

The Maiden's Choice.
(George Horton, in Chicago Herald.)
Two youths once lived in a country town,
And one was a giant fair,
With a Saxon viking's golden crown,
And a blacksmith's muscles smooth and brown,
When he made his right arm bare.

The other youth was of dapper size,
So slender and short was he,
That he found small favor in maidens' eyes,
And the giant, boasting in merry wise,
"I could lay him across my knee."

These twin both courted the village belle,
But short was the race they run,
At the giant's feet the maiden fell,
And the little man, though he pleaded well,
Naught more than her pity won.

They marched away to the wars one day,
In haste for the battle's van,
And the people cheered when the giant gay
Strode stoutly past for the distant fray,
And they smiled at the little man.

But the earliest ball by a foeman sped—
One drop from the war-black skies—
Passed safely over the pigmy's head,
And the form of a stout behind, fell dead
With a bullet between his eyes.

Then the little man swore, though his sight
Was dim, that he would avenge,
And he bounded ahead of them all,
And the whole great army followed him
Till he leapt like a devil lithe and slim
First man over the battery wall.

And he planted the flag of his country there,
While the legion roared as it floated fair,
On the dusky waves of subterranean air,
"Three cheers for the little man!"

Oh, I do not know, and I cannot say,
What the giant might have done,
But I'm sure the maiden will weep away
For her lover shot in the first of the fray,
And dead ere his fame was won.

For war is a field of chance, you know,
Let him dodge the bullets who can,
But love is a garden where fancies flow,
And the form of a giant makes larger show
Than the soul of a little man!

A PRETTY DECOY.

The Story of a Detective's Search and His Love Episode.

It was in the winter of '53 or '54 that I first ran across Tom Trevitt, as I shall call him. Though I had been detective long enough to know him by hearsay as one of the best and cleverest men that ever hunted a criminal, still we had not met, and at last it was by the merest accident that I was introduced to him.

From the first we seemed to take to each other, from the very oppositeness of our dispositions, I believe now, and we were just as contrary in appearance and looks, for Tom was a wonderfully handsome chap. Everything was in keeping; dark hair, dark eyes and whiskers, and just enough red in his dark-skinned cheeks to give him life and animation. Tom had the girls on his side, and though they often called him heartless and made a great fuss over his slighting ways, yet they took his part when the old people assailed him.

Tom and I were together, on and off, for a little over three years, and then I lost sight of him, never seeing him again until after I had married and settled down a little, and then one day we met in the street, and I found him just as jolly and handsome as ever. I took him home, introduced him to my wife, and before an hour was over stood pledged to join him in a hunt for a gang of counterfeiters.

Tom and another man had been given the case, each working separately until the clues came together, showing them a little village as the probable place where the counterfeiting work was carried on. Tom proposed that he and I should go down to the village together, as surveyors, and stop at the first house near the supposed place of counterfeiting that would take us in, while Hawley, the other detective, was to put up at another place, and have no ostensible connection or even intercourse with either of us; so that if one failed, the other would be sure to succeed—for Trevitt had recognized the hand of an old bird in some of the work on the notes—a man known as Big Bill Fury, who had given me one or two fruitless hunts, and one of the sharpest cracksmen in the profession.

He was caught at last, though, and got a sentence of twenty years, but in a few years he was out again, and Tom Trevitt believed that he had taken to counterfeiting as he had done once before when he was hard up.

Well, we started, and took the first train that left for Ramford, both sure that we'd never return empty-handed.

The car we were in was pretty well filled, and among the rest of the passengers was a pretty little fresh-faced country girl, with a pair of innocent, beautiful blue eyes.

How it happened I never quite understood, but the first I knew Tom Trevitt was sitting beside her, answering all her questions by giving all the information he could glean from the time-table, and then I heard her telling him her story, and where should she be going but to Ramford, the very place that we were bound for.

She was going to keep house for an uncle, I heard her say, and it struck me at the time that some how or other Tom would manage to make the same home hold on. And I was not far wrong; within an hour after we left the train he had driven a pretty hard bargain with the girl's uncle—a tall, shrewd fellow, who called himself Jonas Tuttle, but he managed to settle it all right. We stayed at Tuttle's nearly a week before Hawley managed to come down, and both Tom and myself had contrived at odd times to discover the situation of the counterfeiters' den, though most of the real work fell on my shoulders, for Tom Trevitt's usually clear head was completely turned, and by that little country girl we met in the train.

I felt sorry for her, for the old uncle and his two sons made her life a perfect hell on earth. Mind us? Not a bit of it; they bullied her just as they bullied and treated their horses and cattle, and the first I knew Tom took to abusing them and consoling the girl, until she began to watch for his coming, and then I spoke to Trevitt and told him it wasn't right.

We came about as near to a downright row that night as Tom and I ever were, and then I saw he was in lead earnest. I was glad for the girl's sake that it happened so, for she was one of the nicest, handiest little things that ever set her feet in shoes, though the last one I should have picked out to suit Tom Trevitt's fancy. But her innocent ways and pretty, childish face contrasted strongly with the city women, and even in that week Tom developed into the spooneyest of lovers.

But when Hawley came at last Tom turned his attention to business. We had

more than once shadowed the game on the way to and from the cellar in which the counting was being carried on, and as Hawley had brought a friend too, we decided on a raid. We all met just outside the house, and then it came out that Hawley had left his friend behind, though he would give no explanation of his action, only saying that there would be enough.

"But you know the man we expect to find—Big Bill?" Tom whispered.

Hawley laughed.

I wondered a little at his coolness, for Tom and I had both shadowed Bill himself only the night before. However, there was no time for argument then, and Tom suddenly burst in the door, leaving us to follow.

One or two harmless shots were fired, and we found ourselves with two prisoners, a writing table and a number of half-finished bank notes and coins scattered on the ground, but that was all; no tools or anything that could prove the work had really been done by the captured men, and in the struggle which followed Tom's arrival a wig and false beard were torn off, showing the supposed Big Bill to be an entire stranger.

Tom swore roundly when he discovered his mistake, for he would rather have had Big Bill than all the counterfeiters put together. Hawley laughed at him and then I laughed, too, when I picked up a certain little trophy which I happened to light upon, half hidden among the coins; but still I didn't say anything, for I was mad, too, for thinking that the fact that we had spotted Fury and could lay our hands on him had blinded me as well as Tom.

Hawley and his friend took the prisoners to the county jail the next morning, but not before the former had said a few private words with me. Tom declared he had some business to settle before he could leave, and at last I got it out of him that he was going to marry his little country friend.

"When?" I asked.

"To-morrow, if we can get away. Those brutes would work her to death if they got the chance; but she likes me and I like her, so we've arranged it between us."

I suggested that it was rather quick work, and that upset him; he knew it was quick himself, but hated to hear anybody else say it.

That same afternoon, to all intents and purposes, I left, never minding Tom's request that I should stay and leave with him and his bride. But the next night I watched him help the girl over the stile to where old Tuttle's fleetest horse stood harnessed to the trap a little way up the road, and just as the distant sound of the wheels died away a muffled figure came through the gate, and in another moment Hawley and his posse were in the house itself, while the two trusty chaps he had left outside aided me in felling Big Bill to the ground and slipping the irons on him.

Hawley's friend saw that Tom came to no harm, for he was waiting for them at the railway station; and when Tom drove up he arrested the bride-off-hand as one of Bill Fury's accomplices, and at the trial it came out that she was his wife. I never discovered how it leaked out, but it seems the gang heard of our being on their track, and sent the men and money to the cellar as decoys, the real work being done in the house itself. To save her husband, Polly formed the plan of meeting us in the train, getting us in the house—which was owned by her uncle, who was another accomplice of Bill's—and then enlisting the sympathies of one or both of us, when Tom's unlucky love nonsense gave her a new idea.

Bill's escape from his hiding-place was to have been effected on the night we made the raid, if possible; but Hawley, who was a fresh man, and a stranger to the gang, though they were known to him, checked that part of the programme by having his friend and another man guard the house. They expected to have captured Fury then, but Polly's sharp eyes spied the watchers and put her on her guard. Perhaps the shrewdest part of her whole plan was having a decoy Bill; that took me in completely, for I thought I had already tracked the man to his lair, and of course never looked for him anywhere else. The first suspicion I had was aroused by finding one of the boys I had seen on Polly's head in among the coins, and then I understood Hawley's coolness.

She worked the whole affair, decoys and all; but believing only two detectives were in the place, she never thought to guard against him, and he readily discovered her identity. She was a good wife, was Polly, and a talented, clever woman, too; only, unfortunately, she turned her talents to bad account.

Poor Tom was hit hard, but it cured him of flirting, and a little while afterwards he married a pretty lassie and settled down as a good, steady husband.

A Chief of Police.

There is no body of men more liable to suffer from exposure than the police. But as an example of how they get rid of their maladies, the following is cited: "Green Island, N. Y., U. S. A., Feb. 11th, 1889: 'I suffered with neuralgia in the head, but found instant relief from the application of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me.' E. P. BELLINGER, Chief of Police."

Expensive Court Plaster.

Brooklyn *Life*: Cabbage—Well, the court awards Miss Flypp \$25,000 as a balm for her blighted affections.
Rubbage—It isn't a balm. It's a plaster—a court plaster.

Would you like to exchange your sallow cheeks for those glowing with health's roses? Then try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the system and make life as bright as childhood's dream.

Either.

Chicago *Tribune*: He—Shall we try the tricycle or buggy this morning, Laura?
She—Either, George. I'm yours for wheel or for whos.

This is a season when colds in the head are alarmingly prevalent. They lead to catarrh, perhaps consumption and death. Nasal Balm gives immediate relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers.

On the eastern frontier of the "Dark Continent" coal is so plentiful that by lifting a shovelful of clay off any particular spot it may be reached. But there is no means of transporting it to market.

The lake which has the highest elevation of any one in the world is Green Lake, Col. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea.

THE CAT SOOVED HIS BACK.

Valentine Dolson Flogged at the Central Prison.

About 4 o'clock, Valentine Dolson, a short, thick-set young fellow, accompanied by Deputy-Warden Logan and a negro prisoner, passed down the main corridor to the southern wing. A few moments afterwards Warden Massey and the jail surgeon, Dr. Aikins, followed. When they reached the extreme end Dolson took off his coat and shirt and was strapped to the triangle. He is 23 years of age; his crime was indecent assault on Etie Cooper in the town of Flora on the 6th of last August. He was pale, but wore a determined expression, and for the purpose of assisting him to endure the trying ordeal had his teeth firmly set in a piece of lead.

The deputy-warden when all was ready called out, "One!" The cat was whirled around the guard's head two or three times, whizzed in the air and fell across the prisoner's shoulders, making a sickening sound. The victim winced slightly. "Two!" and another blow was dealt. At the third blow blue streaks crept across Dolson's back and he sank down until his weight was supported by his arms. As each additional stroke fell the marks became more pronounced until the back for a width of six inches was a mass of bluish-purple flesh, bruised but not bleeding. When the twenty-fifth stroke was dealt Dolson gave a slight sigh of relief, the first sound he uttered. He bore his punishment bravely, and when being unstrapped from the triangle said: "I'm awfully glad this is over, but I didn't deserve it. All I hope is that the punishment will come back on her."

The description given of Dolson was: Sentenced September 4th, 1891; residence, Hespeler; place of birth, Canada; occupation, laborer; habits, temperate; religion, Baptist; single; can read and write; no previous conviction.

Thrashed a Man Twice His Size.

The other day a small, harmless looking man entered a New York street car, and accidentally trod on the toes of a big six-footer. He apologized, but the six-footer wasn't satisfied. He talked for some time, and finally invited the little man to leave the car and settle the matter on the sidewalk. Greatly to his astonishment, the latter accepted. Those who witnessed the contest say that it didn't last long, but that the big fellow had to be carried home in an ambulance, while his diminutive antagonist walked away with a cheerful smile. And so it is with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're not half as big as most of their rivals, but they do their work quietly and thoroughly. For sick headache, biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, etc., there's nothing like them. They are the only liver pills absolutely sold on trial! Your money back, if they don't give satisfaction!

Pigs and Thistles.

The devil's husks never makes anybody fat. Self-conceit is the rope that the devil never lets go of. Don't try to kill a fly on your neighbor's head with a hammer. Preaching that is aimed at the head hardly ever strikes the heart.

Seeking happiness simply to have it is a very bad kind of selfishness. If it were not for hunger some men would never do an honest day's work.

You can tell what kind of spirit there is in a man by the way he treats women. There is no bigger coward anywhere in the world than the man who is afraid to do right.

It is hard to find people in misfortune who will not tell you that somebody else was to blame for it.—*Ram's Horn.*

Man or Woman, Ghost or Human.

We cannot say what will cure ghosts, but many men and many women who look like ghosts rather than human beings, through sickness, would regain health and happiness, if they would try the virtue of the world-renowned remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, Consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic and strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who is widely known for her accurate knowledge of American history, is a member of twenty-six learned societies, to several of which no other woman has been admitted.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Euftalia, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bosch's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Bosch's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

Dr. Macdonald's Views Regarding the Destiny of the Dominion.

Dr. J. D. Macdonald, a leading citizen of Hamilton, Ont., was asked by a London *Advertiser* correspondent as to his opinion for or against the political union of Canada with the United States Republic. He said: "It is a difficult matter to discuss. It may be said that, to a patriotic man, there should be no difficulty, but under the conditions which surround Canada we may be allowed to hesitate before discussing even such a question as annexation to the United States. Undoubtedly it is a question present to many minds at the present moment. The greater number, I believe, are loath to look at political union, not from any aversion to the Republic or to republicanism, but from a desire to put from themselves, as far as possible, the confession of political failure which would be implied in their seeking for Canada incorporation with her strong neighbor. Whether as a stepping stone to annexation, or as affording an opportunity for development in a more honorable way, many would like the experiment of national independence. Attaining to national independence, Canadians would have conditions much simplified for any future arrangements. The advantage or disadvantage of such arrangements depends upon the satisfaction or disappointment from them, the honor or the reproach would be all their own, no friends across the sea would be compromised. In the meantime the colonial condition is a source of great political weakness and uncertainty. It affects the very manhood of the country unfavorably. It prevents the dwellers in Canada from seeing with singleness of eye the interests of their own country. It makes them uncertain as to whether the land in which they live is theirs at all. By his condition as a colonist the Canadian in every public question finds himself placed in a strait betwixt two. He is called upon to serve two interests—one of which, that of Great Britain, he has not the most remote conception, and to the other of which, that of Canada, he has not given much thought. If his country had the responsibilities which attach to independence he would give better attention to its concerns, and would perhaps be less ready than he too often proves to be, to step into the snare 'set in his sight' by the boodler to whom his vote is to be of use.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Some of Them Englishmen and Some Good Americans.

Says *Harper's Weekly*: Thomas Bayley Potter, M. P., the author of the Cobden Club, that bugaboo of American protectionists, is a stout, silver-haired patriarch, and lives near Midhurst, Sussex county, England. He was a life-long friend of Richard Cobden, and succeeded him in Parliament at his death in 1865. At Mr. Potter's home, a quaint, dainty old house, his friend often worked, and in a little church not far away rest the remains of the political economist. Matthew, Daniel and William Grant, of Torrington, Connecticut, triplets, and cousins of the late General U. S. Grant, have just celebrated their 70th birthday. Bret Harte was a clerk in the San Francisco Mint in 1865, when M. H. De Young started the *Chronicle*, and did his first writing for that paper.

The late William Henry Smith, of England, was nick-named "Old Morality." M. Renan, the French historian, is 68 years old, but mentally and physically vigorous, and as full of work as ever.

Mr. Gladstone is an appreciative novel reader, and often works himself up to a great state of excitement over the unraveling of a plot.

A Good Reason for Living.

"She loves to live and loves to live. She loves to live because she lives to love." Many think it is a sin to be sick; being so, one cannot bestow their affections on others as the Creator intended; being so, it certainly is a duty to cure yourself. Most women, these days, need an invigorating tonic. Worn-out teachers, "shop-girls," dressmakers, milliners, and those subject to tire some labor, have found a boon in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a soothing and strengthening nerve, inducing refreshing sleep, relieves dependency and restores to full use all the appetites and affections of one's nature. It is sold, by druggists, under a guarantee from its makers that it will, in every case, give satisfaction, or price (\$1.00) will be promptly refunded.

It is said that 420,000 people of France are afflicted with the disease of the thyroid gland known as goitre.

"I must give her up. I can never marry a girl who stammers." "Why not?" "Why not! Do you think it pleasant to be made sheepish by being called Ba—Ba—Bob? or to feel like a college cheer when she calls me Rah—Rah—Robert?"

The printing machines of the *Tiroler Tagblatt*, at Innsbruck, are now driven by electric motors. It is said that this is the first example where electricity has been so applied in a printing establishment in Austria-Hungary or Germany.

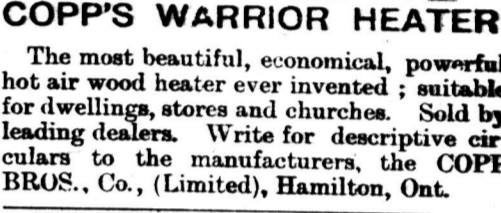
The craze for stage realism met a check when "Held By the Enemy" was staged. The women declined to wear the balloon hoops of the period, and would not hear of adopting the chignon.

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