God in cursing Gives better gifts than men in benedicties When the unwelcome baby had were i.s rown of consecration, a voice called, and t went home through the open arms of Cod into the New Home, where no child is ever

At a public meeting at Kirkwall. ther day, presided over by Provost 1: id. committee was appointed to draw up in appeal for subscriptions for the erection of a monument at Moul Head, Decrises, Orkney, in memory of over two handed. Covenanters who perished there in Precinber, 1679. The Covenanters referred were taken prisoners after the P: Bothwell Brig, and on the 15th of bothweit Brig, and on the 15th of ASV-ber, 1679, were put on board the ship Creen of Leith. The vessel was overtaken in a gale off Orkney, and was wrecked. As the hatches were fastened down on the Courtainters, over two hundred of them perished, where it is proposed to place the monage of Provost Reid stated that Dr. Gunning ford promised to subscribe to the extent whilst the Rev. John Henderson The author of "The Martyrs' Graves land," and others, were taking printerest in the movement. A sugarmade by the Rev. John H. Thomsell an obelisk or pillar, on the base of which the names of all the sufferers could be inscribed, should be placed at a point where

S

An Exacting Thief. on his front doorstep some nights a ten in a large straggling hand, of the following: "Beware! I to the following: "Beware! I took money. If you don't leave the town, burn you out." A few nights age anet; note was found on the back doorst

Bismarck Sends His Autograph, Prince Bismarck, in response to a request from the Royal Library at Munich hassist the following autograph: "I fulfil with pleasure your wish; glad to have stocker

Courting With a Club. The accomplished Hottentot has a very effective way of proposing marries. When he takes a fancy to a girl he knocks her down with a club and pops the question. He share down with a club and pops the question. He she says yes he carries her off and marries her. If she says no he picks up his club and goes off to woo somebody else.—Burlington Free Press.

Avoiding Temptation.

aw. I'm an honest man now, and I want obstay so."—Harper's Bazar.

Worse Off than the Tran r. Not a red."

"Then you're a fool!"
"Yes, I know it, but as I own the house, and lot I don't see how I'm to get around -Detroit Free Pres.

"How do you know that he wanted to

Mrs. Eunice Darling, of Hersey, Me., who was 101 years old a few days ago, is credited by a local newspaper with the ability to knit a pair of woollen so ks in a lay besides attending to her household work. She has never worn a pair of glasses in her ife. The knitting part of this ctory.

life. The knitting part of this story will not be readily believed by practical persons who know what knitting is. Paris Gaulois: "Mr. Calino has just

gaged a maidservant lately arrived from cittany. Yesterday he asked her for some ot water. "But, sir, you have some," be replied. "I took some up to you last

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earths hidden stores
Will show come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read! One stone at a time, and the palace rears Aloft its stately head; One blow at a time, the tree's eleft through, And a city will stand where the forest grew A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time our lives speed by
Into eternity

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored, Another and more on them, And as time rolls on your mind will shine With many a garnered gem Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell, "One thing at a time, and that done well," Is wisdom's proven rule.

"Too Many of We?" A TRUE STORY.

Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs should die." She was only three years old—the one Who spoke in that strange, sad way, As she saw her mother's impatient from At the children's boisterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her And the mother was sick and poor And the mother was sick and poor, Vorn out with the care of the roisy brood And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place; For the little one least of all; And the shadow that darkened the mother's fa O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care, And pondered in childish way How to lighten the burden she could not share, Growing heavier day by day. Only a week, and the little Clare

Only a week, and the late of the lin her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head. "Don't cry," she said—and the words were low, Feeling tears that she could not see— "You won't have to work and be tired so When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away From the home that for once was stilled, Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary What a place she had always filled.

The World.

The world is a queer old fellow,
As you journey along by his side
You had better concent any trouble you feel,
If you want to tickle his pride
No matter how heavy your burden—
Don't tell him about it, prey;
He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulde
And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully covers our sorrow,
And the world will be your friend.
If only you'll bury your woes and be merry
He'll eling to you close to the end.
Don't ask him to lift one finger
To lighten your burden, because
He never will share it; but silently bear it
And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow The world is a vain old fellow:
You must laugh at his sallies of wit.
No matter how brutal, remonstrance is futile,
And frowns will not change him one whit.
And since you must journey together
Down paths where all mortal feet go,
Why, life holds more savor to keep in his fav
For he's an unmerciful foe.

This Is All. ROSIE CHURCHILL Just a saunter in the twilight,
Just a shisper in the hall,
Just a sail on sea or river,
Just a dance at rout or ball,
Just a glance that hearts enthrall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting Just a silence proud and cold Just a spiteful breath of slan Just a wrong that is not told, Just a word beyond recall— This is all—and this is all. Just a life robbed of its brightness,

Just a heart by sorrow filled, Just a faith that trusts no longe Just a love by doubting chilled, Just a few hot tears that fall— This is all—ah! this is all.

## THE CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ERNEST RUNS AWAY. When Alston left the room, Ernest sat down on the bed again. down on the bed again.
"I am not going to be domineered over
by Alston," he sæid excitedly; "he
presumes upon his friendship."

Jeremy came and sat beside him, and

took hold of his arm.
"My dear fellow, don't talk like that. are not yourself just yet. By-and-bye you will see things in a different light."

"Not myself, indeed! Would you be yourself, I wonder, if you knew that the woman who had pinned all your soul to her bosom as though it were a ribbon, was going to marry another man to-morrow "Old fellow, you forget, though I can't talk of it in as pretty words as you can, I loved her too. I could bear to give her up to you, especially as she didn't care a brass farthing about me; but when I think about the other fellow, with his cold gray eye and that mark on his confounded forehead—ah, Ernest, it makes me sick!

And they sat on the bed together and groaned in chorus, looking, to tell the truth, rather absurd. "I tell you what it is, Jeremy," said Ernest, when he had finished groaning at

the vision of his successful rival as painted by Jeremy, "you are a good fellow, and am a selfish beast. Here have I been kick ing up all this black gentleman's delight, and you haven't said a word. You are and you have it said a word. Too are a more decent chap than I am, Jeremy, by a long chalk. And I dare say you are as fond of her as I am. No, I don't think you can be that, though."

"My dear fellow, there is no parallel

between our cases. I never expected to marry her. You did, and had every right to do so. Besides, we are differently made. You feel things three times as much as I

Ernest laughed bitterly. "I don't think that I shall ever feel anything again," he said. "My capacities for suffering will be pretty nearly used up. Oh, what a sublime fool is the man who gives all his life and heart to one woman! No man would have done it; but what could you expect of a couple of boyslike we were? That is why women like boys; it is so easy to take them in—like puppies going to be drowned, in love and faith they lick the hand that will destroy them. It must be amusing—to the destroyers. By Jove, Alston was right about his ideals? Do you Alston was right about his ideals? Do you know I am beginning to see all these things in quite a different light? I used to believe in wennen, Jeremy—actually I used to believe in them—I thought they were better than we are." and he laughed hysterically. "Well, we buy our experience; I shan't make the mistake again."

"Come, come, Ernest, don't go on talk-ing like that. You have got a blow as bad as death, and the only thing to do is to meet it as you would death—in silence. You will not go after that fellow, will you It will only make things worse, you see. You won't have time to kill him before he marries her, and it really would not be worth while getting hung about it when the worth while getting hang about mischief is done. There is literally nothing to be done-except grin and bear it. We won't go back to England at all, but right up to the Zambesi, and hunt elephant; and as things have turned out, if you should get knocked on the head, why, you won't mind

so much, you know."
Ernest made no answer to this consolatory address, and Jeremy left him alone thinking that he had convinced him. But the Ernest of mid-day was a very different man from the Ernest of the morning, association caused him for years afterward to hate the sight of a letter, had figuratively speaking, destroyed him. He could never recover from it, though he would certainly survive it. Sharp, indeed, must be the grief which kills. But all the bloom and beauty had gone from his life; the gentle faith which he had placed in women was gone (for so narrow-minded are we all, that we cannot help judging a class by our salient experiences of individuals), and he was from that day forward, for many years, handed over to a long-drawnout pain, which never quite ceased, though the frequently culminated in paroxysms, and to which death itself would have been a should have been no true friend to you if I had let you go on this fool's errand, this had let you go on this fool's errand, will had let you go on this fool's errand, will have been no true friend to you if I had let you go on this fool's errand, will have been no true friend to you go on this fool's errand, will have been no true friend to you go on this fool's errand, will have been no true fread. Will have been no true f

and to which death itself would have been almost preferable.

But as yet he did not quite realize all these things; what he did realize was an intense and savage thirst for revenge, so intense, indeed, that he felt as though he must put himself in a way to gratify it, or his brain would go. To-morrow, he thought was to see the final act of his betrayal. Today was the eveof her marriage, and he as powerless to avert it as a child. O great God! And yet through it all he knew she loved him.

oved him.

Ernest, like many other pleasant, kindly tempered men, was, if once stung into action by the sense of overpowering wrong, extremely dangerous. Ill, indeed, would it have fared with Mr. Plowden if he could have come across him at that moment. And he honestly meant that it should fare ill with that reverend gentleman. So muc did he mean it, that before he left his room did he mean it, that before he left his room he wrote his resignation of membership of the volunteer corps to which he belonged, and took it up to the Government office. Then, remembering that the Potchefstroom post-cart left Pretoria at dawn on the fol-lowing morning, he made his way to the office, and ascertained that there were no accompare booked to leave by it. But he office, and ascertained that there were no passengers booked to leave by it. But he did not take a place; he was too clever to do that. Leaving the office, he went to the bank, and drew one hundred and fifty pounds in gold. Then he went home again. Here he found a Kafir messenger dressed in the Government white uniform, waiting for him with an official letter.

or him with an official letter.

The letter acknowledged receipt of hi esignation, but "regretted that in the bresent unsettled state of affairs Hi Excellency was, in the interest of the oublic service, unable to dispense with his

ervices."

Ernest dismissed the messenger and tore the letter across. If the Government could not dispense with him, he would dispense with the Government. His aim was to go to Potchefstroom and thence to the Diamond Fields. Once there, he could take the post-cart to Cape Town, where h

take the post-cart to Cape Town, where he would meet the English mail-steamer, and in one month from the present date be once more in England.

That evening he dined with Mr. Alston, Jeremy and Roger as usual, and no allusion was made to the events of the morning. About 11 o'clock he went to bed, but not to sleep. The post-cart left at 4. At 38 he received was made to the care to the sleep. he rose very quietly, and put a few thing into a leather saddle-bag, extracted his revolver from under the bed where he had thrown it when, in the first burst of his agony, he had been interrupted in his con emplated act of self-destruction, and buckled it round his waist. Then he slipped out through the window of his room, crept stealthily down the garden-path, and struck out for the Potchefstroom road. But silently and secretly as he went, there went behind him one more silent and secret than he—one to whose race through long genera-tions of tracking foes, silence and secrecy had become an instinct. It was the Hot-

entot boy, Aasvogel.

The Hottentot followed him in the dim ight, never more than fifty paces behind nim, sometimes not more than ten, and yet otally invisible. Now he was behind totally invisible. Now he was behind a bush or a tuft of rank grass; now he was running down a ditch; and now again creeping over the open on his belly like a two-legged snake. As soon as Ernest got out of the town, and began to loiter around he Potchefstroom road, the Hottentot halted, uttering to himself a guttural expression of satisfaction. Then watching is opportunity, he turned and ran swiftly

back to Pretoria. In ten minutes he was at Ernest's house.

In front of the door were five horses, three with white riders, two being held by Kafirs. On the veranda, as usual smoking, was Mr. Alston and with him Jeremy, the

latter armed and spurred.

The Hottentot made his report as nished. Mr. Alston turned and addressed Jeremy n the tone of one giving an order.
"Now go," he said at last, handing him
a paper, and Jeremy went, and mounting

of the led horses, a powerful cream plored animal with a snow-white mane and was fascinated by her beauty, that was all

Meanwhile Ernest walked quietly along he road. Once he paused, thinking that the road. Once he paused, thinking that which she talked of "our engagement, he heard the sound of galloping horses, half and alluded to "our forthcoming mar a mile or so to the left. It passed, and he went on again. Presently the mist began to lift, and the glorious sun came out; then came a rumble of wheels running along the silent road, and the post-cart with six fresh horses was hard upon him. He halted, and held up his hand to the native driver. The man knew him and stopped the

team at once. "I am going with you to Potchefstroom "All right, sar; plenty of room inside, sar. No passenger this trip, sar, and a good

ob too. Ernest got up and off they went. He we safe now. There was no telegraph to Pot-chefstroom, and nothing could catch the post-cart if it had an hour's start.

post-cart if it had an hour's start.

A mile farther on there was a hill, up which the unlovely Apollo walked his horses. At the top of the hill was a clump of mimosa-bush, out of which, to the intense astonishment of both Ernest and Apollo, there emerged four mounted men with a led horse. One of these men was Jeremy, it was impossible to mistake his powerful form, sitting on his horse with the

ip of a centaur. They rode up to the post-cart in silen

remy motioned to Apollo to pull up. He beyed, and one of the men dismounted and ized the horse's head. "Tricked, by Heaven!" said Ernest "You must come back with me, Ernest," aid Jenemy, quietly. "I have a warrant or your arrest as a deserter, signed by the

'And if I refuse?" "Then my orders are to take you back."
Ernest drew his revolver.
"This is a trick," he said, "and I shall

ot go back."
"Then I must take you," was the reply nd Jeremy cooly dismounted. Ernest's eyes flashed dangerously, and he ifted the pistol.

"Oh, yes, you can shoot me if you like ut if you do, the others will take you;" nd he continued to walk toward him Ernest cocked his revolver and pointed it.
"At your peril!" he said.
"So be it," said Jeremy, and he walked

to the cart. p to the cart.

Ernest dropped his weapon.

"It is mean of you, Jeremy," he said
You know I can't fire at you."

"Of course you can't, old fellow. Come
thin out of that you he have the

ip out of that; you are keeping the mail have a horse ready for you, a slow one ou won't be able to run away on him. Ernest obeyed, feeling rather small, an Ernest obeyed, feeling rather small, and half an hour was back at his own house. Mr. Alston was waiting for him. Good-morning, Ernest," he said, chee

Ernest looked at him, and his brown "You have played me a dirty trick," he

'Look here, my boy," answered Mr.

directing the erection of "parasols" over Alston, sternly, "I am slow at making a melons. The cruel news that the mail had brought him, and which from force of hold it till one of the two grows cold. I should have been no true friend to you if I

per down. Going to his desk he unlocked

paper down. Going to his deak he unlocked it and extracted the letter he had received from Eva, in which she acknowledged her engagement to him, and then seizing his hat walked swiftly toward the Cottage.

Meanwhile Florence made her way downstairs again, saying to herself as she went:
"An unlucky chance. If I had seen the letter first, I would have burned it. But we shall win yet. She has not the stamina to stand out against that man."

As soon as she reached the dining-room
Eva began to say something more about
her letter, but her sister stopped her

quickly.

"Let me have my breakfast in peace, Eva
We will talk of the letter afterward. H
does not interest me, your Ernest, and i
takes away my appetite to talk business a

Eva ceased and sat silent; breakfast ha

or charms for her that morning.

Presently there was a knock at the door and Mr. Plowden entered with a smile of

orced gayety on his face.
"How do you do, Florence?" he said;
'how do you do, dear Eva? You see I have

'how do you do, dear Eva? You see I have come to see you early this morning. I want a little refreshment to enable me to get through my day's duty. The early suitor has come to pick up the worm of his affections," and he laughed at his joke.

Florence shuddered at the simile, and thought to herself that there was a fair

hance of the affectionate worm disagree

Why, what is the matter with you both?

Have you seen a ghost?"
"Not exactly; but I think that Eva has

oments."
"Am I not always at your service, dear

"I wish," began Eva, and broke down—
"I wish," she went on again, "to appeal to your generosity and to your feelings as a

Mr. Plowden bowed with mock humility and smiled too—a very ugly smile.

"You are aware that, before I became engaged to you. I had had a previous affair."

affair."

"With the boy who committed a murder," put in Mr. Plowden.

"With the gentleman who had the misfortune to kill a man in a duel," explained Eva.

The Church and the law call it mur

"Excuse me, Mr. Plowden, we are deal

lergyman, furiously; "if he were here, would give him a bit of my mind!"

Eva's spirit rose, and she turned on hin rith flashing eyes, looking like a queen in er imperial beauty. "If he were here, Mr. Plowden, you

would not dare to look him in the face Men like you only take advantage of the

The clergyman ground his teeth. He felt

his furious temper rising and did not dare to answer, though he was a bold man in face of a woman. He feared lest it should get beyond him; but beneath his breath he muttered, "You shall pay for that, my

"Under these circumstances," went or

Eva, "I appeal to you as a gentleman to release me from an engagement into which, as you know, I have been drawn more by force

f circumstances than by my own wish surely, it is not necessary for me to say

my more."
Mr. Plowden rose and came and stood

uite close to her, so that his face was

quite close to her, so that his face was within a few inches of her eyes.

"Eva," he said, "I am not going to be trifled with like this. You have promised to marry me, and I shall keep you to your promise. You laid yourself out to win my

promise. You laid yourself out to win my affection, the affection of an honest man."
Again Florence smiled and Eva made a faint motion of dissent.
"Yes, but you did, you encouraged me. It is very well for you to deny it now, when

t suits your purpose, but you'did, and you mow it, and your sister there knows it."

Florence bowed her head in assent.

n unlawful passion for a shedder of blood -you wish to throw me over, to trample pon my holiest feelings, and to rob me of the prize which I have won. No, Eya, I

vill not release you."
"Surely, surely, Mr. Plowden." said Eya

aintly, for she was a gentle creature, and he man's violence overwhelmed her, "you vill not force me into a marriage which I

tell you is repugnant to me? I appeal to your generosity to release me. You can never oblige me to marry you when I tell you that I do not love you, and that my

ole heart is given to another man."

Mr. Plowden saw that his violence we

ng its work, and determined to follow

He raised his voice till it was almost a

"Yes," he said, "I will; I will not sub-

mit to such wickedness. Love! that will come. I am quite willing to take my chance of it. No, I tell you fairly that I will not let you off; and if you try to avoid fulfill-

ing your engagement to me I will do more:
I will proclaim you all over the country as
a jilt; I will bring an action for breach of
promise of marriage against you—perhaps
you did not know that men can do that as

well as women—and cover your name with lisgrace! "Look, I have your written promise of marriage," and he produced her

not revengeful; I only want my rights.

Mrs. Gladstone's Waist.

Not long ago, says Harper's Bazar, Mrs.

adstone was visiting a country house

Eva turned to her sister.

And now you wish in order to gratif

Florence smiled.

ng with the early suitor.

Eva said nothing. She was still

with a wild look in his eyes.

"Come in, old fellow, come in," he called out with bitter jocularity, "and assist at this happy ceremony. Rather dark, isn't t? but lovers like the dark. Look!" he wast on seithing the his head. went on, pointing to his watch which lay upon the table before him, "by English time it is now about twenty minutes past 11. They are being married now, Jeremy, my boy, I can feel it. By Heaven! I have only to shut my eyes and I can see it."
"Come come, Ernest," said Jeremy
"don't golon like that. You are not your

elf, man.''
He laughed, and answered: He laughed, and answered:
"I am sure I wish I wasn't. I tell you I
can see it all. I can see Kesterwick church
full of people, and before the altar, in her
white dress is Eva; but her face is whiter white dress is Eva; but her face is whiter than her dress, Jeremy, and her eyes are very much afraid. And there is Florence, with her dark smile, and your friend, Mr. Plowden, too, with his cold eyes and the cross upon his forehead, Oh, I assure you, I can see them all. It is a pretty wedding, very. There, it is over now, and I think I will go away before the kissing."

"Oh, hang it all, Ernest, wake up," said Jeremy, shaking him by the shoulder.
"You will drive yourself mad if you give your imagination so much rein."

"Not exactly; but I think that Eva has received a message from the dead," said Florence with a nervous laugh.

Eva rose. "I think, Mr. Plowden," she said, "that I had better be frank with you at once. I ask you to listen to me for a few our imagination so much rein. Wake up, my boy? I feel more inclined sleep. Have some grog. Won't you'

o sleep. Have some grog. Won't you Well, I will."

He rose and went to the mantel-piece or which stood a square bottle of Hollands and a tumbler. Rapidly filling the tumbler with raw spirit, he drank it as fast as the ontractions of his throat would allow. He illed it again, and drank that too. Then he ell insensible upon the bed.

It was a strange scene, and in some ways coarse one, but yet not without a pathos f its own.
"Ernest," said Mr. Alston, three weeks later, "you are strong enough to travel now; what do you say to six months or a year among the elephants? The oxen are in first-rate condition, and we ought to get

"Excuse me, Mr. Plowden, we are dealing with neither the Church nor the law; we are dealing with the thing as it is called among gentlemen and ladies."

"Go on," said Mr. Plowden.

"Well, misunderstandings, which I need not enter into, arose with reference to that affair, though, as I told you, I loved the man. To-day I have heard from him, and his letter puts everything straight in my mind, and I see how wrong and unjust has been my behavior to him, and I know that I love him more than ever."

"Curse the fellow's impudence!" said the clergyman, furiously; "if he were here, I In Irist-rate condition, and we ought to get to our ground in six or seven weeks."

Ernest, who was lying back in a low cane-chair, looking very thin and pale, thought for a moment before he answered:

"All right, I'm your man; only let's get off soon. I am tired of this place, and want mething to think about."
"You have given up the idea of returning to the idea." England?

'Yes, quite." "And what do you say, Jeremy?"
"Where Ernest goes, there will I go also esides to shoot an elephant is the one whiting for the life." Besides to shoot an elephant is the one ambition of my life."
"Good! then we will consider that settled. We shall want to pick up another eight-bore; but I know of one a fellow wants to sell, a beauty, by Riley. I will be the constant of the constant of

begin to make arrangements at once CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. PLOWDEN ASSERTS HIS RIGHTS. When last we saw Eva she had just become privately engaged to the Rev. James Plowden. But the marriage was not to take place till the following spring, and the following spring was a long way off. Vaguely she hoped something might occur vaguery she noped something might occur to prevent it, forgetting that, as a rule, ir real life it is only happy things that acci dents occur to prevent. Mr. Plowden die not object, he was too wary a hunter to do so. So when Eya made her little stipula so. So when Eva made her little stipula-tions, he acquiesced in them after only just so much hesitation as he thought would seem lover-like. "Life, Eva," he said, sententiously, "is a compromise. I yield to your wishes." But in his heart he ought that a time would come when sl

would have to yield to his, and his cold eye gleamed. Eva saw the gleam and shuddered prophetically.

The Rev. Mr. Plowden did not suffer much distress at the coldness with which he was treated. He knew that his cay would come, and was content to wait for it like a wise man. He was not in love with Eva. A nature like his is scarcely capable of any such feeling as that, for instance, which Eva and Ernest bore to each other. True love, crowned with immortality, veils his shining ace from such men as Mr. Plowden. H

ail, galloped off into the twilight, followed by the three white men.

Meanwhile Ernest walked quietly along contrived to extract a letter from Eva, in

riage," and waited.

And thus the time went on all too quickly or Eva. She was quietly miserable, but she was not acutely unhappy. That was yet to come, with other evil things. Christ-mas came and went, the spring came, too, and with the daffodils and violets came Ernest's letter.

Eva was down the first one morning, and Eva was down the first one morning, and was engaged in making the tea in the Cottage dining-room, when that modern Minister to the decrees of Fate, the postman, brought the letter. She recognized the writing in a moment, and the tea caddy fell with a crash on to the floor. Seizing it, she tore open the sealed envelope and read it swiftly. Oh, what a wave of love surged up in her heart as she read! Pressing the up in her heart as she read! Pressing the

senseless paper to her lips, she kissed it again and again.
"O Ernest!" she murmured; "O my ve, my darling!" Just then Florence came down, looking ool and composed, and giving that idea of uiet strength which is the natural ttribute of some women. Eva pushed the letter into her bosom.

What is the matter. Eva?" she said "What is the matter, Eva?" see said quietly, noting her flushed face, "and why have you upset the tea?" "Matter!" she answered, laughing happily—she had not laughed so for months; "oh, nothing—I have heard from Expect that is all" rnest, that is all." "Indeed!" answered her sister with a coubled smile on her dark face; "and that has our runaway to say for him-

"Say! oh, he has a great deal to say, and I have something to say too. I am ing to marry him."
"Indeed! And Mr. Plowden?" Eva turned pale.
"Mr. Plowden! I have done with Mr

Indeed!" said Florence again; " really is is quite romantic. But please pick up at tea Whoever you marry, let us hav ne breakfast in the meanwhile. Excuse e for one moment, I have forgotten my Eva did as she was bid, and made the a after a fashion. Meanwhile Florence went to her room

nd scribbled a note, inclosed elope, and rang the bell.

The servant answered. servant answered. 'Tell John to take this to Mr. Plowden's gings at once, and if he should be out to ollow him till he finds him and deliver it.

"Yes, miss." Ten minutes later Mr. Plowden got the lowing note: "Come here at once. Eva has heard from cross Kershaw, and aunounces her inten-ion of throwing you over and marrying im. Be prepared for a struggle, but do not show you have heard from me. You

It is now understood that the dudes nust find means to hold your own. Burn his."

Are not wearing overcoats this winter because they have found that their corsets keep them sufficiently warm.

CURRENT TOPICS. n idiot of him, and no one knows wh s a slave to an inland tribe. The mis-ionaries, who have spread all over the THE people of British Columbia as complaining to the Government that not-withstanding the Chinese Restrictive Act passed two sessions ago, Chinese are still pouring into the Province. The recent census of the town of Vancouver, so states the News of that place, shows that over 50 per cent. of the adult population of that town are Chinamen. An agitation is on foot now to discourage the employment of Pacific, have never dared to live on these islands. Many of the natives are professed head hunters, an occupation that is not likely to become popular among visitors, especially as a white man's head is regarded as a gem for the finest collections.

town are chimamen. An agitation is on foot now to discourage the employment of Chinese labor as the only remedy, by boycotting the merchants and others who employ the Celestials, and thus starve them out. There appears to be, from all accounts, a floating Chinese population which drifts between Washington Territory and British Columbia, going and coming as the demand Columbia, going and coming as the dema or their services may fluctuate.

DR. WILLIAM H. GRAY, of West Falls, Md. is quite sure that he has at last discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and has constructed a wheel which he thinks will run forever. It derives its motion from the attraction of gravitation, a mechanical movement being placed on the wheel in such a way that the descending side is the heaviest. By the force of its action it keeps the wheel steadily in motion. The wheel is twenty-six inches in diameter by eight inches in thickness, and is mounted on a wooden frame resembling a grindstone frame. The wheel is keyed to a steel axle, which rests on brass bearings. Dr. Gray has had one of the machines at his house working steadily for the past three months. He labored twenty years over his invention.

M. Grevy receives as President of the s quite sure that he has at last discovered

M. Grevy receives as President of the French Republic a yearly salary of \$240,000, besides the following allowances: \$20,000 for heating and lighting, servants and washing, \$60,000 for his entertain. ments and journeys, and \$25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves. With respect to the latter, it is worth while oting that the game is no longer sent to ospitals and barracks as in former time but is sold, exempt from the octrol duty, for the private benefit of the President. The cost of his travels is always defrayed by the railway companies over whose lines he travels as a deadhead, and he has a free box at the Opera and all the theatres. The most perfect of official residences is pro-vided for him in the beautiful and com-modious Palace of the Elysee.

Nor many of our readers probably an Nor many of our readers probably are aware that the famous "Stars and Stripes" of the United States are of English origin. The East and West Junction Railway Company have published a novel guide, illustrated by photographs, under the title of "Shakspeare's Country and the Ancestral Home of the Washingtons," which speaks of Sulgrave as "the ancestral home of the Washington family, from whom sprang the repowned 'Father form whom sprang the repowned 'Father from whom sprang the renowned 'Father of his Country,' George Washington, first President of the United States, and from whose coat of arms, still to be seen in the village, the American banner—the famous 'Stars and Stripes,' took its origin \* \* \* \*
lies about three miles to the southwest of
Morton Pinkney, in a secluded valley on
the left hand side of the road leading to
Banbury. \* \* \* \* Just outside the village,
standing about two fields back from the road, is the ancient manor house erected by Laurence Washington about the year 1560, still bearing on the spandrils of the

outer porch his coat of arms, the 'Star and Stripes,' inscribed on a shield, with his crest, a raven, above it. THE newly-discovered goldfield at Tee tulpa, Tasmania, is the most exciting topi in the colony at present. The special cor respondent of the South Australian Register eports on a recent date as follows: mber of men have left the Teetulpa dis gings, but the field is still thickly populated the tents numbering from 400 to 500, and the men upwards of 1,800. Work has gone on more steadily and systematically to-da than before, and there are not so man gangs of loafers hanging about. In add tion to the results from the washing rough gold is still found in small nugget different claims I have seen quantities of the state of t In different claims 1 have seen quantities of 9dwt, 10dwt, and 15dwt, obtained Good prospects are being obtained from claims lying on the west bank of the creek and not in the watercourse." The following telegram has been received by the Colonia of the colonia Secretary of Western Australia from Mr Hare, Government resident at Wyndham lated October 14th, and despatched via Port Darwin: "Tweed, an old Queensland digger, brings news that a 40oz. nugget has been found at the Kimberley goldfields. He reports that the diggers are getting more gold than is generally supposed; £500 worth of gold was brought in last Saturday. Prospecting parties have gone up the Ord, Forrest and King Rivers in boats. A lode, supposed to be of cinnabar, 300 feet wide has been discovered. Later reports are very encouraging. A party

en have found gold six and rom Wyndham, but not as yet in payable quantities. The country is being well prospected. Mr. Carr-Boyd has brought in 1cwt. of magnificent quartz, in which golds plainly visible. The reef is about 120 miles from Wyndham. Boyd is proceedi south by the Perth." The Belgian Government offers a pri of \$5,000, to be awarded in 1889, to the author of the best work on the progress of

lectricity in its uses as a motor and for lighting purposes, with all applications that can be made of it, for such purposes, and the economy and advantages which its use may offer. The prize is open to all nation alities, and to e manuscript may be written in English, French, Flemish, German Italian or Spanish.

At the meeting of the Eastern Dairy Mr. Blue, of the Ontario Bureau of th statistics, brought out the curious fac that the Eastern part of Ontario gets the better of the Western part, on the score of a larger quantity of cheese to a given quantity of milk, to the extent of an aggregate of \$315,000. On the other hand, the Western part of the Province, by virtue of a better average price for the whole make of cheese, gets the better of the Eastern part to the extent of about \$500,000.

Eva turned to her sister.

"Florence," she said, "cannot you say a word to help ine? I am overwhelmed."

"I wish I could, Eva dear," answered her sister, kindly; "but how can I? What Mr. Plowden says is just and right. You are engaged to him, and are in honor bound to marry him. O Eva, do not bring trouble and disgrace upon us all by your obstinacy! You owe something to your name as well as to yourself, and something to me too. I am sure that Mr. Plowden will be willing. The Religious Tract Society has just received copies of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which has been produced at its cost in the Japanese language. The illustrations are the work of a native artist, and are of remarkable interest as showing how well the spirit of the various characters and scopes has been caught. The Japanese scenes has been caught. The Japanese makes the eighty-first language into which it is known that Bunyan's immortal work has been translated. The society is also contributing towards the cost of an edition in the cost of an edition. n the Fanti tongue, spoken on the Wes Coast of Africa.

am sure that Mr. Plowden will be willing to forget all about this if you will under-take never to allude to it again."

"Oh, yes, certainly, Miss Florence. I am A decision of wide interest to traveller A DECISION of Wide interest to travellers was rendered by the Massachusetts Supreme Court the other day. When passengers are robbed at night in a sleeping car the court holds that the sleeping car company is liable for the loss. "The company," says Chief Justice Morton, "holds itself out to the world as furnishing safe and comfortable, cars, and when it sells a ticket it implicitly stipulates to do so. It is its duty to use Gladstone was visiting a country house, and the first evening at dinner wore a black lace scarf wrapped around and around her body in the most extraordinary style. Everybody wondered at this amazing costume. Going up to the drawing-room after dinner something struck sharply against the stairs at overy step she took. "I know what it is," she calmly remarked. "When I dressed I could not find the waist of my gown, so I wrapped this scarf of my gown, so I wrapped this scarf tipulates to do so. It is its duty to us easonable means to guard the passenger gainst theft; and if through want of care against their; and if through want of care the personal effects of a passenger, such as he might reasonably carry with him, are stolen, the company is liable. Such a rule is required by public policy and by the in-terests of both the passenger and the com-

of my gown, so I wrapped this scarf around me instead. My maid in packing sometimes pins the waist inside the skirt." And stooping down, sure enough it was the missing link of the costume. Mrs. Gladstone retired and reappeared, having laid It is likely to be long before Germany makes much headway in the three large islands of the Solomon group which she has just annexed. We know very little more about these islands than the Spaniards who discovered them. Labor ships have made terrible savages of the natives by aside the grotesque substitute in favor of the conventional waist, and all with the kidnapping them to work on Queensland is. No white men have ever lived on the three islands except two unfortu-nate captives. The sufferings of one made

locked in the breasts of the editor and two leader writers. The paragraph announcing the resignation and the articles comment-ing thereon were written and held back to the last moment. But even then, the hour being one at which other papers had gone to press, the doors were still locked, and it was not till the paper had gone to press that the doors were unlocked. oors were unlocked. A BABY and a cradle figure among th goods and chattels recently seized for non-payment of rent in Portree, Scotland. The thing seems incredible, but it is a cold fact. Here is the official list of articles seized by Alexander Macdonald, Sheriff of Inverness, on account of non-payment of rent by William McRae, a tenant of Lord Macdonald. It appeared in the Glasgo Dresser and crockery...

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's resignation

was announced in the London Times exclu-sively, and this is how the "Thunderer" managed to retain its "scoop:" Lord Ran-dolph drove into Printing House Square shortly after 11 at night, and asked to see

he editor. He was lodged with him fo nearly an hour. As soon as Lord Randolpl and been seen off the premises an order wa ssued to lock every door, back and front

and take the keys to the editor's room.
Despatches, as they arrived through the night, were taken in at a window in the courtyard. Not a soul was permitted to leave the premises on any pretext whatever.
The secret was till 2 o'clock in the morning leaded in the hypertext of the different terms.

ocked in the breasts of the editor and two

rn and top.. yard, quantity of corn ... stable, and other effects All these articles were to be sold a auction after forty-eight/hours. When this

famous seizure was made the man McRae was at the point of death. His wife and seven children were living on potatoes alone. They were clad in rags and there was not a penny in the house.. THIRTEEN different religious denominations in Philadelphia have united in a novement for the evangelization of the city by means of a house to house visita tion. The rector of a Protestant Episcopa church is chairman of the committee hav ng the undertaking in charge, and a Re ormed (German) Church pastor is th Secretary, while some 400 congregations are engaged in the work. The plan involves special services in each church nightly and special services in each characterists subsequently union meetings in convenient neighborhoods. It is proposed, as far as possible, to visit every house in the city and possible, to visit every house in the city and extend a personal invitation to the immates to attend the services at such church as hey may prefer. The volunteers who d

he visiting will take the names and ad herevising will take the names and arresses of those on whom they call, the number of children not attending Sunday School, the church attended, or, if none the one preferred. These returns will be turned in at the end of the week to the Chairmen of the six districts into which the city has been divided, who will notify the pastors of the churches for which preerence has been expressed. Those wh express no preference will be considered the charge of the district chairman him-self. When it seems to be required, the visitation will be repeated as often as

appears advisable.

She Practiced Economy This story is told of the wife of an eminent benefactor of the town, whose residence was on the "Hill." One day while the lady was in the midst of preparaions for the midday meal (this was in solden time when people got up in the morning and had dinner at the proper time) a caller was announced. Hastily eaving the kitchen where she was over eeing operations she entered the next from where the visitor was. The door room where the visitor was. The door between the two was open, and pretty soon the lady broke off the conversation and alled to the "help" in the kitchen.
"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"
"No, ma'am."

Then the conversation was renewed, broken again in a few minutes by th quiry:
"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, ma'am."
"Then take the pine stick in the corner nably done, for shortly after, when ma'am " repeated her question: " Nancy, does the kettle boil now Yes, ma'am," was the answer.
Then take off the pine stick and put

This shows a spirit of saving hardly to

A Charming New Toy. We copy from an advertisement in the London Queen an interesting account of the charms of this gladsome Japan nonster: "Will go into a watch-pocket ret.blow out four feet long and as thick as man's arm. Immediately it is release rom the hand it flies all over the roor ausing the greatest consternation and orror among ladies. Stroked the right horror among ladies. Stroked the right way it puss with pleasure: stroked the wrong way it sends forth blood-curdling screams. This snake is always ready for mischief, and will cause more fun in five minutes than ordinary mortals deserve in a lifetime. Invaluable for parties, the most bashful young ladies invariably clutching the nearest gentleman for protection and refusing to release them until the 'monster' is removed from the room."

e 'monster' is removed from the room. The Devil's Leaf. At Timor, near the island of Java, the is a plant called the devil's leaf, whose petals, being of a thorny nature, possess a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. I once met a gentleman in Honolulu who had been stung by this plant who barely escaped both and who had been strung by this plant who barely escaped beth and who had been strung by this plant who barely escaped beth and who had been strung by the second structure. eath, and who had a great raw sore-lib that sometimes made by the stingaree of southern Pacific waters—on his left arm He alluded to it factiously as his straw berry mark.—New York Times.

A True Wife's Love. The deepest gold mine in the world is in California, says a floating item, but that's mistake, The deepest gold mine in the world is a true wife's loving heart. No man ever got to the bottom of it yet.

Journal.

Among the steries told at the New Eng-und dinner in New York last week was the nnexed: "There was an old preacher nce who told some boys of the bible lesson a was to year in the province. The annexed: "There was out old preacher once who told some boys of the bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bettom of one page: 'When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was 'then turning the page—'140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of copher word and covered with nitch in of opher wood and covered with pitch in and out. He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever read this in the bible, but I accept it is evidence of the assertion that we a carfully and wonderfully made."

There is money in wood pulp, judging rom the demand. One mill in Brunswick has hard work to keep ahead of its orders, running night and day, and pulp made there has gone to Boston and returned in the shape of newspapers within forty-eight hours.

it could be seen from passing vessels, very favorably received.

Mr. Ballam, who lately reported that he had been robbed of \$115 in cash as well is other articles, says he found a note lying warning, and advising him to have at once. Mr. Ballam says he cannot recent for such strange proceedings,—Claritational

proportunity of expressing the practice which Germany will ever feel for your magnanimous. King and for Practice of prayery, in renembering the rester stem of the unity and security of Gent. Berlin Despatch in the London Time.

Woman (to tramp)—"You might saw a ittle wood for that nice dinner." Tramp reproachfully)—"Madam, you ought not o throw temptation in the way of a poor nan," Woman—"Temptation?" Tramp—"Yes, madam. If I were to saw some wood the chances are I would carry off the

"Gittin' pay for that?" he asked as se came along to where a man was shovel.

Proof Positive "The teacher wanted to box my ears as morning," remarked John y Fizzle-

on your cars?" asked his mother of the hadn't wanted to box my cars have done it, would be, the

-Head-dresses are worn more and more

efrain.
I suppose the unwelcome baby ought to have been a pale, pensive child, who never smiled, if there is anything in antenata theories. But truth compels me to say that she was not. She grew and thrived and looked pretty in the only clothes thr were hers, the cast-off and out-grown werd robe of John Allen, jun. And she in bubbled over with laughter and cooings. as would be noted and petted, as if she has come to stay.
"You'll be late for work, John," his wife would say to John Allen.

"One more romp with little Bab," would be the answer, as he tossed her high up in his strong arms, and he kissed her again and yet again. And when the man went to his work there were smiles mixed with 11 a crows' feet of care on his face, as he thought of the baby that at last had found its velcome. So with them all. The big sis 'wasted her time" as she expressed it if time could ever be wasted in that way-getting down on her knees to worship the baby. And her voice grew low and sort because of the new love in her heart. And when little Bab could toddle about ver would have thought them a family of here, ties. She was their darling, their green, their idol. Ah, it has been well said that

THE UNWELCOME BART

"Another mouth to feed," said Jol.n Allen when the new baby came. "God never sends mouths unless he sends bread to fill them," said his employer

piously.

"Aye. Only He sends the moths to me and the bread to you." asserted John Allen.

"I guess God made a mistake when We sent that baby here," remarked John Aller, jun., aged 8, the baby himself until now.

"God never makes mistakes," answered his pale, tearful mother, the baby's only friend.

Pathet Attacher with

piously.

And that was all—quite all! No surely! Fur
The children cried so when her eyes were
—Detroit Fire?

The Victims of Bothwell Brig.

and were buried in Scarvating,