

LITERARY ACCIDENTS.

Showing How Famous Manuscripts Are Sometimes Rejected.

'Nobody is the correct and true judge of what any piece of writing is,' remarked a journalist of thirty years' experience, 'until it has been put into print and served to the people. It is true, they are sometimes mistaken, but it is the exception when they are. It is not necessary for me to cite the stories of 'Paradise Lost,' 'Innocents Abroad,' and a few other classics of that type, for they are part of the history of the world's literature, but I will tell you a story of another classic. I don't remember dates exactly, but once upon a time, far back, I went into an office one day to see about a matter of business, and I happened in just at a time when the force was discussing the manuscript of a book which the readers of the establishment had all taken a tilt at. Its title was 'Helen's Babies' and its author was one John Habberton, and a friend of mine. Naturally I was interested, and upon inquiry I was pained to learn that the entire force, with the exception of one ordinary girl who was only a sub-reader, had passed adversely, and with promptness, upon the manuscript. Not only that, but they were laughing to scorn the poor sub-reader, who, notwithstanding, insisted that it was the funniest thing she had ever read, and, of its kind, the most entertaining. However, it was a case of many against one, and the manuscript was returned.

'I did not give the matter any further thought just then, but the next day or day after the subject of manuscripts came up in a talk I was having with Soneso of the old publishing firm, and I told him the tale of the rejected manuscript, and suggested that in my judgment the opinion of the girl who represented the class who bought books because they liked them was far better in a business sense than the opinion of critics who judged a book from the critical point of view, critics not being book buyers as a rule. It struck him at a good point, and he asked me to tell Habberton to offer the manuscript to him.

'I went after Habberton at the first opportunity, and he went after Soneso. What the readers of the firm thought of the manuscript I never learned. The business end of the firm thought it was good enough to publish and the result was that more 'Helen's Babies' were sold than of any book the house ever published. So much for the opinion of a humble sub-reader.'

'Speaking of that kind of thing,' said a man with a dome of thought that had no more hair on it than has the dome of the Capitol at Washington, 'reminds me of something entirely different. I recall two experiences of friends of mine who 'wrote pieces for the papers,' and that sort, don't you know. The first one, who is now a writer of stories and verse, while he makes his bread and butter as an editor, years ago sent a poem to A and one to B. In time both poems came back to him and he was disconsolate, for he knew they were good enough to print, and he could not understand why both of them should get it in the neck like that. As there was nothing else to do and he did not want to lose all his work, he did the best he could, and simply reversed the operation, sending the first piece to B and the other to A. In due time he heard from each and in each letter was a check.'

'The experience of the other literature was somewhat different. He sent a short sketch to a leading periodical of the lighter kind, which also published a collection of things clipped from newspapers and other places all over the world, offering therefore money prizes of from one to three dollars for the best ones presented. He was rather hopeful of the success of his little offering, for he had been there before; but, lo! it came back to him with a promptness that made procrastination seem a virtue. He rallied and sent it to another editor, and this time, though not exactly where he wanted himself to appear, he got and received his money for his effort. Two or three months later he happened one day to pick up the prize collections of sketches published by the other fellow, and there, at the head of the column, as the winner of the highest prize in its class, was the story which had been before weighed in the balance and found wanting.'

Much He Ter.

It is a popular, but evidently an incorrect notion that Indians have little tenderness of feeling toward the brute creation. An Indian agent's story, printed in the New York Tribune, shows that one Indian at least might teach his white brother a lesson. Out in the country where the Indian agent has been staying, rabbits are hunted for sport, and every precaution is taken to preserve this game, that the sport may not be interfered with. The eagle is the rabbit's greatest enemy, and hearing that one of these noble birds had a nest in the neighborhood, the agent undertook to destroy it. John, an Indian who often accompanied him on his hunting expeditions was asked to go along. They found the nest without difficulty, and caught the young eaglets in the act of devouring a rabbit. It was an interesting sight, and two men watched it for some minutes.



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.

In the meantime the mother eagle had returned, and circled about the nest high above them.

'What shall we do, John?' the agent asked at length. 'Shall I throw the nest down on the rocks, or shall we pick them off with our guns?'

'Let's go home,' said John, after some deliberation, 'and let the helpless little things grow up in peace.'

A Natural Remedy.

Dr. Medicus—'A careful diagnosis convinces me, madam, that you are suffering from water on the brain; you must adopt a regularly prescribed diet.'

Fair Patient—'And what will that be?'

Medicus (absently)—'Sponge cake.'

Now The Gardener Knows.

MR. WILLIAM SADD is a gardener, and has been for a long time. In that capacity he knows, of course, much about the diseases and complaints that happen to plants and trees. Now, if he should notice that a certain kind of fruit tree was always sickly and unproductive when planted in a particular soil, or under given conditions not hard to observe, he would look into the matter carefully, and, no doubt, presently ascertain the true cause of the trouble and obviate it. For (he would reason) two facts, occurring continually side by side, are likely to have some positive relation to each other: probably that of cause and effect. To see these coincidences, then to find out what they mean, is the foundation of all useful knowledge; it creates the thing we call 'science.'

This course of proceeding, I say, Mr. Sadd would have taken, and beyond question did take as a gardener. But when it came to investigating his own case, and drawing an inference from observed facts, he showed less keenness and clearness of judgment.

This was not because his mind had failed from the disease which was troubling him, but because he was not used to exercising it in that direction.

'For years,' Mr. Sadd writes, 'I suffered from gravel and indigestion. I felt low and weak, and my work was a burden to me. I had but little relish for my food, and after eating suffered much pain at the chest.'

'My bowels were obstinately constipated, and sometimes days in succession would pass without a movement. There was also pain and stiffness in the back, and difficulty in voiding the kidney secretions, which were thick and scanty.'

'My sleep was much broken through these different causes, and at length I became so weak as to be unable to follow my employment as a gardener.'

'At first I went to the University Hospital; but the doctors at those institutions did nothing to relieve me. None of their medicines seemed to suit my ailment.'

'One doctor said I had inflammation of the bowels.'

'In this weak and painful state I continued until December, 1880, when Miss May Coote, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, told me of the benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.'

'I got a bottle of this medicine, and after taking it I felt a marked relief. The pain in my back was easier, and I felt stronger altogether. After taking three bottles I was completely cured, and got back to my work.'

'Since that time by taking an occasional dose I keep in good health, and have had no return of the gravel complaint. You can publish this statement to let others know of what has done so much for me. (Signed) William Sadd, 9, Cochrane Street, St. John's Wood, London, N. W. December 30th 1896.'

It Mr. Sadd had known twenty years ago what he knows now he would have reasoned thus: 'Here I have gravel and chronic dyspepsia side by side at one and the same time. And this curious fellowship continues year after year. Probably one is the cause of the other. And as the stomach trouble came first why may not that be the cause of the kidney and bladder trouble? Reasoning in that way he would have hit upon the exact truth.'

For dyspepsia including as it does a torpid liver, is the originating cause of a complication of organic disorders—gravel among them. When Mother Seigel's Syrup removed the impediments from the digesting machinery, and awoke the skin and bowels to a sense of their duty, the urinary trouble was relieved and soon vanished. That so old and deep-seated a case should have been so thoroughly cured shows how fully adapted to this dangerous and painful disease Mother Seigel's Syrup is.

Now, will the reader take a lesson from this experience of friend Sadd's? Remember that your body is like a garden, and when you see the weeds of pain and illness growing in it be sure something is wrong with the soil.

'My goodness! The insurance on this house ran out today, and I forgot to renew it. Where do you keep your kerosene?'

'In the kitchen closet.'

'Have it carefully carried outdoors at once. What sort of matches are we using?'

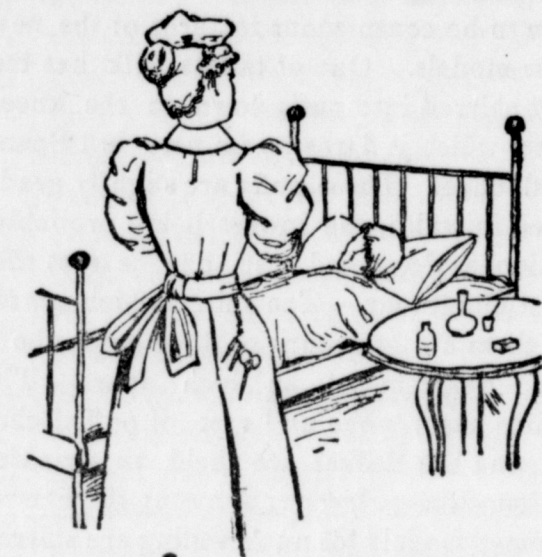
'Parlor matches.'

'Burn every one up and bring down your great-grandmother's tinder box from upstairs. Then send the servants to bed before the moon stops shining, and make sure that the kitchen range is fixed right. I'll attend to the furnace myself.'

A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her



case as follows: 'For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anæmia, Nervousness, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Laxa-Liver Pills clean Coated Tongue.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

Inflammations are quickly drawn to the surface and cured by the absorption of the powerful and highly efficient medications which

Benson's Porous Plasters

contain. Prescribed in every civilized country on the globe, and have proved themselves indispensable for the quick relief of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Kidney Affections, etc. Have them in the house ready for emergency, as delay in treatment is dangerous. Accept none but a BENSON'S. All Druggists. Price 25c. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Agents for Canada.



Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum
For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.



RATS ENDED THE STRIKE.

A Combination Against Striking Miners Which They Could Not Resist.

'Not one of the biggest but one of the most stubborn strikes that ever occurred in the Pennsylvania coal region,' said a former mining engineer, was ended by rats. The rats that infest coal mines are of enormous size and as ravenous as they are big. The miners not only tolerate them, but stand in awe of them, for it is a firm belief with the coal miner that these rats can foretell disasters and give warning to the miners of their danger by scurrying out of the threatened mine in droves in ample time to enable the miners to make their escape also. So careful are the workmen of these great, hungry rats that it is not an uncommon sight to see a miner feeding half a dozen or more from his dinner pail. They sometimes become so tame that they will climb on a miner's lap as he sits at his underground meal and crowd around him to receive such portions of his meal as he cares to toss to them.

'These rats never leave the mines so long as work is going on. The food of the mine mules is kept in the mines, and on this the rats largely subsist. They swarm about when the mules are eating, and sometimes the mules have to fight the rats to save their meal. Often scores of dead rats will be found in a mule's stall in the mines, where they have been trampled to death in efforts to secure a portion of the mule's feed. When a mine lies idle any length of time, and the mules are taken out, the rats abandon it and become a great pest in the mining villages.

'The strike I refer to was caused by the refusal of a mine boss to reinstate a miner he had discharged. The men quit work. The mine owners declared they would let grass grow and choke the mouth of the slope before they would give in to the men, and the men swore that they would cut the grass and eat it, if necessary, before they would yield their point. The mules were taken from the mine and turned out to pasture. The rats, being thus deprived of their sustenance, abandoned the mine and took up their quarters about the miners' shanties, where they soon became a terror to the families. The strike continued and the supplies of the men became exhausted. Miners at neighboring collieries who were at work responded to the requests of their striking brothers for aid and sent two wagon loads of provisions and supplies of various kinds. These were taken in charge by a committee appointed for the purpose and were stored in a building, from which they were to be distributed to the neediest of the miners. The very first night the supplies were in the building it was raided by a horde of rats and everything was devoured or carried away. Four different loads of provisions were contributed by the sympathetic working miners, but it was impossible to save more than one-third of them from the rats. Some of the miners kept cows at that time, there being plenty of free pasturage, but soon after the strike began the cows began to fall short in their yield of milk. This was a mystery until one morning a miner discovered half a dozen big rats sucking the milk from his cow as she lay on the ground complacently chewing her cud. These combinations against them at last forced the miners to weaken, and they were compelled by and by to resume work on such terms as they could obtain, absolutely beaten by the devouring horde of rats.'

A Fascinating Place.

'Of all fascinating places under the sun,' said a gentleman who has travelled much, 'the island of Tabita, one of the Society Islands, is the most fascinating. In this country a little earth lost in a vast ocean, nature has done everything to make indolent souls happy. The climate is temperate and even all the year round, the vegetation is luxuriant, the women beautiful, and the nights, full of perfume, and mystical light, stir the most practical mind to love of meditation and dreaming. The influence of this dreamy, lazy life is insidious. It is not necessary to work, as the island furnishes food without the labor of tillage. I know a number of Americans and French who had gone there for a visit, and have become so enraptured with the languorous existence that, like the visitors to lotus land, they lie down and forget friends, home, ambition and everything. I remember how I used to feel the influence steal upon me. Many a time I wished earnestly to cast my lot with those languorous people. I can look back now and see myself as I lay one night against a cocoanut tree in a sort of ecstasy of meditation. Overhead was a sky bright with a million stars. Sounds came to me in a strange fashion, blending into a murmur. A short distance away a group of natives, girls and men, were shouting the rhythmic chant of the upa upa dance. I thought of myself on this little island, with ocean on every side and New Orleans so many miles distant. Nothing seemed real to me but that spot in the sea, with its bright sky overhead. I could hear indistinctly the chant of the singers and the sobbing of the waves. A mysterious charm possessed me.' New Orleans Times-Democrat.



After dinner-coffee.

Nothing in the world is so necessary as a fitting termination to a perfectly served dinner.

At no time does the true merit of coffee become so manifest. To produce that delicious, aromatic beverage that delights the hearts of epicures and acts as a delightful conclusion to a well-enjoyed meal, only the finest material should be used. They are represented by

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Grocers sell it in pound and two-pound tin cans, and the signature of these famous importers, together with their seal, guarantees its matchless excellence.

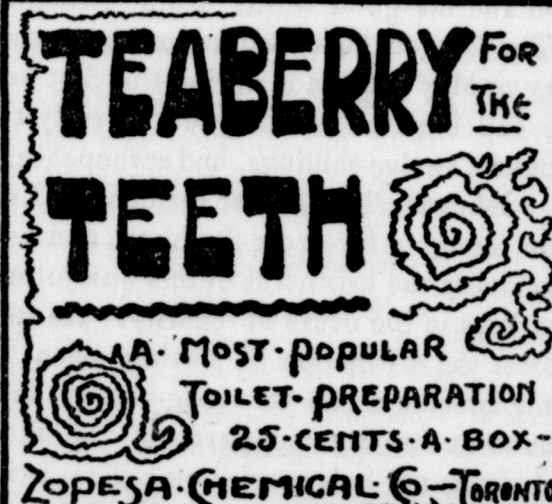


DE WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

THE MOST PROMPT, Pleasant and Perfect Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

Price - 25c. and 50c.



HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.