I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child mind choked with weed The daughter's heart grows willful, And the father's heart that bleeds!

No. no! from the street's rude bustle, From trophles of mart and stage, it would fly to the woods' low rustle, And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river. And be eved for the dream alway; For a dreamer rives ferever, And a toiler dies in a day.

THE CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

Ernest went on rubbing for a minute Ernest went on rubbing for a minute or more, but without producing the slightest effect. He was in despair. The beautiful face beneath him looked so wan and death like; all the red had left the lips. In his distress and scarcely knowing what he did, he bent over them and kissed them once, twice, thrice. This mode of restoration is not recommended in the medicine-chest would be a support of the statement when the statement was not a support of the statement was not a support of the statement when the statement was not a support of the statement was not a support of the statement was not a support of the statement when the statement was not a support of the statement was not a support of the statement was not a support of the statement when the statement was not a support of the statement was not a support of the statement of the guide," but in this instance it was not wishout its effect. Presently a faint and remulous glow diffused itself over the pale cheek; in another moment it deepened to a most unmistakable blush. (Was it a half. ousness of Ernest's new method of treatment, or merely the returning blood that produced that blush? Let us not in-quire) Next she sighed, opened her eyes

"Ob, you are not dead."
"No, I don't think so, but I can't quite
"No, I don't think so, but I can't quite
remember. What was it? Ab, I know!" some horrid sight. Presently she opened them again. "You have saved my life," she said. "If it had not been for you, I should now have been lying crushed at the foot of that deadful cliff. I am so grateful." At shat moment Dorothy came back with a listle water in Ernest's black hat, for in her burry she had spilled most of it. "Here, drink come of this," she said.

Eva tried to do so, but a billycook hat very convenient drinking vessel til he swallowed. But what she got down did her good. She put down the hat and they all three laughed a little. It was so funny

drinking out of an old hat.

"Were you long down there before we came?" asked Dorothy.

"No, not long; only about half a minute on that dreadful bulge."

"Wast on earth did you go there for?" asked Ernest, putting his dripping hat on asked Ernest.

asked Ernest, putting his dripping hat on his head for the sun was hot.

"I wanted to see the bones. I am very active, and thought that I could get up quite safely; but sand is so slippery. Ob, I forgot clock here," and she pointed to a thin ord that was tied to her wrist.

What is that?" Why, it is tied to such an odd lead bo that I found in the sand. Mr. Jones said the other day that he thought it was a bit of an old coffin, but it is not, it is a lead box -I thought I might want it getting down, you know-so I tied one end of it to the

"Let us pull it up," said Ernest, unfastening the cord from Eva's wrist and begin

ning to tug. But the case was too heavy for him to lift alone. Indeed, it proved as much as they could all three manage to drag it to the top. However, up it came at less. Ernest examined it carefully and came to the cone u sion that it was very ancient. The massive iron handle at the top of the oblong cast was almost eaten through with rust and the lead itself was much corroded, although from fragments that still clung to it, it was

"This is quite excising," said Eva, who was now sufficiently interested to forget all about her escape. "What can be in it? Treasure or papers, I should think." "I don's know," said Ernest, "I should hardly think that they would bury such things in a churchyard. Perhaps it is a small haby."

where it had lain for centuries.

"Erness," broke in Dorothy in an agitated way, "I don't like that thing. I can't tell you why, but I am sure it is unlucky. I wi-h that you would throw it back to where tated way, "I don't like that thi

it came from, or into the sea. It is a horrid thing and we have nearly lost our lives ove it already."
"Nonsense, Doll! Whoever thought that

you were so superstitious? Why, perhaps it is full of money or jewels. Let's take it me and open it. "I am not superstitious, and you can take it home if you like. I will not touch it.

1 sell you is a horrid thing."

"All right, Doll, then you sha'n't have a share of the spoil. Miss Ceswick and I will divide it. Will you help me to carry it to the house, Miss Ceswick? That is, unless

you are afraid of it, like Doll.' Oh, no," she answered, "I am not raid. I am dying of curiosity to see

- CHAPTER X. WHAT EVA FOUND.

"You are sure you are not too tired?" said Ernest after a moment's consideration.
"No, indeed; I have quite recovered," she answered with a blush

she answered with a blush.

Ernest blushed, too, from sympathy, probably, and went to pick up a bough thatlay beneath a stunted oak tree which grew in the ruins of the Abbey, on the spot where once the altar had atood. This he ran through the iron handle, and, directing Eva to catch hold of one end, he took the other himself and they started for the house, Darnhy marching selematy in front. Dorothy marching solemnly in front. As it happened, Jeremy and Mr. Cardus

were strolling along together smoking when suddenly they caught sight of the cavalcade advancing, and hurried to mees, it. "What is all this?" asked Mr. Cardus of Dorothy, who was now nearly fifty yards ahead of the other two.

"Well, Reginsid, it is a long story. First we found Eva Ceswick slipping down the cliff, and pulled her up juss in time." "My luck again," shought Jeremy groangin pirit. "I might have sat on the ge of shat cliff for ten years and never got a chance of pulling her up."
"Then we pulled up that horrid box which she found down in the sand and tied

"Yes," exclaimed Ernest, who was now arriving, "and would you believe it Doro. thy wanted us to throw it back again! I know I did. I sail that it was un-

lucky and it i unlucky."
"N nee se Dor thy! It is very in eresetting. I expens that i will be found to contain deeds oursed in the courany and for eafers and over dug up again," croke in Mr Cardus much increased "Let me catch hold of that suck, Mr.-s Ceswick a d I dare say that Jeremy will go on and get a hammer and a cold chiest and we will soon solve the mystery.

y well, Reginald, you will see. Mr. Cardus glanced at her. It was curi-cus her taking such an idea. Then they proceeded to the house. On reaching the sitting-room they found Jeremy already there with his hammer and chisel. He was an admirable amateur blacksmith. Indeed, there were few manual trades of which he did not know a little, and, placing the case on the table, he set about the task of open-

on the table, he set about the task or opening it in a most workmanlike manner.

The lead, though it was in places eaten
quite away, was still thick and sound near
the edges, and it took him a good quarter of
an hour's hard chopping to remove what
appeared to be the front of the case. Excisement was at its height as it fell forward with a bang on the table, but it was then found that what had been removed was merely a portion of an outer case, there being beneath it an inner chest, also of lead.
"Well," said Jeremy, "they fastened it up pretty well," and then he set to work again.

This inner skin of lead was thinner an This inner skin of lead was thinner and easier to out than the first had been and he got through the job more quickly, though not nearly quickly enough for the impatione of the bystanders. At less the front fell out and disclosed a small cabinet made of solid pices of black oak and having a hinged door, which was fastened by a tiny latch and have of the common pattern, that is probably as old as doors are From this cabinet there came a strong odor of spices. The excitement was now intense, and The excitement was now intense, and seemed to be shared by everybody in the house. Grice had come in through the swing door and stationed herself in the

nammeriog, had strolled almiesely in.

'Whas can it be?' said Eva_with a gasp.

Slowly Jeremy extracted the cabinet from
its leaden coverings and set it on the table.

'Shall I open it?' he said, and, suiting
he action to the word, he lifted the latch nd placing his chisel between the edge of ne little door and its frame, pried the

The smell of spices became more pronounced than ever, and for a moment the sloud of dust that came from them as their reagments rolled out of the exhinet on to the table, prevented the spectators who, all but Dorothy, were crowding up to the car from seeing what it contained. Presently, however, a large whitish bundle became visible. Jeremy put in his hand, pulled it out and laid it on the top of the box. It was heavy. But when he had done this he did not seem inclined to go any farther in the matter. The bundle had, he considered, an ungany look.

an uncanny look.

At that moment an interruption tool place, for Florence Ceswick entered through the open door. She had come up to see Dorothy and was astonished to find such a

gathering.
"Wny, what is it all about?" she asked.
Somebody told her in as few words as
possible, for everybody's attention was concentrated on the bundle, which nobody seemed inclined to touch. 'Well, why don't you open it?" asked

Florence.
"I think that they are all afraid," said Mr. Cardus with a laugh.

He was watching the various expression

on the faces with an amused air.
"Well, I am not afraid, at any rate," said
Fiorence. "Now, ladies and gentlamen, the
Gorgon's head is about to be unveiled. Look the other way or you will all be turned to

stone."
"This is getting delightfully ghastly,"
said Eva to Ernest.
"I know that it will be something hor-

rid,' added Dorothy.

Meanwhile Florence had drawn out a
heavy pin of ancient make, with which the
wrapping of the bundle was fastened, and wrapping of the budde was tableted, and begun to unwind a long piece of dissolored linen. At the very first turn another shower of spiece fell out. As soon as these had been swept aside, Florence proceeded slowly with her task, and as she removed old after fold of the linen the bundle bega

to take shape and form, and the shape it took was that of a human head. Eva saw it and drew closer to Ernest; eremy saw it and felt inclined to bolt; Dorothy saw it and knew that her presenti-ments as to the disagreeable nature of the contents of that unlucky case were coming true; Mr. Oardus saw it and was more interested than ever. Only Florence and hard-riding Atterleigh saw nothing. Another turn or two of the long winding, sheet and it slipped suddenly away from

whatever it inclo There was a moment's dead silence the company regarded the object thus left open to their gaze. Then one of the women gave a low cry of fear, and, actuated by some common impulse, they all turned and broke from the room in terror, and calling, "It is alive!" No, not all. Florence turned pale, but she stood there by the object, the winding sheet in her hand; and old Atterleigh also remained staring at it, eithe

paralyzed or fascinated. It, too, seemed to stare at him from it print of vantage on the oak chest in which s had rested for so many centuries.

And this was what he sawthere upon the box. Let the reader imagine the face and head of a lovely woman of some thirty years of age, the latter covered with rippling brown locks of great length, above which was set a roughly fashioned coronet studded with upout gems. Let him imagine this face, all but the lips, which were colored red, pale with the bloodless pallor of death and the fish so firm and fresh-looking that it might have been that of a corpse not a day old; so firm, indeed, that the head and all its pendant weight of beautiful hair could stand on the unshrunken base of the neck which, in some far past age, cold steel had made so smooth. Then let him imagine the crowning horror of that weird sigh). The eyes of a corpse are shut, but the eyes in this head were wide open, and the long, black lashes, as perfect now as on the day of death, hung over what appeared, when the light struck them, to be two bal of trembling are, that glittered and rolled and fixed themselves upon the face of the and fixed themselves upon the face of the observer like living human eyes. It was these awful eyes that carried such terror to the hearts of the on-lookers when they cas

their first glance around and made them no unnaturally cry out that it was alive. It was not until be had made a very car ul examination of these flery orbs that Mr Cardus was afterward able to discover what Cardus was afterward able to discover what they were, and as the reader may as well understand at once that this head had nothing about it different from any other skillfully preserved head, he shall be taken into confidence without delay. They were balls of crystal fitted, probably with the aid of elender springs, into the eye-sockets with such infernal art that they shock and tremsuch infernal art that they shook and trem-bled at the slightest sound, and even on occasion rolled about. The head itself, halso discovered, had not been embalmed it ated discovered, and not occur extending the brain and filling the cavity with spices or btumen, but had been preserved by means of the injection of silica, or some kindred sub-tance, into the brain, veins and arteries, which, after permeating all the flash, had solidified and made it like marble. Some brilliant pigment had been used to give the lips their natural color and the hair had been preserved by means of the spices. But, perhaps, the most dreadful thing about this relie of forgotten ages was the mocking smile that the artist who "set it up" had managed to preserve upon the face, a smile that just drew the lips up enough to show he whire teeth beneath, and gave the ides that its wearer had died in the full enjoy-ment of some mylicious jest or triumph I was a terrible thing to look on, that long-dead besurful face, with its abundant hair is crowning caronet, its moving crysta

speciand is and let and yet there was some thing a wfully fascing about it. Those who had seen it once would always long to Mr. C rdus had fled with the rest, but as soon as he got outside the swing door his common sense reasserted itself and he

'Come, come," he called to the others,

don't be so silly. You are not going to run away from a dead woman's head, are you?" away from a dead woman's near, and you "You ran, too," said Dorothy pulling up

and gasping.
"Yes, I know I did; those eyes startled
"Yes, I know I hav are glass. I am me; but, of coarse, they are glass. going back. It is a great curiosity."
"It is an accurated thing," m muttered

Dorothy.

Mr. Cardus turned and re-entered the

Mr. Cardus turned and re-entered the room, and the othere, comforting themselves with the reflection that it was broad daylight, and drawn by their devouring curiosity, followed him. That is, they all followed him except Grice, who was ill for two days afterward. As for Sampson and the groom, who had seen the sight through the window, they ran for a mile or more along the cliff before they stopped.

When they got back into the room they found old Atterleigh still standing and staring at the crystal eyes, that seemed to be returning his gaze with compound interest, while Florence was there with the long linen wrapper in her hand, gazing down at the beautiful hair that flowed from the head on to the oak box, from the box to the table and from the table nearly to the floor. It was, oddly enough, of the same color and texture as her own. She had taken off her hat when she began to undo the wrappings, and they all noticed the fact. Nor did the resemblance stop there. The charp, fine features of the mummied The there, fine features of the nummed head were very like Florence's; so were the bautiful teeth and the fixed, hard imile The dead face was more lovely, indeed, but otherwise the woman of the S-xon era—for background. Sampson and the groom were peeping through the window, and even old Atterleigh, attracted by the sound of the hammering, had strolled simlessly in.

"When can it be?" said Evagwith a gasp.

have been sisters, or mother and daughter.
The resemblance startled them all as they entered the room, but they said nothing.
They drew near and gas aid again without a word. Dorothy was the first to break the silence.
"I think she must have been a witch,

"I think she must have been a witob," she said. "I hope that you will have it thrown away, Reginald, for she will bring us bad luck. The place where she was buried has been unlucky; it was a great abbey once, now it is a deserted ruin. When we tried to get the case up, we were all very nearly killed. She will bring u bad luck. I am sure of it. Throw it way. nck. I am sure of it. Throw it Reginald, throw her into the sea. Lo k, she is just like Florence there."

Florence had smiled at Dorothy's words

and the resemblance became more striking than ever. Eva shuddered as she noticed it. "Nonsense, Dorothy!" said Mr. Cardus, "Nonsense, Dorothy I" said Mr. Cardus, who was a bit of an antiquarian and had now forgotten his start in his collector's zeal. "It is a splendid find. But I forgot," he added in a tone of disappointment, "i does not belong to me, it belongs to Mis Ceswick."

"Oh, I am sure you are welcome to it, s far as I am concerned, "said Eva hastily. "I
would not have it near me on any account."
"Oh, very well. I am much obliged to
you. I shall value the relic very much."
Florence had meanwhile moved round the table, and was gazing earnestly into the

orystal eyes.
"What are you doing, Florence?" asked Ernest sharply, for the scene was uncanny and jarred upon him.

"I?" she answered with a little laugh.
"I am seeking an inspiration. That face looks wise; it may teach me something. Besides, it is so like my own, I think she

nust be some far-distant angestress. "So she has noticed it, too," thought " Put her back in the box, Jeremy," said

Mr. Cardus. "I must have an air-tight case made."
"I can do that," said Jeremy, "by living the old one with lead, and putting a glass front to it." Front to it."

Jeromy set about cutting the head away, touching it very gingerly. When he had got it back into the oak case, he dusted it and

piaged is upon a bracket that jutted from the oak panelling at the end of the room. "Well," said Florence, "now that you have put your guardien angel on her pedes-tal, I think that we must be going home. will any of you walk a little way with us?"

Dorothy said that they would all come, that is, all except Mr. Cardus, who had gone bask to his cffice. Accordingly they started and as they did so, Florence intinated to Ernest that she wished to speak o him. He was slarmed and disappointed or he was atraid of Florence and wished to

walk with Eva, and presumably his facbetraved what was in his mind to her. "Do not be frightened," she said with a slight smile, "I am not going to say any-thing disagreeable."
Of sourse, he replied that he knew that she never could say anything disagreeable at any time, at which she smiled again the same faint smile, and they dropped behind.
"Ernest," she said presently. "I want to speak to you. You remember what hap-

pened between us two evenings ago on the very beach," for they were walking hom 'Yes, Florence, I remember," answere

"Well, Ernest, the words I have to say are hard for a woman's lips but I must say them. I made a mistake, Ernest, in telling you that I loved you as I did, and in talkin all the wild nonsense that I talked. I don't know what made me do it, some foolish im pulse, no doubt. Women are very carious you know, Ernest, and I think I am mor curious than most. I suppose I thought loved you, Ernest—I know I thought i when you kissed me; but last night, when saw you at the Smythes' dance, I knew that it was all a mistake, and that I care that it was all a mistake, and that I cared for you—no more than you care for me Ernest. Do you understand me?" He did not understand her in the least but he nodded his head, feeling vaguely that things were turning out very well for

"That is right; and so here, in the same place where I said them, I renounce them. We will forget all that foolish scene, Ernest. I made a little mistake when I told you that my heart was as deep as the sea: I find that it is shallow as a bro k. But will you answer me one question, Ernest, befor we close this conversation?"

we close this conversation?"
"Yes, Florence, if I can."
"Well, when you—you kissed me the other night, you did not really mean it, did you? I mean you only did so for a freak, or from the impulse of the moment, not because you loved me? Don't be afraid to tell me, because if it was so, I shall not be appret you have so much to foreive angry; you see you have so much to forgive me for. I am breaking faith, am I not? and she looked him straight in the fage with

er piercing eyes.
Ernest's glance fell under that searchin gaz, and the lie that men are spt to think it no shame to use where women are concerned rose to his lips. But he could not get it out; he could not bring himself to say that he did love her—so he compromised matters

"I think you were more in earnest than

was, Fiorence."
She laughed a cold little laugh that soni? how made his fissh creep.
"Thank you for being candid; it makes natters so much easier, does it not? But,

matters to much easier, does it not? But, do you know, I suspected as much, when I was standing there by that head to day, just at the time that you took Eva's hand. Ernest started visibly. "Why, your back was turned," he said.
"Yes, but I saw what you did reflected in the crystal eyes. Well, do you know, as I stood there, it seemed to me as though I ould consider the whole matter as dispassionately and with as clear a brain as though I had been that dead wom Mt. A loft had. I had been that dead woman. A lofta unden I grew wise. But there are the others withing for un."
"We half part friends, I hope, Floreto.,"

we had partifiedds, i nope, riotende, asaid Ernest a xion-ly.

"Oá, yes, Eduest, a woman always folows the career of her old admirer with the eepest interest, and for about five scouds you were my admirer, when you sissed me, you know. I shall watch all your life and however, being at the rate of twopence per my thoughts shall follow your footsteps like door per snnum —St. James' Gazette.

a chadow. Good night, Ernest, good night, and again she smiled that mosking smile that was so like that on the features of the dead woman, and fixed her pieroing eyes upon his face. He bade her good night and made his way homeward with the others, feeling an undefinable dread heavy on his

CHAPTER XI.

DEEP WATERS. In due course Jeremy duly fitted up witch," as the mysterious head came to b called at Dam's Ness, in her air sight cab net, which he lengthened till it looked lik a clock case, in order to allow the beautifu hair to hang down at full length, retaining however, the original door and ancientation and hasp. His next step was to fit the plate glass front and exhaust the air as well as was feasible from the interior of the case. Then he screwed on the outside door and shood it back on its bracket in the oakpanelled sitting room, where, as has been said, it looked for all the world like an

said, it looked for all the world like an eight-day clock-oase.

Just as he had finished the job, a visitor—it was Mr. de Talur—came in and remarked that he had made a precious ugly clock.

Jeremy, who disliked he De Talur, as he called him, excessively, said that he world not say so when he had seen the works, and a the same time unhapped the pak deer of the cabuct and turned the full oak door of the cabinet and turned the fu glare of the dreadful crystal eyes on to hi tegs. The results were startling. For a moment De Talor stared and gasped, then all the rich hues faded from his features and he satk back in a sort of fit. Jeremy shu up the door in a hurry, and his visitor soon recovered, but for years nothing would induce him to enter that room seain. As for Jaremy himself, at first he was dreadfully afraid of "the witch," but as

time west on, for his job took him several days, he seemed to lose his awe of her and even to find a fearful joy in her society. He spent whole hours, as he sat in his work. shop in the yard tinkering at the air-tight case, in weating histories in which this beautiful oreature, whose head had beet thus marvellously recovered, played the eading part. It was so strange to look at her lovely, scornful face and think that, long ages tince, men had loved it, and kissed it and played with the waving hair. There it was, this relie of the dead, pre-

served by the consummate skill of some old monk or chemist, so that it retained all its ancient featty long after the coloces of the tracedy, with which it must have been con-nected, had died out of the world. For, as he wrought at his case, Jeremy grew certain that it was the ghastly momento of some enormous crime. Indeed, by degrees, as he sacked and hammered at the lead lining, he made up a history that was quite satisfac-tory to his mind, appealing on doubtful points to the witch herself, who was perched on the table near him, and ascertaining whether she meant "yes" or "no" by the simple process of observing whether or not her eyes trembled when he spoke. It was slow work gesting the story together in this fashion, but then the manufacture of the case was slow also, and it was not without its charm, for he felt it an honor to be taken into the confidence of so lovely a lady. But if the head had a fascination for Jeremy, it had a still greater charm for his grandfather. The old man would continu ally slip out of the office and cross the yard to the little room where Jeremy worked in

order to stare at this wonderful relic. One night, indeed, when the case was nearly flaithed, Jeremy remembered that he had not locked the door of his work-hop. He was already half undressed, but, slipping on his coas again, he went out by the back door and crossed the yard, carrying the key with him. It was bright moonlight and Jeremy, having slippers on, walked without noise. When he reached the workshop, and was about to lock the door, he thought he heard a sound in the room. This startled him and for a moment he meditated retreat, leaving the head to lock after itself. Those eyes were interesting to look at in the daytime, but he searcely cared to face them alone at hight. It was foolish, but they did look so very much alive. After a moment's hesitation, during which the sound, whatever it was, again made itself audible, he determined to compromise mat-ters by going round to the other side of the room and looking in at the little window With a beating heart he stole round and quietly peeped in. The moonlight was bining right into the room and struck full upon the long case he had manufactured. He had left it shut and the head inside it. Now it was open; he could clearly see the white outlines of the face and the direfus glitter of the trembing eyes. The sound, to—a muttering sound—was still going on.

tion from his forchead and for the second time thought of flight. But his curiosity overcame him and he looked again. This time he discovered the cause of the mutter ing. Seated upon his carpenter bench was his grandfather, old Atterleigh, who appeared to be staring with all his might the head and muttering incoherently to himself. This was the noise he had hear shrough the door. It was an uneanny right and made Jeremy feel cold down the back. While he was still contemplating it and wondering what to do, old Atterieigh rose, closed the case and left the room. Jeremy slipped round, locked up the door and made his way back to bed much setonissed. He

did not, however, say anything of what he had seen, only in future he was carefu At last the case was finished, and, for a amateur, a very good job he made of it When it was done he placed it, as already narrated, back on the bracket and showed

But from the day when Eva Ceswick nearly fell to the bottom of the cliff in the course of her antiquarian researches, things began to go wrong at Dum's Ness. Everybody 291 it except Ernest, and he was thicking too much of other things Dorothy was very unhappy in those days and began to look thin and miserable, though she sturdily alleged, when asked, that she never had been better in her life. Jerem himself was also unhappy, and for a good reason. He had caught the fever that women like Eva Ceswick have it in their power to give to the sons of men, badly enough. His was a deep, self-pontained nature, very gentle and very tender, not admitting many things into its affections, but loving such as were admitted with all the heart and soul and strength. And it was in the deepest depths of this loyal nature that Eva Ceswick had printed her image. Before he knew it, before he had sime to think, it was photographed there upon his heart, and he felt that there is must stay for good or evil. That plate could never be used again.

She had been so kind to him. Her eyes

had grown so bright and friendly when she saw him coming. He was sure that she liked him (which, indeed, she dio) and once he had ventured to press her little hand and ha had thought that she returned the pressure and had tot elept all night in conse quence.

(To be continued.)

Why They Blow the Horn in Ripon The blowing of a horn from the market cross which would up the first day of the Ripon millinery festival is an every-day event in the picture que old city. It is a survival of Saxon times when it was the signal for retting the watch at surise. An 9 octook every evening three notes are sunded in the March has a sounded in front of the Mayor's house, and three so the obelish in the mithet place. The prostness was revived in 1857 by order of the municipal authorities. It say house "oot the gate syd within the towne" were robbed after that hour the "wakeman" parties had carried on a hosaney carriage robbed after that hour the "wakeman" parties had carried on a hosaney carriage business. Mr. D Ey. o. ur. fined the defend and £5 and costs.—Pal. Mail Gazette.

CURRENT TOPICS

It is related that one day, when a new paper man of experience suggested an evident improvement in a certain department of the Ledger, the New York story paper, Mr. Boner said: "It would be a bester column, but I wouldn's do it for \$1,000. The human eye is the most con servative thing in the world. It is easily offended. I have often lost subscribers by improving the Ledger—yes, sir! actually by doing something that made it better, but changed its appearance. The eye resentany little change in place and appearance. It looks for the same lay-out week by week, and it will not do to trifle with it."

PR FESSOR RIGHARD A. PROCTOR mainta PR FESSOR RIGHARD A. PROCTOR maintains that most of the meteor streams with twhich the earth comes in contact are derived from the earth itself; that is, thrown off by volcanic action at a time when the internal forces of our planet were sufficiently active to give them the initial velocity requisite to carry them be tyond the earth's attraction, some twelve miles a second. Comets, which he regards as the parents of the meteor streams, he thinks may have originated outside our solar system. Most of the comets whose originated in the larger planets. The sun

cularly careful to get it in air-tight pack-ages if possible. Flour is a great absorbent of gases and vapors, and when not in air-tight sacks or barrels will be permeated by deleterious odors and deteriorated to a cultarly careful to get it in air-tight pack.

ages it possible. Flour is agreat absorbent
of gases and vapors, and when not in airtight sacks or barrels will be permeated by
deleterious edors and deteriorated to a
certain extent, no matter how pure and
sweet, when leaving the mult. Especially is
this the case in stores where there is an
this the case in stores where there is an
accumulation of goods and merchandise,
luch as coal of fruit accounts when the case to keep from coming into collision
with half naked cooles, carrying all sorts
of loads. All loads are carried in the same
way: every choolboy knows it, so I will
accumulation of goods and merchandise,
luch as coal of fruit accounts when the case of the case such as coal oil, fruit, groseries, vegetables, etc., from which a vapor and an odor arise which fill the room and are absorbed by the fluir, deteriorating the flavor and impairing its purity. Outon sacks should be particularly avoided, inasmuch as they are porous, and therefore no protection against absorption. Sacks made of paper are air-tight, and therefore impenetrable by

proparation or the anatomiss. To this end they are placed in some sort of a receptacle or other, and covered with a layer of the thickess and purest honey that can be obtained. It is be desired to preserve an extre cadaver by this simple and inexpensive process, the plan pursued is to begin by carefully filing the encephalic. thoracio and abdominal cavities with auffilient quantity of tannin. This pro-cess when conducted with care, is stated to give remarkable results, a corpse thus prepared appearing for several months to be asieep. In a sense, the alcoholic fer-mentation that coours under these circum-tances serves it as food while preserving ts softness and flexibility to a degree susting the state of the state Protessor John N. Newberry, discussing the causes of eartoquakes, presented some

forcible arguments against the theory that the globe is solid to use centre. His con clusion is that we must fall back on the theory of a cool and solid crast resting upon a highly-heated fluid or semi-fluid upon a highly-heated fluid or semi-fluid interior, and the slow cooling of the entire panet by radiation fits heat into space. In the Ostober number of the "Contemporary Review" Dr. Archibald Geikie notes the fact, which quite agrees with Professor Newberry's view, that "never within recorded human experience hat there been more terrestrial disturbance than during the last few years." "I has been plausibly suggested," he says "that the gradual increase in cffered continually augmenting resistance to the movements of the still hot interior and hence that earthquakes and volcani eruptions ought now to be less constan but more violent than in the older time. This he strikingly illustrates by a pot of por ridge, which, after thorough boiling, he been taken off the fire. While it was bor ing the escape of steam kept it in constant ebullition and sruption, but when cooling a crust forms and the pent up steam finds exi, by intermittent puffs, which become fewer but bigger as the crust thickens Mallet, the highest authority on earthquake records, pointed out that there were two marked periods of extreme paraxysm observable in each centry, one of which occurs toward the end of the century. A we are tow in this period science should widen the field of the contract. viden the field of seismometric observations with view to disgover the laws of seismic

The Hon. E. A. Pelham, Licensed Cab

Mr. Henry Bryant, a cab proprietor of 11 Grosvenor Cottages, Exton terrace D'Evecoure for assentting and beating th Hon, Evelyn A. Pelham J. P. for Lindsey Suffolk, residing at 29 Be grave square, or the afternoon of the 18 hult, at the defend aut's stables. The complainant d pesso that the defendant shreatened him, and placing a wind over his shoulders, dragged him some distance. Mr. Newton, on behalf of the defendant, said the complain-

Fully one hundred babies have been

AN ORIENTAL CITY. Relic of the Past, and Nothing of the A Little Incident Which Shows Tha Nineteenth Century About It. The Cosmopolitan : I am sure that Can ton is the queeress, the most wonderfol and bewildering old city under the sun. It cer-

orbits belong to our system he thinks originated in the larger planets. The sun is now perhaps giving birth frequently to comeets which probably pass beyond the limits of its astraction.

Sig. Eucor, in preparing for his fast in Paris, has taken a hint from the report of the Paris College of Poysicians, apropos of his recent thirty-day fast at Milan. The Paris physicians say that Sig. Succi's fast proves nothing, that his "African Elixir" is a sort of patent medicine frant, and shas

Paris physionans asy that Sig Sucois' sale in without elimbing on the root to see how proves nothing, that his "Atrioon Elixir" is a sort of patent-incideine fraud, and that a man does not fast because he eate nothing, for he is eating, or, more accurately speaking, living on the trace which he stored from his previous eating. Sig Succi they pronounce a phenomenon in that he has more stored up tissue from his previous eating than ordinary men, that Succi agrees with the report is evident from the fact that he now cats four masks aday, consisting of beefsteake, three dozsn cysters, veal cubiets, lamb chops and a numberless quantity of accessories. The Paris Ollege of Physicians have made preparations to subject him to the most rigorous estentific test.

Much interest has been excited among engineers by the construction, under the direction of the Russian Government, of some Iccomotive cars of a special type for the Transcaspian Railway, and buils oas to mun two difficulties, viz., the waterless character of a large section of the line, and the insignificant ordinary traffic. To meet the former the locomosive car is provided with tanks containing sufficient water to last 70 miles; and, as the waterless streton from Michaelovsk to Kazantchik is about 50 miles in leight, this supply is amply sufficient water to list 70 miles; and, as the waterless streton from Michaelovsk to Kazantchik is about 50 miles in leight, this supply is amply sufficient water to list 70 miles; and, as the waterless streton from Michaelovsk to Kazantchik is about 50 miles in leight, this supply is amply sufficient water to list 70 miles; and, as the waterless streton from Michaelovsk to Kazantchik is about 50 miles in leight, this supply is amply sufficient water to list 70 miles; and, as the waterless streton from Michaelovsk to Kazantchik is about 50 miles in leight, the comotive car is warded by the constructed with a car connected to it, and capable of conveying 50 passengers. The locomotive oar is warmed by the exhaust' steam from the

you go you can be certain that every few minutes one of these coolies will come puffing and shuffling along at a jog trot abouting every few steps to those in front of him to "clear the track," his load spring-ing up and down and his hamboo lathee reaking rythmically at every step

are air-tight, and therefore impenetrable by insects, gases and odors, retaining the flavor of the flour, keeping it sweet and pure, and therefore should be used exclusively for household purposes.

An account is given in the Revue Scientifique of an Italian method of preserving bodies in a soft and flexible state for several months, and by this means enabling them to be dissected without any danger to the preparator or the anatomist. To this end they are placed in a une seried arcentagle. "The Lake Shore folks were awfully glad when a certain man died up in Buffalo the other day," said a conductor. "The man's name was Talbot. About twelve years ago Talbot saved a train from going into a washout near his farm, and of course the company felt very grateful. P. P. Wright, Superintendent of the Buffalo division, sent for him and loaded him with thanks for himself and the company. Taltables for himself and the company. Talbox modestly declined a money present of
\$500, but said he didn't object when Wright
proposed making out for him a pass good
for the remainder of his life. While Wright
was writing out the pass Talbot incorrect.

Added mystery is gained by making the girl
run out into the auditorium as soon as she
can. A neat sleight-of-hand man can also
cause the veil itself to disappear up his
sleeve after he has lifted it.—Philadelphia

*### Press. was writing out the pass Talbot inquired :
" Say, Mr. Wright, have you any objecis to making that read good for me a uncle of mine.' "Wright was so full of gratitude that he couldn't object to anything and the man got his pass, good for himself and friend, and it was afterward sent on to headquarters

> general passenger agent.
> "Well, now, what do you think? For more than ten years that man Talbot has been riding constantly between Buffalo and Onlogo, Buffalo and C.eveland, or Baffalo and Toledo. He never was alone. He always had 'a friend' with him. The triend was usually some commercial travel ter. In short. Taibot has made railread riding his regular business. He made arrangements with various wholesale and jobbing houses to carry their men, and booked his engagements months ahead sometimes. When these failed he picked up stray passengers here and there. After paying his sleeping car and other expenses he had \$6 or \$8 a day left as clear profit, and out of these profits he managed to amass a snug little fortune. He tried to use his pass on the limited express, but the company wouldn't have it. In fact, they wanted to refuse to carry him alt gether, but their lawyer concluded that the suit for damages would be too expensive. Talbot is dead now, greatly to the regret of several travelling men."—Chicago Herald.

and countersigned by the President and

Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum toget prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggiets. Nerviline, the pain king, cures cramps neadane, neuralgis, An anding tooth, filled with batting saturated with Neaviline, fill d with batting saturated with Reaviline, sill cease aching within five minutes. Try are immensely strengthened by the use o Nerviline for all kinds of pain. Ten and 25 Dr R V Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,

An enterprising firm advertise "undressed kids of a superior quality at from \$1 to \$1.50 " It would seem as if modesty would sompel them to throw in a night gown or something, but perhaps the price is so low they cannot afford to dress them.—St. Paul

You Can Learn How to Get Rich You Can Learn How to Get Rich
y sending your address to Hallett & Co., Portand, Maine; they will send you full informaion about work that you can do and live at
ome wherever you are located. Work sdapted
o all ages and both sexes. \$5 to \$25 a day and
upwards easily earned, Some have carn-d
over :50 a fdy. All succeed grandy an succeeding the stated free. Capital not required.
Jolay tot. All of the above will be proved to
ou, and you will find yourself on the roat to a
andsome forume, with a large and absolutely
ure income from the very start.

Why He Was Affected. A countryman has ordered a picture of

Be drossed 'mother, and comes to look at 'He breaks down.]

Armst—Poer fellow! (patting him on the ch). Is it a good likeLess, then, that it affects you so much? Countryman—No, sir. Poor mother!—
to think she has been dead only six months
and looks like that!

OLD DOBBIN'S FEAT

It was a patient, care worn horse, whose general air suggested disguss with men and things, that stood hitched to a substantial locking phaeton on Wabash avenue, says the Ohicago News. In a few bewildering old city under the sun. It certainly has more strange signs to the equate yard than any other city I ever saw, and I am willing to back it against all the rest. Even now, when I try to recall the strange seenes and sounds I encountered on that memorable visit, it makes my eyes ache and my brain whirl, juss as it did then. Well, well, well, well if what a wonderful old city it, well, well of what a wonderful old city it is! How bewildering and how interesting at every step! This is no more like the Chinese quarter of Hong Kong than an an experiment of the sound of the soun Ohinese quarter of Hong Kong than an old bill is tike a new silver dollar. How very, very different from what we had expected to see! Compared with the substantial newness and Europeanness of Hong Kong this is a veritable fessil, a relic of the sast with nothing the sast with nothing the sast with nothing the sast with nothing the sast with the sand back and delightedly. Kong this is a veritable fossil, a relie of the past, with nothing of the nineteenth central past, with nothing of the proceeding. Unacoustomed to marked attention, and as though entering into the spirit of the thirg, the old horse grew restlers and newtons, now and then pawing and backing and going forward to the end of the hitching strap. Finally the little lady of 5 years plucked a handful of gray and marched boldly up herself to be the use there is only a succession of openeded rooms and partition walls, with dark, in arrow passages throw in here and there. The horse had gone forward a little succession of the little woman in her eager nervous, now the little woman in her eager nervous and an asset of the little woman in her eager nervous. tiny dainty skirts, almost under the old horse's feet. A second more his hard pawing feet would have hilled the little creature. But the old horse fever pawed after the little lady fell. Pausing a moment the horse seemed to carefully consider the matter, and when the little girl's com-panions had run cereaming for help he carefully stepped backward, with every foot lifted clear of the child, and stopped at the length of his hitching strap, the body of the little one just in front of him She had not yet uttered a sound, but now she looked up, saw the horse's head above her, and, slowly rising, she put out her hand, and, giving him a gentle pat on his velvety nose, ran off after her companions.

Everybody correctly guesses that a trap defeated. The chair, the newspaper, the trap, the confederate below the stage and a bright, slim girl are the things that are used. The chair is not, as it looks, an ordinary article, it is of the heavy, old-fashioned mahogany kind, without rounds, thickly upholstered on the seat, with an open back. It is so built that by touching a concealed spring the seat is made to drop down from the rear on a hinge, leaving the girl free to sink down the trap, which is manipulated by the confederate below the stage. There being no rungs on the chair, the girl has an easy job. When the illusionist has seated her he throws over herhead the silk veil. At the moment she fuels herself completely covered she works another spring, which causes a trin wire framework to rise up from the beak of she chair and spread itself about her form, thus preserving undisturbed the outlines of the cloth and deceiving the audience into the belief that she is still seated. The mystery of the open newspaper spread concealed spring the seat is made to drop mystery of the open newspaper spread under the chair to kill any suggestion of a trap is even simpler. The paper has been deftly out so as to contain a paper has been defily cut so as so contain a trap-opening in itself. It is so handled by the operator as not to reveal the slit, and when he gathers it up after the trick he is careful to fold it—partly at least. His own work consists, first, in spreading the newepaper so that the trap cut in it shall coverexactly the trap in the stage, and second, in setting the chair precisely over both traps. He ought to be clever in taking to divert the agentator, attantion from both divert the spectators' attention from both newspaper and chair, and the more he newspaper and chair, and the more he speaks of the absence of a trap the better he can puzzle those who are watching him. Of course, he can submit either the chair or newspaper to inspection. The trap used in the stage is the ordinary demon's drop of good size. After the girl has passed through, the confederate below the stage pu's his hand up and springs to its place the hinged seat in the chair. Then he raps, and the illusionist above knows that all is ready for him to pull away the veil. Added mystery is gained by making the girl run out into the additions. Of course, he can submit either the chair

a the appearance of the first symptoms a friend? I may want to take a friend up so Cleveland with me some time to see an pallor, obilly sensations, followed by nightsweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood purifier and strength-restorer, — Dr. Pierce's and strength-restorer, — Dr. Golden Medical discovery." Si cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

> The wife of Samuel Pescock, a truck driver in Brooklyn, N. Y., has fallen heir to a fortune of \$250,000 from an aunt in Dublin and has gone for the money. The husband s as proud as a peacock.

Startling Weakness,

general and nervous debility, impaired general and nervous debility, impaired memory, lack of self-confidence, premature loss of manly vigor and powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretion and percitions tolitary practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked should address, with 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A young lady was giving an account the other day of an extraordinary individual whom she saw during her vacation ramblings this summer, and was pressed for a description of him. "Oh!" she said, "it's useless to attempt to describe him until you've seen him, and when you've seen him there's nothing to say "

which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by all ru

Little Mary Duke, of Clanton, Ala., no yet 7 years old, has started an infan school, and charges 10 cents a mouth for teaching little ones their A, B, C₃.

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