaria is red from which fact these wise men concluded it must be good for the blood. The yellow juice of another plant was supposed to be good for jaundice, merely because it was yellow. In short, those brilliant thinkers tried to cure disease by a system of matching colors.

Of the laws governing respiration, circulation, or digestion they knew nothing at all. They must have noticed the throbbing of the pulse, but it had no meaning to them whatever. They knew the veins contained blood, but affirmed that the arteries were filled with air. And, of course, the people were, if possible more ignorant and superstitious than the doctors.

Is it any wonder they died of almost any complaint which attacked them, and that epidemics swept the world like fires in dry grass? Thank mercy, science has delivered us from the extremity of this darkness. How this has been done, and against what absurd and ridiculous opposition, we may discuss on another occasion.

Suffice it that when we now approach the treatment of disease we have a fairly intelligent notion of its nature and of the result we desire to attain. As for medicines and modes of cure, there is still room for experiment and debate. Now and then, however, an important question in this direction gets its answer. Take an illustration.

'In the early part of 1889,' says a correspondent, 'I fell into a low, weak state of health. I felt languid and tired, and my energy seemed to have died out of me. My appetite failed, and after meals I suffered much pain at the chest, and could not bear the pressure of anything upon it, often having to loosen my clothing for that reason.'

'I was much troubled with wind rising in my throat, and dreadful pain in the region of the heart. My breathing was difficult and I had scarcely power to talk. I grew weaker and weaker, until it was a labor to get about the house. I continued in this condition for over five years, the doctor's medicines doing me no good.'

'In August, 1894, when on a visit to Redcar, Mr. Hardy, living in that town, told me that his wife had suffered in the same way and been cured by Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Froggart, chemist, Thirsk, and after taking it found much relief. My appetite improved and food agreed with me.'

'I now gained strength, and continuing to use this remedy, was soon free from all pain. The awful pain at the heart entirely left me, and I have since kept well. I have related my experience to many, and several of them have taken Mother Siegel's Syrup with benefit. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Ellis Prest, 12, Railway Terrace, Thirsk, March 18th, 1897.'

Our knowledge of the digestive organs and of dyspepsia (Mrs. Prest's complaint) is comparatively recent; and the discovery of the remedy for digestive diseases—Mother Siegel's Syrup—much more recent. But that it is the true cure is proved by its wide and almost unending success. Cases of disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys—with symptomatic disturbances of other organs—yield readily to the Syrup after the ordinary treatment is quite unavailing.

Surely this single step in advance is one of the most important that has been taken along the road leading away from the ignorance and misery of the wretched past to which I have alluded.

tors more than repaid the Indians for the alleged partiality of the umpire on the side of their opponents.

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