

HEART TO HEART; OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

"THOSE EYES OF BLUE."

"V'lets, sweet v'lets, only a penny a bunch. For God's sake, sir, do buy a bunch," pleaded a childish, treble voice at Mark Deloraine's elbow, as he descended the steps of the "Pall Mall Restaurant," where he had been dining with some friends, and buttoned his ulster closely round him to protect himself from the bitter northeast wind that swept through the streets.

The speaker was only a poor little street Arab, bear-headed, bear-footed, clothed in tattered frock, which left her shoulders and arms uncovered. Long elf locks streamed down her back, and in spite of dirt and starvation her features, though pinched and wan, were refined and delicate.

Deloraine, who was as liberal a man as ever lived, thrust his hand into the pocket of his ulster and pulled out some loose coppers which he flung to the little girl, taking in return the bunch of white and purple blossoms, which she offered him.

"It's werry hard to live, sir, and thank'ee," exclaimed the child, lifting, as she spoke, a pair of the most exquisite eyes in the world to Deloraine's face.

He started as if he had been shot as he met the gaze of those childish eyes, and, turning aside, hurried down the steps and across the pavement to the hansom which was waiting for him, and giving the address to the sleepy cabby, flung himself back in the vehicle with a muttered exclamation of surprise and agitation.

His fashionable suit of chambers was soon reached, and his attentive valet stepped forward to take his master's coat, to wheel the easy chair closer to the blazing fire, and to set the spiritstand and box of cigars on the Chippendale table by Deloraine's side.

"You can go now, Austin," said his master. "I shall not require you again to-night."

As the man made his master a respectful good-night and noiselessly left the room, Deloraine mixed himself a glass of grog, lit a cigar, and, leaning back in his chair, relapsed into a reverie. It was the daintiest imaginable thing in the way of a sitting-room, this bachelor drawing-room in Mark Deloraine's chambers. The oak panelling was a delightful background for the Venetian mirrors, shelves of exquisite old china, richly-bound books, bronzes, brackets, choice hothouse flowers and water color drawings by the most famous artists of the day. The three tall windows were hung with curtains of sage green velvet, and the black and gold furniture was covered with the same costly stuff. A carved oak buffet was loaded with some huge gold salvers and racing cups and tankards. The room was lit with a profusion of wax candles—Deloraine abominated gas—and a splendid fire blazed on the wide hearth, by the side of which sat the owner of this pleasant room—a tall, dark, weary-looking man about forty years of age, with a tired, dissatisfied expression in his deep eyes and about the curves of his proud mouth which told a tale of suffering and sorrow—met, and perhaps endured—not too patiently.

While he smoked his cigar and gazed with a dreamy look into the red heart of the glowing fire, his thoughts were busy with the almost forgotten past which had been recalled so painfully to his memory that night by the eyes—so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue—of the little flower girl.

"Good Heavens!" he said to himself, "how like she is to Katie! I have never seen so wonderful a resemblance! What a fool I must be when a pair of blue eyes—a chance likeness—should have power to move me in this way! Poor Katie!" with a bitter, restless sigh—poor, foolish, jealous girl! I wonder what has become of her! Ah, the wine of life has never had quite the same flavor since she left me."

And Deloraine drained his glass, and quickly refilled it, striving to drown recollections—perhaps remorse—as so uneasy a man has done before, in the cup which, if it cheers, most certainly inebriates.

"Plague on that child, with her blue eyes and her violets," he exclaimed, as he set down his empty glass and flung his cigar into the grate. "She has brought Katie into my mind to-night, and I thought all that folly was over and done with. A villa in St. John's Wood, a brougham and a 'tiger,' sealskin and diamonds! That's been the end of my Katie, I fear! Heigh! I'm sick of London, I'll be out to the Abbey next week and have some trout fishing. By Jove!"—as the silvery tones of the time-piece chimed the hour—"It's one o'clock; I'll turn in now and forget all the folly of which that child so strangely reminded me, in a good night's rest."

Midnight in London! A bitter northeast wind blowing through the streets, and a shower of sleet falling sharply on the pavement. Overhead the bright stars were glittering in the steely blue heavens, and a young crescent moon was slowly rising over the tops of the houses. It was toward the end of March, and the London season was at its height. Carriages rolled through the streets conveying their occupants to every description of gaiety, frivolity and vice. From the doors of a splendid mansion in Belgrave square a striped awning stretched across the pavement, and several policemen stood by to prevent any one from crowding too closely upon the exquisitely dressed women and high bred men who were entering the mansion. Huddled up against one of the pillars of the portico was a little girl, weary, hungry and ragged, who covered there for shelter from the stinging, sleety shower, which stung her bare shoulders and thin arms like whips of steel. She had a basket half full of sweet Spring violets and delicate primroses in her hand, which even up to this late hour she had been endeavoring to sell in the streets. Poor child! a few pence, hid up in the corner of her tattered pinafore, was all she had gained, and with a heavy heart and bitter tears she

stood looking at the dainty, silken-robed and jeweled women who were passing into Lord Craven's princely mansion. In the far-off past she could remember a woman, as young and beautiful as any of that gay company, bending, with sweeping silk garments and gleaming jewels, over the lace-trimmed cot where she had lain, to kiss her good-night before joining any scene of revelry. But that was long ago, and poor Hilda had known nothing but poverty and sorrow for half her young life. A policeman, spying her hiding place, told her in rough tones to move on, and the child was about to obey him when she caught sight of a gentleman leaving the house, in whose stalwart figure and dark, proud face she recognized the gentleman who had given her many pence on the preceding evening for a single bunch of violets. The poor, friendless little thing felt almost as if she had found a friend, and hurrying after him and timidly laying her hand upon his arm, she implored him to buy some violets, for "mother's ill, and I don't know what to do," she sobbed.

Mr. Deloraine turned hastily to confront the child, whose marvellous eyes had awakened so many bitter memories in his heart the night before.

"It must be fate," he muttered, then added, aloud: "What is the matter, my child?" For Hilda was weeping bitterly.

"Mother's ill," she replied, lifting her eyes, like violets drenched with dew, to Mark Deloraine's face, "and the landlady says if she doesn't have a doctor she'll die, and oh! I cannot get one to-night, I have no money," sobbing as she spoke.

"I will go with you," returned Deloraine, in a voice which trembled in spite of his efforts to calm himself, "and we will see what can be done for your mother. Has she been ill long?" he added as the driver of the cab he had hastily signalled drew up to the pavement. He opened the door and bade the child enter, pausing only to give the address Hilda had given to him to the cabman ere he followed her. During the short drive he heard all the poor child could tell me of her brief history. Her mother had earned a bare existence for herself and her child for some five years by singing at one of the music halls with which London abounds; a severe cold, caught the preceding Autumn, had settled on her chest, and for many months she had been too ill to leave her bed. They had lived for some time upon the money gained by the sale of their clothes and furniture, and now it was evident, from the little girl's artless narrative, that starvation was staring them in the face, unless speedy aid arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMPARATIVE NATIONAL WEALTH.

A Remarkable Development of Industry and Wealth on this Continent.

Mr. Mulhall's latest contribution in statistics is a review of the power and wealth of the United States. Much of it is very technical in character and can only be appreciated by the skilled student of such literature. It shows, however, a remarkable development of industry and wealth on this continent, and in which of course, Canadians have shared, which in a few years, if continued uninterruptedly will give America the greatest and richest community in the world. Mr. Mulhall first examines the material power by which commodities are produced, conveyed and distributed reducing the working power of able-bodied men, of horses, and of steam to what are known as foot tons. And he finds the following advance in the daily average per inhabitant: 1820, 446; 1840, 1,020; 1860, 1,240; 1880, 1,545; 1895, 1,943. This latter figure is greater than that apportioned to Great Britain, which is 1,470. Germany has only 912, France 910, Austria 560 and Italy 380. This superiority of productive power in the United States is making its influence felt in accumulated wealth, which has grown, according to Mr. Mulhall's figures, at the following rate, the first column giving the total and the second the average per capita:—

1820.....	\$ 1,960,000,000	\$ 205
1840.....	3,910,000,000	230
1860.....	16,160,000,000	514
1880.....	43,642,000,000	870
1890.....	65,037,000,000	1,039

It is interesting to note, however, that great as is the expansion thus shown, the average is still 20 per cent. less than that of Great Britain, 10 per cent. less than that of France, and a little less than that of Holland. It is noteworthy, too, in connection with present day political discussions, that the greatest growth has been in connection with urban production, and that, accompanying it, there has been a steady and large increase in the wage earnings of operatives, the rise being from \$289 in 1860 to \$485 in 1890. Summing up, Mr. Mulhall says:—"The United States in 1895 possess by far the greatest productive power in the world; that this power has more than trebled since 1860, rising from 39 to 129 milliards of foot tons daily; that the intellectual progress of the nation is attended to in a more liberal manner than in Europe, and that the accumulation of wealth averages \$7,000,000 daily." There is no Mulhall calculation of Canada's wealth, but there is reason for thinking that it is not, according to population, far behind that of the United States. Very well qualified observers have held that the province of Ontario embraces within its bounds the best of community of its size in America, which, evidently, is equivalent to saying in the world. And the rest of Canada is doing very well by all accounts. If the United States passes the mother land in the average wealth of its people, it will find the British Dominion in America quite close at its heels.

A son of the Siamese Prince Damrong is to visit England. His name is ominous, but it is hoped he will prove a more satisfactory guest than the son of the Amer of Afghanistan.

SUMMER SMILES.

Teddie—"What are Woman's Rights, pa?"
Pa—"Everything they want, my boy; always remember that."

"You seem to be cultivating old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?"
"His daughter Laura."

Nell—"I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything," Belle (sweetly)—"You couldn't get into them, my dear."

Mrs. Hazum—"How in the world did your husband get so terribly choked?"
Mrs. Snapper—"Eatin' boneless codfish."

Wife—"That's a perfect dream of a bonnet."
Husband—"Yes; but I'll bet it cost a regular nightmare of a price."

Student (translating)—"And—er—then—er—er—went—er—and—er."
Professor—"Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human."

Miss Amateur—"Are you musical, Prof. Bisten?"
Prof. Bisten—"Yes; but if you are going to play anything, don't mind my feelings."

Trolley car conductor—"Settle, now, or get off!"
Dignified citizen—"What do you take me for, sir?"
Conductor—"F' cents, same as anybody else."

"I'll lead the dance," he said to her.
Her cheeks grew red, her eyes grew dim; They're married now and all is changed, And quite a dance she's leading him.

"You told me, said the weary collector "to bring this bill the first." "Yes replied the editor, "but I meant the first time I had any money."

Whyte—"I thought you said your wife wrapped up this bundle." Brown—"I did." Whyte—"You must be mistaken. There isn't a pin in the wrapping-paper anywhere."

The grass was parched until all men Who gazed on it were pained; He bought a garden hose, and then "It rained and rained and rained."

"I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of a girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see I am the ideal."

Dear summer maiden, I would say The nicest way to woo This season is to swing all day In a hammock built for two.

"What's the matter, major?" "The matter, Miss Tomson?" "Well, why are you so sober?" "G—g—gracious, Miss Tomson! you wouldn't like me to be always intoxicated, would you?"

The flowers are streaming in the dew, And ice cream now abounds; While "Is it hot enough for you?" Goes on its annual rounds.

Mrs. Fogg—"Only think of it! They do say that Mr. Figg was seen playing whist last Sunday. Isn't it awful?" Mr. Fogg—"But then you must remember that Figg plays so poorly."

Col. Brown—"By Jove! Miss Lilyblow, how the costumes and make-up alter people. I hardly knew you." Miss Lilyblow—"Do I look a fright, then?" Col. Brown—"On the contrary, you look charming."

Owner—"I want you to sell these horses for me." Auctioneer—"I see their tails are docked. We'll have to sell them at wholesale." Owner—"What!" Auctioneer—"Well, I can't retail them."

The torrid sunbeams now descend; Forbearance is the rule. But verily that rule must end Toward him who says "Keep cool."

"My expenditures never exceed my receipts," said Hawkins. "Mine do," sighed Wilkins. "In fact, I am very much afraid I shall never have any receipts for some of my last year's expenditures."

Presiding magistrate—"How came you to enter the premises?" Prisoner—"Please, your worship, 2 a. m., no police about, an open window on the ground floor—you would have climbed in yourself!"

Wylde—"See that woman sitting alone in the corner? That's Miss Antique, the lecturer. The women rave about her, but I don't think she thoroughly grasps her subject." Mack—"What is it?" Wylde—"Men."

She—"What made you so late coming home night before last?" He—"Humph! You have been a long time remembering to ask me." "Yes; I thought I would give you time enough to get up a good excuse."

When you leave an article with your uncle—he of the three golden globes—it is a question in his mind, perhaps, whether or not you will redeem it; but it can truly be said that he awaits the result with interest.

Caller—"I'm going to send my little girl to cooking school at once." "Does she care for such things?" Caller—"Dear me, no; but I am sure she will make a good cook, she breaks so many lovely dishes."

In this peculiar year we are learning to fear The mixing of temperature horrid. When it is cold, it is very, very cold, And when it is warm, it is torrid.

Wonderful Pocketknives.

Sheffield (England) cutlery have turned out some wonderful knives. One trophy exhibited by the President of one of the big Sheffield concerns is only five-eighths of an inch in length by two-tenths of the same measurement in width, yet it is a perfect knife of brass, steel and ivory, and has 20 blades. Another, only an inch in length when closed, has 70 blades, each of a different shape, illustrating every known form given to knife blades. Another, somewhat larger, of course, has 230 blades each exquisitely etched with portraits of British celebrities, scenery, etc. As far as the number of blades is concerned, the most wonderful knife ever made (one of the regular pocket size) was exhibited by the Sheffield Manufacturers' Union at its exposition in the fall of 1893. It was made of the very finest steel, brass, gold and pearl, and had 1,840 perfect blades! Each of these blades had its rivet and spring, and closed into the handle like any other knife blade. This curious specimen of cutlery is valued at a sum equal to \$500 either of the others mentioned could be bought for \$100. In the years past the Sheffield cutlery's triumph was a 100-blade knife made for George IV., which is now present at Windsor Castle.

THE HOME.

Canning Domestic Fruits.

Generally speaking, preserving means the cooking of fruits in an equal weight of sugar and cooking them long enough for the fruit to keep without being air-tight. On the other hand, canning can be done with little or no sugar and with just enough cooking to thoroughly heat the fruit, but the air must always be excluded. The fruit is prepared similarly for both forms, and the same general directions apply to each process. Preserves to be perfect must be made with great care and the best results are obtained by putting only a small amount of fruit at a time in the syrup after the syrup has been carefully prepared and clarified and the fruit made ready. The process of canning the different kinds of fruit varies very little except in the amount of sugar used, but only perfectly sound and fresh fruits should ever be used for the purpose.

Fruits may be canned with or without sugar, for since the introduction of air-tight jars and cans there is no danger of fermentation, and sugar takes no part in the preservation of the fruits. Never let the fruit cook long enough to destroy its natural flavor, and while boiling hot it should be poured into air-tight glass jars, filled to the top and quickly sealed. Heat the jars thoroughly before filling and stand them on a folded damp towel during the process to prevent breakage. Then stand the jars away in a warm place for one night; in the morning you can give the tops another turn, wipe the jars carefully and put away in a cool, dark closet. In a week or so examine the jars carefully and if you see no small air bubbles you may feel pretty sure that the fruit is keeping. If you find the opposite and that the liquid hasn't yet settled, the fruit is fermenting and must be taken out and recooked; and used for stewed fruits; not put back again. In filling the jars run a silver spoon handle about the inside of the jar, to break away any air bubbles that may be there. When canning small fruits sugar them two hours before cooking; some expert cooks advise adding a small proportion of alum so that they will keep their shape and be clear.

How to Destroy Moths.

Close all the windows and all doors leading from the room about to undergo treatment, open wide each drawer and closet, and hang the contents over chairs or upon clothes-horse brought into the room for the occasion. Take a piece of gum camphor (as large as a hazel-nut for an ordinary room, as large as a walnut for a room 20 by 16), put it in an iron pot or upon an iron stand. Set fire to the camphor. It burns very fiercely, so set it at a safe distance from furniture or hangings. The middle of the room is the best place for it, unless this be directly under a chandelier, in which case it can be placed more towards the side, as the heat is apt to injure the gilding or bronze. The dense smoke soon penetrates every nook and corner, and suffocates every insect that inhales it. Canary birds or goldfish are to be carried from the room before beginning operations, and as soon as the camphor begins to burn the operator may leave the room, as provided she has taken the above precautions, there will be no danger of fire spreading. The camphor will burn from a quarter to half an hour, but it can be extinguished at any moment by placing over it a stove lid or the cover of the pot. Let the smoke remain in the room about half an hour, then open the windows wide, leaving them so all day. After a few hours' airing, the traces of smoke will be scarcely noticeable. All the rooms can be treated thus in succession or all at once, care being taken to guard against fire.

Flower Notes.

If one wants a very brilliant and showy bed, where there will be flowers till the coming of frost, select the nasturtium. This plant is easily grown from seed, requires only an ordinary soil, begins to blossom when quite small, and improves with age.

A farmer's wife writes to an exchange: How is it possible for an intelligent reading woman on a farm to get along without flowers? Indeed my flower beds form the art studio of the family. From the creeping and climbing vines, the queenly rose, the ever-blooming geranium in infinite variety, the ever welcome annuals which put forth their cheery blossoms from earliest spring and continue in charming and delightful succession and diversity until old Jack Frost nips them off as Christmas approaches, they form a delightful charm around the house for every member of the family, and every visitor and passer-by.

Balsams are among the most satisfactory annuals. They are easily grown, come into bloom early, and continue to flower until September or later. The lately introduced varieties are wonderfully fine, both in form and color. Indeed, the flowers are as large as many tea-roses, fully as double, and range through all shades of red, pink, crimson, mauve and flesh-color to pure white. Some kinds are striped with contrasting colors; others are beautifully spotted. They are profuse in bloom, each branch being so closely set with flowers that it resembles a wreath. Give a rich soil, made mellow to the depth of at least a foot. Plant in a comparatively shady location. Water well in a dry season.

First-rate Doughnuts.

One quart flour, 2 rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, some nutmeg or cinnamon, salt to taste, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls cottolene, melted. Sift the flour, salt, spice and baking powder together. Beat the eggs, adding the sugar, milk and melted cottolene, stir in the flour, oil and cut into shape with a tin doughnut cutter. Have the kettle three-fourths full of cottolene; when the fat is hot enough a piece of dough dropped into it will rise to the top and brown. Drop in the dough-

nuts and fry 3 minutes. These are delicious and economical, neither heavy nor too sweet.

CANADA'S MINERAL PRODUCTION.

The Production of Mineral Substances in 1894 was the Largest on Record.

It has often been remarked that for a country so rich in minerals as Canada is reputed to be the returns of product do not make a very brave showing. The report of the mining department of the Geological survey on the production of mineral substances during 1894 goes to indicate that the reproach may before long be taken away. In a year of slow trade generally the mining men and their associated workers in the earth's materials increased their total output by over 9 per cent. It is to be noted, however, that, in spite of much booming of gold and silver fields, the humble brick maker at his clay bank contributes more to the wealth of the country than the digger for more precious substances, and in the value of the output, which is set down at \$1,800,000, is exceeded only by the coal miner, who runs up a grand total of production of 3,853,235 tons, valued at \$8,447,329, and by the nickel producer who, turning out 4,907,430 pounds of metal is credited with 2,061,120. The total value of metallic products is given as \$4,633,389. To this total gold gathered in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia and the Yukon county contributed \$954,451, the quantity being 32,992 ounces. The copper product, 8,481,635 pounds, was worth \$895,760, and the 649,586 ounces of silver is set down for \$409,239. The iron ore product was 109,991 tons, and was practically all converted into pig iron, yielding 49,967 tons, valued at the mines at \$641,447. Chromite ore, the deposits of which in several parts of Quebec province have lately attracted newspaper attention, was produced to the value of \$36,946, lead to the extent of \$188,262, and platinum to the amount of \$1,000. In the non-metallic list of mineral products petroleum heads the list with \$835,322, asbestos coming next with \$420,825, followed by natural gas with \$313,754, gypsum with \$202,031, and salt with \$170,687. The mineral water industry is credited with an output of \$95,040, and mica with \$50,000. Phosphates only amounted to \$43,940. Among structural materials building stone is set down for \$1,200,000, lime for \$900,000, sewer pipe for \$250,325, and drainage tiles for \$200,000. The total value of all mineral productions since 1886, as gathered by the department is given as follows:—

1894.....	\$20,900,000
1893.....	19,250,000
1892.....	19,500,000
1891.....	20,500,000
1890.....	18,000,000
1889.....	14,500,000
1888.....	13,500,000
1887.....	12,500,000
1886.....	12,000,000

It will be seen, therefore, that, though not astonishingly large the product of 1894 was the greatest in the record, exceeding that of 1891, the next highest on the list, by \$403,900. The growth since 1886, when the reports began to be issued, is from \$12,000,000, or over 70 per cent. That is a fairly healthy showing, and from present indications is likely to be kept up, a good many of the reputed rich deposits having fallen into the hands of people who hope to make money by working them. Heretofore too many have looked for gain only in selling to some one else, and the methods pursued have not always been over clear.

A HANDY FOOT-WARMER.

Warms His Feet With Heat Generated By an Electric Light-Bulb.

There is a good deal of misunderstanding as to the degree of heat thrown off by the incandescent lamp. An officer of the Austrian army has shown that an electric lamp of 16 candle power develops a maximum temperature of 94 degrees C., and a lamp of 25 candle power a temperature of 101 degrees C. Two lamps placed in a cavity of wood developed a temperature of 215 degrees C., decomposed cannon powder and other explosives, but without detonation. The cavity was filled with water which was brought to the boiling point in about 15 minutes. The cumulative effect of heat is little understood by the majority of people. Many persons cannot be brought to realize, even in the face of almost daily proof, that steam pipe can cause a fire. They argue: "You can't set wood on fire under about 400 degrees F., and water boils at 212 degrees, so how can you set fire when you lack 75 or 100 degrees of heat in your coils?" The solution of this little problem is that it is not wood that is set on fire; it is partially carbonized wood, which does not require, after arriving at that condition by a long process of daily heating, as high a heat as it formerly needed to break into flame. It is the same with paper and many other materials. It is dangerous to inclose the bulb of an electric lamp in any fabric, even as light as mosquito netting, and by this practice many fires are originated. Experiment has shown that an incandescent lamp globe closely wrapped with paper, so that no air can pass between it and the glass, will cause fire in a very few minutes. Another piece of testimony to the heat thrown off by an electric lamp is given by an electrician who was subject to cold feet. Being unable from this cause to sleep one bitter winter's night he put two incandescent lamps into his bed and turned on the light. He averts that in a very short time he had as much heat at his disposal as would be given by a brick fresh from the oven.

A Bagpipe in Pain.

Our George is very tender-hearted, so when he saw a bagpipe for the first time the other day he cried out: "Oh, mamma! that man is squeezing something under his arm, and is hurting it awfully. I can hear it scream."