

WITH IRON WILL

BY THOMAS S. HAKE.

CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed away. It was a bleak, gusty night. I had settled at Wakering, had, in fact, become the village doctor, for a practitioner without patients may claim the title. I was seated in my armchair, smoking an after-dinner pipe, but in no very cheerful frame of mind. I had caught a chill, having been constantly on the river, in spite of adverse weather, the last few weeks; and as I sat in my study, in feverish and depressed condition, all sorts of dark thoughts filtered through my brain. In the midst of my sombre broodings the sound of wheels on the high-road caught my ear. Presently there was a pause at the gate. I rose quickly and looked out. It was Colonel Hethersett's carriage. A strong inclination seized me, to go out and answer the gate-bell. But I had the prudent, though conscious of a quickened pulse, to restrain my ardour. I threw myself back in my chair, took up a book, and merely glanced round abstractedly when my man came in and handed me a note. I broke the seal without haste—for my servant's eye was still upon me—and read as follows: "Come at once.—SYBIL HETHERSETT."

I found her standing on the hearth before the fire. She was alone. She came forward, when the door closed behind me, with evident agitation. Her hand trembled as I took it in mine. She looked searchingly into my face. "You are ill. He told me you were. How thoughtful of me to have sent for you. You ought never to have ventured out on the night like this. I might have come to you."

"I was ill I felt that the fever had increased, as well it might, since I had quitted my fireside. But I did my best to hide it. She took my hot hand in hers and led me to the sofa beside the hearth. I think I should have fallen but for her aid. I sank down, and again asked her, "What has happened?"

But although, as I could see, there was great anxiety to speak with me expressed in her face, she took no heed of my question until she had placed some tea on a little table beside me and had handed me the cup.

"And now," said Sybil, "I will answer your question. My father assured me that he should return in good time this evening. It is past eight o'clock; the last train went by an hour ago. If he did come by it, he must have reached home before now. It is scarcely twenty minutes' walk from Wakering Station."

"Would he walk?" I could not help thinking of the lonely road that led by the fields to Wakering Hall. "Did not the carriage go to meet him?"

"No. He was not sure by what train he should come, and you know that in that carriage should not be sent. He has an odd preference for walking home at night."

I was seriously alarmed, but made a strenuous effort to hide my growing suspicion from her. "Have you," said I, "with-out any show of eagerness, any special reason for being anxious?"

"You know," she answered, with eyes now raised earnestly to mine, "you know that a danger threatens him; you know that what happened ten years ago—when your skill and devotion saved his life—may happen again. He never speaks to me of this. I dare not speak to him. But I am convinced—as convinced as if my father had spoken—that Kenrick still overshadows his life."

"Kenrick?" said I, unable to suppress my surprise. "That man's name?" then, Miss Hethersett, is known to you?" She answered in a quiet tone: "I was at Cawnpore, and in the house, when my father gave way to his passion. I recollect every detail of the affair. I was nine years old at the time. And when, three years later," she added, "that dreadful attempt was made on his life, every thing was plain to me. I was then at school; and when I was told about it, I could not do what a mysterious affair it was—I said nothing. It was no mystery to me. I knew who had struck the blow; I knew it as certainly as if I had witnessed the scene."

upon me and threatened to conquer my better judgment. If anything in my manner or speech should rouse Kenrick's suspicion, for I had thoughts of confronting this man—a look of dread escaped me, as I feared it might, the object I had in view might be defeated.

I crept towards the limekiln fire, keeping out of the path of light, until the heat scorched my face. I then knelt down, and leaning cautiously forward, looked about me while shading my eyes with my hand from the intense glare. The great furnace door stood wide open. The kiln being built up in the low hill-side, the higher hills in the dark background above looked all the darker, with the blue transparent flames appearing and disappearing at the aperture, or chimney, with the grim uncerthiness of a witch's hair. Down below, in the quarried space in front of the furnace, sat Kenrick. I was bending down quite near him, so near, that by stretching out my hand I could have touched his arm. He was smoking a short clay pipe, resting his elbow on his knees, and looking intently into the dull quivering glow. What could he see to gaze so so fixedly in that red-hot, gigantic pile of wood and coals? There was a weird, haunted look in his face—a look that brought a new terror to my thoughts.

There was only one thing to be done. Wakering Station could be reached in a few minutes; there was a short cut across the fields. I at once determined to go, and I took a graph to a friend in London and await his reply. There was a friend who knew Colonel Hethersett, and the most likely man to furnish news of him if still in town.

I found the telegraph clerk busy at the wires. When I had written out my message and handed it to him, I expressed my intention to wait for an answer. He looked at me through his little square window with a half-glance of recognition: "Won't you step inside," he said. "There isn't much of a fire," he added apologetically. "But the waiting-room is locked up; and it's cold and windy enough out there to cut one to pieces. You'll find the door on your right."

"Click-tick-tick. He was busy again working at the wires. I sat down by the fire in the telegraph office and tried to take a more hopeful view of the situation. I began to imagine that the answer was on its way; and that the lengthy pauses, which now took place, expressed a suspended power of volition—that the telegraph clerk was too terrified to complete the message on account of its tragic significance. I became intensely excited. I watched the clerk with a feverish sense of certitude that by studying his face I could interpret these sounds. I was on the point of asking him to confirm or dissipate my impressions, when he began to write, with a deliberation that almost drove me mad, upon a telegraph form. This paper he at last handed to me. The words ran as follows: "Hethersett left town in dogcart at nine."

I glanced at the clock; it was on the stroke of ten. It would take him more than an hour for an expert driver like Colonel Hethersett to reach Wakering Hall. The way was dark, so dark, that to attempt running was out of the question, for there was a deep ditch on either side of the narrow road. And as I walked along, tapping my stick in front of me, like a blind man, I kept my eyes wide open, my ears to the possible sound of Colonel Hethersett's dogcart along the high-road. More than once I stopped to listen and to look out ahead for the slightest glimpse of gig-lamps in the distance.

Stay! What light is that? And surely I can distinguish the sound of wheels upon the road. It must be the dogcart; no one but Colonel Hethersett would drive that reckless pace along a country high-road on so dark a night, with no lights for miles, except the ghost of one at the cross-roads on Wakering Green. Yes; I can see the gig-lamps plainly now, and they look like great blinking orbs flashing out and in, as the trap spins along, passing by trees and hedges and other objects that are frequently black screens between us. And there is still a broad field to cross before I can reach the highway, and before I can even run over the ground the dogcart will have passed the stile that leads out upon the road.

I shout in a loud, distracted voice: he brings the trap to a stand-still. But I now begin bitterly to repent having raised my voice. For I see the reflection of light of the limekiln fire right ahead in the night; and I know that my shouting will have reached Kenrick's sharp ear. He will see the dogcart; for Colonel Hethersett is stopping at the limekiln. They will meet face to face.

I have no distinct recollection of how, either running, walking, or stumbling, I gained the highway. But I did gain it, and in an amazingly short space of time, for as I sank down exhausted at the stile, which nearly faced the limekiln, I saw Colonel Hethersett pulling in rein just within the path of light that always streamed across the road; at the same moment I saw Kenrick start up from the ground within reach of the dogcart, raise his arms, and straighten his back, as if nerving himself for a spring-attack. "Hold my horse," said the Colonel, in a firm voice, as he flung the reins across the animal's back. "Don't stand staring there. My name is Hethersett."

"Is it?" interrupted the man. "Do you think I don't know you?"

"I'll not dispute it. Hold my horse."

"Do what?" said Kenrick; and glancing savagely about him, he selected a stone the size of his great fist, and hurled it at Colonel Hethersett. The stone, flying within an inch of the Colonel's head, dropped into the hedge beyond.

From the point where I had sunk down against the stile, the whole scene was visible to me in the light of the limekiln fire. The iron door was wide open, as I had seen it an hour ago, and the heat and glare struck upon Kenrick's threatening figure as though stimulating his awakened passion. Colonel Hethersett had risen from his seat in the trap and was stepping down. From first to last his eyes were fixed upon the man's face. No movement escaped him.

"Why did you cry out?" said the Colonel sternly.

"When?"

"A moment ago. You cried out 'Stop.'"

"Never!" Kenrick answered sullenly.

"No? And yet the voice came from this quarter," said the Colonel. "You heard it; didn't you?"

"What if I did?"

"I could see both their faces distinctly now,—I could see that Kenrick was quivering with suppressed rage and fear. But Colonel Hethersett's look was cool and determined.

Kenrick made no reply; but I could see that the Colonel's dauntless manner, his stern voice, and penetrating look, were beginning to assert their influence over the man.

"Now listen to me. You brought upon yourself the punishment I gave you," said the Colonel, "by disobeying my orders. If you did not learn a lesson then, it is time you learnt it now! When I drew up here a minute ago and asked you to hold my horse, you refused. I am going to give you one chance more," he added. "You say you didn't call out to me to stop. Some one else did; and I am going to satisfy myself instantly on this point. I am going to make a search along the road. You've a lantern, I suppose? Lend it to me."

Still no reply; no movement on Kenrick's part.

"Have you a lantern or not?"

"Yes; one or two, I reckon."

"Lend me one," repeated Colonel Hethersett.

Kenrick hesitated still; but it was only for a moment. There was something in Colonel Hethersett's whole attitude that appeared to bring the man suddenly to a better sense of the situation. He crossed over to the hut, went in, and slammed the door angrily behind him. The Colonel paced slowly up and down always within the light of the fire, and always with his look directed toward the hut. Presently the little round window brightened, as if returning his glance; and a moment afterwards Kenrick came out lantern in hand.

"Thank you," said the Colonel. "And now, Kenrick," he added, "look after the horse."

He took the lantern and turned away; and for the first time, since this meeting between them, Colonel Hethersett relaxed his watch upon the man. He stepped across the road, and soon caught sight of me lying helpless by the stile. He lifted me tenderly in his arms as he would have done a child. "Sherwin, my dear boy! Why, how came you here?"

I can recollect seeing Kenrick leading the horse towards the spot. I have a dim recollection of being the dogcart with one of Colonel Hethersett's arms clasping me securely; and I have a dimmer recollection still of the limekiln fire suddenly going out, as though an extinguisher had been put upon it. I remember no more.

And then there came a semi-consciousness of distracting dreams that recurred a thousand times during a night that never had an end. I fell dimly upon my senses that I was lying within the limekiln fire with heaps of red-hot coal on every side threatening to consume me; and all the while Kenrick was looking at me with stolid eyes as he smoked his pipe and tacitly refused to drag me out. At other times the telegraph wires at Wakering Junction were passing through me; the central station in my head, which became overgrown with messages.

These feverish imaginings and a hundred others at last passed away, and less startling ones fell into their place. One more I found myself in the heart of a certain wood, where a stream was flowing between high banks into a large river beyond. I was lying in a boat and looking down into mine. Yet, as I looked, my eye caught a cluster of leaves, only the face; and this face gradually took the shape of Sybil's face in my brain. But there was no look of laughter. The eyes were filled with tears, and the cheeks were pallid and thin.

"Sybil!"

The sound of a sweet voice touched my senses. "Hush! I will go and tell my father."

"No. Tell me! Am I awake or dreaming?" I lifted my heavy eyelids like one coming out of a deep sleep and stared perplexedly about me.

"He brought you here?"

"Last night?"

"No. It will be three weeks to-morrow."

I could not speak. A mist seemed to be gathering between her face and mine. She held a cup to my lips and I drank a refreshing draught, and then sank back upon my pillows into a dreamless sleep.

When I awoke it was night. The window curtains were now closely drawn, and I heard the wind whispering in the park outside. There was no light in the room except from the fire. In an armchair, drawn up in front of the fire, sat Colonel Hethersett.

Knowing this man's character as I did, his manliness and his tender nature, I felt that to express in words my sense of gratitude would be to lower myself in his esteem. It had been my privilege, ten years ago, to save his life. He had now saved mine.

It seemed to me as though I was walking into a new world—as I lay here contentedly watching the change of lights and shadows upon the walls, and listening to the red-hot cinders falling with a soft metallic ring. And I was reminded of the limekiln fire, and the terrors it had roused in my mind, and there was no sense of dread awakened now. For I read in Colonel Hethersett's face, as he sat pondering there—as Sybil had doubtless read too—that all fear of danger might be dismissed from one's mind.

Happening to pass the limekiln one night, a month or two after my recovery, I noticed a strange watchman standing there.

"Where is Kenrick?" said I.

"Overseer up at the Hall."

"On Colonel Hethersett's property?"

"Yes."

I was not surprised at this news; for although the Colonel managed every one with iron will, I never knew a more generous master. And Kenrick proved an excellent servant. So long as they lived, he and the Colonel never exchanged another angry word.

The autumn again came round. One sultry afternoon—an afternoon never to be forgotten—I was walking with Sybil in Wakering park and by the river-side.

"Is it only a year?" she was saying as she stopped; and bending forward, she peered into the stream.

"A year to-day."

She made no reply.

"Sybil, I went on, 'I know you love me. But tell me so here, where we first met.'"

Still gazing down into the stream, she whispered it. Then she asked: "And I thought that afternoon, only a year ago, that I should never see you again."

DEVOTIONAL STATUES

Their Manufacture One of the Interesting Industries of Paris.

Any person who has ever visited Paris, and who takes an interest in the shop windows of the brilliant city, will remember the large shops for the sale of church statuary which abound on the left bank of the Seine: Many of them are situated even in so secular a quarter as the immediate vicinity of the Bon Marche. In their show windows the promoter beholds life-sized figures of Our Saviour and of the Holy Virgin; and of St. Joseph, to say nothing of saints and angels innumerable. Here are St. Roch, with his dog; St. Vincent blessing a vine, St. Francois d'Assisi and even the solitary American saint that figures in the calendar, namely, St. Rosa de Lima.

For immense quantities of these figures are annually shipped to South America, and so the makers of them do not fail to do honor to the saint who was the country woman of their good customers and is the subject of many of their orders. These statues are manufactured in great halls, where hundreds of workmen are employed simultaneously, some molding, others painting in appropriate colors the long rows of images. Among these men are to be found, in many instances, trained and uneducated pupils from the sculpture studies of the Beaux Arts and the Julian Academy. They are well paid, some of them receiving as high as \$10 per diem and few less than \$5. Each one must pledge himself to work for no establishment than the one that regularly employs him, and everything that he executes in the workshop is the property of his employer. Very often an intelligent and well-taught sculptor will be put at the head of a band of ordinary workmen, whose operations he is called upon to superintend and direct.

Notwithstanding the limited number of subjects, the varieties of type are endless. Take, for instance, the personage that is most frequently represented—namely the Holy Virgin. The different expressions and attitudes bestowed on the images of the Immaculate Conception alone is represented in thirty different ways. Her vestments are sometimes white bordered with gold, or else figured with gold, in imitation of brocade, or her robe may be white and her mantle blue studded with gold stars or she may be garbed in the traditional blue and red of Italian painters, etc. Much care and skill are expended in this painting, which has something the effect of an illumination on a large scale. Generally the effect is good, not too glaring and actually tasteful, the artistic sense of the French nation interfering to prevent any coarseness of color or roughness of execution. An exception to this rule is found in the statues executed for South America.

"We must," remarked the intelligent proprietor of the huge manufactory, "have due consideration to the wishes of our customers, and so, for the South American trade, we are compelled to deviate from our accepted traditions." Here, for instance, he pointed out a figure of St. Christopher, larger than life, almost entirely red and white with great staring eyes of enamel, "is one of our productions made precisely according to order for a customer in Valparaiso. Like most of the other statues intended for exportation to the same country, it is executed, not in plaster or in papier mache, but in wood.

"Here is a Holy Virgin intended for a church at Lima. She is not yet fully dressed, for we have regular orders prepared for these wooden figures. Her mantle, made for us in compliance with the order, is of crimson velvet embroidered with golden stars, and the price paid for it was \$300. Her robe and the girdle of imitation diamonds that is to confine it at the waist have cost us \$180. A complete outfit of undergarments is to be sent with the statue, including cambric chemise, and a full set of satin corsets and slippers, and a full set of white petticoats handsomely embroidered, which are always carefully gotten up and stored for wear on festival days. When the eyes in enamel, the eyebrows in real hair and the blond wig are added the resemblance to life is startlingly complete.

"Do we ever execute similar orders for France? No; even in the provinces our priests have no inclination for such gaudy decorated statues. Sometimes we are requested to make the reds and blues of the garments and the gold of the ornaments as bright as possible, to fully impress the imaginations of country worshippers, but that is all our work, in fact, is in a state of continual artistic progress. The productions in this line in Italy, in Austria, and even in Belgium, used at one time to surpass any thing that we could do. But since we have called in the aid of serious and cultivated artists our models are far superior to any others to be found in Europe. And when one of our models strikes the public taste we are called upon to produce, not hundreds but thousands of copies. Then we do not confine our productions to the usual statuettes of all dimensions for workmen's clubs, for bedrooms, or for private oratories.

SMOKELESS POWDER IN WAR

It Gives Many Advantages to the Side Making the Attack.

The introduction of smokeless powders has had considerable to do with a change of tactics on the field of battle. In the absence of the smoke screen on both sides, the company officers not only find it easier to work together, but can control their man and judge the effect of their fire on the enemy to a far greater degree than was formerly possible. From their point of view this increased power of control more than compensates the attack for the increased facility of concealment smokeless powder confers on the defense. It is true that the latter also profits by the same increased power of control, but they argue that from the nature of things the defense, striving only to prevent being beaten, whereas the attack fights with the determination to win, the latter is in a position to make far better use of this new powder than the former.

Put in another form, it comes to this: The heavier and more accurate the fire whistling over a trench, the harder it is to take aim. Smokeless powder makes it easier for the attack to deliver such a fire; hence the difficulties of the defense will be increased.

Further, in the absence of smoke, men stationary on the defense cannot escape the depressing influence of the dead and wounded lying around them, but the attack leaves all these evidences of the fight behind it. So here again the advantage is on its side.

With reference to the question of the use of smokeless powders by the artillery, the general idea seems to be that it was all a gain to the side which thought more of killing its enemy than of avoiding being killed itself. It enormously facilitates the maintenance of fire discipline within the battery, permits of continuous fire even at the most rapid rate, for no smoke interferes with the laying of the guns, and, above all things, cheers the hearts of the men by enabling them to see the results of their fire.

As a means of concealment it is of no use at all, for even at extreme ranges of 5000 yards and upward the flash of discharge is always distinctly visible, and at fighting ranges the flash enables one to note exactly the position of the enemy's guns. This was not always possible with the old powders, for the smoke obscured the object and prevented one's picking up an exact point to aim at.

The artillery will be far from regretting the loss of the two clouds which hung, the one in front of their own and the other in front of the enemy's guns. Smoke is a commodity that is furnished by the ground, and no one has ever been anxious for his opponent to have covers which he himself could not turn to advantage. If both are deprived of this cover victory will belong to him who, all else being equal, can most skillfully supply the deficiency.

Manoeuvres will hereafter probably take place over larger areas before actual fighting begins, and something of an Indian craft and natural keenness will be needed on the part of staff officers. Smoke has been so good a cover on many occasions that its absence will impose new conditions, and natural cover will have to be much more extensively utilized. With the vanishing poetry of the smoke battle the prose of a new era will begin, in which combat will be more like a game of chess in view of the pieces as a whole, and new dispositions of old qualities and virtues will be wanted. Caution will pay in a smokeless combat, enterprise and vigor will win as before, but flanders will receive a terrible punishment, fatal to armies and ruinous to nations dependent upon them.

On Fifty Dollars a Year.

"Is it possible to dress on \$50 a year?" was one of the questions discussed at a working Girls' Club lately. One of the girls said:

"I've done it—good reason why, though I've had to. It's had considerable hustling at times to get even \$50 a year since I came to Gotham to take a course in technical designing. The worst of it is I've never got over my respect for good clothes. Lots of women who come from little towns, where clothes are a badge of respectability, prosperity or respectable poverty, fall into cosmopolitan ways and say: 'Oh, nobody knows me; it doesn't matter how I look.' But I can't. I must have good gloves and shoes, or I feel that I've lost my last vestige of respectability, and honesty. I believe, if I ever get to the point where I can't have these things, I shall lose my self-respect. I believe in clothes. I think a new set of nice clothes will transform the character of a man or woman."

How do I manage? Well, just like everybody else, I had to. I studied it up, every exact science of it. If you think trying it, the first thing to be done is to get a little account book; write a few maxims on the fly-leaf, and live up to them. Buy nothing but standard goods for your dresses; cashmere, henrietas, flannels, serges in solid colors are always in style. Only a rich woman can afford novelties. Your dresses from the time you wear three seasons and be made over once at least, perhaps twice; so you see if you buy striking colors, or plaids, however pretty, they will be genuine antiques the third season and give you a hopelessly dowdy look. Be a girl of three dresses, one for the street, one for the house, and one for nice. One new dress a year will keep you in three. Make up your mind to skip bargain sales. Buy your things between seasons; you can get a winter cloak in December or January much cheaper than you can in October. A good heavy short black coat, which ought to last for two seasons, may be had for \$10 or \$15, spring coat ditto, only as to cost, which should not exceed \$6. It pays to buy pretty good shoes. That's an item that's hard to regulate. Some people wear out more shoe leather than other people. A pair of heavy shoes and a pair of ties last me a year. Gloves make an awful hole; two pairs kid at \$1.25 a pair, two pairs silk at 50 cents, woolen, lisle thread, lace mitts, \$1.50. As to hats, my limit is four. I manage to get them all out of a ten, but I make them myself. A supply of underwear will last for two years at least. In the basket won't think I put that question in the basket, but I've got a little list of last year's expenditures, which may be interesting. Here it is: Four hats, \$10; gloves, \$4.50; shoes, \$5; winter coat, \$10; making over dress, \$5; new blue henrietas, \$11; balance for underwear, laces, etc., \$4.50; total \$50.

THE SULLEN HAMSTER

Russians Regard it as an Unsocial Animal.

As the squirrel was said by the old Norseman to bring all the news of the animals to Thor, because he was the merriest and most sociable of beasts, so in the talk of the Russian peasants the hamster is the synonym for all that is sullen, avaricious, solitary, and unloving. Even in color he is unlike any other animal, being light above and dark below. This gives the hamster somewhat the same incongruous appearance that a pair of black trousers and a light coat lead to a man; in other respects he is like a large, shaggy guinea pig, with very large teeth and puffy cheeks, into which he can cram a vast quantity of rye or beans for transport.

Each hamster lives in a large, roomy burrow all by himself, in defiance of which he will fight like a badger against any other hamster who may try to enter. Family life he wholly avoids, never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance and making her find her own living for herself and family. The last burden is however, not a serious one, for by the time there are young ones three weeks old each discovers that family life is a great mistake and sets off to make a bachelor burrow for itself and save up beans for the winter. For in addition to its other amiable qualities, the hamster has that of avarice in a marked degree, and heaps up treasures of corn, rye, and horse beans far in excess of his own private wants for the winter. His favorite plan is to dig a number of treasure chambers all communicating with a central guard room, in which the owner eats and grows fat until the hardest frosts begin, when he curls himself up to sleep until the Spring.

But this life of leisure does not begin until the crops are ripening, the hamsters work incessantly to increase their hoards, as much as three hundredweight of grain and beans have been taken from a hamster's burrow. After harvest the peasants often search with probes for the treasure chambers of the robbers, and during the present scarcity in central Europe they will no doubt exact a heavy tribute from the hamster's stores.

Ann Customs.

When the Ainu meet they rub their hands together in a peculiar manner, invoking blessings upon each other while, and may continue this procedure for a considerable time. They then stroke their beards, making a curious rumbling sound in the throat, and again rub their fingers and palms together, after which the beard is once more stroked, and the business of the interview begins. The women behave in a still more curious manner. They do not salute their own sex at all, but are extremely respectful to the men, covering their eyes and looking down on the ground when any other pass a male acquaintance or even a male stranger.

On entering a hut where a man is a woman first of all removes her headress and hangs it on her left arm. She then brushes back her front hair and covers her mouth with her right hand. All this is preliminary. When she sees that the man designs to look at her she draws the right index finger across the left palm, up the left arm to the shoulder, thence across the face beneath the nose, and so round backward behind the ears.

When Ainu, especially Ainu women, meet after a separation that has lasted some time, they have a pretty way of telling each other their experiences in a sort of chant, and in the pleasant sound of their singularly sweet voices one forgets their wild and uncivilized looks. The Japanese women are equally remarkable for the sweetness of their voices but have the advantage over their Ainu sisters of delicate and dainty ways, the charm of which the most stolid globe trotter is constrained to own. If the women of Ainu-moshi, as the Ainu call their land, are the drudges of the men in their youth and middle age, they have an opportunity to revenge come with the lapse of years. The curses of an angry old woman excite the utmost terror in the bravest bear hunter. Ho flies panic-struck from such names as shundama-ash, (manic deer), tonneppo, (abundant boat?), or worst of all, rai-guru, (corpse), or inao-sak-guru, (godless fellow).

After death her ghost is regarded with even deeper dread.—The Saturday Review.

The Baby in Hot Weather.

A city board of health has issued some excellent rules for the care of infants in summer, including directions which are equally emergencies which always alarm a mother, and in which she so seldom knows the right thing to do.

Rule 1. If the child is suddenly attacked with vomiting, purging and prostration send for a doctor at once. In the meantime put the child for a few minutes in a hot bath, then carefully wipe it dry with a warm towel and wrap it in warm blankets. If hands and feet are cold, bottles filled with hot water and wrapped in flannel should be laid against them.

Rule 2. A mush poultice or one made of flax seed meal, to which one quarter part of mustard flour has been added; or flannel wrung out of hot vinegar and water should be placed over the belly.

Rule 3. Five drops of brandy in a teaspoonful of water may be given every ten or fifteen minutes; but if the vomiting persists give the brandy in equal parts of milk and lime water.

Rule 4. If the diarrhea has just begun, or if it is caused by improper food, a teaspoonful of castor oil, or of the spiced syrup of rhubarb should be given.

A CASTLE ON FIRE

Princess Beatrice Saved her Life But Lost Her Jewels and Wardrobe.

A despatch from BERLIN, says: Princess Beatrice had a narrow escape from death from fire in the castle at Heiligenberg yesterday morning.

Her maid carrying a candle approached too near a mosquito net covering the bedstead, setting fire to the net.

Princess Beatrice, who was in the bedroom and alarmed the household. The hose fixtures near the bedroom would not work and a whole wing of the castle was destroyed before the firemen arrived.

The Princess lost all her jewels and wardrobes. Her husband, who was sleeping in a hunting-box in the neighboring woods, hastened to the castle as soon as he learned of the fire. Two servants were injured.

Sunday Headwork.

Tapper—"So you don't altogether like the new pastor's sermons, eh?"

Dapper—"No, they are too profound—they necessitate too much headwork."

Tapper—"Quite true. I noticed you were nodding through his entire discourse yesterday."

"What do you raise on your farm, Mr. Hayswood?"

"Mortgages, chiefly."

A man in love can do more thinking without thinking of anything at all than any one else on earth.

The following is from the address of Mr. William Tweedie of Waltham, N. Y., before the Cheviot Breeders' Association: "In meeting with the Cheviot Sheep Breeders' Association, I cannot but recall many of the pleasant associations of my younger days. Born in Scotland, not far from the Cheviot Hills where this breed of sheep derives their name, my father being a shepherd in Scotland, his house being occupied daily with the sheep of which he had charge, presume that the first living creature I ever saw outside of the house where I was born was a sheep. When I grew to be large enough, so as to follow my father attending his flock on the Glenochtha hills, I became so much associated with the sheep as to almost think we were relatives. The Cheviot breed of sheep has been associated with the Cheviot Hills from time immemorial. They have found their way over a large portion of the south of Scotland and the north of England. They have been sent to New-Zealand, to Australia, and to feed on the native grass that grows upon the mountains of Borneo. They have been shipped to Canada and the United States, and in every circumstance they have been able to stand the conditions of every climate, and in every case have been a success and profit as well."

When the last comes to me to die, To-morrow or some other day, If God should bid me make reply, What would'st thou? I shall say, "O God, Thy world was great and fair, Yet give me to forget it clean; Nor vex me more with things that were, And things that might have been! I loved and toiled, thrived ill or well— Lived certain years and murmured not. Now grant me in that land to dwell, Where all things are forgot!"

"For others, Lord, the purging fires, The loves no knit, the crown, the palm For me, the death of all desires In everlasting calm."

The Time Last Desire.

When the last comes to me to die, To-morrow or some other day, If God should bid me make reply, What would'st thou? I shall say, "O God, Thy world was great and fair, Yet give me to forget it clean; Nor vex me more with things that were, And things that might have been! I loved and toiled, thrived ill or well— Lived certain years and murmured not. Now grant me in that land to dwell, Where all things are forgot!"

"For others, Lord, the purging fires, The loves no knit, the crown, the palm For me, the death of all desires In everlasting calm."

When the last comes to me to die, To-morrow or some other day, If God should bid me make reply, What would'st thou? I shall say, "O God, Thy world was great and fair, Yet give me to forget it clean; Nor vex me more with things that were, And things that might have been! I loved and toiled, thrived ill or well— Lived certain years and murmured not. Now grant me in that land to dwell, Where all things are forgot!"

"For others, Lord, the purging fires, The loves no knit, the crown, the palm For me, the death of all desires In everlasting calm."