When the Sign Ain't Right.

He wouldn't plant when farmers round were
planting all about,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't kill his hogs for fear the fat would
sizzle out,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't sheer his sheep when Taurus ruled
the sodiac;
The geese wa'n't picked when he was home,
though feathers all might lack;
Nor would he shave his winter's beard, he'd
rather break his back,
'Less the sign—was—right.

He'd never look at the new moon, 'less he could
see it clear,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't buy on Friday, though goods next
day might be dear,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
'Twould make him cuss like forty, to see a rail
fence laid,
When nights were dark, as if the moon a dirty
trick had played,
By lollin' round to China when at home she
might have stayed,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.

He wouldn't gather seed corn but when Cancer
was the king,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't trim his whiskers when he heard a
rain crow sing,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He didn't dast to eat no meat, unless 'twas in the
heart;
The truth was only in him when the virgin took
his part;
It took the crab to make him pay his debts, he
was so smart,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.

Yet come to think, he wa'n't so very queer in
doing so,
'Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
We all at times our duties shirk and go
almighty slow,
When the sign—ain't—right.
It takes a deal of nerve and push, and lots of
good backing,
To toe the line, and conscience keep from giving
us a whacking;
And so if there is anything that in this poem's
lacking,
Why, the sign—ain't—right.
—*Yankee Blade.*

TWICE MARRIED.

CHAPTER VIII.

Blanche Smith was not at all a clever girl—not like Norma. Norma had always stood first in her classes, had borne off prizes and medals, but with Blanche it was otherwise. No amount of coaching ever sufficed to pull her through an examination, or to remove her from the middle of her class. Blanche was a dunce confessedly; she hated books, and the acquisition by labor. If the people told her things and took the trouble to explain them, she remembered them sometimes; sometimes not. To accomplishments she took as a duck to water—danced beautifully, was a fair musician, sang with taste and sweetness, and chattered French with absolute self-confidence and a tolerable accent, although her rudimentary knowledge of the tongue was of the vaguest.

Christmas, the grand high festival of the year, was approaching, and all the community was stirred with deep desire for its worthy celebration. Sociability ceased, or at best was sustained in limp, half-hearted fashion by the men. The ladies had other things to think of; for on them rested the sole responsibility of the Christmas preparations.

And it was Christmas eve.

The shadows were gathering, and the sun sending in his resignation to the night, when Pocahontas, tying on her pretty scarlet hood and wrappings, armed herself with a small basket of corn, and proceeded to the poultry yard to house her turkeys for the night. They usually roosted in an old catalpa tree near the back gate, earlier in the season; Pocahontas found it expedient to turn the key upon them, since leaving them out caused weaker brothers to offend. As she passed the kitchen door she called to little Sawney, whose affection for his grandmother increased at Christmas, to come out and help her.

The little fellow had that morning been invested by a doting parent with a "pa'r o' sto' boots" purchased entirely with reference to the requirements of the future. They were many sizes too large for him; the legs adorned with scarlet tops, reached nearly to his middle; they flopped up and down at every step, and evinced an evil propensity for wabbling, and bringing their owner with sorrow to the ground. They were hard-natured, stiff-soled, uncompromising—but! they were *boots*!—"sto' boots, whar cos' money!"—and Sawney's cup of bliss was full.

Any one who has experience in the ways and wiles of the domestic treasure, must be aware of the painful lack of consideration sometimes evinced by turkeys in this apparently simple matter of allowing themselves to be housed. Some evenings they march straight into their apartment with the directness and precision of soldiers filing into barracks; on others the very Prince of Darkness, backed by the three Fates and the three Furies, apparently takes possession of the perverse, shallow-pated birds.

The Lanarth turkeys were behaving in just this reprehensible manner, and Pocahontas was working into a frenzy over them. Three times she engineered the flock successfully up to the open door, and three times the same old brown hen advanced, peered cautiously into the house, started tragically aside as though she beheld some evil thing, and produced a panic and a stampede.

"You miserable wretch!" exclaimed Pocahontas, hurling her empty basket impotently at the dusky author of her woe, "I could kill you! Shoo! shoo! Sawney, why don't you help me? Head them! Run round them! Shoo! shoo! you abominable creatures!"

Sawney essayed to obey, grasping the straps of his boots, and lifting his feet very high.

"Take them off and run," commanded Pocahontas. But Sawney would as soon have parted with his skin. "I dwine ter run," he responded, and gripped his boots valiantly. It was of no use. Sawney had gotten too much boot for his money, and if walking in them was difficult, running was impossible. He held on to them bravely, but that only impeded progress further; the faithless cowhides wabbled, twisted and finally landed him sprawling on his back in the middle of the flock, which promptly retired to distant parts of the poultry yard, "puttering" and dodging.

"Sawney proves a broken reed, as usual," called a pleasant voice from somewhere in the background; "here, let me help you," and Nesbit Thorne leaped over the fence, and advanced, gun in hand, to the rescue.

"It's the fault of his 'sto' boots," Pocahontas explained, laughing, as she extended her hand. "Sawney's intentions were honorable enough. I shall be glad of your assistance—as usual," with a merry glance, "for these aggravating birds are shattering my nerves, and ruining my temper."

Then, together, the pair pursued the unruly fowls, and pressed upon them and buffeted them, until the turkeys were right glad to defy the vision of the old brown sensationalist, and take refuge in their house. Pocahontas closed the door with a sharp bang almost upon the tail of the hindmost one, locked it, and then turned cordially to her companion and invited him to remain and take tea with them.

Thorne glanced down at his splashed boots and corduroys. "I'm scarcely in trim for a lady's tea table," he said, smiling, "you must excuse me, and let me come some other time. I met your brother on the low grounds as I came up. I've been shooting over his land, and called to leave your mother a few birds."

"Had you good sport?" inquired Pocahontas, with interest, watching him empty the pockets of his shooting-coat on the top of an adjacent chicken-coop, and admiring the soft shades and exquisite markings of the plumage of the dead birds.

"Here's old 'bur-rabbit,'" said Thorne, reaching his hand behind his back, and drawing out the pretty brown beast by the legs. "I knocked him over just below your garden fence in a little patch of briers. It was a pretty shot; see, right through the head. I hate to mangle my game. I'd pretty fair sport; the birds are a little wild, though, and I had no dog. I lost a fine duck—a canvas-back, this afternoon, by its falling into deep water. I must send North for a brace of good dogs."

"That isn't necessary," said Pocahontas, touching the birds gently, and stroking their soft feathers. "Berke and Royall both have good dogs, trained retrievers, and used to the country. Strange dogs don't do so well over unaccustomed ground. It's a shame that you had no dog, and dreadfully neglectful of the boys not to have noticed. No, no!" as Thorne moved away from the coop, "you must not leave all those; you have none for yourself, and you'll be disgraced as a sportsman if you go home empty-handed. They won't believe you've killed a thing. We never do, when our men come home with nothing to show. Jim Byrd never dared face Nina, or me, without, at least, half a dozen birds."

"Who is Jim Byrd?" demanded Thorne, quickly. "I never heard you mention him before."

"Haven't you?" regarding him with great surprise. "Well, that is curious, for he is one of our oldest, dearest friends, Berke's and mine. A year ago I couldn't have imagined life possible without Jim's dear old face near us. He formerly lived at Shirley; it was the Byrd plantation for generations. His sisters were the closest girl-friends Grace and I ever had, and for years the two families were as one. There were financial troubles handed down from father to son, growing always greater; the old place had finally to be sold, and your uncle bought it. Jim is in Mexico now, engineering, and the girls are all married. I wonder you have never heard me mention Jim. I think and speak of him frequently. We all do."

So perfectly unembarrassed was the girl's manner that, despite a faint wistfulness discernible in her face, Thorne put aside the half-thought formulated in his brain by the familiar mention of Jim Bryd's name. He allowed himself to be persuaded to repocket part of the game, particularly a brace of ducks, which the soul of the general loved. As he rose from his seat on the chicken-coop, Pocahontas noticed the handsome gun beside him, and leaning forward with a woman's instinctive desire to handle dangerous things, she took it in her hands with an exclamation of admiration.

"Is it loaded?" she inquired, raising it to her shoulder, and laying her finger lightly on the trigger.

"Yes," Thorne answered, drawing nearer, "take care, Miss Mason. It always makes me nervous to see a gun in a woman's hands. Don't pull the trigger, please; the charge is heavy and the recoil will hurt you."

But the warning came too late; intentionally or unintentionally, she did pull the trigger, and the gun carelessly held, recoiled sharply, striking against her shoulder with such force that she staggered and would have fallen, if Thorne had not caught her in his arms. The gun slipped to the ground, but fortunately did not discharge the second barrel

Thorne regarded the white face upon his breast with trepidation, amazed even amid his anxiety at the fierce pang that shot through his heart at the sight of its pallor. Suppose she should be seriously hurt! Brute that he had been, not to have taken better care of her. Fool! *fool*! to have let her touch that accursed gun! His hand trembled as he loosened her cloak, and passed it tenderly over her shoulder. Dislocated? No; such cruel harm had not befallen her; a bruise, a little stiffness was the worst in store. A passionate relief, bewildering in its intensity, thrilled through him; his dark cheek rivaled hers in pallor; his eyes glowed.

Then her lids quivered, the gray eyes unclosed, and the color flushed back warmly, covering cheek and brow and neck with a mighty surge of crimson. With a quick effort, Pocahontas disengaged herself from his arms, and leaned against the fence, a few steps away from him. Struggling for self-mastery. Thorne made his anxious inquiries, striving by a fierce exercise of will to still his bounding pulses, and banish from his eyes the expression he felt glowing within them. And Pocahontas, with her paleness in force again, replied to his inquiries with tremulous but determined lightness, putting aside his self-reproaches, and assuming the blame with eager incoherence. She made a terrible mess of it, but Thorne was past all nicety of observation; his only thought, now that he was assured of her safety, was to get himself away without further betrayal of his feelings. His mind was in a tumult, and his heart rose up and choked him. For a moment he held the small, tremulous fingers in a strong, warm clasp, then with a quick "good night" relinquished them, sprang over the fence and walked rapidly away in the direction of Shirley.

CHAPTER IX.

Walking home in the still dusk of the winter gloaming, Thorne found himself compelled at last to look the situation in the face without disguise or subterfuge; to "take stock" of it all, as it were, and ask himself what should be the result. He had lingered in Virginia, lengthening his stay from week to week, because the old world quaintness of the people, the freshness and yet antiquity of thought prevalent among them, charmed him, pleased the æsthetic side of his nature, as the softness of their voices pleased his ear, and the suavity of their manners, his taste. He was tired to death of the old routine, weary beyond expression of the beaten track, of the sameness of the old treadmill of thought. Here he had found variety.

And he had no right to love her; he was a married man.

When this idea flashed across his mind it almost stunned him. He had been free in heart and mind so long that he had ceased to remember that he was bound in fact. The substance had so withdrawn itself into the background of his life that he had forgotten that the shadow still rested on him. He was free, and he was bound. Thorne turned the idea over in his mind, as one turns a once familiar thing that has grown strange from being hidden long from sight. Was he a married man? Undoubtedly. The idea appalled him.

Two years had passed since the separation and there had been no divorce. Thorne had thought the matter out at the time, as a man must, and had decided to wait, and to let any initial steps be taken by his wife. He had no love left for her, and he realized with grim intensity that their marriage had been a terrible mistake, but there was sufficient chivalry in his nature to make him feel that the mother of his child had claims upon him—to make him willing, for the child's sake, to leave her the protection of his home and name as long as she cared to keep it. Then, too, the habit of thought in his family, and all his early influences were against divorce. The idea had not presented itself spontaneously, as the natural solution of his domestic difficulties; he had been obliged to familiarize himself with it. His family had been Catholics for generations, his mother had become one on her marriage, and had been ardent and devout, as is usual with proselytes. Thorne was not a religious man himself, but he respected religion, and in an abstract way considered it a beautiful and holy thing. He had never thought of it with any reference to his own life, but it made a halo around the memory of his mother. Her views had influenced him in his decision in the matter of a divorce. The world had given him credit for religious scruples of his own, but the world had done him more than justice; he was only haunted by the ghosts of his mother's scruples.

Did she love him? As he asked himself the question, Thorne's heart bounded, and the blood coursed hotly through his veins. He had tried to make her love him—had he succeeded? Thorne was no fatuous fool, blinded by his own vanity, but his power over women had been often tried, fully proven, and he had confidence in himself.

Deeply the man cursed his past folly; bitterly he anathematized the weakness which had allowed shadowy scruples and a too fastidious taste to rule his judgment in the matter of a divorce. He would wait no longer; he would break at once and forever the frail fetter that still bound him to a union from which all reality, all sanctity had fled. He would be free in fact, as he was in heart and thought, to pit his strength against that of his rival. This prize should not slip from his grasp uncontested. No man should approach the shrine unchallenged.

CHAPTER X.

The Christmas festivities were to close on New Year's Eve with a grand ball at Shirley. It was to be a sumptuous affair, with unlimited Chinese lanterns, handsome decorations, a magnificent supper, and a band from Washington. The Smiths were going to require the neighborhood's hospitality with the beating of drums, the clashing of cymbals, and the flowing of champagne. This cordial, friendly people had welcomed them kindly, and must have their courtesy returned in fitting style. Mrs. Smith suggested a simpler entertainment, fearing contrast, and any appearance of ostentation, but the general gauged his neighbors better. They were at once too well bred and too self-satisfied for any idea of comparison to occur to them. They would eat his fruit-cake or make him welcome to their corn-bread with the same hearty unconcern. His wealth and their own poverty troubled them equally little; they were abstract facts with which hospitality had nothing to do. But in their way they were proud; having given their best without grudge or stint, they would expect his best in return, and the general was determined that they should have it. The risk of offence lay in simplicity, not grandeur.

After an exhaustive discussion of the subject, at which both Berke and Royall ignorantly and gratuitously assisted, and were flouted for their pains, it was irrevocably decided that Pocahontas should appear in pure white unrelieved by a single dash of color.

"I want her to look unusual," declared Grace; "to make her so is at present the object of my being. I shall hesitate at nothing short of cutting off her nose to secure that desirable result. To be admired a woman must stand out distinctly from the throng; and I've set my heart on Princess' being the belle of the ball. Have you plenty of flowers, dear? As flowers are to be your sole garniture, you must have a profusion. I can't tolerate skimpy, rubbishing bouquets."

"None at all, Grace," confessed Pocahontas, ruefully, "except a single calla. I cut my last white rosebuds and camellias to send to Nina Byrd Marion the very day before I heard about the Shirley ball. Isn't it provoking?"

"Then somebody must get you some," Grace responded promptly, pausing in her preparations, and regarding her sister with the air of an autocrat; "if the men are not lost to all sense of honor and decency, you'll have plenty. If only they will have sufficient intellect to select white ones! But they won't. I'd better instruct Roy and Berkeley at once."

On the morning of the ball, Berkeley entered his mother's room, where the three ladies sat in solemn conclave regarding with discontent a waiter full of colored flowers which a thoughtful neighbor had just sent over to Pocahontas. He held in his hand a good-sized box which he deposited in his sister's lap with the remark:

"Look, Princess! Here's a New Year's gift just come for you. I don't know the writing. I wonder what it is?"

"A subtle aroma suggests—fruit," hazarded Grace, sniffing curiously.

Pocahontas lifted a card and turned it in her hand, and a smile broke over her face as she answered: "Flowers; from Jim Byrd."

Then she removed the damp moss and cotton, and lifted spray after spray of beautiful snowy jasmin—Cape Jasmin, pure and powerful, and starry wreaths of the more delicate Catalonian. Only white flowers—all jasmin, Jim's favorite flower; and with them were tropical ferns and grasses. As she held the exquisite blossoms in her hands and inhaled their rich perfume, the girl was conscious that when her old friend penned the order for the fragrant gift, his heart had been full of home, and of the evening beside the river when she had worn his flowers in hair and dress, and had bidden him farewell.

"How beautiful they are!" exclaimed Grace, excitedly, "and just in time for to-night. To think of the way I've made that wretched husband of mine charge through the country since day-break, this morning, in pursuit of white flowers, and here they come like a fairy story. It was very nice of Jim. I'd no idea there was so poetical an impulse in the old fellow, as the selection of these flowers appears to indicate."

"You don't appreciate Jim, Grace. You do him injustice. If thought and care and love for others, combined with tenderness, and delight in giving pleasure, constitutes poetical impulses, then Jim Byrd is the noblest poet we are likely ever to meet." Pocahontas spoke warmly, the color flushing to her cheeks, the light coming to her eyes. Poor Jim!—so far away. Was it disloyal to her old friend to go that night to dance among strangers in the rooms that had been his,—that were full of associations connected with him? At all events, no flowers would she wear save his; no other ornaments of any kind. It would seem, then, as though he participated in her pleasure; rejoiced in her joy. Jim loved always to see her happy. For reasons of their own, the two elder ladies had decided on remaining at home, so that Pocahontas repaired to the hall in male custody alone. Blanche, who was on the watch for the Lanarth party, came forward the instant of their arrival, accompanied by her father, to welcome them, and to bear Pocahontas away to the upper regions to warm herself and remove her wrappings. The rooms were a little chill, she explained, with a shiver, in spite of the splendid fires the general had kept roaring in them all day. Pocahontas must remain where she was and warm herself thoroughly, and she would send one of the boys for her presently. And after a little girlish gossip and mutual admiration of each other's appearance, the small maiden tripped away to her duties below.

Soon there was a knock at the door, and Pocahontas, catching up fan, bouquet and handkerchief, opened it and stepped into the hall. Nesbit Thorne, slender and distinguished-looking, was awaiting her. Blanche having encountered and despatched him immediately on her return to the parlors. As the girl stood an instant framed by the open door, thrown into relief by the soft glowing background of the warmly lighted room, Thorne's heart swelled with mingled gladness and impatience. Joy in the pure perfection of her beauty; impatience at the restraint circumstances forced him still to put upon his love.

At the foot of the stairs they were pounced upon by Percival, who had selected that coigne of vantage as less likely to attract his mother's attention, there to lay in wait for the cards of the unwary. He had been strictly forbidden to importune young ladies for dances unless they happened to be wall-flowers, and the injunction lay heavy on his soul. "I *will* ask girls other men ask," he muttered, darkly, "I hate putting up with refuse and leavings. I'm going to ask the ones I want to ask," and he intrenched himself beside the stairway with intent to blackmail such girls as he should fancy.

Pocahontas, who had a natural affinity for boys, and a great fondness for Percival, yielded to his demand readily enough, surrendering her card to him in gay defiance of Thorne's outspoken reproaches, and laughing mischievously as the boy scrawled his name triumphantly opposite a waltz.

"B. M.! Who's B. M., Miss Princess?" he questioned, as he dexterously avoided Thorne's extended hand, and placed the card in Pocahontas'.

"You have got him down just above me, and you wrote it yourself. Who is he! Benevolent Missionary? Brother Mason?"

"Exactly!" she answered, smiling, and watching Thorne scribble his name in several places on her card. "It is Berkeley. The Byrd girls and I always reserve a waltz for him to prevent his feeling left out. He don't like to ask girls generally; his one arm makes it look awkward, and he knows they wouldn't like to refuse, because they all feel sorry for him. We put a hand on each shoulder, and don't care how it looks. Berke is adroit, and manages quite nicely. Often, too, it's an advantage to have a dance you can dispose of later on, so I continue to put the initials, although Berke seldom dances now. He liked waltzing with the Byrd girls best."

"You were very intimate with the Byrds, I think you said," Thorne remarked idly, bowing to an acquaintance as he spoke.

"Very intimate. See what came to me this morning; all these exquisite flowers, just when I needed them for to-night. Roy searched the neighborhood through for white flowers, without success, and then these came. Aren't they beautiful?" And she lifted her bouquet towards his face.

"Extremely beautiful!" he assented, bending his head to inhale their fragrance. "It was very kind and thoughtful of your friends to send them. I suppose, from the connection, that they are a Byrd offering."

"Pocahontas laughed softly. "Yes," she said, "but they did not come from Belle or Nina, and Susie is in California. Jim ordered them for me. I am so pleased."

"Our little squaw is smashing things, Berke," remarked Roy Garnett, later in the evening, as he joined his brother-in-law in the recess by the fireplace. "The men all swear she's the handsomest woman in the room—and on my soul I believe they're right."

"She does look well," responded Mason with all a brother's calm moderation. "Her dress is in good taste, and she moves gracefully. But she isn't the handsomest woman in the room by long odds. Look at Norma Smith."

"I have looked at her," retorted Roy shortly, "and so I suppose have the other men. There's no more comparison between her and Princess, than there is between a gorgeous, striped tulip, and a white tea rose." (For some inscrutable reason Roy had never been able to endure Norma, and even grudged acknowledgement of her undeniable beauty.)

"Look at that fellow Thorne, now!" he added, with the pleased alacrity of one producing an unexpected trump, "I should say that he shared my opinion. He hasn't danced voluntarily with another woman in the room, nor left her side a moment that he could help. It looks as though he were pretty hard hit, doesn't it?"

And so the hours sped, golden-footed silver-footed; and the pipers piped and the men and maidens danced and the elders gossiped, drank champagne, and reveled in the hospita, yawning surreptitiously behind fans and handkerchiefs as the evening waned.

Pocahontas, roused from a dream of enjoyment by Roy's mandate, sped lightly up stairs to the dressing room, and arrayed herself hastily in her mufflings. At the stairway Thorne joined her, and as her foot touched the lowest step he took her unresisting hand raised it to his lips murmuring softly; "A happy New Year to you—my darling! my queen!"

Thorne, standing by the steps watching the receding carriage, noticed the bouquet of half-faded jasmin blossoms, which had slipped unheeded from the girl's hand, and lay neglected and forgotten on the frozen ground. The impulse came to him to raise them tenderly because her hands had touched them, and then the thought of who had given them arose and struck down the impulse. He set his heel upon them. For him also, the New Year had begun.

(To be continued.)

TRICKS OF TRADE.

Practised in New York Dry Goods Stores.

There are a number of smart and useful tricks connected with the dry goods trade, says the New York *Mail and Express*, which the average reader knows nothing about. As in almost every other business, competition has made a necessity of these tricks, until there is now scarcely a big establishment of the retail dry goods district that does not resort to this or that plan to advance its interests. How many shoppers imagine that all the large stores keep one or more girls from each department constantly employed in traveling to their rivals' headquarters to ascertain just what they have on sale, or whether the price is lower than theirs? The regular line of goods is known, of course, but novelties crop out at times in one or other of the various houses, and the game of the young ladies who are paid for touring purposes is to take stock of this novelty and report to the home office. Supposing there is a bargain sale of dress goods at one particular store, and that this sale is cheaper or as cheap as wholesale prices, each of the opposition houses picks out six or seven of their best girls and sends them out to buy different quantities of the stuff, from 25 yards up. If any of the girls happen to be recognized as an employee of the opposition houses the goods will not be sold to them. Another clever scheme is the discount business. Some houses give a discount to their rivals, but not always. When they do the girls simply give an order signed by the house they represent.

If the two houses are not friendly and the trade requires the exchange of cash, it is often the common custom of the girls to get the card of a prominent dressmaker and present it after she has purchased what she requires. The majority of the houses make a discount to modistes. It is pretty difficult to decide whether a girl is really from a dressmaker or a rival concern, because all the best dressmakers keep two or three girls, whom they call experienced shoppers, employed constantly watching goods or getting samples.

It is a seven days' wonder among some people how the big dry goods stores keep track of their stock. If they knew that every article brought into the house is given what is called a stock number, and is entered on an immense book in red ink, they would have no trouble in seeing how everything can be kept straight. When an article bearing a certain number is sold it is checked off in the big book, and when January and July, stock-taking time, come round and they find any article missing and not duly registered on the book as sold, they put it down as lost or stolen.

The big dry goods stores seldom attach suspicion to their employees. They are not watched half as much as some people suppose they are. There is no necessity, because the employees rarely take anything, knowing full well that their honesty is sure to be questioned sooner or later. The only persons watched by the detectives and floorwalkers are the shoplifters, and those light-fingered persons keep them busy and no mistake.

Notes From Scotland.

Colonel Jopp, for many years the commanding officer of the Aberdeen City Rifle Battalion, died on the 18th ult.

The outbreak of influenza is spreading rapidly in the east of Scotland. In Downfield village there were so many cases on the 17th ult. that medical aid had to be summoned from Dundee, where an epidemic is also raging.

It is understood that the command of three important Scotch regiments will become vacant during this month. The regiments are the Scots Guards, the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers and the 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

At a meeting of the Brechin Established Presbytery, on the 18th ult., the Rev. J. A. St. Clair, Melville Parish Church, Montrose, and who has come to America, failed to appear to answer to a charge of desertion of ministerial duty, and the moderator pronounced sentence of deposition.

A memorial to the late Earl of Glasgow has just been placed in the graveyard at Millport, Cumbrae. It is in the form of a recumbent slab, with a Celtic cross on the upper face. The cross itself is perfectly plain, and is surrounded with the usual ring or halo.

Mr. Henry Bloom Noble, of Douglas, Isle of Man, who a few years ago presented the town of Douglas with a hospital, at a cost of £10,000, has again presented a similar amount to the Island, £5,000 for a Convalescent Hospital and £5,000 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society.

There has been erected in the cemetery of Govan, Glasgow, a handsome monument to the memory of the late Sir William Pearce, Bart., M. P. The deceased was buried at Gillingham, Kent, among his own people, but this monument has been erected by Lady Pearce in consideration of the wishes of many in Govan who shared his labors and admired his great abilities as one of the foremost shipbuilders of the day.

One of Hermann's Great Tricks.

People have repeatedly asked me which of my tricks have pleased me the most, and which I take the most delight in performing. Naturally the effort that brings the greatest success is regarded by a man his best. I consider the trick of restoring the shattered mirror as my most famous one. This I had the honor of performing before the Czar of Russia upon an invitation to give an exhibition at his court. It was done unexpectedly to the spectators, and was not down on the regular bill. While playing billiards with the attaches of the court after the performance, the Czar being present in the saloon, I shot a ball with all my strength against a plate-glass mirror extending from floor to ceiling. It was shivered into fifty pieces. Consternation was depicted on every countenance; on none more plainly than my own. While the Czar courteously waived my apology, considering the destruction of the mirror as trifling, and ordered the game to proceed, I could easily see that my supposed awkwardness made a disagreeable impression. With the Czar's permission I examined the mirror to estimate the damage done and the possibility of repairing it. While so engaged one of the suite playfully challenged me to exercise my art and make the mirror whole again, never dreaming that this challenge was the very one I wanted, and not considering the successful acceptance of it as possible. I hesitated an instant, and then ordered the mirror to be covered with a cloth entirely concealing it from view. On the removal of the cloth, after 10 minutes, the mirror was found without a flaw, and as perfect as before the damage. I will leave it to my reader's imagination to decide how this trick was done.—*Chevalier Herrmann, in North American Review.*

That Estimable Lady.

"Knoxonian" in *Canada Presbyterian*

Leaning gently on the arm of a tall member from one of the Presbyteries of northern Ontario, the deceased wife's sister entered the Assembly. She came in answer to remits that had been sent down to Presbyteries anent her eligibility. The remits did not make it clear whether she was eligible or not. Dr. Gregg, like a gallant Irishman, offered the lady his arm, and proposed to escort her out of the Assembly. She declined. On the last evening of the session ex-Moderator Laing, so the report says, moved that the "matter should now take end." Whether a man may even yet legally marry his deceased wife's sister is a question we dare not answer. Perhaps he may if the sister is willing. If not, he must just look out for somebody else's sister.

Nine Long Years.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4th, 1890, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last 9 years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

—The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not once laughed.

Gen. Taliaferro, who has been telling the people of Richmond some interesting reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson, says that the great Southern leader never held a council of war. He was a singularly devout man, with a tendency toward fatalism, and in the earlier days of the war he was personally unpopular as well with his own staff as with the general officers of the army.

One of the South's most successful evangelists is William Evander Penn, who has just finished a great revival in Mississippi. He is a man of 63 and has been constantly preaching day and night for 16 years.

—The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

PRIVATE BILLS.

Sir Hector Langevin moved that the time for the reception of reports from the Private Bills Committee be extended until July 14.

The motion was carried.

BILLS INTRODUCED.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:—

To amend the Act incorporating the Montreal Bridge Company—Mr. Taylor.

Respecting the Salisbury and Harvey railway—Mr. Skinner.

FISHERIES ACT.

Mr. Tupper, in moving the first reading of the Bill to amend the Fisheries Act, explained that it was to prevent the use of purse seines in Territorial waters, and to provide that fishery officers should receive a moiety of the penalties received.

Sir John Thompson, in answer to Mr. McMullen, said that the names of counsel retained by the Government in connection with the enquiry into the Tarte charges were Mr. B. B. Osler, Q. C., Toronto, and Mr. Henry, of Halifax. He was not prepared to state what remuneration they were receiving for their services, and he therefore suggested that the question be allowed to stand until he was in a position to give the information desired.

Sir Hector Langevin, in answer to Mr. Mulock, said that since June 30th, 1890, there had been paid to Messrs. Charlebois & Co., in connection with the Langevin block, $16,500 on account of the main contract and $10,000 on account of the contract for iron staircases.

Mr. Allan, on his motion for correspondence, called for an explanation as to the changes in the office of sub-collector at Pelee Island. The Government encouraged public officials in all parts of the country to take an active part in election contests. These officers should not be permitted to take part in the elections. They should remain neutral.

Mr. Bowell said that the statement of the dissatisfaction of the people of Pelee Island with McCormick was quite correct. Constant demands were received for his removal. He (Mr. Bowell) had ordered, not McCormick's dismissal, but his removal to another port, the port of Windsor, where at that time another official was required. He had, however, declined to accept that position. Dissatisfaction with the appointment of Atkinson was just as great as that in regard to McCormick, and as the latter had not been shown to have been guilty of any wrong-doing he had reappointed him, and decided to have an investigation into the causes of the local dissatisfaction. He challenged Mr. Allan to show that any man had been removed by the Customs Department for political reasons.

Mr. Paterson said that the prostitution of one of the public departments of the Government to serve party ends was a matter that should receive the severest condemnation of the House.

The following bills were read a third time and passes:

Respecting the Lake Erie, Essex & Detroit River Railway Company, and to change the name thereof to "The Lake Erie & Detroit River Railway Company."

To incorporate the Brighton, Warkworth & Norwood Railway Company.

To incorporate the Kingston & Pontiac Railway Company.

Mr. Cockburn complained that he had been attacked by a little fly sheet published in Charlottetown, P. E. I., called the *Daily Examiner*. In its issue of June 25 that paper had, in speaking of his recent remarks in the House on the Prince Edward Island tunnel, said:—"Mr. Cockburn, one of the Toronto members, who is at present the buffoon of the House, and who had evidently more than he could carry, attempted to show that the island is annually indebted to the Dominion by $600,000." (Laughter.) In another part of the despatch it was stated that there was a good deal of personal talk, and several members were in a breather. He asked the Speaker if a paper which published such a despatch was fit to be on file in the reading-room. (Laughter.)

Mr. Langelier—The *Examiner* is the leading Tory paper of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. Cockburn—I do not know anything about the paper. I did not know they had papers in Prince Edward Island until I saw this sheet, and they would be better without it.

Sir Richard Cartwright—I find that this paper received last year from the Dominion Government $131 for advertising and $1,537 for printing. They have within their power to deal out justice to the sheet in five minutes.

Mr. Bowell, in moving the substitution of the name of Mr. Desjardins (L'Islet) for that of Sir Hector Langevin on the Committee of Privileges and Elections, said that the Minister of Public Works desired to be relieved of the responsibilities and duties of a member of that committee. The name of Mr. Masson was substituted for that of Sir John Macdonald.

Mr. Foster said he proposed to ask the House to pass as speedily as possible the supplementary estimates for the past year and those for the Postoffice Department.

Sir Hector Langevin, in explanation of the item of $60,000 for the Kingston graving dock, said this sum was required in order to complete that work. The chief engineer reported on March 16th that the balance of the appropriation left was only $4,000, a sum insufficient to carry on the work to June 30. He expected that the work would be completed in September or October.

Mr. Gibson said that according to the original plan the opening of the dock was 48 feet. It was afterwards recommended that the opening be increased to 60 feet at no extra cost to the country. The order-in Council was passed that the opening should be increased to 60 feet. In the course of twenty days it was discovered by the engineer in charge that there was no necessity for making the opening 60 feet, that 55 feet was wide enough, and that in order to increase it to 55 feet it would require an extra expenditure of $35,000. How was it that the 60 feet opening was to cost nothing while the 55 feet opening would cost $35,000?

Sir Hector Langevin—The hon. gentleman is quite mistaken.

Mr. Gibson—I read it in documents from the Public Works Department in the hands of Mr. Amyot.

Sir Hector Langevin said that if such appeared it never was intended by the engineer. Of course the enlargement of the work would necessarily increase the cost. There would be a curtailment of the expense by reducing the width from 60 to 55 feet.

Mr. Gibson maintained the accuracy of his statement.

Sir Hector Langevin, in answer to Mr. Mulock, said that the contracts awarded aggregated about $261,000.

Mr. Amyot said he had asked for the name of the person to whom Post-office box No. 264, at Kingston, was leased in 1889, and the information had been refused him. The reason for asking this was that one Bancroft, who had tendered for the Kingston graving dock, had in his tender mentioned that box as his address. He wanted to know who this Bancroft was, and believed the name of the lessee of the box would give a clue to those who had perpetrated a fraud upon the country.

Mr. Haggart said the information he had was that the officials at the post-office did not keep the names of the lessees of the boxes.

Mr. Amyot said it was important that a special inquiry should be made in this case. An unknown party had tendered and secured the contract, after entering into partnership with Larkin, Connolly & Co., who had made higher tenders. Subsequently large sums, aggregating $60,000, were allowed in extras.

Sir Richard Cartwright—The Minister of Public Works should be able to say who Bancroft is.

Sir Hector Langevin—All I can say is that the contract was awarded to Bancroft, who was the lowest tenderer, and asked to have Larkin, Connolly & Co. joined with him. The work is now being completed by Messrs. Bancroft & Connolly.

Mr. Cameron asked if it was necessary in 1891 to maintain the Northwest Mounted Police at the full force of 1,000 men. In 1884 Sir John gave reasons for retaining the force, but the necessities of that time had disappeared.

Mr. Dewdney said that any one who knew the work the force was doing must be of opinion that 1,000 men were required. They had been the means of preventing horse stealing and smuggling. If the obnoxious liquor laws were abolished, the strength might be reduced, as the men were to a large extent employed in preventing the introduction of whiskey from across the line.

Sir Richard Cartwright—Abolish the restrictions on the sale of liquor? Is that what I understand the Minister to say?

Mr. Foster—No, that is not the policy of the Government.

Sir Richard Cartwright, when the vote of the allowance of $2,200 to D. D. O'Meara for service as acting Customs collector at Quebec, from July 1st, 1888, to March 14th, 1891, and of $2,056 to James Douglas, for services as acting collector at Tonnage, from November 1st, 1888, to March 1st, 1891, was asked, said that although he did not oppose the payments, yet they were made in consequence of a gross abuse of duty on the part of the Government. The Quebec collectorship had been kept open for over two years and eight months simply for the purpose of acting as a bribe more or less to persons whom they desired to serve. In the case of Toronto the collectorship had been kept vacant for the convenience of a gentleman who was a member of the House. In the latter case it was a direct violation of the Act of Parliament. It was solely and utterly at variance with all good government, and it ought not to have been allowed by the House.

Mr. Bowell said that in the main Sir Richard Cartwright was correct, but this was a practice that had prevailed in the past, and he had no doubt it would continue to prevail in the future.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) contended that Mr. Small's relation to Parliament last session was a flagrant violation of the Independence of Parliament Act. A member who was virtually an employee of the Government should not retain his seat in the House.

Mr. Landerkin noticed that Mr. Small was duly grateful for the appointment, and had expressed his views in verse as follows:

A union of hearts, a union of hands,
A union that none can sever;
A union of lakes, a union of lands,
A Canadian union for ever.

He had been informed that this was a Yankee poem adapted, and that it had entitled Mr. Small to become Collector of Her Majesty's Customs. (Laughter.)

Sir Hector Langevin moved that Government orders have precedence on Wednesdays for the remainder of the session.

Mr. Fraser complained that passes were distributed with great freedom along the Intercolonial Railway during the election campaign for voters. If passengers were carried without cost this would account in part for the deficit on the road.

Mr. Langelier said he knew of instances where entire train loads of voters were carried free.

Mr. Haggart, replying to Sir Richard Cartwright, explained that the item of $75,000 for carrying mails last year was to pay the increased rate of the cost of carrying mails over the Canadian Pacific Railway. Previously the Government had paid $75 per mile per annum on the main line of the C. P. R. from Montreal to Vancouver, 2,915 miles. The new arrangement was at the rate of $105 per mile.

Mr. Foster, replying to Sir Richard Cartwright, said that our financial agents in England were paid one-half of one per cent. for disbursing payments on the public debt. This cost $36,000 last year. The contract with them was terminable after January, 1892, by one year's notice. He hoped to make a better arrangement. The firm of Baring Brothers as reconstructed was still one of the agents of the Dominion. The recent suspension had caused no loss to Canada, but whether the connection should be continued would be a matter for future consideration. The sinking fund, now held by trustees of the highest standing, for Canada's debt amounted to two million dollars.

The following bills were read a third time:

To incorporate the St. Catharines & Merritton Bridge Co.

To amend the Acts relating to the Alberta Railway & Coal Co.

THE SLY GRANGER.

He Has a Scheme to Stop the Cars at His Door.

"Tickets, please," said the conductor of a train on a line running east out of Detroit as he entered the car.