

"Bodies and Souls are Not in Our Line."
(Edward E. Kildar in the People's Press)
Let them strike as much as they like.
To us 'tis a perfect boon,
Merrily high the price they fly
In monopoly's big balloon.
Though they starve by bits in the ink pits,
Though their children cry for bread,
The end of the game must be the same—
King Capital keeps ahead.

Good pay? Absurd! Upon my word,
What more can the men require?
You speak of the poor—what they endure,
Deprived of their bit of fire.
If we who control the price of coal
Reduced it at this time of year,
Our dividends, my worthy friends,
Would rapidly disappear!

I'm willing to add that the work is bad,
And dangerous too, to face;
But when one stops, and reels, and drops
There's another to take his place.
"Supply and demand," throughout the land,
By that we stand or fall,
We're dealing in coal, but bodies and souls
Are not in our line at all.

An Old Maid's Query.

Somerville Journal:
Long years ago there lived a man,
A learned man, they say,
So learned that his memory
Has lived until to-day.

He'd studied all the sciences,
And mastered every art,
Except the art of capturing
A loving woman's heart.
And so a lonely bachelor
He lived, and so he died;
And Charon ferried him across
The Styx's inky tide.

And now the question must arise,
From countless lips let fall:
Although he knew so much, was he
A wise man, after all?

UNCLE PAT.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE BARRACKS.

Fanny had started for the Barracks by the time Mr. Monnell got back, and so lost those last few words of caution he had intended for her.

They made a great fuss over her—too much, she thought. She fancied she detected a compassionate concern about Joanna which after her late interview with Uncle Pat rather went against the grain. Come what might she would not be pitted!

The secret of this was that Joanna had already bit by bit elicited all her little history. She knew it all, chapter and verse, and had picked up her ears at the words "Nobody's Child."

This was clearly an expression to be inquired into and explained. She lost no time over it. On the strength of an old acquaintance, she started a correspondence with Mrs. Baldew, and Mrs. Baldew, with the prospect of golden days in Brook street for her three stately daughters, entered upon the correspondence with great cheerfulness and alacrity.

Joanna received many crossed sheets, bristling with feminine dashes. "I may have spoken hastily," she wrote, "perhaps I did, but I did not speak without reason. Patrick Monnell always declared she was born at Beckenham. I had my doubts, and settled them by simply enclosing her a crown to the District Registrar asking for a certificate. There was no such name as Pentland in the Register, and moreover he never heard of any one of that name living there. So much for the out-spoken Mr. Patrick! The thing is plain enough, my dear Miss Hanover. Look at the likeness! Look at the mouth."

Joanna could not resist a flash of joy when she read this. She knew the girl pretty well by that time, and knew what a weapon this would prove if she chose to use it. The question was, would she choose to use it?

At the same time she was sorry for Fanny, and in consequence had instinctively assumed that compassionate attitude towards her which the young lady resented by assuming her most dignified manner. In pure wilfulness she devoted herself to the two gentlemen from Tallyhoes. With one smile she chased away Mr. Boothby's chronic despair, and both before and during dinner appeared so utterly lost in a maze of wonder and delight at his mysterious accounts of second sight, mesmerism, palmistry and fortune-telling that Mr. Monnell's soul was filled with pity for poor Harry, who sat severely unconcerned and happy on her other side.

A broad plane of yellow light met their eyes as they stepped outside. Across it lay bright bars of gold and purple; below, a mass of grey and brown clouds out the outlines of the hills and tumbled and rolled about the moorland, making it so mysteriously gruesome in its awful expanse of waste that Harry's artistic soul was stirred.

"If I painted landscape I would paint this," he said enthusiastically.

"Do you mean to say you have painted nothing since you have been here?"

"I have started a figure subject?"

"A figure subject, with all this natural beauty about you! Harry! Harry! you are not a bit altered."

"It is a first-rate subject though, I can tell you."

"Ah! Fanny's portrait?"

"No, a village scene. It promises well. When you get back to London you must come and see my studio."

"Only after you have been to see me, Mr. Wynter. If you can go to Camden Town, you can go to Brook street."

"You gave me a pretty strong hint to stop away, Joanna," he said bluntly.

"Yes, and I was right. I tried you and you took the hint readily. Perhaps women are more sensitive than men about this, but I must own I felt it hard after helping to shape your course to hear only second-hand accounts of you. It was horrible to think you were blotted out; but—but—if you are happy, really happy and content, is it all right?"

"One hears of you as a sort of queen in Brook street, Joanna. Everything you do is a success. I grind and rub away in a flower groove."

"For heaven's sake don't throw that in my face. I don't quite deserve that. It would be about the hardest blow of all to know you thought me selfish because I happen to be what the world kindly calls ambitious. Ambitious! as if one could not be ambitious and have great aims in a life of quiet work. Besides, success is an empty nothing alone. No! whatever I am, I am not selfish, Harry."

"I'm sure you are not."

"Sometimes when I heard people speaking of your work I felt the big house so

hateful that I half made up my mind to run straight out of it up to the poky rooms at Camden Town."

"You are where you should be, Joanna. You were born to be a queen."

"I said just now you were not altered, but you are. You never spoke like that in the old days. Cannot you be your own self for the few short minutes we are together? Be natural. Be human."

"What on earth makes you think I am not natural?"

"You have grown artificial. I have not seen you for years, and you treat me to dry conventionalities. Cannot you understand my isolation? What is life worth unless you have quiet moments when you can speak heartily and unreservedly to those you love? It is horrible to think I have stepped out of the pale of sympathy."

She was very pale. Tears were struggling in her eyes, and she looked royally lovely in her close fitting dark dress. Instinctively he drew nearer to her. He had kissed her at Camden Town, and he kissed her now.

"Do you mean to say you are unhappy, Joanna?"

"And you so happy?" she replied interrogatively.

At that moment he felt inclined to tell her everything. Then he hesitated. For the life of him he could not open his mind to her as he had done to Uncle Pat. He dared not breathe of his abiding and pervading love for Fanny to her. There would be something disloyal in it.

So there followed a long, irksome pause, during which his eye wandered from the distant fading landscape, down the winding river to the shrubberies below, where in a moment they encountered Hugh Cameron's savage face glaring up at him. The "wild cat" was in his eye too, but Harry met it manfully, till Hugh turned and disappeared with a muttered oath down the path.

"What is Hugh Cameron doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Come with a message from Dunan, perhaps. It is only a couple of miles from here. His father, our keeper, lives there. So you have not forgotten Camden Town?" she sighed.

"Neither Camden Town nor you, Joanna."

"It used to be Jo."

"Well, Jo."

"You will get the uncomfortable sensation of a cold if you stop out here, Miss Hanover."

It was Mr. Dawleigh who spoke. He had come in search of her, and had stepped out on to the balcony at an unfortunate moment. "We want you to sing to us."

"And it is to be Brage's serenade," cried Fanny, holding up the piece as they entered. "I have just found it in your folio."

Strange to say, of all Joanna's songs this ultra sentimental "Serenade of Angels to a Dying Child" was the cynical Mr. Dawleigh's favorite; but after what he had seen and heard on the balcony, music seemed a senseless mockery. He knew his fate at last, and he sat dazed and dazed.

In the found of applause that followed this song Joanna detected a shade of constraint among her guests. Neither Mr. Monnell's covert glances at her unlovely Fanny nor Mr. Dawleigh's pale gloomy brow escaped her. She was sensible of Miss Dawleigh suddenly becoming starchy and ironed into the most rigid formality, but with Harry's cousinly kiss tingling on her cheeks she felt fit to cope with anything. A wild gaiety took possession of her. Her color brightened, her eyes glittered; never had Dawleigh seen her so brilliantly beautiful. When at last she had sent her guests away puzzled at her unwonted liveliness, she carried Fanny off to her bedroom. She had taken the plunge, and she must now go on.

A bright fire was burning, and the drew their chairs up to it.

"How merry you have been," said Fanny, with undisguised admiration; "I never saw you so jolly before."

Joanna laughed. "That is one of my vices; you will discover the others by-and-by."

"I am sure you have no vices."

"Have I not? Listen. I have an insatiable love of admiration. I like to be worshipped, and to know I am talked about, and be lauded in the Morning Post. There's a confession for you!"

"How can you exist here, then?"

"I like one thing or the other—London or the wilderness. I dare say you are the same. If one makes friends in the wilderness, one makes real ones. You see, I have met with a little mother confessor here in our wilderness. I am not quite sure about her, though."

"I am dumb!"

"So says every confessor. Why, you'll go and blab every word to Harry."

"Not I."

"Nor Harry to you?"

"No."

"What an original pair of lovers! Seriously, Fanny, do you very very much care for each other?"

"My dear, we are engaged! That's serious enough in all conscience."

"You are dreadfully cold-blooded about it!"

"We practise reticence. Peckham fashion, my dear."

"I wonder if Mr. Monnell has told Harry about your parents?" she asked carelessly.

"I am sure he has not."

"Perhaps you have never asked him?"

"Oh, yes, I have. He has some good reason for not telling me, I suppose."

"How extraordinary! Don't you even know where you were born?"

"Beckenham. At least so Aunt Mary says."

"And you never inquired?"

"No."

"I could not rest quite so quietly about it as you do, Fanny."

"I don't intend to be quiet. I intend to find out all about it."

"Now for it!" thought Joanna. "Perhaps I can help you."

"You!"

"Yes, dear. I have been fighting your battles. After what you told me I could not rest until I had brought Mrs. Baldew to book about her words. So I wrote and gave her a bit of my mind. She is sorry enough now, but declares she wrote to Beckenham, and there is no record of your birth there. No such name as Pentland in the books."

"Then I am nobody's child!" said Fanny, gaily.

"Nonsense! But I think Uncle Pat should tell you, and—Fanny—there is Harry. He should know."

Curiously enough this never struck her before. She had brooded and brooded over Mrs. Baldew's words, but never once in conjunction with her trouble about Harry. Now the two together struck her so cruelly that she was half stunned by the blow. She knew Joanna was watching her, and shut her eyes and fought bravely against showing her pain.

"It would not make much difference," she said, as unconcernedly as she could.

"I suppose not. It's just a piece of absurdity on the part of your dear old Don Quixote. He is eccentric, my dear, to say with my mind is something too funny. He seems afraid you would be gobbled up and devoured. He is devoted to you!"

"And I to him!"

"That is as it should be; but you won't like Harry to be kept in the dark?"

"No."

"Of course it would make no difference!"

"Of course not!" replied Fanny, with a sham yawn.

"You are tired, dear!" What a wretch I am to have bothered you. I'll send your maid to you. Go to bed and go to sleep. Good night!"

Fanny returned the kiss mechanically, and submitted to her maid's attentions with such unusual silence that the faithful Susan scolded her young mistress for having "been and gone and overdone it downstairs," and Fanny, having no words, replied with a simple kiss which sent Susan away pleased but frightened.

The fact was, it took the poor soul some time before she could accept the full import of Joanna's words. She had boasted of her pluck to Uncle Pat, but had never dreamed that she would have to give up Harry. This was what it meant, though—nothing more or less. Harry must and should not be kept in the dark, and she would never, never marry him with any stain on her name.

For consolation now to think of his coldness. She loved him and she was going to leave him. That was enough. And she crept to bed and cried half through the night as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XII.

HUGH'S TROUBLES.

After watching Mr. Wynter and Miss Hanover on the balcony, Hugh took up his position at the outer lodge gate, so that he might intercept the Dalchonsie carriage as it drove out. A pretty little scheme for Harry Wynter's chafest friend had flashed suddenly upon him. He had a long time to wait, but his opportunity arrived at last.

"I was bringing you a bunch of stag's horn moss to put among your flowers, Miss Dalchonsie," he said, politely, coming to the carriage window, cap in hand, "and I was hoping you would be getting back to Dalchonsie before the rain came on."

"For goodness' sake, let us get home," said the little lady, shivering pettishly. She was as cross as two sticks at the failure of the evening.

"You need not have stopped the carriage for this nonsense, Hugh!" said Mr. Dawleigh, curtly.

"And it was you I was wishing to speak to, Mr. Dawleigh. You will be for going away to-morrow or maybe the day after, and I was wishing to say a word with you before you would be going."

"It must keep till I come back!"

"Pull up the window!" said his aunt, peremptorily.

Hugh was not to be shaken off, though. He swung on behind the carriage, and when they reached Dalchonsie opened the door for them without having turned a hair.

"I was wishing, Mr. Dawleigh—" he began again.

"Wait a bit, Hugh," said Monnell.

"Dawleigh, here is a telegram for you."

He opened it and handed it to his aunt. Lord Forton was dead.

"I ought to have gone as I intended," he said.

"It is my fault!" replied his aunt, with tears of vexation. "Everything has gone wrong to-day. I prophesied it in the morning. I will go with you to-morrow, Dawleigh. It is no use my stopping here now. Arrange about the carriage before the man goes."

"And get rid of Hugh," said Monnell; "he is in the summer-house. Tell him to put up at the lodge."

Now, Hugh, what is it! Dawleigh asked, after he had spoken to the coachman.

"Mr. Wynter, sir? He's a friend of yours?"

"Yes, yes! Go on."

"He will be a friend that would be all the better for being looked after, Mr. Dawleigh. He will be a friend we should be the better without at Rannoch. This is no place for him or those like him."

"Look here, my man! I am not going to mix myself up with village tattle. I don't care two straws whether Mr. Wynter paints Maggie or not. Don't bother me."

"I was not asking about Maggie!" Hugh rejoined, savagely. "Maggie will be knowing how I will be thinking about her. Let her be!"

"What d'ye want here, then? Is the whiskey in you?"

"No matter for the whiskey! What will be wanting here? I will be wanting to tell you that Mr. Wynter will be no friend of yours. That will be why I have come at this time of night!"

"All right! Good night."

"All right! Ay, Mr. Dawleigh, then it was all right that I should be seeing him with Miss Hanover this evening on the balcony? It was all right that they should be talking and whispering together, like two birds on a branch? It was all right that they should be kissing! And Mr. Wynter is your friend! Oh, it was all right!"

(To be continued.)

President Barillas of Guatemala has not been an improvident ruler, and if the present troubles force him out of his country he will not go penniless. Besides \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 which he has lately realized on his property he has a matter of \$30,000,000 in the Bank of England.

W. W. Story, the American sculptor and poet, whose home is the Palazzo Barberini, Rome, is modeling a figure of Christ, dressed in the Oriental Jewish robes, with the keffiyeh (couvre-chef, kerchief) on his head—the usual head-dress in the Moslem East, where the turban is not worn.

Benevolent individual—Young man, didn't you know that tobacco smoking was very injurious? Small boy—Well, who's smoking tobacco? This is a cigarette.

WILL A CANUCK RULE HAWAII?

Two Fort Hope Brothers in the Late King Kalakaua's Kingdom.

Ever since the death of King Kalakaua and the accession of the Princess Liliuokalani there have been rumors of impending revolution in the little Kingdom of Hawaii. The affairs appear to be in a somewhat chaotic condition, and the question has been raised whether it will not be necessary to establish an American protectorate for the security of American interests. But Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, who has enormous investments in the island and is probably better posted on the situation than any other American, has steadily discredited these reports.

The latest rumor, which Spreckles pronounces to be "a bundle of nonsense," refers to the possibility of "General" Volney Ashford being at the head of a conspiracy to seize the Government and becoming King Volney I. of Hawaii. The sugar king claims that Ashford has no military forces that he could control if he desired to, and that he was a quiet attorney who never was a member of King Kalakaua's cabinet. His brother, Lawrence Ashford, was Attorney-General in the so-called revolutionary cabinet. Whether Volney Ashford is engaged in any such scheme or not, his past career makes one doubt his being such a quiet fellow as Spreckles represents.

It may not be generally known, but he and his younger brother Clarence, are natives of the little town of Port Hope, in Ontario, and were educated at the High School there. Volney, who was a handsome, imposing looking man, the very ideal in appearance of a *beau sabreur*, became captain of a troop of Canadian cavalry under Col. Arthur Stewart. In the rebellion he enlisted in the Northern army and, if we mistake not, served for a time on the staff of General McClellan. Whether he regularly gained the title or not he became known as "Colonel" Ashford. He must have gone to Hawaii something like fifteen years ago, and we have understood that he was commander of the military forces under Kalakaua. Is it possible that we are to have a Canuck-American King?—*Buffalo News*.

SARA AND HER MAJESTY.

A Brantford Girl's Presentation to the Queen.

In her new and charming book, "An American Girl in London," Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan describes her experience when being presented to Queen Victoria. She says:

"I looked beyond, and there, in the midst of all her dazzling court, stood Queen Victoria. And Lady Torquillin was bending over her hand! And in another moment it would be—it was my turn! I felt the touches on my own train, I heard somebody call a name I had some vague familiarity with, 'Miss Mamie Wick.' I was launched at last towards that little black figure of royalty with the blue ribbon crossing her breast and the Koh-i-nor sparkling there! Didn't you believe in queens, Miss Mamie Wick, at that moment? I'm very much afraid you did not."

All that I remember after was going down very unsteadily before her and just during the slightest touch of my lips upon the gracious little hand she laid upon mine. And then, not getting nearly time enough to makefall of those nine courtesies to the beautiful, sparkling people that stood at the Queen's left hand before two more gentlemen of the court gathered up my draperies from behind my feet and threw them mercifully over my arm for me. And in one awful moment when I couldn't quite tell whether I had backed out of all the royal presence or not, made up my mind that I had, then unmade it, and in agony of spirit turned and backed again!

It was over at last. I had kissed the hand of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and—there's no use in trying to believe anything to the contrary—I was proud of it. Lady Torquillin and I regarded each other in the next room with pale and breathless congratulation, and then turned with one accord to Oddie Pratie.

"On the whole," said the young gentleman, blandly, "you did me credit!"

The Ring and the Trust.

Combination is found to be a mightier principle in the economic game, than competition. As well oppose handicrafts to machinery as the scattered efforts of individuals, with their limited resources and consequent lack of staying power, to the trust, which knows how to control every avenue of transportation, to undersell its rivals and to hinder them from receiving supplies and from loading or unloading the goods they may have in hand. Under the despotic commercial regime of the middle ages, prices and qualities were fixed, in a rude way doubtless, by the whole community acting through its rulers. When the "ring and the trust" have spread like a network over the land—as in regard to some commodities they have done already—prices and qualities will be determined, not by the people, who can but wait with oriental submissiveness till the fiat has gone forth, but by syndicates representing—shareholders. A small oligarchy of wealth, at the summit of which are enthroned the great railway kings and their satellites, will have thus put the free American democracy under its feet. Free? Why certainly, free to vote for the candidates sent to Congress by the omnipotent "trusts," whose commercial mandates will there be converted into law.—*Rev. Wm. Barry in the March Forum*.

Pleading for Homes.

Four thousand unemployed workmen who attended a recent meeting in Hamburg adopted a resolution which will be presented to the Senate asking for the promulgation of a temporary law, forbidding house owners, at the end of the present quarter, to expel tenants who have been without work four weeks. They also ask the city for a loan of 50 marks each and that the children of suffering families be fed once daily with warm victuals in the public schools.—*New York Tribune*.

A woman who figured as a pauper died recently in San Francisco, leaving \$6,193, which she had accumulated by begging. Three benevolent societies that had befriended her to the amount of \$840, \$895 and \$905 respectively, have begun suits to recover the sums named from her estate.

FAIR HANDS KEPT WHITE.

Every Woman Her Own Beautifier—Spice in Season.

As a writer in the Chicago News assures us: There are not nearly as many secrets in hand treatment as people imagine. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clear and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean; but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes some skins harsh and red. Those people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for it, but all can make it. They also make the Roman toilet paste. It is merely the white of an egg, barley flour and honey.

Increase of Religious Intolerance.

I am sorry to have to confess it, but among the many lessons which a comparative study of religions teaches us, there is one that seems very humiliating, namely, that religious intolerance is much more common in modern than in ancient times. I know the excuse which is made for this. It is said that, as our convictions become deeper and stronger, our intolerance of falsehood also must assume a more intense character, and that it is worse otherwise. There may be some truth in this, but it is a dangerous truth. It is the same truth which led the Inquisition to order the burning of heretics because it was better for their souls, and which inflicted in our own times a less violent, though perhaps a not less painful, martyrdom on such reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers and earnest inquirers after truth as Dean Stanley, Bishop Colenso, and Charles Kingsley.—*Prof. Max Muller in the March Forum*.

Brush the Head Frequently.

If there is nothing the matter with the head or the skin, the hair will grow all right if it is treated in the natural way. Ordinarily stiff brushes should be used, and occasional rubbing and smoothing out with the hands are soothing to the head and good for the hair. Mental workers are especially troubled with neuralgic pains and headaches, which frequently kill the coloring pigments and turn the hair prematurely grey. Combine and rubbing the scalp of the head with the hand draws the blood up to the surface of the head, and not only relieves the pain at times, but adds new strength to the hair. Those suffering from neuralgic head pains should spend half an hour in this work every night before retiring. This gentle massage treatment also has a tendency to cure dandruff. It strengthens the skin and opens the pores, so that the blood can throw off its effete matter.—*Yankee Blade*.

How Cigars Are Kept Moist.

Cigars must be kept in a more or less moist atmosphere, else they will dry out and crumble apart. Some years ago a genius who knew that fact invented a box so arranged that the atmosphere within it could be fed with moisture from a wet slab of compressed sponge or blotting paper. To-day the best cigar stores in the city are built like these moistening boxes, say the New York Sun. Material for holding water is kept in frames, like panels, in the walls, and the air within the storerooms is kept incessantly moist.

Douglas Jerrold.

His countenance was open and bright (when sober!) and showed nothing of that satirical bitterness for which he was so eminent. Leigh Hunt, in proposing his health on one occasion, called him the bitter Jerrold, with honey under him." I once ventured to tell him that several of the members of the club were afraid of him and his bitter tongue, and shunned conversation with him on that account, when he said to me, with great energy: "Sidney, I have never in my life said or written a bitter thing of any one who did not deserve it." And I must say that I have frequently heard him speak of persons and things in the most courteous and beautiful and even feeling language—metaphor following metaphor, quaint conceits, graceful images, beautiful ideas and thoughts, all expressed in one continual flow of eloquence from a fountain inexhaustible. In the winter Jerrold always took a chair close to the fireside, where he sat with his cigar, and whence he issued his wittoisisms in his dry and amusing manner, keeping us all in a continuous state of uproarious laughter.—*My Life—T. Sidney Cooper*.

The Treatment of Wrinkles.

How many inquiries are read in the papers concerning the prevention and cure of wrinkles. Some of the suggestions are simple, and a trial could do no possible harm, but it is safest to beware of those methods which suggest any very radical mode of treatment, that is, unless you have the advice of a reliable physician. A famous beauty of the last generation prevented wrinkles by closing her eyes, and keeping her features perfectly composed for the space of ten minutes several times during the day. A remedy which a friend of mine has invented, for her own case, she having had wrinkles on her forehead, is to use the massage treatment night and morning, and at bedtime, after rubbing the wrinkles out, to cut narrow strips of court plaster which she sticks across them. For the sake of my friend I hope this method will prove as successful as the court plaster treatment did in the case of a young mother, who plastered back her infant's turnover ears until they grew into place.

Sadie McMullen, a girl of 17, was placed upon trial for murder in Buffalo yesterday, charged with having in October last thrown two young children from a high railway bridge, one of whom was killed. She pleaded not guilty and her trial commences to-day.

In spite of his troubles arising from the disturbed state of Ireland, the lord-lieutenant of that country has many pleasures. One of these is the right to kiss every pretty girl who makes her debut at his levees in Dublin castle. The present lord-lieutenant, the earl of Zetland, is said to claim his rights in this respect without the fear of the countess before his eyes.