

## UNTO HIM FOURFOLD.

There was a sharp tinge of frost in the air; early in the afternoon snow had fallen, clothing the city for a brief spell in a mantle of dazzling whiteness, but now it was trodden under foot into grime and slush, making the pavement and roads wet and slippery.

A feeble moon could be seen, but its pale, wan light was entirely lost and swallowed up by the glare and glitter of the London streets.

As he sailed on the morrow, John Forsythe was giving a parting dinner to a few old cronies; and now walked leisurely to his club, where they were to meet. His reflections were not unpleasant.

Adventure he craved for; the thought of rustling for his living stirred his blood pleasantly; he was rather pugnacious by nature, and whatever he took in hand, he stuck to it until he carried it out.

And it was just as well that he was going; the old place was not the same since the Guvnor departed, and Carrington was not all one cared for in an elder brother.

He reached the club steps, and was about to enter, when a tiny figure darted in front of him, and a small grimy fist held out a paper; a thin voice piped plainly:

"Buy a paper, sir? Oh, do, sir; I ain't 'ad no luck this dy, an' it yer would—"

A pair of great eyes gazed up at him from under a tangle of red hair, and the little face was pinched and blue from cold.

"No luck, eh?" said John, kindly, taking the paper from the rough bleeding hand, raw from chaps. "Poor little soul, you look hungry. Here, take this and get a good feed with it, and get something, too to keep you warm."

"This," was a half sovereign, and the child's eyes seemed to start out of her head with wonder at the unexpected gift. John laughed amusedly at her astonishment.

"There, go along," he said, giving her a good-natured push, and, as she began to slowly move away, she heard him greeted by name by a couple of men, and they disappeared into the building.

With the gold firmly clutched in her paw she made her way to the nearest coffee palace, picking up a 'pal' on the road, and together they had a meal, such as they'd never eaten in their lives before. And in her after life nothing ever tasted exactly so good as this unlooked-for dinner did, to the lonely waif of the streets.

Forsythe's friends insisted on knowing upon what he was so busily engaged that he did not notice their approach; and their chaff was plentiful when he confessed his philanthropic act.

"Bread upon the waters, Forsythe," said one, "look out for its return after many days," he added jestingly.

John laughed and shook his head. "No fear, old man; it's only in Sunday school books that the hero's good deeds are rewarded; in real life they are speedily forgotten."

The next day he sailed, and it was many years before London saw him again.

Once more he walked upon the asphalt of London, no longer plain John Forsythe, but, by a series of events, Earl of Carrington.

Having been singularly lucky in all his ventures, he was now a very rich man, and on the death of his brother in the hunting field, had returned home after a prolonged tour, to succeed to the title and what was left of the estates.

Most of the land once owned by the Carringtons had been sold or mortgaged by his first act was to buy back as much as he could, and to restore the old Court to something of its former splendor, and to find a suitable mistress to grace his home.

In spite of the encouragement given to a wealthy man, and an earl to boot, John had, up to the present, remained placidly heart-whole, and saw every prospect of so remaining as he had seen no woman yet who made his pulses beat any faster for her sake, and he had come to the conclusion that he had better take the first who presented herself and trust to luck.

As he strolled down to his own club where he was to meet the same men with whom he had spent his last evening ten years ago, his mind went back to the little beggar, to whom he had proved such a Santa Clause, and he wondered absently what had become of her.

And curiously enough it was recalled to him again later in the evening, by one of the men who had witnessed the affair.

"I suppose she's dead," said Carrington, indifferently, in answer to the question, or lived to swell the ranks of the unfortunate sisterhood," he added with a sigh.

After dinner they adjourned to the theatre. The play was a modern "problem" one, a new fashion since John went away, and but for the acting had no special attraction.

The leading lady, Mathalie Ross, was one of the most beautiful women of the day, famed alike for her Titian-colored hair, and the absolute blamelessness and purity of her life.

No breath of scandal had tainted her fair name, and she was known to be a brilliant and hard working woman.

At the finish, Carrington, who had been strangely moved at the sight of the lovely creature on the stage, made his way behind, and asked for an introduction.

He fancied she grew a trifle pale, and that her dark eyes sought his in a somewhat startled manner, but as there was no trace of embarrassment in her graciousness towards him, he concluded he was mistaken.

Nathalie asked him to call, and soon it came about, that few days passed when he did not visit the tiny flat. London wondered, then laughed and said that after all she was no better than the rest of them, and that it had known all along her virtue was assumed.

For some time neither heard the rumors about them, but continued their friendship tranquilly enough, although to Carrington the wish for more than friendship was becoming stronger every day; but it was not until a sneer and a low expression coupled

with Nathalie's name was uttered in his presence, that he determined to speak.

His action was simplicity itself. After knocking the man down, he turned to the assemblage, saying in grave, even tones: "I have done this, because that cur insulted, the fair fame of an innocent woman, whom I intend to ask to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

News of all kinds flies apace, and when he called the next morning Nathalie knew about his defense of her.

"Oh, why did you do it?" she cried, her eyes full of unshed tears. "What does it matter what they say of me? I am only an actress, you know, and not worth fighting over."

She seized his hands with her warm impulsive ones, and would have raised them to her lips, had he not prevented her.

"No, no," he said hastily, "don't do that Nathalie, I love you: give me the right to defend you always—be my dear wife."

The color flamed high in her cheeks, and her lips quivered.

"You love me, you wish me to be your wife? You? At this is wonderful."

"What is it?" he queried, laughing, drawing her to him; that I should love you?"

"Yes she said, gravely; listen to what I have to tell, you, and then—Ten years ago on a cold winter's night, do you remember giving a gold piece to a little ragged, half-starved girl?"

He nodded.

"Yes I do but what has that to do with you?" he asked.

"In this way; I was that little girl; I and no other. I was a friendless little waif and your money was the first kind action I had ever received in my short life. Small wonder that I remembered, and hearing your name, treasured it up in my heart. With that gold I laid the foundation of my present position."

"A small pantomime engagement led to others, and slowly but surely I worked myself up. Oh, it has been hard, and I have been sorely tempted many a time, for I am beautiful I know, but you were before me like a guiding star, and I kept myself what I knew you would have me be; I have waited for you; I am yours, do with me what you will."

His arms closed round her, and as their lips met, she heard him whisper, "My wife."

## WHEN FOXES TRICK DOGS.

Some Cunning Ways They Have and Their Effect Upon the Pack.

"If ever there was a four-footed humorist, the fox is one," said Samuel Barton of Lancaster county Pa., where riding to the hounds is a time-honored sport. "Particularly does he show this when pursued by hounds, he doubles on his trail. Whenever a fox wants to rest, and at the same time enjoy the discomfiture of the dogs, he doubles, and takes his pleasure from it."

When the chase is fairly under way the baying of the hounds is in concert, and, to the hunter, at least, is musical and harmonious. But the moment the trail is lost the harmony is broken; the long, melodious notes are changed to harsh barking or howling, at irregular intervals, and not until the trail is found again is the musical baying resumed. Whenever a pack of hounds is in pursuit of a fox one particular dog, either because of his superior speed or scenting powers or both, is the leader. Sometimes he is attended by a second leader. In some packs not more than two dogs run by the trail. The rest simply follow their leader, who runs a yard or two to the side of the trail to which the wind blows, and who neither carries his head up nor down, but horizontally and slightly lowered. The moment the leader loses the trail he stops and gives two or three sharp, quick howls. If the pack is running closely together, the hounds gather around him in the greatest confusion. Noses go down almost to the ground, tails go up in the air, and each dog begins to describe a circle, which gradually widens, and must eventually come in contact with the trail again. The first dog that finds the trail instantly utters the long, musical note of the chase, and the pack gathers about him. If he is not the leader, he carries the scent until the leader comes up, when he resigns and falls in behind.

"In doubling, the fox prepares for the manoeuvre by making a great spurt and getting a long distance in the lead of the pack. He knows that it is impossible for the dogs to come up with him for a certain time. He turns on his trail and follows it back the distance he has calculated on, having marked the place of divergence as he spurred. This is generally where a dog or fallen tree lies at right angles from the trail. In passing that log he carried his trail several feet from it as far as he has judged that he can leap from the trail to it when he doubles back to the spot. When he returns he clears the space between the trail and the log or tree at one jump, follows it to the other end, takes a long leap from that end, and tricks away to some near-by knoll or stump, where he sits on his haunches to watch the eager pack go crying by, for the hounds, of course, dash on past the spot. If they are going at full speed the leader will run some distance beyond the point where the fox doubled on his trail before he discovers that the trail is lost and gives the signal. Then begins the confused barking and the excited, nervous circling of the hounds to recover the scent.

"It may take a quarter of an hour or

twenty minutes to accomplish this, and all the time the fox sits where he can enjoy a full view of the worried dogs as they run howling and yelping in search of his trail, whisking his bushy tail, standing now and then on his hind feet to get a view of some particularly pleasing bit of dog discomfiture, and showing his exceeding enjoyment of the whole proceeding, for which his cunning is responsible, by various pirouettes and comical caperings. But the moment a dog strikes the trail and announces the fact to his fellows, the fox pricks up his ears, gives his brush an extra flourish, and bolts in the opposition direction, to repeat at his leisure the same trick elsewhere if all goes well.

"Another way the fox fools the best of hounds and gets fun out of them is to lead them in the chase by relays. This foxes habitually do it they are chased while raising their young. At such times the male fox suspecting trouble of this kind, lies several feet away from his kennel, which may be a hole in the rocks, a hollow log, or the space beneath the roots of a fallen tree, and where his mate and her litter are lying snug. When the hounds, in their beating about, start him from his cover, away he goes, leading them a lively chase. A well-bred fox hound will run from six to ten hours at a pace of between seven and ten miles an hour, when at a considerable distance behind a fox. At a distance of a hundred yards or so, although he may not see the fox, he knows of its proximity by the warmth of its trail, and he will run, in his eagerness to overtake the quarry, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Such a pace is killing, and can be maintained only a short time.

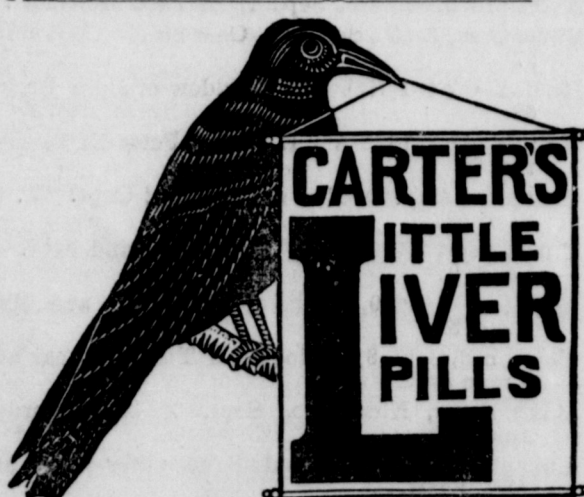
"The wily fox knows this well, and when he starts on a race in which his mate is to aid him, he keeps but a short distance ahead of the dogs, but sets the killing pace. He keeps this up for perhaps eight miles, gradually circling back to the starting point. Here the female, all fresh, is ready to carry the trail at the same pace, while her mate diverges from it at a right angle to rest and freshen himself to go on with the race when she has led back to the post. The hounds keep right on after the female, ignorant of the trick the sagacious beasts are playing. She in turn is relieved by the male fox, who starts in as good as new; and this is kept up without cessation, so that in two or three hours, if not less, the dogs are exhausted, and must give up the run. When thus worn out, with the trail still warm under their noses, the hounds abandon the chase with distressful yelpings, as if feeling that they must be victims of unfair dealing of some kind. This unmistakable signal of defeat is what the foxes have been working and waiting for, and the one that is in hearing immediately answers it with sharp, aggravating, mocking cries. This is the finishing blow, and the dogs sneak home in humiliation and silence. Some of them will get over the disgrace by next day, some not for weeks, while others can never be induced to follow a fox's trail again, and these also the very best dogs in the pack."

## Cast Iron Dogs and Bogus Statues.

For us, in America, it would perhaps have been better if the gardens of Italy did not exist to enthrall the traveler with their sensuous charms, for to them we owe the unhappy attempts at imitations which find expression in the cheap substitutes for real magnificence—the zinc statues, the fountains in which the feeble stream seems glad to hide itself in the cast iron basins, the stage and ferocious mastiffs in bronzed iron, the century plants in cheap vases, the bogus statues, ugly pavilions, and summer houses which seem a necessary adjunct to our private gardens and public parks.—Architectural Review.

## Making Haste Slowly.

"And this," said the gold seeker, bitterly, as he toiled painfully through the deep snow at the rate of five miles a day; "this is what is known as 'the rush to Klondike!'"



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

## PEARL FISHERIES OF ARKANSAS.

Some Rich Finds That Have been Made in That Country.

Since the discovery of pearls was made, two months ago, in Murdry and Walker lakes in Arkansas, the people of the state have the pearl-hunting fever, and hundreds are at work in all the low lakes in search of gems. The two lakes mentioned have been leased for five years by J. J. Williams, of Memphis, who has a large force of men at work there. The divers and waders are paid \$1.50 for six hours' work.

It takes a man of strong constitution, and one predisposed to work, to stand this work, for it is very hard and trying. The lakes are filled with malarial poison. A few days' continuous wading brings on its effects. The waters give the flesh a peculiar and very unpleasant feeling, as though one were bathing in a strong solution of copperas. There are springs coming out around the banks that are yellow with iron. The mussels are embedded in the mud and are taken out by hand. In a little time the finger tips feel rough and harsh. But in spite of these discomforts there is no scarcity of pearl hunters, and most of them have been rewarded with what they deem a fair return for the time invested. Mr. Williams has more than paid the wages of the men employed, and the amount of his lease, besides the expenses of building a dredge for further use in searching for pearls. The banks are thickly covered with the shells, as though paved for driving. Mr. Williams has sold several thousand dollars' worth of pearls besides those he has made into ornaments for his friends.

There are other lakes in that vicinity to which no one lays claim, and pearls have also been found in these. A Mr. Smith of West Point, is a farmer, and started a crop. He was too poor to get supplies, and the merchants would not credit him. He went fishing and in getting mussel for bait, found a pearl, which he sold for \$30. Thus encouraged he hunted for more pearls and has up to this time sold \$1200 worth. He found his pearls in Seven Mile lake. A Mr. Thomas has sold \$1500 worth of pearls taken out of Little Red river. George and Lisha Osborne have sold \$800 worth of pearls. One pearl brought \$150.

The Sims brothers, three in number have sold \$500 worth of pearls. John Sims made \$85 the second day he worked.

## A Clinching Statement.

## A Cure That Was Permanent.

The Medicine Used Was Paine's Celery Compound.

Day after day home and foreign cures are heralded as the result of using this or that medicine. It is safe to assert that many of the published letters are bogus and others will hardly bear the light of investigation.

The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound, and noted in the press of the country, have all the ring of genuineness and honesty about them, and the original letters can be seen at any time by an interested public.

It has also been proven in numberless instances that the cures made by Paine's Celery Compound, are permanent. Another has been just received, this time from Mr. P. J. Kilbride, Postmaster, Iverness P. E. 1., testifying to the permanency of his cure. His cure was one of the most serious and critical ever given to the public, and his complete cure astonished his many friends and the residents of his town.

Mr. Kilbride says: "Over three years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had cured me."

"To-day I am in a splendid condition, and have not been sick a single day since I used the famous Paine's Celery Compound."

"I certainly owe my present health and strength to your medicine, and I am fully convinced it saved me from a condition bordering on insanity. I can now sleep and eat well, and I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound and the great change."

"I have received and answered 250 letters since my testimonial was published. These letters came from all parts of Canada and the United States. It has been a pleasure answering these letters from sufferers, and I trust my recommendation of Paine's Celery Compound will help suffering humanity."

## THE AMER OF AFGHANISTAN.

The Present Uprising Though Small Will Change the Country.

The present uprising in northwestern India, though today it appears as a cloud no bigger than the traditional hand, may ultimately change the maps of Europe and Asia. It is feared that the uprising is not the work of scattered tribesmen alone, but that back of it is a religious feeling and that the war may develop into one between the crescent and the cross for the possession of India. The situation is a perilous one for English government in India and if the war fever spreads and is fed upon Mohammedan fanaticism it may tax England to her utmost to retain hold of her Oriental empire.

There are 50,000,000 Mohammedans in India and north of it lies the Mussulman power of Afghanistan. The Ameer of this

country, Abdur Rahmon, is believed to be instigating the tribes along the frontier to revolt against Great Britain. True, he has made denials of this; but nevertheless the English government regards him with distrust and a distrust that seems the better founded owing to the influence which Russia exercises in Afghanistan. It may come to this, on the principle that "those who are not with me are against me," that the Ameer will be forced to declare either for or against England in the present difficulty. The forcing of the Ameer's hand would show the real extent of the anti-British feeling in India.

## TIGER AND ANTS.

How a Traveler Suffered Through the Little Insects.

A writer in *Outing* tells of a peccary hunt that brought him into a very dangerous position. A drove of peccaries killed his dog and then made for the sportsman himself, who sought refuge in a tree, where at sundown, the peccaries left him. Before he could get away from the place a huge tiger appeared. The writer thus narrates the story of his escape, not from the tiger, but from an equally dangerous foe:

What a chance this was! Taking aim at the tiger's breast, I fired. With a roar that almost deafened me, the brute leaped into the air, and falling to the ground, rolled over and over. Once more I fired, and this time ended, as I thought, his struggles.

I jumped to the ground, overjoyed at my easy victory, and walking up to the animal, rashly stirred his head with my foot. I paid dearly for my temerity, for as I touched him he raised his head, and quick as a flash seized my knee in his massive jaws; one crunch and he fell back, dead for a certainty this time.

Paralyzed with pain I sank to the earth, and for the second time during my Central American sojourn fainted. When I came to, the red moon was shining through the tangled network of forest vines and a deathly silence prevailed.

I vainly tried to rise; the excruciating agony of my wound seemed to paralyze every muscle of my body. What a night that was!

At last day broke. But a little while longer, I thought, and the natives will find me. Was I growing delirious, or was that great patch of small green leaves really moving down the trail upon me? Yes, it did move, and toward me. It was the advance guard of the warrior ants, and each leaf was carried by an ant.

I fully understood the significance of this sight, for I had heard of these terrible little insects, and of their marching in large armies through the forests, killing everything that came in their path. I knew my chances were small indeed, in my helpless condition.

Suddenly I felt a nip, then another, and in an instant every pore of my body seemed to be pierced with minute red-hot needles. The torture was awful. In vain I struggled; hundreds I killed, but thousands remained to take their places.

The agony found for me my voice, and I shrieked aloud. Thank heaven! an answering cry was heard, and half a dozen Wulkas came running up the trail. Gently they carried me to the village, where my smarting body was soothed by a healing salve. A schooner put in the next day for fresh water, and the Yankee skipper soon had my wounded limb in shape.

## EIGHTY IN EVERY HUNDRED.

Suffer More or Less From That Most Offensive of Diseases, Catarrh—That Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonderful Remedy is Testified to by Thousands Who Have Been Cured Outright—Mr. Alex. Edmondson of Rosemuth, Ont., Says:

"I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years. Have suffered greatly from it. I had tried all the so-called cures, but never received any relief from them. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder largely advertised, I determined to try it, although very skeptical about any relief, but I was greatly and agreeably disappointed, for from the first dose I received very great relief, and today I can honestly say that it has cured. I keep it constantly in the house, as we find it a quick cure for cold in the head. It gives almost instant relief. I have no hesitancy in proclaiming it the best cure for catarrh, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this malady."

## A Just Complaint.

The Cook—"Arrah, mum! Oi wish ye'd kape out uv the kitchen, entirely!"

The mistress (faintly)—"I only wish to make a few biscuits for my husband's supper, Bridget—that's all."

The cook (bursting into tears)—"Oh! that's all, is it?—an yisterday avening ye only wantid to 'make a few biscuits for my hoosban's supper,' an' Danny Brennan, the cop, got hold av one av thim boi misttake an' ate it, an' God only knows will he iver call here again at all, at all!"

## Wide-awake.

First Burglar—"It's no use trying dat place t'night, Bill. De man an' his wife went in 'bout an hour ago, an I heard him tell her he'd buy her a di'mond necklace tomorrow."

Second Burglar—"Whot's dat got t' do wid it?"

First Burglar—"Plenty! She won't be able t' sleep fer t'inkin' 'bout it, an' he won't sleep fer t'inkin' how he's got t' pay for it."—Pack.