OBOTT'S MISTAKE

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

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Ifter the first glamour of those early days, saic arrangements began to be be discussed.

Tresillian urged most strongly that the triage should take place as soon as posie. Mrs. Maynard was by no means in as sat a hurry; nor was either Cecil or Edgar haste to bring the betrothal, to a close distly. But the father's persistency had its y, and it was agreed that they were to be tried quietly in September. The lovers are very happy, though Cecil sometimes ought Olive Denzil had grown a little range since that memorable evening at Mrs. ppleton's. To tell the truth, Olive had determined to try 'her power over him, his

The season was drawing to a close; June was nearly over; but the Denzils had a party, thich was to be a sort of finish to the gaieties hey had been having without cessation for wo months. Olive was a capital actress, and two months. Olive was a capital actress, and she had insisted on getting up some theatricals. She, of course, had the effective part; and Edgar was to do the handsome lover to her French Countess of the Revolution period. She looked very charming in the part, and acted wonderfully well—too well, cecil thought, considering the circumstances of the case. Edgar, at the perpetual rehearsals, which he thought great fun, had been rather stiff as a lover; but on the evening in question he got warmed up by the audience, infected as he was by Olive's splendid acting, and intoxicated by her fascination. He meant no harm; but to Cecil the situation was certainly trying.

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When it was all over, Edgar came to her for applause. She only said a few words very quietly; but she involuntarily shrank coldly from him as he placed his arm on the sofa behind her, almost touching her shoulder. Olive sent a message to her begging her to come up to the room to help in getting her hair right again. She went up at once. Olive was standing before the glasa with a flushed face, that enhanced her already dangerous beauty.

dangerous beauty.

"Well," she cried gayly, "how solemn you look, Cecy! Did you like the piece?"

Cecil answered with some hesitation: "I thought you acted beautifully; but I'm not sure I liked the play itself."

"And Edgar—Mr. Tresillian—didn't he do splendidly?" said Olive with a sort of iumphant smile.

riumphant smile.

Cecil was too open a nature; she could not help speaking coldly and with a little haughtiness, though she tried hard. "Yes," she answered, "and your dresses were a great suc-

swered, "and your dresses were a great success."

"You jealous little thing!" cried Olive, laughingly pinching her cheek. "You are going to monopolize Edgar altogether, and you grudge me even his sham courtship."

"You are quite wrong, Olive," returned Cecil earnestly. "I own I did not like the play; it was a little bit too free, I thought. But, indeed, I am not jealous of Edgar. I only can't help wondering always that he chose me, and not you. I cannot do anything; and you are so clever at whatever you try. But, since he does prefer me, I dead he a fool to be jealous."

"Olive was irritated by these words. She would be a fool to be jealous."

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panion.

Cecil quietly put her hand away as it canght her own, "Please go down, Olive," she said, in a voice once more calm, but which seemed to have lost its former youthful tone. "I will follow directly. I am all right. I only want to be alone a little while."

Olive obeyed her, feeling thoroughly ashamed of herself for almost the first time in her life.

er life. Very soon Cecil reappeared, She looked ther pale, but talked quite as usual; and o one but her mother and Edgar noticed anyhing.
"My darling," said Edgar, "You do not cook like yourself to-night! Have I vexed

"Please do not worry me now, Edgar," she said sharply. "I can never talk with a head-saids." She turned away from him; and very shortly, persuaded her mother to take leave.

Edgar saw them to the carriage as usual; but Cecil did not speak except to murmur a cold "Good night," as he pressed her hand. Before he was up next morning a little packet was put into his hands. It contained the pretty diamond ring and other presents he had given Cecil, and a little note which ran thus: "I return you your presents. Do he had given Cecil, and a little note which ran thus: "I return you your presents. Do what you like with mine. You will not wonder, I think, at my breaking off our engagement when I tell you I know now that you only sacrificed yourself to me out of pity. It was good of you, and you have been very good to me since. But if you know me at all, Edgar, you must know I never will bear to be the wife of one who has no real love for me. Do not think I have taken this step from pique or any passing feeling of the sort. I am quite, quite sure I am doing right in releasing you. Do not try and see me yet.—

leasing you. Do not try and see me yet.—
C. M.
At first, Edgar was utterly at a loss to understand the motive which had actuated this step on Cecil's part; and then it flashed upon him that Olive had betrayed the secret he had felt he would have guarded from Cecil with his life. He could have shed tears when he realized what Cecil's shame would be. He resolved he should see her.

When he got to Gloster Terrace, and was shown in as usual, he was kept waiting some time; and at last Mrs. Maynard came to him, looking very grave. He started forward as the door opened, and then stood disappointed. "Mrs. Maynard—where is Cecil?"

"She is up-stairs, Edgar; but she will not see you. She begged you not to urge it. Indeed, it would be useless. Cecil is very determined, as you know, when she takes a nption in her head."

"But, dear Mrs. Maynard, what can I do!" pleaded Edgar.
"My dear boy, you can do nothing but wait. If she sees you keep really faithful to her she may come back to you. But I believe worrying her now would only drive her further away. You know what Cecil is—how proud and sensitive."

proud and sensitive."

Edgar pleaded to see her; Mrs. Maynard cashook her head. "No, Edgar; that cannot keep. You had better do what I tell you.

Don't attempt to see her till after we return

ed her, sadly enough.

Mr. Tresillian took the rupture of his son's engagement so deeply to heart, that Edgar was quite surprised at it. He expected his father to sympathize with him in his trouble, of course; but he seemed depressed and unhappy beyond all reason. He was out longer than ever, slaving at his work in the city, and whenever Edgar saw him, he thought him looking more and more dejected. Edgar went a walking tour by himself, in a morose and sombre frame of mind, and tramped through beautiful country thinking of Cecil, and regretting her more each day that seemed to take him further from her.

Autumn had come, and the Maynards were

and regretting her hore each day that seemed to take him further from her.

Autumn had come, and the Maynards were back again in Gloster Terrace. Sea breezes had embrowned Cecil's face, and given her a healthy colour; but sea and air and changes alike had failed to bring back the old brightness to her eyes. Edgar had also returned to town. He seemed to know by intuition when the Maynards were at home again, and appeared the very same day at the dull, handsome Kensington house. He met his father at dinner, and was terribly shocked by his looks. Mr. Tresillian seemed to have grown twenty years older; his voice was altered; his manner was feverishly restless; he ate nothing, but, what was a most unusual thing for him, drank glass after glass of wine. Tonight he seemed preoccupied, and did not attend to anything his son said, but treated him with more affection than ever.

"You don't look happy, my boy," said the

"You don't look happy, my boy," said the old gentleman, laying his hand for a moment upon his shoulder. "Are you fretting still about that trouble with Cecil?" "I don't find I get used to it," replied

"Ah!" said the father, with a strange ghastly smile, "boys are apt to fret about trifles! Wait till you are my age, my lad; you won't make mountains out of mole-hills then."

must be ill. He has not been to bed at all last night."
Edgar flung on his things and proceeded to his father's door. He knocked loudly. No reply. It was an awful stillness. "Help me to burst it in, Williams," he said under his breath. "It is not a strong door."

The two men set their shoulders against the panels, and pushed with their whole strength. The door yielded, and Edgar entered the room.

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here. My father is dead—by his own hand—I cannot write.—E. T."

"Mamma!" Cecil gasped, seizing her mother's arm, "I must go to him. I will. He has no one."

"Impossible, Cecil," urged Mrs. Maynard, trembling from head to foot, but maintaining self-command. "You could do no good at such a time. You could not stand it. I will go to him. My poor, motherless, fatherless boy, he shall not be left alone. Ring for the carriage, and keep calm till I return."

"Never fear for me," said Cecil, with a strange, forced calm. "I shall keep strong, in case I am wanted. Yes; go to him, mamma. Comfort him, if you can. Perhaps you are right; you would be more comfort to him than I."

Mrs Maynard was at the door of Edgar's home in a very short time, and, going swiftly

Mrs Maynard was at the door of Edgar's home in a very short time, and, going swiftly up-stairs, gently opened the study door. Edgar was sitting by the table, his head resting upon it. Poor fellow! Years seemed to have passed over him since yesterday. His face was piteous to see. Mrs. Maynard put her arms around him, and kissed his cold damp forehead as his mother might have done. "Oh, how kind of you!" he muttered. "I thought I was quite alone! Help me to bear it."

By kindly, motherly ways she led him to speak at last to her, and speaking brought tears after a while to relieve the dull agony of his sufferings.

Mrs. Maynard did not return home till

weeping, spoke to her: "Mamma! how is he?"

Her mother put her arms around her, and told her by degrees, as well as she could, what Mr. Tresillian's papers had disclosed to them of the ruin and disgrace that had occasioned his last fatal step.

Cecil said nothing. She sat bowed in the attitude of one whose grief is deeper than words can speak. At last she whispered a question or two. "Then Edgar is actually left without anything?"

"Without anything that is justly his; he is determined to give up every penny."

"And what will he do?".

"God knows! Poor boy; he has not learned to earn his bread."

Cecil said no more; she only took her mother's hand, and kissed it again and again. Mrs. Maynard knew what those kisses meant, Then she rang for lights and tea; and when she had seen her mother properly attended to, she slipped softly out of the room and went up-stairs.

The inquest, with its customery verdict of

she slipped softly out of the room and went up-stairs.

The inquest, with its customary verdict of "Temporary Insanity," and the funeral were over. Edgar sat alone in the firelight after a long weary day of unutterable distress. Slow tears gathered in his eyes as old memories of his father's indulgence and care rose up before him. No one was by; he was not ashamed of his tears now. The door was opened very slowly and with hesitation. "Is it you Williams?" he asked in his hopeless voice. "I don't want any dinner to-day, tell cook." But the person who had entered came into the room close up to him, and kneeling on the rug at his feet, looked up with deep yearning eyes.—Cecil's eyes.

Edgar gave a start and a cry, almost of joy.

In the lad died of she day of the explosion. You want in the production of "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. It could be produced by any manufacturer, but no manufacturer could make it pay at the price, unless he could purchase on a large scale and sell on a large scale. He could not sell below the present price without a loss, even if he could purchase on the lowest advantageous terms. To get a large market, therefore, without he would have no inducements to go on, would be the work of many years. That is the reason why Messrs. Tuckett & Billings have the command of the market; and they are wise enough to know that they can retain it only by keeping the price down to hard pan figures.

good of you, darling!"

She leaned forward and clasped him around the neck. "Yes; I am come Edgar. No one knows it; but I could not—could not keep away. My poor boy won't you let me stay and try to comfort you?"

He hid his face upon her head. "My Cecil! Is it my own Cecil?"

"Yes your Cecil—your wife, your anything you will, I will never leave you—never! All that is mine shall be yours, and your troubles shall be mine too."

"My own precious Cecil! But you are wrong in one thing—you do not give me everything. Is it possible that you think! I do not love you?"

"Yes, Edgar, I did think so. You only took me because you thought I should not be happy without you."

"Just at first, perhaps. But did you really believe that love did not come after?"

"But did it? did it? Edgar, for pity's sake, don't deceive me out of kindness!"

"Deceive you! No, Cecil; all deceits are over for me now; life is too stern and awful a reality. But to sacrifice yourself to me—you had better stop and think a little yet."

"Oh, Edgar, I have enough for two."

"Hush!" he said haughtily; "you don't think I am going to live on my wife! I was called to the bar, you know, but it was only a farce; I should never get practice."

"I think," returned Cecil timidly, "Uncle Thornton might help yot. Do not trouble about all that now, Edgar. Good night."

He rose, holding her to him, and the blaze that suddenly sprang up in the fire showed Cecil such a haggard face, so changed from her handsome lover of former times, that her heart was wrung. She clung to him as the never had in those old easy days. "May I walk back with you?" he said. "I have not stirred out to-day. I think the air would do me good."

So they walked back together to Gloster Terrace; and in that night's walk.

me good."
So they walked back together to Gloster Terrace; and in that night's walk Edgar managed to persuade Cecil that he did love her as much as she loved him. you won't make mountains out of mole-hills then."

"And you, father," returned Edgar alarmed by the look and manner, "what is wrong with you? I am sure you are ill. Do consult some one about yourself."

"Oh, no, no, Edgar! I'm not ill. It is only business, dear boy; nothing but business, worries! There, there; go out. I shall nave coffee in the study, and not see you again. So good-night, good-night, and God bless you?" and he pressed his boy's hand hard.
Edgar wondered when he felt how the hand burned him. He did not like to leave his father; but the latter insisted upon it that he was all right, and should be busy that evening, and went up to his study with slow, heavy steps.

The next morning, about eight o'clock, Edgar was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. "Halloo!" he called, "who's there? What's wanted?"

It was the voice of his father's man-servant that replied: "Please to come out and go to your father, sir, in the study. I fancy he must be ill. He has not been to bed at all last night."

Edgar finn on till. It is he had to satisfy as far as he was able some of his father's creditors, or rather victims, faised him up many friends; and the son of the dead man was gratified at receiving a kind letter from a certain great lord, whom he only just knew, offering him a post which would give him at least a living. There was no reason now for delaying his marriage; so one morning Edgar met Cecil, her mother, and uncle at the parish church, and they were married without auy fuss whatever. Their honeymoon was only one fortnight's agic to the was all right, and should be busy that evening, and went up to his study with slow, heavy steps.

The next morning, about eight o'clock, Edgar was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. "Halloo!" he called, "who's there? What's wanted?" the ceil. It contained a valuable bracelet and a note written in guarded but affectionate terms, and signed, "Olive Denzil." All their anger against her had died out by this time; such terrible realities and such a perfect sympathy ha Edgar's honourable conduct in sacrificing all

che death and the burial all in one, by their fifties cut off in vain, More than a battle counts its elain; More than a battle counts its elain; Muddled together, man and horse, In the grip of the fire-damp's watchful force—Unsung heroes of simple mould, All unchanged from the race of old, To the olden truths, with a martyr's cry, Out of the depths they testify; And never has rede been read, I deem, Nobler than that in the deep, black seam, Of Love and Courage the message sad—Only "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

Down in the deep black seam, Of Love and Courage the message sad—Only "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

Down in the deep black seam, Of Love and Courage the message sad—Only "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

Down in the deep black seam, In spite of the terror underground; And they bade him come and live again In the light-bright haunts of living men, And once more look the sun in the face, And gladden the earth's beloved embrace. But he looked at his young boy dead or dying, In the midst of the shattered fragments lying—Dying or dead—but powerless to move At the help of man, or the voice of Love, And self lay dead where the child must die, And he let deliverance pass him by; He saw his duty set straight before. In the love that liveth for evermore, And he put the proffered freedom behind, With never a thought of self in mind; And to life or to death run the trackless stream He stayed with him in the deep, black seam, Once again was the story told Old as Honor, as Poesy old; And the rugged miner, whose cares might be Something unknown to you or to me, Rather than live with his fellow men: Smoothed the pillow the child beneath, Turned with him to the void of Death, And to all mankind, in its strong self-love, Taught the unself proclaimed above; And pleaded his plea courageously: For his boy he lived, for his boy he died; And the two together, side by side, Before the divine, eternal Throne Haa nothing to plead but their love alone—

went to his Maker straight and free,
And pleaded his plea courageously:
For his boy he lived, for his boy he died;
And the two together, side by side,
Before the divine, eternal Throne
Had nothing to plead but their love alone—
And there, perchance, from the answer prove
That the greatest wisdom of all is Love.
Self! be hushed, while in places high
The many pass thought of others by—
Let others starve, and let others bear
The woes that beset us everywhere—
So the great but gather the fruits of the earth,
So the great but gather the fruits of the earth,
So property flourish, and riches thrive,
And keep but the worlding's life alive,
What is it to them that these grave things be?
That these sights are given to who will see?
While wealth may prosper, denial dream,
Life's moral is told in the deep, black seam;
And angels rejoice in that answer glad,
And human—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."
—Herman Merivale, in Spectator.

A number of bodies were recovered from
the Seaham Colliery. Upon the tin waterbottle of one of the dead men, Michael Smith,
there was scratched, evidently with a nail,
the following letter to his wife:—"Dear
Margaret,—There was forty of us altogether
at 7 a.m., some was singing hymns, but my
thought was on my little Michael. I thought
that him and I would meet in heaven at the
same time. Oh, dear wife, God save you and
the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife,
farewell. My last thoughts are about you
and the children. Be sure and learn the
children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible
position we are in.—Michael & Heribael
Henry street." The little Michael he refers
to was his child whom he had left at home
ill. The lad died on the day of the explosion.

A couple of hours' ride over a most wretched bridle path, up and down rugged mountain passes, brought us to this charming casis called "Ehden." The Arabs assured us this spot was the real Garden of Eden, and judging from the intense curiosity they evinced concerning ourselves and our traps, we had no difficulty in believing this to be the garden where our first mother Eve dwelt ere she grew too fond of apples.

This Eden is situated in a pretty little valley in the heart of the mountains, at an elevation of some 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Water is abundant here, and consequently everything is green and fruit is plenty. The valley is full of vineyards, with pomegranates and fig trees, and olive and mulberry plantations, and over-topping the whole can be seen some immense walnut trees that look as old as the world.

As I am writing these lines, sitting on a

whole can be seen some immense walnut trees that look as old as the world.

As I am writing these lines, sitting on a camp-stool in front of my tent, I can see the whole population of Ehden collected round our camp staring at us. Young and old, men, women, and children, are pressing forward to have a good look at us; and some of these wild children of Eve have climbed up the trees to have the luxury of a bird's-eye view of our camp. Long before we reached our camping-ground the news had been brought that a caravan of people from beyond the mountains, and perhaps, oh wonder I from beyond the sea, was coming to camp in their oasis. The news spread like wildfire among the tribe, and there was a general rush for the best places to see us come in and get off our horses. The women left off their work in the fields, the men left off playing on the reed-pipe, and the children left off crying to see us coming. Barnum's circus arriving in a village "out West" never created such a sensation as we did on approaching this earthly paradise. As we filed past through this aisle of human beings, we were greeted with shouts and mock salutations. The women giggled, the men smiled, the children roared at the queer figure we cut in our European costumes. Two ladies with us were made the objects of a very popular ovation.

The green goggles which some of my com-

European costumes. Two ladies with us were made the objects of a very popular ovation.

The green goggles which some of my companions wore seemed to raise the enthusiasm of the crowd to its highest pitch, and many a swarthy finger was raised from among those Arabs, pointing to those green goggles, while the women called to each other and raised their children in their arms to make them enjoy the treat. Meantime my friends, quite unconscious of their great popularity, did not know what to make of all this crowd. But as we drew near the tents and I helped Mrs. E. off her horse, the crowd pressed so much on us that Halil and his men were obliged to drive them off, and to have ropes stretched around our camp to keep the intruders out.

Here, with plenty of elbow room, I enjoy the scene, which indeed is very picturesque. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, I strolled out to enjoy the gorgeous sunset. The western sky was aglow with luminous tints of orange, pink, and purple. This glory lasted but a minute, and all was hushed in the grey tints of evening.

Later in the evening some young men and young women were admitted in our diningroom tent. These Arab women were dying with curiosity to see and handle the clothes and trinkets of our lady friends. Velvet seemed to attract their attention and admiration more than anything else, save perhaps our watches and gloves. The gloves especially seemed to puzzle them. The countess took out her repeater and made it strike for them. They seemed delighted, just as little children would be, with the sound of the tiny bell. Some of these pretty Arab girls asked me, through our dragoman, if all the ladies in our country were like the two that were with us? I told Halil to ask these girls what made them ask that question. They answered with a giggle and a sky look from their roguish eyes, "If they is all sodarge it must be very hard work for the poor horses to carry them?—Chicago Allianse.

In the Canton Schwytz, Switzerland, where manners are still simple and people unsuspect-ing, there is no prison. Instead of one an old farmhouse is used, the guardianship of which is nominally confided to a gaoler and a old farmhouse is used, the guardianship of which is nominally confided to a gaoler and a policeman, but really to a nun, who relies upon good treatment to detain the prisoners. As a rule, she has not relied in vain, for though all kinds of criminals are detained here and are allowed to go abroad at pleasure, there have been no escapes. Last week, however, a particularly bad murderer was allowed to fetch some water, and disappeared. The policeman immediately let all the prisoners loose, telling them to hunt for Maechler, the murderer in question, which they did; and though they were unsuccessful, and some of them drunk, they all came back again. Maechler was not caught, and it is probable that a true prison will be substituted for the nun's reformatory, but the history of her work must be worth knowing. She appears to have been moved by a real belief that oriminals could be converted, to have converted a good many, and to have brought all under some sort of discipline. Otherwise the neighbourhood would have protested.—London Spectator.

Sound Slumber.

The night of the recent fire at North Turner Bridge, Mrs. Albert Winship aroused Mr. Winship and cried: "Husband, Mr. Starbird's house is all on fire! hurry up!" He did so, dressed on the double quick, and with pails ran to the fire and did valiant service in saving surrounding buildings. When the fire had burned down he quietly went to bed. On Sunday morning he rubbed his eyes and said to his wife, "I feel dreadfully. I am lame and feel completely exhausted." "Well you may," said the wife, "arter working so hard at the fire last night." "What do you mean?" said Mr. Winship. "Why, the Starbird house was burned last night, and you worked like a hero, saving the other buildings." Mr. Winship looked dazed for a moment, then took his hat and looked over the premises and came back. "Well, Marcia, the buildings are surely gone, but I never would have believed even you, when you say that I went to that fire, if they were not gone. I don't know a thing about it." He had been through all the excitement in a state of sommambulism without being awakened.—Lewiston (Maine) Jonrnal. Sound Slumber.

"A Boy of 14."

The letter of "A Boy of 14" would have been answered two weeks ago were it not for an unfortunate lack of date on the subjects inquired about. One of the most solemn duties in life is the giving of correct advice to an inquiring lad of the bright and hopeful age of 14. A wrong start here may embitter a whole life. After due reflection we incline to the opinion that "A Boy of 14" should rather choose the career of a pirate than that of a highwayman. The telegraph and the steam engine have so encroached on the business of the latter that it is next to impossible to make more than a decent living on the road. The great and revered men of to-day—in the halls of Congress and elstwhere—who owe their success in life to a start as robbers, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Besides the business is very trying to the constitution; few live to old age who follow it steadily. On the contrary, pirating is a sort of continual yachting expedition. The telegraph cannot hurt you, nor the locomotive overtake you. There is very little competition in the business, pirating being now chiefly confined to dramatic writing; in fact it presents, at present, quite a good opening for an energetic young man who is not liable to sea sickness. As to the best method of entering the profession, that is greatly a matter of circumstances. If the father or friends of a "A Boy of 14" are wealthy, he might get them to give him a start in life. He could pay the sum advanced from his dirst season's work. He would get a low rakish craft, tolerably cheap, as soon as the season is closed, and fit her up during the winter. Cutlasses are cheap by the dozen, and a supply of rope for hanging prisoners could be purchased at any of the ship chandler offices. A black flag is also indispensable. A good reliable pirate.

MLLE, BERNHARDT.

Reception in New York—Her Appearance,
Her Wardrobe, and Her Mission.

Mile. Bernhardt is a lady of middle height,
erect in carriage, and of girlish, not angular,
physique, says the New York Times. A perfect head, set almost defiantly on a slim and
delicate neck, is crowned by a wealth of silken
hair with a tint of burnished gold. Wonderful black eyes, which seem as fathomiess as
they are earnest and dauntless, rivet the beholder's attention. A faultless nose of the
best Hebrew type reveals in its delicate
chiseling the sesthetic artist and her race. In
repose the mouth is large but refined and as
firm as the will which won the great actress
her place on the stage. In conversation wellformed teeth are disclosed, and at frequent
intervals a winning and genial smile breaks
over the face like a ray of light. The face is an
oval ending in a small but resolute chin,
and grace is added to the head by small
and well-shaped ears. Mile. Bernhardt did not
seek yesterday to enhance her fascinations by
an elaborate toilet. She was enveloped in an
unusually long sealskin ulster, and her hat
was a modification of the Gainsborough mode
of dark green plush with a distinct lustre,
and trimmed with a heron's aigrette, a crow's
wing, and two squirrels' heads, which had
been so trimmed as to counterfeit the head of
a wolverine. The robe was of dark olive
cashmere, trimmed with a plain brown tartan.
Bead-embreidered slippers, with large black
silk bows, encased very small feet. Fine
gloves, covered with a long slim hand, reached to the elbows, and quaint gold bangles of
ancient workmanship, studded with large
irregularly shaped pearls and precious stones,
clasped the wrists. A heavy silk box was
wound loosely round the tragedienne's neck,
and fastened on the left shoulder by a gold
buckle, which held also a bunch of artificial
wall flowers and violets.

In her comfortable apartment at the Albe-Reception in New York—Her Appearance Her Wardrobe, and Her Mission.

buckle, which held also a bunch of artificial wall flowers and violets.

In her comfortable apartment at the Albemarle, Mile. Bernhardt gossiped like a schoolgirl about her voyage and herself. She said that although she was not ill, she was wretchedly indisposed during the trip, and did not eat a meal out of her stateroom. She brings with her twenty-four objects of art of her own production, of which fourteen are paintings—marine subjects, genre studies, and dead nature. Among the statues is a bust of Emile de Girardin, her staunch friend. Mile. Bernhardt will hire a studio as soon as possible and exhibit her pictures and sculptures. She intends also to model in clay, to paint, and to work with chisel and mallet. One of her tasks will be to complete a portrait of Mile. Colombier, who was at the Conservatory with her in 1861. She fully appreciates that New York is not Paris or London, but says she intends to conquer America by

again be a societaire of the Français," she says, "but I am in no hurry to make peace. Perhaps, by and by, I may think over the matter."

Mile. Bernhardt has brought to this country, says the N. Y. Sun, it is said, endless wonders in the way of dress. She superintended every article that was made for her, and the great Felix, the prince of Paris dressmakers, was subjected to the most trying variations of her taste, The making of the dresses is described in the Figaro as a perfect work of art, for Bernhardt required the most delicate variation of light and shade. Of gloves alone she brings out 300 pairs. She has seventy-five pairs of shoes of divers make, and forty new dresses. The principal dresses are: One for Adrience Lecourreur, Louis XV. style, with ivory satin train and front of China blue drapery, with garlands of pale pink and tea roses and Alencon lace, on a pointed bodice. Another toilet of brocade silk, made in Lyons, has cascades of flowers embroidered on the skirt, and the bodice is trimmed with Bruges lace. Another deshabille toilet consists of a cloud of Languedoc lace. The large mantle forming a Watteau plait is fastened down in front by broad satin ribbon strings, while the train is trimmed around with lace ruchings. The dress for "La Dame aux Camelias" is described as a chef d'acuvre. The embroidery consists of camellias, en relief, on white satin. The waist and front of the skirt are covered with fine pearls and bunches of camellias. This dress cost \$2,000. In "Frou-Frou," Bernhardt appears in a long ivory satin dress, and with rich embroidery of mother-of-pearl and pearl beads, A walking dress for the same play is of gray Bengaline, artistically draped in the back and fastened by a diamond pin. Another dress is covered with Valencienes lace. Another is all covered jet, with the waist cut low. In "La Sphynx," Bernhardt will wear a yellow satin skirt, with black and jet waist. A house costume is of brocade silk, with orimon and pale roses on a cream ground, and ruby satin train. The wardrobe fo

ARCTIC PEOPLE.

In the Far North.

The Esquimaux are polygamists, no distinction whatever being placed upon the number of wives a man shall have. I have never, however, known of an instance of one having more than two at a time. This is very common, however, especially among the Iwilliks and Kinnepatoos, where there is a surplus of women. At least half of their married men have two wives. Every woman is married as soon as she arrives at marriageable age, and whenever a man dies his wife is taken by some one else, so that with them old maids and widows are unknown.

with them old maids and widows are unknown.

Instances of polygamy are not so common among the Netchillik nation, for the reason, it is said by the tribes in their vicinity, that they have a custom that prevents the cumulation of women to be taken care of. Their neighbours say that they kill their female babes as soon as born. The first is usually allowed to live, and one other may stand some chance, but that ends the matter. I cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion from my personal know. matter. I cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion from my personal know-ledge. I can only say that there were more unmarried young men among the Netchilliks and Ookjookliks whom we met than in any other tribe, and but few men with two wives. Among the children were plenty of boys and but few girls. I understand that the mothers often would be willing to rear their daughters, but the fathers, who have supreme control in their families, insist upon getting rid of useless mouths, and choke their infant babes to death, the mothers readily acquiescing. Equeesik, one of our hunters on the sledge journey, who is himself a Netchillik, denies this charge of female Herodism. He told me that it used to be the custom with his people, or some of them at any rate, but that people, or some of them at any rate, but that they do not do so any more. I know he has two daughters, one of whom was born within a few days' march of Depot Island on our return trip, and has no son.

The custom of giving away their children is very common among all tribes, and a young wife who loses her first-born has seldom any difficulty in getting a substitute from some one better supplied. Infants are never weaned. I have seen children four and five years old, playing outdoors, stop once and a while to run to their mothers and cry until they re-

A TERRESTRIAL INFERNO.

The Burning Coal Mine — A Hundred Miners at Work in a Vein Under the Fire —Their Lives Imperilled. SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 27.—It is more than four years ago since what is known as the upper vein of the Butler Colliery, at Pittston, a short distance from this city, was discovered to be on fire. At first it created but little alarm, as it was thought that the fire would exhaust itself as soon as it had consumed the exhaust itself as soon as it had consumed the outeroppings or exposed portions of the anthracite on the edges of the cave hole in which it broke out, but it required only a short time to show the fallacy of this theory. It made rapid headway through the worked-out portions of the colliery, where it was fed by wooden props and pillars of coal, and the rush of air through the numerous cave holes caused it to gleam and roar like a furnace. The sulphur flames emitted through the cave holes furnished a picturesque scene at night, and gave the place the appearance of a volcano. At length the company became alarmed, and their alarm was increased by a notice from the Pennsylvania Coal Company, whose property adjoins the Butler colliery, and who notified the proprieters of the burning mine that they would be held to account for any damage done by the spread of the fire. The Butler Goal Company then secured the services of Mr. Conrad, a practical engineer, to devise a plan for extinguishing the ciates that New York is not Paris or London, but says she intends to conquer America by her art. In regard to her resignation as societaire of the Theatre Français, she declares that it was forced upon her by M. Perrin breaking his pledge to permit her to act in London, and by forcing on her the role of Dona Clorinde in "L'Aventuriere," the latter precipitating a rupture. She was mulcted in the sum of 150,000f., and has already paid one-third of this amount. The balance is to be paid in eight months. "If I choose I can again be a societaire of the Français," she says, "but I am in no hurry to make peace. Perhaps, by and by, I may think over the matter." point, owing to the great elevation the place had to be tunnelled through for about a hundred yards, and it was feared even then, owing to the rapid progress that the fire was making in that direction, that it would secure a lodgment among the rocks and "bonny" ocal overhead and across the tunnel to the workings beyond. It is still burning fiercely at this point, but it is hoped that the fire will not extend outside the limits of the

Just now the greatest danger is that encountered by the miners who are working the second vein, directly under the burning mine. second vein, directly under the burning mine. The heat is so intense that the men are compelled to work in these chambers almost naked, and the sulphurous nature of the atmosphere has prostrated many of their number within the last year, while several have been compelled to quit and seek work elsewhere. A few months, ago the waters from the roof came down upon them boiling hot, and after Mine Inspector Jones visited the scene he caused a suspension of operations and had an air shaft sunk outside the burning area so as to introduce a fresh supply of air to the workmen. But even this is ineffectual now owing to the terrible heat overhead supply of air to the workmen. But even this is ineffectual now owing to the terrible heat overhead, and again the sulphur and caloric are unbearable. Men are in peril of their lives every time they fire a shot, and in some places it is impossible to blast because of the sulphur and great volumes of dangerous gases generated from above. Thevein of coal being worked at present is so intensely hot at some places as to be unbearable to the touch, and frequently the workmen are compelled to let the coal lie for hours before they can land it on the cars, owing to its blistering heat. The situation is really terrible, and even if some sudden and awful calamity does not ensue it will cost many men their lives if they work there much longer. It is like working in an oven. Nothing but their extreme poverty could possibly induce the miners and labourers to accept such labour. The coal they mine comes up hot out of the colliery. Extraordinary Suicide of a Lady.

Extraordinary Suicide of a Lady.

The coroner for East Surrey held an inquiry at the Vivian Tavern, Phillip road, Peckham Rye, into the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Sarah Greenfield, aged about fifty-five years, who was found dead in a bath at her residence, 25 Manerton road, on Saturday night 16th ult. From the evidence of the deceased's husband, a retired publican, it appeared that on the evening in question he, at his wife's request, went shopping, she declining to accompany him. He was away about an hour and a half, and on his return he found that the door was bolted inside. coquettishly placed on the side. Another novel piece of headgear is a Raphael turban of plush otter skin, looped up in bands of gold, with twisted fringe of unbleached lace work. The masterpiece is said to be the "Artist's Hat." This is described as a wonder in design and make.

Murder.

Some one has observed that a man seldom commits his first murder after the age of 28 years, but that if he begins to murder before that age, he is liable to go on doing so indefinitely. This seems to above that the impulsiveness of youth is needed to precipitate criminals into making a first murderous essay, but that, having made it, they discover it to suppose. If it were otherwise, surely no man would be so unlikely to kill another as he who had already done so at some past time. His experience of its effects would be a deterrent stronger than the ignorance of one who had never tried it. Granting, then, that a ween the murderer who begins to murder with a motive learns to like his trade, what is there to prevent his ultimately cultivating it on his own merits? A great many nurders—far more than is generally supposed—are committed every year, the authors of which are never discovered. This fact, if taken in connection with the facilities toward discovery which motives supply, is all but inexplicable; but as soon as we entertain the possibility of their having been committed without a motive, it becomes comprehensible and the found that the door was botted inside. He went to the parlour, where he had left deceased, but the the door was botted inside. He went to the parlour, where he had left deceased, but the with the door in the side

bath, dead. He found an open razor by the side of the bath. Mr. Greenfield, recalled, said the razor belonged to him. His impression was that deceased intended to cut her throat if she had not succeeded in drowning herself. By the jury :—He was not in the slightest fear of ruin. After a short deliberation in private the jury returned a verdice igness tear or run.
ion in private, the jury returned a verdict
if "Suicide while mentally deranged."

A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE. Seeing Seven Hundred Deer on the Pike's Peak Trail—Attacked by Lions.

Seeing Seven Hundred Deer on the Pike's Peak Trail—Attacked by Lions.

Sergt. O'Keefe returned last evening from an unsuccessful attempt to ascend the Peak. He says that it is the first time within his experience that he has been thus baffied, and he asks to be excused from ever being subjected to a similar experience. By the report which he had received from Mr. Sweeney, who is stationed at the Peak, he was led to infer that but little snow had fallen, and in consequence he was not prepared to contend with the obstacles which blocked his path. The journey for the first few miles of the trail was without any extraordinary feature, but while making an abrupt turn in the trail in the vicinity of Minnehaha Falls the sergeant was brought to a standstill by an immense herd of black-tailed deer, which impeded his further progress. He contends that the herd contained fully 700 head, and says it took just one hour and forty minutes for them to pass a given point. The sergeant was only armed with a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, and with this poor apology of a firearm he succeeded in killing seventeen of the deer. The only plausible reason that Sergeant O'Keefe can give for the remarkable appearance of this vast herd is that they were driven from the South Park by the recent storm. As the sergeant was compelled to continue his journey to the Peak, he gathered the game which he had slaughtered, tied their tails together and slung them over the neck of his faithful mule, "Balaam," and continued on his way. Everything passed off smoothly until timber line was reached, when the sergeant encountered another serious barrier, as the fierce northwest wind which accompanied the storm had formed mountains of snow across the trail. With the much trusted old mule "Balaam," and an unusual amount of perseverance on the part of himself, Sergeant O'Keefe con-With the much trusted old mule "Balaam," and an unusual amount of perseverance on the part of himself, Sergeant O'Keefe contrived to surmount a tremendous snow-drift twenty-eight feet in depth. When safely upon the other side, he paused for a moment, and taking his field glass he viewed the prospect o'er, and examined the difficulties with which he had to contend. As far as the eye could reach nothing but snow banks could be seen, some of which were at least one hundred feet in height. It only required a brief space of time for the sergeant to make up his were at least one hundred feet in height. It only required a brief space of time for the sergeant to make up his mind that it would be useless for him to risk his life in making another rash attempt, so he concluded to return to the springs, but upon turning to step into the saddle he discovered that the mule had disappeared. The sergeant was now in a sad plight. Had he only survived the terrible rat raid in 1875 to find death again staring him in the face from starvation? He retraced his step through the mammoth snow-drift, and after a terrible siege of over one hour he found himself standing upon the other side, thoroughly exhausted. After he had somewhat revived he glanced around him in hopes of finding some trace of the lost mule, and what was his chagrin to perceive the much trusted Balaam lying upon his back with feet uplifted in the air at the bottom of a deep ravine. The deer with which he had been festooned were scattered from top to bottom of the ravine. The sergeant secured the game and the mule, and again started on his homeward journey. While passing along a very secluded portion of the trail he was attacked by six ravenous mountain lions, and, in order to save his own life, he was compelled to cast away the game which had required so much exertion to capture. Even the seventeen deer did not replenish their ravenous appetites, and still they pursued him, but by the proper manipulation of that mule, O'Keefe managed to evade them. He reached the signal office in this city at eight o'clock last night, and it is doubtful whether he ever again attempts to traverse the Pike's Peak trail.—Colorade Gazette.

A young lady, well known in Liverpool on account of her beauty, was married last week. When the Canon who was officiating read the "lave honour, and obey," the young

When the Canon who was officiating read the words, "love, honour, and obey," the young lady declined to repeat the last. Three times the Canon paused for an echo, and paused in vain. Then he went on with the service. But is this young lady married or not? What—should her disobedience lead to an interview with Sir-James Hannen—will that eminent Judge rule on the subject?—London Truth.

France, always fertile in discovering pro-fessions for her children, has just invented a new occupation. A man goes about the streets of Paris bearing a small tray covered with a green cloth. On this tray are a pack of cards, a set of dominoes, and a dice-box. With this stock-in-trade, the man, who styles himself "L'Amateur," goes to the houses of invalids or idle persons, and for a small fee plays with them at any of the games which plays with them at any of the games which can be managed with such properties as cards, dice, and dominoes. It is said that the "amateur" makes a very comfortable living by this discovery of a want in the social organization of Paris. Undoubtedly this amateur card-player is much more likely to be in demand than the semi-mythological Quatorziène, who was supposed at one time to earn a livelihood in Paris by attending dinner parties where, through some mistake, the number of guests was the fatal 13. This number 14 was exprected to entartain the company 14 was expected to entertain the company with brilliant conversation, and was said to receive a large fee for his services. But the persons giving dinners who so far defy the laws laid down by Brillat-Savarin as to be in any danger of finding themselves at the eleventh hour with 13 at table are comparatively few, and there must have been seasons where the Quatorzième had but a dull time of it.—

London News.

If we may estimate the thickness of Mr. Joseph Schmalzbauer's skin by his capacity for enduring castigation, as demonstrated in the official record of the punishments administered to him during his term of service the official record of the punishments administered to him during his term of service in the Austrian army, this inordinately-beaten warrior may fairly claim kinship to the hardest-hided rhinoceros that ever flattened a bullet on its flank. None, surely, but a pachyderm could have survived the infliction of 10,200 stripes with the military cat, supplemented by 335 slashing blows applied to the nether part of him by the five-foot rattan of an Imperial Royal Provost. At Schmalzbauer's trial for burglary last week, before the Viennese Landesgericht, however, it was proved beyond a doubt that he had been verberated to this extent while with his regiment; which fact points to the inference regiment; which fact points to the inference that he must have been a special favourite that he must have been a special favourite with his commanding officer, for is it not written that "Who loves well, chastises well?" Since quitting the army, moreover, this thick-skinned pet of his military superiors had at different times suffered 18 years incarceration for eccentricities of conduct, regarded by the laws of his country as incompatible with his being at large. Finally, the tribunal, which elicited, in evidence, these curious details of his past career, sentenced him to solitary confinement for a further term of five years. Whether as a soldier or as a civilian, it would certainly appear that Joseph Schmalzbauer has had a remarkably "rough time" of it for the last quarter of a century or so.—London Telegraph.

THE COMING DRINK—KAOKA.—Destined to entirely supersede tea and coffee. In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallable cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, constination, sick headache, sleeplessness, and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs. Sold in half pound tinfeil packages at ten cents by all first-class grocers and druggists.

THE FARM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Every Canadian ought to be convin he advisability of selecting Manito ur own North-West if his mind is one on to move from this province to a country. The past season has brough still greater prominence the advant Manitoba over any of the adjoining while Minnesota was swept by terrib ricanes, Manitoba was enjoying fine w Russian Mennonites settled in Ne secured only, two bushels of wheat acre, while their countrymen in British ory reaped from 30 to 40 bushels.

The American grain dealers are loc Russia as a market for a considerable the wheat export. Conflicting reports circulation as to how far the Russian has proved a failure, but of late gloon inations have been in the ascendant feared that a terrible famine in some listricts in Eastern Russia will take pl winter. It is asserted that Dictator contemplates putting an embargo wheat exportation, the municipal ments of the South of Russia havin tioned for a measure of this kind. American wheat has been already im and doubtless more will follow. An elaborate computation of the wh

of the United Kingdom has been mad London Times on the basis of the la London Times on the basis of the laturns. The average yield is put at six bushels per acre, which is four bus acre less than a recent estimate by Mr who ranks high as an authority on the tion. According to the Times' estimated production of wheat is 79,820,0 els, which after deducting 6,907,000 bushels are in the state of the st seed, leaves 72,912,500 bushels avai consumption. The total consumption put at 192,000,000 bushels, the qua red from abroad is estimated at 115 shels. The later reports as to the having been steadily unfavourable, the computation of the demand from abro-garded as at least within the mark.

The Tamworth Echo makes a st which is worthy of the consideration provincial Government. It asks Crown lands now left in the back to in that and neighbouring counties s given away to actual settlers, and settlers upon such lands in debt to ternment for them should have deed them. In view of the attraction North-West for our young farmers, i ceedingly desirable that the land the province should be framed in a spirit. If the proposal of the Echo wied out, much of what is now wa would be converted into grazing farm Government having sold off all the timber, the land might now be giv in considerable blocks to practica

The secret of the recuperative po played by France is found in the f nearly two-thirds of the population culturists. The total rural population down at 25,000,000, of whom 23,000 directly engaged in agriculture. The largely owned by those who cultivat in this respect France possesses a vantage over Great Britain, where paratively few baronial proprietors of than half the land of the realm. I ties in land. Of these it is estime 50,000 average an acreage of 60 500,000 average 60 acres, and the r of over 5,000,000 represent small fai acres each. The manufacturing ind the country give the farmers a hom and thus by mutual help the com-perity is promoted.

The statement that the climate of and the Canadian North-West is m that of the adjoining American S Territories is apt to excite incredulit these respective regions. It is taken for granted that climate is alt matter of latitude, and that because dian territory lies north of that of the States the winters must necessar goes to confirm the fact that Ma quently escapes the severe storn sweep over Minnesota and Dake Winnipeg Times says that the effect late blizzard, which were very sev perienced over the line, were not fel toba at all. So soon as the ad Manitoba in this respect is general nized, it is certain to tell on western tion to the benefit of our North-We

The land question formed a pron ject of discussion at the English So Congress, and Mr. Sellar and M two practical farmers, read able pap subject. Like most farmers, whill that some better form of legislation ed, they differed widely as to the obtaining it. But in the main the unit on several points, as for insidealt with emphasis upon the remolaw of entail; the abolishment of greater simplification in the transperty; and leases freed from the sthat the property would necessar that the property would necessar herited by the eldest son. Both advocated compensation to tenan provements, and expressed a stre-that farmers should, if possible, farms. These are, no doubt, exc gestions, but some of them can carried out in the old land. Many not be purchased for any sum, others an extortionate price wo manded. Under these circumstant desirous of acquiring land must leading or the United States for he

HOME NOTES. By Telegraph and Mail The last cheese market of the London will be held on Saturday, stant.

Last week 1,616 dozen eggs from Ottawa to Boston. No mshipped this season. The New Brunswick Poultry has finally decided to hold a d connection with the poultry show.

A subscriber of Le Canadien, has just sent to the office of the box of raspberries of a second The live stock lately imported Hickson, which have been quar Levis for ninety days, left a day

for that gentleman's farm at Lac The directors of the Ontario sociation met at Brantford on Frid cided to hold the annual exhibit city from the 8th to the 11th of Fo The Hamilton Spectator announce life yield of 18 harrels of appletree in the orchard of a farmer us purey. The fruit is of the Baldw The London cattle dealers ha the week engaged in scouring the choice stock for shipment to Engling the past week several large have been made.

The butter market at Peterb

active, a large number of firking posed of every day. From 17 the price paid. Buyers are shipping laverpool by the car load.

The Ameliasburg Grangers have bushels of barley, averaging 47 po cents. The Hungerford farmers 13,664 bushels of barley of average, at 612 cents in store.

Messrs. Coleman & Mortimer, stone, county of Kent, England, a Montreal to open up a new exponenties to their section of the coun