

MAJOR RANDALL'S WARNING.

PART II.

Mr. Drew was the manager of Merstoke Bank, residing over its offices in the High Street of that small cathedral town. On the morning of the day on which this story opened, he was hurrying over his breakfast in order to get away from the repinings of a discontented wife, who was upbraiding him for being a man with "no ambition."

"We ought to take a higher position," said Mrs. Drew.

"Let us be contented as we are, my dear, I am happy in my own station of life," answered he.

"You don't push."

"Certainly not to be thrust back again."

"But you must confess that we are passed over. Lady Compton did not invite us to her garden fete; yet the Fellers were there, and he only a doctor, and as poor as a church mouse."

"He cured her bad leg, my dear."

"If you please, it was the servants he attended. One day, hearing she had rheumatism in her knee, he recommended camphorated oil, that's all he did."

"At any rate she walks now quite as well as you do, and declares that he cured her. You have little to complain of, Martha."

"I am sure that very nice people invite us. We dined last week at the Sub-dean's in the precincts."

"Both the Sub-dean! He was only a tutor at Cambridge, and married a governess—and there was nobody of any consequence asked to meet us on the old lawyer Frampton, his dear wife, and the new organist at the cathedral; while a few days afterwards they gave another dinner party with the Dean and Lady Charlotte and two K.C.B.s!"

"In small parties, my dear, people should only be brought together of nearly the same social position," replied the bank manager, very amiably.

"I consider myself as much a lady as the Dean's wife—as good as any in the county, and better than most in the town," replied Mrs. Drew, reddening with anger. "No; it's as I've always said, you've no ambition!"

Mr. Drew looked at his watch, bolted his tea, drank his remaining coffee, and hurried away. He stopped at the door, and what he considered a parting shot. "It's not what we consider ourselves, Martha; it is what we are in other people's opinion." Then he fled.

Mrs. Drew shed a few angry tears, and set herself to consider how she could alter the existing state of things.

It is a remarkable circumstance frequently occurring, that when people are happy and prosperous without a serious care in the world, they invent a grievance; and this silly woman was discontented because she could not enter the society to which neither her birth nor her education entitled her.

"A benevolent purpose would be a good way of getting in with them—a fancy bazaar for a charity, if the Mayor would lend the town hall," she soliloquized. "When they know me, and what a superior lady-like person I really am, they would cultivate my acquaintance." This and similar thoughts occupied Mrs. Drew's vacant mind that morning for some time, when there was a ring at the house bell, and a visitor was announced.

Her face grew black, and the frown on her brow reappeared as she heard the name. It was a visitor who seldom called more than once in six months, and was not ushered into her drawing-room—a choice apartment overdecorated with showy furniture—but into a parlour opening from the hall.

This visitor was an old man, tall, thin, with well-cut features, a fair pale face, and light grey eyes. He was dressed in a drab-coloured suit of home-spun, and wore leather leggings, as is the fashion of country people. He was Isaac Twyford, the miller at Roby, a small village at some ten miles distance. His face brightened into a smile when Mrs. Drew sailed into the room; he advanced to meet her, putting out his hand, in which she carelessly placed the tips of her fingers.

"Well, Martha," said he, "as usual you do not seem to be pleased at seeing me. Your worthy husband is always friendly; one would suppose that he was my relation, instead of you."

"What is it you expect, uncle? People cannot always go in the same groove. I have been married sixteen years, and you have stepped out of my early sphere. I'm sure I'm always civil to you," replied Mrs. Drew with a sigh.

"You are pretty well so, perhaps, but there seems no real warmth in you, for I am a lone man, and you are a blood-relation—my nearest kin. I have felt a void since—since" (here his voice faltered and grew husky) "since Elizabeth left her old father."

"Don't mention her name in my presence!" cried Mrs. Drew, holding up her hands in abhorrence. "She's not fit to be mentioned in a decent lady's house!"

"Stay, Martha; not so fast. Elizabeth was lawfully married to the rascal—please to remember that. She is as honest as yourself"—he said this fiercely—"she made a mistake in her choice—taking lacquer for gold; and in leaving her home—Never mind; we'll drop the subject. I've not come to talk about the poor girl; my visit is for a different purpose."

"You have a purpose, then?" said she inquisitively.

The old miller drew his chair nearer to her, saying confidentially: "I've just come from Mr. Frampton's; I've been making a new will."

"A new will!" repeated his niece, opening her eyes. "What is that for?"

"You shall hear. It is twelve years since my girl left me; she and her husband went to Australia, that is certain. Elizabeth returns in the course of the next ten years, she will inherit my property; if not, as my next of kin—I have no relations, save very distant ones—it will according to law, revert to you."

Mrs. Drew's face brightened up. "As your brother's daughter, I suppose so," said she; "though ten years seem a long while to wait."

"I have not felt well lately; and for some days there has been an unaccountable weight on my spirits, as if something were going to happen; so I thought I would make a new will, leaving my forgiveness to my mistaken child, to whom, perhaps, I was too severe when I disinherited her, but I have taken care the rascal shall never claim a penny of it!"

He declined coming here. You must be guarded in what you say, remember. Your husband's name had best not be mentioned. Him, he will never forgive.—Come; I have a fly waiting; I will take you to him."

Elizabeth raised the bank manager's hand to her lips and kissed it.

"She can't live, with that hollow voice," soliloquized Mrs. Drew when they left the room. "I shall not have long to wait for the property."

Elizabeth Ashworth, after an affecting and perfect reconciliation with her father, sought her husband at the small railway inn at the outskirts of the town, where he awaited her return. He was furious when she related the results of the interview he had unexpectedly obtained, which were, that he would receive her back home and reinstatement as his heiress, on condition that she parted from her husband, whose treachery in beguiling a girl of eighteen from her father's roof he could never forgive.

Ashworth, after upbraiding his wife in vain for having overcome the old man's prejudice, rushed from the house.

Poor Elizabeth was found lying on the floor in a fainting fit. Overcome by excitement and fatigue, she was carried to a bedroom, a doctor sent for, who pronounced her condition to be precarious through failure of the heart's action. Although receiving every care and attention, she never rallied, and by morning's dawn she had passed away, being mercifully spared the knowledge of her father's tragic end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BELFAST AS SHE IS.

Extraordinary Growth of the Capital of Protestant Ireland.

BELFAST, May 1.—Perhaps there is no city in the British Isles that partakes more of the elements which go to make American cities famous for the rapidity of their growth than Belfast, County Antrim, Ireland.

In the United States such a city would be looked on as promising, but on the east side of the Atlantic such a phenomenon is looked on as little less than marvellous.

The natives are proud of their success and from statistics and other information which will be presented later on they have just reason, according to Eastern ideas, to be somewhat vain of the results.

Believe it or not, the province included, may be largely regarded as Scotch in birth (or by near descent), as well as in business instincts, religion, social qualifications, sports and pastimes, and even to some extent in dialect. In respect to the last named, you will find the forms of speech in many parts of the counties of Antrim and Down identical with those of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire and adjoining shires in Scotland, while the steady and methodical system of doing business—slow but sure—the rigidly narrow, puritanical ideas in religious observances, the conservatively distant cliques in their social customs, and the mania for golf, football, bowling and curling when they get a chance (for "it hardly ever freezes" here in Ireland), all pronounce the inherent spirit of the "canny Scot."

The social problem in Belfast is not easily solved. As in most large manufacturing cities, everywhere the merchants are self-made men for the most part; but while they themselves may be proud of their success in life and at all times remember the friends of their youth, the offspring of the poor do so in quite another thing. The result is that the new generation does not like to be suspected of belonging to anything but the upper "suckle," and would resent any allusion to their grandfathers or grandmothers. Moreover a social line of demarcation is rigidly drawn between wholesale and retail in matters of society. For instance, the wholesale thrifty manufacturer may meet socially some of the better-class consumers of liquors but certainly not the man who retails it. The same rule applies to the linen manufacturer and the retail storekeeper, and so right along the line; in other words the social distinctions are numerous and so defined that to use a metaphor we find crystal clear lines of association with china. China on the other hand refuses to recognize delft and poor earthenware is left out in the cold altogether. In a sentence the entire city consists of cliques which move in a way unlike the motion of the heavenly bodies, each having its little sun round which it revolves with perpetual motion.

In the matter of amusements the people of Belfast are hard to move. Fancy in a city of close on 280,000 inhabitants, there is to be found one theatre and a couple of music halls, the former struggling for an existence, and the latter not too well patronized. The cause of this is to be found in the large church-going and prayer-meeting constituency of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and other Protestant churches. Do not let it be understood for a moment that Irish Presbyterianism for instance is like anything of the type of the old Scotch Covenanters, only more so. You won't find the Irish Presbyterian with an organ in his church, nor he! He may use it in the prayer meeting, but he is praising his Maker with some of Moody and Sankey's most soul-stirring hymns, or he may wail at its use in the Sabbath-schools, the nursery of the church, where the children are supposed to get their training as future members of that body, but he cannot find language strong enough within the necessarily limited vocabulary at his command against its use in what he calls with emphasis the services of the sanctuary.

Long have been the discussions in the Church courts over this question of instrumental music, and its solution seems now as far off as it was fifteen years ago. As a matter of curiosity a list of the places of worship in the city and suburbs here given may be of interest. Church of Ireland (Episcopal), 27; Presbyterian, 29; Methodist, 19; Roman Catholic, 8; various, 26; making a total of 126 places of worship in and about the city.

Notwithstanding many drawbacks, a want of culture, a conspicuous absence of love of art for its own sake being among the rest, Belfast has all those elements which go to make a city great and prosperous. There is no doubt in a generation or two the inhabitants will wake up to find that there is something else in life than money-making. However for the present this is the Alpha and Omega of their aims. The Belfast merchant is far-seeing and self-reliant, though slow to accept modern ideas until they have been thoroughly tested elsewhere, and forced upon him by the necessities of the situation.

With the exception of lighting for instance, in two or three large places of business, it is not to be seen. Nevertheless the city fathers make a boast, and not without reason, that so far as gas lighting is concerned, there is no better lighted city in the United Kingdom. The price of gas in the consumer is 70 cents per thousand feet, the plant is owned by the city, and the cost of gas comes from England and costs \$4.50 per ton at the works.

Time was when Belfast could boast of little beyond its interest in the linen trade; but now Linenopolis, as it is called, can point with pardonable pride to its shipbuilding yards, and its cotton and woollen manufactures. The names of those record-breakers of the Atlantic are mentioned, namely, the Teutonic and Majestic. Nor are its energies confined here alone. Its whiskey production, its aerated water manufacturers and its tobacco factories are all matters of world-wide fame. A few statistics here may serve to show the immense strides this city has made within fifty years. For instance, the population which in 1841 was 75,308 now extends to 273,000. In buildings alone the increase within five years shows in 1896 1,314 new buildings valued at \$64,000; in 1891, 1,817 new buildings valued at \$135,000. The gross amount of customs duties paid by Belfast for the year 1895 was \$1,664,000. For the year 1891 it reached the enormous sum of \$1,137,000. The value of the exports to the United States for the year 1891 was \$2,215,000, this being about 40 per cent of the output of the mills here.

In matters of politics the question of Home Rule is one which is agitating the North of Ireland at present in view of the general election which is generally admitted to be not far off. In anticipation of its results and in view of Mr. Gladstone's policy expressed or understood, there is a deep-seated conviction here that the long-standing feud between Protestants and Roman Catholics, dating as far back as 1688, when the question of Protestant or Roman Catholic ascendancy was fought and settled on the banks of the Boyne, will render the solution of the question extremely hazardous, not to use a stronger term. The blood which has been shed in the city of Belfast alone since the great riots of 1864 gives an indication of the feelings which

VERY FAST TRAVELLING.

The News of the Hanging of Deeming in Australia Outran the Sun.

An interesting instance of the magic of the telegraph, an illustration of the way it can annihilate space, outrun the sun and perform mystifying jugglery with old Time's hour glass and with the calendar, and an object lesson in every-day science, are afforded in connection with the execution of the condemned murderer Deeming in Australia.

A. M. and the news and details of the execution were read by the readers of the morning papers at the early breakfast table, and even before daybreak that day. If the execution had been on any other day the special editions of the evening papers the day previous to that of the execution for the news of Deeming's death was received in Toronto before 9 o'clock on Sunday evening.

The news was received in America first at Montreal. The telegraph beat the sun by almost a whole day.

In the matter of travel the course traversed by the sun, too, did not make the gain by cutting across lots or doubling back and stealing a lap. With a cable under the Pacific the message might have doubled on the sun's track and gained a day in a minute or so. Telegrams from Australia must take the western or sunward course, and make the full circular tour.

The message left Melbourne on the far side of Australia, very soon after 10 o'clock Monday morning, travelled about 15,000 miles, was retransmitted thirteen times through as many different stations and different lengths of cable reaching this continent at 8.30 p. m. Sunday. The difference in time between Toronto and Melbourne is fourteen hours and fifty minutes, so that when Deeming was on the gallows at 7:20 Sunday evening in Toronto and the message travelled the 15,000 miles in the remarkably quick time of less than an hour and a half.

This was the route, the message passing from one cable and one set of instructions to each station: From Melbourne across the Australian Continent by land line to Port Darwin, thence to Bangoowangie, India; to Singapore, to Madras, across India to Bombay, under the Indian Ocean to Aden, in Arabia, under the Red Sea to Suez, along the Suez Canal to Alexandria, under the Mediterranean to Malta, Malta to Marseilles, across France and under the Channel to London, thence to Ireland, under the Atlantic to Cape Canso, Nova Scotia, and then down the coast to New York and other American cities. The time occupied by a cable message in reaching any distant point is taken up by the number of transmissions, the actual electrical transmission through any one cable being instantaneous. Taking into consideration the news travelled remarkably fast.

It might seem from the foregoing that by travelling around and around the earth one might have the same day and date for an indefinite period, provided he kept pace with the sun. But the day must end somewhere, and end very abruptly, and the point where the old day dies and the new is born is out in the Pacific Ocean, about midway between San Francisco and Hawaii, and running due north and south. That line of demarcation in the calendar runs through Behring Sea, cuts across and among the Fiji Islands, and just scrapes the end of New Zealand, but, for convenience sake, and not to have it Sunday midday on one side of the street and Monday noon on the other in some islands or gulches, the line has been crooked so that it does not cut any island. As the earth turns before the sun, midday at Sunday would advance around the world until it struck that line, when it must per force change or every day would be Sunday. The change is really made at midnight. It may require a little time to get used to the subject, but it will come straight eventually.

THE MAURITIUS HURRICANE.

Further Details Received of the Awful Calamity that Cost 2,000 Lives.

Further details as to the storm which swept over Mauritius last month have just been received.

The signals from the mountain observatory on the day of the great storm were to the effect that no high winds were to be expected. The wind was from the north-west, and in Mauritius hurricanes seldom come from that direction. At about noon the light wind suddenly increased and the sky darkened as if by magic. The people in Port Louis heard a furious hissing and the snapping of trees. A moment later the storm was upon the city, whirling objects from the streets, crushing or lifting fragile buildings, and ripping off roofs of the more substantial structures. People who were outdoors were thrown to the ground or pinned against buildings by the strength of the wind. Windows and doors were pushed in and long rows of trees snapped and had flat in the streets.

The storm raged unabated for an hour and a half, and then ceased as suddenly as it had come. The sun shone, and people began to leave their houses and look over the scene of ruin. They found the sea far up in the city; waves were beating against the walls of buildings formerly well back from the shore, and structures that had once stood a few feet from the docks were either gone or were mere wrecks. The Post Office, the Custom House, and the Oriental Hotel were in the midst of the flood. On the roofs were dozens of persons who had been driven from the lower floors by the sweep of the water through the buildings. While preparing for the rescue the people of Port Louis, without a moment's warning, found themselves enveloped by another storm, which burst upon them from the southwest with stunning force. The wind came at the rate of 121 miles an hour and showed a pressure of seventy-three pounds to the square foot.

The second storm broke at 3 o'clock and lasted until 5. It cut its way through the upper part of the city, leaving the other quarters untouched. The streets which fell the full force of the wind were flattened as if struck by a giant hammer. St. George's rampart was levelled. Houses and shops were piled together and then blown to the ground.

There was no time for the inhabitants to escape from the buildings or even to start for the cellars. A single deadly blast levelled La Bourdonnais street, and the groups of pedestrians were crushed in heaps under the debris.

After two hours the hurricane stopped abruptly, and people from the lower quarter hurried to the scene of death and ruin to begin the work of rescue. The number of wounded was not estimated. Hardly a soul in the whole upper part of the city escaped unharmed. The total number of dead was about 2,000.

In the country the storm wrecked many Indian sugar houses and several villages. The loss of life outside of Port Louis is thought to have been about 500.

Sensational Murder of a Ballet Girl.

A murder of a most sensational character was discovered at Warsaw on Friday night. A ballet girl named Josephine Gerlach was found at her lodgings in Ursynow Street with terrible wounds on her head and body, the injuries having evidently been inflicted by some heavy blunt instrument. The poor girl's cries attracted attention, and a woman who was seen escaping from the house was pursued and arrested. She proved to be a lady of position named Boguslaw Brezicka and in her pocket was found a heavy hammer with blood and hair clinging to it. She also had a dagger, and in her pocket was a sum of four thousand roubles. Brezicka, who is 45 years old, is married and the mother of four children. It is alleged that she was on friendly terms with the ballet girl, and the police version is that robbery was the motive for the crime, but on the other hand there are certain circumstances pointing to jealousy as being the factor which brought about the outrage. Gerlach died from her injuries soon after being found.

Home.

Cherish the home with infinite tenderness. You cannot love it too much, nor give it too much time and thought. Remember, life has nothing better to offer you; it is the climax and crown of God's gifts. Make every day of life in it rich and sweet. It will not last long. See to it that you plant no seeds of bitter memory; that there be no neglect and no harshness to haunt you in after years. Your little ones will die and go hence with your words and spirit planted in their eternal nature. Sons and daughters will go from you into the great world, to live as you have taught them, to be strong or weak according to the spirit you have engrafted upon them. How will you yearn for them, whether living or dead? How sweet or how bitter will be the memory of the days when they prattled about you in the home from which they have gone forever. So live with them and train them now that when they are gone you and they can look back on the past with thankfulness and not regret.

Closed Her Mouth.

In a breach of promise case the counsel for the plaintiff asked the defendant: "Did you ever kiss the plaintiff?" "Yes, many a time."

"How often?" "I admit having kissed her every evening when I called to see her."

"Every evening?" "Yes; but I was compelled to do it."

"Compelled—how's that?" "Why it was the only way to prevent her singing."

A Lucky Boy.

Small Boy—"Dickie Dart is the luckiest boy I know. He is always havin' somethin' happen. He went to the theater last night."

Little Sister—"You often go, too."

Small Boy—"Yes, but there was a fire in this theater, an' a awful panic, an' lots of people got crushed, an' he was there an' saw the whole business."

Little Sister—"Where is he now?"

Little Boy—"In a hospital."

There are in Russia 312 match manufacturing, with an aggregate production of 139,704,000 matches. Of these works 77 per cent manufacture phosphorous matches.

COAL BEING CONSUMED.

It is Being Used Extravagantly—All Gone, Then What?

I have heard that when King Hudson, in the zenith of his fame, was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned again, he replied that by that time we should have learned how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question.

The fallacy of such answers is obvious. A so-called "water gas" may, no doubt, be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which is in motion.

Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal. There is much more philosophy in the old saying, "Money makes the mare go," than in the optimistic doctrine we often hear spoken of with regard to the capacity of man for dealing with nature.

The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of a civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering, for what are we doing every day but devising fresh appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal which has been accumulated in the earth. There are just a certain number of tons of coal lying in the earth, and when these are gone there can be no more forthcoming. There is no manufacture of coal in progress at the present time. The useful mineral was the product of a very singular period in the earth's history, the like of which has never occurred in any of the noteworthy degree in the geological ages which have since run their course.

Our steam engines are methods of spending this hoard; and what we often hear lauded as some triumph in human progress is merely the development of some fresh departure in a frightful extravagance. We would justly regard a man as guilty of expending his substance wastefully if he could not perform a journey without a coach and six and half a dozen outriders, and yet we insist that the great steamers which take us across the Atlantic shall be run at a speed which requires engines, let us say, of 12,000 horse power.

If the number of passengers on such a vessel be set down as 300, and if the passenger the united force of twenty-four horses, day and night, throughout the voyage.

I expect our descendants will think that our coal cellars have been emptied in a very wasteful manner, particularly when they reflect that we had been content with a speed somewhat less than that which we demanded, the necessary consumption of coal would have been reduced in a far greater proportion than the mere alteration of speed would imply.

HE TOOK STRYCHNINE.

Fred Horning, aged 19, departs this life, at Woodstock, Ont.

A Woodstock despatch says:—A case of determined suicide happened here shortly after 6 o'clock last evening. Fred Horning, 19 years of age, son of Robert Horning, took his own life at his home on Dundas street, last night. The young fellow was on the street between 5 and 6 o'clock. He returned home, and in a few minutes became violently ill. A doctor was sent for, but on his arrival could do nothing for him, and he died inside of three-quarters of an hour. The medical attendant found him in painful convulsions, produced, in his opinion, by poison. This opinion was verified when, upon leaving the house, he found immediately outside the window a paper labelled strychnine. The coroner deemed an inquest unnecessary, pronouncing it a case of suicide from poison. The victim of this rash act has been living a life of idleness for some time past, and those who know his record best took the sad news quite calmly. He has on different occasions figured in the police court and was up yesterday morning upon a charge of refusing to pay livery hire. He has, it is said, threatened to take his life on several occasions. His father is a blacksmith at R. Whitelaw's foundry.

Dickens' Children.

I venture to think that such a child as David Copperfield is rare. The majority are made of more commonplace material. They would know better how to get on with Mr. and Miss Murdstone. Very few boys—nowadays at any rate—would, even at eight or nine years of age, be quite so easily imposed on by a waiter as to allow him to eat their dinner without uttering a word of protest. I am very doubtful, too, whether many boys would have been quite so lovelorn to Little Emily and have found such intense delight in Mr. Pegotty's wonderful bewitch by the sea at Yarmouth.

Still, one feels that David is real—and from first to last consistent; with himself, which, by the way, is more than can be said for all Dickens' characters—Ham Pegotty, to wit, who, when we are first introduced to him, is a little more than a half-witted, blundering lout, but becomes before the end of the story a really magnificent fellow.

Every one will call to mind many other child characters in the writings of Dickens. No other male writer has given us so many. In my judgment, none of his children can compare with those of certain female writers.

Total Depravity.

Teacher: "Do you know the difference between right and wrong?"

Boy: "Naw."

"If you were to take your brother's cake from him, what would you do?"

"Eat it up."

Spring in the City.

City mamma—"Did you have a nice time in the park?"

City boy—"Yea'm."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, lots of things—run on th' walks, an' made faces at th' policeman, an' dodged the horses, an' fired stones at the 'keep off th' grass' signs, an' everything."

Significant.

Wife (who is without a girl)—"Why, the atmosphere of this kitchen is blue. What causes it?"

Husband (who has been trying to get breakfast)—"I have just burnt my fingers."

Then He Can Keep Her.

He: "Have you heard the news? Yesterday morning Mary Dawson jumped into her father's carriage and eloped with the coachman."

She: "What's her father done about it?"

He: "He has advertised 'Send back the horses and all will be forgiven.'"