

Sunday Reading.

ON A SLAVE SHIP

Inhuman Treatment That Was Practiced During Slavery Days.

In the larger ships the space between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. To devote all that space to air was, in the mind of the thrifty slaver, sheer waste. So he built a shell of gallery six feet wide all the way around the ship's hold, between the deck and the slave floor that was laid on top of the cargo. On this shell was placed another layer of slaves, thus increasing the number carried by nearly fifty per cent.

The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave-deck was built clear across between these two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave-deck. There were ships where four layers or slaves were placed thus between permanent decks that were only eight feet apart, and there are records of cases where smaller ships—ships having but three feet or so of space between cargo and deck—were fitted with galleries, so that the slaves stretched on their backs had but a foot or less of air space between their faces and the deck or the next layer above them.

To increase the number carried, when stretched out on deck or shelf, the slaves were sometimes placed on their sides, breast to back—"spoon fashion," as the slavers called it—and this made room for a considerable per cent. extra.

However, in the eighteenth century the usual practice was to place them on their backs, and to allow about two and a half feet of air space above the faces of the slaves, and in this way cargoes of over three hundred were carried.

Everyone knows how wearisome it is to lie for any great length of time in one position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when we are awakened in the night. But the slaves were chained down naked on the planks of the decks and shelves—planks that were rough just as they came from the saw, and had cracks between them. No one could turn from side to side to rest the weary body. They must lie there on their backs for eighteen hours at a stretch, even in pleasant weather in port.

Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the sails, so that those on the weather-side found their heels higher than their heads, and when the ship's angle increased under the weight of a smart breeze, the unfortunates sometimes sagged down to leeward, until they were stopped by the irons around ankle and wrist. They were literally suspended—crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heaved by the wind. She had to roll, and as she did so the slaves sometimes slid to and fro, with naked bodies on the rough and splintery decks. There was never a voyage even in the best of ships where the slaves did not suffer tortures from mere contact with the slave-deck.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy. For then it was necessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and the scant ventilation afforded by the hatchways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worst must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick more readily than white people even—they sometimes died in their convulsions. The heat and foul air quickly brought on more serious illness; but there the slaves were kept in their chains for days at a stretch, wholly helpless and wholly unattended. —From September Scribner's.

The Black Stone Woman.

Even false religions die hard, and there are reminders of all extinct faiths still existing in the world. One of the most curious relics of paganism which is still worshipped in a Christian country is the gigantic black stone figure of a woman, which is to be found in a forest of the district of Morbihan, in Brittany.

It is known as the 'Black Venus,' but probably dates far back of the time when the Greeks and Romans worshipped that goddess. Antiquarians assert that this ugly idol belongs to the age of the serpent-worshippers, one of whose subterranean temples is in the neighborhood. This would make the figure far older than the Christian era.

The statue is that of a huge, uncouth

woman, with a sullen, angry countenance, her form enveloped in a loose mantle.

The superstitious Bretons have always worshipped the figure, asserting that it has power over the weather and the crops. If the idol is neglected they declare that the grain dies out on the ear, and if the anger of the Black Woman is farther roused, a tidal wave sweeps over Morbihan.

Twice the stone was cast into the sea by pious folk, who hoped thereby to put an end to this idolatry, and twice the peasants dragged it back and set up an altar before it.

About two centuries ago Count Pierre deLannion, on whose estate the figure stood, in order to save the statue from both friends and enemies, dragged it by forty yoke of oxen to his own chateau and set it up in the courtyard. He cut an inscription on the base of the pedestal, declaring the figure to be a Venus carved by Caesar's soldiers.

The count and his chateau are both gone, but the huge Black Woman, overgrown with moss, still stands in the forest, and the peasants still beseech her to bless their crops.

It needs but a short time to bring an error into the world, but ages are sometimes insufficient to banish it.

Princess Victoria.

The one girl in a household of boys is many times spoiled by being too much petted and deferred to. This is not the case with the little Princess Victoria, the daughter of the Emperor of Germany.

There were already six sons when this little daughter was born to the House of Hohenzollern, and the coming of a baby sister was a happy event.

The little princess, however, knows nothing of pomp, luxury or self-indulgence. She gets up at six in the morning, and until one o'clock, the hour when the imperial family dines, is busy with her tutors. She is being brought up in homely German fashion under her mother's own training.

Harper's Bazar, in speaking of the little princess, quotes a saying of the emperor's: 'I could wish no better for the men of my nation than that the girls of Germany should follow the example of their empress and devote their lives to the cultivation of the three K's—Kirche, Kinder and Küche.'

It may well be conceived that a woman whose life is bounded by church, children and kitchen would train her daughter in every domestic virtue.

The empress carefully watches over both the mind and body of the little princess. Her play hours are as systematically arranged as her study hours. She has many simple pleasures. There is rowing on the lake with her brothers, riding on her pet pony, picnicing in the woods of the park, and long botanizing expeditions, with her mother as companion, through the beautiful grounds that surround the palace at Potsdam.

Princess Victoria has an intense love for animals. She has pets of many kinds,—dogs, a white cat, birds, fish, squirrels and rabbits—and it is her delight to feed them with her own hands. She is a quiet, amiable, affectionate little girl, with much of her mother's sweetness of nature.

An Unrewarded Hero.

Those who read the story, "Cupid of the Crew," in the first March number of the Youth's Companion, will be interested to know the name of the heroic youth whose almost incredible strength and courage in rescuing persons from a wreck forty years ago, near Evanston, Ill., suggested the now well-known life-saving station at that place, with its student crew.

Edward W. Spencer was himself a student when the excursion steamer, Lady Elgin, disabled by a collision during a night storm on Lake Michigan, September 15, 1860, went down in sight of the shore. Hundreds of people thronged the beach, and among them were the young men of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Several of these students did brave service in the saving of life, but no one else had the skill of Spencer in battling with storm-waves. He was only a boy, but practice had made him a strong swimmer, as much at home in the surf and in heavy seas as a Sandwich Islander.

With a rope fastened around him—by which his body could be recovered in case of accident—he swam back and forth for six hours, helping passengers through the terrible breakers until the vessel went to pieces. Of nearly four hundred souls, crew and passengers, only thirty reached the land alive; and of these young Spencer saved seventeen.

The overexertion of that day made him a lifelong invalid. The expenditure of his youthful strength did not leave him helpless or useless, but his highest ambitions of grand effort as a Christian minister were made physically impossible. He has never regretted the sacrifice, for he did his duty in an hour of need.

When the government established a life

saving service at Evanston, the example of Spencer and others in the same school decided the authorities to man the station with a student crew, the undergraduates of the Garrett Biblical Institute and the Northwestern University. During the years since then this crew has saved more than three hundred lives.

The Epworth Herald, which tells in detail the gallant story of Edward W. Spencer, mentions the award by Congress of gold medals to several of these students for extraordinary bravery and efficiency in rescue work, although the pioneer in this humane service has never been rewarded—nor publicly recognized. He has never asked for such recognition. He remains an unrewarded and uncompensated hero.

WEDDINGS IN WAR TIMES.

Marriages in Besieged Towns on Battlefields and in Hospitals.

One of the most notable features in connection with the siege of Kimberley is the callous way in which the inhabitants treated the Boer bombardment, even finding time to celebrate three weddings during the progress of hostilities.

However unique this may seem, reference to past campaigns will reveal other cases of a similar nature. Even after the slaughter of Waterloo two weddings came off in the field, one being especially pathetic in detail. A young officer in a well known cavalry regiment sent direct from England was ordered to leave home a few days before he was to have been married, and his fiancée, disappointed and anxious at the turn things had taken, decided to follow him despite his protests. This she did unknown to her lover and was in the neighborhood when the great battle was fought.

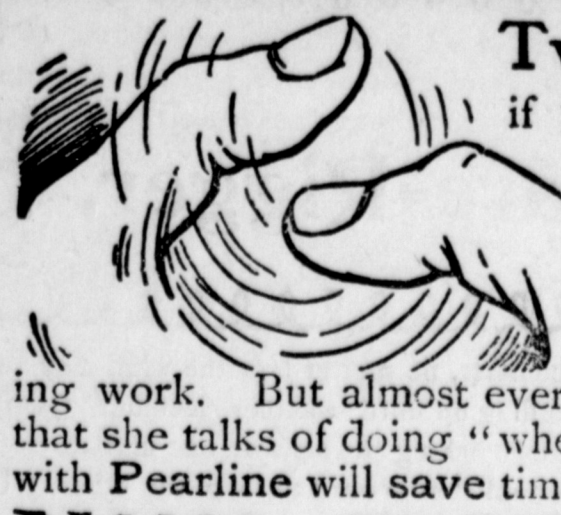
After the victory she failed to gain any news of him, so, thinking he must have fallen, employed a peasant, and together they searched the field before the work of rescuing the wounded was begun. After some hours she came upon him, lying half buried beneath a bloody heap of his own comrades and dead horses in that part of the field where the conflict had raged fiercest. He was not dead, and at his request she sent the peasant for a priest and not long afterward they were mated, where he lay, only to be separated a little later by death.

A burly guardsman furnished the next case in point, which was a happier one, for beyond a wound in the right arm the bridegroom was in excellent health and spirits. The marriage was celebrated at daybreak on the morning after the battle and was conducted by the priest who had a moment before been reading mass over the slain.

Even the misery which existed in the trenches before Sebastopol during the dreary winter of 1854 was broken by a wedding celebrated in actual battle, the deathty firing from the city forts and the corresponding booming of our guns taking the place of the 'Wedding March.' The bride was connected with the nursing department, and had for some time previously been under Miss Florence Nightingale, until sent nearer the scene of hostilities, where she met and fell in love with a corporal in one of the regiments of foot. Furthermore, one of the first functions held in Sebastopol after its fall by our troops was a wedding ceremony between a Russian girl of noble birth, who had some time prior to the event turned against her country and came over to the British camp. She returned to England with her husband who eventually became a soldier of repute.

During the siege of Strasburg by the Germans in the war of 1870 no fewer than forty-two weddings were solemnized in the city, even while the enemy's shells were falling in the streets. All of these were safely carried out despite the perilous surroundings with the exception of one, and this case a shell fell near the happy couple on their way home from the church killing the bridegroom among a number of others. In another instance a shell struck the church while the ceremony was in progress, bringing down a portion of the tower, but fortunately no one was injured.

Nursing sisters have frequently been wedded to their soldier lovers scarcely before the echoes of battle have died away. After the taking of Cabul in 1879 and the entry of our troops into the city a mosque was utilized for this purpose, the service of course being performed according to the rites of the English Church. The bridegroom was a young lieutenant, who had but just recovered from a wound received in one of the earlier engagements. During the time he was in the hospital he had fallen in love with the lady who nursed him and, finding his affections were reciprocated, took the first opportunity of leading her to the hymeneal altar. Many of the officers were present the remainder of the building being packed with the humbler members of the victorious army, and after the ceremony a regimental band accompanied the couple through the city to the



Twiddle your thumbs,

if you've nothing better to do, in the time that's saved by washing with Pearline. Better be sitting in idleness than to spend unnecessary time washing with soap, doing unhealthy and wearying work. But almost every woman has something or other that she talks of doing "when I get time for it." Washing with Pearline will save time for it.

Millions of Women Use Pearline

lively strains of the 'Wedding March.' Although such marriages have naturally been rather hasty affairs, and without the parental permission of the parties concerned, it is astonishing how few have proved unhappy.

She Saw It.

An English conductor of tours says that his profession gives him an excellent chance of seeing human nature, although he naturally is more fully prepared for 'fussy' temperaments and manners than are men of a less wearing occupation. At one time he was passing through Vienna with his party, and as there was but a short interval between the arrival of the train and the departure of the next express for London, it became a question as to how much of the city could be seen.

He was quite unprepared for the audacity of one lady in the company, who rushed up to him, her baby in her arms.

'Oh, my dear Mr. Muller,' said she, 'I am sure you will not object to holding my child for a few moments, while I do some shopping and see something of the place.'

Before the unhappy man could utter a word, he was left on the platform with the child in his arms. 'At first the baby looked smilingly up, as if to say:

'Well, you've been let in for a nice thing!'

Then it began to cry at the top of its voice. The more Mr. Muller soothed it, the more it cried, until presently he found himself surrounded by a crowd of reproachful ladies, who begged to know what he meant by being so cruel to the poor child. Gladly would he have transferred the unwelcome little bundle to them, but they, too, were going shopping, and would have none of it.

Meanwhile, his moments for arranging the journey were rapidly passing, and with the truant mother appeared he was almost wild with impatience and anxiety. He made a rush in her direction, but before he reached her, she was assuring him, with the utmost sweetness:

'Vienna is really the most interesting place I have seen since I left England!'

'Madam,' he began, wildly, 'your baby—' 'Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Muller! I do hope baby has been good! And if you think there is time to spare, I saw such a beautiful silk blouse in a shop outside the station! I'll be back in a few minutes.'

Before he could protest she had vanished again, to reappear presently with a beaming smile on her face and a parcel in her hand. The hungry conductor had only thirty minutes in which to eat his luncheon and arrange for the trip, but the well satisfied lady had seen Vienna.

Poor Coal.

Owing to the great demand for coal occasioned by the war in South Africa, many English coal-dealers have managed to clear their yards at remunerative rates. A London paper tells of an indignant woman, who stopped a coaldealer on the street one day and loudly complained of the quality of fuel supplied to her.

'I never saw such coal in my life,' she declared. 'Twenty-five shillings a ton you charged me for the stuff, and it won't burn. 'Well, missus,' was the reply, 'coal is now at famine prices, and we have to be satisfied with what we can get. I gave twenty-two shillings a ton for that coal myself.'

'Then you've been robbed,' retorted the grumbler. 'Why, my husband can supply with the same stuff at half the price.'

'I didn't know your husband was in the coal trade, missus—'

'He aint,' snapped the woman. 'He's a slater!'

Queer Request.

It had always been young Squallop's understanding that he would inherit 'some thing handsome' when his uncle, a studious and somewhat scholarly man, passed off the stage of action. The uncle died, and the will was opened.

Young Squallop was indeed remembered. The bulk of his relative's means was found to have been sunk in annuities, but the size of the package bequeathed to the young man surprised him. He opened it, examined the contents, and looked it away from prying eyes.

'I hear your uncle left you something,' said an acquaintance a week or two after

ward, meeting him on the street.

'Yes,' he replied, 'My uncle left me ten thousand.'

I congratulate you! With ten thousand dollars a young man may be considered to have at least a fair start in life.'

'I didn't say dollars. He left me ten thousand chess problems.'

It was even so. For many years the old gentleman had been making a collection of such problems, clipping them from the chess columns of various weekly papers, and as his most cherished possession he left it entire to his favorite nephew a youth who did not know a pawn from a bishop.

Life is full of disappointments, and certainly young Squallop's deserves to be recorded among the bitter ones.

Lost His Hat.

The London Globe is responsible for the following improbable story:

A father and son were standing at the end of the old Chain Pier at Brighton when the little boy tumbled into the dancing waves.

A bystander, accosted as he was, plunged into the sea, and buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded in setting the dripping child at his father's feet.

'And what have ye done with his hat?' said the man.

First Citizen (of Lonelyville)—I think the cook we have now will stay with us for some time.

Second Citizen—How is that?

First Citizen—She doesn't get up in time to catch the 8.05 and she's intoxicated every afternoon before the 5.12.

She: 'Most people admire my mouth. Do you?'

He (absent-mindedly): 'I think it is simply immense!'

WHAT IS

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Is the question on the lips of many who are hearing of the wonderful Cures brought about by this great restorative.

For a comprehensive answer to this question you must ask the scores of thousands of cured ones in Canada and the United States who have tested and proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the famous blood-builder and nerve restorer.

Ask the pale, weak, nervous, irritable and despondent women who have found new health, new hope and new vitality by its use.

Ask the overworked and wornout men, sufferers from brain lag, nervous dyspepsia and nervous headache, who have felt new energy and vigor return to their bodies while using this famous treatment.

Ask the puny, sickly children who have been made healthy and robust by using this prince of restoratives.

Ask people of all ages how they were rescued from nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy. They may tell you of doctors failing, of medicines taken in vain, but one and all will point to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the only hope of persons with thin, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes: 'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind.'

'Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me.'

In appearance Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an oval, chocolate coated pill. It is easy to carry and easy to take. In this condensed form it contains all of nature's most strengthening and invigorating tonics and restoratives, and for this reason it is unapproached as a blood builder for spring.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures naturally and permanently by the building up process. It used regularly and persistently it cannot fail to make the blood rich and life sustaining, and to reconstruct the tissues of the body wasted by disease, overwork or worry. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.