

A MADMAN'S SCHEME.

Addie felt something affect her more keenly than the thunder storm. If it should ever transpire that Miss Egerton's family were not as she had represented them, she would be ruined. Even her mother would despise her, and how could she live without her mother's regard? It was the same old story of the transgressor's way. Addie had forgotten her scheme and thought only of that false story she had told to her nearest and dearest kin. If she acknowledged it, she would have to explain her motive, and that must never be known. Then there was nothing for her but the fruit of her folly.

When the rain was over and the wind had shaken the water from among the leaves, they made to go back to the shore where they had left the boat. While going through a thicket of cedars, Miss Egerton made a short low scream, and tumbled among the bushes. Mr. Booth lifted her up—oh, so tenderly, and seeing that she had fainted, called Jack to his assistance, and carried her out to the shore. As they could not find a dry place to lay her, Jack took off his coat and spread it out on the slanting side of a knoll. Mr. Booth placed her on it and seated himself on the ground to support her head. He assisted Addie to rub her hands and face while Jack procured a little fresh water from the bay. Miss Egerton soon revived and sat up. "I must have sprained or broken my foot," she said. "It was so painful, and it is yet. Such a stupid thing for me to do—and to think that I have spoiled all your pleasure, too."

"It will be a pleasure for us to attend to you," said Addie, "and we'll see if these gentlemen can win their spurs. Surely some of us will be able to say whether it is sprained or broken."

She was removing the shoe and stocking as she spoke and when the little white foot was revealed, Mr. Booth gently applied his fingers to find the injury. Jack examined it also, and both of them pronounced it a sprain. After it was tightly bandaged with their torn handkerchiefs, Addie replaced the stocking and put the shoe into the basket. Then the boat was turned and Miss Egerton was carried over and seated comfortably in the stern, but she would not permit the gentlemen's coats to be used for her comfort as the air had grown much cooler since the storm. Mr. Booth was all anxiety for her comfort, and in order to attend to it he took the seat next to her. She was the most cheerful of the group as they pulled out on the silent water, and aroused a discussion on the theory of evolution. Jack took one view, his uncle another, and a heated argument was the result. Mr. Booth with his Darwinian views was getting the worst of it, decidedly, for Jack, though slow and awkward, in his way, was not stupid in the matter of argument. Addie saw this and feared that her uncle would be vexed for she knew that he was no churchman and thought that he might entertain these views in sincerity.

"Now, uncle Arthur," she said, "do notice the sunset. Look at it now, and you can conclude your argument after. And, Miss Egerton, I do believe you have so far forgotten yourself over this horrible theory as not to see the splendour that is around you. See those brilliant colors—how beautifully they are blended—and the rippling path on the water."

"Oh, it is beautiful—delightful!" said Miss Egerton. "The water is always beautiful after a storm. I suppose it is a natural effect, the fearful and ugly elements always tend to make their opposites more beautiful."

"Do you believe that?" asked Mr. Booth in a low tone.

"Yes, Mr. Booth," she answered, "Can you not see it here—the effect of the storm upon the water. It was just as calm when we came out this afternoon, but we did not think it so beautiful as it is now."

"But it is the sunset that lends the charm," he said.

"Partly," she maintained. "I have seen the sunset on the water in the evening of a quiet day, and it lacked the freshness and sweetness we enjoy just now. And in the same way I feel our faith more sweet and beautiful when I have heard the doctrine of evolution."

"So you think you will become a convert?" with apparent anxiety.

"Most certainly not," she returned, laughing heartily.

Addie felt her heart sink again. Miss Egerton was evidently enjoying the outing despite her accident, and this fact would be gratifying to Mr. Booth for it was quite apparent that her pleasure was his only object in undertaking this excursion.

As they came into the harbour they were met by one of the large C.P.R. steamers which ply between Owen Sound and Port William and left the effect of her swell. On landing one of the idlers in all haste to bring a cab in which to convey Miss Egerton home. They all accompanied her. Mr. and Mrs. Mordie were sitting in their pretty parlor when Addie rang and ran in to announce what was coming. Mrs. Mordie was quite distressed and Mr. Mordie set about getting the doctor at once. Dr. B— happened to be attending a patient in the immediate vicinity so it required only a moment or two to bring him in.

"It is a sprain," he said, seriously, after examining it, "and a sprain like this is a more serious thing than you think. You will not be able to use the foot for several days at least. It is badly swollen just now, and I can do very little for it, but I shall call in the morning, and bandage it for you properly."

Of course Mrs. Mordie's plans had all to be revised on account of this, but it was not on her own account that she regretted it for she knew that her guest would be left more to herself. Addie, also, felt no regret at

though Mr. Booth and Jack spoke of it all the way home.

In the morning, Mr. Booth came down stairs early, saying that it was too warm for him to stay in his room. He took Addie's book again and went out into the air.

"He is into that book again," said Addie to herself. "He will think of Lady Tynemouth's disreputable husband and son, and then of her guileless and beautiful daughter. Then his heart will go out in sympathy to Miss Egerton, as he thinks of her in the Lady Albany's circumstances. Oh, why did I tell that horrible lie? Mother! Mother! Why did you not check me? Why did you not tell me it was spiteful to say such things, even if they were true?"

She was sobbing to herself and she ran away back to her room to hide the tears. Her plans and hopes of a residence in Toronto were all forgotten—every prospect of pleasure had vanished. She felt herself a hateful creature that deserved nothing but the contempt and scorn of everyone. She was sure that her uncle would find out her falsehood and despise her, but hoped that her mother would never know, and never be different from the affectionate, comforter that she always was.

"He will think me like Mr. Loftus, the most despicable creature in the story,—and so I am! And Miss Egerton, like Miss Beaufort, the most charming. Certainly he will love her, and it is right, too!"

The thought that all might yet be well, soothed her a little and she bathed her face in cool water. The breakfast bell rang, and she did not know whether to venture down stairs or not, but finally she concluded to do so as she sat with her back to the window, and quite likely nobody would notice her face. Jack had a parliamentary debate under discussion in which they all took part, so the breakfast hour passed without any personal remarks.

"Are you ready for a walk up the hill Addie?" asked Mr. Booth as they arose from the table.

"Yes. But it is rather early, I think."

"Not for penitent ones to make amends for wrongdoing."

"But I do not think we have need to make amends for Miss Egerton's accident under the circumstances."

"Well, I am responsible for the circumstances."

"So you think you must needs be her humble servant?"

"I shall be most happy."

"I knew it was not all penitence that made you so anxious to make amends, Uncle Arthur," she said with a laugh in which they all joined heartily.

They called at Mordie's, but as Miss Egerton was confined to her room they could not see her. The doctor had not called as yet, so Mrs. Mordie could not say how Miss Egerton was, except that she was quite easy. As they turned to retrace their steps they saw a troop of women and children with pails and tin cans, hurrying away towards the rocks.

"Let us go with the berry-pickers, Uncle Arthur, and have a ramble among the rocks!" exclaimed Addie, clapping her hands.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" he exclaimed, also feeling the exhilarating effect of the west wind.

They were soon hastening along, more like school-children than the sedate individuals that they were. Going up Tottens rock there was much to admire, and both of them regretted the absence of their sketching material. They rambled about for some time, eating berries and picking flowers, but as the effect of the sun became general, they decided to return.

And so the days passed. Mr. Booth found the excursions and rambles and drives and parties, very pleasant, also the society of his sister and her family. He called at Mordie's every day, and sometimes had more time to stay than the formal call would require. Before he went away he and Miss Egerton had a long drive out through the country. He was ominously silent about the afternoon's outing, and Addie trembled.

More than a year elapsed before Mr. Booth saw or heard anything of his charming acquaintance. He had made inquiry about the family of several of his Kingston friends, but was unable to learn anything; and the Russell's never alluded to them in their correspondence. It was early one dull October morning that he was aroused from sleep by the sound of subdued voices and of hurrying footsteps, passing to and fro. He sat up for a while and listened, then rang, but received no response. Being anxious to know the reason for such an unusual occurrence, he dressed and went out. He opened the door just in time to see a coffin being carried past, and from that he knew that someone had died. He saw the pastor standing at the head of the stair and went forward to learn from him the particulars of the sad occurrence. He was informed that one of the guests who had come to the house during the previous day, accompanied by his daughter had taken ill during the evening, though not seriously; but the young lady, being alone with him, had felt so anxious as to keep watch. Towards morning she thought he took a serious turn, and had a doctor summoned. But it was of no use, and the man died suddenly and all the doctor could do was to say that he died of apoplexy.

"The poor lady will be in great distress," said Mr. Booth, sympathetically. "Where is her home, and who is she? Does she seem to have any friends in the city?"

"No," he answered sadly. She sent telegrams to her brothers in New Brunswick, and to someone in Kingston, that is all. I think her home is in Kingston."

"What is her name?"

"I do not remember, but it is in the register."

Mr. Booth did not take time to have the register consulted. He saw the proprietor standing near, and on asking him he was answered shortly, "Egerton."

"If I am not mistaken she is an ac-

quaintance of mine, and I should very much like to see her," he persisted.

"In a moment," he answered with more composure. My wife is with her just now, and I shall tell her to inform Miss Egerton that you are here."

Presently Mrs. J— came out saying that Miss Egerton would like to see Mr. Booth, and showed him into a little sitting room. Miss Egerton's slender figure was clad in a graceful gown of deep blue material, and she stood before a large arm-chair with her back toward the door. She did not seem to notice Mr. Booth's entrance. He advanced softly, and laying his hand on her shoulder, looked eagerly into her face. She was ghastly white, but there was no mark of tears or emotion. Her white lips parted when she looked up, but no word escaped them, as she held out her hand to him. He took it in both of his, and said,—

"My dear friend, I feel for you most sincerely in this terrible trial, that has come to you, and I pray that God will help you and sustain you in it."

His voice became thick while he spoke and his eyes filled with tears. She snatched away her hand, and covering up her face fell down before the arm-chair, and burst into a torrent of tears. He stood beside her silently, knowing the relief that tears are in such cases. A messenger came with a telegram and in a few moments returned with another. They were for Miss Egerton, and he held them until she arose. When she looked at them she laid them on the table and began to sob convulsively.

"Oh, let me be alone, Mr. Booth," she sobbed.

"You must not be alone just yet," he said. "Shall I send Mrs. J— to you again?"

"No, no, just let me be alone."

He came close to her and took her hand.

"Did not the telegrams bring favorable news?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "Bob's physician sends this to say that he is at the point of death with fever, and Herbert says he cannot come on account of the serious illness of his children—I must bear this all alone, and in a strange place—and if I were at home, there is nobody there now."

"Can I not help you, Miss Egerton," he pleaded, "Is there no friend you would like me to bring? Shall I send for Mrs. Mordie?"

"Yes, let Mrs. Mordie know. She cannot come though, for she is ill too, and I have no friends in the city, here."

"Miss Egerton," he said, "I will do anything for you. I will go to Kingston with you if you will permit me, and stay until after the funeral."

"I will be very thankful if you will, Mr. Booth, for I am afraid to go alone. My uncle and aunt are there, but they are very old, and will be put about on account of this, and I have no other friends in the country except my brothers."

She made no reference to her unfortunate brothers, nor to any of the troubles he thought she had. She had much to say about her father—his whims and fancies and his business, but nothing of the deep misfortune of his life, nor of her own sacrifice.

They were not prepared to start with the first train, so it was dark when they reached Kingston. They were met by the undertaker's rig and a cab. Anna Grey, a servant of the Egerton household also came to meet her young mistress. Miss Egerton was pleased to find her there, and on the way home told her all the details of the sad occurrence, of which Anna, in her simplicity, declared that she had a presentiment.

The days Mr. Booth spent in Kingston were long and tedious to him. He called on all his acquaintances and visited every nook and corner of the city, yet the time dragged on slowly. He would glance over the papers and have done with them in a few moments. Nothing he read seemed to interest him, nor anything he saw, nor anyone he met. A change had come over him and his friends wondered why this death should affect him so. Miss Egerton was fairly besieged with sympathizing friends and he could not have a moment to speak to her. She was becoming worn and haggard looking and this was cause for anxiety to him. He found out, though, that she had no disgraceful relatives such as he understood her to have, and that relieved his mind greatly. Her brothers were both clergymen of the episcopal church, and in high standing, and some of her Old Country relatives were prominently associated with both church and state, so he no longer had any apprehensions about her pedigree. Nearly everyone of note in her native city came to mourn with her, and everyone he spoke to referred to her in the highest terms, and regretted her father's death chiefly on account of her devotion to him.

As business required Mr. Booth's presence in his office he was obliged to return to Toronto as soon as possible after the funeral. Miss Egerton had expressed a desire for him to remain until the following day, which he promised to do in the expectation that he would find an opportunity of expressing to her the hope and anxiety of his life. A young married couple from the country were staying in the house that night also, who were going to carry their desolate young friend away with them for a fortnight's rest and quite. They seemed to feel themselves in the way when Mr. Booth was about, and after tea, excused themselves saying that they wished to attend a meeting at one of the churches a short distance away. Mr. Booth felt as of a millstone had been lifted off him when he saw them preparing to go out, but no sooner did he find himself alone in that big sad house than he felt it fall on him again with increased weight. Miss Egerton returned to the sitting-room and sat down, but as if suddenly thinking of something, she rose and went out again. Mr. Booth feeling that his time was short, arose and followed her. She hesitated and attempted to explain, but he abruptly asked her to come into the drawing-room and suggested that a little

music might dispel the gloom of her feelings.

"No, no," she said, "I cannot sing just now, and I do not care to play. If your niece were here it would be pleasant."

"Come to the drawing-room anyway," he said, "I have something I would like to say to you."

She assented, and they entered the drawing-room with their hands clasped. He caused her to be seated on a sofa near the piano, and seating himself beside her he said:—

"Miss Egerton, what I have to say is something I have been anxious to say to you from the moment I first saw you. I let opportunities pass when I might have spoken, but fear of discouragement prevented me, for I felt that life would be tolerable only if I could hope for what I most desired. But when I allowed distance to come between us, my feeling soon forced me to a decision, and I resolved that if ever I could meet you again no circumstances would prevent me letting you know the place you occupy in my heart. I love you Miss Egerton—Emma, if you will forgive the liberty—love you passionately! and have been unable to banish you from my thoughts for a moment since that happy evening when I met you at Mrs. Mordie's. I regret extremely the circumstances that give me this opportunity of speaking to you, and I know that you are filled with sorrow and anxiety, but if my love and sympathy can be of any service to you, I treat you that they may not be despised."

He was on his knees beside her now, but neither word nor sound escaped her lips. She could not conceal the expression of her face for he held her hands so tightly, and his steady, imploring gaze almost robbed her of the little strength she had left.

"What shall I do?" he asked in the same entreating voice. "I am at your service and will do anything you say."

"Oh, do not go away!" she exclaimed. "Do not leave me for I cannot do without you. I love you too! I cannot let you go away again."

The tears were flowing freely, but he took her in his arms and as she sobbed upon his breast she felt a relief from her desolation; and a feeling of the most ardent human love—something akin to the Divine—soothed her and imparted a feeling of rest and comfort such as can only be known to those who have come out of the most severe trials.

J. MILNE CROOKS.

HIS SMOKING HABITS.

Further Information From the Old Circus Man About the Greatest of All Giants.

"You say he must have smoked big cigars?" said the old circus man, talking about the greatest of all giants.

"Why, his cigars were as big as that part of an ordinary hitching post that is seen above ground; a box to hold fifty was about the size of the case of a square piano. Fortunately, however, he was not much of a smoker; he didn't smoke more than two or three cigars a day, and he wasn't overparticular, not overly so, about the quality of his cigars; all of which was very fortunate for us. Even as it was it cost us something to keep him supplied."

"When he first joined the show he smoked a pipe always. He used a luger beer keg for a pipe bowl, boring a hole in the side lower down than the bung-hole was and putting the pipe stem in that lower hole near the lower head of the keg, or the bottom of the pipe bowl, the other head, of course, being taken out. But after a while he got tired of the pipe and took to cigars and he never took up the pipe again."

"It was worth seeing to see the giant smoking his pipe; but to see him walking along the street smoking one of those big cigars just used to carry the people right off their feet."

WHAT LONDON DRINKS YEARLY.

Some curious particulars are given in the Home Magazine concerning what London drinks every year. No less than 275,000,000 gallons of water find their way annually down the throats of Londoners. But Londoners don't drink water only. The beer consumed amounts to 150,000,000 gallons every year, equal to a distribution of almost a pint to every man, woman and child in the world. Of neat spirits London demands about 4,400,000 gallons a year. Our tea drinkers are an army of millions, and call for twenty-five million pounds of tea, which, when reduced to liquid consistency, means something like 1,250,000,000 pints, or nearly a pint for every inhabitant of the world. Our teapot, if properly shaped, would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral, for it contains over 928,000 cubic yards. Of aerated waters London drinks 50,000,000 gallons every year.

TRAINING OTTERS.

Chinese and Indian fishermen have an ingenious way of training the otter. They catch the small cub and put a collar round its throat. The little creature, finding itself unable for days together to swallow anything it catches, gives up trying to do so, and faithfully brings to the bank all the fish it captures.

TIGERS WASH LIKE CATS.

Cats make the most careful toilet of any class of animals. The lion and the tiger wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the forefoot and inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

BOUND TO RULE THE SEA.

ADDITIONS BEING MADE TO GREAT BRITAIN'S NAVY.

Formidable Battleships and Cruisers to Augment the Fleet—Submarine Craft Also to be Built.

It is interesting to note what unusual activity is displayed just now in the English shipyards, says a London dispatch.

No less than 16 battleships of the first class and 28 cruisers of various types will soon be put in full commission. A list of them, with their commissions in tons of displacement and the yards in which they are building, is as follows:

Battleships, 16, completing—Canopus, 12,900 tons, Portsmouth; Goliath, 12,900 tons, Chatham; Ocean, 12,900 tons, Devonport; Albion, 12,900 tons, Thames Ironworks; Formidable, 14,700 tons, Portsmouth; Irresistible, 14,700 tons, Chatham.

Building or projected—Glory, 12,000 tons, Laird's, Birkenhead; Vengeance, 12,900 tons, Vickers', Barrow; Implacable, 14,700 tons, Devonport; London, 14,700 tons, Portsmouth; Bulwark, 14,700 tons, Devonport; Venerable, 14,700 tons, Chatham; A. 14,000 tons, Thames Ironworks; B. 14,000 tons, Thames Ironworks; C. 14,000 tons, Laird's, Birkenhead; D. 14,000 tons, Palmer's, Barrow.

Cruisers, first-class, 17, completing—Andromeda, 11,000 tons, Pembroke; Ariadne, 11,000 tons, Clydebank Co.; Argonaut, 11,000 tons, Fairfield, Glasgow; Amphitrite, 11,000 tons, Vickers', Barrow; Spartiate, 11,000 tons, Pembroke.

Building or projected—Aboukir, 12,000 tons, Fairfield, Glasgow; Cressy, 12,000 tons, Fairfield, Glasgow; Hogue, 12,000 tons, Vickers', Barrow; Sutlej, 12,000 tons, Clydebank Co.; Euryalus, 21,000 tons, Vickers', Barrow; Bacchante, 12,000 tons, Clydebank Co.; A. 14,000 tons, Pembroke; B. 14,000 tons, Vickers', Barrow; C. 14,000 tons, Clydebank Co.; D. 14,000 tons, Fairfield, Glasgow; E, design not completed; F, design not completed.

Cruisers, second-class, 4, completing—Gladiator, 5,750 tons, Portsmouth; Hyacinth, 5,600 tons, London and Glasgow Co.; Hermes, 5,600, Fairfield, Glasgow; Highflyer, 5,600 tons, Fairfield, Glasgow.

Cruisers, third-class, 7, completing—Psyche, 2,135 tons, Devonport; Pemone, 2,135 tons, Sheerness; Prometheus, 2,135 tons, Earle's, Hull; Perseus, 2,135 tons, Earle's, Hull; Pyramus, 2,135 tons, Palmer's, Barrow.

Building or projected—Pandora, 2,200 tons, Portsmouth; Pioneer, 2,200 tons, Chatham.

SUBMARINE CRAFT.

But yet a stronger proof of England's steadiness of policy in maintaining her naval supremacy lies in the move which she has made to meet the French advance in the construction of submarine torpedo craft.

The British Admiralty has not been asleep. It has known all the time just what progress the Frenchman was making in submarine navigation.

The English naval experts are slow, but exceedingly thorough. They have considered that these submersive boats must come to the surface frequently to enable the navigating officer to see where he is going, and that at best they have a speed of but eight knots an hour, and can operate within a very small radius. To cope with these hidden terrors, the English are building torpedo boats to go 35 knots, or about 40 land miles per hour—as fast as an express train. They are to be well armed, and able to play at will with any submarine craft—to destroy it like a terrier would a blind rat. Two of these fast boats have just been ordered.

ON THE TURBINE PLAN.

They are to be built on the turbine principle, as developed in the wonderful Turbina, the swift-travelling vessel which was the sensation of the Diamond Jubilee naval review at Spithead. This vessel was not perfect from a naval standpoint, but the inventor, the Hon. Charles A. Parsons, has made such changes and improvements as to satisfy the British Admiralty of the value of the innovation.

The principle embodied in the Turbina has been considerably modified, so as to increase the manoeuvring qualities of the "destroyers." Each vessel will have six turbines and four propeller shafts, and steam will be added into them. They will exceed in speed anything afloat.

SOLDIERS AND FEATHERS.

The effort to persuade women to cease adorning their hats with birds or their plumage has not been very successful; for feminine vanity has demanded this slaughter of the innocents. Englishmen have on this occasion proved themselves more humane than the women of the land. Sir John Lubbock has secured the abolition of the use of osprey plumes in the British army. He pointed out that these plumes were stripped from the birds in their breeding season, involving their death and the destruction of their young by starvation. On learning this the military authorities decreed that officers should no longer aid in this wanton destruction by wearing osprey plumes in their helmets.

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth dis-

courtesy.—Herbert.