

A MODERN DEBORAH.

At the eastern extremity of the long, straggling street of Nagy-Nemethy, are the crumbling ruins of a deserted house.

More than forty years ago, when the Hungarian people awoke and began to rattle their chains, there lived in this house a young Jewish couple. Adolf Sonnenfeld and his wife Eglantine. Although scarcely fifteen years of age when her husband took her from her parents' watchful care, she was no half-opened bud, but a glorious woman, a blooming rose of Sharon. Sonnenfeld, like many a young German townsman, was a slender, fair-haired young fellow. His wife, Eglantine, was a lovely Jewess of the purest type. Suppressed fervor lurked behind the cold gaze of her dark, scornful eyes, and the mobile mouth could soften sweetly to the warming kiss or harden with deliberation for command. Her husband was merely a practical man of business, of a sly and cunning disposition, called good-humored by his friends because he was too cautious to risk doing an injury.

In spite of the differences in their characters, Eglantine seemed to love her husband even more than her fatherland, and that speaks volumes, for she was an ardent Hungarian. She had borne her husband two children, and through her teaching they were growing up with a fervent love of home and fatherland.

The storms of February swept over Paris, and the feverish March days in Vienna were followed by the Hungarians rising, while her character was developing from day to day in strength and energy. But when, in October, the revolution brought the Hungarian army before Vienna, her zeal for the national cause at length took tangible form.

One morning at breakfast, having scanned the newspaper, she commenced: "Adolf, every one is taking up arms for the fatherland, old men, boys, and even women. Why do you hold back?"

"Are you mad?" cried Sonnenfeld, half-irritated, half-frightened; "what is Hungarian liberty to me? I am a Jew. Even if I wanted to go to the war they would only laugh at me. I don't know how to hold a gun."

"You can learn—"

"I shan't think of it!" cried Sonnenfeld, cutting her short; "we have soldiers enough—I am no hero!"

The truth came home to Eglantine that her husband was no hero, very shortly. Hussars came into the village, and then all who had hitherto held back came forward and joined the colors. Sonnenfeld alone was not to be seen; he seemed to have disappeared, and only came in sight again after the last horseman had quitted Nagy-Nemethy. Eglantine found out afterwards that he had hidden in a recess in the cellar, and been supplied with food and drink by the cook. Her first impulse was to take away her children, and leave the husband whom she despised for his cowardice. Sonnenfeld felt on his knees and begged her to stay; he raised his hands to heaven and implored her with tears in his eyes not to leave him, and when at last the children interceded, she remained.

From that day she treated him with silent disdain. That proved more galling than open hostility or reproaches. Hitherto he had taken no interest whatever in the struggles of the fatherland, but now he began to interest himself more and more. But his sympathies were all with the anti-May-party. He hated the agitators who had robbed him of his wife's love, and the patriots whose heroic courage branded him as a coward. He could barely hide his joy when Windischgratz, with the imperial troops, crossed the frontier and pushed on to Buda Pest, but Eglantine grew ever paler, ever quieter. When the Hungarian capital fell and the national troops fell back on Debreczen, Sonnenfeld felt sure that all was over. He went about radiant and joyful, as if he had won the victory or inherited a million.

It was not long before the First Imperial Light Cavalry showed themselves in Nagy-Nemethy. A whole brigade followed and pitched camp in the neighborhood. Some of the soldiers were billeted in the village, and the general himself took up his quarters in Sonnenfeld's house. The husband surpassed himself in hospitality, loyalty and attention to the wants of his guest. Eglantine, who held herself aloof, timid but inimical, one day saw the general kick her husband out of the door. She felt as if her heart was crushed, then the blood rushed to her face, but she endured in silence.

A few days later, hussars appeared in the neighborhood, and the imperial outposts exchanged shots with them. During the night the brigade became alarmed, for the Hungarians approached on all sides and threatened to overwhelm them. Every one was afoot, the inhabitants stood in the street doors whispering, while cannon and heavily armed cavalry rattled by. Eglantine, who had dressed herself rapidly, found that her husband had left the house. She glided out after him, only to find him by the garden hedge deep in conversation with the general. Sonnenfeld bowed obsequiously as he spoke, and the general laughed amicably. The laugh seemed to Eglantine even more insulting than the kick he had given her husband a few days back. She only caught detached words and isolated phrases of the conversation; but she gathered that while her husband was assuring him of his devotion, the general was complaining that he could gain no information even from the poorest peasant. At sunrise an adjutant arrived bearing a sealed letter for the imperialist troops to withdraw to the south.

The changeful scenes of the Hungarian winter campaign followed in quick rotation each day bringing contradictory reports. Eglantine was consumed with anxiety and excitement, and she passed sleepless nights of watching, only to sink wearied and exhausted on her couch as daylight approached, and when the bright sunlight streamed in upon her, she would awake with a start as if aroused by some horrid dream.

Business was at a standstill, Sonnenfeld

alone showing a restless activity. He contracted for provisions of all kinds for the supply of the imperialist troops, and after visits from suspicious-looking characters, would absent himself from home for days together. Eglantine watched him with anxious heart and increasing uneasiness.

One beautiful, sunshiny winter's day, hussars, with loaded carbines, rode into the village. The villagers received them with loud hurrahs and cries of welcome, and the joy was increased when a Honved battalion followed them on foot. The Hungarians halted, picketed their outposts, and their duty over, began to think of the commissariat. The inhabitants of Nagy-Nemethy brought out the best they had to compensate the brave fellows, it ever so little, for the hardships of their campaign. Eglantine did not like to follow the example of the others without first obtaining her husband's consent. She went in search of him, but was unable to find him, either home or anywhere in the village. Evil forebodings took possession of her mind.

Night closed in. Every one slept in Nagy-Nemethy—every one but Eglantine. She sat on the bed waiting and listening. She felt that she must wait and listen for something! Something so terrible it hardly took form in her mind, yet it was something that had been hanging over her for a long time. She sat and waited—one hour—two hours—till she grew drowsy from sheer exhaustion. Suddenly she was startled. Was it the sound of shots?—what was that confused noise? The trumpets brayed, words of command were heard, and the firing increased. She ran to the window, and as she threw it open a bullet whistled past and impinged upon the wall behind her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light. There was fighting in the streets of Nagy-Nemethy.

The imperialists had advanced upon the Honved battalion under cover of the night, and the Hungarians had been overpowered. A few of them managed to escape with the colors, but the rest were taken prisoners or died the patriot's death.

Eglantine sat in her room like one in a trance; her thoughts stood still. The time passed away, but she was heedless of it till suddenly she started at the sound of voices in the next room. Her husband had returned, and with him—How well she knew those clear, commanding tones as she listened to the words of praise and the promise of a great reward—to her husband.

The imperialists did not remain long, and her husband went away in their train. Eglantine obtained a conveyance, and, wrapping her children up warmly, drove away with them in safety, she returned home on the third day and awaited her husband's return.

On the fourth evening after her return she again heard her husband enter the house softly, like a thief, and like a thief, he started when his wife, candle in hand, stepped out of her room before him. Placing the light upon the table, she seated herself, and coldly and sternly, like a judge, she commenced her examination.

"Where were you?"

"I have done a good bit of business."

"I know it."

"I have delivered a contract for bread and bacon to—"

"You have delivered up your brethren?"

"You spy!" shrieked the Jewess, flaming with indignation.

"What do you mean?" Sonnenfeld was pale as a ghost.

"I overheard your conversation with the general."

"Anything further?" and the husband tried to laugh.

The beautiful Jewess stood up and gazed steadily into his face. "This further. You are a traitor and deserve to die, but I have loved you and would not have the name that I have borne, and the name of my children, dishonored before the world. You shall not, therefore, swing from the gallows as you deserve, for I will let you kill yourself here on the spot."

"I believe you have lost your reason," cried her husband.

For answer she glided quietly into her room and fetched a loaded pistol. "You must die," cried Eglantine, "and if you have sunk so low that you do not understand how great is the enormity of the crime you have committed, or if your cowardice be so great you dare not kill yourself, then will I be your executioner in the name of the fatherland."

She placed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast, when the wretch fell upon his knees, begging and entreating her to spare his life.

The tragic figure stood superbly above him, gazed at him for a moment with unutterable contempt, and then uncorked the pistol.

"No, truly, you are not worth powder and shot."

She turned from him and went into her own room, when he feverishly sprang to the door and fastened it behind her.

Eglantine listened, and when she felt certain her husband had gone to bed, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and stepped out into the night.

As day broke the tread of horses sounded in front of Sonnenfeld's house, and a few blows from the butt end of a musket soon broke open the door. Hussars, with his wife at their head, burst into the room where he was sleeping.

"There is the spy," cried she, coldly; "he is my husband, but I would see him hanged."

Sonnenfeld, whining vainly, pleaded for pardon, as the hussars bound his hands behind him and dragged him forth. His wife looked on in silence. When the rope was placed round his neck, and the end slung over the lime-tree, she swung herself into the saddle of a horse that the hussars had prepared for her and galloped away, followed, in a few minutes, by the soldiers.

At the taking of Waitzen a beautiful woman rode in front of the Honved battalion—it was the Jewess of Nagy-Nemethy. Once again was she seen in the forefront of the fight when the Poles of Mizuchelli's regiment stormed the green hill of Komorn

at the point of the bayonet, and there she fell riddled with bullets, but wrapped in the standard of her country and staining its colors with her blood.—Translated from the German of Sacher-Masoch by Henry B. Collins, for the San Francisco Argonaut.

Disfigured Faces.

How Good Looks, Perfect Health, and Pure Blood

Can Be Obtained and Maintained.

Paine's Celery Compound Removes Every Trace of Disease.

Is your face disfigured by eczema, pimples, blotches and blackheads? If so, your blood is sluggish, impure and poisoned. While the life-stream is reeking with impurities you cannot be healthy and good looking.

If you would renew the system, cleanse the blood, and rid yourself of disease, you must use Paine's Celery Compound, the great system cleanser and blood purifier.

The following letter from Mr. D. McMahon, Peterbury, Ont., proves that Paine's Celery Compound possesses virtues and life-giving qualities unknown to the ordinary medicines and doctors' prescriptions:

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the fact that Paine's Celery Compound has caused a remarkable change in my condition."

"I was troubled with a very bad type of eczema on my face and in patches over my body for four years. I was under treatment of three doctors at different periods, and had also tried many remedies, but all proved useless. At last I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound and put in Iodide of Potassium as recommended on the label. The one bottle did me so much good that I bought five bottles more, and now am happy to say I am perfectly cured and completely free from the troublesome disease."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ENGINEER.

Precautions Taken to Safeguard Her Railway Journeys.

"Every body knows that extra care is exercised whenever her Majesty travels by rail," remarked George Lasham familiarly known among railway men as the "Queen's driver," to the writer one day recently, "but few people realize how thorough and complete are the precautions taken to guard against any and every possible danger."

Mr. Lasham, it may be explained, has driven the Royal Special over the London and Southwestern system for nearly forty years, and is therefore an authority on the subject. Quite recently, on his retirement from active service, he was presented by her Majesty with a beautiful silver salver, elaborately chased and engraved with the royal arms.

"Before every journey," he explained, "no matter how short the distance may be, the engine and tender attached to the special are carefully examined by the chief locomotive superintendent. A pilot engine precedes the train, all ordinary traffic is suspended, and the line for the whole distance is watched by relays of plate-layers. To the driver are given the most explicit instructions as to speed, stoppages, &c., to disregard any one of which would be to court instant dismissal. Printed instructions are given to every official accompanying the train, who is strictly forbidden to give any information respecting the arrangements."

"It is wrong to suppose, as many do, that the 'Queen's special' slips along faster than any other train. As a matter of fact, it is a standing order that the speed of the Queen's train is never to exceed forty miles an hour, and it is generally kept well within even that moderate limit. This latter regulation, however, applies only to her Majesty's special. The Prince of Wales likes to travel as rapidly as possible, and he generally has his desire gratified. If not, he invariably wants to know the reason why."

"When any special danger is apprehended the ordinary precautions are redoubled. For instance, during the dynamite scare in the jubilee year every piece of coal used in turn was broken into little bits in the presence of an official before being loaded on the tender, and the interior of the boiler was carefully examined and scraped."



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It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it
SURPRISE SOAP
with power to clean with-
out too hard rubbing, with-
out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

The object was, of course, the same in both instances—to guard against the introduction of explosives.

It is not usual, it appears, for members of our own royal family to bestow extra remuneration upon the drivers of their trains. Foreign potentates, however, are more free-handed. Thus Mr. Lasham recounts with a good deal of satisfaction that he invariably received from the Shah £20 a trip. Next to that much-bejewelled autocrat in generosity was the late Emperor Napoleon whom the "Queen's driver" often took from Chislehurst to Windsor, and who was invariably "good" for a £5 note. It was always delivered, enclosed in a sealed envelope, by his Majesty's private secretary. This custom his widow, the Empress Eugenie, kept up until the death of the Prince Imperial, when she ceased to charter "specials."

The number of cigars presented to the "Queen's driver" by distinguished travellers is legion. Most of them have long since become dust and ashes, but some of them have been preserved as souvenirs. Notable among these latter is a gigantic specimen, nearly a foot long, presented to Mr. Lasham by the late Czar, and a tiny one, not much bigger than a cigarette, given him by the Empress of Austria.

THE OLD MADE YOUNG.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS MAY STILL
BE THE PORTION OF SUFFERERS
ADVANCED IN YEARS. THE
NEW INGREDIENT IS
WORKING WON-
DERS.

People who get past middle life are apt to think that their days of usefulness are almost gone when they are seized with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sciatica or some other dread disease, they consider their days are numbered and pain and suffering will be their lot for the few remaining years of their sojourn on earth.

With the advent of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient, a new hope has been opened up for aged sufferers. Its action in driving away the aches and pains which Rheumatism and Sciatica, two of the commonest diseases to which the old are subject, has made many an aged one rejoice.

As an example of what great things Kootenay is doing for old people we might mention the case of Mrs. Catherine Burgess, 165 Jackson St. E., Hamilton, who states under oath that she is seventy-three years of age, that for two years she was afflicted with Rheumatism and Sciatica, had severe pains in her back and kidneys and broke out with Erysipelas. Since taking "Kootenay" she has been free from pain, has no eruption, a splendid appetite, sleeps well and is a hearty woman in every respect.

Then we might mention the cases of Mr. Patrick Ryder, a retired farmer, 69 years of age, living at 940 Lorne Ave., London, Ont., who swears that he suffered 36 years from Rheumatism, tried hundreds of local applications, but got no relief till he took Ryckman's Kootenay Cure which banished his rheumatism and restored his health.

Mr. John Hyde, of 141½ McNab St., Hamilton, Ont., under oath testifies that he is 72 years of age, suffered from Dyspepsia and Constipation for 35 years and was cured by Kootenay Cure.

No need to multiply instances of how this wonderful remedy has befriended the aged and given them a new lease of life. If you are anxious to know more of this marvellous Kootenay Cure, address the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and full information will be sent you free. One bottle lasts over a month.

UPRISINGS OF THE CHEYENNES.

People who Have Guns and Can Shoot are Not Afraid of Them.

The people who live in the Powder river country are accustomed to the reports of Indian uprisings. The scares have their beginnings in small events. The one in 1884 was started by two drunken cattle-

men, who were riding up the road on their ponies. One of them, who had been drinking more than was good for him made a bet that he could raise the hat from the head of one of the approaching Indians with his rifle without scalping him. So he opened fire, and he did raise the Indian's hat, but he shot a trifle too low and creased his scalp not hurting him seriously, but starting the blood and making the Indians angry. They rode away, and that night came with a band of their companions and burned the ranch houses down. The residents of that section organized a posse of 200 or 300 and went after the Indians in earnest, but the men who fired the ranch were subsequently surrendered, and the affair quieted down without more bloodshed.

The Cheyennes then had a little settlement on Otter Creek, at its confluence with Tongue River. Afterward a lot more of their tribesmen joined them, and there a mission was established for them, where the Government now takes care of them. At that time they were not cared for at all, and their only means of living was by hunting and stealing. They were treacherous and undesirable as neighbors. They would always look around when they made a visit to a ranch to see whether there were any arms around, and if there were not they would set upon the people and rob them of everything they had in broad daylight before their eyes. If they met a man on a horse on the range who was not armed they would set him afoot on the spot and take his horse and outfit along with them.

They are the same Indians who took part in the raid into Nebraska and afterward participated in the Custer massacre. The Cheyennes are not a particularly high class of Indian, though. They are not especially brave, and I never saw one who was a good shot. They are rapidly diminishing in numbers. The locality where they are now was once a fine hunting ground, but that day is gone. They are fed by the Government and furnished with some of the comforts of civilization, but for the most part they retain their original customs from preference. They live in houses a part of the time, but set out on the ground when tables are furnished them, and in many other ways show reluctance to enter into the spirit of the Government in its efforts to civilize them.

DINNER FOR A SNAKE.

Gradual Absorption of a Two-Inch Frog by a Half-Inch Water Moccasin.

It is not often that one has an opportunity of watching a snake swallowing his live prey when the snake is free and on his native soil. A summer idler near the Newmarket Springs bridge on the Shrewsbury River the other day stopped for a rest at the site of an old rustic summer house. A spring there was dammed up years ago and the summer house built over the pond so that wanderers could sit and refresh themselves there. The summer house rotted and fell, and the pond filled with many seasons' tall of leaves from the surrounding oak and chestnut trees.

As the idler sat on a remnant of an old dam a frog about four inches in length was suddenly projected from under the leaves. At first the idler was puzzled to know how it managed to stand in the air in such a manner, but soon he saw that it was held in the jaws of a snake. The snake was less than two feet long and is what is known locally as a water moccasin. His head was about half an inch broad and his neck smaller in size than an ordinary lead pencil. The frog in the thickest part was about two inches across. The snake's jaws were closed just over the end of one of the frog's hind legs, and even that was such a mouthful that it seemed as if the jaws were stretched to their utmost.

In and out among the leaves the snake slowly twisted and turned, working his jaws all the time till he had worked the smaller end of the frog's leg down his throat. Then he became more quiet. Now he began a slow monotonous task. His jaws worked continuously, but with a motion hardly perceptible, and the body of the frog gradually disappeared, aided by an occasional strained contortion of the snake's throat, and finally it passed slowly downward. Then the snake raised his head and neck in a graceful curve, and his little nervous forked tongue shot out at regular intervals. Then, spying his observer for the first time, he slid quickly under the leaves just in time to escape a blow with a light stick. It took the snake about fifteen minutes to swallow that frog, and no doubt he had swallowed many larger ones.

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