

WINTER IN THE NORTH.

What Cold Weather in Manitoba Means, According to a Woman's Experience. And this brings me to speak about my experience of the climate of Manitoba. The variations of temperature are very great. I have seen the thermometer stand at 125° inside a tent in summer, and at 58° below zero, or 90° below freezing point, outside the house in winter. Such Arctic cold would be unendurable if the air were not so wonderfully dry and clear—and often very still—that it does not seem half as cold as it really is. Then the changes of weather are not generally very sudden; the heat and cold are very regular, and in mid-seasons the thermometer does not fluctuate much. Perhaps a few homely details may best serve to illustrate what winter in Manitoba means. The snow outside our house is from six to ten feet deep from November to April. Moccasins, made by Indians of moose-skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold is so intense that when melted snow water is poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice on it frequently has to be broken with a stick before the cattle can drink. It is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble, and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is best not to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or better still, paraffine oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. Last year a man living about thirty miles from us was told that his ear was frozen; he put up his hand to feel, and the ear dropped off in his hand. Limbs sometimes have to be amputated from severe frost bites. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost ears in the same way. I was surprised when I first found the mustard freeze in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stovepipe and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze if left for half an hour in a room without a fire. Such stories must sound almost incredible except to those who, like myself, have witnessed the facts, though, of course, only in the most severe weather. Winter is, of course, not equally severe throughout. Part of my description applies only to its colder half. But to a woman the most trying part of a winter in Manitoba is not its severity—for you live in a warm house—but its length. Snow lay on the ground last season for six months and a half, and the great lakes were frozen for the same period.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

IN THE DESERT.

How Christmas Was Celebrated on the March to Korti. In the meantime, here at Korti, the troops who are yet toiling in the rapids between Dongola and Dall will find for a time a pleasant resting place. The camp has been laid out in broad avenues, which are kept well watered by coolies from the adjacent villages who are paid for the work; and on the high bank above the river, every evening congregated officers and men to listen to the band of the Sussex Regiment, or to discuss the prospect of our being able to end the campaign promptly, by a desert march. Very soon after arriving at Korti do the men's spirits perceptibly rise; the hardships of the Nile route are forgotten, and singing and laughter in the camp are heard all day. At night, too, when the moon lights up the river in front, the soldiers' song choruses echo across the shimmering water to the opposite bank, while round the blazing camp fires and through the curling clouds of brightly illuminated smoke the forms of the men are seen rapidly shifting, and mayhap now and then an extra glare of light will show a camel or two in the background standing motionless and weirdlike, reminding us for an instant of the terrible desert beyond, which, perhaps, we are fated to cross. On Christmas night we all, from the General in command down to the civilian correspondent, congregated in a vast ring round an open-air stage, run up by the Royal Engineers for the occasion. There, by the light of two huge fires, we were entertained for a couple of hours by the more musical spirits among us. A Life Guardsman delivered a stump speech, purporting to be on temperance, but which contained only one reference to alcoholic compounds, and that to bewail the fact that there "remained not another drop of rum in the Commissariat Department." And we had topical songs and nigger dances in abundance, there being plenty of talent to choose from. There are few British regiments whose ranks do not include one or more whilom professionals in the art of entertaining. The very announcement, too, away up here in the heart of the Sudan, that "Second Captain of the Foretop Wymouth will next appear," called forth an enthusiastic cheer, which was renewed again and again as a Blue-jacket from the Nassif-el-Kheir took his place on the platform. Lord Wolsey was there all the time with his cheery, confident mien and manner. One has only to glance at our sprightly Commander-in-Chief to feel sure that the difficulties and dangers of this campaign will disappear, if necessary, by magic, the moment he confronts them. "No trace is there to be seen of the tremendous responsibility which really sits on his shoulders, and if any one doubts our ultimate success, he has only to make his way to Headquarters Camp and wait for a glimpse of the General, to feel completely reassured.—Korti Cor. London Standard.

The man mean enough to steal a red-hot stove has been caught in the act. He is a young negro, his name is Henry Johnson, and Bowling Green, Ky., claims him as her own.

ODD IDEAS.

Some Interesting Talk by an Old-Fashioned Fellow. Some of the most poetical ideas are founded on the old-fashioned usages and implements that are now obsolete. Take, for instance, a fence as an illustration. There is something beautiful about an old stone wall, even if in a sad state of preservation. To it wild flowers cling lovingly and mosses tenderly cover all evidences of neglect. Then there is the old rail fence, modeled after the capital Z style of architecture, when wood was cheap and land plenty. It is a waste of both, but who ever thought of that fact when they saw a couple of squirrels engaged in a go-as-you-please race over its labyrinthine track? And who ever saw a squirrel on a barb-wire fence? Young people sing about sitting on the stile, but never a word about the barb-wire fence. In fact, nothing even roosts upon it but a gigantic monopoly, unless, perhaps, a mortgage. There is one other fence I like—a hedge, and there are not half enough of this kind. The stump fence, made by piling up a lot of old stumps, helter skelter, looks too much like collections that are sometimes seen in dental offices to invite admiration. The scythe is still used by small farmers and to some extent by others, to grub around fence corners and to mow thistles from the road-side, but its old-fashioned glory has departed. Death is appropriately represented with an hour-glass and scythe, but how would he look perched upon a clattering mowing machine and sporting a stem-winding stop watch? There is poetry in the motion and music in the sound of a fall, but who can find anything to admire in a steam thresher? No wonder we old fellows mourn the decadence of everything that was familiar when we were young. True, the grain waves as gracefully as ever, but the hum of the reaper's song is hushed or drowned in the rattle of machinery. There is a charm to an old-fashioned fire-place—the bigger the better—which all acknowledge. If the kitchen is festooned with strings of gaily-painted red peppers, so much the better. An unplastered garret, where one may rummage among old "trumpery" and fish out the playthings of childhood, or listen to the rain on the roof, is a luxury to one who can appreciate it, and the song of the teakettle, especially if it is our teakettle, is soothing and sweet. I do not object to the house if it is painted an ugly red—they paint whole towns red now, I believe—not to the old sharp-peaked barn, with its eaves almost touching the ground, and familiarly known as a "lightning splitter." Can any youngster tell me where bread can be procured to equal the delicious "rye and Ingin" that baked all night in the big Dutch oven? In the old time we had the old mill wheel, now it is steam and the patent process; then it was the rustic well-sweep and the old oaken bucket, now we have a drive well and a law suit. Why, there have been more songs sung about spinning-wheels, thatched roofs and churns than will ever be written about all the new inventions under the sun. Think of the corn huskings, the singing schools, the barn raisings, the log rollings, the sleigh-rides, the sugar making, the apple cuts, the turkey shoots, and—the girls of long ago. In their place we have the church social and its innutritious soup, which neither cheers nor inebriates, but yet is superior to the thinner jokes concerning it, and which would hardly do credit to a modern Congressman. The ringing of the blacksmith's anvil is musical, but the crunching of a triphammer will never be utilized in a peace jubilee. And the music of old! After jabbering and screeching in some foreign tongue, the prima donna is enthusiastically encored, because the audience knows she will respond by singing some bonnie Scotch song. Why, there is as much difference in the music as between a ship under full sail and a steamer puffing black smoke and coughing like a heavy horse. But many are again appreciating the old-time beauties, and andirons, old clocks, old table ware, tally-ho coaches, canoes, buckboards and sailing yachts are illustrations of this fact. There is one old legal holiday in which I could never find anything to admire—"hog killing"; and the hogs don't seem to like it any more than a minister does a donation party. And right here let me admit that the improvements are improvements; but I propose to exercise my right of grumbling, nevertheless, and some young men who criticise me now will subject themselves to a like criticism forty years hence. Forty years ago, when the fishing was good and there was game in plenty, one could live much faster, according to my way of thinking, and yet more moderately, than now; and though our tackle was rude and our guns were not susceptible of rapid manipulations, we were not obliged to wear out our shoes in order to fill our game bags. In the language of Artemus Ward, "this was said sarcastic." My old gun is in better condition than I am, in more ways than one. It talks less, but it says more, and may outlast me on that account.—Forest, Forge and Farm.

You did not dare speak to me in that manner before I married you, sir!" she indignantly exclaimed. "No, nor you didn't dare come cavorting around me in curl papers and rag-carpet slippers before I married you, mam!" he retorted. Then she cried and he profanities.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

In Petersburg, Va., a man charged with murder was convicted of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to one minute's imprisonment and a fine of \$5. This brings murder within the reach of the humblest citizen.—Lowell (Mass.) Courier.

VIRTUE IN THE FAMILY. There are all sorts and degrees of virtue, and sometimes we are told that virtue is its own reward. Mr. A. F. Evans of Burr's Ferry, La., says, in writing about Brown's Iron Bitters: "I have been the recipient of its virtue in my family to a considerable extent." This great iron tonic has superior advantages as a reliable family medicine. Its power has been thoroughly tried, and its virtues abundantly proved. Nearly a million bottles a year are sold by the druggists of this country.



20,690,506 BOTTLES OF

WARNER'S 'SAFE' CURE

Or, Warner's SAFE Kidney and Liver Cure (its former title.) SOLD TO FEBRUARY 1st, 1885.

No other Compound on earth can show a similar record, and no Physician a better one. The highest Medical Authorities pronounce it the only known Specific for Kidney, Liver and Urinary diseases; that it has no equal as a BLOOD PURIFIER, and that it is the best safeguard against contagious diseases, both acute and chronic, keeping the Kidneys and Liver—the great organs of the body—in healthy condition, disease then being impossible. For the many distressing ailments of delicate Ladies, it has no equal. We can furnish over One Hundred Thousand voluntary Testimonials similar to the following. Read them for the good of yourself, your family and your friends. Note how this vast number of bottles was distributed, as evidenced by our sales-books.

- Boston, - - 936,842. Bal. of N. Eng., - 331,315. Chicago, - - 2,181,520. Milwaukee, - - 344,171. THE REV. ANDREW J. GRAHAM, (P. E.), Grand Island, Neb., in 1881 was pronounced fatally sick with Bright's Disease. His condition he says was desperate and he could get no relief from physicians. He then followed Warner's SAFE Cure treatment, and July 7, 1884, he wrote, "All local trouble has disappeared. Have taken no medicine for nearly a year." Minnesota, - - 486,013. G. W. HAMILTON, Milton, Santa Rosa Co., Florida, December 15th, 1884, wrote that "four years ago my wife was suffering with liver complaint which reduced her to a skeleton. The doctors finally pronounced her case Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and incurable. She then took 13 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and has been in perfect health ever since. She now weighs 180 pounds where formerly she was a skeleton. Warner's SAFE Cure will make a permanent cure always if taken by directions." Bal. N. W. States, 1,400,362. New York State, - 3,053,080. B. F. LARRABEE, Esq., 49 Chester Square, Boston, Mass., in 1879, was given up by several prominent Boston Physicians as incurable from Bright's Disease. He took over 200 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, in 1880-2, and Oct. 5, 1884, wrote that the "cure was as permanent as surprising." Pennsylvania, - 1,365,914. Mrs. J. B. DESMOULIN, 2411 Morgan street, St. Louis, Mo., in 1882, wrote, "I have been in delicate health for many years; but Warner's SAFE Cure made me the picture of health." June 23rd, 1884, she wrote, "My health has been good for the last two years." Portland, Me., - 330,829. Cleveland, - - 511,974. B. J. WORRELL, of Ellaville, Fla., in 1879, was prostrated with Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and under the best treatment, grew worse. "On the advice of Governor Drew's sister, I began Warner's SAFE Cure, six bottles of which restored me to full measure of health. I have now been cured about four years, and my case is regarded as miraculous." Governor Drew of Jacksonville, Florida, April 20th, 1884, says "Mr. Worrell's case and cure give me great confidence in Warner's SAFE Cure, and I unhesitatingly indorse it." Southern States, - 2,725,513. JOSEPH JACQUES, Esq., St. Albans, Vt., in January 1877 was taken desperately sick with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. He spat blood, was tremendously bloated and seemed to be beyond the power of the best physicians. He then took 60 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, which restored him to health. January 1st, 1885, eight years afterwards, he wrote: "I never enjoyed better health in my life than I do now, and I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Cure. I consider myself cured of Bright's Disease." St. Louis, - - 1,222,895. REV. JAMES ERWIN, Methodist minister, West Eaton, N. Y., was long and seriously ill with inflammation of the prostate gland, (a very obstinate disorder). In 1882, he began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and June 25th, 1884, wrote, "The relief obtained two years ago proved permanent; physicians express great surprise." Kansas City, - - 538,395. JAMES M. DAVIS, 330 South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., superintendent of Jagger Iron Co., in 1881 suffered from very serious kidney trouble; he weighed but 150 pounds; he used 18 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and December 8th, 1884, he wrote, "That was fully three years ago. I have had no trouble since, and I feel first class and weigh 193 pounds. I would not go back to that time of four years ago for all the dollars in the United States." Bal. S.W. States, - 635,092. N. B. SMILEY, Esq., of Bradford, Pa., in 1882, was very seriously sick of extreme kidney disorder and rheumatism, which gradually grew worse. Physicians being unable to assist him, his last resort was Warner's SAFE Cure, and June 25th, 1884, he wrote, "My health is better than for two years past, and in some respects is better than it has been for five years. When I catch cold and have any slight kidney trouble, I resume the medicine again and the relief I believe is permanent." San Francisco, - 932,210. S. A. JOHNSTON, Lockington, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1881, stated that for thirty years he had suffered tortures with dyspepsia, but he was entirely cured by the use of Warner's SAFE Cure. Dec. 8th, 1884, he says: "I took 20 or 25 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and it has never failed to stop any symptoms of my old complaint if they appeared; my health is good." Bal. Pacific Coast, - 624,237. Cincinnati, - - 655,250. Mrs. S. A. CLARK, East Granby, Conn., in 1881 was utterly used up with constitutional and female complaints of the worst kind. Been sick ten years, and tried everything. In November, 1884, she wrote, "Warner's SAFE Cure cured me four years ago, and has kept me well." Bal. Ohio, (State), - 474,869. ALL THE TESTIMONIALS ABOVE GIVEN ARE FROM PERSONS WHO WERE PERMANENTLY CURED SEVERAL YEARS AGO AND REMAIN SO.

IF IT IS HARD TIMES WITH YOU, Resort to the Remedy that Nine-tenths (9-10) of Sufferers Require, thereby Saving Continuous Debility and Expensive Medical Attendance. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Advertisement for 'SAFE' Cure, listing testimonials from various locations like Cleveland, Southern States, St. Louis, Kansas City, Canada, and Bal. Ohio, (State).

Advertisement for 'PINKEYE' cure, featuring an illustration of a horse and text describing the treatment.

Advertisement for 'PETALUMA INCUBATOR' and 'Koch's Theory' regarding cholera, including an illustration of the incubator.

Advertisement for 'Men Think' featuring an illustration of a horse and text about Mustang Liniment.

Advertisement for 'R. U. AWARE' and 'Lorillard's Climax Plug'.

Advertisement for 'CONSUMPTION' treatment, mentioning 'WATSON, WRIGHT & CO.' and 'NORMAN HORSES'.

Advertisement for 'ANTISELL Gold Medal' and 'VARICOCELE' treatments.

Advertisement for 'DR. CHEEVER'S ELECTRIC BELT FOR MEN ONLY' and 'Koch's Theory'.

Advertisement for 'NORMAN HORSES' and 'ANTISELL Gold Medal'.

Advertisement for 'VARICOCELE' treatment.

Advertisement for 'DR. CHEEVER'S ELECTRIC BELT FOR MEN ONLY'.

Advertisement for 'Many a Lady' skin treatment and 'DR. SALFIELD'S' products.

Advertisement for 'PIANOS ORGANES' and 'KOLLER & CHANE'.

Advertisement for 'STEINWAY, KAWAIC & BACR' pianos.

Advertisement for 'J. M. Halsted's Incubators'.

Advertisement for 'JOHN F. ENGLISH' commission merchant.

Advertisement for 'DR. SALFIELD'S' medicine, including an illustration of a man's face.

Advertisement for 'DR. SALFIELD'S' medicine, mentioning 'Many a Lady' and 'DR. SALFIELD'S'.