WHAT'S HIS OFFENCE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWO MISS FLEMINGS.

"You'd give him up? Well, I think you'd do wisely. I could forgive him for making up to Miss Lindsay, though, mind you, I believe he cares more for your little finger than for a dozen Miss Lindsays. It's her beauty and her voice and just a way she's got that dazzles him. It is the other business that I can't get over. An impudent little impostor, a good-for-nothing hangerage who makes up as a ghost and prowls about at midnight, for Greville to screen *her*, and insist on hushing up the matter, I wouldn't have credited it a week ago."

Eve shrank nervously before all this plain speaking, which appeared to her brutal, though possibly kindly meant.

"I think I will go in," she said, rather faintly; "you mean to be kind to me, Mr. Legard, I am sure. I ought to thank you. Some day I hope I shall. Just now I don't feel able to. You will excuse me."

Dick Legard began to repent of his bluntness. The dumb pain in her face, the courage which held her up touched him.

"Don't, Miss Hamlyn," he said, energetically, "don't go and look like that, for the love of Heaven, or I shall feel as if I had signed your death-warrant by my stupid meddling."

She held out a cold little hand to him.

"Do you think I cannot see you meant to be a friend to me? It must have been hard for you to speak as you have done. As hard, perhaps, as for me to hear you."

"I did mean to be your friend, I swear I did," said the unhappy Dick. "But I almost wish I had held my tongue, as Greville wanted me to do."

"Did he want you to be silent? Well, see, Mr. Legard, I can—I do thank you for speaking. It is better to lose one's illusions. I think my faith in Greville dies hard, but you will understand he was free as far as I am concerned. We were not engaged."

Dick shook his head.

"You can't deceive me, Miss Hamlyn. Greville is, or was, your lover. He was bound to you by honor, by consistency, by the opposition that the natural man offers to the cut-and-dried arrangements of his elders for his benefit. Do you think I don't know he swore to be true to you in the teeth of everything."

"I absolved him. There was nothing to bind him," with a touch of pride. "He was free, free as air."

Ah, proper pride, what a resource and support you are! A mendacious support in the long-run, a lying spirit, a broken reed too often in the end you prove, but is there anything which at the moment sustains the wounded so well as you!

"He is behaving confoundedly badly to you. Do not I know all about it?" cried Dick, in his indignation. "Mr. Hamlyn refused to sanction any engagement. He is an honorable man—too honorable to contend with unscrupulous players like the old squire and Colonel Lindsay, and a weak beggar like Greville. I tell you, Miss Hamlyn, there is nothing Mr. Estcourt would stick at to detach Greville from you, and it rile me to see him succeeding in an undertaking which Sir Philip Trevor and I came down, at Greville's own instance, to help him to circumvent."

It was impossible not to be a little moved by this impetuous championship, clumsy though it might be. She chose only to allude to Greville's position with regard to Miss Lindsay. The other portion of Dick's communication she ignored altogether.

"Thank you," she said, simply; "I see you would help me if you could, but I speak the truth. There is nothing to be done. Mr. Estcourt was left free to obey his father, and no doubt it will be best for him to do so. I shall not complain; I have no the right to."

Dick, unromantic, modern Dick Legard, actually bent low over her proffered hand, and reverently kissed it.

"He is mad—stark, staring mad, as sure as I am here. To think that a man should suffer anything to come between him and a girl like you. Greville is a fool, an unmitigated fool, if he is nothing worse."

He turned away, filled with generous rage, and marched back to the manor.

The girl stood still where he had left her. Her face looked gray, and her mouth quivered like a children child's.

"Ah, Greville, dear Greville," she murmured, brokenly, "why did you make me love you?"

The June sun still poured down the glorious noontide beams upon the vicarage garden, and touched with his golden smile Eve's fair, colorless hair. The blackbird and the thrush in the great Portugal laurel on the lawn still sang loudly and lustily their jocund song, but for the girl standing there in the broad sunshine the pride of the day was gone. Joy had fled, and in its place a dull pain rose up and looked with haggard eyes into hers. The bird's sweet, shrill notes jarred on her.

"How canst thou sing, thou bonny bird,
And I sae waeful, full of care?"

her heart cried in instinctive revolt against their reckless, rollicking, jovial songs.

She moved slowly away out of the garish sunshine, out of the unpitying mirth of nature, and sat down in the shadow of the house. She did not weep or wring her hands, but the next half-hour was bitter to her. It is hard to part with the bright dreams of one's youth, hard to unlove when one has learned the trick of loving, and as she had truly said, her love for Greville was hard to kill.

Dick, on his way back to the manor, presently perceived his quondam friend coming towards him. He neither avoided nor courted the rencontre, but held on his way with undeviating doggedness, looking not to the right nor the left.

"Well," said Greville, with indescribable bitterness, stopping him and scanning his face with almost feverish anxiety. "Well, Dick, what dog's trick have you played me?"

Legard met his eyes unflinchingly.

"I have apprised Miss Hamlyn of your extraordinary conduct," he said, almost violently, "and by God, Greville, I never performed a more ungrateful duty!"

"It was a pity you inflicted it upon yourself or her," muttered Greville. "It was more than unnecessary—it was sheer unwarrantable meddling with what did not and could not concern you."

"When I think of her face, poor girl, when she began to understand what I was driving at, I begin to wonder why I don't thrash you as you stand there."

"Well, try, Dick."

"Bosh! you know very well I can't chuck an old friendship like ours overboard; but, Greville, for the love of Heaven, if your conduct admits of any reasonable explanation, go down and give it her. I wouldn't have a woman look as she did for anything I had done for all the gold of the Indies."

"Like what?" gloomily.

"Like she looked when I left her. She smiled, oh yes, and thanked me, but I'd sooner she had sworn at me than smiled that poor little pitiful half-hearted smile. You see, Greville, she seemed to have believed in you so. Her love for you was like a religion. She couldn't all at once take in your blackguardly conduct, and when she did, she did her best to ignore it."

"I suppose you left her in no doubt about it?" grimly; "you blackened me enough."

"I said what I felt obliged to, and no more. Oh, it was not a pleasant task, I can tell you, but it is performed effectually. You are off with your old love, as far as I am a judge of such matters. Miss Hamlyn says you are free—free as air. She utterly disclaims your being bound to her in any way."

"Then may I be permitted to hope that you are satisfied?"

To be continued.

The Bride's Question.

Seated in one of the luxurious Pullman's *en route* to the city of New York, but a day or two since, was a wealthy Chicagoan and his blushing bride. As the train sped on, after a silence of some moments, the bride cooingly asked of her companion, "George, dear, isn't ours a grand union?" "Yes, love," responded the husband, "and for that reason, on arriving at the Grand Central Depot, New York, we will walk across the street and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, whose six hundred and thirteen rooms, as its Restaurant, Cafe, Lunch and Wine Rooms (on account of courteous attendance and moderate price), is constantly filled with admiring patrons." *

Charles Cox, a jeweler of Salem, Ore., has constructed a steam engine inside the wreath on a $1 gold piece. Its weight is two pennyweight and six grains, and the length of the stroke is fifteen hundredths of an inch. The length of the valve stroke is three hundredths of an inch, and the machine when run by steam is capable of five thousand revolutions per minute. It is now run by compressed air. The cylinder and bright work is gold-plated, and the little thing is quite a curiosity in its way.

Woman. Do you have a bearing-down feeling in the abdomen? Weak back, languid, tired feeling? If so, you can be sure there is some uterine difficulty, which Warner's safe cure will remove.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

MORE INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

The Philadelphia Inventor Gives Another Exhibition.

In the presence of 25 capitalists and scientists Keely, the inventor, gave an exhibition of his motor at Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon. The machines used by Mr. Keely were great improvements over those he experimented with a few years ago. The test of lifting great weights, moving an engine, and firing a cannon were puzzling to the deepest scientific scholar present. When Mr. Keely began to put what he calls the "liberator" together, the shop was in disorder. Pieces of the "liberator" lay about in every direction. The "liberator" weighs about seventy-five pounds, and is the producer of the force that, it is claimed, will furnish power to the extent of ten tons to the square inch. It is composed of brass resonants, steel tuning forks, and two or three steel and brass dials. It is about as queer looking a piece of mechanism as could be found anywhere. The object in having the "liberator" apart was to show the spectators that there was no hidden power secreted about the machine. When, after a half hour, Mr. Keely had connected all the parts, the spectators were no wiser than when he began. Secretary Schuelermann went out and got a quarter's worth of lubricating oil, and Mr. Keely poured some of it on the piston of a big lever, then with a little copper tube he connected the liberator with the lever. With a violin bow he tested the vibration by drawing the bow over the tuning forks. Then he let out the air in the two-pint tube under the liberator, and said he was ready to charge the little tube with vibrating power to the extent of ten tons to the square inch. The visitors looked on in mystified silence as the inventor, with beads of perspiration on his forehead, explained that the piston of the lever was a half square inch in area, and that it took 1,600 pounds pressure on the half square inch of area to raise the bare lever. He also explained that with the liberator he used no water, but got an etheric force from the atmosphere by vibratory action, which is accomplished with the liberator, and that there was no impingement or abutment, or visible exhaust from the pressure, except a slight sound. The scientists looked wise and nodded their heads as if they were thoroughly familiar with what they saw. Mr. Keely went on to explain the use of the forty brass resonants, arranged in a circle on the liberator, and, with a funny looking horn, which he called a vibraphore, he tested the metal line and vertral segments. When the inventor had satisfied his ear that the vibrating sounds were in perfect accord he said in an offhand way that the power in the tube had been vitalized, and that by turning a cock he would show his visitors a power of 10 tons to the square inch. Three weights were put on the lever, one weighing 112 pounds, another 56 pounds, and a third 28 pounds. Counting 1,600 pounds to the square inch to raise the naked lever, there was a weight of 7,480 pounds to the square inch. The cock was turned and the power was generated in less than half a minute, which sent the lever up like a shot. Then a shell, weighing 550 pounds, was hoisted with a Japanese pulley to the lever, and it was lifted on the lever in one-eighth of a second. The lift was a computation of 18,250 pounds to the square inch. After this experiment Mr. Keely adjusted another vibrating tube to the tube underneath the liberator. The additional tube had a capacity of seven pints. It was filled with water, and then the water was taken out merely to show the spectators that there were no chambers stored with hidden power in the tube. When the two tubes were adjusted they were filled with a pressure of 20,000 pounds to the square inch and the big shell on the lever was jerked up again in a jiffy. The inventor adjusted a long tube, one-eighth of an inch bore, to a brass cannon. He took some vulcanite and rubber wafers for packing, and then rammed a leaden bullet, one and one half inches in diameter, into the cannon with a broom handle. An iron plate was placed outside of the back door. The cock from the given point tube was opened and the bullet went whizzing through the panel of the door and flattened itself on the iron plate. There was a report about as loud as the sound made by firing off a revolver when the bullet left the cannon. There was no recoil of the gun, and the barrel was about the same temperature as the atmosphere. Three bullets were fired in quick succession, and Mr. Keely said that there was sufficient power in the tube to shoot 500 more bullets. Mr. Keely's new machine, which he has been working on for some time, is a 200-horse power engine. It is incased in copper and is full of brass resonants. It looks like a patent washing machine. Mr. Keely says it will be working in a machine shop on Vine street, below Sixth, inside of 60 days, and that then he will be ready to take out his patents. The machine can be put in any shop or factory, and will run machinery of 200-horse power. With one expulsion of the liberator of one-eighth of a second the machinery will run all day. Mr. Keely claims that by simply charging the tubes daily with the vibratory power the machinery in a big factory can be run without even having a liberator from which the mysterious power is originally produced.

Macaulay "A-thinkin'."

A singular reminiscence of Macaulay appears in the *Critic*. The writer was sitting in an old, low-ceiled tavern in London, the floor of which was sanded and two feet below the level of the sidewalk. A large man, with a round, pale and heavy face, but bright eyes, entered and sat down at the next table. Directly a waiter placed a big plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale before him. These he consumed and then sat upright, resting his hands on a heavy cane and evidently engaged in deep thinking. Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, "tipped" the waiter, paid his reckoning at the bar, and passed out. He had not uttered a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair. "Oh, no, sir," said he. "That's nothing unusual with 'im, sir. Wy, he's broke maybe a 'undred glasses since he's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't know it when 'e does it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it seems like as he got mad at something 'e was thinkin' about." "Who is he?" "Lord Macaulay, sir."

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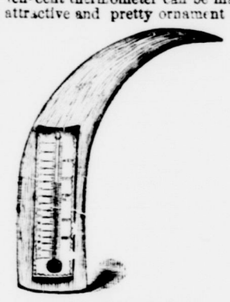
By a sudden stroke of fortune almost anybody or anything may be hoisted into prominence, but the problem is to stay there. The wrecks of big ventures lie all along the shore. Yet Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster stands steadily at the head of the entire class of external remedies. It has received the highest awards at every important or international exhibition, including those at Paris, New York, Philadelphia, Melbourne, Matanzas and Mexico. It surpasses all others in quickness of action, efficiency and cleanliness. Price, 25 cents.—6.

A Horn Thermometer.

A ten-cent thermometer can be made a very attractive and pretty ornament with



A HORN THERMOMETER.

the aid of a cow's horn. First polish the horn and cut the bottom so it will stand perfectly level; then saw a place in the side for the thermometer to fit snugly, and fasten it in place, as shown in the engraving.

No other preparation meets the wants of the debilitated system as does Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The peach-blow vase has dropped out of sight for the present, its place being occupied by the loud-blowing curve pitcher.

Geo. Andrews, of Lowell, although salt rheum ulcers covered half his body, was cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Regarding the seizure of the schooner Adams by the Canadian authorities, there appears to be a question of bait and rebait.

The good effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla on a debilitated person are felt at once, and a cure follows its use.

In leap year Japanese girls who want husbands set out flower pots on the front portico as an emblem. In this country they sit out there themselves with a young man as an emblem.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

If grey, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c

According to a startling dispatch in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "Miss Folsom is completely upset." This must make things very embarrassing for Mr. Worth in fitting on her trousseau, and will probably cause a postponement of the wedding until she can be righted again.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Impotence, Nervous Debility, Consumption, Wasting Diseases, Decline. It has cured thousands, will cure you.

Abram, a small colored boy, was given a pair of new boots, at which he looked long and often. He was proud of the boots—that was clear—but something seemed to be lacking. "How do you like them?" asked a lady. "Well, Miss B.," said he, "I ain't got nothin' ag'in dem boots 'cept dey don't squeak none."

SWELLED NECK—Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Berridale, Parry Sound, testifies to a prompt cure of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Yellow Oil is a sure relief for all painful conditions. 9

A cute little girl of three is the delight of a Washington Boulevard family for her prettiness, as well as for the bright and odd things she says. The other day a company of militia passed down the street in front of her home and her minute black-and-tan barked furiously through the window at them. The little girl arose in alarm and said: "Shut the door, mamma! Fido will bite the army."

HOARSENESS AND LOSS OF VOICE.—Public speakers and singers are often distressed with hoarseness, and much danger is lurking in the bronchial pipes. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is a prompt remedy for the irritation, and cures all throat and lung difficulties. 9

An Irishman from the country, the other day, was seen by a policeman on Cunard wharf at East Boston acting rather suspiciously, and to be looking intently at a large anchor which laid upon the wharf. Being told to move on, the Irishman drew back, and, pointing to the anchor, said, "Divil a bit will I move on till I see the man that uses that pick."

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is positively guaranteed to relieve or cure Rheumatic Pains, Sore Throat, Croup, Deafness, Colds, Cramps, Aches, Pains, Bruises, Frostbites, Chilblains, Stiff Cords, and all lameness and soreness, when used internally and externally according to directions. 9

A small dynamite bomb about the size of an acorn is now being manufactured. It is designed for use in boarding houses. The bombs are inserted in the spring chicken with a fuse extending to each boarder. When the pangs of hunger become too severe, he lights the fuse and blasts a piece off. This does away with the axe entirely.

Scrofula is known by swelling of the glands of the neck, abscesses, sores, a pale countenance, low vitality, and generally signs of bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters cures the scrofulous condition by making pure healthy blood. 9

The deepest boring yet made is said to be at Schladebach, near the line between Leipsic and Corbetha. It has been made by the Prussian Government for the purpose of ascertaining the presence of coal, and was bored with diamond drills. Its depth is 1,390 metres, or 4,560 feet, its breadth at the bottom two inches, and at the top eleven inches. The temperature at the bottom indicates 118 degs., Fahr.

NERVOUSNESS.—The unhappy and distressing condition called nervousness arises from debility, irritation, poor circulation and blood of low vitality. Reorganize the system by Burdock Blood Bitters, which gives permanent strength by invigorating the blood and toning all the organs to perfect action. 9

A box was received at the U.S. Government Redemption Office the other day which contained scraps of burnt paper, which the sender said had been bills amounting to $10,000, which had accidentally been burned, and which he wanted redeemed. It did not take an expert long to determine that the contents of the box were pieces of common writing paper and a few two-dollar bills that had been burned and mixed.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.—Most diseases of the skin arise from bad blood and lack of cleanliness, except when caused by grubs or insects. Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Pimples and all Humors of the blood are curable by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purifies the blood. 9

Relative to the death of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, the *Echo*, Tuesday, April 19, 1881, has the following:—"From the very first he has been wonderfully patient, and in good spirits, although conscious he could never recover, whilst awaiting his death with marked fortitude. It is understood he said the only real relief he had during the paroxysms of his illness was from an American remedy (Himrod's powder), which was freely administered during his illness, being the last medicine given him."—*The "Echo," Tuesday, April 19, 1881.* For sale retail by HARKNESS & Co.; wholesale by JAMES A. KENNEDY, London.

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