

BRAVE MESSENGER-BOYS.

They Were Plucky and Outwitted the Midnight Robbers.

One evening in last October two burglars forced an entrance into the second story rooms in a large building in Sixth street, in St. Paul, Minnesota, occupied by a firm of silk merchants. The building was closed, and the rooms dark, and the burglars thought their robbery of the premises would be an easy one. They did not know that as soon as they entered the room an automatic burglar-alarm would ring a bell at the office of a district telegraph company a few blocks distant.

The bell was duly rung by the alarm, but it did not communicate with a police office, nor was there an officer on call at the district telegraph office. As it happened there was only a boy on duty at the office, and he was sent at once to the place whence the alarm had come to "see what was the matter." This boy's name was Edward Barry. He went boldly into the silk merchants' store, and found what was the matter. But he was promptly seized by the burglars and thrust into a corner, while they went on rifling the establishment.

Meantime another messenger boy named Walter McGlynn, came into the telegraph office. He was at once sent after Edward Barry. As he reached the top of the stairs and was about to enter the silk store a revolver was pointed at him, and he was told to throw up his hands.

Instead of doing so, however, he put one hand into his pocket, where he carried a revolver for such emergencies. He pointed a revolver at the man who was threatening him, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon did not go off. Not being very much accustomed to the use of such weapons, the boy had failed to keep his revolver loaded. When he found that the weapon was useless, Walter dropped it, and though the burglar was still covering him with a revolver, he grappled with the man. By this time the light in the store which had enabled Walter to see the man had been extinguished, and the second burglar had escaped. Walter was now struggling with his burglar in the dark. He tried hard to hold him, but the thief was a man and Walter was a boy, and though he was a very resolute and lively boy, the thief soon threw him down and escaped.

By this time a third messenger-boy Robert Henderson, had arrived at the foot of the stairs, as eager for the fray as the others had been. Robert saw a man running down the stairs, and knowing that it was not one of his comrades, he put out his foot and tripped the man up. The burglar fell headlong, but in an instant was up again and running, with Robert Henderson close at his heels.

Robert not only ran, but shouted, "Police! Stop thief!" as loudly as he could. Soon a crowd was chasing the burglar, and Robert was in advance of the crowd. He had hold of the man's coat-tail, but the man succeeded in shaking himself loose.

By this time the boys received important reinforcements. Before Robert left the telegraph office he had telephoned to the police about the alarm, and the patrol-wagon reached the building where the burglary had been attempted just after the chase had fairly begun. The officers joined in it. It made a great tumult on the street; a night-watchman down the street heard the noise, and came around the corner just in time to meet the burglar, who stopped, attempted to turn back, and fell into the arms of two of the pursuing officers.

Edward Barry was found unharmed. The plucky boys had prevented the burglars from taking any plunder whatever.

A REVOLUTIONARY SCARE.

The Soldiers Enjoyed a Hearty Laugh Amid Uncomfortable Surroundings.

During the first year of the Revolutionary War the most conflicting and alarming reports spread to the remote country towns. In the "History of Windham County," Connecticut, there is a description of a serious panic which occurred at Thompson as a result of such rumors. A saucy boy was knocked down by a suspected Tory. At about the same time a courier from Boston rode through the town, too much in haste to answer questions. Soon dreadful stories were afloat.

It was said that the patriots' homes were in danger; that "Malbone's niggers" were coming! The Tories are coming! The Tories are coming! was the cry everywhere.

Not a man was left at home save the old and paralytic, and they had no arms, no ammunition. Flight seemed the only recourse, and a dismal, miry swamp was selected as the place of refuge. A boy was sent to rally all the neighbors. He ran to Larned's store, then a well known business centre. Mrs. Larned, who was in charge, was not one to run from the face of danger.

A big fire was blazing in the huge fireplace kettles of water were heating, and every iron implement that could be mustered on was the coals; and with hot water and hot irons she intended to make a stand

against the invaders. "Old Granny Leavens"—the aged widow of the first William Larned of Thompson—was with her, and was equally resolute. She had survived several Indian wars and two husbands.

"If I am to be killed by the Tories, tonight, why, then I shall be," she exclaimed, "I'll e'en stay with Becky!"

The example of these two women had no effect upon their weaker sisters, already in full flight. "Tell Becky," they retorted, "that hot irons will never do for the British. They hurried off to the swamp, a panic-stricken company. "Uncle Asa," a lame old man, was suffering from a disease incident upon excessive flip-drinking.

"Thither," he complained, as he hobbled along, "Thither, I've forgot my plather! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Hurry up, Asa, or you'll never put a plaster on your knee again in this world!" answered his sister.

The swamp was so damp, moist and unpleasant that all could join with Aunt Nabby in her heartfelt ejaculation, "I'd give a wedge of gold as big as my foot for one good dram!"

The unfortunate old people, too feeble for flight, were in a still more pitiable condition. One bedridden old woman, who had not stood on her feet for years, and forgotten in the flurry and left at home alone, managed to crawl out of bed and stow herself away in a cupboard. An old captain, trembling with palsy, barricaded the door, and valiantly held it with a pitchfork.

The night passed. Nothing was heard of Malbone or other marauders. In the morning the weary fugitives stole back from the swamp. Their fright and flight and ridiculous sayings were told all over town, and even carried to camp, giving the soldiers a hearty laugh amid all their uncomfortable surroundings and forebodings.

HELVETIUS AND HER CATS.

How a Famous Woman Made Herself very Ridiculous.

Kindness to dumb animals, like other amiable traits, may be carried to excess. A striking instance is furnished by Count D'Aumale in an amusing account of a visit he once made to the widow of Helvetius, a noted philanthropist and litterateur of the last century. Madame Helvetius, who was a woman of intellectual ability, was noted for kindness and eccentricity. D'Aumale requested an introduction to her, and was taken to call upon her by a friend.

As the visitors entered the spacious drawing room, it was nearly dark, and the footman who ushered them in could scarcely find his way. Madame Helvetius emerged from the shadows in a moment, and as the servant lighted the apartment D'Aumale was astonished to see a number of very handsome Angora cats, completely enveloped in magnificent robes of fur-trimmed silk! The footman assigned the guests to seats, and they were about to sit down when Madame's querulous voice interrupted them.

"What!" she cried, to the embarrassed servant, "do you not see that Ninette and her kittens are occupying those chairs?" With a low, deprecatory bow the lackey pointed to the sofa.

"Stop!" cried the lady to her visitors. "Mignon has been ill; she cannot rest comfortably except upon that sofa."

The guests paused in some confusion and were stepping back, when a loud "mew" from behind warned them that they were again on dangerous ground.

"In heaven's name!" exclaimed the distracted lady, "my poor Nanon will be crippled if you do not step carefully."

Finally the astonished gentlemen were led into another apartment, followed in solemn procession by twenty Angoras, who trailed their silk gowns along with the gravity and dignity of judges, while the guests had great difficulty in restraining their mirth.

Madame Helvetius did not seem to appreciate the absurdity of the situation, nor appear to object to the mewling and purring that made a perfect chorus round her.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

... CURE ...
TORPID LIVER,
CONSTIPATION,
SICK HEADACHE,
AND DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. Newton Cossitt, of the firm of H. H. Cossitt & Bro., Brockville, Ont., says: "I have used Laxa-Liver Pills myself, and my family have also used them. They are the best laxative we have ever used, being free from the griping peculiar to most laxative pills."

Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Vial or 5 for \$1.00.

Her pets sat upon her train, climbed over her, and took possession of the basket of everything. When refreshments were served, they clamored until it seemed as if every cat in Paris had been let loose in that drawing-room, nor was the uproar quieted until they were fed.

Before the guests were served, each cat had leaped up into a cushioned chair, where she disposed of her portion of the viands in unrebuked greed, filling the air with the mingled sound of munching of bones, quarrelsome cries and loud "mews."

While this singular scene was being enacted, the hostess made herself agreeable, chatting with her visitors on various interesting topics, but D'Aumale and his friend were so absorbed by the curious spectacle that their efforts were almost unnoticed. When the guests departed, they indulged freely in the merriment which their remarkable visit had aroused, and to the end of his days Count D'Aumale was fond of describing this manifestation of a clever woman's foolish eccentricity.

RUSSIAN HORSES.

Love of Children and Horses are Characteristic of Russians.

The land where animals are raised in large numbers is not always the land where they are best loved. Russia, however, which is, says Mr. W. Durban in the Contemporary Review, the greatest horse-breeding country in the world, is the country where the horse is both loved and appreciated.

"I never in all my wanderings," says Mr. Durban, "saw a pony or steed of any sort that seemed to be in a bad condition through ill-usage. The droshky-drivers of Moscow put our London cabmen to shame in this respect. They may abuse each other vociferously, they may cheat you roundly, but they never abuse their horses."

The supply of fine horses makes a constant luxury to travel in Russia. The population is chiefly dependent upon the tarantass, or rough, partly hooded van, telegra, or country cart, the little droshky and the capital troika, or three-horse carriage. Nothing delights a driver so much as dashing along at headlong speed, with three spirited horses harnessed to a troika. With the whips cracking, the bells ringing, the driver singing at the top of his voice, the two outer horses flying off at an angle as wide as possible, the troika in full speed is a splendid sight.

In Siberia the driving is so furious, the mountain roads being as rough as they are steep, that the traveller is constantly amazed at his immunity from accident. A stranger experiences mixed feelings of wonder and alarm as the rough vehicle, chiefly made of pine and birch poles put together in the crudest manner, is positively hurled into the air and down again during the descent into a valley that is approached by a corduroy road.

The drivers kept their horses scrupulously clean, however they themselves may reveal in dirt. It is curious to enter a miserable little shabby droshky, and note that the horse which draws it is a really beautiful animal, plump, sleek and evidently petted.

There must assuredly be a good side to Russian character, or the people would not be as fond as they are of their horses and their children. The two lovers are ingrained into the very heart of the nation.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES MEET.

How an Elderly Man Kept a Young Passenger From Being Fleeced.

Some years ago a young man with more money than sense became involved in a game of poker on one of the English ships. The first night he won freely and had a big stack of red and blue chips to cash in when the game was closed. The second night he had to play in order to give his opponents a chance to recover, and toward the end of the evening lost heavily. He held good hands, but somebody else always held better, and he was compelled to go to the bank several times. As fast as he bought chips they were transferred to two pleasant-looking gentlemen who played recklessly and sympathized with his losses. When he did win it was only a small pot and nobody else had anything.

An old gentleman with a long, white beard, who was down on the passenger list as Judge Something-or-other from California, had been overlooking the game for an hour or more, when he touched the youngster on the shoulder and said:

"I say, young fellow, let me spell you for a couple of hands around, just to change the luck."

The young man was inclined to refuse, but he noticed a curious expression on the Judge's face and changed seats with him to see what would happen. Twice the Judge caught the gentleman on the opposite side on a misdeal. Twice he laid down his hand on the ground that the wrong card was given him. Two of the other players protested, but the Judge was very firm and dignified about it, and wouldn't even answer their arguments. Three times he requested the man opposite him to cut again, but he always did it in such a quiet, pleasant way that no offence could be taken. Finally he proposed that they play a round of jackpots and quit. When that was done and he



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

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.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name **SURPRISE.**

shoved the chips over, the young man whose place he had taken found himself many dollars to the better. He offered to divide the winnings, but the Judge only smiled and lighted a big cigar and said: "Put your money in your pocket and don't ever play with strangers again. Those chaps are old acquaintances of mine I met them at Sacramento when I was a member of the Legislature seven years ago, and I know their game."

HE LEFT JUST THE SAME.

Mr. Allen Didn't Know He Was a Dead-head and Left Hurriedly.

John Allen of Mississippi, arrived at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, registered, and was assigned to a room. He had never seen apartments so extravagantly furnished. Expensive oil paintings hung over the walls. The bedstead was of mahogany and hand carved. Carpeting a half foot thick covered the floors. There were vases filled with flowers, velvet-covered chairs, lace curtains, bevelled mirrors, and all the other appliances of modern convenience and luxury.

John became alarmed. He figured it out that that room would cost as much per day as his salary as a Congressman would amount to in a half a week. He called a bellboy, gave him \$2 and told him to quietly find out the tariff on that room. John didn't like to ask the clerk himself. He was a big man, and that would look little. The boy returned presently and informed the guest that the price was \$50 a day. Allen went down stairs, laid down a dime and called for a cigar. They didn't sell anything but two-bit cigars. He put down a nickel on the newsstand and picked up a New Year paper. "Twenty cents more, please," said the clerk. He got a drink and tendered 15 cents. "Where you been stopping, at the Windsor?" asked the barkeeper. "Drinks here are a quarter." That settled it with Allen. He went to his room, gathered his grips and took them himself downstairs. Then he called for his bill.

"Why, what is the matter, Mr. Allen? We thought that you were going to spend some time with us?" asked the clerk.

"Very sorry," replied Mr. Allen, "but I have just received a telegram that calls me away."

The clerk reached out his hand to tell him good-by.

"But the bill?" inquired Allen.

"There isn't any bill. You are the guest of the manager, Mr. Seavy."

But Allen had to make the bluff good, and he left on the evening train.

Another new Anæsthetic.

An experiment with eucaine, a newly discovered anæsthetic, at the State Hospital for the Insane, at Jamestown, N. D., was entirely successful. With this latest discovery local insensibility can be produced, leaving the remainder of the body in its normal state. The new substance comes from Germany. The severest test was the amputation at the lower third of the leg of a man sixty-eight years old without use of chloroform or ether, followed by rapid and painless healing of the stump. As much of the eucaine was put into two or three tablespoonsful of water as the water would dissolve, and with a hypodermic syringe a few drops of the solution were injected under the skin. About an inch from the centre of the injection another was made, then another, until the limb was girdled by them at the place where it was intended to amputate. After waiting five minutes to allow of the superficial tissues becoming insensible, the needle was thrust deeply into the muscles and injections made. In a few minutes all that portion of the leg, including three or four inches above and below the ring of injections, was found to be destitute of feeling, and the operation of cutting off the limb was proceeded with exactly as if the patient was under chloroform. When the deeper tissues were cut into a slight smarting sensation was experienced a few times by the patient, which was immediately relieved by the application of a little more of the solution directly to the seat of the discomfort. No other pain was experienced. The patient's general health has much improved since the operation. Eucaine is prepared from a South American plant. It is similar in its local action to cocaine, but without any of the poisonous effects of the latter, even though it be employed in much larger doses.

The Human Equation.

In the opinion of the London *Lancet* (an admitted authority), the chief gain to medicine during the reign of Victoria has not been so much in the actual treatment of disease as in its prevention. The Victorian era has been characterised by the rise and development of sanitary science, the aim of which is to promote the public health by securing cleanliness of air, water, food and drink; the construction of dwellings on hygienic principles, the avoidance of over-crowding, the control of unhealthy occupations, the better management of factories, and so on.

No doubt sanitation and hygiene deserve the high estimate set upon them. They are able largely or wholly to prevent epidemics of contagious or infectious diseases, for which the community has every reason to be thankful; but even if it were possible to enforce the general observance of the laws of health to an extent far beyond the limit likely to be attained, there would still remain the individual element of the human equation to deal with, and no system or segregation of principles has ever been able to do much with that. After all we can say or do, every man must fight the battle of life for himself, and meet death for himself; and that, too, under conditions different from those peculiar to any and all others.

Buddha, founder of the religion which bears his name, and one of the profoundest thinkers that ever lived, says it is vain to hope to overcome grief and sorrow until men overcome the sense of *personality* in which sorrow takes its rise.

Exactly, and *personality* will continue to defy all wholesale ways of helping or hindering to time's end. Why, look at the point for yourself. The fact is, that in the very face and eyes of these protective and salutary contrivances, people fall ill precisely as they did a hundred years ago, and cry out for a *cure*—precisely as they did then. Out of the great gird ground in Life's Mill the angel of death takes the same "toll" as he did when sanitation and hygiene were words unknown to the English language. So the Victorian era closes with the people using more medicine per capita than when it began; remedies imperatively needed and often successful. As, for example, in the case of Mr. Henry Gunning, who says:—

"In the spring of 1892 my health began to give way. I felt languid and weak, and had no energy. I had no appetite, and after eating experienced great pain around the chest and a gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach. At night I was in such pain I got no proper sleep or rest. Cold, clammy sweats used to break over me, exhausting my strength. I became extremely weak, and although I kept at my work it was with difficulty.

"I grew weaker, and felt that I was going down the hill. I took medicines prescribed by a doctor, but they did not suit my ailment.

"In this distressful condition I continued up to March of last year (1896) when my brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured a supply from Mr. Hughes, chemist, of this place, and on taking it a short time I began to improve. My appetite returned and food caused me no pain. Continuing, I grew stronger daily. When I had taken six bottles I was completely cured, and have since enjoyed good health. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in the grave. You may publish this as you like. (Signed) Henry Gunning, Broomfield Yard, Mold, North Wales, June 15th, 1897."

This man suffered from chronic indigestion, the most common and (considering its consequences) the most dangerous of diseases; not preventable or curable by any sanitary or hygienic arrangements. Let us by all means favour the adoption of these latter, on general principles, but when attacked by dyspepsia, follow Mr. Gunning's example, and use the medicine that cured him.

A Disappointed Bishop.

The 'Banbury Bun,' celebrated in song and story, has sustained its reputation for more than a hundred years. Since kings have esteemed it a dainty, it is not surprising to learn, from the Baptist Union, that the Bishop of Worcester, when passing through Banbury, was desirous of trying it for himself.

When the train stopped at the station, the bishop saw a small boy standing near and beckoning to him, inquired the price of the celebrated buns.

"Threepence each," said the boy.

The bishop thereupon handed the boy sixpence and desired him to bring one to the car, adding, "And with the other sixpence you may buy one for yourself."

The boy shortly returned, complacently munching his Banbury, and handing three-pence to the bishop, said: "There was only one left, guv'nor."