F H Johnson

The Londonderry Times.

J. W. MORRISON, TRUTH IS POWERFUL AND WILL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL. Editor and Proprietor.

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Squirrels.

The true squirrel is arboreal. His home is in the trees, and their fruits and buds are his legitimate food. He seldom goes on the ground and then only in search of food; from this he returns to his airy dwelling-place. Here in summer he builds him a nest of branches and leaves, taken from the tree, and in a hole in the same tree, or in one that he can attain by springing from branch to branch without going to the ground. In this most secure retreat, he can retire during bad weather, or escape the attacks of an enemy, and in the young can, be reared in safety. As a general rule, squirrels possess a light and graceful form but are very muscular. With their long toes, and strong sharp nails, they are enabled to climb trees and take long leaps among the branches with wonderful ease. Their large and bushy tails aid them in these leaps, as they serve as rudders to steer by. When eating, they stand upon their hind feet, using their forefeet as hands while eating. When on the ground they either run or move by springs made mainly by the hind legs. Unlike most in this order, they keep in their retreat at night and move about by day. They generally retire to their retreat a few hours in the heat of the day. Squirrels have been known to eat insects, although their food is properly vegetable. They also exhibit, by a slight departure from their natural food, a fondness for corn, and rarely for wheat and other grains which is highly prejudicial to their good standing in a community of farmers In fact more injury is done by these animals than is generally known. Whole fields of corn have been destroyed by them in certain districts. It is a very common thing among the farmers to find considerable tracts lying near the woods not worth harvestin , because of their depredations.

In some States, in Maine for instance, large parties for grand hunts were occasionally organized in autumn, two companies being formed by the hunters, each of which endeavors to outdo the other in killing squirrels, and the losing party forfeits the expense of an evening entertainment and supper. These hunts were generally kept up from one to three or four days, and without estimating those purchased for the occasion by eager but unfair members of the companies, the quantities of squirrels sometimes shot would seem incredible to persons not living in localities where they abound.

There is a most absurd and foolish prejudice existing among many against eating them, but, nevertheless, squirrels at times form a valuable addition to our food. Young squirrels, when properly cooked, make a delicious morsel, and old ones are not far from palatable when hot. Their flesh is certainly more delicate and healthful than that of so unclean an animal as the hog, which is nevertheless frequently preferred. The skins of our American species are of no value in commerce, as their fur being little esteemed, is seldom sold.

Man is their worst enemy, as they suffer but little from the attacks of wild animals, such as wild cats, martins and some of the larger hawks.

Squirrels are easily domesticated, making pleasing and intelligent pets. They exhibit their usual activity in confinement, and will sometimes, if not permitted exercise, pine away and die. Therefore cages [illegible] be provided with revolving [illegible] which the captives soon learn to [illegible] derive a great deal of enjoyment.—[Transcript.

Advertising Runaway Wives in China.

This amusing advertisement from the "North China Herald" is a specimen of a class of advertisements quite common in Chinese newspapers. Advertising must be very cheap there, judging from their length.

"I married my wife in 1878, with much feasting, and respectful obedience to parents. She is twenty-seven years old this year. I followed in July, 1883, the Ko-ching [courteous and tranquil] Battalion, under the ever-valorous Viceroy, Tso-tsung-tsang. As my son was also on his duty, my wife and I removed our residence to Shanghai. In the fifth moon of this present year again we removed to the Hui-fang Lou, where my wife, Ku-ai-ch'ing, [the affectionate cabbage], went frequently to drink much tea at Ti-i-Lou, of which I knew not. Later on, on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, a Hu-chow man, whose name and surname, and whose grandfather's name and surname I know not, went with my wife to burn prayers and incense to the temple. He had the sacrilegious effrontery to wear the little blue button and the medallion and beads of a great official. This went on until eight o'clock on the seventeenth day of the ninth moon, when my wife indiscreetly and secretly vanished from my house, carrying a bundle, but leaving a one-year-old little daughter, who, without ceasing, weeps and wails from sunrise to sunset and from sunset to sunrise. I cannot, therefore, control my wrath and bitterness. How, I wonder, could this ever-to-be-execrated tailor's block without a name beguile Ku-ai-ch'ing from her husband, who mixes this ink with salt tears? Surely he has no law or justice before his eyes or on his forehead. Should any kind-hearted one give me information by letter, I will reward him with twenty dollars; should he bring her back, I will gratefully give him forty dollars, and for a myriad of generations, to all eternity, the oldest son of my successors shall burn incense for him. Should this rascal without a name obstinately retain my wife, not only to all eternity shall he be infamous, not only shall he be cut off the line of his ancestors, and be discarded by his grandparents, but we three, father, son and little daughter, will at all times risk our lives to punish him. I hope he will think three times, and so avoid an after repentance. Letters shall be received for me at No. 4, Hui-fang Lou, or at the house of my wife's niece's husband, Hsia-lao-san, at the Yung Lou."

As the exhausted reporter sometimes puts it, "Comment is needless."

The Greenland Expedition.

Word comes of the successful progress of the Greenland exploring party led by Dr. Nansen, whose plan it was to cross on snow-shoes the great "Sahara of the North." The seven men landed on the eastern coast on July 18, in latitude 65 deg. 30 min. That is far lower than the point chosen by Nordenskjold for his attempt. Indeed, it is only about the latitude of central Iceland At that point Greenland is only about 360 miles wide; not an inordinate journey for stalwart men used to Norwegian mountain climbing. If the observations of former explorers may be taken as a basis for judgment, they will probably find the interior a almost unbroken and level snow field, across which they should make their way with slight difficulty. They have now plunged into the heart of the frozen continent. The next tidings of them will probably be of their emergence on the west coast, near God haab, or even as far north as Disco Bay.

It Pleases Everybody.

The enormous development of Toronto during the last few years has been the subject of national surprise. Ten years ago Toronto's population was 65,000. The new Toronto city directory estimates its population to-day as 160,000. All things considered, no record of civic growth on the continent surpasses this.—[Ottawa Journal.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XX.—Events March.

"Papa is still in Scotland," Winifred wrote to Hugh, "slaying many grouse; and mamma and I have the place all to ourselves now, so we're really having a lovely time, enjoying our holiday *immensely* (though you're not here), taking down everything, and washing and polishing, and rearranging things again, and playing havoc with the household gods generally. We expect papa back on Friday. His birds have preceded him. I *do* hope he remembered to send you a brace or two. I gave him your town address before he left, with *very* special directions to let you have some; but, you know, men always forget everything. As soon as he comes home, he'll make us take our alterations all down again, which will be a horrid nuisance, for the drawing-room *does* look so perfectly lovely. We've done it up exactly as you recommended, with the sage green plush for the old mantel-piece, and a red Japanese table in the dark corner; and I really think, now I see the effect, your taste's simply exquisite. But then, you know, what else can you expect from a distinguished poet! You always do everything beautifully—and I think you're a darling."

At any other time this naive girlish appreciation of his decorative talents would have pleased and flattered Hugh's susceptible soul; for, being a man, he was of course vain; and he loved a pretty girl's approbation dearly. But just at that moment he had no stomach for praise, even though it came from Sir Hubert Stanley; and whatever faint rising flash of pleasure he might possibly have felt at his little fiancee's ecstatic admiration was all crushed down again into the gall of bitterness by the sickening refrain of her repeated postscripts: "No further news yet from poor Elsie.—Has she written to you? I shall be simply *frantic* if I don't here from her soon. She can *never* mean to leave us all in doubt like this. I'm going to advertise to-morrow in the London papers. If only she knew the state of mind she was plunging me into, I'm sure she'd write and relieve my suspense, which is just *agonising*. A kiss from your little one; in the corner here. Be sure you kiss it where I've put the cross. Good-night, darling Hugh.—Yours ever, Winifred."

Hugh flung the letter down on the floor of his chambers in an agony of horror. Was his crime to pursue him thus through a whole lifetime? Was he always to hear surmises, conjectures, speculations, doubts as to what on earth had become of Elsie? Was he never to be free for a single second from the shadow of that awful pursuing episode? Was Winifred, when she became his wedded wife, to torture and rack him for years together with questions and hesitations about the poor dead child who lay, as he firmly and unreservedly believed, in her nameless grave by the lighthouse at Orfordness?—There was only one possible way out of it—a way that Hugh shrank from almost as much as he shrank from the terror and shame of exposure. It was ghastly; it was gruesome; it was past endurance; but it was the one solitary way of safety. He must write a letter from time to time, in Elsie's handwriting, addressed to Winifred, giving a fictitious account of Elsie's doings in an imaginary home, away over somewhere in America or the antipodes. He must invent a new li e and a new life history, under the Southern Cross, for poor dead Elsie: he must keep her alive like a character in a novel, and spin her fresh surroundings from his own brain, in some little known and inaccessible quarter of the universe.

But then, what a slavery, what a drudgery, what a perpetual torture! His soul shrank from the hideous continued deceit. To have perpetrated that one old fatal forgery, in the first fresh flash of terror and remorse, was not perhaps quite so wicked, quite so horrible, quite so soul destroying as this new departure. He had then at least the poor lame excuse of a pressing emergency; and it was once only. But to live a life of consistent lying—to go on fathering a perennial fraud—to forge pretended letters from mail to mail—to invent a long tissue of successful falsehoods—and that about a matter that lay nearest and dearest to his own wounded and remorseful heart—all this was utterly and wholly repugnant to Hugh Massinger's underlying nature. Set aside the wickedness and baseness of it all, the poet was a proud and sensitive man; and lying on such an extended scale was abhorrent to his soul from its mere ignominy and æsthetic repulsiveness. He liked the truth: he admired the open, frank, straightforward way. Tortuous cunning and mean subterfuges roused his profoundest contempt and loathing—when he saw them in others. Up till now, he had enjoyed his own unquestioning self-respect. Vain and shallow and unscrupulous as he was, he had hitherto basked serenely in the sunshine of his own personal approbation He had done nothing till lately that sinned against his private and peculiar code of morals, such as it was. His proposal to Winifred had, for the first time, opened the sluices of the great unknown within him, and fathomless depths of deceit and crime were welling up now and crowding in upon him to drown and obliterate whatever spark or scintillation of conscience had ever been his. It was a hateful sight. He shrank from the effort to realise it.

And Warren Relf knew all! That in itself was bad enough. But if he also invented a continuous lie to palm off upon Winifred and her unsuspecting people, then Warren Relf at least would know it constantly for what it was, and despise him for it even more profoundly than he despised him at present. All that was horrible—horrible—horrible. Yet there was one person whose opinion mattered to him far more than even Warren Relf's—one person who would hate and despise with a deadly hatred and an utter scorn the horrid perfidy of his proposed lire of conduct. That person was one with whom he ate and drank familiarly every day, with whom he conversed unreservedly night and morning, with whom he lived and moved and had his being. He could never escape or deceive or outwit Hugh Massinger. Patriæ quis exsul se quoque fugit? Hugh Massinger would dog him, and follow his footsteps wherever he went, with his unfeigned contempt for so dirty and despicable a course of action. It was vile, it was loathsome, it was mean, it was horrible in its ghastly charnel-house falseness and foulness; and Hugh Massinger knew it perfectly. If he yielded to this last and lowest temptation of Satan, he might walk about henceforth with his outer man a whited, sepulchre, but within he would be full of dead men's bones and vile imaginings of impossible evil.

Thinking which things definitely to himself, in his own tormented and horrified soul, he—sat down and wrote another forged letter.

It was a hasty note, written as if in the hurry and bustle of departure, on the very eve of a long journey, and it told Winifred, in rapid general terms, that Elsie was just on her way to the Continent, *en route* for Australia—no matter where. She would join her steamer (no line mentioned) under an assumed name, perhaps at Marseilles, perhaps at Genoa, perhaps at Naples, perhaps at Brindisi. Useless to dream of tracking or identifying her. She was going away from England *for ever and ever*—this was underlined in feminine fashion—and it would be quite hopeless for Winifred to cherish the vain idea of seeing her again in this world of misfortunes. Some day, perhaps, her conduct would be explained and vindicated; for the present, it must suffice that letters sent to her at the address as before—the porter's of the Cheyne Row Club, though Hugh did not specifically mention that fact—would finally reach her by private arrangement. Would Winifred accept the accompanying ring, and wear it always on her own finger, as a parting gift from her affecticnate and misunderstood friend,

Elsie?

The ring was one from the little jewel-case he had stolen that fatal night from Elsie's bedroom. Profoundly as he hated and loathed himself for his deception, he couldn't help stopping half-way through to admire his own deviltry of cleverness in sending that ring back now to Winifred. Nothing could be so calculated to disarm suspicion. Who could doubt that Elsie was indeed alive, when Elsie not only wrote letters to her friends, but sent with them the very jewelry from her own fingers as a visible pledge and token of her identity?—Besides, he really wanted Winifred to wear it; he wished her to have something that once was Elsie's. He would like the woman he was now deceiving to be linked by some visible bond of memory to the woman he had deceived and lured to her destruction.

He kissed the ring, a hot burning kiss and wrapped it reverently and tenderly in cotton wool. That done, gummed and stamped the letter with a resolute air, crushed his hat firmly down on his head, and strode out with feverishly long strides from his rooms in Jermyn Street to the doubtful hospitality of the Cheyne Row.

Would Warren Relf be there again, he wondered. Was that man to poison half London for him in future?—Why on earth, knowing the whole truth about Elsie—knowing that Elsie was dead and buried at Orfordness—did the fellow mean to hold his vile tongue and allow him, Hugh Massinger, to put about this elaborate fiction unchecked, of her sudden and causeless disappearance? Inexplicable quite! The thing was a mystery; and Hugh Massinger hated mysteries. He could never know now at what unexpected moment Warren Relf might swoop down upon him from behind with a dash and a crash and an explosive exposure.—He was working in the dark, like navvies in a tunnel.—Surely the crash must come some day! The roof must collapse and crush him utterly. It was ghastly to wait in long blind expectation of it.

The forged letter still remained in his pocket unposted. He passed a couple of pillar [illegible], but could not nerve himself to dr[illegible]. Some grain of grace within him was fighting for the mastery of his soul. He shrank from committing himself irrevocably by a single act to that despicable life of ingrained deception.

In the smoking room at the club he found nobody, for it was still early. He took up the "Times," which he had not yet had time to consult that morning. In the Agony Column a familiar conjunction of names attracted his eye as it moved down the outer sheet. They were the two names never out of his thoughts for a moment for the last fortnight. "Elsie," the advertisement ran in clear black type, "Do write to me. I can stand this fearful suspense no longer. Only a few lines to say you are well. I am so frightened. Ever yours, Winifred."

He laid the paper down with a sudden resolve, and striding across the room gloomily to the letter-box on the mantlepiece, took the fateful envelope from his pocket at last, and held it dubious, between finger and thumb, dangling loose over the slit in the lid. Heaven and hell still battled fiercely for the upper hand within him. Should he drop it in boldly, or should he not? To be or not to be—a liar for life?—that was the question. The envelope trembled between his finger and thumb. The slit in the box yawned hungry below. His grasp was lax. The letter hung by a corner only. Nor was his impulse, even, so wholly bad: pity for Winifred urged him on; remorse and horror held him back feebly. He knew not in his own soul how to act; he knew he was weak and wicked only.

As he paused and hesitated, unable to decide for good or evil—a noise at the door made him start and waver.—Somebody coming Perhaps Warren Relf.—That address on the envelope—"Miss Meysey, the Hall, Whitestrand, Suffolk."—If Relf saw it, he would know it was—well—an imitation of Elsie's handwriting. She had sent a note to Relf on the morning of the sandhills picnic. If any one else saw it, they would see at least it was a letter to his fiancee—and they would chaff him accordingly with chaff that he hated, or perhaps they would smile a superior smile of fatuous recognition and smirking amusement. He could stand neither—above all, not Relf.—His fingers relaxed upon the cover of the envelope.—Half unconsciously, half unwillingly, he loosened his hold.—Plop! it fell through that yawning abyss, three inches down, but as deep as perdition itself.—The die was cast! liar for a lifetime!

He turned round and Hatherley the journalist stood smiling good-morning by the open doorway. Hugh Massinger tried his hardest to look as if nothing out of the common had happened in any way. He nodded to Hatherley, and buried his face once more in the pages of the *Times*. "The Drought in Wales"—"The Bulgarian Difficulty"—"Painful Disturbances on the West Coast of Africa."—Pah! What nonsense! What commonplaces of opinion! It made his gorge rise with disgust to look at them. Wales and Bulgaria and the West Coast of Africa, when Elsie was dead! dead and unnoticed!

A boy in buttons brought in a telegram—Central News Agency—and fixed it by the corners with brass headed pins in a vacant space on the accustomed notice-board. Hatherley, laying down his copy of "Punch," strolled lazily over to the board to examine it. "Meysey! Meysey!" he repeated musingly.—"Why, Massinger, that must be one of your Whitestrand Meyseys. Precious uncommon name. There can't be many of them."

Hugh rose and glanced at the new telegram unconcernedly. It couldn't have much to do with himself! But its terms brought the blood with a hasty rush in his pale cheek again: "Serious Accident on the Scotch Moors.—Aberdeen, Thursday. As Sir Malcom Farquharson's party were shooting over the Glenbeg estate yesterday, near Kincardine-O'Neil, a rifle held by Mr. Wyville Meysey burst suddenly, wounding the unfortunate gentleman in the neck, and lodging a splinter of jagged metal in his left temple. He was conveyed at once from the spot in an insensible state to Invertanar Castle, where he now lies in a precarious condition. His wife and daughter were immediately telegraphed for."

"Invertanar: 10.40 a.m. Mr. Wyville Meysey, a guest of Sir Malcolm Farquharson's at Invertanar Castle, wounded yesterday by the bursting of his rifle on the Glenberg moors, expired this morning very suddenly at 9.20. The unfortunate gentleman did not recover consciousness for a single moment after the fatal accident."

A shudder of horror ran through Hugh's frame as he realized the meaning of that curt announcement. Not for the mishap; not for Mrs. Meysey; not for Winifred: oh, dear no; but for his own possible or probable discomfiture.—His first thought was a characteristic one. Mr. Meysey had died unexpectedly. There might or there might not be a will forthcoming. Guardians might or might not be appointed for his infant daughter. The estate might or might not go to Winifred. He might or he might not now be permitted to marry her.—If she happened to be left a ward in Chancery, for example, it would be a hopeless business: his chance would be ruined. The court would never consent to accept him as Winifred's husband. And then—and then it would be all up with him.

It was bad enough to have sold his own soul for a mess of pottage—for a few hundred acres of miserable salt marsh, encroached upon by the sea with rapid strides, and half covered with shifting, drifting sandhills. It was bad enough to have sacrificed Elsie—dear, tender, delicate loving-hearted Elsie, his own beautiful, sacred, dead Elsie—to that wretched, sordid, ineffective avarice, that fractional worship of a silver-gilt Mammon. He had regretted all that in sackcloth and ashes for one whole endless hopeless fortnight or more, already.—But to have sacrificed Elsie for the privelige of being rejected by Winifred's guardian—for the chance of being publicly and ignominiously jilted by the Court of Chancery—for the opportunity of becoming a common laughing-stock to the quidnuncs of Cheyne row and the five o'clock tea tables of half feminine London—that was indeed a depth of possible degradation from which his heart shrank with infinite throes of self-commiserating reluctance. He could sell his own soul for very little, and despise himself well for the squalid ignoble bargain; but to sell his own soul for absolutely nothing, with a dose of well-deserved ridicule thrown in gratis, and no Elsie to console him for his bitter loss, was more than even Hugh Massinger's sense of mean self-abnegation could easily swallow.

He flung himself back unmanned, in the big leather covered armchair, and let the abject misery of his own thoughts overcome him visibly in his rueful countenance.

"I never imagined," said Hatherly afterwards to his friends the Relfs, "that Massinger could possibly have felt anything so much as he seemed to feel the sudden death of his prospective father-in-law, when he read that telegram. It really made me think better of the fellow."

(TO BE CONTINED.)

The Trouble Ended.

The Skeena river rebellion, as it was designated in the columns of the American press, has collapsed most ingloriously, and the promise it was said to have given of exceeding in volume and violence the North-West rebellion will never be fulfilled. The special policemen and the soldiers of "C" Battery put in an appearance in the disturbed district, but were not called upon to fire a shot. Like the Duke of York's ten thousand men, "they first marched up the hill then marched down again." The country is to be congratulated on the termination of the trouble. It was absurd to speak of it as a rebellion. It did not even reach the dignity of a rising. The display of authority has had a good moral effect and this is really the only way to impress the phlegmatic mind of the semi-civilized red men. It is too much to expect these people to take to a farming life. The fishing and hunting instinct is too strong within them, and to provide them with ploughs and expect them to make their living by tilling the ground would be as futile as to put bow and arrows in the hand of a white man and expect him to sustain himself by their use. The race is gradually becoming extinct, and it only remains for the white people to deal kindly with those who are left, for once they roamed at will over the boundless prairie and possessed the land which the white man staked off into farms and building lots, and is holding for a rise. The Skeena River affair is now a thing of the past, and apprehension is at an end.

From the Seine to the Oxus by Rail.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has written a spirited poem about the "wild war eagles" of England flying to "the almond groves of Samarkand," and "Bokhara, where red lilies blow." But those distant regions will be visited presently by a more commonplace product of the West. Peace hath her travellers, no less than war, and where the above mentioned eagles "flapped wide wings in fiery flight," will presently be heard the trade of the Cockney and the voice of the Boulevardier. The first of a series of excursions, "personally conducted," is to set out from Paris on September 11 for Samarkand, Bokhara, and Merv. It will be composed exclusively of London and Paris club men and their families, and will make the round trip in seven weeks, at a cost of $1,000 apiece. The entire journey will be made without change of cars, and it is pleasing to observe that the train will be composed of parlor, dining-room, and sleeping cars of American design and manufacture. A through train from the Seine to the Oxus comes very close to being one of the wonders of the world.

The Congo Railway.

The surveys for the Congo railroad past the 235 miles of cataracts are approaching completion, and there is little doubt that within the next three years the toilsome journey to Stanley Pool, nearly three weeks long, that has sapped the energies of not a few travellers, may be comfortably made in a day. The time is coming when a trip to Central Africa will not involve a big caravan and thousands of dollars of expense. Any one who hankers after a taste of life in the central regions of the Dark Continent will have only to pack his gripsack and buy his ticket, and steam will waft him to the once mysterious regions which the pioneers nearly perished to reach. Mr. Stanley once said that some men posed as African explorers who were merely travellers. However that may be, the travellers will follow the explorers in considerable numbers as soon as long distances can be covered in a few weeks without serious discomforts.

When the National Convention of Photographers met in Minneapolis the other day the chairman rapped on his desk and said:—The convention will please come to order, fix its eyes a little to the right of the camera and look pleasant."

ONE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

A Telegraph Operator's Adventure.

In August, 1882, I went to visit a friend who kept a variety store and was, at the same time, a telegraph operator in Winfield.

Her place of business was over the local bank, and to it a wire had been looped from the railroad station, a half-mile away, for the accommodation of those in the village proper.

It was quite late in the day when I reached Winfield, and almost the first thing my friend said to me was:

"About an hour ago I received a note requesting me to come and see my brother who is quite ill in a town 20 miles distant from here. I am sorry to do so, but I know you will excuse me for leaving you under the circumstances."

"Certainly," I replied.

"This is my sleeping-room," opening a door, leading from her store. "Are you afraid to occupy it alone to-night?"

"No, indeed," I answered, though I must confess the prospect was not a pleasing one to me.

"If you are I will arrange for you to stop elsewhere or have some one come in and stay with you."

"You need give yourself no uneasiness on my account," I said with an air of bravado by no means mine.

At a few minutes past eight she bade me "goodby," observing that she should return at 5.30 the next morning.

So I was left alone, and, somewhat weary from my long journey, extinguished the light, and having locked the door, went to bed.

It was a very sultry night, and the heat, combined with the nervousness caused by a thunder shower and my isolated situation, rendered it impossible for me to sleep much. I would have a short nap and then wake to toss about on the bed.

Some time after I had heard the town clock strike 12, I rose, went into the store or "office," as you prefer, and seated myself beside an open window, whose blinds were closed. I had been seated there but a short time when voices beneath the window were audible, though in a low tone.

"Are you sure she has gone?" asked one.

"Yes" was the reply. "I sent her a note informing her that her brother was ill, and asking her to come to him immediately. Besides, I was at the station when she took the train for his place of residence, this evening at five minutes before nine; it was thirty minutes late."

"I believe she has a room mate," said a third person.

"Usually, but she is now out of town."

"Then you are positive that the building is deserted?" the first speaker, judging from the tone, enquired.

"Yes."

Ere long up through the register—by means of which the store was heated during the winter—came a confusion of sounds, and I knew the bank was being burglarized.

I hastily dressed myself—in the dark—wondering "What shall I do?"

I dare not attempt an escape from the building, feeling certain that there was a guard outside; that I should be seen, seized, and possible foully dealt with.

"For the fun of it," I had learned enough of telegraphy to "send" fairly well and read from paper, as did the inexpert operator in the village where I lived, who used a "register"; to read by sound" I was unable.

I had learned one "call" on the line passing through Winfield, by reason of my friend having had to send a message to the office whose it was since my arrival in the place. Where it was or whether a "night" office, I was ignorant. But, grasping the key, I called "Sx" several times in rapid succession. The "sounder" clicked, I knew not what, and then I wrote:

"Burglars in the bank at Winfield. I am not an operator, but a prisoner in the office over the bank. Send me assistance if you can."

Again the "sounder" clicked—unintelligibly to me, as before.

A death like silence ensued, broken only by peals of thunder and the faint sounds stealing up from the back.

After the town clock had struck 1—how long after I cannot say—heard the galloping of several horses, and they stopped in front of the bank building. Closely following were fearful imprecations and discharges of firearms in the bank.

Soon there was a rap on the door from the hallway to the apartment where I sat bathed in a cold prespuration, and I heard, "Let me in please." Confident that no harm was intended me, I opened the door and—fainted.

The strain upon my nervous system had been so severe that a "prostration" resulted from which I did not recover for many weeks.

Then I learned that calling "Sx" I was heard by a "night" operator 50 miles away who had asked: "don't you know that is not a night office?" a response which was not comprehended by me, as I have said; that hearing what I "sent" he had wired the information to a town where there was a "night" office, only six miles from Winfield, but not directly connected with it by rail or wire; that a number of men had immediately started from this town for Winfield, reaching it before the burglars had succeeded in opening the vault; that the manager of the "job," the one who sent the forged note to my friend, knew nothing of my existence, though he had carefully watched those entering and leaving the building the previous day; that during the fray in the bank, between the malefactors and their visitors, one of the former was serious!; wounded; that all of them were in close confinement.

My courage (?) and presence of mind were more extensively paraded than, in my opinion, they should have been, and the president of the bank handed me $1000, saying:

"Please accept this token of our appreciation of your services, without the the least feeling of delicacy. But for you the entire contents of the vault—nearly $100,000—would have been taken, to be recovered—if at all—only at great expense."

Not burdened with this world's goods, what could I do but accept it—gratefully?

I would not, however, suffer again, as I did that night, for the wealth of any money king.

Beautiful Thoughts Have Wings.

BY LAURA BELL.

Beautiful birds have plumage,
Beautiful thoughts have wings;
Stars shine far above the sight
Of earth's vague whisperings.
Under the earth's broad bosom
Never a beauty lies
But shall burn its way to the rim of day,
And flash to our wondering eyes.

Beautiful gems lie hidden
Under the fold of earth;
Even the slime hides a thought sublime
Till the time of the lily's birth.
Even the birds went creeping
Wingless and featherless,
Till plume by plume, like roses' bloom,
They borrowed the singer's dress.

Beautiful birds have plumage,
Beautiful thoughts fly high;
The poet's song cannot slumber long,
Its track is the boundless sky.
Under the infinite heaven
Never a wing unfurled
But shall find its way to the verge of day,
And flash on some wondering world.

SUMMER SMILES.

"Look not on the wine when it's red," remarked old man Ginnose. And he didn't; he shut his eyes.

One girl chooses a husband while another girl chews gum. And the latter girl may be the happier of the two.

"Do you know Brown—a dried-up old man?" "Yes, I know Brown, but the description doesn't fit. He talks incessantly and never dries up?"

"I'm going into politics." said the dentist. "Going to get at the root of it?" "No, I'm going to take the stump." "Gum off; that's tooth in."

Parson—"Why, Bachmeier, you have been married thirty years, and do you wish to seperate now?" Bachmeier—"Yes. Isn't that long enough?"

It is a historical fact that "It's a cold day when I get left," was the remark made to the outside crowd by Noah when he hauled in the gangplank of the Ark.

The bustle has departed.
'Tis well,' you say. But, whist;
Its spirit still will haunt us
In the awful Psyche twist.

Tommy Shortocash (reading)—"Say, pa, what does the Latin word 'ex' mean?" Professor Shortocash—"Out of, I believe, my son." Tommy—"Well, you're always exchange, then, ain't you?"

The devil gets the bulge on the clergy in the Summer time, and no wonder. He's used to hot weather and doesn't mind it a bit, but the ministers have to go off to the mountains or seek the seashore to cool off.'

If one person could have a monopoly of lying he might make his fortune in no time; but, unfortunately, there are so many in the business that the profits are ridiculously small, considering the amount that has to be invested.

A Sunday-school teacher was explaining the parable of the ten virgins to her class, who were mostly boys. When she had finished she asked: "Now, why were five of them foolish?" "Because they didn't get married," said one of the boys.

The tippler who wished that he was a giraffe, because he would then have a neck so long that the pleasure of drinking would necessarily be lengthened, should be satisfied to let well enough alone. He might have been a camel, that is often compelled to go a week without a drink.

It is much the same in politics as in religion. We first make up our minds in which direction we will go and then spend our lives in the endeavor to convince ourselves that we have chosen the right path. And we refuse to admit any but exparte evidence; anything that tells against us is ruled out as irrelevant or unworthy of belief.

To his fond father, who has asked him where he is in his class now—"Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the last term." "Indeed! Well, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth! you little lazy bones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes; it will be nearer the stove this Winter."

Mary—"Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?" Jennie—"Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?" Mary—"Oh, my young man. He's a street car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk." Jennie—"What does he say?" Mary—"Sit closer, please!"

Lady, angrily, to tramp at back door—You can't get anything to eat here. Tramp, politely—I beg your pardon, madame. I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of your neighbor; but if you could give me a small cup of coffee and a cigarette you would place me under many obligations.

Pullman porter—You will please give me your ticket before retiring, sir. Farmer Oatcake (returning from New York; his first trip on a sleeper)—Give ye my ticket afore retirin', eh? Not much, sir! I've heerd enough about you fellers. Here, ye can have what money I have left, but I'm hanged if I'll give up my only means of gettin' home!

Tailor—"To tell the truth Mr. Sprigglett, this piece will hardly be suitable for a bathing costume, for it is sure to shrink after getting wet." Sprigglett—"Oh, I nevah go near the nawsty, horrid wattah, deah boy. Just sit wound on the sand and entertain the deah ladies, don't ye know. Just give something stwong and something that the sun doesn't fade."

A minister was questioning his Sunday school about the story of Eutychus, the young man who, while listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" Then the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

According to an English authority the language of the parasol is: Indifference handle resting on the shoulder; "I dare every danger for you," high above the head; "I would lean on your arm," dropping it to the right; "I brave everything for you," shut; "I love you," carried in the arms; "I could beat you," held by the point; "I despise you," held like a cane; "I hate you," beating the toes.

"Ethel," said a Hamilton mother to her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed and said falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "Oh, nothing: only I heard him say at the door as he said good-bye 'Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother had promised me." Ethel said nothing.

A Canadian-Australian Cable.

The Government of Queensland, one of the most enterprising as well as prosperous of the Australian colonies—or provinces as Canadians would call the different political sections of what ought to be a great federation—has decided in favor of assisting in realizing the project of a Canadian Pacific cable to join Australia, Canada and Great Britain with one direct telegraphic system. The recent suspension of cable communication with the outer world in consequence of a break in its one cable has convinced Australia of the necessity of a second cable. When the cable ceased working the Australian Government acted upon the theory that such an event was the beginning of war between England and some power which had begun operations by cutting the English cable, so they mobilized the fleet and manned their forts just as if war threatened, although, of course, they really did not apprehend war. The chance of a grand review and a trial of their system was, however, too good a one to be lost.

The amount of Dominion notes in circulation is $16,297,913, and the excess of specie and guaranteed and unguaranteed debentures is $3,814,910.

—Prince Bismarck is only allowed two dishes at his dinner by order of his doctor, and has had to give up drinking wine almost entirely.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

European Peace Threatened by France and Germany—The English Harvest.

It is tolerably clear now that the English harvest will yield less than 55,000,000 bushels. Rain fell heavily again nearly the whole week. European crops are 15 per cent. under the average, but India, Australia, and Africa give a good surplus. Prices have advanced 1 to 2 cents a bushel. The market closes quiet.

An important London daily is publishing, under the heading of "England in Danger," extravagant exaggerations about England's defenceless condition. This newspaper would have one to believe that any country, even Liberia, might whip England with a little determination, and the Chinese may perhaps be silly enough to share the views of the newspaper in question.

It becomes more and more evident that if war comes France is determined it shall not be her fault. Premier Godlet's reply to the last insulting note on the Massowah difficulty sent by Premier Crispi of Italy is most temperate and patient, so much so that Italy cannot continue in her provocative course without alienating the sympathies of all the independent powers in Europe. The belief which is gaining ground that Bismarck warned Crispi that he could not rely on the support of the tripple alliance if he provoked France without cause strengthens the hope of peace aroused by France's moderation.

The real danger to European peace seems to be in the constant endeavor of Germany's young, ambitious and incapable Emperor to get himself and his country into trouble. Should Bismarck's restraining influence be removed, it seems certain that the new ruler would soon find a pretext to satisfy his greatest craving, the sight of his toy, the army, manœuvering and firing off its guns in bloody earnest. After irritating France with its gratuitous brag about 46,000,000 Germans lying dead on the battlefield before giving up a foot of conquered territory, he has allowed his mouth to endanger the peaceful understanding of his country with England.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

"HO, FOR SLUMBERLAND."

A little song for bedtime,
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

When the little ones [illegible]
And heavy [illegible] droop down
To pale blue ey s and black eyes,
Grey eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland;
And the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatmen's
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one,
And then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Abel John Allen, alias "Sailor Jack," who was hanged at Monticello, N. Y., the other day, sang and prayed on the gallows, placed the noose about his neck, and then said, "Let her go Gallagher." The ruling passion is strong in death.

A campaign torch is being made with an air tube up the handle. By blowing in the tube the flame can be made to leap up about two feet for an instant. The effect of 1,000 such spurts of fire at once will be striking, perhaps the burning of a city.

A wonderful landscape which is on exhibition in Paris has been executed in European and foreign insects. The desired tones for the foreground are supplied by 450,000 coleoptera, and 4,000 varieties of other insects make the rest of the picture.

Chas. Dudley Warner tells of the fertility of southern California, that the melon vines grow so fast that the melons are bumped along over the ground and get bruised, and if you want to pick one you have to get on horseback to catch up with it.

It is alleged that recently in Nagpore, India, a boy of 16 was offered as a sacrifice to the gods, in accordance with a superstition that human sacrifice caused a bountiful harvest. The head was servered from the body and offered to a goddess, while the body was tendered to a god.

When you talk about woman's constancy, says The Detroit Free Press, don't quote figures, because figures prove that two wives elope to one husband and that three widows remarry to one widower. Seven-tenths of the broken marriage engagements are broken by the female side.

Dr. Edson, of the New York Health Department, says it requires a peculiar condition of climate, such as we never have at the North, to make yellow fever contagious. There must be a long-continued period of hot weather and bad water for the disease to gain a foothold.

While James Martin, a wealthy farmer of McLuney, Perry county, Ohio, and his son John were harvesting, their machine got out of order, and both men crawled under it to fix it. While in this position their horses became frightened and ran away, drawing the machine over them and almost decapitating them.

The White Caps.

The State authorities of Indiana have at last been stirred up sufficiently to induce them to commence an investigation into the series of outrages perpetrated by an illegal association known as the White Caps. Hitherto these desperadoes have exercised a species of tyranny in certain parts of the State worse than the boycott in Ireland. Persons who have offended members of the organization were whipped and tortured and subjected to other brutal outrages and hounded out of their houses and homes. The press itself was coerced into publishing threatening announcements emanating from the White Caps. The grim humor of the outrages was that it was always professed that they were committed in the interests of public morality. It was necessary to adopt special means to suppress the organization, and a detective in disguise accordingly sough admission as a member, and having been sworn in obtained entrance within the secret circle. He has discovered enough to bring the ringleaders of the outrages in one district to justice if the State authorites have sufficient backbone to prosecute.

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