

Waiting for a Wife.

'There's a man out on Bass Lake. It's a fine county, Minn. that's been walking the straight and narrow path for five years now, because the time I went through those woods and stopped at his clearing I jokingly promised to send him a wife when I got back to the East,' said ex-alderman Brandt, picking up a letter, and giving vent to amused chuckles, as his eye ran over the lines. 'That letter,' he continued 'fills me with remorse, because it tells me that I have scandalously imposed on one of the most beautifully simple characters I ever met. I really must send that fellow a wife, although I declare I never thought I would have to make good when I promised him a helpmeet.'

'It was during that trip that Comstock and I took, five years ago, that I ran across Chase of Bass Lake. You won't find Bass Lake on the map, but you will find Itasca county, and let me tell you a more beautiful county for virgin forest. The eye of a man has never lighted on Comstock and I decided to penetrate those woods alone, so we left our guides behind and started out one morning, intending to stay in the woods several weeks. Her and there through them we knew there were settlers, for at that time the Government was giving away the land to any one who had energy to make a clearing for himself, and we were told that half a dozen had gone into the woods a couple of years before and were probably there yet. We know, too, that there were several lumber camps, any one of which we might encounter, and so had no fear of getting lost. As a matter of fact, on the morning that we started out we didn't care whether we got lost or not, for certainly the glories of nature had seldom been shown to city men as they were revealed to us there.'

'I think it was about the third day that Comstock shinned up a tree and espied a little thin curl of smoke in the distance. We were fully fifty miles in the forest then, and the smoke was about five miles away. We couldn't tell whether it came from a lumber camp or from one of the settlers we had heard about, but the next morning we decided to make for it and treat ourselves to the company of some one beside each other for a while. Up to that time we hadn't encountered a living soul, nor seen a sign of any life but animal. When we got within a few hundred yards of the place we saw that it was a small clearing, with a neat little cabin squarely in the centre. Off to one side was a patch in which vegetables were growing, and beyond that was a pretty flower bed. It was like running into a little New England homestead, and certainly in New England, nor in fact anywhere else, had I ever seen a neater place.'

When we made the edge of the clearing Comstock stopped and whistled. The door of the cabin opened slowly and standing there we saw the trunk and limbs of a man. His head came into view a moment later, when the body doubled up a bit to get through the doorway, and it revealed a face of majestic beauty. I had never seen a finer specimen of manhood in my life, and I never expect to again. It would be useless for me to describe him farther than to say that he was six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and broad and sturdy in proportion. His hair was rather long and he had a magnificent brown beard, but his skin was as fair and pink and soft as a baby's. The muscles on his arms stood out like whipcords, and one could see at a glance that he was a superhuman strength. I stood looking at the man in admiration, and Comstock was speechless, too, for the sight of this enormous figure approaching across the clearing had bereft us both of all power of expression. I fully expected to hear the earth rumble when he opened his mouth, and across my mind floated a doubt of the cordiality with which we would be received. I never made two greater errors in my life. The man looked at us a moment, and then in a voice that was ridiculously mild and soft, said that he was glad to see us and wouldn't he honor his poor home with a visit. I laughed right in the man's face. It was beastly rude, but I couldn't help it, for there was something irresistibly funny about that little mild voice coming from such a giant.'

'However, he never seemed to notice my merriment, but getting between Comstock and me, took an arm of each, and led us over to the house. There another surprise awaited me. I expected of course to see all the confusion of the new settler's cabin, but on the contrary I have never seen the

time when my own home was as neat as was that little place. He had no handsome furniture, but what he had was polished to the last degree and everything was as neat and orderly as though he had a whole corps of servants to put things in their places after he was through using them. 'Expecting some one wasn't you?' I asked as I glanced around the place.

'Ain't seen but two men in a year and a half,' he replied, 'an' I had to walk twenty five miles to see them.'

'There was no doubt but what he told the truth, for if ever there was an honest man on the face of the earth it was this one. He told us that his name was Chase and he displayed an almost childlike interest in us. We had to tell him things of the world outside, half of the night, and he got so interested that he forgot to ask us to have any dinner. His remissness in this matter flashed on him suddenly, and I never saw a man so embarrassed over so trifling a thing. He apologized with an amount of humbleness that made me positively uncomfortable, and then hastened out into another room, to which he summoned us in a few moments. There we found a small round table, spread with a white cloth, and covered with dishes that put our camp on it to shame. Chase served us himself. He had cold fish, coffee, potatoes and bread, and when we had finished that he produced with almost childish delight, a huge apple pie. When I ate the bread that he gave us I thought that I had never eaten such white, light bread in my life, but when I got a hold of that pie, I dreamed of home, mother, and boyhood days. That pie was beyond the power of human tongue to describe, and it was hard to believe Chase when he told us that he had made it as well as the bread. All through the meal he watched us eat with a grin that threatened to become permanent on his face.'

'The modesty of the man was best shown after dinner, when Comstock and I threw ourselves on the ground in front of the house and lighted our pipes. I saw Chase looking at us and noticed that his face was twitching, as though he was worried about something. It wasn't until Comstock and I had been smoking for five minutes that it occurred to me that Chase might like a smoke too, and I mentioned it to him. I never saw such a happy look come into a man's face as when Comstock tossed over his tobacco pouch. Chase filled an old pipe that he had in the house, with hands that fairly shook, and for five minutes he was absolutely silent as he puffed. Come to find out, the poor fellow had run out of tobacco six weeks before, and unable to get a bit anywhere, had had to satisfy his cravings with dry leaves. He had given us a meal and a good time, and an invitation to settle down with him for as long as we liked, yet he was too modest to ask us for a pipeful of tobacco. When we heard of his predicament we gave him half of our entire stock and the poor fellow almost wept with joy.'

'Well, the more we saw of Chase, the more we realized that this was the simplest mind he had ever encountered. Not that he was mentally stunted or anything like that. On the contrary, he was bright and quick, but so thoroughly honest and so above the contaminating influences of the world that he couldn't even think a mean or an evil thing. The mere sight of him was a treat, but I couldn't help thinking, as I studied him, what a fearful thing it would be to see such a man in anger. I got some idea of his strength the next day, when Comstock and I decided that we would spend some time rafting down the river, and proceeded to construct a raft. Chase told us we could have all of his logs that we needed, but refused to take any money for them. We found after a couple of hours work that building a raft of logs, cut by Chase, was not so easy a job as it looked. We hadn't pulled a dozen down to the river before we were both played out. Chase saw us tugging away at one big log, and noticing our distress, motioned us to drop our guy lines and then tilting the log on end with the greatest ease, let it fall across his shoulders. He carried it down to the river as though it was a bag of potatoes, and in less than three hours he had in similar fashion brought us enough logs for our raft. It was a feat of strength such as I had never seen before.'

'That night as we lay on the ground smoking, Comstock asked Chase why he didn't get a wife to share his life in these woods. The man looked so embarrassed that I was sorry for him. Finally he said: 'S'pose any woman'd have me?' 'Why, I know women that would jump

at the chance to marry a man like you,' I put in, and then I went on to manufacture a yarn about the unmarried women there were in my town, while Chase wriggled around in an embarrassed fashion, but showed the most intense interest. Just in fun I said that I would send him a wife when I got back East. I expected he would laugh it off with a 'No thanks,' but he didn't do anything of the kind. Instead he came over to me and looking me squarely in the eyes asked me if I meant what I said. I saw that he was terribly in earnest, and didn't dare to tell him I'd been joking.'

'Well, for the next two days Chase couldn't talk of anything but his wife. He made me describe every unmarried woman that I knew, and at each description that pleased him he would ask me if I thought she would marry him. He was as happy as a child and in the evenings he would figure out how soon I would be back home if I left the woods by such and such a date, and then how long it would take the wife I was going to send him to get out to Itasca county. He took us fishing in Bass Lake that afternoon, and in an hour landed forty-five bass. It was just a case of throwing in a line and hauling it out again. He told me that out side of himself, but two men had fished in the lake in five years.'

'But the fishing trip was somewhat spoiled by Chase's constant chatter about the wife I was going to send him. He couldn't get his mind off that and he was constantly asking me if I thought she would be disappointed when she saw him. This seemed to worry him a good deal, and when we got home he gave me a picture of himself taken some ten years before by a travelling photographer, which he said I was to show his wife before she started out. Before we left Chase for good he warned me to use every care in shipping a wife to him, as women were scarce out that way and any man who clapped eyes on her was just apt to cut in and marry her whether she would or not. I promised to safeguard her in every way, and resumed the trip through the woods.'

'I don't suppose I've thought of Chase a dozen times since then, certainly I never sent him a wife, nor had I any idea of doing such a thing. But this letter from him that has just found its way to me, shows that he has never lost his confidence in my promise. He says that "the girl is kicking up any about going so far away from other people, to say that he will move into one of the settlements if she likes it better. He seems to think that the delay is over the girl and not due to my neglect of mine. How's that for confidence? I'm afraid now that if I don't send him a wife he'll come on here to see about it and let me tell you I want to be fer, fer away when Chase finds out that I was simply j'ollying him. If any of you fellows know a nice girl that would like to be the wife of the handsomest man in the west just ship her out to Chase of Bass Lake, Itasca county, Minnesota.'

Don't Forget About Your Gears

If they give you pleasure and you have them as an adornment don't apply Putnam's Paintless Corn and Wart Extractor for in twenty-four hours they would be entirely removed and their beauty destroyed. Now this is known to nearly everybody, including your druggist; ask him if it is not so.

Monkey Talk

Richard Lynch Garner, who spent some time in a cage in the African forest, listening to the conversation of monkeys, has evolved certain simple rules which, as he imagines, may govern their speech. All the sounds made by them refer to their physical wants. It is impossible to represent their speech by any literary formula, but a word or two will give some hint of its nature. Says Mr. Garner:

In the tongue of the brown capuchin monkey, the most important word sounds something like 'who' uttered like 'wh oo w'. The meaning of the sound is food, which is the central thought of every monkey's life. The word may be taken somewhat broadly for it not only refers to the article of food, but to the desire of eating.

Another word, which means drink, begins with a faint guttural 'eh,' glides through a sound resembling the French diphthong eu and ends in y.

A striking point of resemblance between human and simian speech is found in a note which one of my pets, Nellie, always used in warning me of danger. As nearly as can be represented by letters, it resembles e-o-g-k.

Nellie's cage stood near my desk, and one night, about one o'clock, I found her wide awake. Without letting her see me do it, I tied a long thread to a glove, and

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Dr. Chase Makes Friends of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill up the shriveled arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pricetown, Que., writes: For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I

would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment.'

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. 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.'

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

placed it in a corner of the room several feet away from her.

I held one end of the string, and drew the glove obliquely across the floor. At the first visible movement of the glove, she stood on tiptoe, her mouth half open. Then in a low tone, verging on a whisper, she uttered the sound e-o-g-k!

Every second or two she repeated it, at the same time watching to see whether I were aware of the gobble's approach. As the glove came closer, she grew more demonstrative. When at last she saw the creature climbing the leg of my trousers, she was wildly excited. She evidently thought it a living thing, and tried to get at it, while she uttered her warning very rapidly in a loud voice.

When she was allowed to examine the glove, her anxiety was relieved. She turned away from it with an air of indifference, and could not be persuaded even to look at it again.

SIXTY MILES TO WAKE HIM UP.

A Message Crosses the Ocean Twice to Rouse a Sleeping Operator.

Out among the beautiful green groves of Northampton lives Dr. C. H. Crosby, who once was the champion telegraph operator of America. He is an M. D. with a large practice, a member of two or three clubs and a prominent secret society man, who has quite outlived the days when the 'key' was his constant companion.

Once in a while, however, of an evening when cigars are lit and the company is of the right order he can be induced to tell a good story. Perhaps the rarest of the lot, one that has never been printed, although lots of them have found their way about, is about the time when the French cable people telegraphed 8 000 miles to have him waked up when he was asleep in the next room, not twenty feet away from the operator who received the message.

The French line from this country to France was the second of the transatlantic cables. The line stretched from Duxbury by way of Newfoundland to Brest, in France. Dr. Crosby was the responsible night man in the lookout at Duxbury. It was a night in October and the future disciple of Galen had taken his usual station at his key. Between the hours of 8 and 1, when the foreign news known in those days as Reuter's cablegrams used to come over the wires, there was usually very little doing. To sleep at his post was death or equivalent to it, and this he well knew, but the winds of autumn bowling around the lonely little house crooned a melody that reminded him of his mother's lullabies, and he fell forward on the table and was soon past two continents in his dreams. This happened, on his own recollection, and he is the only witness, about 8:30.

At 9 o'clock the New York office called him. They had a private message for transmission.

'Tick,' went the little tormentor under his nose, but the operator heard it not. After hammering away in vain for several minutes the New York operator gave it up and thought a minute. There was but one way out of it. The receiving end of the line was in the next room to that of the missing operator, and there was a man in charge who could undoubtedly tell what was wrong. To reach him an inquiry would have to be sent the whole length of the company's circuit, a matter of 8,000 miles or so. So calling up North Sydney at Cape Breton he began his task.

From Cape Breton the inquiry was flashed to Heart's Content, on the bleak coast of Newfoundland, thence across the Atlantic ocean to Valentia on the south

west coast of Ireland, and so across the English Channel to Brest. From the end of the route it was doubled back to St. Pierre et Miquelon, and so slanted down to Duxbury. The whole matter took only about fifteen minutes.

At about twenty minutes past 9 the man in charge of the French end of the wire, whose table was not more than twenty feet from the sleeping operator in the next room, began to get intelligence. In a few seconds had recorded this somewhat surprising message: 'Go into the next room and wake the man there.'

Crosby was aroused at once and the position explained to him, when he picked up his key and the business of two hemispheres was resumed again.

C. I. Hood Company.

This is the name of a newly incorporated company organized yesterday under the laws of the State of Maine, with a capital of \$1,000,000, divided into shares of \$100 each. The officers of the Company are as follows:

- President and General Manager, C. I. Hood.
- Vice President, Willard Everett.
- Treasurer, Charles Stickney.
- Clerk, Hiram Thomson.
- Secretary, George H. Taylor.
- Directors, C. I. Hood, Willard Everett, Charles Stickney, George H. Taylor, George W. Putnam.

The incorporation is purely for business reasons, the management and heads of departments remaining the same as heretofore. The Company is preparing to introduce some new and valuable medicines, and the business will be pushed with the same aggressive vigor which has characterized C. I. Hood & Company.

'This said the hostess, presenting the social lioness of the evening, is Mrs. Secretary of the Commonwealth Bank. I beg pardon—I don't recall your name.'

'Mrs. Postmaster and President of the General Merchandise Company of Perkinsville Perkins,' replied the other lady.

'You seem resigned to this life of constant travelling,' remarked the clerical passenger, 'but don't you often realize that there is no place like home?' 'Yes, I do,' replied the henpecked drummer, 'that's why I'm resigned to a life of travel.'

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

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