

THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain.
Alas! too quickly did they wane,
For each some boon, some blessing bore;
Of smiles and tears each had its store,
Its checkered lot of bliss and pain.
Although it idle be and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore,
The sweet, sad years!
Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can o'er the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again,
The sweet, sad years."
—Rev. Charles D. Ball.

DUALLA.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

While proceeding to Zanzibar in February, 1879, in the chartered steamer Albion, we stopped at Aden to take in coal. Presently a bright Somali youth, who had paddled his own canoe, swung himself aboard our ship, and, after making fast his little craft with a lanyard, accosted me with, "Want a boy, sir?"
"No."
"Me good boy, sir. Do anything."
"No, thank you."
"I hear you go to Africa, and want men. I been to America, been fore the mast, been coachman, been butler in Brooklyn, with Mr. Hines. I'd like to go with you, sir."
"Why, you are quite a prodigy! How old are you?"
"Seventeen, sir."
I now examined him closely. He was a tall, shapely, comely, intelligent young man, with curly silk hair and a look of "quite ready for anything" about him.
"Well, what wages do you want?"
"Anything you like to give, sir. Dollar, two dollar, three dollar a month. You find out yourself by-m-by what I worth. If I'm no good, no money."
"Why, you are extraordinary; I'll give you ten shillings a month, and we shall see afterward. Eh?"
"Aw-right, sir."
And upon these terms Dualla, the Somali boy, entered my service. For several months I did not pay much heed to him. There had been no occasion for any exhibition of superior ability or courage. I observed, however, that on Sunday Dualla attracted every eye by his splendor and variegated colors of his dress. One time he would resemble a young Genoese dandy, another day he would astonish us by a rich Mussulman attire, the next he would emerge from his cabin in a Zanzibar, in tarboosh and khausa, but always exceedingly trim and clean. Still we had several smart young Zanzibaris, who, though not such equisites as Dualla, were, nevertheless, favorites for their intelligence and dash, and as yet there was no chance for promotion.
One day new rifles were served to Company No. 1. They were taught how to manipulate them, and how to disconnect their parts. Finally a target was set up at a point blank range, and a prize was offered to the best shot, and in order to show the Zanzibaris what good shooting was, five European officers were requested to step forward and exhibit their skill. But, to my shame, not one white man hit the target. Dualla was called upon. Straight as an arrow he stood a second and fired, plugging the target near the center.
A few weeks later while engaged on the high-way for the wagons. I wished to make an "indent" for provisions on the Main Depot below, and asked the commissariat officer how many rations he had distributed that morning. He took out his note book and turned the leaves over backward and forward so often that at last I got impatient and said:
"Do you mean to say you do not remember how many rations you are daily serving out?"
"I'll tell you directly, sir." I waited pen in hand for another five minutes. My time was valuable; every minute was precious.
"Here, Dualla," I at last cried. "Tell this gentleman how many rations he served out this morning," never suspecting that he did know, but as an indirect chaff at the commissariat.
"One hundred and forty-eight, sir. One hundred and forty-eight pounds rice, one hundred and forty-eight pounds beans," he replied.
"How do you know," I asked, astonished.
"I help weigh them, sir."
"That will do, thank you."
At Stanley Pool an officer requested the loan of our new steamer barge that he might proceed up river and visit his friends at the next station.
The steel boat pulled twelve oars and, completely equipped and launched on the Upper Congo, had cost us about \$800. It was lent with an injunction that on his return he should draw her up carefully on the beach out of harm's way and padlock her chain. The Lieutenant faithfully promised, went up river, and on coming back reported himself and assured me of the security of the boat.
The next morning the boat was needed for special service. But she was not on the beach, and no one knew what had become of her.
The Lieutenant was questioned, and it was discovered that he had given the orders for securing the boat, but had not waited to see his orders carried out. The crew, it then transpired, had simply rowed her ashore, and each man had sprung out and gone to his own mess. It was then obvious to all of us that the surge from the Great Cataract, which was but two miles below, had entered

the cove, lifted the boat clear of the strand, and receding toward the terrible vortex, had borne her away with all her equipment aboard.
Though it appeared hopeless we should ever hear of the boat again, four several triplets of messengers were dispatched in as many directions across country to warn the natives down river and offer rewards for her recovery; and I set off with Dualla and another toward the Great Cataract of Kintamo, over the hill of Leopoldville.
On reaching the summit overlooking the cataract, Stretch, one of the young attendants, with his sharp eyes, detected the boat about midstream, stranded upon a reef, the lower part of which seemed to hang over the edge of the roaring cataract. With my glass I could see her like a tiny speck compared to the mile-wide river. Above the reef the puissant Congo was treacherously placid, but we, who had so often crossed it two miles above the station within view of the gulf, had often occasion to dread its terrible velocity, and below the reef it was all a scene of remorseless fury, a countless series of tossing waves and spray crowned crests, and here and there veritable towers which were no sooner formed than they seemed to be swung bodily into the air, to be followed by others. The eye was fascinated by the wild picture of tremendous strength and incessant rage which the Great Cataract furnished at this view of it. One could gaze at it for hours, for its suggestion of ceaseless passion, power and its awful engulfingness, while its hoarse roar is in fit volume accompaniment to the watery howl.
I sat down and studied the river above the reef. From our side the boat was quite seven hundred yards, and about one thousand yards from the opposite bank. The low rock on which she lay was probably fifty yards in width, and rose about a foot above the water, and by one of those surges caused by the vicinity of the cataract and shifting currents the boat had doubtless been swayed aside and rested in what appeared to be the beginning of a groove or a channel. Various plans were vaguely formed for saving her, but were dismissed, owing to the imminent danger. A foot rise in the river would sweep the boat over the reef into certain destruction.
We returned to the station. At our beach were a paddle steamer and a canoe. We set a mark by driving a peg at the water line, and resolved to wait and see whether the river rose or fell.
Twenty hours later the river had subsided six inches. I went back to the hill of Leopoldville. The boat was higher out of the water, the reef was larger and extended further up the river in a low gray tongue of rock. That was one great comfort.
On the third day the river had subsided several inches more; the reef was still larger. Dualla was by my side, and looking at the river I conceived a plan which I audibly revealed, saying that, "If I were younger and had not so many responsibilities on me I could save her. I would have liked such a job. But whom have I that could be trusted for a delicate task as this? And if a single life were lost I should never forgive myself. Yet if I had a man who could remember instructions and obey them to the letter that boat would be in our cove in a short time."
"Can I do it, sir?" asked Dualla, as though I had been addressing him.
"You, sho! I was thinking of a daring young officer who could learn his lesson by heart, and act according. What could you do?"
"I could try, sir."
"No doubt you could try, my boy; but it wants a head as well as a bold heart here."
"Well, sir, I do not see myself how anybody could get to that boat. I think she is already lost, for she is only five yards from the cataract, and long before we could get to the reef we should be over the falls, as the current flows like a flying arrow. But how do you think, sir, any one could get there?"
"Well, the thing is easy, provided one was sure of his crew. I would take that new coil of Manila rope which is in our store room and which is 300 yards long, and I would tie one end of it to our steamer anchor. I would then choose the best canoe men in the camp, man our canoe at the beach, strike out boldly for the centre of the river from our cove, and when I saw that the boat and reef were directly below me I would steer straight toward them. When about two hundred and fifty yards above the reef point I would then drop my anchor and pay out the hawser half its length. The other half, after making fast at the bow of the canoe, I would pay out along the length of the canoe, make fast at the stern, and then the best man should swim down to the boat with the other end of the rope and make it fast to the ring bolt at the boat's bow. Then the rest of the crew would float down by the rope to the reef, and all hands, after putting an oar under her bow, would roll the boat up bit by bit over the reef until she was afloat. All the crew, except the steersman, would then haul themselves hand over hand to the canoe, and when all were aboard would haul the boat abreast of the canoe. Then I would transfer all the crew, except the steersman, into the boat, and, pulling up boat and canoe until the anchor was near strip, seat everybody in his place with every oar out and ready; then, at a word, lift the anchor into the boat, and we should fetch up well above the Cataract. Do you see what I do you think of that, Dualla?"
"Oh, I can do that perfectly," cried Dualla.
"Nonsense, my lad; you would forget every word I said, and then I should lose you; for no boat can live in that cataract."
"No, sir, I feel I can do it; and, if you leave it to me, it will be done."
"Very well, then; but take your time and think of it. Take all day and think of it. The river is falling steadily and the rainy season is over. Now, I should

like to hear first whether you can remember what I said." And Dualla, with his wonderful memory, repeated the operation word for word as I had described it. After that Dualla was left to himself for the day, and when I retired for the night I had heard no word.
The next morning, while I was taking my bath, I heard a great shout in the station, and looking out of the window, I saw the Zanzibaris rushing frantically to the beach. They were shortly after seen marching in procession to my house with Dualla hoisted high, and seated like a hero on their shoulders. At the door I met them, and, gravely taking off my cap, said, "Good morning, Mr. Dualla." Dualla leaped smartly to the ground, and saluting, said, "The boat is at the beach, sir."
"Thank you, Dualla; there are three cheques for you, for \$25 each. One is from Lieutenant —, who was the cause of the great danger you have been put to; the second is on behalf of the International Association, for saving their property; the third is from myself, for your bravery."
Out of the jaws of death,
Out of the mouth of hell,
Thank God!"
Dualla performed many other brilliant feats, but after six years' service with me on the Congo he had \$400 pounds in Bank of England stock and a complete kit. He subsequently took service with Captain James in his expedition through Somaliland, and later was employed by Mr. G. S. Mackenzie, of the I. B. E. A. Company, in East Africa, at a salary of £15 per month. He is the same Dualla who is mentioned so often and so creditably in Captain Lugard's dispatches as having assisted him so loyally and so cleverly in his negotiations with the Mahomedans of Uganda.—Pall Mall Budget.

A Bird's Eye View of Dahomey.

Although previously but little known to outsiders, Dahomey has been brought by the recent French invasion into the light of the world's attention. It will, therefore, be timely to call to mind some of the more important features of this African State, a few of which are here given:
"Dahomey, situated on the western coast of Africa, comprises an area of 4000 square miles, and reaches from the Yoruba States on the east to Ashanti on the western boundary, which is marked by the river Volta. On the north lies the Wanga territory. Once the largest and most powerful kingdom on the slave coast, it has been greatly reduced by long and disastrous wars with neighboring States. Its population is estimated at 250,000. The capital is Abomey, in the interior, and its seaport is Whydah, seventy miles away.
"The monarchy, founded early in the Seventeenth Century, is of an absolute type, King Behanzin maintaining, besides ordinary soldiery, the now famous body guard of 6000 Amazons, or female troops, who are well disciplined and formidable warriors. The natives, who are fetish worshippers and of pure African blood, are industrious farmers, producing and exporting maize, cattle, ivory, Indian rubber and the best palm oil made in Upper Guinea. The hostilities with France first began in 1890, arising from the disputed stations, on the South coast, of Porto Novo and Kotonu. A peace was concluded in October of that year, but lasted only until this summer.
"In spite of their extreme barbarism the Dahomeyans were found by the French to possess the arms of modern warfare. They have been accustomed to practice cruel outrages upon travelers and missionaries in the past, and their subjugation by France, after a most stubborn resistance, is a matter of congratulation to the civilized world.—Mail and Express.

Photographing Vowel Sounds.

At the recent International Congress of Physiology at Liege, Professor Herman demonstrated his method of photographing the sound of vowels. The vowels were sung out before one of Edison's phonographs. Immediately afterward they were reproduced very slowly, and the vibrations recorded by a microphone. The latter was furnished with a mirror, which reflected the light of an electric lamp upon a registering cylinder, covered with sensitized paper and protected by another cylinder with a small opening which gave passage to the rays of light from the reflector. By this means was obtained very distinct photographic traces, and the constancy was remarkable for the different letters.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tracing the Name "Chess."

The word "chess" is said to be a corruption of the Arabic word "shahk," meaning chief or king. The game came westward by way of Persia, where the word shahk became shah. It was the game of the king. The term "check" is merely to give notice that the king is attacked, and "checkmate" means "the king is dead;" the verb mata being from the same root as the Spanish matador, the slayer of the bull. The word check, whether verb or noun, may be traced through several curious ramifications back to the Persian and Arabic. Even the word exchequer is curiously tangled up in this verbal network.—Churchman.

Marvels of Shoemaking.

The Boston Globe says that in a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the last, two rands, twelve heel pieces, two sole linings, twenty upper pieces, thirty tacks, twelve nails in the heels and twenty buttons, to say nothing of thread, both silk and flax, but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single completed work, for, as an experiment, some shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and, as a test, a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.



LAND PLASTER FOR STABLES.

Professor Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, says on the subject of land plaster in stables: "We use constantly on our floors a liberal quantity of land plaster or gypsum, which has three effects: (1) It fixes the ammonia and makes the manure more valuable. (2) It sweetens the stable, absorbing bad odors. (3) It gives the stable a better appearance and looks neat and tidy. In fact, an hour after our cows are turned out you would scarcely know that a cow had been in. This is accomplished by a liberal use of plaster and whitewash. Both are cheap."

SOOT TEA FOR PLANTS.

One of the best fertilizers for pot plants is soot. It not only nourishes the plant, but keeps the soil sweet, will destroy all worms and insects, and even rot the green fly. It is best used in a liquid form. One tablespoonful of soot to two quarts of warm water is a simple way of making the tea. If one desires to make it in larger quantities, put into a vessel holding fifteen gallons of water a half peck of soot, and stir twice a day for a week. Probably the better way is to tie the soot in a coarse bag, which is large enough to let the soot swell and move about inside it. Throw the bag into the water and allow it to soak, moving it about occasionally, or pressing it with a stick to extract the strength. As the water is used out fresh can be added as long as any soot remains. Give the plants light doses of the tea once or twice a week. Dilute if too strong, because if used in too thick a state it will make the surface soil too hard and dry.
Soot mixed with twice its bulk of dry earth may be used for a top dressing in the garden with good results.—New York World.

ELASTIC STUMPS.

The reasonable prejudice against the common use of dynamite for any kind of work on a farm, or by inexperienced persons, makes it desirable to use the common black powder for such purposes. This is not really so safe as the dynamite when in the hands of experts, but safer otherwise, and persons generally understand it better. To break up stumps with blasting powder proceed as follows: Bore a hole 1 1/2 inches wide into the centre of the stump in such a direction as to reach the middle of it near the root; charge it in the usual manner, using plenty of powder, one foot in depth at least for a large stump; procure a screw with a hole through it for the fuse, and a square head by which it may be screwed down on to the powder. Fire the fuse, and the stump will be shattered so that it can easily be taken out in pieces. A lookout for the screw should be made when the explosion takes place, and it may be picked up and used again. It may be well to put some dry sand on the powder under the screw. It is most often the case that the screw remains in the wood and can be split out of it.—New York Times.

HOYS TO CHEAPEAN FEEDS.

The prices of feed bid fair to be high the coming winter, and such will continue to be the case every winter, as long as there is such a tremendous demand for all sorts of millstuffs, on the part of dairy farmers, all over this broad land. The dairymen are all right in their ideas of feeding well, but all their ideas are not growing more of their own feed. What is way down to the lowest notch we have seen in thirty years, and bran climbing up in price every day. We are not certain but those farmers who are well situated to do it had better buy the wheat by the car load and get it ground at the custom mill, and feed the bran and middlings, selling the flour for what they can realize.
If we were in Northern Dakota or Minnesota we would not sell wheat at fifty cents a bushel, if we had good cows to feed it to, and butter thirty-one cents a pound in Chicago. We believe there are four pounds of butter in a bushel of wheat fed to a good cow, with good roughage in addition. But whether in the Dakotas or New York, everywhere the dairy farmer is at the mercy of the feed vender. This would not be so if the majority set seriously to work to produce their own feed, in some form or other. The mischief is, the most of farmers stop feed when prices of feed go high, no matter what the price of butter is. What a lot of education we all do need on this feed question. There is so little real figuring—so little really studied out by the dairy farmers by which they can figure. The way to bring down the price of feed stuff is for more farmers to go at growing peas and silage corn. Not one man in a thousand knows what he could do if he should try.—Hoard's Dairyman.

TO KEEP BUTTER.

To keep butter several months it is necessary that the butter be perfectly well made and be completely freed from all traces of the buttermilk, or this will quickly spoil it. It must then be packed without delay in air-proof packages; a glazed crock or jar is a good package, or a new, clean white oak or spruce tub, with a tight-fitting cover. This is first soaked with water and a little soda to remove any acid of the wood. It is then well scalded and soaked with salt water. Then it is rinsed with pure cold water and sprinkled with fine salt on the inside. The butter is then packed in solidly, each layer of four inches being well packed, to leave no air spaces, and sprinkled with fine salt. Then another

The Arctic Highlanders.

The Arctic Highlanders are, from their environment, a nomadic race. They rarely have their summer abiding place where their winter settlements are, and the dwellings for the two seasons are of entirely different character. Their winter huts, or igloos, are of two kinds of construction. Those for temporary use while traveling are built of snow or ice. Those for permanent use are located where the fierce northwest winds are tempered by great cliffs, and are built of stone; an entrance to each is had through a long, low tunnel, and both are covered by turf. The interiors are about six feet square and high, and lined with skins, with the fur outward. One-half the interior is taken up by a platform on which the family sleep and sit, and the other half is used as a receptacle for all kinds of fith and refuse. In these constricted quarters five, six and sometimes more Eskimos swelter in a terrific heat from a small oil lamp, and enjoy themselves during the long arctic night, which lasts from the first week in November to the middle of February. This enjoyment consists in eating, sleeping and visiting.
As soon as the spring thaws begin, the roofs of the stone igloos are taken off to allow the elements to cleanse the interiors, and the occupants betake themselves to tupics, or skin tents, set up perhaps miles from their winter habitations. These tupics are made of sealskin with the fur all scraped off, and all are made exactly alike, and of the same number of pieces. The interiors are fitted up the same as the igloos and are nearly as filthy. Indeed, fith and vermin seem a necessary accompaniment of the Eskimos. Water for washing purposes they detest with great heartiness. I believe a cat could be persuaded to submit to a washing more readily than an Arctic Highlander. Only a bribe of uncommon value will tempt one to undertake a bath. I tried the experiment on a woman at "Red Cliff House," Mr. Peary's winter quarters on one occasion, and it was only when I offered a thimble that the protesting and almost tearful creature consented. Crawling slowly to a near by stream she dipped one hand in the water and hurriedly rubbed it on her face from her eyes to her chin, and then scrambled back to the house as fast as her feet could carry her, where she wiped the objectionable liquid off on a towel belonging to one of Mr. Peary's companions, and demanded her reward. Her face looked a little brighter, but the accumulated dirt of years still remained on and behind her ears.—New York Independent.

An Italian Duchess has sold her jewels for \$600,000, and is using the money to build a children's hospital at Milan.

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