

AN AFTER DINNER RUN.

HARD LUCK CAUSED IT AND IT KILLED A POLICEMAN.

The Officer Was in Full Pursuit of Two Men of the Keys Who Beat a Chicago Restaurant Man Out of a Dinner After a Texas Experience of Misfortune.

"Did I ever tell you how I killed a policeman in Chicago?" asked a member of a group of telegraphers who were talking shop during a temporary interruption to communication in a large Western 'relay' office one winter evening. "Well, it was the culmination of a hard luck story extending from Texas to Illinois. My partner and I went to Texas in the fall of 1890 to spend the winter, and were assigned to adjacent stations as night operators. We were just beginning to get fairly well acquainted with the inhabitants of our respective cities, and the outlook for receiving proper social recognition appeared most promising. In fact we vied with one another on the wire as to the particular accomplishments and beauty of our would-be Southern sweethearts. But alas! The ecstasy was short-lived. The chief despatcher called us both up one evening with the statement that he was in a decided quandary as to which was the most prolific sleeper while on duty, and to be impartial and equitable, he had decided to discharge us both.

In those days operators were thicker than ducks in the winter time in the south, and seek as we would, employment we could not secure. We accepted with due trepidation the alternative of coming north in search of work. My partner was one of the best clog dancers I had ever seen, and but for this we must have suffered the pangs of hunger several times on our journey. Down south during the cotton season the colored folk generally have an old-fashioned 'rag' each Saturday night, and while spending a few hours compulsorily at an Arkansas village we went over to the cotton platform to witness their exhibition in the hope that an enlivening scene like that might distract our minds from the pangs of hunger then existing, as well as to pass the time until the arrival of the next freight. We witnessed the harsh imitations of the standard jig steps until 'Mac,' weak as he was, could stand it no longer, and, defying his coat, he entered the contest himself. While the object is supposed to be to determine which of the dancers keeps the best time and is the most graceful, the contest generally develops into one in which the dancer exhibiting the best staying qualities is declared the champion dancer.

'Mac did not warm up to his work quickly but as the contestants, one by one began to drop out, his latest tangles attracted attention, and finally he was alone. One old colored woman grew excited and said: 'Look at dat white man wid de nigger feet.'

Thereupon Mac worked over toward me and said: 'That means a fine dinner, Will,' and so it did. Mac was easily the champion and was so declared by the judges, whereupon we explained our predicament and were told that the best the land afforded would soon be at our disposal, the women whose enthusiasm had been so thoroughly aroused being the host and a most welcome repast did she prepare.

'Of all the communities in the United States, the operators of Arkansas are the 'chillest,' and had Mac's dancing not helped us to food on several occasions we would doubtless have had to seek assistance from those charitably inclined outside our profession. Reaching St. Louis, and finding places as scarce as in Texas, we decided to go on to Chicago, where we felt that it employment could not be secured we both had friendships that would alleviate our embarrassment. Well do I remember the day we alighted from our palace car at the Union Stock Yards and the hope with which we were inspired as we wended our way toward the uptown telegraph offices, hungry but with a feeling that it would soon be relieved. But fate was against us; no vacancies existed and our supposed friends were not to be seen. Inquiry showed that most of them had either died or removed to other cities. Hoping against hope we remained around the office looking for friendly faces, but they did not appear.

'The situation was growing desperate indeed. Food we must have. Mac suggested that we put some boards in our trousers, seek a restaurant where a small sized man presided, eat a hearty meal and

tell him to kick us out. I gladly accepted the plan and going over to the lake shore among the floats, we found shingles, carefully adjusted them, and choosing our victim, entered his establishment and proceeded to devour a dinner. While waiting for a last course we got to discussing the contemptible nature of our scheme, but forgave ourselves on the ground that just because we had not had a single 'square' for some time, we could not be expected to do without one forever. The waiter must have overheard enough of the conversation to obtain an inkling of its nature, as he hurriedly exchanged a few remarks with the proprietor, whom, as we correctly surmised, started for a policeman, the waiter taking up a position at the cashier's desk.

'While I do not know it to be a fact, as is alleged by the newspapers on innumerable occasions, that the women of Chicago have abnormally large feet, I can attest the fact from personal experience that the waiters of that city are endowed with monstrosities in their lower extremities. Do not think I am wandering from my subject as to killing the policeman: the mere thought of the occurrence brings sad thoughts to my mind, and I hate to approach the climax. Finishing the meal, we advanced to our fate:

'Partner, we are broke, and as we could not starve,' began Mac. The waiter at the same time emerged from behind the counter, the sight of whom caused Mac to lose his voice, and I felt compelled to take up the tale.

'And you will have to take your pay by kicking us,' I murmured. 'Just then I noticed the proprietor returning with a policeman, to whom the caterer was pointing us out, but before I had time to realize anything further I received an impetus from behind that must have been wonderful, with a remark by the waiter that: 'I'll just go you one for fun.'

'Talk about chariot horses getting a quick start; they could have made no comparison to the one I received. Looking back I saw the policeman in hot pursuit, but it was a procession from the word 'go.' He was a plucky fellow, however, evidently a new man on the force, and while the coroner's jury declared his death due to heart failure, I felt that to another cause must be ascribed his death.'

'And what is your idea?' asked one of the listeners.

'Well, I think that he ran so fast in vain trying to overtake me that he died from sunstroke, while the boost the waiter so kindly gave me required no effort at all on my part to sprint along at a two minute clip. In the excitement Mac got away unnoticed—and then the wires were restored, compelling the men to resume their places at the keys and sounders, and '30' was pronounced on the tale.

THREE BRITISH GENERALS.

Sketches of Officers on Their Way to the Scene of War in South Africa.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP MOOR, Madeira, Oct. 24.—With a saloon passenger list four fifths military, and deck accommodation wholly given up to uniformed men, this Cape liner comes as near as possible to being a war transport. As she lay in Southampton Water on Saturday evening waiting for the London mail for South Africa, the Nubis, the Gascon, and another, huge hired transports twice the size of the Moor, steamed out laden with infantry battalions for the command that the three divisional Generals on the Moor are to take up in the Transvaal campaign. For Lieut.-Gen. Lord Methuen, commanding the First Division, Major Gen. Sir William Gatacre of the Second, and Major-Gen. Sir Francis Clery, of the Third, are here with their picked field staff. The smoking room talk is that the men in charge of this business have been unusually well chosen by the War Office which for once, is not reviled by its own service.

It is to Gen. Gatacre that service men tacitly defer to most of their strong men. A spare wiry man in his early fifties serious and courteous without much to say. Gatacre is probably not a hero with Tommy Atkins, even among his immediate subordinates. The admiration expressed for him is severely professional. He is a hard man physically and keeps himself so by work. His officers are enthusiastic over his willingness to sleep in a ditch full of water as soon as in a camp bed, but there is a note of regret in their voices as they recall that he expects those about him to be as scornfully indifferent to personal comfort; yet it was semi-civil work that first brought him into prominence. He organized and directed the plague relief fund, two years ago in Bombay. Last year he was again master of his opportunities when he received command of a brigade in the Sudan campaign. This is his first responsible work in South Africa and he is chosen for it because the heads of the army have found that he is vigorous, thorough and not a self-advertiser.

His service senior, Lord Methuen, is of another stamp altogether. Tall, pleasant-faced, it is not easy to reconcile his frankly amiable looks with the systematized self-hardening that is the characteristic of Gen.

Gatacre. In his younger days Lord Methuen saw varied service in South Africa, where he organized Methuen's Horse, a body of irregular cavalry, who did police duty on the outskirts of Cape civilization. The third commander of division, Gen. Clery, is an Irishman, and looks it. Tall, grizzly black, with florid aquiline features and thick whiskers growing high on his cheek bones, he suggests at once a fighting general out of one of Lever's war stories. His military appearance slightly belies a quiet, reserved manner. So far he has spent most of his time on a deck chair reading a substantial volume—"The Transvaal From Within."

The staffs of these commands are keen working soldiers who have been active in most fighting since they were youngsters. Their question 'Do you think we will be in time?' is a hope that they will. An officer who has suggested that the British force will split up its brigades when it arrives and be sent in smaller bodies to dismount the already defeated Boers is told that he does not see the situation accurately. At any rate his fellow officers do not wish to see it that way. The prevalent belief is that Sir Redvers Buller will enter Pretoria early in February. His part of his plan of campaign, they say, is to inflict one signal, overwhelming defeat on the enemy before the final smaller operations. All this of course, is the judging of a situation as it was last Saturday, which may be considerably changed by now and completely altered in twelve days.

The Generals aide-de-camps give a welcome air of mirth to the grim side of the military staffs. They are a cheery lot themselves, and vow that they can't stand people who take life seriously. They include Lieuts. Loch, Roberts, Cavendish and McNeill, all sons of families prominent in the British service. The rank and file on deck are about six hundred men of the army service corps—the men who do the butchering, carpentry and immediate necessary work for the troops in the field. Their zeal for serving immediate necessities is such that the large case they brought on board marked 'stationery' for the corps on the field was found when opened to consist of sixty pounds of lined meal. Their usual dark-blue uniform (with white facings) is set aside for the all-prevalent khaki suits. The hospital staff is numerous in all divisions. Officers say they are being far better considered this time than on the Nile last year. They have some plain names for Kitchener, who insisted that men, arms and food were the only three things he wanted at the front, and that transport was wasted in bringing up field hospitals.

Already on the Moor there is a strong foretaste of the heat that is due the day after Madeira. So far the voyage has been singularly calm. Heavy rain with some wind roused about the ship last night, but she pushes along in a capable, steady style. The rankers of the army service corps mostly prefer already to sleep on deck under the sky to the crowded wells of holds that have been turned into troop decks.

The notable thing about the military demeanor here is preparedness for the work in hand. Much of the talk turns on past campaigns in India, Egypt, sometimes the Transvaal in 1881. But there is no polemical excitement about the present business. Two young Boers who have just taken medical degrees in Europe and are returning home if they can get there, are being jocularly coaxed to take the Queen's shilling before they land. Both Boers defend their country's side temperately and tenaciously. Some of the older civilians on board are engaged in barking, commerce, or farming in Cape Colony and Natal, and are hurrying back because of the war. They are much more angry with the Boers than are the soldiers who are to fight them. An old gentleman who has been forty years in Africa says he prays that there may be 10,000 Boers killed before the British listen to talk of peace.

Spectacled Cows and Shod Geese.

In Bohemia when geese are to be driven long distances to market, they are shod for the journey. The method of shoeing is as simple as it is effective. The geese are made to walk repeatedly over the patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms

A Lucky Millionaire.

When Menier, the Millionaire Chocolate King, bought the island of Anticosti, it is improbable that he had any thought of advertising Chocolate Menier by his action. But an enterprising press has devoted so much attention to Menier and his supposed doings that he must have received thousands of dollars worth of indirect advertising entirely free. The sale of Chocolate Menier is already so enormous—over thirty-three million pounds per annum—that it may not appear to need much booming. However, it is always to those that have much that much is given.



EVERY WOMAN IN AMERICA

should take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of Mrs. Richard's latest book "Woman in Health and Disease." This book contains over 100 pages of instructive reading matter, is profusely illustrated and is the crowning life work of a woman whose life and labors have been devoted to the study and treatment of ailments peculiar to her sex and to the education of women on a subject which unfortunately has been shamefully neglected. It is her richest legacy to woman-kind. Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this book and will send it FREE of charge to all who send 10 cts. silver or stamp, to cover cost of mailing. This special offer is good for a short time only.

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a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to travel great distances without becoming sore footed. Even more useful than shoes to geese are the spectacles worn by the cows that feed on the Russian steppes. Forty thousand spectacled cattle, so says the Family Herald, are now to be found in that region, where the snow lies white for six months in the year. The cattle pick up a living from the tufts of grass which crop up above the snow. The sun shines so dazzlingly upon the white surface that many of the animals formerly suffered from snow blindness. Then it occurred to some humane person to manufacture smoke-colored spectacles for the cattle. He tried the experiment, and it was successful. The animals are saved much suffering.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD'S CAT.

Two Thousands Dollars' Worth of his Photographs Have Been Sold.

The most distinguished cat of his day, 'Toots,' or, as he was more familiarly known, 'Tootsie Willard,' goes about apparently unmoved by the blushing honors thick upon him. No doubt any dumb thing that had been owned and loved by Frances Willard would be sure of a life-long tender regard from her devoted friends; but Tootsie is really entitled to at least a portion of his tremendous following quite on his own account. He is a magnificent white Angora, weighing twenty-four pounds, with the long silky hair, the frill or Lord Mayor's chain, the superb curving tail and the large full eyes of the thoroughbred. Then he has proved himself of aristocratic tendencies, has beautiful manners, is endowed with the human qualities of memory and discrimination, and is aesthetic in his tastes.

'Toots,' by the way, seems somewhat of a misnomer as applied to this dignified creature, and, sad to say, it marks the decline of a woman's hero-worship; for Tootsie's name was originally Gladstone—Gladstone Willard. One memorable day news came across the wires that the celebrated statesman repudiated principles vital to the heart of the American temperance leader, and, on the moment, Gladstone Willard was renamed Tootsie. This, however, has in no way affected his popularity, as two thousand dollars' worth of Tootsie's photographs have been sold within the last few years.

Tootsie went to Rest Cottage, the home of Francis Willard, when only a kitten, and there he lived the pet of the household and its guests until several years ago, when Miss Willard prepared to go abroad. Then she took Tootsie in her arms, carried him to the Drexel Kennels and asked their owner, Mrs. Leland Norton, to admit him as a member of her large cat family. To his praise be it spoken, he has never forgotten his old friends of Rest Cottage. To this day, whenever any of them call upon him, he honors them with an instant and hearty recognition. Miss Willard was sometimes forced to be separated from him more than a year at a time, but neither time nor change had any effect upon Tootsie. At the first sound of her voice, he would spring to her side.

Among Tootsie's characteristics are his sense of color and his love for flowers. English violets he is fond of. It is to be feared that is not wholly an aesthetic joy for though apparently enamored of their odor and beauty, no sooner does he get them than he snaps the tender stems and eats the delicate blossoms. For carnations he has a tender but a more controlled passion, being content merely to smell and play with them. Aside from the blue violets, rose color is Tootsie's favorite tint and when he seeks a place to bask in the sun he must needs have a cushion of some deep pink color dragged to the spot; of course he is provided with a rose blanket. Being the privileged character that he is, Tootsie has his own chair and tib, and his manners are said to be exquisite.

Pretty Heavy.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on their visit to Egypt, met with several humorous experiences. One of them shows that even the Egyptians are not free from an unhappy weakness for saying just the wrong thing at a critical moment. After an inspection of the troops by the duke outside of Omdurman, to which the duchess had accompanied him on horseback, the girls of her saddle suddenly gave way. There was no way of repairing them, and to enable her royal highness to get back

with the least possible inconvenience a sort of sedan-chair was improvised from a gun-carriage. On this she was carried by Egyptian gunners, who were in charge of a native officer.

On the way the duchess said: 'I hope your men will not be tired after carrying me,' and was surprised and amused to receive the ungallant reply:

'Indeed, no, madam; you are no heavier than the gun they are accustomed to carry!'

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Consulted Four Doctors, But the Only Relief They Gave Him was Through the Use of Morphine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Toronto, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alto, Cochester Co., N. S., is now one of the hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said:—'I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed-ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

He Feared to Presume.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.

'What is the price of this pin?' asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

'Twenty francs, monsieur,' said the clerk.

'That's altogether too much,' said the young American. 'It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it.' 'Zen it would be I zat gave za present to your sister,' said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, 'and I do not know za young mademoiselle!'

"Eggscuse."

A teacher in a Boston suburban public school received the following 'eggscuse' from the mother of a boy who had failed to be present on a certain day:

Dear teacher: Please eggscuse Andrew James for not having went to school yesterday. He started all right, but he and another boy stopped for a little swim in the river, and a dog came along and carried off Andrew James's pants and shirt and he had to stay in the water until the other boy come home and got more pants and shirts for him, and then it was too late. Under the circumstances you could not expect him to be there so kindly eggscuse.

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