Huron Signal.

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Warning Stories.

It ought to be impressive on dispensers of medicinal appliances to ask them in stronger sufficiently forcible words to abandon that course of conduct. We have seen patients sent out in which papers have been pasted as an ordinary "coating medium" for thickness are sent out. This is of course an opposite view of the case, the seller of potent concocting on the diagnosis, but the latter has much need to mend his ways. We are not now speaking of chemists and druggists only, but of all who dispense. Preparations intended for external use ought inviolably to be so characterized by being sent out in bottles of a warning shape and color. It is not safe to rely on form or color alone—the two danger signals should be combined. There are doubtless persons so obtuse that nothing can preserve them from folly. We have heard of a hospital patient who deliberately ate the ointment given to heal, of course for "external use only;" but, setting aside such exceptional instances of stupidity, haste, a dull light, or what is commonly called "nervousness," may lead to mistake by even an intelligent person, when nothing beyond the label on a bottle indicates its use. A recent case recalls attention to this subject, and we trust it will provoke the caution the danger requires.—*Lancet.*

Coming Star Shower.

Professor Swift says—"It was predicted by a few, not disbelieved by many, that about the 27th of November, 1872, a meteoric shower would be the result of the earth's passage through the debris of the comet. The prediction was fulfilled far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine believer. The comet which produces the shower of November 27 (which by the way was never seen till the evening of that date in the year of 1872) is the periodic comet known as Biela's. Within a day or two of the 27th of November—probably on the evening of that day—we may look for a shower, with much assurance that one will occur."

"Punch."

Sore Tennysonians at the refreshment-room, York (for the southward bound by "Flying Scotchman")—"Swallow, swallow, quickly flying south!"

FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.—The New Governess—"Now, I suppose you know that there are three times as much water as land upon the surface of the earth?" Tommy—"I should think so, indeed. Look at the puddles."

The whole duty of Irishmen and tenants—To pay their rent.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise visited the East London Hospital for children on the 7th inst. Though the intention of Her Royal Highness to inspect the hospital had not been made widely known, a crowd of persons had assembled to greet her when the royal carriage drove up to the building. The Princess, who was accompanied by Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the consulting physicians to the hospital, was received by the Committee of Management. Her Royal Highness, having accepted a beautiful bouquet from the hands of Mrs. Reeves, whose husband, Mr. H. A. Reeves, is one of the surgeons connected with the institution, proceeded to inspect the Princess Mary ward and the Enfield ward. In both of the rooms Her Royal Highness stopped at the bedside of nearly every child, and in many cases accompanied her words of kindly encouragement with the gift of a flower. The Rev. A. R. Carter was deputed by the Princess to make a similar gift to the mother of an infant for whom there is small chance of recovery. Having completed her inspection of the wards, Her Royal Highness was conducted to the Board-room, where she signed her name in the visitors' book, and was afterwards shown the nurse's dining-room, the out-patients' room, the dispensary and other apartments. Before leaving the hospital, Her Royal Highness kindly consented to have her name inscribed as its patroness and expressed, through Dr. Andrew Clark to the Board of Management, the satisfaction which she had derived from the visit. As the Royal carriage drove off, three ringing cheers were given for the Princess.

HOW FAR CAN WE HEAR WITH THE TELEPHONE?—This is a question frequently asked, but we believe has not yet been definitely settled. The longest distance that we have seen mentioned is given in the item below, namely, two thousand miles. But perhaps Mr. Edison has had more extended experiences. If so we should be glad if he would let our readers know. An exchange states that Mr. Robert A Pecker, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is at present hunting with a party of gentlemen in Nebraska. A few days ago he for two hours conversed pleasantly with his wife and friends at Sayre, Pa., his brother at Marsh Chunk, Pa., and friends along the line. The medium was the railroad and Western Union Telegraph wires and Edison's telephones. At the office in Bethlehem, Pa., connection was made with the Eastan and Amboy wire, and at Perth Amboy with a Western Union wire, and thence to Chicago and North Bend, Nebraska, where the party are. The distance was about two thousand miles, and every whisper was audible.

As the season for lemons is approaching, it is well to remember that this fruit is considered excellent in many kinds of sickness—in fevers, in stomach complaints and bilious troubles. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It is said that the gums may be kept in a healthy condition by rubbing them every day with lemon juice; also that neuralgia may be cured by its external use, warts removed, and dandruff on the head destroyed by it. If all this is true, the lemon is a more valuable fruit than is generally supposed.

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor stumbles another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular "At Home," was sure to make many blunders, perhaps from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of the "Clandestine Marriage," when one of the characters saw a "candle going along the gallery with a man in his hand," and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to the Asmex, sir," she said.
"What to do there, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to be cultured, sir," she said.
"What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
"Chinese and the Quarterlies, sir," she said.
"Then whom will you marry, my pretty maid?"
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said.

A passer by puts his head in at the window of the shop were an honest cobbler is working, never thinking of evil, and says, cheerily, "Well, my friend, how many thieves are there in this street, without counting you?" "What!" yells the cobbler, "without counting me?" "Well, then," says his imperturbable questioner, "how many are there, counting you?"

The average amount of time lost to each laborer in Europe on account of sickness, according to Dr Edward Jarvis, is from nineteen to twenty days each year. That among students is from two to five days. According to the Massachusetts Board of Health, during the year 1872, thirteen days' labor was lost by sickness for each productive person in the commonwealth.

"Come here, sir, till I tan your jacket for you," said Currier to a truant pupil. The boy softly answered, "A soft tan, sir." The muscles of the teacher's face and arm relaxed, and the punishment was commuted to the admonition to be careful about playing hookey again. Thus it is that a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath.

A young woman at Smyrna, New York, had a dream many years ago, of eight men standing in a row before her, with outstretched hands. She interpreted this to mean that she would have eight husbands. Her seventh husband died lately, and, although she is now 84, she is confident that the dream will be fulfilled.

It was a very mean man who slipped his hand between the heads of a young man and young lady in the front seat as the train entered the tunnel. He said afterwards the young man's beard was very stiff, but the pressure on the other side of the hand felt like the tips of a fur tie.

A Newark manufacturer has made two handsome pairs of skates for the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. They are of steel and nickeled. Beautiful wooden cases lined with satin, have been made for the skates.

The chief objection to the jet trimmings is their weight, and this is now being lessened by making the jet hollow and very thin. But while this takes away from the weight it adds considerably to the price.

Mr. Bannerman, brother of the Commons member for South Renfrew, has been notified that his tender for the completion of the Welland Canal works is the lowest.

Among the latest German patent applications there is one for the process of making a green color by oxidizing the sulphide of tetramethyldiamidotriphenylmethan.

Mr. Horace Macdougall has been appointed to superintend the telegraph line between Winnipeg and Thunder Bay.

Mrs. Scott Siddons read and recited two Lours in Kingston and was paid $300.

A go-as-you please race—the women.

LAKE DISASTERS.

VESSELS WRECKED AND SAILORS DROWNED.

DETROIT, Nov. —.—A Sandbeach (Michigan) special says the barge Prairie State, which went on a reef last night, has gone to pieces. Two men are missing. The barge Lewis Wells has also gone to pieces. The body of her captain, Wm. Little, of Saginaw City, also that of a sailor named Wood, of London, were found. Wm. Ogden, a sailor, and two others are missing. The tow barge Wm. Bagner is also on the reef and will probably be a total wreck. Her crew was saved. The tug Whiting and schooner Hutchinson sunk and are probably not damaged much. The crew of the schooner suffered terribly, but were finally rescued by a volunteer crew, who manned the new life saving boat recently sent here by the Government, for which no regular crew had been appointed.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. —.—The report that three men from a tow of the tug Seymour, named Geroux, Woods and Moreau, were safe at Wolcott, proves untrue. These make a total of nine lives lost.

PORT DALHOUSIE, Nov. — —A ram il so.w came ashore here at 11 a. m. to day, containing the body of a man, which was recognized by Mr. Quinn, owner of the schooner Pinta, as that of Enos Howell, of Oakville. The scow was full of water, and there were no other bodies in her. A close look out will be kept along the shore, in case the rest of the Pinta's crew are washed ashore.

PICTON, NOV. —.—The propeller Lake Ontario, from Montreal to Hamilton, loaded with 250 tons of pig iron, went ashore last night on Green Island in the mouth of South Bay. She is hard on and lying easy and is not damaged. Calvin & Brock have been telegraphed for a tug. It is expected to get her off to-night.

FORTWARNA, Mich., Nov. —.—The crew of the wrecked schooner Mercury were all saved by a life boat from Ludington.

ORIENTAL CITY GATES.—In 1834 Dr. Thomson resided for several months in Jaffa, and, to pass away the time, frequently came out in the afternoon to the gate through the city, and prepared his seat in the street." There the governor, the cadi and the elders of the people assembled daily, "in a cold place," and held an extemporaneous divan, at which affairs of every kind were discussed and settled with the least possible ceremony. But recently from Smyrna, Dr. Thomson was greatly amused with the novel open air court, conducted amidst the din, confusion and uproar of a thronged gateway—men, women and children jostling each other, horses prancing, camels growling, donkeys braying, as they passed in and out of the gate; but nothing could interrupt the proceedings, or disturb the judicial gravity of the court. The scene, with all its surroundings, was wholly Oriental, and withal had about it an air of remote Scriptural antiquity which rendered it doubly interesting.—*Harper's Magazine.*

JOHN BRIGHT'S OPINION OF THE CLASSICS.—"I regard what I call classics—that is, the ancient languages of Greece and Rome—as luxuries rather than anything else. It is a great luxury to know anything that is good and innocent. It is a great luxury to know a great deal of the past, not that it makes you more powerful to do much, but it is a great pleasure to the person who knows; but I do not believe myself that there is anything in the way of wisdom which is to be attained in any of the books of the old languages which at this moment may not be equally attained in the books of our own literature."

MISSING MAGGIE MCVEY.—A year has now elapsed since Margaret McVey disappeared so mysterious from her father's residence in Yarmouth, and still no clue as to her whereabouts has developed itself. A detective from New York was engaged on the case, drawn there by the large rewards offered, but after spending a few weeks in the neighborhood, confessed himself baffled, and returned home. It is feared the girl's fate will ever remain a mystery. It has no parallel in Canada since the Arthur mystery of 1865. The girl who disappeared from that place has never since been heard of.

London *Truth*—"The old aunt who is a *confidante* of youthful trouble, and helps to smooth family jars; the maiden sister, who acts as nurse when there is sickness in the house; the middle aged unmarried daughter, who keeps house for an invalid father and mother, and soothes the declining years of the old people by her dutiful attendance; all these are types of women who may be found in no small numbers among 'ugly girls.'"

It has been ascertained in Scotland that marriage is productive of longevity. Out of 100,000 married persons, 626 die in the course of each year; while out of a similar number of unmarried persons between the same ages no less than 1 231 die in each year. It is believed that this will hold good throughout the world. It is an awful warning to bachelors.

Mr. Sol Smith Russell has severed his connection with the Berger Family, and during the remainder of the season will be associated with Mr. William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") in a novel entertainment, in which Mr. Adams will read some of his short original stories of domestic life, and Mr. Russell will give his delineations of eccentric character.

The Canada Southern Railway Company have made an arrangement with St. Thomas to supply them with water for fire protection purposes at 50 per 1 000 gallons. The Company intend sinking a couple of tanks, put down water pipes and distributing hydrants through the yard in the vicinity of the workshops, etc., so as to provide for any emergency in case of fire.

Pall Mall Gazette—"If French peasants had large families of children like the English and Irish the subdivision of land would soon resolve itself into an absurdity; therefore the land question may not have received its final settlement among our neighbors, though there can be no further change in the radical direction without touching Communism."

Dr. Moffat asserts that one result of the early closing of public houses in England is an increased consumption of opium and laudanum; while in Ireland there has been a great increase in the consumption of sulphuric ether since tap rooms were closed on Sundays.

The will of Dr. James Carlyle, brother of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and who has a sister residing in this city, who died recently at The Hill, Dumfries, has been recorded in the Commissary Court books of Dumfries. The personal property is stated to amount to £25 633 15s. 11d.

The Marquis of Lorne has had the honor of having the newest revolver invented by the New York manufacturer, Hutchison, named after him. "The Marquis of Lorne Revolver" has been largely patronized by the Russian Government. It is a five-shot 32 calibre pistol.

The schooner Lady Dufferin, carrying corn from Chicago to Collingwood, pays her crew $3 50 a day. If the weather be favorable she will take a cargo of salt from Kincardine back to Chicago at $1.25 a ton.

The new Judge of the Circuit Court, at Detroit, Judge Chambers, is a Canadian barrister, and was formerly a member of the Canadian Parliament. His family lives in Brockville.

When a citizen is awakened at midnight by a crash of glass down stairs, he isn't a bit consoled by the thought that he has nothing to be robbed of.

"Put him into the cavalry service," is what they say in Tennessee when they mean to wide a man on a rail. Words are idle things.

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.

The wealthiest unmarried lady in the United States is Miss Kitty Wolfe, of New York. She will spend the winter in Washington.

The Princess Louise has been on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

If Courtney's scull were as thick as his skull it could never have been sawed.

Three dollars a seat will be charged at the Thursby concerts in New York.

The Persians salute you with "May God fool your eye."

Quiet Hours.

The morning will soon be here,
For over the purple hill
The daylight is creeping the night away
With a feet that is painless and still.
Oh, the night was so long, so long!
As I sat by the window alone,
We sighed the moans as it slowly rose
Till above the trees it shone.
It looked, as it hung in the sky,
Like a goblet filled to the brim
With wine of an amber, golden hue;
But now it is white and dim,
As if it had all been quaffed,
And only the glass remained,
With the faintest, palest, shimmering tinge
To show what it once contained.
And once, when it fullest seemed,
With the sparkling, glittering wine,
A single star, like a flask of foam
Of the precious juice of the vine,
Went drifting, drifting off,
As we sometimes lose a day
When, when the goblet of life is full
Silently floats away.
But now the daylight is here,
And the sad, vague thoughts of night
Have died away, as the sunbeams fall
Like showers of golden light.
Ah, 'tis quiet hours like these,
When we wistfully look above,
And see the works of the great, good God,
And feel the tender love,
That help us to braver be,
And strengthen us on our way,
Till the beautiful night of life at last
Is merged in eternity's day.

Blossoms.

They met while yet the year was young,
And 'mid the blossoming boughs they sang,
Like other birds, their tale of love.

Like other birds, they wandered free
In tender shade of the leafy tree,
Or sunlight of the sky above.

They wandered free and loved the dawn,
Ere yet with their wings the dews at morn,
Are unscenly spread the days.

Like other birds, when autumn came,
Never it could never be the same,
They went along their separate ways.

With half a smile and half a sigh,
When, as the winter hours go by,
Comes, like a melody's refrain,

A scent of blossoms, softly flung,
They murmur, "When the year was young
Twas sweet. 'Twill never come again."

—*Philip C. Sullin in Harper's Magazine.*

THE IRON CAGE.

At the commencement of the French Revolution Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they had hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent.

A few weeks afterward the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention anything that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified.

"I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, "that you have too much good sense to be alarmed on your own account by any of these superstitious and visionary fears; and, my excellent yourself in endeavoring to tranquilize the apprehensions of others, and persuading them to continue in their places."

The persuasion of Carter was ineffectual; the servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operation of any earthly beings, and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose rumors had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long, spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a length of time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage; it was an extraordinary piece of furniture to be found in any mansion, but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary. It is said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian, and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and cruelties to which he was exposed; these cruelties had been practiced under pretence of necessary correction.

It was alleged he was idle, stubborn, inattentive, and of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve. In his boyhood, frequent chastisements, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and so place his uncle in possession of the inheritance; his constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relative, and wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the effects which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities; every, even the slightest offence, was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was erected in the upper chamber.

At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only; it was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in the narrow circle, without the possibility of rest or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened and remitted, from an excessive show of mercy and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities.

The youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction, applied himself, with sleepless diligence to labors difficult to be accomplished, and extended, purposely extended, beyond the capacity of the student; his lessons were exacted, not in proportion to his abilities, but his endeavors and performance.

The taskmasters eventually conquered; the youth followed the imprisonment and the day without food. Again the imposition was set; again executed with painful exertion; again lengthened; again discovered to be impracticable and again visited with the iron cage and the denial of necessary subsistence.

The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful. The lad was declared to be incorrigible; there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction; he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation.

So long an absence from food and rest was more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirits could endure, and on his uncle's arriving, with the show of a hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy and had forever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the hands of the oppressor.

The wealth was won; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. "What profit is it," demands the voice of revelation, "If a man should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

His conscience haunted him; the form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes toward him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him; and then the vision of his sleep would change, and he would see his calm suffering and his silent tears, and his patient endurance, and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of difficult exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then, at last, there was the rigid, bony and distorted form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative.

These recollections banished him from his home; the mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman had engaged, all had dreaded to become the inmates of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquility on his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her own apartments she met with no interruption, nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the cage chamber (for so it was commonly called in the family), which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants.

This quiet, however, was of very short duration. One night she was awakened from her sleep by the sound of a slow and measured step that appeared to be pacing the chamber over her head. It continued to move backward and forward with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour—perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was.

It at length ceased; morning dawned upon her. The lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night. It was in every point of view alarming. If she doubted the being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing—to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event.

Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment.

"My dear Charles," said his mother, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish breakfast before you are ready to join us."

"Indeed, madam," he replied, "it is not my fault if I am late; I have not had any sleep all night. There have been people knocking at my door and peeping into my room every half hour since I went upstairs to bed; I presume they wanted to see if my candle was extinguished. If this be the case, it is really very distressing, as I certainly never gave you any occasion to suspect I should be careless in taking a necessary precaution, and it is not pleasant to be represented in such a light to the domestics."

"Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been touched into; I some not think we could induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and origin of the sound?"

"Oh, yes—there could have been no mistake; I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place, and afterward it was repeated and repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping."

More complaints from the housekeeper; no servants would remain; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began herself to be alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her; she communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the cage-room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bed chamber during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose; she desired to hear no reasons; no measure could be effectual; that, if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquilizing the agitation of the family, since the servants would naturally assume either that Lady Pennyman had recited to being interested witnesses, and doubt of the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The cage-room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice, and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest attended by her favorite spaniel, saying, as she bade them all good-night: "I and my dog, I flatter myself, are able to compete with a myriad of ghosts, so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Rose and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction; she sounded every panel of the wainscot, to prove that there was no hollowness which might argue a concealed passage; and having bolted the door of the cage-room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material viction, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual beings. Her assurance was doomed to be short-lived; she had only been a few minutes asleep when her dog, which lay by the bedside, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed, the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin and sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly toward her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence; after a while he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution; she was reassured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations; she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following its footsteps; she took up her chamber-lamp and has-ened to put her design in execution.

On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise she discovered it to be fastened, as she had herself left it on retiring to bed. On withdrawing the bolt and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase; she followed till, on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form seemed to sink into the earth. It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrence of the night; her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping a second time in the ill-omened chamber, would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred.

The event was related to Lady Pennyman; she determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. The man of whom the house had been engaged was spoken to on the subject. It became extremely intricate; said it was no time for the English to indulge their imaginations—insinuated something of the guillotine—and bade her, at her peril, drop a single expression to the injury of his property.

While she remained in France no word was uttered upon the subject; she framed an excuse for her abrupt departure. Another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged, on the pretext of its being better calculated to the size of her family, and at once relinquished her habitation, and with it every preternatural occasion of anxiety.

SANITAS.—Russian turpentine and water are placed in huge earthenware jars, surrounded by hot water. Air is driven through the mixture in the jars continually for three hundred hours, the result being a decomposition of the turpentine, and the formation of a watery solution of the substance, to which Dr. Kingzett, the discoverer, has given the name of "Sanitas." After evaporation, the substance, as sold in tin cans, is a light brown powder, of a pleasant taste and odor, and capable in a very remarkable degree of preventing or arresting putrefactive changes. This new disinfectant has been in use for sometime in England, and is highly spoken of. It is said to have a pleasant odor, is not poisonous, and does not injure clothing, furniture, etc. For household uses it would seem to be well adapted.

A Japanese correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* ascribes the exquisite effects produced by the Japanese in the matter of garden illumination to the display of lights in groups among the branches of trees, instead of in rows, as is usual with us.

To be just big enough for the girls to flirt with and not have pluck enough to return the compliment, is the distressing situation of many a young fellow who has his first gleamings of thought about his coming moustache.

Advice to bachelors: Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly, and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

Up the River with a Lunatic.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day—glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gipsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain that he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-by, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty five, tall and bony, iron gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-by, and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze blowing like a breath of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveller, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the tops of them, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Gards, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping out—presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady living not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lilian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr.—there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. Lilian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds. We talked little, and that little was of Lilian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yards; we were close to the shore. Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazing, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating the off hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind, if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Easy it!" I said; "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence, of the remark, was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilled us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering lines from my hands and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them; "but if you'll allow me."

"Not at all," he said; "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing, he was impenetrable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a second or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in."

"I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong."

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron gray hair; a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay, the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strung, my fists clenched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

"No—nothing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a poet. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said.

"What!" said Tom, right out loud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's."

"The—"

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on starting at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned; there was the stranger leaning half over of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been staged at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky; I couldn't for the life of me see where the joke lay. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said; "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still. He looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes travelled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore; when I called he clutched the sides of the boat violently, jarring the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf; "in a minute."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get?—into the river?" I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said, "This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat in shore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leaped on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

"Now some," he said, "don't be foolish; we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let's have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful, his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by-standers, seeing a row, came up; they interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. "What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf; "he's a lunatic."

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum."

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into