

A Life Story.

Above her little sufferer's bed, With all a mother's grace, She stroked the curly, throbbing head, And smoothed the fevered face.

The strong youth plays his strenuous part; His mother waits alone, And soon he finds another heart.

A bearded man of serious years Bends down above the dead, And rains the tribute of his tears.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

General Grant Would Permit No Celebration at Appomattox.

General Horace Porter, in his 'Campaigning with Grant,' in the Century describes the surrender at Appomattox.

Before parting Lee asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front, and lives be uselessly lost.

This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with.

A little before four o'clock General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room.

One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signalled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lower step, and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his army lay—now an army of prisoners.

He thrice smote the palm of his left hand slowly with his right fist in an absent sort of way, seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unaware of everything about him.

All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial.

The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, moving toward him, and saluted him by raising his hat.

He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off at a slow trot to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and his staff then started for the headquarters camp, which, in the meantime had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines, and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the general sent an order at once to have them stopped, using these words: 'The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again; and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field.'

This was in keeping with his order issued after the surrender of Vicksburg: 'The paroleed prisoners will be sent out of here to-morrow. * * * Instruct the commanders to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, and to make no offensive remarks.'

A WELL-BRED WOMAN.

She Would not Recall the Past Lest her Visitor be Embarrassed.

General Sherman toward the close of his life revisited the battle-fields in northern Georgia. In one of these battle-scenes his memory seemed to be at fault. A young forest with dense undergrowth had sprung up where once had been the level cotton-fields of an old-time plantation.

The general after trying to find his way about and only becoming more confused, turned aside and called at the nearest house in order to ask a few questions. An old lady with white hair and a stately manner answered the summons, and when the general and his companions had explained their errand, offered to show them over the battle-field. So with their guide they returned to the edge of the woods, where she told them that the fields had not been cultivated after the war so that the trees had

grown and changed the aspect of the region. With the aid of his guide the general was soon able to reproduce the battle-picture, with its broad stretch of plantation land, the sloping hill-sides, the walls, fences and lanes. The charming old lady either nodded assent as he recalled the details, or else corrected him when his memory was less faithful than her own.

'Where was the beautiful old mansion?' he asked. 'It must have stood in that quarter.'

The old lady nodded quietly. The general then described the picturesque plantation house which had overlooked the battlefield, and with a shudder went on to tell how it had been plundered and set on fire after the fighting was over. It was a scene of the horrors of war. The victorious troops had been frantic with excitement, and the officers had not been able to restrain their excesses. The fine old colonial mansion had been left in ashes when the army resumed its march.

The white haired guide said nothing until there was a convenient opportunity for talking about something else. Then she found her tongue, and again astonished the general with the accuracy of her memory.

'You must have lived here before the war!' he exclaimed. 'Yes,' she said, 'I knew every corner of the plantation.'

'Then you remember the old house?' She was silent. The general again referred to the wanton destruction of the house, and told how a fine old piano had been flung out of a bow window and family furnishings ruthlessly destroyed until at last there was a revel of flame, followed by blackened ruins. He sighed as he spoke, and explained how angry he was when the outrage was brought to his notice.

'Surely,' he said, turning to the lady, 'you must have seen the old house?' 'It was my home,' she answered, quietly, when he seemed determined to have an answer.

General Sherman stared at her for a moment, then made her a courtly bow, taking off his hat.

'You are the best bred woman I have ever met,' he said. The compliment was deserved, for while he had revived memories of perhaps the most bitter experiences of her life she had not said anything to make him feel ill at ease.

ONE BULLET TO THREE SQUIRRELS. A Bit of Sharp Shooting That is Not Often Practiced.

The stories told of the manner in which the South African Boers save their ammunition, and in the act of saving it become wonderful sharpshooters, are quite surpassed by an account which a writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean gave of the hunting of a Kansas boy in the old days. Ammunition was then so scarce and dear that the same bullet had to be used for the killing of more than one animal.

Jack Yokely, was the Kansas boy. He was 'raised' by his grandfather. This grandfather had a gun which he was willing to lend the boy to shoot squirrels with, on condition that the boy should furnish his own ammunition and should know where the squirrel was, before he left the house with the gun. Jack had no money, but he managed to get a little powder from a traveler for taking care of his horse, and he found one bullet.

He selected a fat squirrel which he knew would be a welcome addition to the family larder, and set out to shoot it. He could not shoot it on the top of a limb, for it hid where he would lose the bullet. He had to wait all the forenoon, until he caught the squirrel against the trunk of the tree, and then fire at it.

The ball went through the squirrel and killed it; then Jack skinned and dressed it and presented it to his grandmother for dinner, and went back and dug the bullet out of the tree with his knife.

While the grandfather was eating his share of the squirrel and complimenting it, Jack modestly suggested that three charges of powder would be a fair price to pay for so good a dinner. The grandfather smiled, and after dinner carefully measured out three charges of powder. Jack took the battered bullet, chewed it into a form bordering on the globular, loaded his gun, and was ready for another squirrel.

The next time he 'located' a squirrel, very much the same performance was repeated, though this time he had to dig the bullet out of a fence rail. He chewed the ball round again, loaded once more, and still had one charge of powder in reserve.

Squirrel number three was a beauty, but he insisted on running around behind the trunk of the tree, and peeping up over a crotch and barking at Jack in the most impudent manner, as if he knew that the boy would not shoot when the bullet would go into the air.

Back and forth the squirrel would go, chattering and chattering, peeping from behind the tree; but as often as Jack manoeuvred so as to get his game against the trunk or a branch, the little creature

would frisk about, continually peering over the fork or from the side of the tree. Just by way of amusement, Jack drew a bead on the squirrel's head as he peeped from behind the tree, and just at this moment the squirrel barked, and as the boy said, actually 'made a face at him.'

This was too much. Jack blazed away. The squirrel fell dead to the ground—but the precious bullet was gone!

Jack Yokely has never since, in the stories he tells of those days, ceased to blame himself for 'wasting that bullet when he had killed only three squirrels with it.'

"THE PRETTY SERGEANT." Her Memory Will Live Because of Her Bravery and Beauty.

The story of Virginia Ghesquiere, the French heroine, who was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor for distinguished bravery during one of the campaigns of the French army in Spain, is graphically told by Emile Cere in his history of 'Madame Sans-Gene et Les Femmes Soldats.'

In the conscription of 1806 a young man by the name of Ghesquiere was enlisted among the forced recruits of the department of the Haut-Rhin. The beardless conscript was frail and delicate, utterly unable to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. Realizing the physical incapacity of her twin brother, whom she very closely resembled, the brave and unselfish sister, Virginia, decided to take his place in the ranks.

With the courage of a high and noble motive, Virginia Ghesquiere begged her parents to allow her to do for France what her brother's ill health rendered it impossible for him to do, and so earnestly did the young patriot plead that she won their consent.

Donning her brother's apparel, the intrepid girl presented herself at the department on the following day, and was assigned to the Twenty-seventh Regiment by the unsuspecting officer whose duty it was to enroll the recruits.

For six years the brave young woman preserved her disguise, and during this period was several times rewarded for gallant conduct. At Wagram the 'pretty sergeant,' as the modest, effeminate-looking young soldier was generally called, had the honor of saving the life of the colonel of the regiment, who had fallen into the Danube, and would have perished but for her efforts.

On the second of May, 1808, after the Battle of Lisbon, the 'pretty sergeant' performed a deed of valor that won for her the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The girl soldier, who was now sergeant of a company of riflemen, perceived at a short distance from the field of battle the figure of the colonel of the regiment lying under the body of his dead horse. Turning to two comrades, she said: 'The body of a colonel is a flag that belongs to the regiment, and the twenty-seventh will retake it.'

As she spoke she advanced toward the prostrate officer, followed by two soldiers. Her comrades, both weak from the loss of

blood, were unable to reach the goal, so that the burden of the affair fell upon her slender shoulders.

On reaching the spot she found it impossible to lift the heavy body of the fallen officer, tug and struggle as she might. She was now, moreover, beset by two straggling English soldiers. Seized by a sort of frenzy at his cowardly interruption of a merciful deed, the little seagiant fired at one of her assailants, wounded him in the shoulder, and then disabled the other by vigorous blows from her gun-stock.

Both Britons surrendered, and assisted her in placing the officer, who still breathed upon a horse which had strayed near. Compelling the Englishmen to allow themselves to be attached to the horse's tail, the 'pretty sergeant' made a triumphant entry into camp and was soon after made a Chevalier of the Legion.

One of the most singular circumstances of this curious history is that after the wars were over the woman who had won renown on the battlefield and public recognition from the empire chose to return to her native province, and resumed there the old, simple, tranquil domestic life of her childhood.

Virginia Ghesquiere died in 1855, but her memory will always live among the inhabitants of Delemont, who from one generation to another will tell their children's children the story of the girl-soldier who served France so heroically for her brother's sake.

THINGS OF VALUE. One rainy afternoon a Sullivan Harbour (Me.) woman sought entertainment in pulling to pieces a pin cushion that was a wedding present twenty-five years ago. She found therein 507 needles of assorted sizes.

Millstream Picton Co., Sept. 22, by the Rev. James Sinclair, assisted by the Revs. James R. MacDonald, and W. H. Smith, Donald M. Grant to Christiansa Grant.

Will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

The convicts with a good record in Kansas state penitentiary now wear suits of cadet grey instead of striped suits.

An old English "Manners Book" says: 'A lady should dip only the tip of her fingers in the sauce bowl, and should not let food fall out of her mouth on the tablecloth.'

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicacy constituted the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep means the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Paralee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last 100 years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

The new Chinese mint at Canton coined more than 14,000,000 ten cent pieces last year.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Paralee's Pills according to directions under the head of "Dyspepsia or Indigestion." One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause any griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.'

A New Hartford (Conn.) man one day set over 1000 tobacco plants, and the next morning found that the cut worms had destroyed every plant but one over night.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Paralee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

A grain of fine sand would cover 100 of the minute scales of human skin, and yet each of these scales in turn covers from 300 to 500 pores.

Money Saved and Pain Relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, neuralgic, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or itched breast.

Silas Outcalt (who has just paid the bill)—'You York people know a thing or two. I reckon you hev this windmill here to keep people from gittin' hot when they pay your contounded high charges!'

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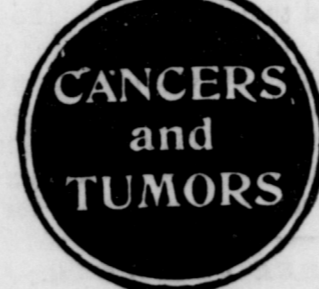
Nine hundred and fifty telegraph sub-marine cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe; their total length is over 89,000 miles.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Horseless carriages have been introduced in the fire department of Paris.

BEWARE OF IMITATORS, WHO CLAIM TO USE THE SAME METHOD. WE HAVE THE SOLE AGENCY FOR THE DOMINION. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont

N. B.—We sell FOOT ELM, a positive cure for swollen, sweaty or tired feet; 25 cents, or 5 for \$1.00. We pay the postage, and return your money if you are not satisfied.



When we get your symptoms we secure the advice of our Cancer Specialist, who has probably successfully treated more cases of cancer and tumor than any other physician on this continent.

If he thinks his treatment will cure you, he will write you his personal opinion, telling you so frankly and candidly. Our cancer specialist never advises the use of his treatment unless he thinks it will give patients such satisfaction as will lead them to recommend it to their friends. He often suggests means for relieving the pain, and making the patient more comfortable, but for this there is no charge whatever, and if a course of treatment is advised, the total cost (including personal attention by mail), is less than \$2.00 a week.

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both have their part in the great savings that come from Pearline. Suppose you're the mistress. There's the economy of it—the saving of time, etc., and the actual money that's saved by doing away with that steady wear and tear on everything washed. Suppose you're the maid. There's the saving of labor; the absence of rubbing; the hardest part of the house-work made easier and pleasanter.

But suppose you are mistress and maid, both in one, doing your own work. Then there is certainly twice as much reason why you should do every bit of your washing and cleaning with Pearline.



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