

my treatment of *can-ner* and pets, and short walks at early morning. I was born to be a great physician, say, but I was never born to make quick work with Marie, who is as dumb as a fish, and does not even give me a good chance to make eyes at her."

"You have been playing your part of lover exactly two weeks, I think, and have got on at railroad speed, I say," Pymn responded, and nibbled off the end of his cigar. "As for me, I am only astonished that you have not been turned out of doors for some glaring nonsense or other. I have a mind to go with you on your visit to-day, and see how you proceed."

"You're welcome."

"Get your wonderful wallet, then."

"Do you know, I left it at the cottage by accident," says O'Gara. "I don't see how I could have been so careless."

The doctor turned his eyes on the young man, without moving, as he blew out his match.

"I'm afraid that was a great mistake," he remarked, in a tone of apprehension.

The two friends started off for the widow's cottage, stepping with the precision of the trained pedestrians they were.

Marie opened the door for them herself, as if she had caught sight of her old acquaintance, the doctor, as he approached, for she was quite cordial to him; and some of her aroused gentleness seemed to extend itself to O'Gara, whom she smiled upon, and whose hand she pressed good-naturedly with her own.

They were ushered into Madame Parleur's special apartment, and found her with her invalid manner, but a better color in her cheeks than Pymn had ever seen there. She glanced amicably at the colonel, but to Pymn she said:

"You, sir, should take lessons of your assistant. He has the genius of a Napoleon in the field of medicine."

The doctor congratulated her upon the fortunate chance which had thrown in her way a mind so adapted to her needs as that of O'Gara, and asked the name of the finch which was singing in a cage at her elbow.

But Madame Parleur had already fastened her attention upon O'Gara, and implored him to tell her what she should take for a sensation as if all her bones were crumbling to dust.

It is so cruel," she complained, "for pray do not our bones last even when we are dead! And yet I must undergo the terror of having them crumble within my living frame."

"It is an insult of nature not to be borne," cried the ex-officer. "Do but give me my medicine case, and I will see what can be effected."

Marie here started up from her chair, her face pink and dimpled, and going to a cupboard, took out the dingy little bag, and handed it to O'Gara.

Pymn looked at the girl and caught her eye. She tossed her head most debonairly, put her hands in the little pockets of her muslin apron, and stood beside the centre table, watchful, as O'Gara opened his treasure store. No bottles were there.

The colonel turned pale, gazing into his wallet.

"I have not finished filling them with coffee and salt," said Marie, softly.

The hypochondriac was constrained to rise to her full height with the shock of surprise at this episode, and as the three young people burst out laughing, she looked from one to the other in increasing perplexity, largely mingled with haughty displeasure.

"How!" said she, in her deep reverberating voice. "Are you all mad?"

"The Fates!" ejaculated the colonel, clutching his head with both hands in mock agony. "Surely I have lived to see myself destroyed!"

"Madame," says Dr. Pymn, clearing his throat, and crossing one leg over the other as if he were about to lecture to a dozen students, "I am by resuming your chair, and by listening to me quietly."

Madame Parleur sank back. "My friend O'Gara, permit me to inform you, does not believe in the infallible efficacy of medicine. Having learned from me that all my efforts at restoring you to robust health with drugs apparently resulted in nothing but disappointment, he asks me the favor of trying numberless practices at his tongue's end for giving you diversion and exercise. Do you realize, my dear Madame Parleur, that you would doubtless have refused to accede to these inspirations of his if your well-grounded prejudices had not been pampered by a certain semblance of powder and distillations? It is a matter for your candour and generous frankness to admit that my friend O'Gara has justified himself in his intelligent experiment, and that you are in fact a thousand times better in two weeks than you have found yourself for years. What do you say?"

The stately hypochondriac smiled, and made a graceful obeisance to the colonel, who had long ago recovered his self-possession, and made the best of the opportunity to get up something in the character of a flirtation with Marie. Her mother spoke.

"This explanation of your attitude toward me, young friend, wholly satisfies me. I am glad to have been considered worthy of your skill. But it is now my daughter's turn to enlighten me as to her meddling with your medicine case, which I suppose had in it drugs of some value, however mild."

Marie played with a chain of beads at her throat, and cast a covert glance at O'Gara. It seemed greatly to stimulate him.

"Mademoiselle Marie," he said, rising and bringing his heels together with a snap, as he

often did, and then gallantly kissing his hand to her, as if he was in the habit of doing that often too, "if she can guess as correctly the sentiments of my heart as she has done the contents of my medicine bottles, stands absolved from any conceivable resentment."

Marie at this gave utterance to a rippling laugh, at last saying,

"Ah, Dr. O'Gara, a person of so much professional enthusiasm as yourself, of such profound research, with originality into the bargain, can afford to forgive the petty offences of less gifted mortals." With a blush, she turned away, a thought coquettishly, and going over the window where her work lay, rested one hand idly upon the pretty silk.

"I have not much time," remarked Pymn. "O'Gara, do you have a few words with your patient, and I will try to induce Miss Marie to renew old acquaintanceship before it is too late."

He took his chair to Marie's side, who seated herself, and sedately began her embroidery.

The couple at the window heard an exclamation after another in the melodious tones of the old French lady, rising above the steady stream of O'Gara's hurried monotone, his Irish tongue having got his destiny into its own power. Madame Parleur's eyebrows reached almost incredible heights, her haunting chills crept over every limb, her bones shook if they did not crumble, and yet her understanding and her predilections were taken captive by the gracious eloquence of the gay colonel, who fully persuaded her of his sincere adoration of Marie.

The fascinating girl was herself conscious of a serious crisis, although Pymn did not allow her any ears to hear the conversation by the centre table. Her color came and went, and she often peeped out at the yellowing elm branches hanging near the window, biting her lip in some kind of perturbation.

And when O'Gara got up and stepped over to her, his gray eyes dark with earnest emotion, her brown eyes filled with tears, and she became so reserved that nothing would tempt her to raise her lids.

Not long after this important day, for such it turned out to be, the colonel caught Pymn standing alone, and looking at an object which he had taken out of his pocket.

"What time is it? I am always forgetting my watch now," says O'Gara. He went up and looked over Pymn's arm. He drew back again.

The doctor had not been examining the time, as he had thought. "Why, Clarence," he said, "I did not know—what the deuce—you never told me! Is it a picture of Marie?"

Pymn turned, put a photographed portrait back in an inner pocket warmed by his heart's blood, and appeared a little unnerved.

"Why should I have told you?" he replied. "This is the portrait of a woman who is dead. You make me somewhat lonely in your new life of prosperous wooing. Well, I hope it will be of longer duration than that which I experienced. Our inclinations might have interfered with each other, you know, if I had not already loved."

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

Straight through the trackless wilderness, over lofty mountains and frowning precipices as with a single stride, and through dark and gloomy gorges, crossing wild rushing mountain torrents with the twin silver threads, and pushing on and on through the hitherto unknown domains of the caribou and moose and bear, and the hunting grounds of the red Indian, or intruding upon the solitary watery avenues of the Canadian *Voyageur*, steadily on and on goes the marvellous work of spanning a continent. Thus ruminated a certain personage as he balanced himself upon the unsteady deck of the great Lake Huron steamer, one gusty day in November, and gazed meditatively across the troubled waters to the distant northern shore, whereon was now rapidly becoming visible, against the dark fringe of forest, the collection of low houses which marked the site of the very-much-in-the-far-perspective great city of Algoma mills, the present headquarters of the Manager of the Sault Ste. Marie Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The youth gazed pensively, as the prow of the steamer cleft the dark green waters, for he was sad, and his very soul was stirred within him. All day long the winds had blown from every quarter of the heavens, kicking up a tremendous sea, such as in these northern lakes is always only too ready to be kicked, and the huge steamer had been tossed and buffeted about as if no more than a little chip, and the youth had retired early in the day to the privacy of his stateroom, and had been seen no more of men, until just as the boat glided between the islands which guard the entrance to the Algoma harbor and into the smooth water beyond, he reappeared on deck, very pale and haggard, as one who had been passed through the furnace of affliction. Yea verily.

It is an exciting event to watch a steamer making a landing on a windy day on Lake Huron. She comes on slowly with her propeller stopped, rolling from side to side on the top of the waves, and hits the wharf a butt with her nose that sends every passenger "to grass," as it were. Then, as she slowly rebounds, lines are thrown out at bow and stern, and while she is tossing up and down like a mad thing, she is hauled up to the wharf, very much to one side, and made fast; that is, if the ropes don't give way. Generally they do, and then the exhilarating performance has to be gone all through

with again, to the great personal satisfaction of the small boy on shore. Sometimes, I have been told, a miscalculation is made, and the steamer rushes up to the wharf on the crest of the waves, and instead of having its career stopped in the proper place, it is carried by the impetus it has acquired clear over the dock and down into the water on the other side. I do not quite believe the story; I think it has been exaggerated.

As I stepped ashore (I regret to say the youth and I are one) upon the beautiful railway wharf, which, like everything else pertaining to the C. P. R., is built upon a substantial and never-mind-the-cost scale, I looked around me in order to discover the lofty spires and minarets, the stately buildings, the well-paved streets, thronging with rank and fashion, and all the other indications of a great city, but I did not make myself conspicuous by searching for these things very long, for they were not there. A dozen houses, a ruinous old mill sitting astride of a foaming creek; two stores and the railway office; a huge stable on the edge of the track, which ran up from the wharf and lost itself in the woods; this was all I saw, except infinite pigs. All around on every hand were the woods, dark and mysterious and impenetrable, and this little world looked bleak and bare enough, this November afternoon, with a leaden sky over head and a pitiless wind that is never still. However, feeling freshened up after tea, I strolled out over the creek bridge and listened to the thunders of the surf on the beach, and to the wild howling of the wind in the forest, and tried my best to see something besides darkness and couldn't, for the night was as black as a lawyer's conscience, and it was not hard to realize that we were so far from civilization, and a distant cry in the woods quickened my imagination, and possibly my footsteps, as I groped my way back to the house and to bed, but not until I had collided with an aboriginal, who swore at me in hearty Irish until the very air smelt sulphurous.

There are only eleven miles of track laid from Algoma Mills on the north shore of Lake Huron eastwards, but I leaped on the construction train which went down the next morning, and with becoming diffidence soon found myself in the engine driver's cab. We rattled and thundered along over the rough, newly-made road, through immense rock cuttings, a single one of which had cost thousands of dollars and months of labor to bring down to the proper grade, and over a tremendously high trestlework, where the road crossed a valley, and so on to Serpent Mills on the Serpent River, the present terminus of the track. Here your ubiquitous correspondent fell in with one of the Superintendents of Construction, a "walking boss" in "navy" parlance, who kindly put in his way much valuable information.

The Sault Ste. Marie Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as the enlightened reader will not thank me for telling him, is intended to become the great carrying highway of the Canadian North-West (or at least until the main line is finished around the shore of Lake Superior, which will probably be in a few centuries). A line of steel steamers will ply between Thunder Bay and Algoma Mills, connecting at the latter point with the railway to Montreal and the sea board. This consummation is to be reached in about two years; the steamers are being built, and the railway has some 4,000 men at work upon it, and consequently, as if by magic, a magnificent road is fast pushing its way through hundreds of miles of wild, uninhabited country, which for natural difficulties and obstacles to railway work is hardly to be surpassed. This little piece of information I have thrown in regardless of consequences, and I will now proceed.

From Serpent Mills, although there is no track laid, the road is smoothly graded, and along this way we walked in the cool autumn morning, every nerve and fibre in our frames thrilling in the pure bracing air, and our eyes feasting upon the picturesque scenery about us. A broad, sluggish river, with reedy banks, winding in and out and sometimes almost doubling on its course, until it is not difficult to discern the reason of its appellation. High hills, rocky and precipitous, slope down to the water's edge, and just along their bases, creeping around almost impossible corners, the river on one side and scores of feet of perpendicular rock on the other, and dashing down into deep gorges and ravines, runs the roadway which is only waiting for the metal to be laid down to become a great throbbing artery connecting the old life of the world with the new. Always and ever the eternal forest! Hundreds and hundreds of miles of it, with scarcely a break; it creates a kind of awe in one's breast to be placed in the very heart of such a stupendous work of Nature, and as we were walking slowly along, a little impressed, perhaps, by the solemn grandeur of the landscape, we were suddenly startled by loud shouts, a little way above us, of "Fire! fire! fire!"

Now a fire has always been a weak point in my armour; I have run miles in my boyhood in pursuit of the engines, generally arriving on the scene of action in time to learn that the alarm was a false one, and so when this sudden cry was raised in the solitudes, off I started at break-neck speed, and, darting around a sharp turn in the road, I found myself in the midst of a party of workmen, who were standing on a ledge of rock and yelling like fiends.

I looked at them in open-mouthed astonishment, and breathlessly inquired where the fire was. One of the maniacs ceased his noise long enough to look me from head to foot with a calm, deliberate stare, and then, after pointing up the road, sat down on the rock and laughed most

hideously. The fear of the mockery of a rabble never oppresses a great mind, and so off I started again, filled with a valiant desire to render my powerful assistance at the scene of the conflagration, and also with noble scorn of the cowardly men who sought a safe distance for their precious skins, and then did nothing but whoop like Indians, but I had not got six steps before I felt a strong grasp on my collar, and heard a coarse, loud voice in my ear, uttering with frightful rapidity whole strings of sentences of anything but an evangelical import.

"Why you blank, blank, son of a blank, where in blank blank blank are you going? blank blank!" etc.

I turned in indignation to reason with my detainer, a burly Hibernian, when all at once arose a fearful sound of crashing and rending and tearing. The ground shook beneath my feet, and I had been thrown down, but I had the admirable presence of mind to take a seat voluntarily. Over the edge of a low hill just before me came a great shower of stones and fragments of rock and tons of dirt and debris, and I thought an earthquake had come to pass. The alarming storm had quelled in a few instants and I looked inquiringly at the Irishman.

"Blast," he said, laconically, as he rejoined his comrades, who were now tramping slowly back to work, and, somewhat crestfallen, I went with them.

A great ragged gash in the solid rock was what appeared, out of which tons and tons of stuff had been "scooped" in a moment's space, and as I looked with interest at the almost magical work, I learned that when the drilling was finished and the blasting cartridges in, it was the custom for the gang to run pell-mell down the road shouting fire at the same time in order to warn off any stragglers; the foreman stays behind an instant to light the fuse, and then, with very little unnecessary delay, proceeds to make himself "scarce" also. This is the universal custom, and as I pursued my journey in search of more information, I really felt grateful that my thirst for knowledge had been quenched in this instance, however unceremoniously.

My next letter will give the privileged reader an account of a powder magazine explosion; six feet of law and justice; hum in bears; a railway camp and its inhabitants, besides other useful and valuable information to be found nowhere else in the wide world.

A. N. TEVHUNE.

THE TRIAL BY JURY.

Mr. Gilbert, the dramatist, once heard that his "Trial by Jury," re-named and slightly altered, was being given at a certain hall, and not liking to be swindled, he called upon the manager. The author opened proceedings by inquiring whether the hall was not let for amateur theatricals sometimes. It was, certainly, any evening, if not already engaged, and the manager inquired what his visitor proposed to play.

"Well, there's a piece called 'Trial by Jury.' I was thinking of that," the visitor replied.

"And a very good piece, too," the manager kindly assured him; "sure to take."

"I know who could play the principal parts very well," Mr. Gilbert said, "but I was doubtful about the chorus. Could you help me in this, do you think?"

"I think I could—in fact I'm sure of it—you need not trouble about a chorus that knows the music," the manager replied.

"Thank you; you are very kind," Mr. Gilbert gently answered; "but," he continued, "by-the-way, are there not some charges—fees—of some kind to be paid for the right of playing pieces of this sort? I fancy I have heard something to that effect."

Then the manager grew very confidential indeed. He looked sly. He even winked, and he said: "Never you mind about that. I don't. Why, we play the very piece you're talking about every night, only we don't call it 'Trial by Jury.' We ain't such fools. Gilbert and Sullivan don't know anything about it, and ain't likely to. You leave it to me, and you'll be all right."

It was now Mr. Gilbert's turn, and he quietly replied: "I think you've made a slight mistake. I am Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and I had heard that you were good enough to play my piece without mentioning it; so I came to see."

Mr. Gilbert declares that the man shrank visibly. From a huge creature six feet high, he seemed to descend to the dimensions of a child in petticoats; but Mr. Gilbert mercifully spared him for the sake of the fun he had afforded.

SIMPLE CURE FOR SORE FEET.—The following remedy for cold feet is recommended by the *Fireman's Journal* for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, car drivers, and others who are exposed to the cold. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woolen stockings drawn over thin cotton ones is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm, and at the same time preventing their becoming tender and sore.