

THE C. O. D. MAN.

His System is Worked Successfully in Philadelphia.

They call me the C. O. D. tramp because it's always cash on delivery, with me—that is, I deliver my tale of misfortune and expect the cash to follow. Never crowd myself in among gentlemen unless strongly urged, and never affiliate with other tramps when I can find a straw stack for myself. Consider myself a good deal of an aristocrat, and when collared by the police I fall back upon my blue blood and dignity instead of making a squeal.

I was hanging about Philadelphia the other week and making more or less of a success of my C. O. D. system when I meets up with a catosh young man one evening. I could tell that he belonged to the swagger set while he was yet half a block away. He had the look of a young man with a rich papa, a loving mother and a mouth for champagne. I stops him and begins my little story, which includes 13 misfortunes and a chunk of ingratitude as big as a house, when he cuts in with:

'Stow it cully. Where was you born?'
'In the lap of luxury,' says I.
'How was you brought up?'
'On an allowance of \$500 a month.'
'Where's your palace car?'
'Switched off and left behind.'
'And you valet?'
'Dropped dead of heart disease the other day, and I'm afraid I can't fill his place.'
'Look here, cully,' he goes on, breathing extra dry champagne all over the block and taking up a million dollar attitude. 'I think I know a dilapidated gentleman when I sees one.'
'D. G. (dilapidated gentleman) hits me to a dot,' says I.
'And you've got biceps?'
'Feel and see. Reaching out for nickels for the last 15 years has given me the muscles of a Sandow. Best thing in the world for shoulder exercise.'
'And, being a dilapidated gentleman, you ought to know how to put up your dukes.'

I put 'em up and tapped him one, two, three on the chin.
'Good!' says he. 'I belongs to an S. S. S. (swagger, swell set) club down here, and a galoot with a lip smashed my nose with the gloves half an hour ago. I want revenge. If you'll knock his eyebrows off, I'll cough up a V. I can run you in all right, and I want you to dope him.'
'It's five to dope the chape with the lip,' says I, 'but how much to bluff the whole clubroom into their boots?'
'Can you do it?'
'I think I can.'
'Lord, if you only could—if you only could! There's a dozen husky scrappers there tonight, and if you bluff 'em it's 15 plunks in your inside pocket.'
He dodged me into the club and into a dressing room, and when I was ready for the ring he introduced me as his cousin Sam of Pittsburg. I had on a pair of eyeglasses, and my hair was brushed back over my marble ears, and I looked professorish. They picked out the champion scrapper of the club to wallop me, and when he got into the ring he says:

'You've got your glasses on.'
'Of course,' says I.
'But that ain't regular.'
'I'm nighsighted, and always box with my winkers on. You go right ahead and never mind 'em.'
'I'll be hanged if I do,' says he as he crawls under the ropes.
Then they got another chap, but he had only pulled one glove on when he looks over at me and sees me sitting cross-legged and a smile on my face, and he says:

'Not any for Joe! I knows a tidal wave when I sees it, and I don't hanker after six months in the hospital!'
The catosh young man who had picked me up offers \$20, \$30, \$50 for anybody to stand before me for three rounds, but the crowd shake their heads and wait for something easy. It was the eyeglasses, you know—a regular ice cold bluff—and they swallowed it down and had goose flesh all over 'em.
'Being as this crowd don't seem to want anything in particular of my Cousin Sam,' says young Catosh after awhile, 'and being my cousin Sam has three or four important engagements on hand, I will withdraw him till some of you think you can box a bit.'
And as I was resumming my apparel he slips me the 15 plunks and pats me on the back and says:

'D. G. (dilapidated gentleman), if I wasn't my papa's favorite son and my mamma's joy I'd hitch up with you, and we'd travel together and have barrels of fun. As it is, I'm stuck here. But take your sugar and go forth, with my blessing hitched behind you.' M. QUAD

Animal Invaders of Europe.

Mr. L. Stejneger showed before the Biological Society in Washington at its December meeting how there have been three

great migrations of Siberian animals into Europe. The first two occurred in connection with the Age of Ice, but the third is still in progress, and both birds and mammals are now passing from Siberia into Scandinavia, the most travelled route of the invaders lying along the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Photographing a Deer.

Mr. George Shiras, in the Independent, describes the method of taking deer photographs. On the bow of his canoe he mounts two cameras, and above them a lamp with a strong reflector. Equipped with photographic plates and flash lights, he starts out on a warm, dark night.

Soon the quick ears of the men in the boat detect the sound of a deer feeding among the lily beds that fringe the shore. Knee-deep in the water, he is moving contentedly about, munching his supper of thick green leaves.

The lantern spins about on its pivot, and the bore of light chases up and down the bank whence the noise comes. A moment more, and two bright balls shine back from under the fringe of trees; one hundred and fifty yards away the deer has raised his head.

Straight for the mark of the shining eyes the canoe is sent with firm, silent strokes. The distance is only one hundred yards, now it is only fifty, and the motion of the canoe is checked till it is gliding forward, almost imperceptibly. Twenty five yards now, and the question is, will he stand a moment longer?

The flash light apparatus has been raised well about any obstructions in the front of the boat, the powder lies in the pan ready to ignite at the pull of a trigger. Closer comes the boat, and still the red eyeballs watch it. What a strange phenomenon that pretty light is. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the lake during the days of his deerhood.

Fifteen yards now, and the tension is becoming great. Suddenly there is a click, and a white wave of light breaks out from the bow of the boat, deer, hills, trees everything stands for the moment in the white glare of noonday. A dull report, and then a veil of inky darkness descends.

Just a tenth of a second has elapsed, but it has been long enough to trace the picture of the deer on the plates of the camera, and long enough to blind for the moment the eyes of both deer and men.

A Srewd Entertainer.

Among the unpublished traditions in army circles of many years ago, there is one that is worth handing down to coming generations.

A certain major had been appointed to the command of an army post on a small island not a great way from San Francisco. Soon after his arrival there a French fleet dropped anchor in the harbor. The commander invited him aboard the flag-ship, and entertained him royally.

The idea struck the worthy major the next day that he was in honor bound to return the compliment and invite the officers of the fleet to come ashore and share his hospitality, but he was staggered by the consideration of the expense involved.

To give a banquet befitting his dignity as a United States officer entertaining distinguished representatives of a foreign nation would mean bankruptcy, as the government had not authorized him to draw on its treasury for such a purpose, and the cost of the affair would have to come out of his own pocket. A bright thought struck him.

He invited the naval visitors to be his guests the third day thereafter at an 'American picnic.' Then he sent invitations to the best people of the neighborhood to join him in a 'basket picnic' at a certain grove near at hand on the same day, 'to meet our French naval friends now on our shores.'

The people came with great baskets and hampers of provisions. A royal feast was spread in the grove, and the picnic is remembered even yet as one of the most notable social successes of its time. But the French visitors never learned of the ruse by which the major established a reputation as a prince of entertainers.

To Keep Eye-Glasses Clear.

Wearers of eye-glasses are frequently annoyed in cold weather by the deposit of moisture that forms on the glass upon entering a warm room. According to a German technical journal, a simple preventive of this annoyance is rubbing of the glasses with soft potash soap every morning. After the soap is applied the glasses can be polished bright the invisible film that remains sufficing to prevent the deposit of moisture.

Light as a Cure.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris on December 3rd, Monsieur P. Garnault reported that in certain diseases light exercise a specific curative action. The most successful treatment under con-

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Dyspepsia.—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a grand medicine. It has cured me of dyspepsia. My blood was so poor that in the hottest weather I felt cold. This great medicine enriched my blood and made me feel warm. Mrs. James Malaya, 222 Pinnacle St., Belleville, Ont.



centrated light occurred in cases of muscular and articular rheumatism, various kinds of ulcers and chronic catarrh of the nose and ear.

A LITTLE SHOP.

The Good Work Accomplished by Four Young Men.

A little East Side stationary and newspaper shop in New York city is the pulpit from which four young men have been preaching an excellent sermon.

The proprietor of the shop is a veteran of the Civil War. The four young men were regular customers, and so had become his friends. One of them was an electrician, one worked in a hotel, another was a draftsman and the fourth a law clerk.

One day last summer the electrician found the little shop closed when he called for his morning paper. It was still closed when the draftsman and his brother, the law clerk, called, a little later. Inquiry of the family who lived overhead brought out the fact that the old man had not been feeling well the day before, and had complained of pain in his chest.

That night the four young men made further inquiries. They found that the old soldier was down with typhoid pneumonia, and had been taken to St. Luke's Hospital. They knew he was poor and wholly dependent on his little business. If the shop remained closed, not only would he have no income while he was away, but his regular customers would go elsewhere, and their trade might never be regained.

So the young men determined to carry on the business themselves. They were all poor and had plenty to do, but they arranged their own work as conveniently as they could, and divided the day into periods. Then each gave a part of his time, and so the shop was kept open all the day.

The task was not accomplished without self-sacrifice. It meant longer hours and harder work for all of the four, and for two of them the giving up of a vacation for which much had been planned and from which much was anticipated. Nevertheless, each of them did his part without complaining.

It is one of the beautiful things in life that a deed of this kind seldom passes unnoticed. The young men said nothing about it, but the story of what they were doing noised about. Everybody in the neighborhood became interested, and everybody wanted to help. People who had never traded at the little shop before brought their custom there now to encourage the young men, and some of them were always in too much of a hurry for a down-town car to bother with change for a nickel; so the receipts, instead of falling off, increased.

The old soldier had a long siege of it. When he was finally discharged, instead of finding his little shop closed and his business gone, he found it open and with a bigger trade than he had ever had.

How would it have been if the four young men had merely contented themselves with wishing that they were rich enough, or had time enough to help the old man?

Wireless Telegraphy on the Black Sea.

The Russian government will establish wireless telegraphic apparatus in all the lighthouses on the shores of the Black Sea. War ships in that sea are also to have similar installations, and 200 sets of the apparatus were recently sent for the use of Russian ports and the Russian navy on the Pacific Ocean.

The Flowers of the Sea.

The sea has flowers as the land has, but the most brilliant of the sea-flowers bloom not upon plants but upon animals. The living corals of tropical seas present a display of floral beauty which in richness and vividness of color and variety and grace of form rivals the splendor of a garden of flowers. The resemblance to vegetable blossoms is so complete that some persons find it difficult to believe that the brilliant display contains no element of plant life, but is wholly animal in its organization. Among the sea animals which bloom as if they were plants are included, besides corals, the sea-anemone and the sea-cucumber. Dr. C. M. Blackford, Jr., remarks that among the coral gardens the birds and butterflies of the upper world are replaced by fishes of curious forms and flashing colors, which dart about among the animal flowers.

Central African Fashions.

Bangles, necklaces and belts made of fine copper are commonly worn as ornaments by the native tribes of Central Africa. Miss Caddick, in her delightful account of her journey in Central Africa, describes the ingenious way in which the natives manufacture the wire from the rough copper. They draw it into the finest possible strands, which they twist on hair.

The men cut a hole through a tree, into which they put a piece of iron with a small perforation in it. The strip of copper is tapered to a point and put through the hole in the iron. The natives catch hold of the end with a kind of pincers; then a good number of them hang on to it and pull it through. This process is repeated through smaller holes in the iron, till the wire is fine enough.

All the ornaments are beautifully made, and the wire is extremely fine and flexible. Some of the men wear five copper wire belts, 'manyetas,' as they are called, which fit the body very tightly. The manyetas are very difficult to buy and I was at first puzzled to account for this. After a time I came to understand that the belts, being so small, were extremely difficult to get off. The poor men required time, and were obliged to use a good deal of oil before they could wriggle out of them.

These manyetas are very heavy, and the weight and size greatly astonished me, as natives usually seem to dislike wearing anything tight or heavy. But fashion in Africa as in England makes martyrs. The women wear thick brass wire coiled round and round their arms from wrist to elbow, and in the same way around their necks in a deep collar, which must be heavy and uncomfortable.

Not Above His Office.

Young Broadhead, scion of a wealthy family, cherished journalistic ambitions, and like a sensible youth, had resolved to begin at the beginning.

He had applied for and obtained a position as a reporter on a daily paper at a moderate salary, where he was treated precisely like any other reporter, shirking no assignment that came in his way, and putting on no airs on account of his wealth or social standing.

He had not thought it worth while, however, to acquaint the family servants with the nature of his daily occupation, and when a fellow reporter came to the house one day with a message from the city editor, the flunky in attendance at the front door took him around the house and brought him up to the young men's room by a back stairway.

'Why didn't you show Mr. Craig up by way of the front hall?' demanded young Broadhead.

'He's only a reporter,' whispered the butler.

Imagine the dignified flunky's horror when his master responded, in an audible voice:

'I'm only a reporter myself, you donkey!'

A Good Vacation.

Many of the enjoyments of life may be considered as merely negative—enjoyments by contrast.

Professor Harrimore, sorely against his will, and in compliance with the mandate of his physician, went away from home for a six weeks' vacation.

'Did you have a good time?' asked one of his friends, after his return.

'Splendid,' replied the professor, although I didn't know it until I came back. Then I learned that my nearest neighbor had occupied his entire time during the last six weeks in learning to play the trombone.'

Ants That Grow Mushrooms.

Prof. W. M. Wheeler in the American Naturalist describes a species of ants which raise "mushrooms" for food. They first cut leaves into small pieces and carry them into their underground chambers. Then they reduce the leaves to a pulp, which they deposit in a heap. In this heap the mycelium of a species of fungus finds lodging and the subterranean conditions favoring such a result, minute swellings are produced on the vegetable mass. These are the "mushrooms," which constitute almost the sole food of the colony of ants that cultivates them.

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