

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1772—Prussia and Russia agreed on the partition of Poland.

1793—British flag hoisted for first time on island of Corsica.

1806—Joseph Bonaparte entered Naples and soon afterward was chosen king.

1810—Rome annexed to France.

1813—Pennsylvania Legislature passed a vote of thanks to Commodore Decatur and Biddle for their distinguished services in the war against Great Britain.

1843—Eighteen persons killed by a landslide in Troy, N. Y. Sir William Van Horne, the guiding spirit of the Canadian Pacific Railway, born near Joliet, Ill.

1850—Large section of Macon, Ga., destroyed by fire.

1853—Charles J. Hughes, Jr., United States Senator from Colorado, born in Caldwell County, Missouri. Attempted assassination of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary.

1860—Mail steamer Hungarian wrecked off Nova Scotia coast and all on board lost.

1861—Jefferson Davis inaugurated President of the Confederate States at Montgomery.

1862—Bowling Green, Kentucky, evacuated by the Confederates. Fort Donelson, Tennessee, surrendered to the Union forces.

1864—First Knights of Pythias lodge instituted.

1867—First ship passed through the Suez canal.

1868—American Theater in San Francisco destroyed by fire.

1870—Prince Arthur attended the opening of the third session of the first Parliament of Canada.

1873—Charter granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

1874—Gladstone resigned as premier and was succeeded by Disraeli.

1878—United States Senate passed the Bland silver bill.

1882—Congress voted a pension of \$5,000 a year to Mrs. Garfield, widow of the President.

1887—Henry M. Stanley started on his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha.

1888—Completion of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, Cal. Treaty respecting Canadian and American fisheries signed at Washington.

1889—Canadian Parliament negated a proposal to petition the Queen to give the governor general independent action in foreign affairs.

1891—Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper addressed a great mass meeting in Toronto, denouncing the advocates of annexation to the United States.

1893—Gov. Lewelling of Kansas called out the militia to retake the legislative hall for the Populist members.

1898—United States battleship Maine destroyed in Havana harbor.

1900—Capt. H. N. Arnold of Winnipeg, killed in the first battle of Paardeberg.

1901—Strathcona's Horse reviewed by King Edward in London.

1902—The manufacture of Bessemer steel was begun at Sault Ste. Marie.

1905—First Canadian Northern train crossed the North Saskatchewan. The Reid Company awarded \$1,500,000 for the loss of telegraph rights of Newfoundland.

1909—Isfahan, Persia, was captured by the rebels. Several hundred lives lost in a theater fire in Acapulco, Mexico. Tariff convention at Indianapolis demanded a permanent commission to adjust schedules. National conference of the conservation of the natural resources met at Washington.

Electrical Anesthesia Used.

Dr. Louise Rabinovitch, whose public test of a new method of electrical anesthesia on a rabbit was widely discussed a few months ago, had the satisfaction of seeing her method successfully applied in the amputation of a man's leg, in a hospital at Hartford before a number of surgeons. She supervised the operation, which was in the hands of Dr. Johnson, who adjusted the electrodes, one at the man's ankle, another at the shin and a third at the groin, with the result that when the current of four milliamperes and fifty-four volts was turned on the patient had no pain at all, while several of his toes were cut off on account of frost bite which had started gangrene. The patient had no shock or reaction or other discomfort usually connected with the use of ether. The moment the current is turned off the part operated on at once resumes its normal condition.

Charcot Makes 70 Degrees South.

Dr. Jean M. Charcot, the French Antarctic explorer, has arrived at Punta Arenas, Magellan Strait, after fourteen months spent in the frozen south. His expedition is said to have been highly successful, scientifically. He went as far as 70 degrees south, longitude 126 west, and discovered new land southwest of Alexander Island. His party experienced great hardships. Congratulations passed between him and Peary, Charcot not knowing that the north pole had been found until he reached Punta.

THE SUPERSEDED.

As newer comers crowd the fore We drop behind. We who have labored long and sore Times out of mind And keen are yet, must not regret To drop behind.

Yet there are of us some who grieve To go behind, Stanch, strenuous souls who scarce believe Their fires declined And know none cares, remembers, spares Who go behind.

'Tis not that we have unforetold The drop behind. We feel the new must oust the old In every kind. But yet, we think, must we, must we, Too, drop behind? —Thomas Hardy.

The Man Who Disappeared

The special Providence that some people designate chance led to Othello breaking her cervical vertebrae on the very day she was destined to sail for Sydney from Perth. Being sick of the place, and being, moreover, able to find an antidote for that sickness, I engaged a passage in the Prometheus and carried my effects aboard in the falling dusk of a summer's night.

On the morning of the third day I found my normal self, and staggered up a stairway that rose up in lumpy projections, and smote me violently all over my anatomy. Once on deck the scene was grand in the extreme. The tramp had run bow on into a screaming southerly bluster, and was making such tremendously heavy weather of it that my heart paused in its beating.

Something of interest was happening on the foredeck. One of the lifeboats had been struck by a great sea, and was fast breaking adrift from its lashings. If once the few temporary lashings gave way, the boat would be hurled against the lee bulwarks, and with the velocity she would have gathered would necessarily have effected a clean breach in the iron plating.

Half a dozen men were clustered under the break of the fore-castle, and one who appeared to hold a little authority was haranguing them in tones which reached my ears even above the screaming of the gale in the scant rigging. The men refused to go to the rescue of the doomed boat, and while I was meditating on the size of the hole that would be made in the bulwarks, I saw a very plucky deed performed. The big oil-skin-clad figure forward took a coil of rope across his shoulder, watched his chance and ran to the boat. He was caught by a wave and dashed with stunning force against the hatch combings, but he rose again and succeeded in reaching his objective, and then, with quick, sailorly movements, he passed turn after turn of the stout rope he carried round the boat and her chocks.

The work was done, and he crawled wearily to the ladder where I was standing. His sou'wester had vanished and I recognized the long, square jawed face with the remarkable black eyes and the tawny hair.

"Hello, Collins!" I said in wonderment.

He looked at me in amazement for a long second, and then his tongue passed over his salt-cracked lips. Then he said: "Go to the deuce! My name's Jones—James Jones, boatswain of this ship."

"Then you're the nearest like Arthur Desmond Collins, second son of Lord Collins, of any man I ever met," I retorted. "In fact, you are Arthur Collins."

"You can go to the mischief with your suspicions!" We had finished a meal and I was sitting reading, when a sailor knocked at my door, and, on opening:

"Beg pardon, sir, but the bo's'n wants to know if you'd mind going to his room for a bit."

Came to my destination in an alleyway where the smell of engines battled with the odors of greasy cookery. There I found Collins.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for telling you to go to the deuce. What shall you do?"

"In what way?" "Well, now you've found me, I suppose you'll go and tell all the old set that you've seen me acting as bo's'n of a beastly old tramp and hiding in the uttermost parts of the earth."

"I shall tell no one," I retorted with equal spleen; "it's no business of mine, after all. But—oh, Collins, Collins, why did you do it?"

"Oh, stow that!" he said impatiently; but I saw the apple in his throat move hurriedly up and down. "What about Standish?"

"He's dead," I said simply. "He made a clean breast of it before he went out, and your name's as clear as ever it was. By Jove! Collins, but it was handsome of you! Why did you do it, old chap?"

He laughed grimly. "Listen; I'll tell you the whole yarn. But, first of all, how's Ethel Standish?"

"She's looking well enough—or she was when I saw her last. She's married to Wycroft—but you'd know that, of course?"

"Well, I suppose it's only natural. You seem surprised that I didn't know Standish was dead and Ethel married. Since that day—five years ago, isn't it?—I've never looked at a home paper. I cut myself off from the world altogether. But I'll make a clean breast of it since Standish is dead. "You remember the night of the big

amair at Lady Eglinton's? Well, it was that night that young Standish came to my rooms.

"Collins," he said, "I'm in a deuce of a mess. I got dunned by the Jews for that big money I owed, and I—I wrote Frisinghal's name on a big check. What am I going to do?"

"You could have knocked me down with a breath. The poor youngster was sitting there all broken, his poor white face was stained with tears; and he was the dead image of his sister—Ethel Standish. It was that that me do what I did."

"It's a good lot," I said in answer, and felt the lameness of my remark.

"But now," I went on, as he made no answer, "what do you intend to do? The lad's dead, and your name's as clear as ever it was. You'll cut this business, of course, and come along home with me?"

"No," he said; "no, I think I won't go home. You see, old chap, there are some things that are hard to stand. You say Ethel's married to Wycroft? Well, that in itself's enough to keep me away from home. I loved that girl ever since I met her—you know her, so you can tell what sort of a love she bred in my heart."

"What shall I tell Ethel Wycroft?" I said suddenly, and I saw him wince.

"Tell her? Why, nothing. Is she happy?"

"Didn't you hear?" he repeated. "Is she happy?"

Then I told a lie; a good one, without a tremor.

"She's as happy as the day is long," I said.

It took me a year to get home again. I'd been away eighteen months, and I found changes.

Lying on the table in my room was a letter from Lady Kilbride; it was



"WILL YOU GO FOR A JAUNT?"

an invitation to a crush that very night. So I dressed and went. On the way I got an evening paper and, looking through the shipping news, I saw that the Prometheus had docked in the East India. But I was too excited to notice it much.

The first person I saw at Lady Kilbride's was Ethel Wycroft. She was looking exquisitely beautiful, but her dress seemed strange somehow. Then I saw it was a slight mourning.

"How's Wycroft?" I asked as I shook hands. She started a bit and flushed. "Didn't you know?" she said. "He died last year."

We were seated in a comfortable corner by this. And then, while I was talking, a sudden flash of light came to me. I remembered the notice in the paper about the Prometheus, and the path opened out with glaring clearness.

"Look here," I said swiftly, "this is pretty sickening. Will you go for a jaunt? It isn't late."

She hesitated a little and looked about her rather shyly. But I got her persuaded at last and we went out. Then, as she started to ask where we were bound, I broke a solemn oath.

"Do you ever think anything of Arthur Collins now?" I asked her. "Because," I said slowly, "I met him out abroad."

"Then he isn't dead?"

"He was very much alive when I saw him last," I said. Then I started in to tell her of what I'd seen and done during the last eighteen months. It was not until we clattered through the dock gates that she began to get uneasy.

"Where are we going?" she said quickly.

I told her she'd see soon enough. But she drew back when I handed her out alongside the old rusty Prometheus. I got the watchman, and asked him if James Jones were aboard, and he led us to a cabin aft. I looked in. Collins was sitting there—he was second mate—and his face changed when he saw me. Then I reached back and pushed Ethel through the door.

I waited for a moment, just long enough to hear two words spoken in most incredulous tones—"Arthur!" and "Ethel!" And then I shut the door and went to the wharf, for I knew from what I'd heard that everything would be well.—Ernest Winchfield in Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Origin of Colors.

Crimson, scarlet, carmine and the purple lakes came from a small bug, known as the cochineal insect.

Sepia came from the cuttlefish. It was made from a gland in the animal, in which it secreted an inkly fluid. The fish emits this fluid when pursued by an enemy, thus making the water opaque.

Black was made from burnt ivory. Prussian blue was made from the blood of steers.

Various shades of yellow and brown come from Italian clay, principally found in the vicinity of Sienna and Umbria.

Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk.

India ink is manufactured by the Chinese, according to a secret formula from burnt camphor.

Chinese white is made from zinc.

BOTH SATISFIED.

Each Deplored the Impression Made by Her Friend's Clothes.

When Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Cobbett returned to their respective homes at the close of "stockholders' day," they were both obviously satisfied with the result of the day's shopping in the city. One little incident had given each of them, after her own fashion, a large measure of content.

"You know I always say that Ellen Ann dresses a mite too much for traveling off for the day," said Mrs. Hobbs to her husband, as he sat patiently listening to her account of small happenings. "Well, to-day 'twas borne out by what I saw in at Ransom & Klein's."

"We were both looking for dress goods for the children—she for a plaid, green and blue, for her Sophie, and I for a dark red for Mattie."

"We both wanted to see what the ones we'd half-chosen looked like by daylight, and it so happened that we started for the place where you can stand under the skylight at the same time. Being two counters apart, we hadn't kep' watch of each other, and 'twas just a happen."

"Well, the man that was showing me the goods looked at me kind of searching, and then he handed the piece o' goods over the counter to me, and he said, 'You can take it right over to the skylight yourself, madam,' and turned to straighten out some other goods."

"When I got to the skylight, if there didn't come Ellen Ann, meek as you please, with a little cash-girl carrying her piece o' goods; and that child never let go her hold of it once, and it come over me that Ellen Ann's flashy hat and her plush bag with gilt trimmings had made 'em think she wa'n't to be trusted."

While Mrs. Hobbs was digesting this piece of news, Mr. Cobbett was listening to his wife's version of the incident.

"The clerk looked at me," she said, "and then he beckoned one of the cash-girls, and said to her, real sharp, 'Take this to the skylight, and let the lady look at it.'"

"And I followed after her, empty-handed, to find poor Mary Jane there, with a great piece o' red stuff she'd lugged in her own arms from the counter."

"It just proves what I've always told you. When Mary Jane goes among strangers those plain, homely clothes of hers give them the idea she's a hard-working woman, that's always had to do for herself, and doesn't expect to be done for by anybody."

"But there! I like Mary Jane, and always have, and I let her sink off with that piece o' goods just's if I hadn't really sensed who 'twas."—Youth's Companion.

SOME STRANGE DISHES.

Flesh of Lion, Tiger, Elephant, Lizard and Adder Often Eaten.

Among the most delicious tid-bits in South Africa is lion's flesh, which is in high favor among aborigines and certain classes of Boer trekkers, says the Troy Budget. The tiger is eaten in many parts of India, not only for its edible qualities but also because it is supposed to impart strength and cunning. Bear's flesh, and especially smoked bear's tongue, are most expensive delicacies in Germany. Though many Europeans have declared it tastes like soft leather and mullage, the flesh of the elephant is a favorite dish in Africa and India. A baked elephant's foot is a choice morsel.

In upper Egypt and in Siam crocodile flesh is publicly sold as food, while in Santo Domingo and parts of Central America the cayman is eaten, roasted or boiled.

The green lizard, though Americans usually associate him with slime, is enthusiastically relished by many in the south of Italy and Spain. But they are not in it with the Greeks, who do not relish their soup unless it has in it bits of adder. They are also very fond of the mud tortoise, and drink its blood, and cook its flesh and eggs. Of course the frog is well known in France and the continent, but it is by no means a stranger to the American palate.

In the dessert line it is also possible to enjoy a strange assortment. Rosebuds boiled in sugar and made into a preserve are eaten by Arabians, while in China candied rosebuds and jasmine flowers are equally popular. The common yellow lily that grows in marshes and ponds is utilized by the Turks as the main ingredient of an agreeable conserve which tastes something like brandy. Candied violets are of course very common in France, while in Roumania and Bulgaria many flowers are used for flavoring.

Courtship Class for Jap Girls.

Japan has killed the last doubt as to its modern progress by the organization of a "class of courtship" for girls in each of the secondary schools. The Japanese maidens are taught that if they "should be so unfortunate as to fall in love before becoming engaged they must conceal the fact. Above all they must remember that women never propose. Another thing, they are warned that well-bred girls do not exchange photographs with their admirers. In Japan until now there has not been any trouble about courting, and this is the first evidence that the Japanese maidens need instruction in affairs of the heart. Classes to the contrary, however, the point is maintained that there is not a Juliet under the sun who does know the exact formula for dealing with a Romeo.

It's difficult for a man to swallow his indignation after being compelled to eat his word.

MAKING LIFE LONGER.

No Previous Race Worked Harder to Achieve Distant Ends.

In his address as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Prof. T. C. Chamberlin, of the University of Chicago, argues in favor of the theory of solar evolution for which he is responsible, and he holds that it probably foreshadows a long history for the earth. He says: "But into the problem of human endurance two new factors have entered, the power of definite moral purpose and the resources of research. No previous race has shown clear evidence that it was guided by moral purpose in seeking distant ends. In man such moral purpose has risen to distinctness. As it grows, beyond question it will count in the perpetuity of the race. No doubt it will come to weigh more and more as the resources of destructive pleasure, on the one hand, and of altruistic rectitude on the other are increased by human ingenuity. It will become more critical as the growing multiplicity of the race brings upon it, in increasing stress, the distinctive humanistic phases of the struggle for existence now dimly foreshadowed. It will, beyond question, be more fully realized as the survival of the fittest shall render its verdict on what is good and what is evil in this realm of the moral world. But to be most efficient, moral purpose needs to be conjoined with the highest intelligence, and herein lies the function of research. None of the earlier races made systematic inquiry into the conditions of life and sought thereby to extend their careers. What can research do for the extension of the career of man? We are witnesses of what it is beginning to do in rendering the forces of nature subservient to man's control and in giving him command over the maladies of which he has long been the victim. Can it master the secrets of vital endurance, the mysteries of heredity, and all the fundamental physiological processes that condition the longevity of the race? The answer must be left to the future, but I take no risk in affirming that when ethics and research join hands in a broad and earnest endeavor to compass the highest development and the greatest longevity of the race the era of humanity will really have begun."—Popular Science Monthly.

The Killing Lust in Humans.

In New Liskeard recently an owl perched itself on the peak of a business block as the crimson streaks of the dawn appeared and wrapped in its muff of feathers, settled itself in comfort to enjoy the drowsy hours of daylight. It was the picture of comfort and pretty as a picture, cozy, warm in the winter's cold, inoffensive and harmless.

But the owl was in a fool's paradise. It had lain down with the tiger. It was in the midst of the wolves. The bushy little ball of feathers had fallen unawares into the hands of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the world's animals.

The sleeping bird was no sooner described than the human wolves set up a-yap. Men hurried off for their killing machines and in a few minutes a battery of riflemen were at work pumping death into the spark of life in the bundle of feathers. After awhile one of them hit it, and then the heroes were satisfied. They went home with their guns and the boys exhibited the carcass.

Poor dead little bit of useless carion! The boys' eyes sparkled with excitement.

There is a deal of the savage left in the human.—Cobalt Citizen.

Lived Two Hours—Three Million.

Charles W. McLean, of Brockville, Ont., has fallen heir to \$3,000,000 as the result of peculiar circumstances attending the birth of his child and its death. Mrs. McLean, formerly Mrs. George A. Sheriff, was a daughter of the late Senator Fulford. She died several days ago and her child survived her only two hours. Mrs. McLean's estate, according to the terms of her father's will, amounted to only \$13,200, but if a child was born it was to inherit one-third of the whole estate. The estate is now valued at over \$9,000,000, and the infant therefore was heir to \$3,000,000 during its lifetime of two hours. The father will now inherit its share under the law.

Scriptural Reflection.

The man with the fading fringe of hair in sort of a festoon from ear to ear across the back of his head stood in a store and watched a woman purchasing braids, switches and so forth. Turning sadly away, he mused: "Unto her that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."—Life.

Things We Never See Nowadays.



A Sovereign Remedy.

A Philadelphia woman was ordered by the doctor to put some ice in a bag and bind it on the temples of her sick boy. On inquiring after his patient the next day he was informed: "Oh, Tommy's better, but the mice are dead."—Kansas City Times.

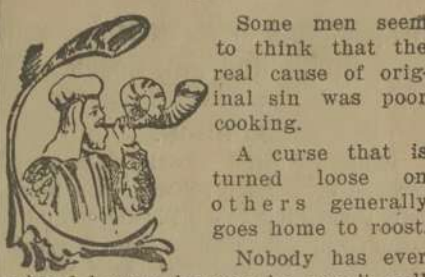
You can't, as a rule, judge a man's interest in history by the number of occasions he celebrates.

Burn your money to-day and grovel in the ashes to-morrow.

Few men have the courage to admit they are cowards.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Some men seem to think that the real cause of original sin was poor cooking.

A curse that is turned loose on others generally goes home to roost. Nobody has ever missed heaven because he wasn't well posted on theology.

The Lord does some of His greatest work with little folks.

The real purpose for which we build school houses is to make giants out of little boys and girls.

The husband who does not blame his wife for his own blunders is harder to find than an honest man.

If it were not for the help he gets from the backslider the devil would have been used up long ago.

The word of God is a gold mine into which every man may sink a shaft and go to mining for himself.

Nobody spends much time in looking at wax figures in a store window, but when a live man is there doing something how quickly he draws a crowd.

A LABRADOR RESCUE.

In his work among the people of the Labrador coast Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell has often imperiled his life. One such instance is given in his book, "Adrift on an Ice-Pan," in which is told the story of his remarkable escape from death. What follows—an account of the rescue—is all the more impressive from being told in the homely words of one of the rescuers:

One day about a week after Dr. Grenfell's return two men came in from Grlquet, fifteen miles away. They had walked all that distance, although the trail was heavy with snow. "We just felt we must see the doctor and tell him what 'twould 'a meant to us if he'd been lost," said George Andrews. "Twas even when us knew 'e was on the ice. George Davis seen us first. 'E went to th' cliff to look for seal. 'E got 'is spy-glass an' made out a man an' dogs on a pan, an' knowed it war the doctor.

"Us had a good strong boat an' four oars, an' took a hot kettle of tea an' food for a week, for us thought 'ud have to go far, an' p'raps lose th' boat. I di'n' hope to find the doctor alive, an' kept lookin' for a sign of un on th' pans. 'Twa' no' easy gettin' to th' pans wif a big sea runnin'.

"Us saw th' doctor about twenty minutes afore us got t' un. 'E was wavin' 'is flag, an' I seen 'im. 'E was on a pan no' bigger'n this floe, an' I dunno what ever kep' un fro' goin' abroad, for 'twas't ice, 'twas packed snow.

"Th' pan was away from even th' slob, floatin' by hisself, an' th' open water all aroun', an' 'twas just across 'ro' Goose Cove, an' outside o' that there'd been no hope.

"I think th' way th' pan held together was on account o' th' dogs' bodies meltin' it, an' froze hard durin' the night. 'E was level wif th' water, an' th' sea washing over us all th' time.

"'E 'ad ripped the dog harnesses an' stuffed the oakum in th' leg o' 'is pants to keep un warm. 'E showed it to we. An' 'e cut off th' tops o' 'is boots to keep th' draft from 'is back. 'E must 'a' worked 'ard all night. 'E said 'e drolled off once or twice, but th' night seemed wonderfu' long.

"Us took un off th' pan at about half-past seven, an' 'ad a 'ard fight gettin' in, the sea still runnin' 'igh. 'E said 'e was proud to see us comin' for un. And so 'e might, for it grew wonderfu' cold in th' day, an' th' sea so 'igh th' pan couldn't 'a' lived outside.

"'E wouldn't stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm us sent un to St. Anthony with a team."

DROPPING FROM THE CLOUDS.

Aeronaut Describes How It Feels to Descend with a Parachute.

How it feels to drop from the clouds in a parachute is thrillingly described in Popular Mechanics by Captain Penfold, famous Australian aeronaut. He says: "Glancing up at your parachute to see if the cords are disentangled, you grasp your trapeze rope by one hand, your cutaway line with the other, cross your legs around your trapeze bar, collect your thoughts