

who has her at last all to herself, by her side. They're travelling a hard road, and on a task which Him who made us only knows whether it will be for their own happiness or chastisement, if they do succeed. But never you fear, Miss Joy isn't fretting. She knows her call in life is to cheer them that most want it. Be thankful both of you men, that your lives have been, and are still, passed in ease and plenty, if even, at the end, you have to want something you desire, master."

Both Berringtons took Hannah's words well, though each after his own fashion. Old Berrington kept more silence from repinings. Blyth threw redoubled energy into his work, in improving, altering, and beautifying the farm and the Red House itself.

With the fine weather had come sounds of masons' tools, carpenters' hammers, clinking and driving all the day long. Not a plank, brick, or nail of the pleasant old house should be altered, so Blyth assured his father. But some more rooms were added, in design matching the fine ancestral homestead so excellently well that the Red House of former days seemed not only spread more substantially, but as quaint-looking as ever. And these were rooms for Joy: airy and sunny, lined to be a nest fit for such a bright bird of delicate parentage. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mirage in the Sahara.

It was a few days ago that a place down the river near New Dongola, was seemingly encompassed by an imponderable mirror. In the distance we thought we saw rocks, mountains, and old mimosa trees where we knew that all was sand. In the afternoon the rocks and mountains were gone, and a great sheet of motionless water mirrored before us. We thought we could at times see the waves rippled by some passing breeze. Up to within 300 yards of us we thought we saw a regiment of red-coated soldiers marching at ease where we knew no soldiers could be. We thought we saw camels, laden with munitions of war, on the horizon. It was a mirage, and none of us were deceived by it. But en route we saw more than that. Only yesterday I witnessed a sublime phenomenon. It was not a mirage but a reality. I saw three sand-spouts rising perpendicularly to a great height. Their heads were lost in swelling capitals, which appeared to reach the clouds. They looked like columns which had the sky as their vault. It looked like the ruins of some supernatural pantheon. Other sand-spouts looked like balloons dragging their cars over the plains. On the desert these sand-spouts are dangerous, but we well know how to guard against them as well as our Bedouin or Arab guides.

Hand Grenades.

Quite a large sale is springing up in "hand grenades," consisting of a small bottle holding about a quart of chemical fluid, left hanging at some convenient place in a store or room where they can be caught at any time and dashed and broken in a fire. In many instances incipient fires are thus extinguished. The Scientific American thus explains how they can be made:—The liquid in hand grenades for extinguishing fires consists of sodium chloride, ammonium chloride, and hydrochloric acid dissolved in water, with the addition of potassium carbonate and subsequently sodium bicarbonate, and last of all a little free crystallized tartaric acid is added. The object of such a mixture is the generation of carbonic acid at the time of the fire, so that if you can arrange to have a solution of some carbonate, sodium or potassium, so placed that in the event of fire a free acid of some character can be brought in contact with the liquid, thereby generating the carbonic acid gas, your purpose will be accomplished.

An intrusive friend is sometimes more unwelcome than a respectful foe. Certainly no intimacy, however close, can be permanently and mutually a happy one, unless each party respects the other's individuality and abstains from meddlesome interference with his thoughts and views.

MADALINE'S "SWEET FRIENDS."

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

It was quite a story, I thought, when Madalino told me how she earned so much money in a quiet way by the aid of her "sweet friends," as she called the bees, and was well worth telling, that others might do likewise. So I wrote it down one winter's night, when the snow lay thick over field and roadway, and whirled in immense hillocks that blocked up the window panes.

I had settled myself in this small Canadian village for a winter of quiet, and to enjoy a little sketching in "pastures now." It was quite a wrench at my heart strings when Ben married, kind brother Ben, who had been my care all his life, being so much younger than myself. But Clarice Lorange was very charming, and she told him with childlike simplicity, of her Canadian home, and brother and sister Madaline, who lived in the little cottage where she was born, and had always lived too, until she went to Manchester to visit an aunt, and met Ben. So a little wedding trip was planned, in which I took a minor part, ending in a visit to this strange country village, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

Why not stay here, I thought, when they spoke of returning, and so I stood alone, wrapping my cloak around me with a shiver, upon the shore one autumn day, when the maples were brilliant with gold, and orange, and red, watching the two who were dearest to me till the boat seemed but a speck on the water.

"Is there no other way of crossing this big river?" I asked of a graceful young Indian, who leaned against a tree, smoking his pipe.

"This good way, take mail bags," he answered stoically, and I learned in this very primitive way were Her Majesty's mails conveyed from the city to several prosperous townships.

"Danger?" I asked. "Oh yes, sometimes in a high wind the boat drifted down towards the rapids, sometimes in winter the ice broke the stout dug-out to pieces, or they had to get out and draw it over the cakes."

But there was a magnificent trust in Providence that one could not help admiring among these simple people. So Ben left me, waving his handkerchief as he went, and singing to the stroke of the oars,

"The blush is on the maple bough,  
Ma belle Canadienne,  
I hold you to your promised vow,  
Ma belle Canadienne."

And that is how I happened to be left alone with dear, trusty Madaline and Pierre, who was always at work, or out on the river with his fish lines and nets. I took to Madaline at once, and we seemed to understand each other, though she had not long passed thirty, which seemed young to my fifty years and fast silvering hair. I did not resist the impulse that came to me to sketch some of the pretty things I saw, and they had the charm of novelty, and sold well if Ben's check's were to be trusted, and I grew to like the simple peasants and the little cottage as the winter came on. The church opposite was my admiration, it was full of such specimens as a geologist might covet, hewn from the rough limestone, and full of crinoids, brachiopods and an occasional trilobite; no wonder it looked odd, I thought when I discovered these treasures. There was always a dim mysterious air in this building,—the arched chancel connected with the priest's house, and now and then a young curate walked across this enclosure with bent head, and slow step, when no service was going on, as if on guard to see who was busy with their devotions. It seemed restful to go in now and then as the solemn music began, and see the trusting devotion of the habitues, and smell the perfume from the incense. An altar lamp was always burning and some one was sure to be praying in the narrow aisles. Sometimes I wandered to the churchyard, and was generally fascinated when there by the banks of golden rod, and purple asters that formed a gleam of color along the stone wall. Sunday was the loneliest day—but I often hired a two wheel charette and drove four miles to a little

church where my own language was spoken, for I did not understand much of the Canadian patois, and both Madaline and Pierre spoke English. The Siour Gris owned all the seignory, and our Pierre was their factotum, vowed to remain a bachelor if he would keep his situation, for the Sisters employed none but unmarried men. It was a long while before I understood how they lived so comfortably on this small *emplacement*, but one morning, searching for Madalino, I found her in a shed that I never before entered, and, looking in, discovered the meaning of the mysterious boxes I had seen set around the rough board fence that enclosed their half acre.

"Bees!" I exclaimed. "My sweet friends," said Madaline laughing. "Really," I said, "this is stinging industry; why did I never hear of it before?" "Because since Madam oiselle [came there has been no swarming, or there would have been more noise," she answered, and when I returned in to taste a piece of luscious honey-comb she told me how it happened that she had learned to take an interest in her, "sweet friends," as she called the busy bees, and as she talked she worked steadily, breaking up the comb, her dark hair covered by a crimson kerchief, and a large, coarse white apron, covering her whole figure. "It was after father died," she said, "nearly ten years ago, that Pierre was coming through the Indian woodland one day and heard a hum humming in a hollow tree. He made sure it was an immense hive of bees, and then bought the tree, and chopped it down at night, first smoking it with rock brimstone. We took over 500 pounds of honey from that tree, and sold it to city grocers, who were glad to get it pure, there being so much adulterated honey in the market. It averaged then, as now, twelve cents a pound, and I put away some of the money and bought six hives the next spring, and that very July a funny thing happened, for two strange swarms came to us that nobody claimed. We found one in the morning on a picket of the fence, where it had been all night, and the other clinging to the old sweet-apple tree. I have some movable hives with glass boxes now, that can be used anytime, but the old style is very profitable, as I buy at wholesale the cheapest tumblers, and have my name printed on a label like this, and she lifted a pint glass full of translucent sweetness, I smiled as I read,

"MADALINE LARANGE.

"My sweet friends.

"PURE HONEY."

and a picture of a bee in a clover blossom below. "Where do you keep your 'friends' in winter?" I asked, dubiously, and she said: "Here in this double lined shed, they live comfortably, but this is my harvest time, when I get rid of surplus stock and arrange what I will keep. I generally clear \$300 in a season, counting in the wax, which I clarify and sell to the druggist. I put them out in spring," she said, "as early as the weather is suitable and snow off the ground. They get their first food from the alders and willows, and then the sap from the maple trees in sugar time, after that the apple blossoms are the best food. The clover and raspberry flowers come along with the best buds of the linn trees, and make the best honey. Then there are the summer flowers in the neighbors' gardens and the later flowers of the buckwheat in my neighbors' fields." All the time that Madalino talked the bees travelled over her, and one of them recovering a little in the air flew on to my hand. "Don't strike it," she exclaimed, as I made a movement with the other hand, and the little creature crawled to my finger tips, and then flew away. I wanted to see the queen, but she could not satisfy me. "There is but one royal lady," she said, "and she is the only perfect female in the swarm; the rest are either drones or workers." "How like a human hive," I said, "all drones or workers." She laughed and told me the queen was the mother of them all, and laid the eggs; that the workers were long and slender, and as I persisted in my search for her majesty she gave me a warning, telling me of those two young girls who were in her garden one summer day, and thought they would like to see a queen, so they gently turned over one one of the hives in order to look in—and dear me," said Madaline, "my 'sweet friends' became angry and came out. I heard the girls scream and ran towards them, 'Go under a grape vine,' I shouted, but they only beat at the angry insects with their hands and

ran toward me. I siczed the watering can that was already to sprinkle the geraniums, and drenched them well, throwing some in the air till the bees thought it was raining. Then I brought the poor girls in here, picked off the bees and rubbed the sore arms and faces with onion juice. One had a very swollen lip, and it did not ease the pain to tell her that the bee mistook her for a flower. They never tried to see a queen again."

"You must have charmed them," I said, if they never sting you, or do you keep the antidote onion always ready?" "They will soon learn," said Madaline, "not to sting you if you do not annoy them, and treat them gently but firmly and with quickness, but they resent injury."

"Nemo me impune lacessit," I said, "they are the real Scotchmen among insects." After this discovery I no longer wondered at the clear amber sweetness that was on our table so steadily, or at the comfort and plenty that was in the little household, and I thought the story worth telling in its rustic simplicity, that others might profit by it who had opportunity.

Predicting the Weather from the Color of the Stars.

From the fact that the color of pure water in great bulk is blue, M. Ch. Montigny explains the predominance of this color in the scintillation of the stars just before and during wet weather. The luminous rays, he argues, traversing the air charged with large quantities of water are necessarily tinged with the blue color of this medium. The excess of blue thus becomes an almost certain means of predicting rain. This theoretic conclusion corresponds with the results of his observations continued for several years past on the appearance of the stellar rays in connection with the state of the weather. During the months of fine weather in the present year blue has been much less conspicuous than in the corresponding months of previous years since 1870, when wet weather prevailed. It also appears that green, which had always coincided with clear skies during the fine years before 1870, has recently again become predominant. Hence M. Montigny thinks it probable that we have got over the cycle of bad seasons, and that dry weather and more normal summers may be anticipated, at least, for some time to come.

The Canadian Pacific Cars.

Americans evidently think well of our new Canadian Pacific Line to Montreal. The following appeared in the Detroit Free Press the other day. The praises bestowed are, in this instance, well earned, the Canadian Pacific equipment and style of working being a vast improvement on what we have had in the past:—"Some Detroiters who attended the Montreal ice carnival, going by way of the Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific, were greatly surprised at the fine equipment of the new railway. That part of it between Toronto and Montreal is said to be well built and in excellent condition. The trains run quickly and with very little jar, making the journey both short and comfortable. But the most noticeable feature was the excellence of the passenger coaches, which are declared to be equal to parlor cars. Each coach is furnished with a marble washstand and towels, and all doors and windows are double, doing away entirely with dust and the cold breezes that are admitted to ordinary cars every time the doors are opened. The heating and ventilation are excellent, while the upholstery and general finish of the cars are in keeping with the other parts."

The Congo Basin.

The Congo basin, as now defined, is based upon the proposition made by the American members of the conference, and takes in a strip of territory stretching from the west coast across the Indian Ocean, with a littoral of 385 miles, i. e. from Ambriz to the French Gaboon frontier, on the Atlantic side, and a coast front of thirteen degrees, or 750 miles on the Indian Ocean. The principal side of the question, however, in this discussion pertains, of course, to the Atlantic littoral, as being the accessible one, and the natural geographical avenue of trade from and to Europe.