Listowel Standard.

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SCIENCE NOTES.

Soaking timber in lime-water has been recommended for preserving it from dry rot and the effects of the weather.

Amber is found in the mines, rivers and sea-coast of Prussia. It is used in varnish and for mouth pieces of pipes.

A machine for cutting stone of all kinds rapidly, and capable of striking six thousand blows per minute, has been patented.

A series of experiments has established the fact that chloroform neutralizes the action of strychnine upon the human system.

The black sulphate of silver which forms on plated and silver ware, may be removed at once by wiping the surface with a rag wet with aqua ammonia, and without the trouble of rubbing.

In Breslau a successful attempt has been made to erect a paper chimney about fifty feet high. By a chemical preparation the paper was rendered impervious to the action of fire or water.

Prof. Nichols, of Boston, found eight grains of arsenic to each square foot of a green dress submitted to his examination! Here is the fact of poisons freely used. Is there no remedy?

THE greatest depth yet discovered in the Atlantic ocean is 3,875 fathoms, at a point north of the Virgin islands, between St. Thomas and the Bermudas. The mean depth of the Atlantic is a little over 2,000 fathoms.

A FRENCH engineer has contrived an apparatus in which, by a system of mirrors, the rays of the sun are so utilized as to create heat enough to generate steam for motive power, thus doing away with the necessity of fuel.

THE estimated cost of the proposed interoceanic canal across the American isthmus, Nicaragua route, is $53,000,000, but it is considered wise to regard the actual cost, including the interest on dormant capital, at double that sum.

A FRENCH chemist has lately discovered a salt which may be mixed with starch so that ladies' dresses, laces, etc., may be rendered incombustible. A dress may be injured by coming in contact with flame, but it will never take fire.

SCHERLING, a German philosopher, has been experimenting as to the amount of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. A man 30 years old, in repose, exhaled twelve grammes per hour; in active exercise, twenty-four grammes per hour. A tippler threw out but seven grammes in repose and eleven in exercise. The drunkard's alcohol is retained and burns up the vital organs.

SOME barren land near the city of Dantzig was irrigated by sewerage from the city. The potato crop grown upon this land averaged sixteen and one half tons to the acre. This result led the experimenter to contract with the municipal authorities of Breslau, a city of about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, to remove its sewage during twelve years, and with it he intends to irrigate for his own profit about three thousand acres of land.

UNSLACKED lime compressed into cartridges, or used loosely or well tramped down in the hole, using water or other liquid to saturate and expand it, is now proposed for use in fiery coal mines. It is claimed that the advantages to be derived from its use are economy in the production of coal; making less slack than by using ordinary blasting-powder; lives of colliers are in less danger; the breaking or shattering of coal block of the charge—which is especially characteristic of the use of gunpowder—is avoided and the quality of the atmosphere is rather improved by its use than otherwise.

A REPORTING machine at the Paris exposition, known as "La machine Stenographique Michela," the latter being the name of its inventor, attracted much attention. The claims made respecting it are that after a fortnight's practice, any person can take down in shorthand characters a speech however rapidly delivered. It is a small instrument, piano like in form, with twenty-two keys, white and black, and the stenographic characters are small and impressed on slips of paper. Sig. Michela claims to have classified all the sounds which the human organs of speech are capable of producing, and to have so constructed his machine that it shall report with unerring fidelity whatever is said in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and English. The machine is highly ingenious, and seems to have stood several practical tests satisfactorily.

A NEW invention of a practical character has just been made by Mr. E. A. Cowper, a well-known English mechanical engineer. It is a real telegraphic writing machine. The writer in London moves his pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions. The writer writes in London, the ink marks in Brighton. Those who have seen the instrument at work say that its marvels are quite as startling as those of the telephone. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the society of Telegraphic engineers. A facsimile of the writing produced by this telegraphic writing machine shows that the words are formed without any lifting of the pen, and are perfectly legible.

A Dangerous Teaching.

There is a ceratin class of unfortunate and misguided maidens, whose sorrows, from time immemorial, have moved the heart of the novelist—dutiful maidens who have suffered themselves to be chained to a rich old man whom in their hearts they utterly detest, simply to save their family from pecuniary disaster, and are wrecked ever after as a just punishment for their folly. Some of our novelists are doing all in their power to foster a false sentiment in regard to this sort of "marrying and giving in marriage," pitying and sympathizing with the self-sacrificing but erring creatures, and making a virtue of their sin, when they ought rather to denounce it with all their eloquence. It is time that this glamour of romance be dispelled, and that our girls learn that an honouring of one's parents which involves the violation of God's holiest and sweetest laws is but an abomination. The parents who, from interested motives, permit and even urge their daughters to take this fatal step, would hide their faces at the thought of accepting the price of sin for their support; and yet what are such marriages but a legalized form of the vilest evil under God's sun? In saying this we would not be understood as advising girls to marry against their parents' wishes. If a girl's parents disapprove her choice, let her dutifully bide her time. Where the love is of the right sort, patience and Providence seldom fail to open some better way of escape than a midnight elopement; but let her beware of marrying a man of her friends' choosing unless her whole heart seconds the choice. Making a false marriage for the sake of saving a father from bankruptcy or a mother from dying of heart-disease, is simply doing evil that good may come. Better a thousand times that the whole family brave poverty than one of its members should make this revolting sacrifice.

Conscience.

I remember reading, when a very little boy, about a girl who was in the habit of going to an upper room or loft where there was a store of apples. She went from time to time to steal the fruit, but she met with something that greatly troubled her. There happened to have been placed in that storeroom an old oil painting. It was a large face, the eyes of which, go to what part of the room the little girl might, seemed to follow her, and they appeared to be saying to her, as she stooped down to pick up the apples, "Ah, I see you! It is very naughty. You are sure to be found out." This so annoyed the little culprit, from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to the threatening of those two staring eyes; so she procured a small knife, or a pair of scissors, and struck them out. Ah! but there were still the two large holes in place of them, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes, and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but she had not, nor could she get rid of her conscience. Moreover, the very means she had used for sinning without rebuke only served to discover her guilt, for, when what had befallen the painting came to be found out, it led to such inquiries as at last to reveal the whole truth.

THE latest and most wonderful cure effected by a new patent medicine, was in the case of a boy who had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour after he threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally five-cent pieces.

ADELIRA PATTI is at present at Naples, and she has just met at the San Carlo Theatre with one of the most enthusiastic receptions in her triumphed life. Her debut was in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Nicolini appeared with her, and was cheered almost as frantically as the diva herself.

The Khan's Devil.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Khan came from Bokhara town
To Hamza, santon of renown.

"My head is sick, my hands are weak;
Thy help, O holy man, I seek."

In silence marking for a space
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread;
"Thou hast a devil!" Hamza said.

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Khan.
"Rid me of him at once, O man!"

"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of mine
Can slay that cursed thing of thine.

"Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink
Water of healing on the brink.

"Where clear and cold from mountain snows,
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.

"Six moons remain, then come to me;
May Allah's pity go with thee!"

Awestruck, from feast and wine, the Khan
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust
His bed; the water quenched his thirst,

And when the sixth moon's scimetar
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santon's door,
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of brain:
"Behold," he said, "the fiend is slain."

"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved and drowned
The cursed one lies in death-like swound.

"But evil breaks the strongest gyves
And djins like him have charmed lives.

"One beaker of the juicy grape
May call him up in living shape.

"When the red wine of Badakshan
Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan!

"With water quench the fire within,
And drown each day thy devilkin!"

Thenceforth the great King shunned the cup
As Shitan's own, though offered up

With laughing eyes and jewelled hand,
By Yarkand's maids and Samarcand's;

And in the lofty vestibule
Of the meidesh of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand,
Graved on it at the Khan's command:

"In Allah's name, to him who hath
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith.

"Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine;
The fiend that loves the breath of wine

"No prayer can slay, nor marabout
Nor Mecca dervis can drive out.

"I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm,
That robs him of his power to harm.

"Drown him, O Islam's child! the spell
To save thee lies in tank said well."

THE ORDEAL OF FAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE OF 'THE PRINCES.'"

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

III.—(CONTINUED.)

NIGHT.

"And you see no good in what I believed to be a sacrifice?" I ask, despondently. "You think nothing of the fact of my giving up all that made life dear to me, for the sake of a woman who has ruined all my hopes, and took pleasure in so doing?"

"Ah, Mrs. Alleyne," says Mr. Herbert, compassionately, "who am I that I should judge another? I sympathize with you in one sense, for I feel that you know well the awful bitterness of the cup that you are drinking. At the same time you must surely be aware that you yourself filled it to the brim with wilful self-made griefs. The sorrows that have followed on you acts are hard to bear, but they are the consequences of your own rash deed and your evident inability to bear with fortitude those other trials from which you chose to escape instead of enduring patiently. Had you so endured, that end would have come, and been far less terrible than the remorse that must haunt you now. You have a certain feel of martyr-like exultation, and look upon yourself as a victim——"

"Not now, not now, indeed," I cry, and my spirit quails before his penetrating gaze. "Already I have felt myself to have been wrong, all wrong; and I would beg of you to help and direct me. Tell me what shall I do?"

"Your own good sense, or let me say, your heart, will tell you that. Bide your time, now. Do nothing rashly. Don't act on impulse. Give one entire month to patient thought and reflection as to your past, and how you may attempt to remedy the future. When four weeks are over, you will have settled something in your own mind. We will both pray that your decision may be the right one."

And then he says, "God bless you, and help and comfort you," and bid me "farewell," and I go forth into the bitter cold and darkness of the late December afternoon, feeling how like my heart and spirit are to the chill misery about me.

My kind friend and most patient hostess is alone. I go straight to her, and flinging myself on my knees, sob out to her the thoughts and doubts Mr. Herbert's words have aroused within me.

He may have said much that is well and right, but much also that is too cruel and harsh to my poor girl."

"No, indeed; he is most truly good and wise."

"Then—*enfin*—you will consent that I write to Madame Grancour, or to your——"

"No——no! my best friend. Have a little patience still. Not now, not yet. Such would be my impulse, but I will not; I must strive not to act rashly again. I will consider calmly and take just that month for reflection that Mr. Herbert has advised me. I dare no longer think or act without consideration, for the future of another life is bound up in mine, as you know well, and my present deed may throw light or darkness on the existence of something dearer than self to me now."

"Dear daughter; is it not pride that keeps you from speaking now that you feel your expectation gives you yet another claim on your husband's pitying love?"

"Oh, I trust not pride. Dear Madame, if you but know how crushed, how humble I feel! To be passive now that I have begun to realize my own folly, is hardest of all; but it is salutary. You will bear with me—just one other month—won't you?"

She is good and patient as ever, dear Madame Lebrun. She knows my "wrongheadedness" by this time, and has deplored my folly day after day, and yet she is full of tenderest affection and compassion, more than ever so in these last weeks! For to her I have told wherein consists the greatest anxiety and the one bright hope of my lone future.

IV.—DAWNING.

Hortense with a sweet sisterly sympathy has listened again and again to all my thoughts and wishes, to all the long delicious histories of past happiness, to all the doubts that harass me now. She is "romantic," it pleases her to hear every minute detail of that wonderful life of an English "*Ome*" that is so mysteriously attractive to French girls. She advises, ponders, suggests, and we two dwell for hours, no whit tedious to either (but of which Madame Lebrun knows nothing), on what might be achieved by us together in the future. And at last to Hortense comes a brilliant inspiration. She has found out a way to set my mind at rest as to what troubles me most, for she has determined without implicating me to discover what is happening in my forsaken home. She resolves to write to Madame Grancour, to propose to the lady a certain provincial pupil, and to inquire incidentally for *cette chere* Fay, of whom, for so long, she has been without any news.

"Proposing a pupil to her will disarm Madame Grancour, with all her cleverness," says Hortense, delighted by her own suggestion, to which I listen eagerly enough. "And Madam or one of her daughters is sure to reply at once, and tell us all the details of your poor little tragedy, my poorest, dearest friend."

Hortense confides all her plans to *chere maman*, who, not very willingly, agrees. She feels that I am compromising both her and her daughter by all this misery and deceit, and I begin to feel it all more and more, and to hate myself for it. But perhaps this very letter may bring about some change—who can tell?

Days pass, but never a word arrives from Paris? At first I watched with trembling anxiety for the coming of that slow postman, but when a whole week has gone by newsless, I resign myself and take it all as part of a new and deserved burden. Then—when hope was over—the letter did come; but not to Hortense. We two seated at the breakfast table see in Madame Lebrun's face that she holds in her hand something of vital import to me. She denies the direct charge, and endeavours to escape with the epistle that Marianne has just handed to her. But we, Hortense and I, are morally stronger than she, and gain our point. She consents to read the letter, and to read it aloud, provided I will solemnly promise to listen "tranquilly," and in no way to agitate myself as I am already, "Hélas! so wickedly doing." I promise, I vow and declare anything she may bid. I, not to tremble, not to be agitated when—at last—*at last*—I am to have some news of my husband—for whom my soul still longs, still prays, day and night, night and day! All my thoughts fly to, centre about him, and life without him has become the weariest, dreariest routine. And now, all unmoved, I am to get some news of him! However, by a strong effort I control myself, and Madame sees that I endeavour to do so, my hungry eyes alone tell her now of the starvation of my soul; and with the steady decision of a surgeon, who cuts to heal, she quietly unfolds and reads the letter, to which I listen, voiceless, motionless, lest by some movement I might check further revelation. Here is almost literal translation of my stepmother's account of all that happened in these awful past months, and I transcribe it:

"DEAR MADAME LEBRUN,

"It was with surprise mingled with pain that I beheld again the writing of our former dear young friend and pupil—Hortense. To the question about a vacancy, need I assure you, dear Madame, that I will willingly make room for any pupil suggested to me by your thoughful recommendation? My terms, owing to the excessive rise in all prices, have in this last year also been increased by one-eight. This, I am persuaded, you will not find disproportionate. But my heart is moved and I leave the affairs of the head to arrange themselves, while I allude to the painful portion of the letter of that dear Hortense. You doubtless remember the friendship between her and my stepdaughter Fay? Alas, of that capricious child I have to tell you astonishing things. She had often and in many ways caused me anxiety and I hoped I had finally done well for her, when I gave her and a most complete trousseau into the care of a young English gentleman, who was both amiable and of the best ascertained connections. To this Monsieur Alleyne the poor little Fay showed herfelf far more demonstratively attached than a French mother would permit in a young girl. On one occasion we conversed on the subject, and the child answered waywardly about her destiny, it was life to love, and other such too romantic phrases. But, in spite of this too great sentimentality, the young people lived three years in quite a paradise of conjugal felicity. Fay wrote letters of such happiness, that we really believed that she had reached a secure haven in this world of storms. Then suddenly there appears on the scene of this charming young *menage* an adventurous lady, whom Monsieur Alleyne has known in past times. This lady, Madame Balfour as she calls herself, has a generous husband and handsome children. Yet she cannot refrain from troubling the peace of our young couple. Monsieur Alleyne lends himself to her flattery, as is the nature of men. The adventurous Madame B. receives from him many attentions, many gallantries, many presents! The poor little wife at home, in a fury of jealousy proportioned to the violence of her former love, is despairing. She is rendered ill, and no doubt her reason suffers through these uncontrolled passions. Then comes a sad climax. It so happens that Monsieur Balfour, the husband, and Madame Alleyne are both at this time are absent from London. In that town a great ball is given in a public room for some charity. Again quite an English arrangement as you will perceive! To this ball Madame Balfour has exacted, as the last favour she will ever demand of him, the presence of Monsieur Alleyne. She feels the compromise to him and herself, and says it is for the last time! After much hesitation he, who seems the weakest of men, consents for the love of peace. Also he believes by this deed he will purchase for himself freedom from a slavery which has already become galling, for he too, being a man of heart, has suffered in the suffering of his young wife! But the price of his liberty from this adventuress is not well calculated. Fay hears of his doings and is driven to absolute folly! At the same time some thoughtful friend has forewarned Monsieur Balfour in Scotland of the intrigues of his wife. So it is arranged that at the entrance of the ball-room Monsieur Balfour stands, and he takes the hand of Madame rudely from the arm of her chosen cavalier. This gentleman now finds himself in a very uncomfortable position, and in every sense *de trop*. He remembers suddenly that he can go at once by a last train to Brighton, find his wife there, and reassure her. He goes, but alas!—it is too late. Imagine to yourself his horror, when after midnight he reaches his hotel, to find his wife gone without one word, written or verbal, without even her most necessary possessions. No one in the hotel knows anything of her departure or her destination. All he can ascertain from the sleepy servants he arouses is that at four o'clock Madame Alleyne received a telegram he had sent to her, and that soon after she went out, on foot, without a word. The poor man spends a night of much anguish! He knows not whom to ask, where to turn! He can do nothing but wait for the long-coming morning. He wanders to and fro and thinks of a thousand solutions for this strange conduct of his wife. He feels her jealousy has in some way caused her rash act, but he is very far from realizing the bitter truth, which comes upon him when he next day reaches his own establishment in London. She has been there, but has escaped again, and has left no explanation, no hint. She has evidently worn her ordinary clothes, and so he describes her to all the officers of the police. You will scarcely believe that all his attempts are vain, and that to this hour *he has not found his wife nor any trace of her!* I write all this to you, Madame Lebrun, fearing that the sad details are unfit for the ears of our dear Hortense, but I am sure you will communicate to her my thanks for the affection she has has always shown to my unhappy daughter, and tell such facts of this sad history as you may deem appropriate to the mind of a young girl. The deepest mystery has surrounded the fate of that poor Fay. Her terrified servants, who saw her with her dead white face and found her vanished without sign, or trace, or sound, believe her spirited away. This we cannot think; for myself I do not doubt the unhappy child put herself into river Thames! But poor Monsieur Charles will have it that she still lives. Again add again he has been to me here in Paris to pour out his troubles and demand counsel. What can I say to him? He finds no rest and no peace! Poor Fay carried away her jewels. This inspired Monsieur Charles with hope, and he had some reason in this, and has sought diligently to trace their disposal. But, is not most probable that a wife so wretched would even in her trouble grudge to her rival the possession of her precious ornaments, and so would have destroyed them with herself? That seems to me very natural. For a long time Monsieur Alleyne believed firmly that I helped to conceal his wife, and did so as a just punishment for his outragous conduct to her. He does not know us Frenchwomen. I should quickly have arranged this matter, had it been entrusted to me! Last week this poor Charles was again with me, telling me for the hundredth time every detail of her flight, his researches, protesting his love, his innocence of real evil, his remorse, his prayers and wishes. I can scarce refrain from tears, he so touchingly speaks of his constant disappointments. These are most pitiable! He runs after every little lady he sees, just to look into her face and find it is not Fay. He has neglected his business, his home; his poor mother is breaking her heart. Madame Balfour cannot console him! Her husband at once carried her away to the Scotland she abhors. Such is the sad end, as far as we know, of my unfortunate stepdaughter's career. It is useless to ask you if by any chance you have heard from her, since Hortense herself inquiries. You must not be surprised, though, if Monsieur Alleyne one day comes to you with his endless questions. He never rests, and he heard from me the affectionate inquiries in Hortense's letter. Pardon the length of this communication, you will understand the interest I had in my subject and my ideas have outrun my paper, and I fear my discretion. It is the first time I have written down this story in all it unhappiness. Receive, dear Madame, for your daughter and yourself, the assurance of my highest consideration.

"AMANDA GRANCOUR."

Can this really have been my history, to which, in deepest anxiety, I have listened. Is this how things have happened? Can that lone, unhappy wanderer, who looks questions into the eyes of little women, be my Charley—my husband? Was my rash act altogether wrong—absolutely mistaken? Was that fatal meeting really the last between those two? Has Charley been mourning for *me* for nearly six months? Surely I had only thought to free him from the fetters in which I once so lovingly held him, And so we have both suffered; both been punished. The words of kind Mr. Herbert come back to my mind, and fill me with a poignant remorse. With wanton fingers I had tried to snap the holy chord that bound us, man and wife, before God! And now in my bosom I bear a growing life that belongs to my husband as much as to me. And I had thought to hide our child from him, and keep it as my one consolation in this self-imposed exile. Of late I have been haunted by the bitterness that might fill the life of my fatherless child if the time should come when the poor child would ask me for its father! Alas! it was pride that has kept me silent, and had it not been for this letter, my hard heart might have not yielded even yet.

"And you say not one word, poor child?" asks Madame Lebrun at last, perplexed at my silence.

"Dearest Fay, speak to us!" cried Hortense. "Do not sit there as one who dreams. Do you understand what my mother has read to you? Your husband loves you now, he tells you, seeks you! Can you not rejoice?" She comes to me as she speaks, and winds affectionate arms about me, sinking on her knees, and trying to look up into the face I have hidden in my hands.

"My God has been too good to me!" I cry at last, and with the spoken words come showers of grateful, irrepressible tears. Meanwhile Madame Lebrun has gone from the room, but presently returns with the *fichu* tied over her grey curls.

"I stay for no further commands from any one now," she says, with her quiet smile. "I go at once to the Bureau Telegraphique, and send *depeches* to Madame Grancour, and to that poor dear Monsieur Charles, if little Madame will give me the address."

"I must come with you," I say quickly, in eager haste for the relief of instant action, which strong emotion always fills me with.

"Then for once, *petite mechante* that you are, you do not seek to dictate your elders? And you agree that I am about to do what is right?"

"Ah! Madame, how I now wish I had listened to you before, and saved him from cruel pain!"

"This is a lesson for your two young lives, my child, and you will neither of you fail to profit by it, for your hearts are good. You would not have my counsel, and you thought your experience greater, because my life has been monotonous and quiet. But I have years, and I hope some wisdom, yet not enough to have resisted you as I ought to have done. Poor little Fay, who has suffered so much!" With this my kind, patient friend folds me closely in her arms, and bids me "smile and hope!"

On the road to the telegraph office we have another discussion after all, for I declare my intention to start home this very night. Madame Lebrun's expressed alarms about my risk to my health, the rough weather, the fatigue, are all unavailing. The wildest longing possesses me to return at once to the home I have robbed of all its peaceful content.

"But what folly!" cries Hortense, who is decidedly practical. "You wish to see your husband; he may at this moment be in Paris, or in Marseilles, or *en route* for Italy, or in this very town to pay us a visit, and you go off, knowing nothing! Do, my dear Fay, at least wait the reply to our *depeches*."

That sudden possibility of Charley's being in this very town takes possession of me. Oh, if it should be! How my heart beats. I yield at once. The messages are despatched, and we return home to await replies. . .

It is dusk. The grand logs are spluttering and hissing in the open fireplace. Snowflakes are blobbing lazily, softly against the small-paned window. Tea-cups—my English whim—are on the table, and the subtle fragrance of the cup that cheers pervades the room. Madame Lebrun, busy as usual, is crocheting bright fleecy wools into a comforting shawl by the flickering firelight. I am sitting lazily at her side, between her and the fire, my head resting against her knee. Hortense, with her shining eyes fixed on the dancing flames, and reflecting their changing splendours, is crooning softly some French ditty, that wanders gently among minors, and always comes back to the major refrain:

"Ah! mais il faut l'aimer,
L'aimer, l'aimer, toujours."

There has been as uet no answer to any of our messages, and we have listened, and waited, and commented unceasingly. Suddenly there breaks through the silence without, the shrill tinkle of the bell at the gate.

"The answer from Paris!" cries Hortense, and runs swiftly to the door, then out, and closes it sharply behind her.

I sit still, my whole attention concentrated in sudden, easer listening. There is a hurried colloquy outside. Then Hortense comes in again, breathless, and whispers, "My mother, come out at once, some one desires to speak with you."

"Oh, my God, have mercy upon me!" I *think* the prayer fervently, though I only utter, "I know Hortense, do not fear for me, joy does not kill; my husband is here."

Madame Lebrun at once asks, "Has he had our message? Does he know?"

"Nothing. He has only come to see us. He is so grave, so sad."

"Then we must prepare him a little. It would be too sudden. Fay, you can and must be firm and quiet. Remain hidden this. I will throw this shawl over you. I forbid you to move until I tell you, for the love of *him*. Hortense, be composed thou also, child. Now bid Monsieur to enter."

And into that dim little room that has been my kind shelter so long, comes—my husband. The dear voice is so composed, so sad, I hear it again, and its strong, measured tones smite on my heart as well as on my ears!

After the first greeting between them is over,

"Spare yourself the pain of alluding to your sad search, Monsieur," says Madame Lebrun, "we know all."

"From Madame Grancour?" asks Charley, quietly.

"From her lately. But long before we had heard of all this trouble from one more interested——"

"Some former school-friend of your daughter's and—and—my wife's, I suppose?"

"From an English lady, Monsieur, who has seen your wife."

"Since—since——" he cannot utter another word, but I hear him start from his chair.

"Yes; since she so rashly fled from her home, poor child."

"Great heavens, Madame! Do you know that I have heard nothing—not one word of this." There is energy enough in his tone now. The sudden tremble in his voice seems to vibrate and bring agitation into the very air.

I hold my breath, and feel Madame Lebrun's hand laid reassuringly upon my head.

"Yes, Monsieur. We are aware that Fay has wilfully hidden herself from you, not feeling sure——"

"Oh, spare me, Madame," cries Charley. "If only you knew all. My good angel has led me to your door; make me a happy man once more by telling me that my wife lives, is well, can forgive me!"

"[illegible] This I can safely assure you in her name."

"Then you yourself have seen her—*my Fay?*"

I seem to feel his very breath, he is so near me now.

"Indeed, yes, since from her own lips I have heard her story."

"And she is——"

"Here," says Madame Lebrun, rising, and half lifting me.

Little need for her help now. In another instant I am clasped in my husband's strong, close embrace.

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The longest day in the year has come round once again. It is morning. We are sitting out on the lawn at the back of our pretty Wimbledon home. The air comes sweetly across the common, and stirs the crimped frill of babe's muslin wraps, as he lies on my lap—our babe—the little, rosy, dimpled edition of that great handsome Charley who is standing beside us. He is looking down with a queer smile on his "two little ones," as he persists in calling us.

Up and down under the rose-hung walk, whence roses again hang as they did last year (and for how may previous summers), walks Hortense Lebrun. She looks radiant, and we know she is very happy, for Captain Hector the valiant is beside her, and we all know that she has consented to marry him—some day. Hortense has been staying with me for the last three months, and presently Madame Lebrun is coming over too, for the wedding.

"Fay," says Charley, laying his hand on my shoulder, "when you can spare a little time from that arbitrary youngster, I want you to do me a favour."

"It is granted before you ask, you know that," say I, looking up into his face.

"Then you promise?"

"Yes; I promise."

"Without reservation."

"Certainly."

"Well, you always keep your word, you inflexible little woman. So I know it is as good as done already."

"Is it something so very difficult, Charley?"

"Not difficult to you; but you will not like it."

"Charley, do speak. How can it be something *you* wish, and that I don't like?"

"Write down for me and for the boy's sake, all that has happened between these two wedding days of ours. Let our son know some day that the dawning of his young peaceful life brought into ours fresh promise of better, peaceful, happy years."

And this is how it has come to be written.

[THE END.]

A Pair of Spurs.

Every horseman knows how awkward it is to ride with a single armed heel. The horse is quickened by the pricking without doubt, but the quickening is a one-sided affair, and the result is always unsatisfactory. The rider means to urge his animal straight forward, but the ideality of the brute is not equal to the imagining of a suppositious spur on the other side, and he is therefore inclined to move away at a right angle from the point of punishment.

Now, it is very much the same with human beings. Every teacher, every parent, every employer has a pair of spurs at his service, and he can make no greater mistake than to ride with a single one. There are two strong incentives to earnest effort,—hope and fear; but as most men are brave, and nearly all men are combative, the latter is far the weaker of the two. There are two ways of securing people's "best lick's"—the one by censuring short comings, and the other by commending faithful performance. But of these, the latter will ever remain the more potent so long as men and women and children shall have anything of individuality left, so long as they shall have enough of combativeness and pluck and energy to make them capable of really and truly good work in any field of human effort. The parent who is perpetually finding fault with his children, the teacher who mentions every failure on the part of his pupil, and passes the successful efforts by in silence, as if they were unobserved, the employer who points out every defect in the work of his men, but omits to express himself as pleased when the workmen have done well, all these not only leave their best spur unused, but they do an injustice which very many of them would not do consciously for any consideration. On the other hand, the parent or teacher or employer, who, after pointing out failures of purpose or performance, takes the trouble to recognize efforts at improvement, and to say a pleasant word of commendation, secures invariably a redoubled effort to please still further, and accomplishes that which no amount of unmixed censure could ever bring about. We know a gentleman who has made more than one marked success as chief director of periodical publications, whose practice it is to bind all about him to the fulfillment of his plans by precisely this course, and those upon whose work, in a great measure, the excellence of results must depend in every case, namely, the subordinates whose duty it is to carry out the will of the chief, pay all the greater attention to his criticisms, for the reason that they know he is as ready to commend as to censure.

With the parent and the teacher it is especially important that this point shall receive proper attention. In the family it is this that makes the difference between a counsellor and a scold. Monotonous censure, even when it is just, loses its force after a while, as all monotonous things do; but censure from lips that know how to commend on occasion always mean something, and generally accomplishes its purpose.

History of an Irish Clan.

Marshal MacMahon, the late President of the French Republic, is, it is said, about to visit Ireland, and in connection with his visit an interesting historical incident of his family has been revived. It appears that the Marshal is in possession of a manuscript history of the Irish clan to which he belongs, compiled by the monks of one of the abbeys, raised by his ancestors; that this manuscript was taken to France by a MacMahon who was compromised in the great Tyrone rebellion and had to escape to the Continent; that shortly after he fought a duel, and was run through the body; that his blood soaked the history, which he always carried on his person, and that a great part of the writing became, in consequence, illegible. The work is said to be beautifully illuminated, but the contents are more of family than national interest. Be this as it may, everything in connection with such a distinguished man is of public interest, particularly in the land of his fathers. Should he visit Ireland, Marshal MacMahon will, no doubt, receive a good greeting, and it may well be hoped that the result of his sojourn there will be that the work in question will become enrolled among the other chronicles of the Irish nation.

ABOUT 70,000,000 people use the English language as their native tongue.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Bloom.

The sudden sun shone through the pane,
And lighted both their faces—
A prettier sight just after rain
Ne'er fell in pleasant places.

Two girls. One held a vase of glass,
And one, a ball unsightly,
Ragged and soiled. And this, the lass
Upon the vase laid lightly.

"What lovely flowers we'll have!" said they,
"After it starts a-growing."
The sun delighted slipped away,
And down the west went glowing.

Wanted.

One day Johnny came home from school crying very hard. His mother thought the teacher must have whipped him, or expelled him from school, or that some big boy must have stoned him.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" she asked with concern and compassion.

Johnny returned no answer except to cry harder.

"Why, my sweet," she persisted, drawing him to her knee, "tell me what it is."

"There's no use telling," said Johnny, scarcely able to speak for tears and sobs. "I can't have it."

"Have what? Tell me. Perhaps you can have it," she answered, in a tone of encouragement. "Tell me what it is."

"No, no, no," said Johnny, in a tone of utter despondency. "I know I can't have it." Then he put his hands to his face, and cried with fresh vehemence.

"But tell me what it is, and, if it's possible, I'll get it for you."

"You can't! you can't! oh, you can't?" Johnny answered in despairing accents.

"Isn't there any of it in town?" asked Mamma.

"Lot's of it," said Johnny, "but you can't get me one."

"Why can't I?"

"They all belong to other folks," said Johnny.

"But I might buy some from somebody," the mother suggested.

"Oh! but you can't," Johnny insisted, shaking his head, while the tears streamed down his face.

"Perhaps I can send out of town for some," said the mother.

Johnny shook his head in a slow, despairing way.

"You can't get it by sending out of town." Then he added, passionately: "Oh, I want one so bad! They're so handy. The boys and girls that have 'em do have such good times!"

"But what are they? Do stop crying, and tell me what they are," said the mother, impatiently.

"They can just go out every time they want to, without asking the teacher," he said, pursuing his train of reflection on the advantages of the what-ever-it-was. "Whenever the drum beats they can go out and see the band, and when there's an organ they can get to see the monkey; and they saw the dancin' bear; and to-morrow the circus is comin' by, and the elephant, and all of 'em that has 'em will get to go out and see 'em, and me that haven't got 'em will have to stay in, and study the mean ele lessons. Oh, it's awful!" and Johnny had another passionate fit of sobbing.

"What in the world is it, child, that you're talking about?" said his mother, utterly perplexed.

But the child, unmindful of the question, cried out: "Oh! I want one so bad!"

"Want what? If you don't tell me, I'll have to lock you up, or do something of the kind. What is it you want?"

Then Johnny answered with a perfect wail of longing: "It's a whooping-cough,—I want a whooping-cough."

"A whooping-cough!" exclaimed his mamma, in utter surprise. "A whooping-cough!"

"Yes," said Johnny, still crying hard. "I want a whooping-cough. The teacher lets the scholars that have got the whooping-cough go out without asking whenever they take to coughing; and when there's a funeral, or anything else nice going by, they'll all go to coughing, and just go out so comfortable; and we that haven't any cough, don't dare look off our books. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Never mind," said Mamma, soothing. "We'll go down to Uncle Charley's room at the Metropolitan to-morrow, and see the circus come in. The performers are going to stop at that hotel, and we'll have a fine view."

At this point Johnny began to cough.

"I think," said his mother, nervously, "you're getting the whooping-cough now. If you are, you may learn a lesson before you get through with it,—the lesson that there is no unallooyed good in this world, even in a whooping-cough."—*St. Nicholas.*

Machines Run by Air.

You've heard of machines for flying *in* the air, of course. But now comes word of machines worked *by* air. These new engines are used to drag heavy trains, empty when going into, but filled with broken stone when coming out of, the great tunnel now being cut between Switzerland and Italy, under Mount St. Gothard.

It would be almost impossible to keep the air fresh in the tunnel, so far underground, if steam-engines were used for cutting the rock; for they would make so much heat, gas, and smoke, that men could not work in there at all.

But these new machines do better, for they are worked by air instead of steam, and the air that escapes after being used in them is good to breathe. It is common air, but it was first forced by water-power into huge iron reservoirs, until there was a great deal more in them than there was in the same space outside. The reservoirs have to be tight and strong, or the air would burst them and escape.

The squeezed or compressed air is drawn off into a part of the new machine which looks like a big steam-boiler, and it is then let into the working parts parts, as wanted, rushing out with great force, and making the machinery move, and drag the cars, much in the way that steam would.

England After Waterloo.

During the first few years which succeeded Waterloo, Englishmen enjoyed less real liberty than at any time since the Revolution of 1688. The great majority of the people had no voice in the Legislature. Political power was in the hands of a few fortunate individuals, who were bent on retaining the monopoly they had secured. The tax-payers were laden with fiscal burdens, which were both unequal and ill-devised. Death was the punishment which the law awarded to the gravest and most trivial crimes. The pauper was treated as a criminal, and the administration of the Poor Laws made almost every labourer a pauper. Harsh and oppressive as the laws already were, the oligarchy by which England was governed was continually demanding harsher and more oppressive legislation. During the five years which succeeded Waterloo, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, the liberty of the press was restricted, the right of public meeting was denied, and domiciliary visits in search of arms were allowed.

Small Children.

There have been for some time on exhibition in New York two very small children. The larger, "General Mite," is described as 14 years old and weighing 9 lbs. He is well formed and a decided blonde. The smaller, Miss Lucia Zarate, is 10 years old, but weighs only 4½ lbs. She is very dark, with dark eyes and hair, her parents being Mexican.

A YEAR or more ago a pair of chimpanzees was brought to this country from Africa, and became the property of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia. Several weeks ago the female, after a long illness, died at the Zoological Garden. At that time the mate showed signs of great grief, and apparently has not been well since. Not long ago it contracted a cold, which resulted in its death. The climate of the United States seems not to agree with chimpanzees.

Spoilt Children.

Thackeray in his "Philip," if we remember rightly, says that he noticed that in America grow-up children were generally on good terms with their parents, and he attributes it to the fact that they had been spoiled when they were little! Good enough, and witty enough, we wish it were always true of American parents and their children that they dwelt together in harmony. The kind of spoiling that brings about, the tenderness, the forbearance, the sympathy of the parent toward the child, is always admirable. But in a more serious sense nothing puts a greater gulf between parents and children than weak indulgence.

Now do not misunderstand. There are parents who are alway exacting. They think they will make good children by incessantly jerking the reins this way and that. There is no surer way of spoiling a child. Indulgence in one sense is a parental duty. Every parent should set himself to make his child as happy as possible. We have heard a father or mother reproached for the pains taken to serve their children. "You'll spoil that child: you make yourself a slave for him." Ay! and that is just what God does for his children. He serves them, He seeks to make them happy. Let it be understood that no indulgence, tender, constant, and devoted, *if it be not weak and foolish*, ever spoils a child.

Forbearance does not spoil a child. We recall now the story of a great philanthropist, still living, who rejected corporal punishment on principle. His unruly boys gave him great trouble, but his patience could not be worn out. For hours he laboured to bring a child under authority without chastisement. And his reward is a family of grown