Strange Sights in Old City of Quebec.

(Special Correspondence.)

ONE of these days you will probably sail down the St. Lawrence, and as you come upon deck in the early morning, the steamer will veer around a turn in the great river, and then before you, with the sunlight playing on her domes and steeples, will be Quebec, sitting upon her hill like a queen on a throne. It is worn and gray like the drawings you see in old books. The Union Jack of England flies over the citadel, and a swaggering Tommy Atkins paces back and forth on the sentinel beat, but below him in the market place the people are chattering in French and mass is being said in French

THE CITADEL.

the great cathedral. Quebec always was and always will be French. The gallant Wolfe put the British flag on its ramparts, but neither he nor all the years of tolerant English rule since that memorable struggle on the Plains of Abraham, have caused its people to waver in the slightest in their love and loyalty to the lily flag of France.

The French are very friendly to us. About two million of their people have gone over the line to New England and the Western states, and are well satisfied to remain.

It is a fact not generally known that there are now more French-Canadians on the American side than there are in Canada. A man told me that in a drive of twenty-five miles through the country he counted twenty-six houses along the road which were locked and barred up. As he passed each place he would ask the driver where the family had gone, and the reply would invariably be the same: "Gone to Lowell." He meant to Lowell, Mass. There are thousands of French people in the factories of that city.

It is as natural for June brides to flock to Quebec as it is for swallows to fly southward in the fall. The law of contrast makes it fitting. The bloom in their cheeks, and the color of their smart gowns show off to such

MONTMORENCI FALLS.

advantage among the gray old walls and the rotting, tumble-down houses. The appropriateness of the very new in the atmosphere of the very old. I think that is it. I do not know what else it could be, unless it is because there are so many queer, quaint things to gush about. At any rate they come, and everybody is glad to have them. The hackman, pious defender of the faith, charges a bit extra for hauling them, crosses himself, and petitions his patron saint to bless them. "All the world loves a lover."

Quebec is nursing its tradition as tenderly as if it were a trailing vine. The crumbling walls are being plastered up in order that they may be preserved to tell their own grim story of early conflict. The native never wearies in recounting the glory of the old days when the tide of many battles surged around this historic hill. He will tell you how Frontenac replied to Phipps; how Gov. Guy Carleton had to leave his guests at the ball to fight Montgomery in the dark streets; how Montcalm left the fort and went out on the plains of Abraham to meet Wolfe, and death and defeat. "If Montcalm had only remained within the fort, the fate of Canada would not have been changed," he tells you, and he says it very sorrowfully, for he is French, and some of his ancestors marched out with Montcalm on that dread September morning, and did not come back again. The historic Plains of Abraham have now been converted into golf links.

The crowning glory of Quebec is its dizzy terrace. It is a board walk sixty-five feet wide, a quarter of a mile long and 200 feet above the river. Steps lead up the bluff to a height of 400 feet above the water. An enthusiastic resident said to me: "Young man, you may go all around the world and you will not find a view to compare with this." All who see it say the same."

As you look down from the railing at the portion of the city which lies below the hill, you are impressed with a number of unusual things about the place. The signs are painted on the roofs, instead of being hung over the door or windows, the people come up town in a public elevator.

Quebec is very pretty, but I could not help thinking what wonders the American engineers will accomplish if they ever get the chance to try their hand. They will break the record they made at Havana if Old Glory ever goes up on the citadel. I am a young man, and I think the day will come when I'll come back to this frowning rock and hear the Yankee bugle calling in the evening, when the birds are flying homeward to the hills, and the lights of Levis are beginning to blink across the river.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by the Detroit Photographic company.

Printing in Persia.

Printing from type in Persia is not regarded with popularity. That country is at the present day entirely dependent upon lithography for the native production of books and journals —which are very rare. A short time ago a press with movable types, was set up, upon which a certain number of books was printed. The effort, however, met with no encouragement and had to be abandoned. The unpopularity of type printing in Persia is due to two principal causes. First, the straightness of the lines offends a Persian's artistic sense, and, secondly, in printed books the character of the letters is entirely lost. The Persian reader prefers a well-written manuscript, and failing this he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually the facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe.

Strange Use of Photographs.

At his own request Rev. E. T. Sanford, pastor of Calvary Baptist church at Hackensack, N. J., was placed in a jail cell, where his photograph was taken. He proposes to use the picture as an illustration for a temperance lecture he is about to deliver. Mr. Sanford recently was photographed in a saloon, standing at the bar. He was also photographed in the Hackensack courtroom standing at the bar before Judge Zabriskie.

Carnegie Still at Work.

After a lapse of several weeks Andrew Carnegie has again taken up his British benefactions. He has offered to donate $150,000 for the establishment of free libraries in the borough of Marylebone on condition that the borough provide maintenance.

YOUNG HUNTER TOO STRENUOUS FOR BEAR

"Trout! An' deer!" he was saying. "An'—say, Bill, tell 'em about the bear."

Billy wouldn't. He blushed. Amid the unchecked laughter that rang through the smoking room he could not save his face.

"Billy found an Indian's trail—didn't you, Billy?" good-naturedly jeered the one they called "Perk."

"You see he thought it was an Indian's, a bare-footed Indian's," said he expansively to the room in general, "but it was a bear's"—he said it "bear's," being a native of Wisconsin. "Billy was death on bears. He used to tell us how his uncle killed a grizzly out Oregon way with a lead pencil—eh, Billy? So Billy took a Winchester and went bear hunting. 'Fore he got us to help he chased his invisible, but trembling, quarry—let me see—six weeks I think it was."

"Three days," said Billy.

"Was it?" went on the story, "we went out together and beat up a neck of woods where Billy said the bear had a nest; he said it was a grizzly with fourteen rattles. Billy himself sat waiting at the upper end. And we did start the beast. We caught a glimpse of him now and then—like a black pig scuttering through the brush.

"He shot out of the bushes into Billy's open like a waddling sky-rocket, and, not seeing Billy, he sat up to look back. But Billy! His eyes bulged out like marbles. I tell you, gentlemen, his hair rose so fast his hat went up like a clay pigeon from a trap. He dropped his gun and in two strides he waded into the bear helf-bent-for-Kaiser. Excited? He kicked, he punched, he kicked again. His uncle, with the lead pencil and the grizzly, was nothing to Billy, bare-handed, mauling that scared, black, half-grown cub. It wasn't ten seconds before the bear found the mill too hot—but was no prize fighter—and while Billy chased him into the woods, rocking him with everything he could reach, we rolled on the ground and laughed. When we came up to Billy he was sitting on the grass with his legs stuck out in front, looking at the rifle he had picked it up. And crying!

"Most of that's a lie," said Billy, "but I guess I did forget the gun," and, brightening a little, I landed him a couple of good ones, though." And we all joined the mighty laugh that went up.—World's Work.

SHREWD DOCTOR MADE HIS PATIENT WALK

All doctors are not as careful of the welfare of their patients as they might be. Here is a story of one who went the limit. He is the proprietor of a famous health resort not far from Washington. When he receives a patient for treatment he says:

"Now, I want it understood that unless you do exactly as I say, there is no use of you staying."

This rule sometimes requires him to be very harsh, but he never hesitates. He acts on the theory that he can better afford to offend a single patient and lose him than to have that patient go back home and tell his friends Doctor So-and-So has done him no good.

Not long ago a Washington clergyman went to this resort for treatment. The doctor looked him over on his arrival and said:

"While you are here you must take long walks every day."

"But I can't take walks," replied the parson, "I haven't done any walking in years. My heart won't stand it."

They argued the question, quite warmly. As the clergyman and the doctor were good friends, the latter was more forceful than usual. However, he bided his time. The next afternoon the physician said to the clergyman:

"It's a nice day. I would like you to go horseback riding with me."

Riding they went. When they were about eight miles from the sanitarium the physician said: "Say, doctor, won't you get me that flower by the roadside. I don't like to leave this horse."

As soon as the clergyman was on the ground the doctor galloped off with both horses, and the clergyman was compelled to walk back to the sanitarium. Upon his arrival he was very angry and was for packing up and leaving at once. There was no train that night so he was forced to stay a few hours longer. The next morning he was quite calm and good natured. "Doctor," said he, "I was pretty sore at you last night, but I forgive you everything. I have had the first good sleep I have enjoyed in months. Hereafter I'll obey your orders implicitly."—Washington Star.

IMPORTANCE OF REST TO THE BUSINESS MAN

There are men, and plenty of them, who start the business of the day, thinking about the business of the day, almost as soon as they are out of bed, and keep it up with scarcely an interval until they turn in at night, says the London Empress. The business of the morrow letters brought to the bedroom in the morning and the continuation of mental labor and worry into the small hours of the next morning, until sheer inability to go on compels a reluctant half-hour's sleep are evil modern phenomena that occur too often. And the hurried midday lunch is not worse for the digestion than it is for the mind, which is thus cheated of its due pause for rest.

This is certainly not the way to get most work done in the long run. The men who have put most work into their lives and been able to keep on longest at it have been men, like Mr. Gladstone, who knew the full value of absolutely banishing work from their minds for some time every day. In the height of political excitement Mr. Gladstone could always contrive to quit and politics and official business for an hour or two while he read Greek or a novel.

One man may seek his relaxation with tennis racket or a bicycle, another with a book, rather in talk than about business, but complete relaxation in some form every man should have every day. And an entire and absolute holiday, long enough to count, is no less indispensable every year. The meaning of "rest" varies with the individual; to one it is rest to climb Alps or cycle fifty miles a day, to another to lie under a tree or on the beach. But in some form the rest is inevitable, unless the breakdown is to come. The hours from which business is entirely excluded every day, the weeks from which it is entirely excluded every year, must never be neglected by the man who means to last.

In trying to get his rights many a man goes at it the wrong way.

STRANGE "FORTUNES OF WAR."

What the Boers Have Gained in the Recent Conflict.

History does not afford a parallel instance of a people who, in losing all in the hazard of war, gained so much as has the Boer race in this late terrible and protracted conflict. At the beginning of their contention with England the Boers were the most obscure and disregarded race of European stock on the face of the earth. In the very nature of things, if they had been let alone the race would have been overwhelmed and absorbed in the course of time. But the war which wasted their country, reduced their homes, broke their political independence and nearly decimated their numbers, has given to the race a new and probably a permanent lease of life. It has emphasized their nationality and established them as a special people in the world's respect, secured for them under the strongest guarantees self-government with the perpetuation of conditions calculated to preserve their laws and language, with such provision in ready money for the restoration of their homes and farms as will enable them to replace an antiquated and outworn system with one better suited to this age and to the progress of their country. No other country ever found itself prepared through defeat of such striking advantages. No race ever so established its character and secured a fixed and honorable status in the world through the process of losing its independent national existence.—Portland Oregonian.

Good Way to Make Presents.

A New York man gave his wife a check for $250,000 for a birthday present. That was a clever idea. If he had bought her jewelry or dresses or a summer, home it would have cost money, but checks don't cost more than a very small fraction of a cent each. In fact, banks give them away. A check can make just as much of an impression on the neighbors as a new piano or an automobile. Besides, it can be made as large as desirable. This giving of checks as presents is the way in which the greatest show can be made for the least money, so long as care is taken to have the checks remain in the family.

GOUT SPREADS IN AMERICA.

Causes Are Free Consumption of Malt Liquor and Lead Poisoning.

So rapid of late years has been the increase of gout in America that it can no longer be considered a rare disease. In the discussion of the subject at the meeting of the American Medical association at Saratoga, statistics of the Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, covering thirteen years, were shown in comparison with the statistics of St. Bartholomew's, London, for the same period. There are proportionately but four cases in London to every three in Baltimore.

The causes at work in this country on the production of gout are the free consumption of malt liquors and lead poisoning. Heredity was rarely shown in the Baltimore cases. In the expressive phrase of one speaker, "they earned their gout for themselves and did not inherit it." Dr. Da Costa of Philadelphia, in a treatise, especially insisted that, while well marked gout was infrequent, suppressed gout or lithemia was not rare. This latter affection is characterized by the signs of functional liver derangement some dizziness, mental gloom with cramp in the legs, and tendencies to neuralgic attacks. These symptoms are in many patients but the precursors, though in some cases the long precursors, of a regular attack of gout. Undoubtedly many cases of slight gout now masquerade as rheumatism.

Spanish Ship a White Elephant.

The navy department is in something of a quandary over the Reina Mercedes, the Spanish cruiser which was sunk in the entrance to Santiago harbor a few days after Cervera's fleet came out to meet its doom. After the war the Reina Mercedes was raised and brought north and eventually was sent to the naval station at Portsmouth, N. H. At that time it was decided to strip her and take out her machinery and convert her into a sailing ship, with the intention of using her as a training vessel. It now appears, however, that the construction bureau of the navy department questions her ability to carry sail, owing to the conformation of her hull. Acting Secretary Darling has referred the matter to the general board for an opinion.

Emperor and Czar Of Different Mold.

(Special Correspondence.)

THERE is a certain piquant interest attached to any meeting between the kaiser and the czar, owing to the fact that the two sovereigns are known to look on each other askance. It is not only that politically they are at variance—that they view whatever happens in this world of ours from diametrically opposed standpoints—but personally there is no sympathy between them. Whenever they are brought together they seem to irritate each other, to get on each other's nerves, and all the efforts they make to conceal the fact only serve to give it more emphasis. The truth is, it is a case of natural antipathy on the one side as on the other, and against that the gods themselves battle in vain.

Never were there two men who differed from each other more markedly; whatever good gifts the one has, the other has not, and vice versa. The kaiser is the veriest whirlwind, the personification of activity and unrest; he is a disturbing element wherever he goes, and he takes with him confusion and noise. The czar, on the other hand, is as the gentlest of streams; the very sound of his voice is soothing and he regards everything that smacks of roughness or haste with profound aversion.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY OF THE HOLY VIRGIN, MOSCOW.

Whereas the kaiser talks incessantly the whole day long and misses no opportunity of delivering an oration, the czar is a silent man, and never makes a speech unless he is forced—although, when he does make one, he has always something to say worth hearing.

Although the two sovereigns differ from each other on almost every other point, there is one point, the estimation in which they hold women, on which they differ more markedly than any other. There is more than a touch of the sultan in the Kaiser's attitude toward women, while the czar's is that of a knight errant. William II. looks on them as beings solely created for the benefit of man, for the express purpose of coddling him, soothing him, seeing that his dinner is properly cooked and that his children are properly cared for.

So long as they are content to play the housewife and devote themselves heart and soul to making their men folk comfortable, he treats them with a certain kindly, condescending toleration. In all relations, however, except those of wife and mother, he has for them—as befits Prince Bismarck's aptest pupil—the most thoroughgoing scorn, and he never attempts to conceal it. Woe betide them if they venture to try to play a role in the world on their own account. A clever woman is, in his majesty's eyes, an unpleasant anomaly, while the woman with a will of her own is the abomination of abominations. He never could forgive his own mother, until she was dying, for being at once clever and stronger than his father.

Nicholas of Russia.

He is firmly convinced that he personally is quite impervious so far as the sex are concerned; he boasts, indeed, that no woman has ever influenced him one iota, either for weal or for woe. In this, however, he is mistaken, for a Pole, an American and an Englishwoman have each in turn influenced him considerably, only they were much too clever to allow him to know it, and, while molding him, took care he should think that he was molder and they but as wax in his hands.

The somewhat oriental notions of the kaiser grate terribly, of course, on the czar, who is imbued with a quite chivalrous reverence for the whole feminine race, thanks, perhaps, to his passionate devotion to his mother. His whole life long Czarina Marie Feodorovna has been for him the ideal of all that on this earth is beautiful, sweet and kindly, of all that is clever and talented, too. His admiration of her is unbounded, just as his father's was before him; he idealizes her, and with her, of course, in a more or less degree, all other women.

He would scoff at the idea of their being counted as the equals of men, for the simple reason that he regards them as being the superiors. His manner towards every woman he meets, whether princess or peasant, is simply charming—there is subtle homage in his very glance. To say no to a woman, to refuse to do anything she wishes him to do, is for him quite a heart-breaking matter; and he would certainly rather cut off his right hand than to speak to her in the tone the kaiser often adopts.

With all his talents, and he certainly has great talents, with all his good qualities too, Kaiser William is not an attractive personality; for that he is too sure of himself, too much impressed with a sense of his own importance; it seems never even to occur to him that any one is to be considered but himself—that any one may possibly take amiss anything that he may say or do.

As for the czar, in spite of his failings—and he has many failings—in spite of his weaknesses, he is an eminently lovable man! he is at once so kindly and so considerate, so thoughtful for the comfort of those with whom he is brought in contact, so anxious to put the relations between them and himself on a thoroughly human footing. One might search a whole empire without finding a more humble-minded man—one more prone to exalt the ability of others at the expense of his own—than this ruler of All the Russias.

There is something quite pathetic in his mistrust of his own judgment. He is practically at the mercy of his ministers, so sure is he that they are in all respects cleverer and better informed than he is. And, unfortunately, whichever minister he has seen last is the one to whose opinion he attaches most weight. After spending an hour with M. Pobiedonostzeff, he is firmly convinced that at any cost the Orthodox church must be upheld and Russia preserved from the contaminating influences of western ideas; after spending another with M. de Witte he is inclined to think the church may be left to take care of itself, and his one wish is to promote the political and industrial development of the land, and bring it into line with the rest of Europe. While talking to a Panslav, he himself is Panslav; while talking to a reactionary, he is reactionary; and to a progressive he is progressive. None the less he is a man of ability, remarkably intelligent and fairminded. His speeches prove that he thinks clearly, and he would, no doubt, judge justly could he but be induced to rely on his own judgment. His lack of self-confidence is a real misfortune both to himself and his country—had he and the kaiser been made to go shore and share alike when this quality was being dealt out, it would be well both for Russia and for Germany, say, for all Europe.

Journalism of To-day.

Several boys were playing polo at Saratoga the other day when one of them by a mischance happened to strike a brother player on the nose and made it bleed. A few minutes later every newspaper in New York had a "special" account of the tragedy, with full details regarding the identity of the doctor, the courageous behavior of the mother, the cool and collected manner of the victim, and all because the boy with the gory nose happened to be the son of George Gould. What fools we mortals be!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Looking After Slav Miners.

Anton Ambrose, who is touring the anthracite region for the purpose of affording relief to the Slavonians, says he has $58,000 for distribution among them. Mr. Ambrose is president of the National Slavonic society.

First Picture in Toledo Art Museum.

A painting of sheep feeding by William Steelink is the first donation to the new Toledo Art Museum. Its title is "Sheep in Pasture," and it was presented by Graff M. Acklin, of Toledo.

RECORD OF THE PAST.

The best guarantee of the future is the record of the past, and over fifty thousand people have publicly testified that Doan's Kidney Pills have cured them of numerous kidney ills, from common backache to dangerous diabetes, and all the attendant annoyances and sufferings from urinary disorders. They have been cured to stay cured. Here is one case:

Samuel J. Taylor, retired carpenter, residing at 312 South Third St., Goshen, Ind., says: "On the 25th day of August, 1897, I made an affidavit before Jacob C. Mack, notary public, stating my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. I had suffered for thirty years, and was compelled at times to walk by the aid of crutches, frequently passed gravel and suffered excruciatingly. I took every medicine on the market that I heard about and some gave me temporary relief. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and the results I gave to the public in the statements above referred to. At this time, on the 19th day of July, 1902, I make this further statement that during the five years which have elapsed I have had no occasion to use either Doan's Kidney Pills or any other medicine for my kidneys. The cure effected was a permanent one."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Taylor, will be mailed on application, to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

CURING BEARS OF THEFT.

Use of Heavy Bull Whip Found to Be Effective.

Gen. Corbin, who has just returned to Washington from a trip to Yellowstone Park, tells how some bears in the park raided the Fountain House. "I investigated myself, and found that the bears had broken into the kitchen of the hotel and simply ruined all the stores, leaving the hotel and its guests without food enough for a meal. It was sidesplitting to listen to the Chinese cook attempt to describe the visit of the bears. He became excited, sputtered, grinned and squeaked, and went through all the supposed maneuvers of the beasts in his endeavor to explain the damage that had been done. It was really no laughing matter, for the proprietor of the hotel and Col. Pitcher sent men to punish the intruders." "Would they kill the bears?" Gen. Corbin was asked. "Oh, no; they would only whip them. They would take a big bull whip and lash the bears soundly. Experience has taught, so the park people say, that a good sound thrashing from a bull-whip will last a bear, either brown or grizzly, for the remainder of the season."

Instant Relief from Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Here is a case. Mr. T. Shepherd of Whitburn, Sunderland, Ohio, says: "My wife suffered severely from rheumatism, and neuralgia. She could not get one moment's rest and was nearly crazed with pain. Obtained instant relief and a permanent cure by using the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. There is no other remedy in the world that will do this. The instantaneous effect which St. Jacobs Oil produces is a part of every cure on record." St. Jacobs Oil is sold in 25 cts. and 50 cts. sizes by all druggists. The words "Acts like Magic," "Conquers Pain," which have been used in connection with St. Jacobs Oil for more than 50 years are wonderfully and truly descriptive.

KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

Colored Man Missed Usual Greeting from Admiral Evans.

When Admirals Evans and Schley were both assigned to duty on the Lighthouse Board, which convenes in rooms at the Treasury Department in Washington, the Philadelphia Post relates, the colored messenger at the door one morning stopped Admiral Schley.

"I wish," said the darky, "you would speak a kind word to Com'dore Evans for me. He's done got it in for me."

"You must be mistaken, George," Schley replied. "I happen to know that Commodore Evans, like the rest of us, thinks highly of your distinguished services."

"Oh, I'se sure," persisted the colored man, "that Com'dore Evans don't like me no more."

"What makes you think so?" demanded Schley.

"Well," explained the messenger, "usually when Com'dore Evans arrives in the mornin' he says, 'Hello, George, you blankety-blank-blank fool! How are you?' but dis mornin' he done say merely, 'Hello, George!' The com'dore must surely taken a powerful dislike to me."

In Bed Three Months.

Oolitic, Ind., Sept. 15.—Mr. W. A. Terry of this place suffered for months with a very severe case of Kidney Trouble.

He was so very bad that he was almost confined to his bed for three months.

He tried many medicines but he could not get any relief till he commenced to use a remedy introduced here some time ago as a cure for Kidney Trouble, the name of which is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Terry says that the second day after commencing to use this remedy he could notice a very marked improvement in his condition and in a short time he was able to go about again.

He is naturally filled with gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the immense amount of good they have done him and says:

"I would recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to every sufferer from kidney or bladder trouble, for from my experience I am sure they are the best medicine to be had for all diseases of this nature."

Never borrow trouble. If the evil is not to come, it is useless, and so much waste; if it is to come, best keep all your strength to meet it.—Tryon Edwards.

For forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been curing summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa, bloody flux, pain in the stomach, and it has never yet failed to do everything claimed for it.

Walter is an old German word, meaning Conqueror.