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The Principles of the Electro-Motograph.

The latest achievement of Mr. Edison is the electro-motograph. Although it is yet in its infancy, the scope of its utility has already become far more extensive than that of any of Mr. Edison's previous inventions. Probably its most striking feature is its paradoxical power of making the human hand talk; for the hand revolves a little cylinder, and the instrument speaks as it is bidden, and when the hand stops turning, the instrument ceases to speak. At a superficial glance, this principle would seem to be the same as that of the phonograph; but in point of fact there is no essential similarity between the two inventions; they are used for entirely different purposes, and are governed by separate and distinct laws. The phonograph records and preserves the waves of sound; the electro-motograph—or, as it is called when used in connection with acoustics, the "chemical telephone"—records nothing. In the phonograph, the main principle is the indentation of tin-foil on a cylinder, by a small needle attached to a diaphragm, which is set in motion by the waves of sound. In the chemical telephone there is likewise a cylinder and a diaphragm; but with these its resemblance to the phonograph ceases. On the cylinder of the chemical telephone rests a metal arm attached to a diaphragm, and the passage of electric waves through such cylinder causes the vibration of the diaphragm. The scientific principle involved in the electro-motograph discovery is diametrically opposite to the main principle in electro-magnetism, and yet it performs in most cases exactly the same functions as electro-magnetism.

In all contrivances hitherto used for producing a mechanical movement at a long distance, the agency employed has been electro-magnetism. Take, for instance, the ordinary Morse telegraph. This, as every school boy knows, consists in the rough of a piece of soft iron round which is coiled a fine continuous wire, through which wire is passed, so to speak, a current of electricity. This current magnetizes the piece of soft iron, which thereupon is enabled to attract a second piece of iron or armature. Here, then, we have a mechanical movement produced by energy transmitted from a distance. By means of the discovery of the principles of the electro-motograph, Mr. Edison has made it possible to produce mechanical movements at a distance without the employment of electro-magnetism. In other words, had the inventor of the telegraph never lived, and had electro-magnetism never been discovered, we might to-day accomplish the same results by means of the electro-motograph.

Costly Horse-Flesh.

"Horse talk," when on a large scale, is always interesting, because every sensible man and woman in the world likes a fine horse. The first man in the country to pay an excessively fancy price for a trotter was Mr. Bonner, who gave Mr. George Alley $15,000 for Dexter. Mr. Bonner afterwards gave $33,000 for Cooley, $45,000 for Pocahontas, $20,000 for Startle, and $15,000 for Grafton. Large as these sums aggregate, they have been exceeded by Mr. Henry N. Smith, who has probably paid more for trotters than any man living. He paid for Lady Thorn, $30,000; for Goldsmith Maid, $35,000; for Lucy, $25,000; for Jay Gould, $35,000. Gould he bought of Fisk, George Hall, and Jay Gould. They owned the horse, having bought him from a New Bedford party when his name was Judge Brigham. Tattler he bought of A. J. Alexander for $17,000; General Knox he paid $10,000 for; Rosalind cost him $13,000; Socrates, $26,000; Idol, $7,500; Western Girl, $1,000; Martha Nutwood, $1,500. Daisy Burns he traded Harry Harley for with Commodore Vanderbilt; she stood him in $3,500. What does all this foot up? $204,500 exactly. Goldsmith Maid was on the go, in the cars, for thirteen years, from one end of the country to the other, travelling over a hundred thousand miles, always taking her regular rest on the cars as if in her box stall. She has netted to her owner over $75,000, after paying all her expenses and giving Budd Doble one-half.

A Female Diplomatist.

Lady Layard, the wife of the British ambassador at Constantinople, is a handsome woman, gifted with a large heart and great energy. Her kindness to the suffering Turkish refugees has won from them the most enthusiastic gratitude. And it is not in Turkey only that her self-devotion and courage are appreciated. While her husband was stationed in Madrid as British minister, Marshal Serrano, the ex-regent, pursued by the republicans on an accusation of conspiracy, sought refuge in the British legation. As this residence was considered unsafe for him, the Layards carried him in disguise to Santander. On arriving at the railway station the marshal gave his arm to Mrs. Layard, while Mr. Layard walked behind with the bags, and in this manner they got safe into the train through a crowd of excited republicans. At the principal stations on the road the "reds" searched the carriages, but Mr. Layard stood at one door of the compartment and Mrs. Layard at the other, and prevented the man from entering, claiming the right of free passage as British representatives. At Santander a tug was engaged to take Serrano to Biarritz, and at the last moment two civil guards came up and demanded permission to search it; Mrs. Layard stood in the gangway and refused to admit them, saying that the strange passenger was a messenger being sent by the British Minister. For the part she had taken in the matter Mrs. Layard received the thanks of the British Government in a special despatch—the only instance on record of a lady being so honoured.

Jilted and Killed.

A Montreal lass died of a broken heart—and neck—on a recent Sunday. She had a lover, but happened to offend him by going out walking with another man. He was jealous and treated her with marked coolness. After suffering for a few weeks the pangs of unrequited love, she tied a rope about her neck, stood upon a chair in the hall, and fastened herself to the bannisters. By a vigorous movement of her gaiters the chair was overturned, and she was wrenched out of life. In a letter which was pinned to her old clothes she took the pains to explain how it had come about. "It may as well be known that having repented of what I said, I met him one Sunday night, and asked him to go home with me. He went, but he treated me so very coldly that I could hardly speak and did not say what I intended; but I would not be satisfied, so I wrote to him, and he sent me no answer; and then I sent for him to speak to me, and I spoke to him, but all to no purpose. But the day will come when he will be sorry for throwing away a love like mine."

A Cheap Greenhouse.

The *Germantown Telegraph* says: The cheapest plan of erecting a greenhouse that we have any knowledge of—and we used one successfully for many years—is to dig out a pit in a side hill, where the upper end will be just above ground and the lower end will be two or three feet below ground, where the door must be, with two or three steps down for an entrance. Wall up, roof the wall, and cover the whole with sash, as in hotbeds, the sash having more fall, say three feet in a width of two, the house being fifteen by ten. Erect in this the stand of shelves, and when it is time to take up the summer flowers, bulbs, etc., store them here. The glass should be covered with thick straw mats, which can be removed even when the weather is coldest, in clear weather, for an hour or two at midday, to get the warmth and influence of the sun. At such times ventilation also should be attended to, by slightly opening a sash or two. No fire is needed. Nearly ali readily flowering plants will bloom, and there will scarcely be a week during the winter that a bouquet may not be gathered, if the house is properly managed.

McKEE RANKIN as *Sandy* and Mrs. Bessie Hunter as the *Widder* are the lovers in Joaquin Miller's play, "The Danites." In Keokuk, Iowa, Mrs. Hunter left the stage in the midst of a sentimental scene, the curtain was dropped, and the audience heard loud voices in excited discussion. After a little delay the acting was resumed. The trouble came from Mrs. Hunter getting angry at Rankin, because, as she charged, he hugged her in a too realistic manner.

SOME Indian mounds, supposed to be three or four thousand years old or so, were recently opened near Beloit, Wisconsin, and the first thing the excavators dug out were a couple of railroad passes and an autograph album. Thus we see the early dawn of remote civilization mingles with the grey shadows of the æons that—of the æons—the æons—the grey shadows of the æons.

THE king of Burmah is slaughtering off his subjects at a rate to make him the envy of Bismarck and the Czar.

Change.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

Men are no longer what they were
In the old Grecian days, when youth
Looked not beyond itself for truth,
Nor age beyond its trodden ways;
When love was never wont to err
From tranquil woods and streams to find
In the vague voices of the wind
Strange murmurs of unearthly lays.

Men are no longer what they were
When the young Christ was newly born,
Or when amid a golden morn
Rome tottered on her ancient throne;
When hearts went out to minister
Unto the idolatrous far and wide
Sweet hope and mercy sanctified,
And all that love had made its own.

Men are no longer what they were
When souls began to doubt, and hope
To fade—like mist upon a slope
Dissolved in dawning floods of light;
When faith seemed half a thing of air
Built on the moving sands of dream,
A creed of empty sound, supreme
In dull, cold splendour of the night.

Then priest and poet bowed before
The awful, august face of her
Whose deeply mystic voice would stir
The chilled and ghostly voids of death;
Nature, whose speech is like the roar
Of mad, melodious waves, or low
As faint June breezes when they blow
On lowly flowers with languid breath.

Their lofty souls were racked with doubt,
And in sad, yearning tones they cried
To her, the loved, the deified,
For peace which is the grace of grief;
With patient ardour and devout
They sought the light of truth divine,
Yet found that God had left no sign
For them whose faith was unbelief.

Men are no longer what they were—
Lo! they have turned away their gaze
From mourful nights and darkened days
And life that faltered in its path:
With brave and willing hearts they bear
Their heavy burdens, and they sing
Of love's inspired awakening,
And hope that each man truly hath.

The world is changing, and the years
Are sweeping to their radiant goal,
Like torrents breaking from control
And rushing onward to the sea;
And he who listens vaguely hears
A sound of many waters lulled
To calm, and winds to slumber dulled,
Or roused to life unmeaning.

The thunder of false gods, the gloom
Of blind and erring faith, and death
Whose kiss makes poison of our breath,
And all dark shadows of our lives;
These shall not shake us, nor entomb
The joy within our souls, for time
Has filled us with a trust sublime
And given us glory for our grves.

DID HE LOVE ME?

Did he love me? Ah, who can tell? Dead lips and closed eyes reveal not.

I was a seamstress, and mother and I lived in a tiny cottage on the cliff. From our windows we saw every day, and all day, the billows of the mighty Northern ocean dashing on the shore, or in gentler moments the white wavelets dancing on the bosom of the blue deep. The summer's sun lit it up with a golden glory, and the icy snow of winter melted into it, and left no sign; the grey sea-gulls floated on it, aye, and so did the bodies of the dead sometimes. We were very poor, and when mother was ill I could not leave her to go out and work, nor even to seek employment that I could take home and do beside her; so when this happened, you can think they were hard times with us. Bread became scarce, and had it not been for the dried fish sometimes we should have had a sorry dinner. One of the houses to which I used to go, when we were little known, belonged to the captain of the coastguard; and I really enjoyed the days I spent helping Mrs. Leigh out down and alter the dresses and jackets of the young ladies. They were such dear bright girls; it was like a ray of sunshine bursting into the room, when they came and turned over the things in my basket "to see Nelly's love-letters." What merry laughs they had, and what a tangle they made of all my cottons and tapes! They all knew the story that had been the cause of our going to live on the cliff, and they thought none the worse of us because father had got into trouble before he died.

They knew we could not help that; that mother had sold the little home I was born in, and given up everything she possessed, to make up the deficit in his accounts and hide his name from shame as much as possible. When he died, mother moved to this out-of-the-way fishing place to try to forget and be forgotten. There was no money now: nothing to keep a roof over our heads but what she and I could earn; so she taught a few of the fisher children to read and write, and I went out to the houses of the few gentle folk who lived near, to sew. There was the farmer's wife, Mrs. Adby, as proud and conceited as the finest lady in the land, with her silks and satins: too grand by far to look into her dairy, or lend a hand in the cheese-room. The flouncings and plaitings, the braidings and trimmings of all kinds that I put on her gowns, and yet I never could heap on enough to please her. She would come into the spare bedroom and read out bits from all the fashion papers; and, oh dear, how tired I was when 8 o'clock came and I went home to mother again!

Very different were my busy days at the Leighs'. I worked in the snug sitting-room, while Miss Leigh played, Carrie drew, and the mother knitted socks for the Captain. Ah, there was no pride about them; only good, kind hearts and bright looks; and often did Mrs. Leigh make some soup or a pudding, which she gave to me, saying: "I am sure your mother would like it, Nelly; so just run home with it, my dear; you can stay longer to-morrow." And off I used to run along the road, up the steep chalk cliff, and in at the cottage door, disturbing all the little ones at their reading and writing; Mother looked up, and how her dear face brightened when she saw the cause of the commotion, in the black hat and tartan shawl standing in the doorway! Then I sat down, and how fast the lessons went! Even that stupid Joe Hawkins did finally master "twice two are four." The eight-day clock in the corner struck; little legs and feet scrambled about for hats and caps, and out they all ran, leaving the cottage at last to mother and me! The joy of those early home-comings! I was there to get the tea ready, and mother's eyes followed all round the room, to the cupboard where the cups were, back to the table, then away again for the tea-pot. O, dear old days of long ago!

I wonder would you care to hear what our cottage was like? Nothing pretty or romantic, not a bit of it. Just a little, long, low, cottage, with two windows on one side of the door and one on the other, and the sloping tiled roof; the walls were tarred black. "Very ugly," you are saying; perhaps so, only I didn't think it when I used to see the curl of the smoke from the chimney, the dark red tiles of the roof, the black walls, the bright glass of the windows, the leaves and flowers of the few poor plants, and the flicker of the fire looking at me, as, tired from my day's work, my eyes lighted on it, as I came up the cliff. "Dingy, ugly place." Yes, I dare say; but it was my home, and I loved it.

When the spring came there was a good deal to do at Sea View; Carrie was going away on a visit to her aunt, the captain's sister, who had no children of her own, and who might, perhaps, one of these days, add her help to Carrie's wedding portion. None of the Leighs had ever suggested this thought to me, but they often said how rich Aunt Mary was, and as she had no children of her own, I built up a little romance in my imagination, in which she was to adopt Carrie and give her all her money, so that she might marry a penniless Jack Lambert I had heard of, and—live happily ever afterward. I worked with a real delight to turn Carrie out as well as possible, and between us we coaxed the captain out of a five pound note, had a great envelope of patterns from Framthorpe, and later a big brown paper parcel containing the prettiest dress material you ever saw. I even went to Mrs. Abdy's and borrowed the very last fashion book, "for myself,"—of course I would not say it was for the captain's daughter. We made the dress, and it looked lovely, and Carrie prettier than ever, if possible in it. Just in the middle of all this business, when we were working hard all day, a letter arrived saying that Ned, the captain's son, was coming back. He had been at sea when mother and I arrived at the cottage, so I had never seen him, and had a great curiosity to know this "sailor boy" of whom I had heard so much.

The letter was sent off from Malta, so he might soon be expected home. What preparations they made for his return! He was the only son, and you can well imagine how fond and how proud both the captain and his wife were of him.

The "bunk" (for so the captain has christened the room Ned was to have) was fresh papered; loving hands worked all kinds of pretty things from slippers upward (*they* were made, and placed ready for use when he should arrive); Carrie painted a big cardboard flag to look like a Union Jack, and in gold letters wrote a huge "welcome" on it, which she hung up in the little hall; and the whole family lived in the constant expectation of Ned's home-coming.

How the wild waves beat against the cliff, how the wind sighed and moaned as we sat there in the cheerful sitting-room at Sea View! Carrie was going to-morrow, and there was still a lot to do; so I asked mother to let me stay there until Guy Weeks, the old fisherman, should pass the captain's on his way home late that night; and he was to call for me and see me safe to the cottage door.

My needle was flying along, as if spurning the snowy muslin under it, and Norah was making the buttonholes on Carrie's new bodice, when the bell rang.

Out they flocked into the tiny hall; glad, loving voices were lifted in greeting; and a few moments later they all came back into the sitting-room, bringing with them Ned—curly-headed, brown-haired, sun-burnt Ned. How handsome he looked as he stood there, his pilot-jacket buttoned over his chest, and the little cap perched a wee bit on one side of his bonnie head.

"Nellie, this is our Ned."

"Isn't he a darling?"

"There, Nellie, that's something like a young salt."

"My dear old Ned, how glad I am to get you home again."

How many more loving words and looks and greetings! And as he stood there with one hand on the captain's shoulder, and the other round his mother's waist, who could doubt him? He looked so well worthy of all their loving worship.

"Come and see your room, Ned!" cried Carrie.

"Did you see the big flag, my boy?" inquired Mrs. Leigh.

"Come along, Ned, come along!" And Carrie put her arm through his, and dragged him, half unwillingly, up-stairs.

Then they had a private hugging and kissing outside the door again; I heard them; and then up went Ned, two stairs at a time, and Carrie after him.

"What do you think of him, Nelly?"

I said something stupid, I suppose. How foolish I was! I absolutely felt left out in the cold, with all this welcoming and loving going on around us.

Norah evidently thought my praise constrained and cold, for she laughed and said, "O Nelly, I am sure you are jealous at not having him for a brother yourself!"

Presently Carrie and Ned came down—he glorious in the new slippers I had helped to make. Yes, I had helped, though that was a secret between Carrie and me; for she had got the wools all wrong, and I helped her unpick the pattern, and set it right again.

So he sat there and told them of all he had done, of where he had been, of the queer sights and sounds of the far-off lands; and when old Guy Weeks called for me, Ned and the captain had begun singing a lot of old sea songs; and as I closed the door the last thing I heard was something about "little Billy." And I went with the old fisherman out into the dark tempestuous night with the refrain of "little Billy" ringing in my ears.

Mother was anxious enough when I reached the cottage, and took many a good look at me to assure herself that there was none of me blown away by the winds or washed away by the rain.

"Come in a minute, Guy, won't you?"

"No, I thank you, missis; it be main tempting, but I'll just go on home."

"Well, thank you for bringing Nelly; good-night."

"Good-night, neighbour."

We heard the plash, plash of the old man's boots as he tramped on in the wet mud. Mother took off my hat and cloak and gave me a cup of tea; then she sat down on the other side of the fire to hear the news.

"Is the captain's son come, Nelly?"

Mother had asked this question every night for a week past.

"Yes, mother, he came this evening."

"What is he like, dear?"

"Oh, big and brown, and curly-haired and sunburned."

"That's a queer description, Nell."

"Well, mother, it's true."

"Weren't they glad to see him? I can just imagine it."

"They hugged him and kissed him enough anyway."

"One would think you had no one to hug and kiss you, Nell, from the way in which you talk."

Dear me, what a cross-grained, crabbed girl I was, to be sure! What could it signify to me if they had all gone on kissing Ned from now till next Sunday night?

"What did he talk about, child?"

"He told them a lot of stories about whales, and sharks, and black people, and palm trees with dates on them—ever such a lot of stories, only I was busy working, and they took no notice of me. Then he and the captain began to sing, and they were still in the midst of it all when old Guy came for me."

Carrie did not go to her aunt's next day; she wrote her a letter instead, telling her of Ned's return, and saying she could not leave him just yet; mentioning all the little presents his boxes were found to contain, and ending with a flaming description of the munificent donor.

I went up there every day to work, and the days seemed very short, in spite of Carrie's and Ned's mischievous pranks. They were always teasing and tormenting some one, and my scissors and cottons took to living in curtains, under sofa-cushions, and all kinds of odd places.

Then Ned would often on wet days fetch out some amusing book from his father's "den," and read out to us as we all sat at work. Sometimes we would laugh at Harry Lorrequer, sympathize with Snarleyow, or get what that ridiculous Carrie called "Wilkie Collins creeps" over the "Moonstone."

He had a trick of settling himself in a folding chair near the little table I worked by, and now and again he would look up at me, his brown eyes twinkling with mischief or melting with tenderness, as the case might be. I told you how good and kind all the Leighs were to me, how they remembered that I had not been born to quite such a lowly sphere as the one I now occupied; so they never treated me like they would have done an ordinary seamstress, but they let me sit in the room with them and get my meals there, instead of in the kitchen with the servants. I suppose they told Ned my poor little story, or else it was his own innate delicacy that made him always affect not to know that I was paid for my work, and to treat me with just the same consideration he showed Norah and Carrie.

I was so grateful to him for this little kindness, so proud and happy when sometimes he would walk up the cliff part of the way home with me, that I forgot that now I was only a poor work-girl, and let my heart secretly thank him for the new brightness he had brought into my life.

How he used to laugh at our dress discussions at Sea View, and give us the most ridiculous suggestions for female attire! He would dress himself in a skirt of Carrie's, a jacket of Norah's, and any one's hat—sometimes mine—and, entering the room with dignity, ask who we thought him like. Ah, childish nonsense; but how we delighted in it all!

The winter was come, and still Ned stayed on, though his leave was getting very short. The tears used to come in Mrs. Leigh's eyes now when his departure was talked of; so, though no one could help thinking of his going, no one mentioned the subject.

I thought on one or two occasions Carrie's bright eyes fixed themselves on me in an inquiring manner that winter; once or twice she made queer little remarks about her brother, which I, fearful of showing the great love in my heart, always wilfully misunderstood.

It was quite true—deny it how I would—in my heart, quite deep down, lived the image of Ned, dear, kind, gentle Ned, who had never asked my love—how could he? I was only a poor seamstress—but to whom I had given it all—passionate, deep, agonizing love, whose wild aching half frightened me.

At last it came—how we had all dreaded it! It came—Ned's recall. The old captain gave a little short, sharp laugh. "To work, to work, sir! Do you suppose her Majesty keeps a great strong fellow like you to read to a parcel of women-folk, and dress up in their petticoats!" Then he walked to the window, took a pinch of snuff, and used his handkerchief more energetically than usual, I thought.

Carrie ran up to Ned and hid her wet eyes in his neck; Norah poured out the hot water instead of the tea; Mrs. Leigh—ah, I shall not say what she did; you who have no Neds would only call her a foolish old woman. Of course it was no business of mine, none in the least; I had no right to feel the tiniest atom moved; but my heart seemed to die away in me, and then—oh, then—I went on cutting the bread and butter.

If you could have seen them all during the day, each bearing up for the others' sake and each longing to be alone and take off this mask of gaiety. In the afternoon somehow they went off one by one; just stole out of the room.

Thank God, I was alone, too; I might breathe freely now; no more need to hide it all. The twilight came; I could not see to work, and, indeed, the big tears tumbled down on my knee. Then, O then, my love, my darling, I thought I might never see him again; and in fancy I pictured all possible and impossible horrors, foolish, stupid girl that I was; and my hands were up to my face, and the stifling sobs came, and the big lump in my throat, and—O, would that I had died!

I don't know how long I had been crying like this when my two hands were pulled down from my face, and a voice said, "Why, what's the matter, Nelly? What *are* you crying for?"

It was Ned who had come into the room and caught me.

There was no good denying it; he had heard the sobbing; so, though I tried to choke it all back, I could not. I could not. He still held my hands: "Why, you silly little person; any one would think you had a real big trouble." Ay, so I had, Ned dear.

"Is your mother ill again, Nelly? Can I help you any way?"

What should I do? It was heaven to have him there by me, holding my two hands in his firm grasp; and yet I could not let him think—O, what should I do! Do? Just what I did; make an utter fool of myself, and beginning again worse than ever.

"Poor little Nelly! There, Nelly, don't; tell me all about it. Poor little Nell, dear little Nell!" His head went on my shoulder, gently round my neck, and Ned's lips just touched my hair. Ah, it was killing me, to sit there and make no sign, with my pulses throbbing and my heart boiling over with love for him!

I jumped up from my chair, and ran out of the room, up-stairs, until I reached Carrie's door, where I threw myself, panting and aching all over, on the door-mat.

The door opened, and a moment later Carrie's arms were round me, and she had lifted me into the easy chair by the fire-place.

"Why, Nelly, whatever made you scamper up here like that? Were you frightened of ghosts down below there, or had you headache?"

Silly, good-hearted Carrie. Not a headache, dear, but such a weary heartache.

"It's very silly, Carrie; but you know I am nervous sometimes! I am sure a storm is coming up, and I feel all shaken, and have one of my headaches."

"Lie down on my bed then, and you shall sleep here if you like."

I lay down, and Carrie sat by me until the tea-bell rang; then, for I had not spoken, she thought I was asleep, and as the captain was the model of punctuality, and expected his children to be so also, she left me and went down.

How the wind raged! It seemed as though it would beat in the windows of Carrie's room. I could not lie there any longer. I would just scribble a line for her, and, getting my hat and shawl on the way, go home; so, softly, I went down the stairs and out at the door into the wild, threatening night.

The wind eddied round me, and nearly took me off my feet, and I leaned against a low wall to take breath. A step came nearer, and the next moment Ned appeared.

"Carrie said you had gone home. How foolish of you thin wild night! You had far better stay till to-morrow."

Ah, was it fate then? Was I not to get away from this man?

"I am quite well now; my headache is gone; indeed, I can get home."

"Well, Nelly, I shall come too. Fancy going out such a night as this! There'll be plenty of wrecks to-night, and the wreckers will have a busy day to-morrow. We are in for a real storm, and no mistake."

The wind was against us, and try how we would we could make but little progress. All my presentiments came back upon me. What if this were our last walk, this the last time I should see him?

"Trembling again, Nelly! If you were a fine lady I should say you were hysterical; as you are a sensible girl, I believe you are going to be ill."

"No, I am quite well; it is only the cold!"

More and more the wind blew; keener and more bitterly as we neared the cottage.

"Nearly home now, Nell, and I want to tell you something before I leave. I must not keep you out here, though. May I tell you to-morrow, dear?—What's that? A signal of distress. Again, again! Run in, child, run in! I must go and help, if help be possible. To-morrow, Nell, to-morrow."

He almost forced me inside the house, put his arms round me, pressed kisses on my aching, burning brow, turned and ran down the cliff.

Mother came to the threshold, and seeing me tottering, put her dear arms about me, and pillowed my head on her breast.

"You have been walking too fast, darling; get your things off. That's a shot from some ship in distress. Poor things! God have mercy on them this wild night!"

How long we stood there I don't know. The storm came on in earnest; the sharp claps of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning succeeded each other; down poured the rain in torrents. The flashes lit up the distance, and there, not far out, we could see a ship, and the innumerable black specks, swimming about, poor things, in agony.

Louder and louder pealed the thunder. I could not rest there, so I broke away from mother and rushed down the cliff to Sea View. Had not Ned said he was going to help? Breathless, mad with love and terror, I reached the captain's house.

"Ned! Ned!" I cried, when the door was opened.

"He's gone!" answered Carrie's voice; "gone out in the life-boat, with the men."

"Gone!" And like a mad thing I flew on and on until I reached the beach.

"The life-boat?" I asked of the crowd of fisher-folk standing there, all called out by the signals of distress from the ship.

"She be gone out, lass. I'm most afeared she won't do no good."

"The captain's son, he's gone in her!" cried one of the women.

I knew it, feared it, felt it! O, Ned, Ned, come back to me! More rain, more thunder. Ah, God help those brave fellows! The lightning flashed and showed the life-boat tossing about on the wild, white waves.

"She'll never weather it! Yes, she will, God bless her!" Another flash. Where was the life-boat and her gallant crew? Ah, where? All eyes strained seaward, waiting for another flash to light up the course of the white boat.

Where was she? The flash came; it showed the boat—keel upward.

O, where was he—Ned, my darling?

My senses left me. I cannot bring back one moment after that, until I woke to find myself in the little cottage, with mother's loving face looking over me.

Days passed, and still my mind wandered and the scene of the beach was quite effaced from me, until I heard old Guy Weeks' voice ask mother at the cottage door, "How be she to-day, neighbour?"

"Not much better, Guy, I fear."

"Ah, poor lass, she loved the captain's son's my belief."

Then it all came back, and, brought by my scream, mother returned to me. For many days I lingered between life and death; then in time mother told me the rest of that sad night's events.

How, when I broke from her, she had followed me to the captain's house, thence on to the beach, where she had just caught sight of me when I ran back, like one whose feet had wings, up the steep cliff, and with one wail threw up my arms and leaped into the angry sea below. Mother flew down to the beach, implored and begged the men to go after me—but this fearful night would have shaken the courage of heroes. All looked away, and mother was nearly mad with agony when old Guy Weeks came up to her.

"We'll go, neighbour, me and grandson Tom, and by God's help, we'll bring your lass back again!"

And amid dangers of every kind they rounded the cliff, and made their way in their fragile boat to the place where I had thrown myself. There then they found me, bruised and shattered by the fall, washed upon a boulder of rock, utterly unconscious.

They put me in their boat and brought me back to mother, and there I lay for days and days, a fever raging within me, and a prey to wild delirium. My hip was broken in the fall, and never more, the doctor said, should I walk the well-known road to the cottage door, where I had bid farewell to my heart's darling.

And he—brave, gallant Ned—he had been washed ashore with the others of the life-boat's crew, and all was mourning and misery at Sea View. O heaven! would that I had died and my bonnie sailor love had lived.

I lie here now, all day and all night, winter and summer, watching the plashing of those cruel waves on the shore, thinking always of Ned's "to-morrow." What would he have told me, my heart's treasure? Was it that he loved me? Ah, who shall know it ever?

Years have passed since then. Carrie, bright, loving Carrie, comes to see me often and together we talk of him. She knows I loved him.

I have a curly brown lock Carrie gave me. I kiss it and love it—it is all I have of Ned.

Ah, did he love me?

The Hudson Bay Company.

The supreme control of Hudson Bay affairs is vested under the charter, in a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and committee of five directors, all annually chosen by the stockholders at a general meeting held each November. These functionaries, residing in London, delegate their authority to an official resident in their American possessions, called the Governor of Rupert's Land, who acts as their representative. The authority of the Governor is supreme, except during the session of his Council, which is held once a year, and continues its formal sittings for two or three days.

The other parties to the Council are the members of the "Fur Trade," which constitutes, in its relation to the Hudson Bay Company, the wheel within the wheel. From this the profits of the Company may be said to be entirely derived. It constitutes the means by which the Company avails itself of the right to trade, which it possesses in its territories. The members of the Fur Trade reside entirely in the localities where the business is carried on in North America, and are employed in carrying out its actual workings. They are composed of the two highest grades of commissioned officers, called Chief Factors and Chief Traders. These furnish none of the capital stock, and receive their commissions merely as rewards for long service, seldom of shorter date than fourteen years, as clerks. No annual election of officials forming anything like the Company's London Board takes place among the partners of the Fur Trade. The only approximation to a common action which exists is afforded by the annual meetings of the Council before referred to, which all Chief Factors and Chief Traders are entitled to attend. Again, the Board in London have a special representative in Rupert's Land in the person of the Governor. He is president of the councils of officers held in the country, and there is no instance of his having been outvoted or his action set aside by any such body. On the other hand, the Fur Trade has no representative at the house in London. An annual despatch is addressed by the London Board to the Council of the Northern Department. This constitutes the sole occasion on which the Company as a body approaches the Fur Trade as a body in the whole course of their business.

The partners of the Fur Trade are connected with the Company under such provisions that their incomes fluctuate with the alterations of the annual profits of the trade. A definite number of shares composes their aggregate interest. Of these a Chief Trader possesses one and a Chief Factor two. Vacancies in their ranks are immediately filled up as they occur from death or retirement of the members, the qualification necessary to obtain the commission being a majority of all the votes of all the Chief Factors. The candidates for a factorship are necessarily Traders, while those for a vacant tradership are from the ranks of salaried clerks, seldom of less than fourteen years' standing in the service.

Prince Albert and a Faithful Servant.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.

The same appreciation of good service which the Prince Consort showed for the public officers of the crown was also observable in his regard for the domestics who had been attached to him from his earlier days. While the Queen and Prince were at Dusseldorf, on their way to visit the Princess Royal at Berlin, they received the news of the death of an old domestic. The extract from the Queen's diary which describes this incident is one of the prettiest passages in the present volume. "While I was dressing, Albert came in, quite pale, with a telegram, saying, 'My poor Cart is dead!' (*Mein armer Cart ist gestorben!*) [Cart had been Prince Albert's valet for 29 years.] 'I turn sick now (14th August) in writing it. * * * He died suddenly on Saturday at Morges, of angina pectoris. I burst into tears. All day long the tears would rush every moment to my eyes, and this dreadful reality came to throw a gloom over the long-wished-for day of meeting with our dear child. Cart was with Albert from his seventh year. He was invaluable; well educated, thoroughly trustworthy, devoted to the Prince, the best of nurses, superior in every sense of the word, a proud, independent Swiss, who was quite *un homme de confiance*, peculiar, but extremely careful, and who might be trusted in anything. He wrote well, and copied much for us. He was the only link my loved one had about him which connected him with his childhood, the only one with whom he could talk over old times. I cannot think of my dear husband without Cart! He seemed part of himself! We were so thankful for and proud of this faithful old servant; he was such a comfort to us, and now he is gone! A sad breakfast we had indeed, Albert felt the loss so much, and we had to choke our grief down all day."

TENDER-HEARTED little Susie picked up a crying kitten on the sidewalk, and nestling it in her bosom took it into the house to nurture it. "Now," said her mother, "what did you bring that sore-eyed cat in for?" With a look of profound sympathy she replied: "She ain't sore-eyed; her eyes are full of grief, poor thing."

Domestic Finance.

The prevailing system of family finance works mischief to all concerned. Husband, wife and children are all put in wrong relations to each other; conflicting interests take the place of mutual reliance, harmony and satisfaction. The head of the family, instead of being looked up to as its provider, whose honourable duty it is to supply its wants by his labour, comes to be regarded by all the household as a curmudgeon of whom they "hate to ask for anything," or a simpleton who can be easily wheedled. The poor man is much to be pitied. To him there is neither truth nor poetry in the line "There's no place like home," for the shop and it are as much alike in one very important respect as it is possible for any two things to be. The time he can spend with his family is scant enough without the encroachments which the present system makes upon his enjoyment of it. During the day, if he is in business for himself, his mind is constantly on the rack about money matters meeting demands upon himself and pressing his own demands upon others, and by the time his day's work is done he needs an entire change instead of a repetition of it. But as he turns his back upon the store or office where hour after hour he has been asking or asked for money, it is with the wearying knowledge that he is only going to meet another set of pecuniary claimants whose appeals will be more importunate than those he has disposed of, and less easy to evade. How pleasantly would his evening pass, and how much he would be nerved and braced for renewed battling with the world, if money were never, or very seldom, mentioned in the home circle. But, no; experience leads him to expect hints and suggestions from this one and that one all the evening through, as a prelude to the direct appeal which will take all the sweetness and cheer out of the morning "Good-bye." He starts at every mention of articles of use or beauty which are not absolutely unpurchasable, for it is quite likely he will be asked before he goes "down town" for money wherewith to buy some of them. He actually dreads to hear of bargains made by neighbours, for the mention may be premonitory of an appeal for cash. There is thus induced a restlessness, a fidgettiness, a suspiciousness far more hurtful to mind, temper and heart than the friction of business could possibly be. He is alert, uncomfortable and testy.

Nor is the effect upon the wife less malign. If she is at all sensitive she often shrinks from soliciting money that is really required for household purposes. She remembers how lately she had to make a similar demand; she recalls the significant hints he has given her that his business is not as remunerative as it should be; even if she has no reason to fear a harsh rebuff, she dislikes to cause him the pain of refusing her, and exaggerates, to her own discomfort, any reluctance he may manifest. If there is genuine love between the two, they are both unpleasantly affected when what is asked is either given or withheld, and the wife, whose home is her all, has by far the greater share of the pain.

The effect on the children is positively pernicious. It is impossible for them under such a system to learn the connection between effort and recompense. How can they, when they see that money is to be had by asking for it, learn that in some way or other it has always to be earned? All that their father may do to instill sound ideas on the subject into their minds is in vain; they put it down to unwillingness to give them what they clamour for. They correct, resisting on the citadel, and enclosing the towns of Calais and St. Pierre. By a law signed by the President of the Republic, the construction of the new forts and enceinte round Calais is declared to be a work of public urgency, and a sum of $2,800,000 is set aside to defray the expenses incurred during the next four years in building the new fortifications.

THE Russian Imperial arsenal at Petrozavodsk has just completed its 40,000th cannon. The works, which are situated on the shores of Lake Onega, in the Olonetz government, were founded in 1774, since when it has been the custom to brand each cannon cast with a consecutive number. Most of the field artillery of native manufacture employed by the Russian army is cast at Petrozavodsk, the heavier ordnance being manufactured at Perm or St. Petersburg. The budget of the foundry mostly amounts to a million roubles a year. The iron used at the works is brought from the half dozen mining establishments that exist in the province of Olonetz.

A COMMITTEE was appointed by the Michigan Legislature to investigate the case of the expulsion of Catholic pupils from the Flint asylum for the deaf, dumb, and blind. The trustees of the institution passed a resolution reinstating the expelled pupils, allowing them all the freedom and privileges pertaining to their religious belief. The expulsion was in consequence of the refusal of the Catholic pupils to participate in the commencement exercises at the institute in which they would be required to join in singing the English translation of "Mozart's Mass," the action of the pupils being in accordance with advice of the Rev. Robert W. Haire, Catholic priest of Flint parish.

A Worm in the Eye.

John J. Andrews, a Philadelphia merchant, lost the sight of his left eye twenty years ago, and physicians told him that there was no cure. The useless member gave him no trouble until 1877, but thereafter it was occasionally so painful that he writhed on the floor until the attack was over. Many of the best oculists made careful examinations, and were unable to ascertain the nature of the disease. Lately he put himself into the hands of a Philadelphia physician, of whose investigations he says: "He blistered me round the eye to draw out the inflammation, and at last he said: 'I know what it is not; it is not inflammation, and that is one point gained.' He drew out a diseased tooth and cut out a piece of the jaw bone and did some probing; finally he said: 'It does not come from a tooth nerve, and that is another point gained.' He dosed me with quinine until he was satisfied, and then he said: 'It is not miasma, and that is another point gained.' Last Thursday he put me into a darkened room, and, throwing an indescribably bright light into my eye, looked into my eye for two mortal hours. At last he exclaimed: 'I have the secret.' Looking in through the pupil of the eye he could see a live cysticercus, or embryo tape worm." This was the first case of the kind in America, and was exhibited to most of the physicians of Philadelphia. An operation with a knife removed the creature.

Sporting Books.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.

As hazards have diminished with improvements in firearms, shooting in the forest and jungle is less risky than formerly, and consequently sporting narratives are less exciting. Moreover, narrow "shaves," and "squeaks," and ventures at close quarters, verging on the foolhardy, have been so often described that they have naturally been losing much of their zest. Time after time, in the fancy if not in the flesh, we have dodged the charge of the infuriated elephant, or caught the twinkling bloodshot eye of the wounded rhinoceros. We have learned by manifold experience how hard it is to double through thorny scrub when your pursuer is crashing behind you by sheer weight; and when you are saved by Providence or some lucky accident, as you are almost within reach of the tusks or the horn. Time after time we have crouched along the tangled jungle-path in quest of the lurking tiger, looking for the sinister gleam of his eye-