

his face. His breathing became difficult and his frame shook.

"You are not ill!"

"He spoke at last and in a natural tone.

"A slight twist of the ankle not worth mentioning," I said. "Thank God, I hear your natural tone once more," I continued. "Conant, I will not intrude myself on you, except to hear how this has come about. That I must know."

"You shall have it," he replied, after a pause. "I cannot refuse as we stand face to face, but I would have traversed a thousand miles to have avoided it—to have avoided you."

"To have avoided me, Conant?" I said. "Have you no memories of our past companionship, no thought of our old life together?"

"Nothing, nothing whatever," he replied, in a perfectly calm tone. "If I exhibited emotion on seeing you it was not from such recollections, but—no matter. How shall we manage?" he continued, after a long pause. "If you would hear what I have to say you must come with me; this is no place for it; but you cannot walk, and I have no means of transportation."

"I will walk," I said, "if every step is an agony."

"I made the best preparations I could. The two hours' rest disclosed there was nothing serious after all, and taking Conant's arm we proceeded to his dwelling."

"You know there is a certain magnetism, a something which produces a sense of genuine companionship, when we take the arm of a friend. Between Conant and me this was always experienced in the strongest degree. Now there was none of it, no more than if I were grasping an inanimate object for support."

"Not a word was spoken the entire distance. We reached the place at last: a plain, log cabin like those in the neighborhood only smaller. The door was wide open and I went in. I found myself in a room which contained a small iron bedstead and bed, one chair, a small table and a chest of drawers, positively nothing else."

"Will you lie down?" said Conant. I said that it was all right, and sat down upon the bed. Conant took a seat beside me.

"It is a short story, and shall be quickly told," he spoke in a sharp, incisive manner. "You may remember the last letter I wrote you in reply to your promise that you would soon visit me—a long letter, wasn't it? Is it not strange," he added, abruptly, "that we are permitted no warning, no presentiment, no subtle, psychological premonition of what almost instantly is to happen to us, involving catastrophe and destruction. The letter, yes, I posted that letter with my own hands. It was already evening—here Conant's voice grew hurried. "On my way home I stopped to see Eleanor; we were to be married in three months, three months from that very day. Who Eleanor was and what she was to me—you used to know me and you may imagine."

"I was in particularly high spirits when I entered the room. I found Eleanor quite in the same mood. She always enjoyed the perfection of health. We spent an hour together, then some friends came in, and in the course of our general badinage, one of her cousins remarked:

"I think it is too bad, doctor, that Eleanor has never given you an opportunity to show what a skillful physician you are. Can't you persuade her to be a little sick just for once?"

"No, indeed, not even for once," I said.

"On due consideration," exclaimed Eleanor, entering into the spirit of the scene, "I believe I am a little ill this evening, and am sure I should feel all the better for one of your prescriptions."

"The best ran round, Eleanor from time to time describing imaginary symptoms of a decidedly nervous character, and insisting that for the last two nights she had not slept well at all."

"When it came to the point, however, that I was actually pushed by the company for a prescription, I unequivocally declined to make one."

"Ah," said Eleanor, "you do have patients who imagine they are nervous, with whom there is nothing whatever the matter, and for whom you are forced to prescribe. I have heard you say so. Now, I insist upon such a prescription. Do you know," she added, turning to one of her friends, "I have never yet set eyes upon one of his prescriptions."

"It seemed foolish to continue serious, so I took my tablet and wrote this." Here Conant produced a small scrap of paper. It read:

R. Tr. Hummell  
Sig.—One teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water on retiring.  
CONANT.

"This, you, of course, know," remarked Evans, interrupting his narrative, "was nothing more than the tincture of hops, utterly harmless. Neither narcotic nor anodyne, slightly sedative only."

"This will prove of the greatest service to you, madam," I observed, with a professional air. "In the morning I shall expect to find you entirely recovered." There was a general laugh as I made the announcement and quitted the room with solemn dignity.

"I had several visits to make, so that I did not reach home until after eleven. The first object my eye rested on as I entered the hall was a favourite maid-servant of Eleanor's. She started up quickly on seeing me."

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "Miss Eleanor has been taken so sick. I have been waiting half an hour for you to come in. They said you might come in any minute."

"Will you believe it, my first impression was that this was a ruse from the bilious party I had left to bring me on the scene again. A second glance at the messenger undeceived me. 'What is it?' I asked."

"I don't know, doctor. My young lady is dreadful. Won't you come right away?"

"I was at the house in five minutes. When I went in, her mother met me."

"Doctor," she said, "what can be the matter with Eleanor? Almost immediately on taking your prescription she began to have the most fearful symptoms."

"Did Eleanor really carry out the joke and send for the medicine?"

"Certainly she did. Was there any harm in it?"

"No more harm than in a spoonful of milk; but I had no thought she would send for it."

"Why, immediately on taking it, her suffering commenced. After a few minutes I was alarmed; we sent for you. She grows worse every moment."

"I went into Eleanor's chamber—her chamber. She was in bed, in agony—in a great and not to be controlled agony."

"Albert," she cried, "I am so very, very ill! How long you have been in coming to me. You did not know how ill I was, did you, Albert? But you are so wise, you will relieve me; I know you will."

"There she lay in the thrall of death. You will understand the symptoms: A pungent heat in the palate and fauces; a burning sensation in the stomach; a numbness over the limbs, even to the extremities. The action of the heart intermittent and weak, with violent retching, yet the head clear, and three-quarters of an hour lost. You know what that means. 'Where is the medicine?' I asked. The vial was placed in my hands. It was the tincture of *aconite* which had been put up instead of what I ordered."

"She essayed to put her arms about my neck and to impress a kiss on my forehead. She expired as she made the effort."

"What more is there to tell? I rushed to the druggist's. They had sent to the first petty place which came in sight. I roused the principal and demanded the prescription. It was correct. It had been put up by a young man considered to be competent and having experience. He fled that very night. Flight was confession. I was content that the wretch escaped."

"I saw Eleanor laid in her grave; then I quitted the accursed town and went into the wilderness, where, I scarcely know. After a season I came here. Now let me conduct you back to your house."

"One word, Conant," I exclaimed. "Have you really nothing to say to me, your old, tried, loving friend? Do you throw me off in this way without a thought?"

"You misunderstand," he answered. "I do not throw you off. I have no feeling—none. No sensibility touching the past remains to me—only Eleanor. I live only with Eleanor."

"But," continued I, "you do interest yourself in something. The folks here call you 'doctor,' and you came to me as such, not knowing who I was."

"Conant laughed an unnatural laugh. 'It is true I sometimes attend these innocent people. I prepare their medicines with my own hands. Bread pills and coloured water from Magendie's dispensary. It is my entire pharmacopœia—ha, ha, ha! Nobody dies.'

"But, Conant, have you no thought of duty? You with your talents, your acquirements, the prospects that might still await you?"

"Prospects! Talk you to me of prospects when her voice is hushed? Talk you to me of prospects who should call himself her slayer by making a jest of my profession? Prospects for me? Think you I could encourage a new ambition with that scene—a living scene—before me? Come, come!"

"He helped me back to the log-house and turned and left me."

Just then a company of merry voices broke in on us—hearty, healthful, strong. These came from a party of English people who were rowing about in their boats.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

"Evans," I said, "there is no sleep for me to-night. Let us go on the water."

"It is what I was about to say myself," he replied.

We quitted the room and engaged a sturdy fellow for the night. A full moon shone over the mountain peaks and across the green valleys and upon the smooth waters of the lake.

We talked of everything—everything except what had lately so intensely held us; chatted about trivial scenes and nonsensical matters; and, so strangely contradictory are our human attributes, we laughed and we jested over them.

In this way the night wore on—the night during which neither of us felt willing to land.

It was not till the sun had sent his first glance above the glacier, across the bosom of the lake, that we attempted to find rest in a brief slumber.

COLORED cotton flannel is used for ties and dofs pillows. An inner square of a light shade with a darker border is a pretty style. In the ties corner pieces of a contrasting shade may be introduced into the border.

## VARIETIES.

**THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.**—Before further steps are taken to popularize the electric light it would be well to appoint a committee of experts to determine the effect of that agent on the organ of sight. It is, the London *Lancet* thinks, by no means certain that the light can be used for ordinary purposes, such as reading and writing, without injury. In any event this is a matter for investigation, and the issue raised is too serious to be treated without due consideration. There is a question that some peculiar effect is produced by this agent; and if the physical effects on the organism are in any degree proportioned to the sensation, they can scarcely be without consequence. The inquiry should, for the sake of inventors and the public, be undertaken and completed without needless delay.

**THE GIRLS OF CANADA.**—The girls in the principal cities of Canada are noted as follows:—Montreal, the best dressed. Toronto, the tallest and most stylish. Quebec, smallest feet; all dumplings and lumps. London, the most demure. Kingston, robust and blooming. Hamilton, the best musicians. St. John, N.B., the prettiest. Halifax, the best complexioned. Port Hope, intellectual and vivacious. Cobourg, fond of music, the whiff promenade and flirting. Brockville, lady-like and graceful. Prescott, the most amiable. Brantford, the most indifferent. Saratoga, the most anxious to be loved. Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married. St. Catharines, the wittiest and most refined. Charlottetown, the most truthful. St. John's, Nfld., the most liberal entertainers. Peterborough, the most unsophisticated, with a weakness for skating. Belleville, the most reckless. Ottawa, the most intellectual.

**A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.**—A curious micro-telephonic experiment took place at Bellinzona, Switzerland. A travelling company of Italian singers were to perform Donizetti's opera, "Don Pasquale," at the theatre of that town. M. Patecchi, a telegraph engineer, took the opportunity of making experiments on the combined efforts of Hughes's carbon microphone as the sending instrument, and Bell's telephone as the receiver. With this object he placed a Hughes microphone in a box on the first tier, close to the stage, and connected it by two wires, from one to one and a half millimetre in thickness, to four Bell receivers, which were placed in a billiard-room above the vestibule of the theatre, and inaccessible to sounds within the theatre itself. A small battery of two cells, of the ordinary type used in the Swiss telegraphic service, was inserted in the circuit, close to the Hughes microphone. The result was completely successful. The telephones exactly reproduced, with wonderful purity and distinctness, the instrumental music of the orchestra as well as the voices of the singers.

**DEATH OF M. MINIE, INVENTOR.**—The death is announced from Paris of Claude Etienne Minie, the inventor of many and important improvements in firearms. Born in Paris about 1807, as soon as he was old enough M. Minie enlisted in the army as a private, and served several campaigns in Algeria. Promoted to a captaincy of chasseurs, he devoted himself to inventing improvements that would perfect the service of the infantry. Favored with the special protection of the Duke of Montpensier he was able to secure the adoption of various of his improvements which affected the shape and make of balls, cartridges and gun-barrels. He was decorated in 1849, and in 1852 made chief of a battalion of horse. M. Minie refused to go to Russia and apply his inventions there, though offered still further promotion. He was long in charge of the shooting-gallery at the Normal School at Vincennes, and contributed to the perfection of portable arms. In 1868 he was called by the Pasha of Egypt to go to Cairo and direct the manufacture of arms and a school of shooting there.

**LIGHT-COLOURED CLOTHING FOR WINTER.**—We have more than once asked attention for the undoubted effect of colour on the radiating power of clothing. Remember that the only source of annual heat—during the winter season especially—is located within the organism, and that the use of clothes is to conserve the caloric, it is important to take advantage of every circumstance which will help the result desired. Certainly light coloured substances approaching to white do not part with their heat so readily as dark. The bear of the Polar regions is for this reason provided with white fur, while his brother of warmer climates has a dark coloured integument. It therefore seems to be desirable to prefer bright to sombre hues, and if this choice were made the result would be an air of additional cheerfulness in the public streets. Fashion is, of course, omnipotent and inexorable, but if not too late, we should like to urge the consideration suggested by science and common sense on those who have not yet laid in their store of winter clothing. The matter may seem of small moment, but the life we live is made up of small considerations and little affairs.

**A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.**—A former superintendent of the Providence and Worcester Railroad says that one night when stationed at Providence in charge of the freight department a freight train was late, and there remained but twenty-five minutes to clear the track for a coming express train. This wasn't unusual,

and as the red light was burning for a signal no one felt alarmed. Hilton says: "I walked out to the very end of the depot platform, and there I suddenly heard in my ear these words, twice repeated and with impressive distinctness, 'Hilton, the light will go out! Hilton, the light will go out!' The sound was so positive, and struck me with such strange power, that I instantly looked at my watch, saw that the Shore line express was due in three minutes, grabbed the red lantern on the last car of the freight train and ran up the track with all the speed of which I was capable. Along I fairly flew, impelled by some strange intuition that there was danger, and never questioning for an instant, as I ran, why I was running or what I was to do. Arrived at the first end of the curve near the Corliss engine-works, I stopped and for an instant turned and looked back at the red light. It was burning, but in a second it fluttered a little and suddenly went out," and there came the express train. Hilton shouted and swung his lantern, and the engineer seeing him whistled down brakes and avoided collision. Then they examined the light and could see no possible reason why it should have gone out. It was full of oil, with a perfect wick, and there was no wind blowing, although if there had been it should have remained burning, as it had before through many a storm. There were ordinarily but two passenger cars on the express, and this night there were seven, all full. Hilton firmly believes the voice was supernatural."

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIG. CAMPANINI can sing the tenor rôles of 80 different operas.

"LES CLOCHES de Corneville" has reached its six hundredth performance at the London Globe.

MR. TOOLE has received letters of condolence from the Prince of Wales and the Baroness Burdett-Guthrie on the death of his son.

SELECTIONS from the Earl of Dunmore's new opera "Crescencia" have just been performed in Liverpool, the Earl conducting the orchestra himself.

It is said that Verdi is composing a new opera. The libretto, which has been written by M. Arrigo Boito, is founded on "Otello," but it is not yet certain what title will be chosen for the work.

## PERSONAL.

MR. GARNEAU is mentioned as likely to succeed Hon. Mr. Paret as a Legislative Councillor, he retiring through illness.

THE report that Hon. Letellier de St. Just is in a dangerous condition is contradicted. On the contrary, he is in a fair way of recovery.

THREE brothers named Lemoine have just come into the possession of \$93,000 through the death of a relative. The money was, it seems, left to a son, but she was unable to inherit it.

THE Hon. Messrs. Harbord and Bigot and Mr. A. A. Murphy have gone upon the Ottawa on a moose hunting expedition. They will go as far up as 200 miles and may be absent two weeks.

HIS Excellency the Governor-General gave a skating and tobogganing party at Rideau Hall on Saturday afternoon week, which was largely attended. The sport was of the most exciting character.

MR. A. BIRCH, of the town of Huntingdon, Quebec, was in Ottawa with a novelty in the way of combination snow-shoes, ice-boat, sleigh and toboggan. The inventor exhibited it to the Governor-General. A practical use was made of the invention by Mr. Birch in travelling 20 miles in one day from the Nation River, taking advantage of the ice-boat intervals. The whole journey from Huntingdon was made on foot, and on the ice-boat when favourable.

## BRELOQUES FOUR DAMES.

A ROCKING chair is just as necessary to a woman's comfort as a mantelpiece or a window-sill is to a man's.

It is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "if the doors are all locked" until after he is snugly covered up in bed.

SOME magazine writer says: "A woman becomes sensible at twenty-five." Then the woman is about one hundred and thirty years ahead of some men.

If you watch a woman's mouth closely when she dresses the children for Sunday-school, you'll find out where all the pins come from, and, of course, it must be where they all go.

MISTRESS: "Has any one called while we were out, Sarah? Sarah (the new servant): "Yes, ma'am, two ladies, but I did not catch their names, and they had not got their tickets with them."

It is nice when a wife gives her husband a box of cigars on his birthday, but it somehow takes the romance all out of it when she quietly observes next morning, "You'll have to give me some money to pay for those cigars; I spent all mine for other things."

A LITTLE bit of a girl wanted more and more buttered toast, till she was told that too much would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed: "Well, give me annuizer piece and send for the doctor."

Two kittens belonging to a Bath, Me., house cat were sentenced to be drowned in presence of the mother, whereupon the animals suddenly disappeared. Two days later the housewife jokingly said: "Now, puss, if you will keep your kittens from under my feet, they are safe." It was not long before all three were seen coming toward the house.

A WARNING addressed to his son by a manufacturer of the old school—a man whose commercial type is probably as extinct as the patriarchal race who had lived, like him, in five English reigns—was by chance a choice cast in an epigrammatic form still remembered after fifty years. "Tom," he said, "I have known men who made money, and did not spend it; and I have known men who spent money, and did not make it; but I never knew a man who could both make money and spend it." The father himself was a prosperous example of the first group, and he believed his son to be aspiring to similar success in the last.