

A GOLDEN DEED.

BY EDITH FINDLAY.

[FROM THE ORPHAN'S BOUQUET.]

"Adieu, brave sister, I shall hasten back as fast as snowshoes will carry me, and bring you news and messages from the father of your little one."

"Yes, yes, dear Serge; and tell him how I fear nothing, but at all hazards shall accompany him to-night."

"Hush! Catrina," replied Serge quickly; "walls may have ears dear one. There, go in to the fire, little mother, for I must away."

"Ah! and baby calls," she added, fluttering off.

The tall, fur-clad young Russian fixed his snowshoes as he was speaking, and taking his rifle from the rack, stepped briskly out into the cold, gliding rapidly away over the glistening white track that seemed to undulate toward the north almost without limit. Away and away he goes with great swinging strides, heedless of driving snow and the intense cold of a biting wind that turns his breath to hoar-frost and his long moustache into solid icicles. On and on till near two miles of open country is left behind and a long, steep hill appears down which he glides toward the dense forest of pine trees, which, like a great blot of ink upon the fairy whiteness of landscape, stretches out as far as the eye can follow. Once within the shadow of the trees the young man put aside all pretence of shooting, though snipe are plentiful and the hares in their bleached fur jacket skurry away on all sides.

For nearly an hour the stalwart Serge pursues his course in and out amongst the towering tree-trunks and dense undergrowth, till suddenly coming upon a gully of rocks walled by a precipitous cliff, he stops, and giving out an imitation of the snipe's peculiar note of warning with the skill of a true woodsman, waits breathlessly. An answering cry comes faintly from someone invisible but near at hand, and in a moment more the figure of a young man with an eager, excited face, peers over a cluster of brushwood growing high up on a ledge of the cliff in front; but before he has time to do more than signal with his hand, Serge has mounted with the agility of a squirrel and is beside him. Together they enter a cavern in the rock, which Nature seems to have made in secret, so cunningly it lies hidden from view.

"Ah, my friend! you bring me good news, I see," the fugitive exclaims, as each strong man grasps the other by the hand.

"God be with you, Michael! all is indeed well. Our plans for your escape are complete, and Siberia will never know you, old fellow," responds Serge in a deep voice of emotion, as his arm rests affectionately across the shoulders of his friend.

"And my wife and little Olga?"

"Are included in our plan."

"Tell me more, Serge—tell me all. Ah! how thankful I am that I so miraculously escaped from that crowd of unfortunates doomed to the mines of Siberia! I feel strong enough for any dangers that may have to be faced now; though when I first regained liberty, my mind seemed paralyzed by the horrors of the past few months' imprisonment. Ay, and unjust punishment, for it was false and untrue evidence which took away my liberty."

"True, dear Michael," said the other, feelingly; "but that will hardly be believed by those in authority. The very name of 'Nihilist' having once been fastened on you, is fatal."

"What are your plans for me, then, Serge?"

"Flight to the sea-coast this very night," his friend replied. "Winter with all its rigor will soon be upon us, when the shelter of this cave will be in sufficient to say nothing of the risk of discovery."

"And which you also share," the other added. "I have thought of it a thousand times these three days I have lain in hiding here. Were anyone to suspect you of help and bringing food to an escaped convict, it would be death. Ah! how can I ever repay your nobleness?"

"Say no more, dear fellow," said Serge; "but listen. Be in hiding by the group of fallen pines on the edge of the forest at moonrise. I shall meet you with a sleigh in which will be Catrina and your child. My feet horse, Sultan, will carry us to the coast in an hour. We shall drive to where the boat of a moujik I can trust will be in readiness. You will row off to the steamer which lies there at anchor, the captain expecting you, and at midnight will sail for America."

"My friend," was all that Michael could say, but his look and hand-grasp spoke deeper than words. "And your own safety, Serge?"

"Ah! I cannot stay to tell you of all now," the other said, hurriedly preparing to descend the cliff. "Adieu, Michael, and do not fail as the moon rises."

A moment more and he was again on his trusty snowshoes, speeding back with encouragement and hope to the brave woman who was awaiting him.

The hours dragged slowly along; the sun sank in splendor and the blackness of night settled down upon the forest.

Michael, unable to rest, was at the trying place long before the appointed time, and hiding amongst the fallen timbers, lay listening for the expected music of the sleigh bells that meant to him all that in life was worth the having—wife, child and freedom. Would they never come? A long dismal howl reached his straining ears—a wolf wandering in the forest behind him.

"Ah! at last!" The watcher scrambled to his feet as the sleigh came clattering down the steep hill toward him; and the horse was pulled almost on his haunches for an instant, which enabled Michael to spring into the seat beside his wife and child, and fling his

arms around them. Then the noble animal plunged forward once more upon the sight that meant either life or death to each.

After a mile swept away behind them, and no word was spoken by any—each so full of thoughts that had no utterance—when suddenly the two men exchanged significant glances, and Michael said, quietly—

"Serge, give me the gun."

A wild look of anxiety came over the face of Serge as he urged the horse on, exclaiming, "We are lost; I forgot our need of a gun, and the brutes are close behind us!"

"Is it the wolves?" asked Catrina, in low, terror-stricken tones as she clasped her baby close.

A series of dismal howls fell on the night air by way of reply, and the young mother shuddered, brave as she was.

"I'll throw this to them," her husband said, removing the sheepskin covering; from their knees, and flinging it behind "it may delay them a moment while they stay to try to tear it to pieces."

"On! on, good Sultan!"

But the horse knew his own danger, and needed no urging. The white landscape literally seemed to flash past as the sleigh bounded along.

"Ah!" The exclamation burst from Serge's lips in a groan as, after a few moments' delay, the whole pack of grizzly animals appeared plainly in the moonlight, but a few paces behind.

"Change places with me," he said, handing Michael the reins; "ten minutes from now Ivan's hut and the sea should be in sight."

"Why, what are you going to do?" questioned Michael.

"Drive on, and look not behind," was the noble fellow's answer. "I will delay the pack. Save them—save yourself!"

And before his intentions could be realized, and just as the leading wolf rushed to the horse's head but was flung howling into the snow by Sultan's dashing stride, he drew a gleaming hunting-knife from his girdle, and with a shout sprang over toward the pack.

Mad with terror, and feeling the sleigh thus suddenly lightened, Sultan took the bit in his teeth and plunged forward furiously, out of all control. Michael in despair, glancing over his shoulder as the sleigh swung round a bend of the road, had just time to see his friend surrounded by the wolves and with his knife uplifted deal a death-blow to one of them; then the whole terrible scene was shut out from his gaze.

A groan escaped him, and Catrina also lay beside him, white and still, unconscious of all around.

Sultan fairly flew. He shot past a troop of Cossacks who on their sturdy horses were evidently being pressed forward on a forced march. Michael called to them to hurry to the rescue of his friend, but was carried out of earshot before he could learn whether he was understood.

Ah! they would be too late, he knew. On—on, over the deathly snow, Michael drove in a haze of bewilderment. As in a dream he felt the horse's pace slacken and knew that a sheepskin-clad moujik had the bridle in his hand.

As in a dream, he carried his fainting wife and sleeping child and placed them in the boat pointed out without a sound or word. Vague recollections came to him afterward of hearing the peasant say,

"Farewell, little father: God be with you!" and of rowing out amongst roaring breakers toward a dark object starred with glittering lights, which he knew must be the waiting steamer; of hearing a whispered hail from the ship's side, and of catching and making fast a rope flung him—then blackness, and Michael knew no more.

When consciousness returned, the voyage was nearly over. Catrina told him in the half-dark of the little cabin where he lay. Yes, freedom was gained, freedom—but at what a price!

His wife seemed to guess his unspoken thought, for she added:

"And our Serge is safe, dearest! The Cossacks beat off the wolves. He was wounded, and lay at Ivan's hut, a faithful moujik came off in a boat to tell you."

Michael had no words in which to express his joy on learning this, but tears filled his manly eyes as he held her hand tightly in his.

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A certain rector in a Suffolk village who was disliked in the parish had a curate who was very popular, and on his leaving was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial."

"Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd bin a-going I'd ave subscribed double."

POWERFUL SPEECHES.

Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers. T. F.

He—Do you like football?
She—I do not on it. But isn't it strange how the young men will rush each other?—Detroit Free Press.

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ARMIES ARE EXPENSIVE.

Cost of the Troops of the United States.

The United States army, limited by law since June, 1874, to 25,000 men, forms a very modest land force when compared with the prodigious armies of European countries, yet its maintenance costs more than \$50,000,000 a year, and the treasury estimates for next year will entail a larger appropriation for army purposes, if adopted, than in any previous year since 1879, when with Indian wars on the frontier, and the army doing police as well as military duty in the South, the total expenses of it were \$57,000,000. The United States army at the present time consists roughly of 14,000 infantry, 6,500 cavalry and 4,500 artillerymen and engineers, the officers of each service being included. The United States own and are put to no expense for the rental of the various forts, barracks and other encampments required for military purposes, says the New York Sun. The pay of the soldiers is not on a scale of extravagance, and Congress is more frugal than liberal as a rule with army appropriations.

What will become of the \$52,000,000 asked for this year; what has become of \$51,000,000 expended for army purposes last year? A very little examination will show just what becomes of the money. First is the item of pay, which requires \$13,500,000. Next comes the item of sustenance, which is \$1,600,000; next, clothing for the troops, \$1,100,000; then the ordnance department, \$1,100,000; then medical supplies, \$1,100,000; cavalry and artillery horses, \$130,000; arsenals, \$130,000; and quartermasters' supplies with other miscellaneous expenses, \$3,000,000. For the maintenance of military posts, parks, hospitals and cemeteries \$4,000,000 was required. The West Point Academy for the training of future officers cost \$500,000. The transportation of troops is put down at \$2,500,000 and the expenses of the war department in Washington at \$100,000. All these and many items besides bring up the expense of the American army to more than \$50,000,000 in a year for, as said, \$25,000 soldiers, and it requires no elaborate computation to show how great is the burden of expense abroad with the prodigious armed forces which are maintained in European countries—Boston Herald.

AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRIES.

(Monetary Times, Toronto.)

It is long since paternalism began in the Province of Quebec, and the habitants of New France were in a state of tutelage under the Intendants of Old France. And it has often been questioned whether assistance from the State was the proper mode by which to modernize the methods and develop the abilities of the French Canadians. At this time, however, when Government travelling dairies are going about Ontario, and when we find State assistance to the iron industries of Ontario advocated by the Toronto Globe to the extent of favoring the building of iron furnaces where private capital hesitates, it may be well to glance at the efforts made by the provincial authorities of Quebec to bring its cultivators more abreast of the times.

At one or two points in this Province the Premier and his Minister of Agriculture delivered addresses last week, explaining the policy of the cabinet with respect to financial administration and agricultural industries. We shall concern ourselves with the latter. Mr. Beaubien, Minister of Agriculture in his speech at Nicolet, described his efforts in pursuance of his resolve to "constitute his politics entirely of agriculture." He described the formation of Farmers' Clubs, to meet once a week and discuss improvements in buildings, in field methods, in dairying. The growth of these valuable bodies has been astonishing. Up to 1893 there were in existence some two dozen such clubs, but since the Government gave them a legal status and arranged for their independence of the county societies, they have grown in number to 550, and receive lectures at stated times. These clubs, we take it, are showing the power of combination in effecting reforms, which a single farmer cannot undertake, and for this, if for nothing else, they are to be welcomed. Says Mr. Beaubien:—

"Thus, the action of the clubs on agriculture, on the improvement of pastures, on root crops, green fodder, vegetables, on the improved farm buildings required by our long winters, the diffusion of good farm practice, the use of chemical manures has been most efficient. The clubs have greatly aided, too, the progress of dairying. Never has any organization so rapidly revealed itself by the benefits it has spread abroad. An implement maker told me last year that, thanks to the clubs alone, he had sold 300 more chaff cutters than usual. Mr. Dawes, of Lacine, Mr. Greenshields, of Danville, say that every week they are visited by delegates from the clubs anxious to buy breeding stock of different kinds."

The Journal of Agriculture, which in 1892 had 7,000 subscribers, has now no less than 52,000, and is eagerly looked for by the families of farmers, who derive from it serviceable hints for the subordinate departments of farm life, as well as the leading features. The Government, after consultation with the Dairymen's Association of the Province, founded in 1892 the Dairy School at St. Hyacinthe. In its first year, 1892-3, the school had 214 pupils; in the second, 208; the third 312; this year 306. And the Government is determined, says Mr. Beaubien, "to maintain this nursery of our cheese and butter makers that we shall have no reason to envy our neighbors."

Now as to the result of this solicitude for agriculture. In one direction, that of dairying, the improvement has been marked. In 1891 there were in Quebec

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114 cream ries and 503 cheseries, in all 682. In 1895 they had grown to 302 creameries and 1,417 cheseries; in all 1773. The production of butter and cheese in 1890 did not reach \$3,000,000. In 1894 the value of the two articles made in the Province exceeded \$7,500,000. Butter especially is an article whose improved manufacture has been commended to Quebec farmers. And no wonder, for the butter trade of Canada at large is susceptible of enormous development, and Quebec is well situated to become a producer of good butter on a vast scale. The Government did well, therefore, to send M. Gignault and M. Leclaire to Denmark in 1895 to study the subject of butter making. The force of neighborly competition has been employed, also, to stimulate effort towards excellence in the dairy industry.

It is some years since there appeared in the pages of the Monetary Times a series of articles on economic value of certain food products, and the desirability of enlarging the field of agricultural industry. Our contemporary suggests that, among other things, cheese—resembling various, and to us rare, Swiss and French descriptions, are not beyond the productive capacity of Canada and Canadians. It is interesting, therefore, to find the Quebec Minister of Agriculture commending the making in his Province of different kinds of cheese which have not hitherto been produced in Canada. He says:—

"Up to the present we have always made 'Canadian Cheddar,' and it may be said that no other kind is made in the province. . . . Why not make Gruyere Camembert? It is true that we have long had those capital 'fromage raffini' from the Orleans and Boucherville, cheese so well liked by the gourmet; but their manufacture has never equalled the demand, so we think the making of new sorts should be encouraged. . . . The Rev. Peres Trappists, of Oka, won a gold medal and M. L. Chagnon, l'Assomption, a silver medal at the Montreal Exhibition, for good and superior Gruyere cheese, made in this province from the milk of our cows. There, then, is a novel trade, one which I hope will soon increase."

Five farm schools are opened for lads in the Province—one at Oka—and one for girls at Roberval. These are well attended, the number of pupils having quadrupled in three years. This shows the interest the people take in the subject of improved farming. And the visits of the travelling instructors, gentlemen blessed with enthusiasm, have been successful beyond expectation. Mr. Beaubien shows the practical bent of his views on education in the following passage of his address:—

"Our farm schools will be filled as our classical colleges are, and, thank God, after having gloried in the fact of classical education being so widely spread, we shall be able to say that the other course of instruction, as important, for supplying a prudent, honest people like the Christian population of the rural districts, is also appreciated."

We cannot follow Mr. Beaubien into the particulars which he gives of the colonization policy of the Quebec Government. In Brance and the Valley Metapedia in the east, at Lake St. John in the north, and at Lake Tennessanguine in the west of the province, they are clearing and preparing districts for an influx of settlers which they have some reason to expect. But the vital question of improved country roads is one which our legislators in Quebec have not neglected. An Inspector of Roads has been appointed who travels about giving lectures on road making, as our Mr. Campbell does in Ontario. The department has provided machinery a stone-breaker, a roller, machines to shape the road-bed, making the ditches at the same time as the rounding of the bed, and furnishes a foreman to work them; but the municipalities or individuals must supply laborers and horses.

We have quoted enough from this interesting address to show that the Government of our sister province is thoroughly alive to its duty towards the farmer, and is working energetically towards industrial development.

THAT PALE FACE.

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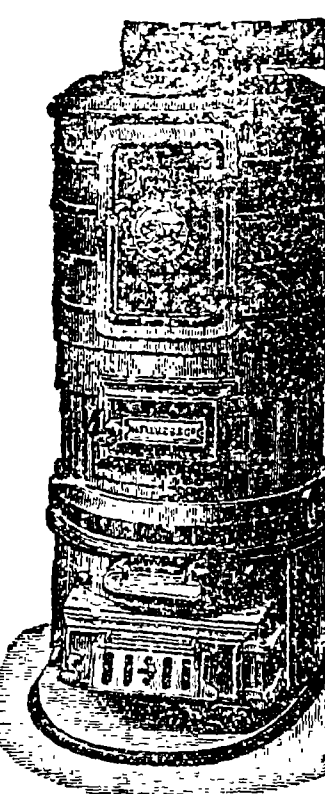
Candidate—Well, have you completed the poll of the district?

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Candidate—What is the result?

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