Of Perfect Form.

(By Herman Merle.)

I saw her where the shadows lie
Beside a shelv'ry stream;
Where the pale rose bows to kiss the sedge,
And starry daisies gleam.

Now filmy fabrics, furbelowed,
Concealed her symmetry;
Her only gown the light, which showed
Her perfect form to be.

Those shining limbs so fully dressed,
Those big brown eyes and hair,
Had foiled an artist at his best,
And filled him with despair.

And her's, such quaintly, quiet ways,
Stilled by soft alarms;
What could I do but gaze and gaze—
And gaze upon her charms!

But why those chilling glances, love—
That frown upon your brow?
You, surely, are not jealous of
A first-prize Jersey cow.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

There was something unutterably touching to Guy Stuart in Hugh Glynn's expression when he looked at his wife, it was so full of passionate adoring love; but it had so much humility and reverence, such intense sorrow and compassion, that Shirley herself could hardly meet it with anything like composure; and Guy's lips quivered as he watched her trying to smile as she lifted Hugh's head and held the cordial to his lips with a pitying tenderness which was almost maternal in its deep compassion. She had never seemed so beautiful in the eyes of these two men, who had loved her with such a fatal passion, as now, when the lustre of her beauty was dimmed and faded by sorrow.

"I wish you would rest a little, Shirley," said Sir Hugh, entreatingly. "You are quite worn out. Leave me with Guy, dear, for a time. Do you know, old friend," he went on, "that I have been happier during the few days I have been concealed here than I have been for many a long year—except on that day which began so well and ended so terribly? If she had loved me as deeply as I loved her, she could not have been kinder and gentler. And yes," he continued, unsteadily, "it is but heaping coals of fire upon my head."

She touched his lips with her finger with little entreating gesture, and he smiled slightly.

"Leave us, my dearest," he said tremulously. "Try to sleep for an hour. Ah, how many nights it is since you have had any rest!"

"Go, Shirley," Guy put in gently. "Remember how much depends on you keeping well just now—and even an hour's rest will refresh you."

She smiled faintly as she turned away and passed into the little sitting-room, where she sunk down into an arm-chair, far more exhausted even than she knew by the terrible anxiety she had undergone, and which seemed so wonderfully lessened by Guy's sharing it. For a few moments she leaned back, thinking of all the misery and suffering, and shuddering at the thought of what was yet to come; and her fatigue overcame her, her eyes closed, and she sunk into the heavy sleep of prostration.

Meanwhile, in the inner room, the two men who had been friends and bitter enemies, and were friends once more, were talking earnestly in low broken voices; and Sir Hugh was telling his story, with long pauses between, caused by the weakness; and Stuart listened with an aching heart, feeling that for every sin his companion had committed such misery must have stoned.

"You must let me begin at the beginning, old fellow," Hugh said, in his feeble voice. "It will avail nothing to hide any of my sin and shame from you, and perhaps it will make you excuse me a little; although, indeed, you, in your uprightness and honor, Guy, can hardly understand how low I have fallen."

"Can I not? Ah, you hardly know how low my anger made me fall, Hugh! I am a murderer in intention, although not in deed—for I could have killed you in my heart."

"No wonder!" Sir Hugh said sorrowfully. "But I loved her so madly, and I was so wildly jealous that you had succeeded where I had failed. It maddened me too to know that your love was so much purer and better than mine. I felt that had the cases been reversed, you would have gone away and left her to me, concealing your sorrow in order to spare her pain. Yes, beyond hatred, beyond jealousy, beyond every other feeling, was that awful sense of humiliation; it galled me into madness. Beside your love, mine looked so worthless. You would have given your life for her happiness; I would—and did—sacrifice her happiness to my passion. Ah, it is not only now that I see this, Guy; although now, when the end is so near, I see it yet more clearly! The sin stands out in all its blackness."

"Dear old fellow, do not think of me now." Guy pleaded gently, his eyes dim as he looked down at the pale face and emaciated form which had once been so handsome and strong. "Surely it is not necessary!"

"I should like you to know it. Guy; it will make you think more gently of me in the time to come, and you will much more readily forgive the sin against yourself."

"I forgave long ago, Hugh—fully and freely."

"Yes, I know you did," he answered, a faint smile irradiating his pallid face. "Still I want to tell you, so that you may know that, if I sinned, I have suffered. Even when I congratulated you on your engagement," he went on, after a pause, "I was resolved to steal her from you if I could, and I racked my brain to know how I could succeed. That very night I told her how madly I loved her; I fancied that my wealth—you were a poor man then, Guy, although you were rich soon after—would tempt her; that, like many other women, she was to be bought. I am afraid my previous experience of the sex had taught me to think of them as mercenary"—with a faint bitter smile; "but I do not know whether I hated or loved her most when she turned to me and said so proudly that you would not so betray your friend. Well, I tried to disguise my anguish; but Latrelle—Heaven knows that I would not revile—in anger now!—tempted me. He told me how Shirley's mother had been inveigled into a Scotch marriage, and how easy it was to steal a wife in Scotland; and from the time I heard that story, Guy, I never rested from seeking an opportunity of obtaining the same power over Shirley as another miserable traitor and coward, like myself had obtained over her mother. And the opportunity soon came. You were called away, which removed one obstacle from my path, and then came her brother's letter, which she opened in my presence. Do you remember, old fellow, that almost your last words to her had been that she was to trust me? I reminded her of them, poor child, in her misery. You know how I drove her to Dumfie and passed there as her husband; the little note which was much confusion evidence in my favor she wrote me quite unaware how greatly it would tell against herself. I knew, and Latrelle knew, that when we left the inn she was my wife by the laws of Scotland; but she, I need hardly tell you, was as ignorant as a child of what had been done. When I left her at the Court, I put my lips to her cheek with a laughing little speech which she did not understand; but she shrunk from me with a little cry of pain which made me feel ashamed and furious at once. Then I went away.

"The accident I met with prostrated me for weeks, and the preparations for your marriage went on; and, when I could spare Latrelle to go and see what was doing, the wedding-day was fixed, and I had—Yes, I know that the rest need not be told. But, Stuart, if I could have undone it then, I would. Great Heaven, shall I ever forget Shirley's face when she shrunk from me? I think I saw then for the first time the heinousness of the sin I had committed."

He fell back upon the pillows, faint and exhausted, and Guy brought water and bathed his temples and raised him on his arm as tenderly as a woman would have done, and, as he revived, he looked up and smiled faintly into the grave face.

"Those were not happy years," he continued brokenly, "how could they be? How could the poor girl be happy with a man whom she did not respect? She [illegible] none of her duties, but I know [illegible]fered. How often have I watched [illegible] her face when she thought [illegible]rved, and she hated me [illegible]ks when she had cried herself [illegible] until you had spoken [illegible] me with anything [illegible]13 complain. I [illegible]m worse at her [illegible]. And then you [illegible]rave me so [illegible] time you [illegible]y of me [illegible]: me [illegible]d

try—poor darling! to be a better wife to me and I cried like a child to think that there might be happy days in store for us both—thanks to you."

"Dear old Hugh—poor fellow!"

"I had deserved to be miserable, Guy. Even now my punishment has not equalled my sin," he said pitifully. "Let me continue. I had dismissed Latrelle as soon as Shirley came to Maxwell. She was ill for weeks, as you know. Think, old fellow, how sad it was for one who loved her to know that the illness was all caused by him. When she was better, we went abroad, I heard no more of Latrelle for some time. I had paid him liberally for aiding and abetting my villainy—I must call it so, Guy—there is no better word—and he was spending the money and enjoying himself; but a couple of years after he reappeared, demanding, rather than begging, assistance. Several times I gave him sums of money; but at last, wearied with his importunity, I refused. He then threatened me; if I did not accede to his demands, he would publish the whole story of the Scotch marriage and my treachery, and disgrace me. I have always been a coward, then. Again and again I gave him money, at times large sums, and he grew more and more insolent when he saw the cowardly wretch with whom he had to deal. His letters and constant reappearance made my life miserable. I hoped that you, and perhaps Shirley herself, might be induced to think that the marriage had not been a voluntary act, and that I had been ignorant of what I was doing. I was maddened by the fellow's threats and insolence; and, when I told him to do his worst, the world would not believe him, he said that the world would believe you, and that you would make it public. It was just at this time that we went to Easton, and it was you who casually mentioned having seen him passing the hotel. I knew then that he had followed me. Late that night, when I was alone on the balcony, feeling grateful—Heaven knows how grateful—for the wondrous happiness which seemed to be opening for me, he passed again, looked up, and accosted me. I went down to him, and he renewed his entreaties and threats, and, fearing that my new-found happiness would be destroyed by his means, I agreed to meet him the next morning on the cliffs."

"Hugh, rest now," Guy entreated, as he saw the exhaustion and faintness which Sir Hugh struggled against so bravely. "You shall tell me the remainder another time."

"There may be no other time for me," he said sadly. "The best thing I can do is to die and leave her free, and perhaps Heaven will let me do it. No; let me tell you now; and then, when you know all, I will rest. You remember," he continued, after a long pause of weakness, "how we started together—shall I ever forget Shirley, as she stood on the balcony that morning?—and how, as we walked across the beach together, I tried to thank you for what you had done for me. I never loved you as I loved you then, Guy. Even in our boyhood, when we had been such friends, you had never been so dear to me; and I stood and watched you out of sight, and then on the rocks waiting for him.' When he came, I saw at once that he was prepared to be insolent, and I resolved to be firm with him. I had brought with me two hundred pounds in gold and notes that Pears had brought me down a day or two before, which I intended to give him as a last bribe. He was in a most insolent mood; he had left the inn in a neighboring village where he had been staying, saying he would not return, and he had made up his mind to speak to you. But even the taunting words and insults were no excuse for my anger. I turned upon him at last, and lifted the stick—your stick, old fellow, which I had asked you for a keep-sake—oh, how sorry I was for that afterwards!—and struck him. He fell immediately to the ground, and never spoke afterward. I had —oh, merciful Heaven, I had killed him on the spot!"

Sir Hugh covered his face with his trembling hands, and lay back, shuddering violently, the cold dews gathering on his forehead, his whole frame shaking with horror and anguish. Guy, scarcely less agitated, could hardly utter the few words of consolation he strove to speak; and when there were a few moments of painful silence ere Hugh Glynn resumed the pitiful story.

"Heaven knows I had no intention to hurt him," he went on, with an accent of unutterable sadness; "and, when I saw the large sums, and he grew more and more insolent when he saw the cowardly wretch with whom he had to deal. His letters and constant reappearance made my life miserable. I hoped that you, and perhaps Shirley herself, might be induced to think that the marriage had not been a voluntary act, and that I had been ignorant of what I was doing. I was maddened by the fellow's threats and insolence; and, when I told him to do his worst, the world would not believe him, he said that the world would believe you, and that you would make it public. It was just at this time that we went to Easton, and it was you who casually mentioned having seen him passing the hotel. I knew then that he had followed me. Late that night, when I was alone on the balcony, feeling grateful—Heaven knows how grateful—for the wondrous happiness which seemed to be opening for me, he passed again, looked up, and accosted me. I went down to him, and he renewed his entreaties and threats, and, fearing that my new-found happiness would be destroyed by his means, I agreed to meet him the next morning on the cliffs."

"You know how well I succeeded," continued Sir Hugh, when he could speak. "I took off his coat and put mine on him; the clothes he was wearing had been mine once—I saw that directly. I put my ring on his finger, and all that I had about me which could lead to recognition I put into his pockets, and then I left him there. I never imagined but that it would be thought an accident; and I did it all with an awful calmness which I think of sometimes now and wonder at. My one thought was to escape. I shrunk with an unutterable horror from what was before me if I gave myself up, although now I can see that I ought to have done so. I had plenty of money—that was one difficulty removed; and I walked to the nearest station, carrying the bag Latrelle had with him, and took a third-class ticket for London, which I reached late that night—that terrible night. Do you remember the storm? Will you ever forget it, Guy? The next morning my first action was to disguise myself effectually," he went on, after a long pause, "With money, in London, it was not difficult; and then I took quiet lodgings in a part of town where I had never been in the old days; and for a time I remained there, ill and weak with a nervous fever, during the continuance of which however I was never light-headed. Strangely enough, I had no fear of pursuit; I knew that the poor fellow would not be missed, and I felt sure that the body would be taken for mine. One day—the very first time I was able to read a newspaper—to my inexpressible horror, I saw what a mistake had been made—what a terrible mistake!"

He had become very faint and exhausted during the last few minutes, and his voice had sunk so low as to be almost inaudible; but he was so anxious to finish his story that Guy had not sufficient strength of mind to prevent him and make him rest. Raising him gently, he gave him some more of the restorative which the doctor had left with Shirley, and supported in Guy's strong arms—for it was the easier for him to breathe thus—he resumed his story.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"When I read that you had been arrested on the charge of having murdered the poor fellow," Sir Hugh went on, "I think I realized for the first time what a miserable coward I was. My first impulse was to go and give myself up at any cost; but my courage—bah, I had no courage, so I cannot say it failed me!—my cowardice conquered. Heaven only knows what I suffered during those days, Stuart—you in prison, and that poor broken-hearted girl did not suffer more—at least you were not tortured with remorse as I was. Again and again I lived those terrible hours on the rocks, in that awful solitude I had so dreaded being disturbed—again and again I saw in anticipation the trial, the crowds of accusing faces, the hooting multitude. How I shrunk from it all you may guess when I tell you that two or three times I went out to try to obtain poison, and that once I went down to London Bridge—Don't, Guy, dear old friend, don't grieve so—I have been a coward from the beginning, a coward's death would be a fitting end for my career. But I will not speak of it since it pains you," he added brokenly. "When the time of the trial came on, I went down to Exminster. I had no definite plan, except that, if you were convicted, I was determined to confess all, and—"

"Stop!" Guy said breathlessly, lifting his hand for a moment. "You were at Exminster. Then it was not a delusion—I saw you."

"You saw me! Where?"

"It was at night," Major Stuart said unsteadily. "I was leaning out of the window of my room at the hotel, and a man passed down the street—a man with a great dark beard, and—"

"You recognised me?"

"The face reminded me of yours; but I fancied it was a delusion—you were so much in my mind," Guy said tremulously; and Hugh looked at him in silence for a few moments.

"If I had recognized you, Guy," he faltered, "I think I should have told you all. Would to Heaven I had!"

"When I saw that you were acquitted, I went back to town," Sir Hugh continued; "and I lived there as long as my money lasted. After a time I got less fearful of recognition, and I used to go out and wander about the city, and I became familiar with all kinds of misery which I had never even suspected before; and when my money failed I got odd jobs—all kinds of work. I have driven a hansom for weeks, old fellow, and held horses, and—But I said I would not distress you," he broke off, with a faint smile. "Is it not strange?" he went on, in a moment, Guy. I might have known how you would have received me. I m ht of had faith in you; but, old fellow, m one consolation at this time lay in the thought that you and Shirley were happy together. Old fellow, why was it—"

The wistful eyes seeking Guy's face so inquiringly finished the question, and Guy answered it with a grave gentleness.

"She sent me away," he said with a slight smile. "Poor child, she feared the—" He hesitated, knowing that his words could not but add to the suffering which Sir Hugh was already enduring; and the latter guessed the conclusion of the answer, even as Stuart divined the end of the question.

"I understand," he said. "Well, it was as well perhaps. Soon—very soon, old friend, she will be free indeed," he added feebly; "and I shall be truly glad to leave her in your care. Poor darling, how greatly she has suffered, and how nobly she has forgiven! Hers is a heart of gold, Guy, and you are worthy of each other. But, to end my story, I must tell you how I came here. Give me another mouthful of that cordial, old fellow just enough to enable me to finish."

Guy did as he was requested.

"My health was failing me, and I began to long for a breath of fresh air again," Sir Hugh resumed. "The London fogs were killing me, and I thought it would be so terrible to die in the midst of all the filth and misery and degradation in which I had passed the last months of my life. So one morning I set off on foot and worked my way along the road, getting a few pence for an odd job here, or a meal there, and sleeping in a barn or wherever I could get shelter. I hadno route to follow, I just went on and on, until the snow overtook me outside this village, and I lost my way in the fields on that Christmas-day. I had wandered about for over an hour, night was coming on, and I was weary and exhausted, when I saw a light in a window a little distance. I managed to struggle across to it; the curtains were not drawn over the window, and I could see into the room. A woman was sitting alone by the fire and I was just going to knock and ask her for shelter, when she rose and came to the window. The next moment I recognized her, and the surprise so overcame me that I fell forward on the snow, and lost consciousness for a few moments. When I recovered, I managed to creep round to the door. A numbness was stealing all over me. I felt that I was dying, and my one wish was to hear her forgive me before the end came. I tried the door; it was looked; and there was a sound of a dog barking violently. I remember dimly trying to pray, but even my senses were too dead for that; and then I recollect nothing until I found myself lying with my head on Shirley's knee, and her dear face bending upon me, with Heaven's own pity reflected upon it. How can I tell you how good she was to me then, Guy—how she warmed and fed me? And, even when I told her what a guilty wretch I was, she did not shrink from me—she only hid her face for a moment, and let me keep her hands in mine."

He was silent; his wife's noble self-devotion and perfect forgiveness had touched all that was good in him; and there was a great admiration mingling with the sadness on his face as he thought of her. She seemed to him more than woman—better, nobler, holier; she was no longer the girl whose beauty he had coveted, and who had been his wife; she was an angel of goodness, of compassion and of mercy; and the halo which surrounded her in his thoughts surrounded Guy also. By their nobility he saw how high he might have risen; by it too he saw how low he had fallen.

Very wistful and entreating and sorrowful were the blue eyes now, which Guy remembered so gayly smiling, and, if it had not been that he feared to distress Sir Hugh, Guy could have hidden his face and wept like a child at the recollection of the past days and the knowledge of his companion's great suffering—a greater far than his or Shirley's since they had not the heaviest burden of all to bear—that of remorse.

He saw too that Hugh was very ill; not only was he weak and debilitated to a degree sad to witness, but he breathed with difficulty, and more than once his narration had been stopped by a fit of coughing which racked his weak frame with a terrible force. It was evident that even with care he could not last many months—even weeks; and Hugh, looking up into the grave pitiful face, read the thought, with quick intuition.

"Yes, I shall not last long now, old fellow," he said quietly. "And it is all for the best. These last days have not been unhappy, except when I saw how much anxiety I was causing that poor child. It was so pleasant—ah, so pleasant!—to be nursed by her, to feel her hand about me as gentle and tender as if I had not been the worst foe she ever had; to hear her voice with its pitying tones was sufficient to make me happy. At first I was too ill even to thank her, or to realize how terribly I was adding to her anxiety by my presence here; but I can imagine now what those days must have been to her, in her anxiety for me and her dread of discovery—a dread which my wild terror must have increased a hundred-fold."

"Hugh"—Major Stuart's voice was very grave and tender and compassionate—"I cannot let you talk any more now. You have talked more than you ought to-day. Rest a little, and when you are stronger we will consider what is best to be done. Ah, here is some one whose influence is greater than mine!" he added, smiling, to Shirley came in quietly and went softly as the other side of the bed. "Nurses' and doctors' orders are paramount, are they not ?"

"Shirley knows that I shall rest all the better for the relief of telling you all this, Guy, and making you—selfishly—I confess —share my burden—and hers, poor child! Have you rested a little, dear ?" he added wistfully.

Shirley forced a smile to her lips as she answered in the affirmative, and, sitting down by his side, took the attenuated hand in hers and held it between her own; and Guy, after a time, the weary, blue eyes which dwelt upon her with such love closed, and he fell asleep.

Gently and noiselessly Shirley disengaged her hand from his, and, with Guy, went into the other room. The day had worn on toward evening now, and the gray, wintry light was filling the little room, which looked drear and desolate without fire or lamp. For a few moments they stood in silence facing each other, both too deeply moved to speak; then Shirley said softly under her breath—

"Guy, tell me what must we do ?"

"I am almost too stunned to think," he answered. "It is a terrible position for you, my child."

"And for him! Oh Guy, think of the consequences of discovery!"

"You trust me, Shirley ?"

"Fully," she answered, looking up at him with steady eyes but quivering lips.

"Will you let yourself be guided by me in this ?"

"Oh, so gladly, Guy !"

"Dear, will you let me trust Oliphant ?" he asked, very gently.

"If you think it best, Guy," she answered faintly.

"I think it is our only course, Shirley," he said, with the same extreme gentleness and pity. "Already Hugh's presence is suspected here, and only the people at the Hall can do away even in a measure with the suspicion. Besides, we must find some way of removing him to safer quarters."

"Removing him !" she repeated, with frightened eyes. "He is so weak, Guy."

"Stop !" Guy said breathlessly, lifting his hand for a moment. "You were at Exminster. Then it was not a delusion—I saw you."

"You saw me! Where?"

"It was at night," Major Stuart said unsteadily. "I was leaning out of the window of my room at the hotel, and a man passed down the street—a man with a great dark beard, and—

"You recognised me?"

"The face reminded me of yours; but I fancied it was a delusion—you were so

(To be continued.)

FARM AND GARDEN.

Where the grape vines refuse to grow cut them back late in the season and allow a new shoot to come up from the ground.

Prof. Henry, of Wisconsin, has found that a cow can be fed for 17 cents per day in that State, while the income from the butter made varied from 34 to 50 cents per day.

The farmer who thinks that to make money he must go where land is cheaper should consider well if he would not make more money by making the land deeper and richer.

London *Garden* says that the hybrid white Rosa rugosa, named Madame Georges Bruant, is semi-double and white in color. The expanded flowers are not so pretty as those of the parent.

Do not mistake copperas for sulphate of copper. The sulphate of copper is blue vitriol; copperas is sulphate of iron, or green vitriol. The copper sulphate is that used as an insecticide.

Cucumber vines should be made to trail on a bush, as the cucumbers can then be more easily picked, and they also grow long and of better shape than when the vines are left on the ground.

It is necessary in order to become a successful fruit grower that the person should observe the progress made by all plants in his section, and then endeavor to select from the best varieties.

It seems to be admitted that one can breed for eggs just as one can breed for milk or butter. An egg from a good layer will be more likely to produce a good layer than an egg from a poor layer.

Is it advisable to color butter in order to give it a marketable appearance? Is it not better to sell it on its merits alone, in order to induce a better feeding and secure quality as well as natural color.

Many farmers who have planted orchards on hill-sides have spent much time resetting and doctoring. Able writers say that a side hill where the water runs off quickly is the very place for the worms to hatch their young.

Animals appreciate a clean bed at night. It is not to their comfort to allow straw that has been saturated with urine to remain in the stalls. The best bedding is cut straw at present. Later on leaves can be used to advantage.

To secure good corn for next year the farmer should begin while the corn is growing to make observations. He should note and mark all prominent stalks, as the maturity, vigor and prolificacy are as important as the germination of the seed.

Skim-milk is excellent for pigs at all seasons. They will grow upon such diet and do well, until the snow overtook them. But still greater ones since. The sheep which have been celebrated for giving the heaviest fleeces have been among the most wrinkly and greasy. A sheep having a good constitution, large carcase, close wool and oily fleece is my 'ideal.'"

The *Farmers' Magazine* says: The special food to cause hens to lay are secret preparations, but the following is considered a good formula: Two pounds each of bone, linseed cake, dried meat, oats, oyster shells, all finely ground; one ounce of sulphur, two ounces of red pepper, four ounces each of common salt and copperas and one ounce of bread soda. Mix the whole thoroughly, and allow a tablespoonful of salt three times a week to each fowl. As the cost of these substances will be but little, quite a large quantity can be made at once.

NINETY-FIVE WORDS A MINUTE.

Extraordinary Type-Writing at Cincinnati—Result of the Competition Between Experts.

An extraordinary type-writing match which occurred at Cincinnati last week deserves the attention of all who are interested in rapid writing. The contest was between Frank E. McGurrin, of Salt Lake City, and Louis Traub, of Cincinnati. The match was for a purse of $500 one-half of which was put up by each contestant.

The conditions of the match were that the whole time to be occupied in writing was an hour and a half, forty-five minutes of which was devoted to writing from dictation, and forty-five minutes to writing from copy read by the operator. It was agreed that the matter to be written should be ordinary court proceedings selected by the judges and new to both operators.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* thus describes the contest: Mr. McGurrin won the choice and chose dictation first, while Mr. Traub, who was in a separate room, wrote from copy. The judges also acted as timekeepers. Mr. McGurrin used a Remington machine, while Mr. Traub operated the caligraph. It was a brilliant performance on the part of both men. It was evident that Mr. Traub could operate faster than his machine would respond, and he was to that extent placed at a disadvantage.

Owing to the completeness of the Remington keyboard Mr. McGurrin was enabled to copy without looking at the keyboard at all, and he could have taken the dictated matter nearly if not as well blindfolded. He displayed marvellous speed, and won the purse, although Mr. Traub proved himself a worthy competitor.

During the contest Mr. McGurrin rested fourteen minutes and Mr. Traub fifteen minutes, the time allowed by the conditions of the match. The men finished at twenty minutes of 12. At the end Mr. McGurrin had written from dictation 4,294, or 95.55 words per minute; from copying 4,415 words, or 96.11 words per minute, making a total of 8,709 words. Mr. Traub wrote from dictation 3,747 words, or 83.26 per minute, from copying 3,191 words, or 70.91 per minute, his total being 6,938 words. Mr. McGurrin beats Traub on the whole time 1,771 words, or 25.38 per cent. An analysis of McGurrin's work shows that he made over seven and one-half strokes per second on an average, was shipwrecked off the Orkneys, and the passengers had to clamber up some dangerously-precipitous shores before they were all safe again, as at last they were, not a single life being lost. We can imagine Haggard at the height of the excitement, rushing wildly round from passenger to passenger, giving instructions in tattooing wills on the backs of wives, children and friends before they tied on their life-preservers.

The highest priced labor in Holland is the diamond cutter, the most proficient earning $22 a week, working twelve hours a day. Average wages there are, however, only $3.70 a week, twelve or sixteen hours a day. Bakers are paid $3.84 a week, paper makers $3.60; sugar makers, $4.32; painters, $6; engravers, $11. Well, living as an often must be cheap since the prices of these Hollanders can be sold to advantage even in the United States, and manufacturers are prepared to abandon protection and all that it implies and locate in Europe. In Holland, men at low wages and with cheap living are better off than the Americans with high wages and dear living.

The number of accidents on the railways in Great Britain is decreasing. Those who suffer most are employes of the roads, not passengers. Considering the extraordinary number of people who travel by the railways, in and out of London for example, every day in the year, the wonder is not that accidents occasionally happen, but that there are so few of them. Great Britain is covered with a net-work of railways and some of the trains are run at an extraordinarily high rate of speed. But when all air-brakes and other improvements the danger in the running of railway trains is not as great as it was some years ago. Every day in the year in all parts of the world an aggregate of millions of people are carried long distances by the railways and it is only occasionally that an accident of magnitude occurs. In this country and in the United States the old wooden bridges are being replaced by iron bridges, and this is giving greater security to passengers.

A BRUTAL charge of cruelty illustrative of the social evils of child marriage is under investigation by the Chief Magistrate of Calcutta. The complainant is a Hindoo girl aged 11. She states that she has been living with her husband for the last eighteen months, that her husband has a brother and his mother living in the same house, that she had to do all the cooking and the household work, and that her mother-in-law frequently beat and ill-used her. On the 22nd of June she accused her of using too much salt in a dish that she was cooking. Her mother-in-law abused her all day, and threatened that she should be branded. At 10 o'clock that night her husband, his brother and her mother-in-law threw her down, and the men bound and gagged her, while the woman branded her with an iron ladle which she heated in the fire. She was branded three times on the cheek, also on the legs and arms. Four days later she managed to get away, and sought her mother's protection. The doctor who had examined the child's injuries deposed that he had no hesitation in saying the burns were caused by branding with a red-hot iron. The girl alleged that she had been cruelly treated ever since she had asked the reason as to the visit of a certain Mahommedan. The family hold a respectable position. It is to be hoped that the scandal caused by this case will support Rukhmabai's appeal for reform in the law.

Undergound Pipes for Large Cities.

The increasing requirements of modern civilization are well illustrated by the extent and variety of underground pipe systems now employed in large cities. Thus there are in actual operation:

1. Pipes for conveying and delivering illuminating gas.
2. Pipes for conveying and delivering fuel gas.
3. Pipes for conveying and delivering drinking water and for fire purposes.
4. Pipes for conveying salt water for street sprinkling and for fire purposes.
5. Pipes for draining and carrying off sewage and surface water.
6. Pipes for delivering hot water under high pressure, for heating purposes and power.
7. Pipes for delivering cold water under high pressure, for power.
8. Pipes for delivering live steam under pressure, for heating purposes and power.
9. Pipes for delivering compressed air, for purposes of power and ventilation.
10. Pipes for producing power where required, by vacuum or suction, and for ventilation.
11. Pipes for conveying letters and packages, by compressed air and vacuum.
12. Pipes for regulating clocks, by compressed air.
13. Pipes for conveying mineral oils.
14. Pipes for electrical wires for electric lighting, electric railways, telephones and telegraphy.
15. Pipes for power ropes for driving machinery, moving street railway cars, etc. —*Scientific American.*

Why Germans Go to London.

The slums of London and Paris are bad enough, but it appears that the slums of Berlin are, if possible, worse. *Das Echo* has just published some interesting details on the subject. There are some 40,000 houses in the Prussian capital. A small number are inhabited by one or two families, but the great majority are divided into several distinct lodgings. Two thousand five hundred contain 16 to 20 lodgings, 20,000 from 20 to 30 lodgings, and 10,000 over 30 lodgings each. Seventy-five thousand of these lodgings are composed of one room only, and inhabited by no fewer than 270,000 persons, which is an average of nearly four persons per room; 75,000 other lodgings are composed of two rooms, and occupied by 360,000 inhabitants; while the remaining 30,000 lodgings are formed of three rooms, inhabited by 140,000 people. These figures will suffice to show the promiscuous way in which the masses of the Berlin population are lodged. The houses in the poor quarters, often five and six stories high, are built so close to one another that they are nearly totally devoid of both light and air. As wages in London, low as they often may be, are a good deal higher than in the German factories and workshops, it is not wonderful if some London slums are almost entirely inhabited by German tailors and others of the same nationality.

"I don't see," said Mr. McGuire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he was going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there is nothing to point that way."

"Then," said a Boston reporter in his fine Athenian style, when reporting the laying of a corner-stone, "the holy priest, with impressive ceremony, blessed the stone in a solemn manner, which was 31 inches long, 17 wide and 18 deep."

—Florence Warden's latest novel is called "A Woman's Face." We trust it may be the author's fortune.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Paris is the city where suicides are the most numerous. The proportion of suicides to the total number of deaths is: In Vienna, 1 to 190; in London, 1 to 175; in New York, 1 to 169; in Paris, 1 to 72.

Ruin by rabbits, wholesale and irreparable ruin, has overtaken several of the ranchmen in New Zealand, where their sheep died of starvation on wide ranges of pasture, everything green and succulent having been devoured by the rabbits.

Lord Lamington has introduced a bill in the British Parliament declaring that, in view of the deceit practised in the sale of foreign meats, all persons selling meat raised elsewhere than in Great Britain and Ireland, or the Channel Islands or Isle of Man, will be required to procure licenses and to display a sign announcing that "foreign meats" are for sale.

Rev. Samuel Jones, who is a kind of religious blizzard, is very level-headed on the subject of matrimony. He remarked in a recent sermon that "the best thing on this earth is a happy marriage and the worst thing an unhappy marriage. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder; but whom the devil has joined let them go to Chicago."

Congressman Wheeler, of Alabama, has introduced a Bill into the United States Congress directing the officer in charge of the eleventh census to ascertain, report and publish the birth rate and death rate among poor whites and among negroes and hybrids of every description and character. The object of this is to see if the statement that the death rate among mixed races is greater than among those of pure blood is true.

Patterson's Salvation Army is the real stuff. Three women held the door the other night, like Horatio at the bridge, "in the brave days of old," while the leader gathered in one or two young disturbers. One of the two roughs jumped from a window to an awning and got away. His companion, with the leader after him, managed to reach the window and jumped, but the women seized hold of his coat tails, and he hung suspended from the window. Finally he was released and made his escape.

Maud Meredith, the wild and headstrong girl known in California as the heiress of Oakland, recently escaped from her guardians, who have been trying to make a lady of her since she became wealthy and were stopping at San Lois Obisbo with her. After a search of ten days she was found, cladin boy's apparel, driving horses on a ranch below Arrogo Grande. The man who gave her employment states that he never had a person who was more faithful.

The newspapers are telling of a bronze-complexioned girl who has electrified the loungers at Asbury Park by riding through the surf on a plank. She is the daughter of a planter from the Sandwich Islands, and it is evident that she has been giving a feeble imitation of the pranks of the Kanaka girls, who ride in for three miles on top of a big wave by the help of a single, and those sports are described by Lieut. Wise, in his book "Los Gridgos," in a way as to quicken the pulse of the most hardened frequenter of seaside resorts at least three or four beats per minute.

Rider Haggard, the thrilling narrator of many adventures, has now experienced one himself. The steamer on which he sailed for Iceland, to look for materials for a new novel, was shipwrecked off the Orkneys, and the passengers had to clamber up some dangerously-precipitous shores before they were all safe again, as at last they were, not a single life being lost. We can imagine Haggard at the height of the excitement, rushing wildly round from passenger to passenger, giving instructions in tattooing wills on the backs of wives, children and friends before they tied on their life-preservers.

BEATS WORKING THE GROWLER.

Recipe for Getting a 75 Cent Dinner for 15 Cents.

A *News* reporter sat down in a local restaurant the other noon for a short rest and his lunch. A rather seedy looking individual in a limp seersucker coat, celluloid collar and greasy vest and trousers, shuffled in and sat down opposite. His general expression was that of a man who expected to be hit. His mustache was draggling, and the only attempt to "spruce up" about him was his hair, which had a long, oily wave across the forehead and was brushed up like a hedge fence at both sides.

"Say!" said he, as he speared a slice of bread from across the table with his fork, "I've got this thing down fine."

The reporter did not know whether he meant his proficiency in spearing bread or something else, and asked, "What ?"

"Why, this restaurant business. I goes in and gets a 15-cent lunch, and when the waiter gives me the check, I puts it in my pocket and then he gives me another."

"Well, then you have two checks."

"Yes, don't you see? I gets half a dozen 15-cent checks, and then I gets 75-cent dinners and puts a 15-cent check on the bar and ponies up; see ?"

The reporter stood aghast at such superior business ability going to waste, and wondered why he didn't get his idea copyrighted, when lo! this remarkable individual was going to do him up as an offset to the valuable information so freely imparted.—*Detroit News.*

Household Hints.

To cleanse a soured sponge, use lemon juice and lukewarm water.

Oil of lavender sprinkled around a room will rid it of fleas.

Corks and pails well rubbed with glycerine will not shrink.

Never feed a baby starchy food unless you desire to kill it.

See that all food is well cooked; eat plenty of ripe fruit, but not to excess, and if you travel where typhoid fever rages, drink coffee or tea only.

Have the rooms well ventilated, let in the pure fresh air every day and you will be troubled no more with morning headaches and lassitude.

A cistern is purified by placing a sack of charcoal in the water; if the latter gets very low and is no longer wholesome, boil it before using.

During the summer months meat is not a necessity, and pork and corned beef should be left severely alone. Many persons eat these meats and drink ice water all day, then wonder "what makes them feel so queer."

Sprinkle camomile flowers in the beds and the fleas will leave. To drive away fleas from dogs and cats, saturate a string with oil of pennyroyal and tie it around them. By repeating this application every twelve or fifteen days the fleas will leave.

Cream for coffee may be manufactured, and the forgery seldom detected, by beating the yelk of an egg with one tablespoonful of cold water, heating the milk and pouring over the egg, stirring constantly, and still stirring when the boiling hot coffee is added.

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen at dinner, lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife meekly. "But she has done almost everything else."—*Westfield, Mass., Times.*

A miniature baseball, either in silver or enameled, makes a popular charm.

A curious sight was witnessed the other night at Debois' Opera-House, in Elgin, Ill. Forty young ladies, all dressed in red, white and blue, recited "Sheridan's Ride" by pantomime.

—Women who gamble might be appropriately called tiger lilies.

TROUBLES FOR THREE.

Providence Sends Some Embarrassing Gifts to a Yorkville Couple.

The wife of Harry Rittenbung presented him yesterday with three children—two girls (one blonde, the other brunette) and a boy. As the poor man is out of employment he does not know whether his gift is a blessing in disguise or not.

A visit was paid to this highly honored parent last evening at his tenement residence, No. 238 East Ninety-ninth street, near Second avenue. He opened the door, holding a chubby little fellow of some three years in his arms. He led the way into his parlor, which contained about a dozen people. In a small crib were the triplets, the girls at one end and the boy at the other. They were enjoying their first sleep, and were greatly admired by all present. The blonde girl is to be called Emilia, the brunette Leah, and the boy is to rejoice in the proud cognomen of Mordimer.

The wife is a native of Posen, in Poland, and is a very pretty blonde. She is naturally delicate and is very unhappy that her husband is out of employment and without money. Some of their friends made up a small fund for their benefit yesterday. She hopes that some of her Hebrew coreligionists will come to the assistance of the family. The husband has tried in vain to make some money by selling waffles in the street. He is willing to undertake any kind of work. There are two other children besides yesterday's trio.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE.

How He Married a Squaw and Became Owner of Silver Mines.

The story of Mr. Oliver Daunais, who lately purchased the Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau's residence at Longue Pointe, Que., is a most interesting one. When quite a young man he left his little place, Sorel, and went out west with a view to make a fortune. After several adventures he fell in with a tribe of Indians at the foot of the Rockies, and noticed that they used silver nuggets for loading their guns. They refused at first to let him know where the ore came from, but through perseverence and by marrying a girl of the tribe, he became possessed of the secret and afterwards got a patent to explore these rich mines which are now known under the name of the "Beaver Mines." Later on Mr. Daunais settled at Port Arthur, where he now owns valuable real estate. By a second marriage Mr. Daunais has a family of seven children who, with their mother, will come to Montreal in October next. Mr. Daunais' fortune is said to be worth $2,