

THE ARKANSAS WOODS.

George Bushnell and Arthur Reed were the sons of army officers who were stationed at Hot Springs, Arkansas; being detailed to duty in connection with the United States reservation at that place. The two officers had been sent to Hot Springs in the summer time, and during that season the boys found little to interest them. In the autumn it was different however; for then there was good shooting in the wooded hills that surround the town.

The large, tawny squirrels were found, and the Northern gray squirrels—cat-squirrels they are called in Arkansas—were plenty. Quail were scattered through the brush and in the edges of the grain fields, and further back in the depth of the forest could be heard the shrill gobble of the wild turkey—the king of game birds; there, also, among the dark recesses of pine and oak, lived deer and black bears.

Rush, after retrieving the two dead birds, followed Arthur. George saw his dog's desertion.

"He's lost confidence in me after that miss; and I don't much wonder," he said to himself.

George went along the ravine for half a mile, without again starting the quail. They had been badly frightened by the gun reports and the shot that had whistled near them.

He stepped quietly, and when the birds did rise they were near him. He fired both barrels, this time taking careful aim at two of the birds, and had the pleasure of seeing them both tumble to the ground. The shout with which he expressed his gratification was interrupted. There was a loud grunt from the sidehill, just beyond where the quail had been when he fired, and there emerged from the bushes a large animal, mostly black, but with some irregular patches of a dirty white upon its sides. The long bristles on its neck stood up angrily, and it glared at him with little reddish eyes.

So it can be easily seen that active boys of sixteen, like George and Arthur, had no lack of something to do. The early mornings found them on the hillsides where the hickory trees grow—the favorite haunts of squirrels. In the late afternoons after school, they went after quail, and on Saturdays usually organized hunts for larger game.

One bright, brisk afternoon in November the two boys started out on a quail hunt. Each carried a breech-loading shotgun, about seven and a half pounds in weight—that being the best weight for quail shooting—and George was followed by his spaniel, Rush. This dog had been trained to hunt quail, and the boys found him quite as useful as a setter.

After they had got back quite a way among the hills, they separated and began to beat the brush, they being twenty rods or so apart, while Rush circled around in the space between them.

They walked for some distance without seeing any game. Finally the spaniel began to sniff excitedly. The boys got their guns ready and stepped forward carefully. In a moment there was the startled whir and whistle of a bevy of quail rising from the ground.

It was a large flock. Fully a dozen birds swerved to one side, toward the direction where George was standing. Five flew, so as to give Arthur a shot. Four reports sounded in quick succession.

"I got one with each barrel," called out Arthur.

"And I made clean misses, though I must have fired into a flock of a dozen," replied George, disgustedly. "That comes from just aiming at the flock, and not selecting any particular bird. Hereafter, I shall try to remember always to aim at some one quail, never mind how big the flock is."

"You follow up your part of the flock," said Arthur, "and I'll go after the three birds that got away from me."

He struck off in the direction the three birds had gone, while George, following the quail he had fired at, went up the ravine which the boys had been in when the quail were started.

George saw at once that it was a big hog—one of the "razor-backs" that had run in the woods, until it was as wild as the deer themselves; and not only wild, but ferocious also.

The animal had been hit by the fine shot that George had fired at the quail, for blood was trickling from some scratches on its nose and discoloring its long white tusks. Smarting with the pain, it had looked about for something on which to wreak vengeance. It now watched the boy fiercely for a moment, then charged him, holding its head so that its tusks protruded in a very disagreeable way.

As rapidly as he could, George reloaded his gun. The charging animal was almost upon him before he could slip in two loads of heavy shot, and he fired both barrels without lifting the gun from his shoulder. It was unfortunate haste. He miscalculated and the loads of buckshot, going too high, only grazed the hog's back, having no effect save to increase its rage.

George, seeing that his shots had failed to stop it, tried to leap out of the way; but the brute's headlong rush had brought it too close to him. His jump to one side was only partly effective. The side of the hog's head struck one leg, and he was knocked over, receiving at the same time an ugly cut from its tusk.

Its momentum was so great that the hog dashed on for several yards before it could stop. Though the blow had been a severe one, George was not stunned in any way, and he now saw that this instant's respite was his only hope of escape.

A few feet from where he lay was an old hollow log, from which the inside had rotted away during the years it had lain there on the damp ground. The hole in the hollow end looked large enough for him to crawl in. He flung himself into it head first, forcing his way with desperate haste.

The hog turned in time to see him disappear, and plunged at the opening with a shock which nearly burst the log in two. Almost suffocated by the dust of the de-

caying wood, the boy dug his way along till he could squeeze no further.

It was a close fit, and his head was so jammed into the narrow aperture that there was little air for him to breathe.

In the meantime the hog was continuing its assaults at the log's open end. At last, finding that the old log could not be broken, the furious animal tried to squeeze in, tearing away for itself with its tusks.

It grunted as it worked, and George, hearing the noise made by its efforts, drew in his head as far as possible. It sounded to him as if the angry beast was only a few feet away; in reality, there were several yards between the two.

But gradually the hog was able to lessen this distance. By dint of persistent use of the tusks, it steadily pushed its way into the hollow trunk. Now it was so close to them that it grunted exultingly, in anticipation of revenge. Its snorting nose and back, and the nearness of its victim, incited the old razor-back to make every effort. George felt his nose touch his foot and screamed helplessly; he could not move his foot another inch.

The hog seemed to redouble his efforts, as if in a supreme attempt to grasp his ankle in his teeth. The truth was that it also had felt something touch its foot—sharp teeth which closed on its hind leg with a determined grip.

The boy had given up all hope, when of a sudden he heard a sound of growling, and then the loud squealing of the hog. The growls were followed by whines and by one or two short, sharp barks. George knew it was his dog, Rush.

The dog kept up such a vigorous attack, that the hog lost no time in backing out of the log, all the time keeping up a loud squealing accompaniment to the barking of the spaniel.

George followed as fast as he could, for he knew that for a few minutes Rush would be able to take up all the hog's attention. His shot-gun lay near by on the ground and catching up this he slipped in a loaded cartridge and fired it into the big hog. A moment later Rush stood over the carcass of his antagonist, victorious.

George felt that there would have been no escape if Rush had not come to find him just when he did, and he has no hunting trophies which he cherishes more carefully than the two long tusks of the hog that followed him into a hollow log.—E. St. Palmer in Waverly Magazine.

CATARRH CONQUERED.

IT IS A BLOOD DISEASE.

PROOF POSITIVE THAT RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE THOROUGHLY ERADICATES THIS WIDESPREAD DISEASE.

Of all the diseases that have been exploited by charlatans and quacks Catarrh is one that has received more than its share of attention.

Snuffs, sprays, douches, inhalations, etc., have all had their day, and after their use the Catarrh has remained as bad as before, so that now many sufferers have become convinced that they are possessed of an incurable affection that must remain with them to their dying day, sapping their strength and rendering their miserable and disgusting to their friends.

Let's tell you that Ryckman's Kootenay Cure gets at Catarrh through the blood. It destroys the germ that is the immediate cause of the trouble and sends rich pure blood to the part, so that all offensive discharges cease and a rapid cure is effected.

Here's a case in point, Mr. W. G. Cox, who conducts a flour and feed store at 374 King Street West, Hamilton, was troubled with Catarrh for ten years, tried nearly all the catarrh remedies advertised without success till he began taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. He says the results have exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Mrs. Margaret Sovereign, living at 376 King Street, in the same city, under oath makes a declaration to the effect that her daughter Lulu, aged 14, was troubled with Catarrh for two years and had poor health. The doctor said she had inflammation of the lungs and Catarrh. She became so run down that until she commenced taking Kootenay her mother was alarmed about her. After she had taken a bottle and a half of this wonderful remedy and the "new ingredient" had a chance to get in its work, the Catarrh disappeared, her cheeks became rosy and she gained eleven pounds. These cases ought to be enough to convince the most sceptical, but if you are desirous of more proof, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and sworn statements of cures will be sent you free.

One bottle lasts over a month.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

A New and Interesting Version of a Famous Old Story.

"Curse you!" shouted Simon Legree. "I say you must lick the girl."

"Doan' ask me to do dat, Massa," said poor Uncle Tom. "I can't do it, no way possible."

With an oath Simon Legree lifted his black-snake whip and the curling lash fell across the slave's back.

It will be remembered that Simon Legree was a man of nervous temperament who had been addicted to the use of strong drink. Therefore he was not the physical equal of Uncle Tom, who had kept himself in training by constant labor in the fields.

When the cruel whip fell, Uncle Tom side-stepped and swung his left into Legree's wind, quickly following with a right on the jaw, which sent Legree to the ground. Then the humble slave sat on Legree and choked him until he promised to behave.

Uncle Tom tied his master hand and foot with a clothesline, and, after taking his watch and chain, cast him into the cotton-shed.

The faithful slave fled into the woods, and that night he slipped aboard a steamboat. He gave the watch and chain to

the engineer of the boat, who took pity on him and smuggled him to Cincinnati.

Soon after his arrival in Cincinnati, Uncle Tom opened a barber shop in Vine street. He had three chairs with plush poppies, and kept all the police papers constantly on file. After a few years he was enabled to build a light yellow residence with blue shutters.

He shaved thousands of people in his time, and not one of those who were compelled to listen to his views on prize fighting and religion suspected that he was the real Uncle Tom.—Puck.

IN SELECTING A HUSBAND.

Apply a Little Astrology, Phrenology, and Palmistry, and Be Happy.

"There would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world, if girls, before accepting a lover, would profit by the teachings of astrology, palmistry, and phrenology. There is no necessity for them to consult a specialist every time a man becomes marked in his attentions; only a general knowledge of these sciences is necessary to make one sufficiently accurate in character reading for such purposes." So an authority on such subjects expressed himself the other day. Being encouraged by the interest of his audience, he went on to say:

"Now take astrology. All persons born under the same sign of the zodiac and influenced by the same planets have the same general characteristics and do not, as a rule, make happy homes when mated. On the other hand, those born under the zodiacal signs producing counteracting influences do well to marry. By that I mean persons born under Capricorn, from Dec. 22 to Jan. 31 live happiest when married to people whose birthday comes under Taurus, from April 20 to May 20. The children of Capricorn are ambitious, persevering and capable of enormous efforts toward the attainment of a desired object. They are self-possessed and have firm wills. In speech they are brusque and straightforward. Reticent in the presence of strangers, often eloquent when surrounded by their friends, they make good friends and unrelenting enemies. They are oftentimes angular and awkward in carriage and should carefully avoid accidents on land. They are prone to melancholia and are sometimes revengeful. Though many of our ablest men and women are born under Capricorn, as a rule they make better husbands than wives. They exert their influence more through force than persuasion.

"On the other hand, persons who come into the world under Taurus are diplomatic, and depend largely on their powers of persuasion. They are, generally speaking, clever and capable of governing, and command positions of excellence. They have often strong passions, but are capable of holding them in check by inflexible wills. In love they are somewhat jealous, though seldom inconsistent. They have strong intuitive powers and should always seek to be alone when making a decision, as they are unconsciously influenced by surroundings. Their judgment is always to be depended upon; yet it is arrived at by intuition and not by any power of reasoning. Generally speaking, they are good looking, healthy, and of happy dispositions. They are careful of their possessions, patient workers, and often tediously attentive to small details. They make model wives and mothers when married to those born under Capricorn.

"Each sign of the zodiac, as I said before, bequeaths to children born under it certain characteristics. These every one should know.

"In phrenology there are many points which a girl may learn that will be of assistance in selecting a husband. She should, first of all, notice a man's head and always remember that two wide-headed people, with great fullness around and above the ears, can never be happy in the married state. There is too much animal force, too great a development of the faculties of destructiveness, combativeness, and acquisitiveness for harmony. A life lived between two people in both of whom there is such a strong and selfish desire for self-assertiveness, would be intolerable. Therefore, let not two wide-headed people marry.

"Yet still more unfortunate would be the union between two narrow-headed people, for this would result as the joining together of two broken sticks. Narrow-headed people lack sand. Difficulties look large to them. They are poor money makers, and become the natural prey of broad head, with high forehead, and a good, symmetrical dome of thought. This shape of head indicates force and reason, whatever their vocation, and includes several of our Presidents, our ablest statesmen, and Supreme Judges. A girl who selects a head like this may be proud of her prize. But let her beware of the broad head, with a low forehead and cramped upper head, for, unless redeemed by other features of face and hand, she will in all probability, find him a selfish brute.

"In palmistry the first thing to consider is the thumb. Strange as it may seem this little member offers an indication rarely misleading as to a person's capacity for self-control, judgement, and will. In the first place for self-control it should be long and well shaped. If the two joints are nearly of equal length it indicates a good balance between the will and the intellect. If the first joint is the shorter there is a preponderance of intellect over will, and the person is apt to be undecided and easily influenced, if the last joint is not only long



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Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

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but unusually broad the person is apt to be of a brusque, quarrelsome nature and lacking in tact. Such a thumb with a large nose, set mouth and heavy chin shows that the will power is so much in the ascendant that happiness, for his sharer of joys and sorrows, is far from assured. The thumb to be desired is in proportion to the hand, joints of about equal length, and slightly, very slightly, tapering at the tip. Such thumbs show strength, tact, and affability. But where the whole thumb is short and weak in proportion to the rest of the hand the man's actions will be guided largely by impulses, and they are apt to be not of the very best.

"The power for making money is best judged by the length of the little finger. If a girl wishes to marry a man capable of securing this world's goods, let her see to it that his little finger is long and passes a trifle beyond the first joint of the third finger. Every shading beyond this joint means an increase in practical sagacity. And the bases of the four fingers should not make a curve, but should be placed side by side nearly on a straight line. A man with a hand like this may be safely depended on to amass money.

"But, before I leave the subject, there is one style of hand which I should like to caution both men and maidens against. It is the hand whose palm shows a vast multitude of lines. This way and that way they run and give one the impression that the owner has but recently come from the wash-tub. Flee from the owner of that hand as from the wrath to come. There is no species of deceit of which he is not capable. He is thoroughly unprincipled and will not hesitate at any means toward his ends. Many of our most noted criminals have such hands. Benedict Arnold possessed such a hand, and although he had many fine characteristics they were overshadowed by that fateful palm."

STILL IN HIS PRIME.

North Hastings' Oldest Inhabitant Hale and Healthy.

Josias Moore, of Bancroft, Ont., one of the oldest and best-known residents of Hastings County, can boast of wonderful health and vigor for his age.

"Although I am over 84 years of age," he says, "I feel as young as ever I did."

Mr. Moore, however, had a narrow escape from death about a year ago. "I was so bad with indigestion," he writes, "that the doctors gave me up. I tried various alleged remedies but found them no good. One day our popular druggist, F.C. Humphries, sent me a sample of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to try. The result was marvelous. After taking two I was able to get up. Then I sent for a box. I could soon eat anything. In a short time I was able to walk two miles, to Bancroft and back, with ease."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will, without fail cure all kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles. For sale by all dealers. Price 25 cents. One pill a dose. One cent a dose. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the latest discovery for coughs, asthma and consumption. It is pleasant, quick and certain. 25 cents.

THE SHIP'S BELL.

It is Closely Identified with the Whole Career of the Vessel.

Lieutenant John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., writes an article for St. Nicholas on "What Is Told by the Bell," in which he says:

"Nothing in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines, and boilers become old, and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching; and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history, the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute each a silver coin to be melted and molded into a bell which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in their future career. Often the people of the city or State after which a man-of-war is named may present to her a magnificent bell appropriately ornamented and

inscribed with words of good-will and good wishes. Such a bell is usually presented with ceremony after the ship goes into commission.

Ships' bells in general are made of bronze, like other bells. The addition of silver in their composition gives them a peculiarly clear and musical tone. They are placed in such a position on the upper deck that they may be heard from one end of the ship to the other; and are usually near the mainmast or at the break of the fore-castle. One peculiarity exists in a ship's bell which is necessary on account of her motion at sea. The tongue is hung so that it can swing in only one direction. If it were not so the bell would be continually ringing as the ship rolled and pitched. The direction in which the tongue can swing is another important point. If it were athwartships the bell would ring at every roll of the ship; and if it were fore and aft the bell would ring at every deep pitch; so the direction in which the tongue can swing is nearly half way around between these two.

ALL A PART OF THE SHOW.

Thought he had Been Deceived and Wanted his Money.

The curtain had been rung down on the last act of that exciting melodrama, "The Power of Beer," and the audience was leaving the theater. On the faces of the more thoughtful was an expression of sadness somewhat akin to the look wherewith a man regards the bright coin pasted on the under side of the tobacco dealer's cigarette. And one man out of the throng pushed his way to the box-office window. "See here!" said he excitedly; "I want my money back!"

"Hum," said the ticket-seller, carelessly. "It's an outrage!" said the man.

"Yes."

"It's a swindle!" continued the man.

"Indeed."

"You advertise a real robbery!"

"We do."

"I failed to see it!"

"You did?"

"And I want my money back!"

"Now, see here!" said the ticket-seller, leaning out of the window; "I've had enough, and you get no money back, see?"

"That's where the robbery comes in, and if you haven't mind enough to grasp it I can't see that there's any kick due from you whatever!"—Boston Budget.

The Grim Reaper

Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hands more times than you will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart disease. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 30 minutes, and to cure permanently.

The Turkish Village at Coney Island.

Aunt Hannah (observing the "ever-with-them" cigarette in the mouth of almost every Turk and Egyptian)—"These 'ere foreigners are evil by natur', and no gettin' out of it. He's they've been in the country a few months and they've contracted already that nat'y cigarette habit."



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