

# NOTABLE LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Incidents in the Lives of Men Who Once Moved the World.

A little incident will sometimes show the character of a man more clearly than a great act. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in a magazine article, tells a story of Edwin Booth that reveals the kindly heart of the man whom the world knew as a famous actor.

Mr. Hutton called upon Mr. Booth one afternoon at the Albemarle Hotel, in New York, and found him in an easy chair, with a pipe in his mouth. The long chat which ensued was not undisturbed. Mr. Booth was in great request, and before a long waiter entered and put a card into his hand.

"Tell the lady that Mr. Booth is engaged," was the quiet answer, and an influential leader in New York society went away disappointed.

A few minutes later a second caller—a man honorably known throughout the country—turned away without seeing Mr. Booth. Yet another card was sent down with the statement that "Mr. Booth was engaged," and a gentleman and his wife, whom few people would have refused to receive, became convinced that the actor was an exception to the rule; but at last came a name that met with a different fate.

"Show the lady up," said the now interested actor, and Mr. Hutton put on his overcoat to leave the room. He was not allowed to depart. The lady was a friend of his, and would be glad to see him, he was assured.

Thereupon he waited, curious to discover the identity of the person who could obtain an audience with the man who had been too tired to see the daughter of one of the most distinguished men of science in the country, or a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, or a bishop and his wife. The door opened, and in walked black Betty, the old negro servant who had nursed Mr. Booth's daughter when she was a baby, had taken the most tender care of his wife when she was slowly dying, and had been a lifelong friend to them all. She had left Mr. Booth's service after his daughter's marriage, and had been recently married herself.

She kissed "Massa Edwin's" hand, shook hands cordially with Mr. Hutton, and let herself be placed in the most comfortable rocking chair. Then she began to talk familiarly about her own affairs and Mr. Booth's. She could not afford to go to the theatre "no mo'," she said, but she wanted her husband to see "Massa Edwin play." Could she have a pass for two that night?

He wrote the pass at once, and put it into her hand. She read it and returned it with a shake of her head. "They was only niggers," she said. "The do'keeper wouldn't let no niggers into the orchestra seats; a pass to the gallery was good enough for them."

A second paper she received silently, but with another and still more decided shake of her head. Glancing over her shoulder, Mr. Hutton read, "Pass my friend, Betty Blank, and party to my box this evening. Edwin Booth." And Betty occupied the box.

Tennyson, while an undergraduate at Cambridge, was noted for his insight into character, and his subtle, terse criticism. He once quoted Hallam, the historian, as pronouncing Shakespeare "the greatest man." Fitzgerald, subsequently the translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, objected that so sweeping an assertion was rather peremptory for a philosopher.

"Well," said Tennyson, "the man one would wish perhaps to show as a sample of mankind to those in another planet."

One day several students were looking at the portrait of an elderly politician in his bland, family aspect.

"It looks rather like a retired planter," said Tennyson.

On some one among the friends making a dogmatic assertion, Tennyson remarked, "That's the swift decision of one who sees only half the truth."

Some one asked the young poet what politics he held and he replied, "I am of the same politics as Shakespeare, Bacon and every sane man." He hated the narrow ignorant Toryism of that day, revered the great traditions and the great men of past ages and eagerly sympathized with the disabilities of his fellow-men.

England was then, 1830, in a state of ferment. Some were hoping for, and others dreading, the Reform Bill. Farms were fired and ricks burned. At one of these fires Tennyson heard a farm laborer say, "Now we shall get our taters cheaper."

"You fools," retorted Tennyson, though he sympathized with the laborers' demands "you are all going the way to make taters dearer."

The young poet was an athlete—six feet high, broad chested, strong-limbed, with hands as soft as a child's, but of great strength and size. He was fond of "putting the stone," and could hurl the crowbar farther than any of the neighboring farm laborers. Once when showing a pet pony he took it up and carried it, whereupon a friend remarked, "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo."



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### He Meant the Polley.

Reporter—Did you carry any insurance, Mr. Flannery?

Flannery—Loike a big fool, Oi didn't know enough t' carry it. It wor in th' solid-board drawer an now it's burned up wid th' house. Oh, phwat'll Oi do, phwat'll I do!—New York Truth.

### Not Miracle, but Muscle.

When a certain big barbarian seized a bull by the horns in a Roman amphitheatre and, holding him still in his tracks twisted his neck until it broke, and the animal fell dead on the sand, many of the spectators shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!"

But it was no miracle—it was muscle. The man was stronger than the bull; an exceptional circumstance, to be sure, yet perfectly natural. In earlier ages people were apt to account for wonders by attributing them to angels or to devils—according as they were good or bad wonders. We won't discuss the question whether what we call a miracle ever happened; we will content ourselves with saying that no living person has ever seen or experienced one. So far as the wisest and most observant of men can tell us, the order of Nature has never been exceeded or reversed. That is the only working hypothesis for us. Once there were men who toiled hard and long to transmute the baser metals, such as iron and lead, into gold. But they never had any luck. Dr. Conan Doyle says his "Mr. Raffles" did it; but inasmuch as Mr. Raffles perished with his machinery and his secret, there is room for a reasonable doubt whether the whole thing was not a mere product of Dr. Doyle's imagination.

Nevertheless, modern chemistry developed from ancient alchemy, just as modern medicine developed from ancient charms and magic. But we have radically shifted the ground. The alchemists failed to make gold and the charm-dealers failed to cure disease. Therefore we say, there is an ascertainable cause for any and all complaints, and we must cure by abolishing (if we can) that cause.

It was on this principle then that Mrs. Emma Clow, of the good old town of Bury St. Edmunds, was rescued from a most painful and wearisome ailment which had laid hands on her. It began in the summer of 1896, and how it might have ended no one can tell. She was certainly failing fast, when at last a medicine was found that reached the root and source of the trouble. "At first," she says, "I merely felt weary and tired with the least exertion. I had no relish for food of any kind, and what little I ate caused me much distress. I had pains at the chest and between the shoulders; also at the back and thighs. I was much swollen around the waist and had a feeling of tightness at the chest and sides."

"From headache and dizziness I was scarcely ever free day or night. I got no proper sleep or rest and felt quite worn out and lost my strength rapidly. Month after month I continued in this way, growing weaker continually."

"I took various kinds of medicine, but obtained no relief from any of them. About this time a friend spoke to me of Mother Seigel's Syrup and urged me to try it. After I had taken this medicine a few days I felt so much better that I was like another woman. The sense of fulness and the pain were less, and I felt lighter and brighter. I continued with it, and soon my food agreed with me, and I was well and strong again. By taking a dose now and then I keep well. Many friends whom I have told of this have also used Mother Seigel's Syrup and been benefited by it. You may feel free to publish this statement for the general good."—(Signed) Emma Clow, wife of Mr. G. C. Clow, Tobacco and Cigar Dealer, 34, Brentgovel Street, Bury St. Edmunds, November 10th, 1897.

The medical men of olden times knew little or nothing about the internal structure of the human body, and, therefore, little or nothing about the diseases which affect it. Their treatment was, consequently, at the best, mere guesswork. The knowledge we now possess is the fruit of comparatively recent study, examination and experiment. While there is, no doubt, much yet to be learned as to the nature of disease, we know enough to deal intelligently with many complaints, and among the things we know with a high degree of accuracy is the fact that most complaints arise from indigestion or dyspepsia. This was Mrs. Clow's trouble; and, in curing it, Mother Seigel's Syrup delivered her from the pains and local distresses which are its effects and symptoms. Thus, as we understand Nature's ways, we are unable to work wonders on the lines of her own laws.

### A Pleasant Arrangement.

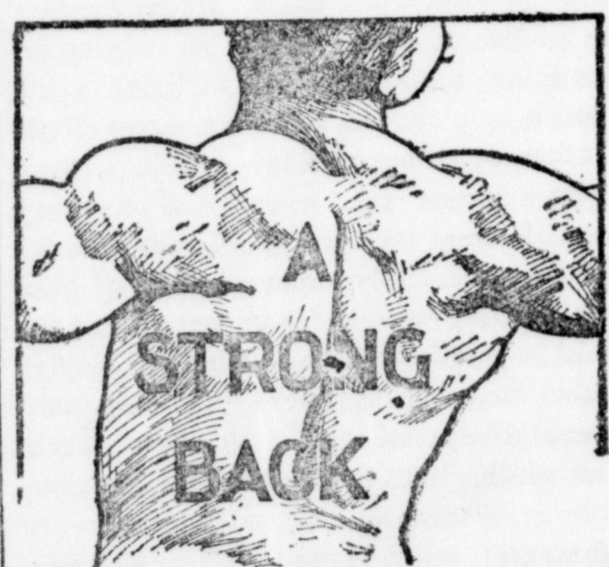
Bride—Now, my dear, how shall we manage about the church? We belong to different religious denominations, you know. Shall I go with you, or you go with me?

Groom—I'll tell you how we'll fix it. You tell your minister that you are going to my church, and I'll tell my minister that I am going to your church. Then we won't be missed and needn't go anywhere.

Mrs. Hoon—It seems to me that Mrs. Swellington's new sealskin has a brighter look than such garments usually do. Hoon—probably it was made from an educated seal.



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### HAVING FUN UNDER FIRE.

Amusing Incidents in the Franco-Prussian War and the Riel Rebellion.

A retired Major of a foreign service was talking the other night of experiences under fire. He declared that it was not at all serious work. He said:

"I have had fun when soldiering, and that, too, under fire on the skirmish line. I remember once in France during the Franco-German war, when we were with Bourbak at Montbéliard, I was surprised to hear some of my men laughing when we were about 400 yards from the Germans and while we were lying on dirty, damp ground and with just the smallest incline in our front to protect us from the enemy's fire. We were hungry and cold, and were obliged to hug the dirty ground in order to get cover. It was no place for hilarious amusement, and yet the men kept laughing, and they laughed so loudly, that I am sure the enemy heard them."

"I could not stand up with any safety, and the only way I could reach the men was to crawl, which I did, and after crawling about twenty yards I found myself in a good-sized depression in the ground, where there was fair shelter, and there I found out the cause of all the amusement. We had been out on our post eight hours, and had used up a good deal of ammunition, and I had ordered the men to keep what they had left for an emergency that I expected any minute. This gave the men leisure to grumble or make fun, just as they thought best, and in this case it was all fun."

"They were playing ninepins with the enemy. And they did it this way: They made nine piles of mud in the form and about the size of sugar loaves, and they placed these at distances of about a yard from each other. Then they made bets as to which pin would be first hit, or which would be hit the most times, and as each pin was hit there was a laugh, but I found that each pin was named, after some unpopular member of the battalion, and when one of the pins were shattered the men laugh and say: 'There goes Long Legs,' or 'Sawbones is over,' or 'Fly-by-Night is disembowelled,' and so on. I stopped the game."

"I remember an amusing incident during the Riel rebellion in the Canadian Northwest in 1885. The Indians and half-breeds had dug pits at Batoche, and we were pounding at them for three days with little or no effect. During that time our men were on the skirmish line all day, and at night they retired to the corral we had built immediately in our rear. But the half-breeds and Indians were evidently having fun at the expense of our youngsters."

"Of course, even our militiamen were prepared for the old ruse about putting a cap on the end of a stick, but the Indians made dummies, and they would suddenly expose a part of these dummies, the head or shoulder, or the side, or in one case the feet, and then our young fellows would begin an independent firing rapid enough to resist a charge of cavalry. But the best part of the joke was that a great many of the youngest soldiers who fired at the dummy were sure to say, 'I hit him!' 'I hit him!' while there is no doubt even the stoical Indians in their pits were laughing, and I, too, enjoyed the joke, for I had an excellent field glass and could see the dummies very plainly."

### ODDITIES OF A WEALTHY MAN.

Queer Things Which Marked the Life of George H. Hopper.

George H. Hopper, who died lately on his Elmwood estate near Cleveland, Ohio, began life as a tinner, and made himself immensely rich through a contract for furnishing tin cans to the Standard Oil Company. About ten years ago Mr. Hopper purchased Elmwood farm, near Cleveland, and started in to lead the life of a gentleman farmer. Many amusing stories are told of him in this connection. He decided to turn it into a stock farm. The first thing he did was to purchase Bell Boy, a stallion, for \$51,000. Six months later Bell Boy and the stables were burned. Mr. Hopper became disgusted with the idea of raising stock and gave it up.

He was seized with the idea at one time that it was a proper thing for a gentleman of elegant leisure to own a yacht. He had one built, and christened it Florence, in honor of his eldest daughter. When the yacht was completed it was found to be too big to enter the creek at the farm and, there being no natural harbor at the place, it had to be kept at Ashtabula, twelve miles distant. Hopper hated the yacht from the day it was built. It was launched without ballast, and as it struck the water a big wave hit it, and it capsized and went to the bottom, with the crew on board. The yacht was raised, but Hopper never again put his foot upon it.

Hopper's whole career as a farmer was an amusing failure. He owned a beautiful orchard of peach trees, and a friend one day remarked that he would come down in the peach season and partake of some.

"Do," said Hopper, "do," grasping him by the hand warmly, "but let us know when you are coming, so we can get some peaches from Geneva."

Hopper was of a nervous, restless disposition, and had lived such a busy life that it was agony for him to be idle. Therefore he employed men to build a stone wall around his park, not that the wall was at all necessary, but that it gave him something to superintend.



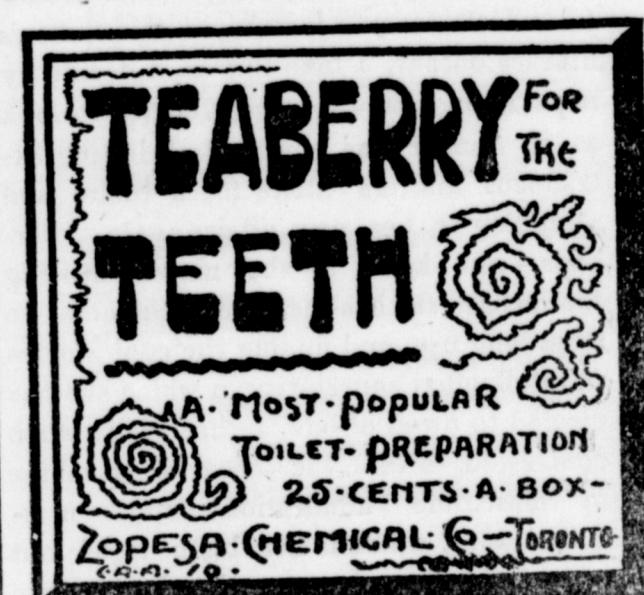
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## 13 RUNNING SORES.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., found (Burlock Blood Bitters), a wonderful blood purifier and gives his experience as follows: "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months, finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time, from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B.; when one-half the bottle was gone, I noticed a change for the better, and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

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