

The Transvaal War

CONDITIONS AT LADYSMITH.

TROOPS GAINING STRENGTH AND ARE CONFIDENT.

The correspondent of the Associated Press at Ladysmith, from which place he escaped February 10th, and arrived at Durban February 14th, sends the following, written before he left Ladysmith:—

"Since the furious cannonade in the early part of the week, quietness has reigned. The hills on which the relief column's Lyddite shells were bursting in hundreds a few days previously, are now only occupied by grazing cattle. Further away on the north side of Spion Kop, the Boers laagers can be seen evidently bigger than before, showing they have no idea at present of retiring from their position.

Much disappointment is felt at the non-appearance of Gen. Buller, as from the severity of the fire every heart was glowing with hope and excitement at the prospect of immediate relief, not that we are at all in the blues, for every one capable shouldering a rifle is confident of our ability to hold the town against any force the Boers are capable of putting in the field. Still the continued diet of horse and mule flesh is getting monotonous, although the health of the place, taking everything into consideration, is better than could be expected. Enteric fever and dysentery have abated. The camp fever is not virulent, but is slightly increasing. The scarcity of vegetables is very trying to the troops. Luxuries are beyond the reach of most of us. Oranges are 26 shillings a dozen. A small fowl is eighteen shillings and sixpence; pumpkins twelve shillings each; small vegetable marrow six shillings; a tin of jam twelve shillings and sixpence; a tin of milk seven shillings and sixpence a box of sardines three shillings; tobacco ninety shillings a pound. A case of whiskey was raffled for £145.

"The Boers are smuggling tobacco into camp through natives. A local factory is turning out excellent horse sausages and another is making mulline soup which is much appreciated by the troops, who certainly have increased in strength since they were served out."

The escape of the Associated Press correspondent was most adventurous and arduous. Leaving Ladysmith the evening of February 10th, he glided by a patrol, who fired upon him. Escaping the patrol he crawled 26 miles over the roughest and stoniest paths, hiding in native huts and kraals during the day and proceeding at night. Once a Boer patrol came to the door of the hut where he was hidden under blankets. He swam the Tugela river and reached Chieveley the morning of February 13, where he took a train for Durban.

A TRIBUTE FROM PERU.

In an editorial of one of the leading newspapers of Peru the editor, Senor Arambura, says:—

"It is impossible to deny that the majority of the Peruvians sympathize with the Boers, because they are suffering from the effects of the depredations of a powerful adversary. It is necessary, however, to reflect on the consequences that would follow the victory of the Boers. On the one hand, Great Britain is a free democratic nation and an example of political morality and commercial greatness and progress. This nation's original lot was an arid island, but the inhabitants cultivated their rocky ground, learned to build ships, to ride the waves and to extend their commerce. To-day theirs is the greatest empire in the universe, the admiration of the world. On the other hand should Great Britain succumb, the outcome would be Muscovite absolutism—a return to slavery and vassalage and an eclipse to human progress. Moreover, Peru owes deep gratitude to Great Britain, who, as Prime Minister, George Canning, was the first to recognize the republic's independence, while Cochrane, Miller, and O'Higgins fought for the cause, and London has given many loans to provide capital for the commerce, the industries, the progress and the advancement of Peru."

An Interesting Case.

Mr. W. G. Phyll, proprietor of Bodega Hotel, 36 Wellington Street East, Toronto, says:—"While living in Chicago I was in a terrible state with itching and bleeding piles, I tried several of the best physicians and was burnt and tortured in various ways by their treatment to no avail, besides spending a mint of money to no purpose. Since coming to Toronto I learned of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used but one box and have not been troubled with piles in any shape or form since."

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Question Unanswered.

A certain grocer on the hill has for some days been looking for the owner of a voice that claimed his attention at the telephone one busy morning. When he finds the man, the meeting will furnish material for an interesting item, and the following dialogue explains itself:

The Voice—Hello, there! Is that you, Charles?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Have you any salt fish?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Is it fresh?

Grocer—Yes; came in this morning.

The Voice—Cod or pollock?

Grocer—Got both. Which do you want?

The Voice—Well, I don't know. Is the pollock good and dry?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Well, why don't you give it a drink, then?

At this point the grocer brought the colloquy to a sudden termination with a remark that would be out of place in polite society and therefore unfit for publication.—Portland (Or.) Argus.

Mice as Food in China.

The first thing which strikes the traveler in China upon his entrance into any of the many cities of the Celestial empire is the strings of dried mice which hang from the roofs of the houses suspended by their tails, just as sausages are hung in front of butcher shops in France.

The Chinese hunt these mice with a long, sharp pointed knife, which they plunge into the animals' throats. Then the mice are suspended by the tails until the blood has dripped out, when they are skinned, drawn and smoked.

Another favorite dish with the Chinese is dogs' feet. The feet of black dogs are considered more of a delicacy than those of any other color, and white dogs are rejected as being tasteless. Dogs' fat, prepared in a special manner, is looked upon as a repast fit for a king.

Going to Bed in India.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is no shutting the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going up stairs and finally no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with webbing laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed. That's all.—Scottish American.

It Still Worked.

"No," she answered coldly. "I cannot marry a man who carries a rabbit's foot for luck."

For a moment he contemplated her in intense silence, but only for a moment. "Who," he exclaimed, "now can doubt the efficacy of the rabbit's foot after this?"

Then he left her forever, pausing only to laugh the wild, mirthless laugh which was suitable to the occasion.—Detroit Journal.

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