

# A Strange Incident in the Life of a Politician.

As I lay there helpless on the grass I began to wonder what object Hawke could have in mind in making such a move. He was surely too clever and experienced a man to risk arrest for assault and robbery for the small sum of money in my purse, and indeed the fact of his eagerness to obtain possession of my letters and papers seemed to indicate that he had some deeper object than the mere possession of the contents of my purse.

It was recalled how skillfully he had questioned me on the train with a view to ascertaining my destination, and how thoughtfully I had remarked to him the fact that I held an order for five hundred dollars on the President of the neighboring Association. It was probably this order that he had desired to obtain, and having got it he would now, I suppose, present it to Mr. Lucas and secure the money.

To do this he would require to prove his identity with myself, and as I was a stranger in the town and he held the letters of introduction, this would be a very difficult task. But in order to do all this he would require to wait till the meeting was over. Oh, if I could only get free I might yet frustrate his design. I made a frantic effort to loosen or burst my bonds but all in vain. I rolled over on the grass and strove to break the rope by rubbing it against a stone, but my efforts seemed useless, and I was again desisted from the attempt. Suddenly I heard a dull rumbling in the distance. Could it be the wagon approaching? Lower and lower, nearer and nearer it came, and soon a heavy lumbering haywagon drove along the road, I tried to attract the attention of the driver by moving violently around in the grass, by rustling against the bushes, and beating my bound feet against the trees, but it was all in vain. The night was intensely dark and the sound was drowned by the noise of the heavy wagon rumbling on the high road.

The man drove on unheeding and I sank back once more, still and exhausted, on the grass. But now as I lay there it seemed to me that the rope that bound my arms was not so tight as it had been. It may be that my previous efforts to break it had not been altogether fruitless, and the great exertions I made to attract the attention of the wagoner had probably loosened it still more. Weary as I was I again renewed my efforts to loosen the rope, and at last succeeded in slipping one hand out and then the other.

Quickly reaching up my hands I untied the handkerchief from my mouth and then turning my attention to my feet I found some effort succeeded in freeing them also, and I need hardly say that I was cold and stiff. My limbs were sore and cramped and my fingers bleeding with their recent efforts, but I determined to set out immediately for Clinton. I calculated that we had come about seven miles before my companion attacked me and I probably had a quick pace, so I set out at a quick pace, swinging my arms at first as I walked. After almost thirty minutes walk I saw the lights of the town before me, and quickening my pace I soon stood in the main street of Clinton. Entering the first hotel I came to I asked for a hot drink, and having brushed my clothes I determined to set out immediately for the meeting. I found that it was nearly ten o'clock by the ancient timepiece in the tavern, but knowing from long experience how long it took to get a public meeting started I surmised that the speaking would still be going on.

"Come from a distance, mister?" asked the youth behind the bar who had been spying me curiously since my entry.

"Yes," I answered, "I have."

"Goin' to the meeting?" he enquired.

"Am," I replied.

"The meeting?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently, "the seeing, where is it?"

"Why, in the town hall," he said in amazement at an ignorance so vast.

"And where is the town hall?" I inquired.

He looked at me for an instant in amazement, then leading me to the door pointed to a large building some distance up the street which was brilliantly lighted and from which the sound of tumultuous cheering could be heard.

I walked up the street towards the hall. It was crowded to the doors and I had some difficulty in securing a position which enabled me to see the platform. As I entered the hall the chairman was on his feet, evidently for the purpose of introducing a speaker. Though it was late in the evening the meeting had seemingly not been long in progress. With some difficulty I caught the voice of the chairman.

"I will not detain you any longer, gentlemen, for you did not come here to hear me speak. I am happy indeed to say that we have with us to-night several gentlemen of oratorical renown. Some of these you have already listened to, but the best remains to the last. Surely there is no one here who has not heard of Mr. Robert Barker, the silver-tongued orator of Middlesex. Though he is a stranger in this town yet his reputation precedes him, and his name as a platform orator has extended far and wide. Gentlemen, I will now call upon Mr. Robert Barker to address you."

Robert Barker! Could it be possible, why that was I. Had the chairman discovered my presence in the meeting. Did he really expect me to pass from the back of that dense crowd to the platform, and how did he recognize me, a total stranger.

My trepidation and amazement were marvellously increased as I saw a tall figure rise from the side of the platform and walk forward with a dignified air to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "this is Mr. Barker, who will now address you."

That Mr. Barker, that me! I stood in stupefied amazement and gazed at this mysterious orator who smilingly answered to my name.

It was Hawke. Yes, there could be no question about it. Somewhat more dignified, it is true, and wearing a more respectable coat, but with the same air of assurance and placid self-confidence he stood on the platform before me.

As I gazed upon him in speechless amazement he commenced to address the meeting in a clear voice and rounded periods.

"It is needless for me to tell you gentlemen and citizens of this beautiful town of Clinton, how deeply, how profoundly I honor I feel at having the privilege of addressing you this evening. I have looked forward to the present meeting with feelings of no small pleasure. I have heard very often of the intelligence of your men and the beauty of your ladies and the sincerity of your attachment to the cause and the party we are assembled to aid and do honor this evening. I am glad indeed to have the opportunity of ascertaining this evening that rumour has not belied you in any one of these particulars. I am and have always been a Conservative and my heart beats

warmly to-night in sympathy with the dear old party and—

"Liar, scoundrel, impostor!" I roared suddenly at the top of my voice, my long pent up indignation at last finding expression. The effect produced by my words was indescribable. The meeting was filled with confusion. The audience which had been listening eagerly to the eloquent words of the speaker were enraged at this bold interruption.

"Put him out! Elevate him! Sling him out," shouted a hundred angry voices and the boys of the meeting were on me. They evidently mistook me for a political opponent perhaps under the influence of the speaker, who was seized violently by the arms and amidst a continued volley of shouts of "Put him out, put him out," I was hustled through the door and thrown out on the street.

Seeing that it would be impossible to re-enter the meeting I returned to the hotel and sat down to consider my situation.

It was evident that the rascal had laid his plans far deeper than I had expected. He had probably realized the fact that the best way to convince the local leaders of his identity with myself, was to play from its very inception the role which he had assumed. He probably intended to present his order and receive his money after the meeting was over. Under these circumstances what was I to do. I was an entire stranger in the town and the only means which I had possessed of proving my identity had been stolen from me. True I might lay an information against Hawke with the local police and have him arrested on the charge of robbery, but what evidence had I to press the charge and was it likely that they would hold so prominent a man as he claimed to be, on the strength of a verbal statement of a stranger who had already created a disturbance in the town. Completely at a loss what course to pursue I sat for some time in the hotel, at last I determined to return to the meeting, thinking that perhaps there might be present these same politicians from a distance who would know me.

I passed down the street and entered the hall very quietly and without attracting the notice of the crowd who were deeply interested in the speech from Hawke who was evidently drawing to a close. There was no question about it the rogue knew how to speak. He possessed a magnificent voice and spoke with great deliberation and occasional bursts of fiery eloquence which brought forth loud cheers from the audience. His oration was exceptionally fine opening with a passage from Shakespeare which he quoted very frequently.

"I need hardly say," Daniel Webster, perfectly original. When he sat down the cheers were loud and long. It was now about eleven o'clock and several of the audience began to depart. It was evident that there would be little more speaking that evening and I saw that if I was to take any action to prevent Hawke obtaining the money I would have to take it immediately. Looking around the hall I failed to discern any face that was familiar, and at last turned out again determined to find my way to the police station and lay an information. After several inquiries I at last reached the headquarters of the local police and poured my tale of woe into the ears of the Sergeant in charge. He listened with a very skeptical air, but upon my representing to him how urgent the matter was he made out the warrant and sent a detective with me to arrest the worthy Hawke.

Highly elated at the success of my effort, I walked lightly by the side of the detective back to the hall where the meeting was being held. On reaching it, however, we found it in darkness, but my companion ascertained that the politicians had repaired to a hotel in the neighborhood. Thither we went our steps. Eagerly inquiring for Mr. Robert Barker we were informed that he was upstairs in a private parlor partaking of refreshments with several friends. Lead by a hotel messenger we found our way to the parlor, and there, to my surprise, Mr. Hawke seated in an admiring circle of local politicians and puffing away at a choice cigar. He was evidently in high, good humor and was merrily cracking a famous old chestnut when suddenly turning his eyes towards the parlor door he saw me standing before him. A look of consternation came over his face and he quickly passed away and the same jovial expression which he had worn before he observed me again returned to his face. He turned away from the door and continued conversing gaily with his companions. I pointed him out to the detective who walked up and evidently reluctant to arrest him before so many local magnates, requested a moment's interview in private.

"What's that?" he cried gaily.

"Wish to speak to me privately, did you say? Nonsense, say your say here, man, I have no secrets from these gentlemen. Some political matter, I suppose."

"No," said the detective gravely. "I mostly wish to call your attention to this warrant for your arrest on a charge of assault and robbery."

There was a moment's silence, then the crowd burst into a shout of loud laughter in which Hawke's voice sounded loudest.

"Robbery, man?" cried one of the gentlemen present whom I now recognized as Mr. Lucas, chairman of the meeting. "Robbery! Why this is Mr. Barker, the famous orator, you are out of your head."

"Not so," said the detective. "This is the man I want, and here is the man he assaulted," he headed pointing to me.

"But is your warrant against Mr. Barker," said Mr. Lucas in amazement. Let me see it. Why certainly not! This warrant is for the arrest of a Mr. Hawke. There's no Mr. Hawke here."

"Hawke," repeated that individual himself.

"You are Hawke, sir," I cried angrily, "and you know it."

"And you," he said in an amused tone. "Say who are you?"

"I'm Robert Barker," I answered hotly.

Another roar of laughter burst from the assembly.

"Well really this is too amusing for anything," said my enemy leaning back in his chair and taking a long pull at his cigar. "You really make me smile."

"By the by," said Mr. Lucas looking at me closely. Aren't you the individual that raised the row in the meeting to-night?"

"The very man," said another gentleman.

"I helped to pitch him out."

"Some foolish crank," remarked a third bystander.

"Out of his head," said a fourth.

"Come, come my friend," said Mr. Lucas addressing himself to the detective who stood in the midst of the group looking decidedly foolish. "This poor fellow has evidently brought you here on a wild goose chase. Better take him back to the station and lock him up for the night."

"But, Mr. Hawke," stammered my companion.

"There is no Mr. Hawke here, I tell

# YOU'VE GOT TO BE A YOUNG FOLK.

"You've got to be a young folk," said another gentleman whom I afterwards ascertained to be the mayor of the town.

At this statement from so high an authority the detective hesitated no longer but angrily seizing me by the arm turned to leave the room.

"Hold on," said Hawke jovially bursting into a merry peal of laughter. "This has really been very amusing, give the gentleman a drink before they go. Ha! Ha! Ha! This is well this is amusing. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

His laughter was loudly echoed by his companions.

"Hello, what's all the fun," cried a strange voice at the door, and looking over my shoulder I saw to my indescribable delight the candidate for the constituency at whose invitation I had come to attend the meeting in Clinton.

"Why, Barker, old man, how are you," he cried cordially seizing me by the hand and shaking it heartily.

"Barker," repeated the mayor, faintly.

"Barker," shouted the detective, triumphantly.

"Barker," muttered Hawke, feebly.

"Barker," repeated the assembly, wonderingly.

"You're mistaken, Lawson," said the ex-chairman, "That is surely not Mr. Robert Barker."

"Not Robert Barker," repeated my friend in amazement; "This not Robert Barker, my old friend whom I have known this twenty years. Of course it is Robert Barker. Pray who else would be Barker?"

"But, but, if this is Mr. Barker," pray who is this said Mr. Lucas, turning towards Hawke who sat placidly sipping his brandy at the table.

"That's Hawke," said I.

"It's Hawke," repeated the detective determinedly.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed my enemy somewhat faintly. "Well this is amusing."

"Search him," said I to the detective.

The worthy gentleman the detective proceeded to do, and quickly brought to light precious documents, my purse and the letter from Mr. Lawson inviting me to attend the meeting. As these allied exactly with the description I had given at the police station there could no longer be any doubt regarding the guilt of Mr. Hawke and he was accordingly seized under arrest and marched off to the station while I narrated my adventures to the worthy politicians of Clinton.

It is needless to say that their wonderment at the strange misfortune that had befallen me was only surpassed by their admiration of the splendid audacity of the rascal who had brought them about.

[THE END.]

# TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The pleasure and excitement of tiger hunting is something most Canadian sportsmen know nothing about. Their experience is limited to stalking the blue-footed deer of Muskoka, which run for their lives when the huntman appears, instead of putting him to flight as the tiger would do. The circus tiger and the tiger in his native lair are two different animals.

The pursuit of this king of the cat tribe by the Englishman is fast resembling that of the lion by the American hunter. In fact, day there will be no more tigers in India, and then the naturalists and scientists will fall back upon the circus menageries and induce them to open their cages and let the half-starved, sickly-looking tigers which they have hauled about the country over dusty roads through summer's heat return once more to their jungles. Such efforts are now being made to renew the quantity of American buffalo.

The method some Englishmen resort to to hunt deer would be considered by a true American hunter as unsportsmanlike. They have what is called a cheetah, or young leopard, which is taken when young and trained.

The cheetah, having been kept without food twenty-four hours, is blindfolded with a leather mask, and is brought out, chained to a litter, which is placed on a light wheeled car, drawn by a pair of oxen. The deer, though shy of sportsmen with rifles, have no fear of a bullock-car; they allow it to come within eighty or a hundred yards of the herd. Then, taking off the leather mask, the huntman permits the "slipped" and let go at his prey, always the biggest and fattest buck. A few bounds usually so paralyzed with terror as to be unable to afford a good run. Puffing down the back and fastening a deep bite in his neck, the cheetah greedily sucks his blood.

The spectators ride up on horseback or on elephants and the cheetah with a lull of ten minutes held under its nose to quit his hold of the deer, whose dead body is quietly taken away. The leather mask is again put over the cheetah's head and he is chained once more to the car. Having returned home, the sportsman can inspect at their leisure a many victims of the chase as their cheetah has caught that day.

The Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the late Duke of Wales, and the Grand Duke Sergius and Alexander, of Russia, have gone into India and hunted tigers and enjoyed the sport immensely. They were the guests of the reigning Nizam, a loyal supporter of the British Indian Empire.

# WRECK OF THE S. BOKHARA.

A. P. And C. Steamer Lost off the Chinese Coast.

She is Caught in a Typhoon and Drifts Helplessly to the Shore—Passengers and Sailors Swept Overboard by Heavy Seas—Only Twenty-Three Survivors in All—One Hundred and Seventy Lives Lost.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's office in London has received the following despatch dated from Hong Kong:

The Peninsular and Oriental steamship Bokhara has been totally wrecked. The steamship struck on a sand island of the group known as the Pescadores or Fishers' Islands, called Peng Hoo by the Chinese, in the channel of Fokien, in the China Sea. The weather was terrible, and the raging waters quenched the fires on the steamer. The steamer became unmanageable and sank, and the commander and a majority of the officers and crew were lost. Twenty-three persons only were saved. It is feared that those who were lost were mostly Europeans. The survivors will reach Hong Kong on Tuesday morning next. The steamship Ancona has proceeded to the scene of the wreck.

Some time after the Bokhara left Shanghai the barometer began to fall and the vessel was made snug and aloft to ride out the gale that was known to be approaching.

In a few more hours the wind was blowing a terrific gale. The steamer was to the westward of Formosa, where typhoons are of frequent occurrence, and in the comparatively narrow waterway between the islands of the sea. The sea was running tremendously high and efforts were made to lay the steamer head on; but with the wind shifting about the compass, a peculiarity of typhoons, this was impossible. Soon a terribly high sea was running, and the steamer was pitched about like an empty bottle on the waves. Her hatches were closely battened down, but the seas that were sweeping over her were lifted and carried overboard. Spare sails were then lashed over the openings, but these were of little service in preventing the sea from entering the hold, and soon tons of water had entered the steamer. Water began to pour into the fire room, and though every effort was made to keep out, it began to gain on the pumps which were working at their utmost capacity.

Consternation prevailed among the passengers. None of them was allowed on deck. Those in the cabin, though they fully realized their danger, were far more calm than the steerage passengers. Among the latter pandemonium reigned. They were most of them Chinese, and had it not been for the fact that they were locked below many of them would undoubtedly have thrown themselves into the sea.

Soon the coal passers and firemen were drowned out by the water rising in the fire room, and a few minutes later the fire was extinguished. The donkey boiler on the main deck was kept going, however, and the pumps continued to work, keeping the water from gaining as rapidly as it otherwise would have done. Once the fire went out the vessel became unmanageable. It was impossible to set any canvas. Storm staysails had been set to steady the steamer at the beginning of the gale, but they had been blown from the bolt ropes and carried off. Even the sails of the furled sails were blown from their gaskets and lost.

The situation of the ship was now most precarious. Hawkers were thrown out to keep the vessel's head to the wind, but she broached to, and was soon rolling and pitching fearfully in the cross seas that was pounding her and very often making clean breaches over her.

Suddenly above the howling and shrieking of the wind, a dull booming was heard, and those on board knew they were drifting on a lee shore, and that the noise they heard was the sound of the rollers crashing upon land. Soon through the blinding rain land was seen close at hand, and a few minutes later the steamer struck. Everybody was ordered on life preservers, but these were of little use, as many of the people were swept overboard and drowned by the seas breaking over them. It was impossible to lower the boats. Those on the windward side of the steamer were smashed to pieces soon after the occupation was made to harness them to sledges, but the talking canines rebelled and all swam out to the island, afterward known by the title given in the opening legend.

The first inhabitants of the far north did not employ dogs, but drew their walrus sleds themselves. After ages had elapsed men made an attempt to use the dogs of the region—which, by the way, talked just as men do—as beasts of burden. The talking dogs, however, argued the case with their would-be masters and were not long in proving that they had enough to do to catch game for themselves and the children of men. But the men soon learned the use of the bow and arrow, and spears, thus ruining the occupation of the talking dogs. Again an attempt was made to harness them to sledges, but the talking canines rebelled and all swam out to the island, afterward known by the title given in the opening legend.

Here the game was scarce and the dogs soon turned cannibals, and by the end of the first winter there were only seven left. Some of the men of the island volunteered to row out to the island and bring off the remnant of the dog colony. But the dogs refused to leave their barren island, earnestly asking: "What people are you? We have never seen you before." For this untruth Chami, the dog god, took their voices from them, and until this day they have been the dumb servants of man.

# ISLANDS NAMED FOR DOGS.

Amusing Legend Illustrating Canine Dependence.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islands of greater or less dimensions known as "Little Dogs," "Dog Islands," "Big Dogs," etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called the "Isle of Dogs." Carlyle alludes to it when he says, "I wish I were a dog, for I could have been around the globe or only from Ramsgate to the 'Isle of Dogs.'" Three lofty and rocky islands near St. Thomas (Virgin Islands) are known as "The Great Dog," "George Dog," and the "West Dog."

There are "Dog Islands" in the Malayan Archipelago; off the coast of the island of Serawati, Fla., and another in the Serawati Group. On the coast of Kamchatka there is an island known as "The Island of Talking Dogs." The curious story connected with this spot of land, and the one which gives it the name it bears, is this, according to an Asiatic legend:

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# THE SULTAN'S FOOD.

Is Tasted by the Chamberlain Before Being Offered to the Sultan.

The Sultan of Turkey leads a very simple life. He came to the throne in 1876, without any agency of his own, and almost against his own will, after living for many years in retirement, and no doubt in the trappings of royalty and a burden.

When he was first crowned, he was simply, however, the word must be understood as applying to his personal habits rather than to his official surroundings and expenditures. Thus it is estimated that more than six thousand persons are fed every day at the Dolma Bagiche palace when he is there. The treasurer of the household has a pretty heavy burden upon his shoulders.

The Sultan's food is prepared by one man and his assistants, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each kettle before the Sultan tastes it—as a safeguard against poison.

Nearly a ton of rice a day is required for the inevitable pilaf, together with six hundred pounds of sugar and other groceries of coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is almost a matter of course; it is said that enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred families. But such waste is not confined to a Turkish household, and might be found in kitchens near home. The surplus is taken to the scullery, and what still remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

# CHINESE BEGGARS.

The Terrible Condition of a Large Army of Peking's Inhabitants.

Beggars are the curse, the most crying and unrelenting evil of Peking. Numbering now 80,000 they form a kind of caste, a fraternity, with their own traditions and privileges, such as those of the mendicants of the middle ages in western Europe, and, like them, having their "emperor" of Galilee, duke of Egypt, or king of Tunis, etc.

They are a caste, and are held to whom they all pay obedience. The most curious feature of the whole institution is that the chief, whose headquarters are on the Bridge of the Gate of Heaven, is recognised by the police of Peking, who deal directly with him in matters relating to the corporation of the town.

As for the misery of these beggars no description could give any idea of it. But for a rag about their loins they are stark naked. Even in the severest winter, when the bitter wind sweeps across the Mongolian steppes and the thermometer is far below zero, the poor wretches have, most of them, not a shred of clothing to wrap about their shoulders, and they succumb to the cold every night by vermin and sores, they wander about the town, harrowing the feelings of the passers-by with their piteous lamentations, and fighting with dogs for a share in the refuse of the streets, or for hours together they crouch outside a shop feasting upon the scraps of food which the driving purchasers away by their mere presence till the owner gets out of patience and flings them a few coins in self-defence.

When a night comes they seek shelter under a bridge beneath the gates of the town or in some tumble-down house, lying down helter-skelter, men, women, young girls, and children, in a promiscuous heap. Their physical misery is such that their moral degradation is overlooked. From their faces all traces of an inner life are wiped out, like the beasts they can only endure, and seem to some extent to have lost the capacity for suffering.

# HOLDING THE TRAIN.

"Madam, we miss the train at B—"

"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.

"Impossible, it leaves at three."

"And we are due a quarter past."

"There is no way I'm afraid, then, to get there."

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"And are there none among the men?"

"Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—I think the fellow over here."

"Will the engine, claims to be."

"She'll run upon the engine."

A fair face, white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."

"Then, O Sir, won't you pray with me. All the long way, that God will stay."

"That God will hold the train at B—"

"I'll do no good; it's due at three."

"And—"

"Yes, but God can hold the train; my little child is calling me."

"I must see her face again; Oh won't you pray?" "I will," a nod of emphasis, as he takes his place.

"When Our stars grasp the arm of God They grasp the power that rules the rod."

Out from the station swept the train and on time, swept past wood and sea; The engineer, with checks aflame, Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B—"

Tom fumed, the thro' the wide, and like some giant monster of the plain, While panting side and mighty strides, Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half a minute, two were gained; Along those bushed lines of steel His glance flashed, each nerve is strained, And still he prays with fervent zeal. Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord, Work with his prayer, as if heaven— Just did the train eight minutes, Lord, And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands, Pa' a cottage home and green hillsides, The panting thing with giant strides; And special things with giant strides;

They say an accident delayed The train a little while; but He Who listened while his children prayed, In answer, held the train at B—

"O, dear," he was saved then," said Mabel.

"Of course he was," said Frank. "Bessie made no remark, for she was fast asleep."

# Women in New Spheres.

Fifty-eight thousand women belong to the trade unions of England.

Mrs. Graham, of Alabama, has a patent for a machine for hanging wall paper.

Margaret L. Knight is the inventor of the machine that makes square-bottomed paper boxes.

Several Cornell girls are taking the agricultural course and one is studying veterinary surgery.

A woman, graduate from the Denmark Agricultural College, has been appointed manager of one of the most extensive farms in Denmark.

Mme. de Velariola, aged 98, is probably the only woman who witnessed the battle of Waterloo. She stood on a neighboring windmill with her sister, and in the evening they cared for the wounded. Her mental faculties are well preserved.

The case of Helen Keller, a little Alabama girl who lost both hearing and sight at the age of 18 months, is remarkable. She entered the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston, when 7 years old. Besides taking the regular branches and the languages she became a good pianist. Two years ago she felt that she must learn to speak, and entered the Horace Mann School for Deaf Children. In six weeks she could speak distinctly, and, very few ever articulate so well. Her age now is 12.