When Johnny passed me in the lane And pleaded for a kiss, And vowed he'd love me evermore For granting of the bliss; Although I'd liked it overwell, I ran from him away, With "Wait a bit, bide a bit, Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting, With "Jenny, be my wife?" And vowed I never should regret, However long my life; Although I liked it best o' all,

Oh, Johnny was a ninny; He took me at my word! And he was courting and then The next thing that I heard. Oh, what a ninny was Johnn To mind me when I'd say: "Wait a bit, bide a bit, Wait a week and a day!"

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny, I gin him a blink o' my eye, And then he fell a-raving, For want o' my love he'd die! I ne'er could be so cruel, So I set the wedding day, With "Haste a bit, nor waste a bit, There's danger in delay."

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

For when November came with its short days, its yellow fogs, its heavy damp atmosphere, a terrible thing happened in Mr. Huntingdon's office.

A young clerk, the one above Maurice—a weak, dissipated fellow, who had lately

a weak, dissipated fellow, who had lately given great dissatisfaction by his unpunctuality and carelessness—absconded one day with five thousand pounds belong-ing to his employer. Mr. Huntingdon had just given authority to the manager to dismiss him when the facts of his disappearance and the missing sum were brought to their ears. The deed was a cool one, and so cleverly executed that more than one believed that an older hand was concerned in it; but in the midst of the consternation and confusion, while the nanager stood rubbing his hands nervously ogether, and Mr. Huntingdon, in his cold, hard voice, was giving instructions to the detective, Maurice Trafford quietly asked to speak to him a moment, and offered to accompany the detective officer.

He knew George Anderson's haunts, he

He knew George Anderson's haunts, he said, and from a chance word accidentally overheard, he thought he had a clue, and might succeed in finding him.

There was something so modest and self-reliant in the young man's manner as he spoke, that, after a searching glance at him, Mr. Huntingdon agreed to leave the matter in his hands, only bidding him not to let the young villain escape, as he sertainly meant to punish him. eertainly meant to punish him.

were the incidents that befell Maurice and his companion in this his first and last detective case; but at last, thanks to his sagacity and the unerring instinct of the officer, they were soon on the right track, and before night had very far advanced were hanging about a low public house in Liverpool, lurking round corners and talking to stray sailors.

and talking to stray salors.

And the next morning they boarded the Washington, bound for New York, that was to loose anchor at the turn of the tide, and while Staunton, the detective, was making inquiries of the captain about the making inquiries of the captain about the steerage passengers, Maurice's sharp eyes had caught sight of a young sailor with a patch over his eye, apparently busy with a coll of ropes, and he walked up to him care-lessly; but as he loitered at his side a moment his manner changed.
"Don't look round, George," he whispered
"for heaven's sake keep to the ropes or you

are lost. Slip the pocket-book in my hand and I will try and get the detective out of

"Would it be penal servitude, Maurice?'
muttered the lad; and his face turned a
ghastly hue at the thought of the humar
bloodhound behind him. "Five or ten years at least," returned Maurice. "Were you mad, George?" Give t to me—quick—quick! and I will put him

to me—quick—quick! and I will put him on the wrong scent. That's right," as the shaking hand pushed a heavy brown pocket-book towards him. "Good-by, George; say your prayers to-night, and thank God that you are saved." "Staunton," he said aloud, as the detec-tive approached him, "we are wrong; he is in the bow of the Brown Bess, and he salls in the Pravice Flower." and as he

sails in the Prairie Flower;" and as he uttered the first lie that he had ever told in his guileless young life, Maurice looked in his guileless young life, Maurice looke full in the detective's face and led his quietly away.

But a couple of hours later—whe But a couple of hours later—when Staunton was loosing his temper over their want of success, and the Washington was steaming out of the dock—Maurice suddenly produced the pocket-book, and proposed that they should take the next train back for London. "For I am very tired," finished Maurice, with provoking goodhumor; "and Mr. Huntingdon will sleep batter to night if we give him back his five better to-night if we give him back his fiv

"You'll let the rogue go!" exclaim Staunton, and he swore savagely. "You have cheated justice, and connived at his "Yes," answered Maurice calmly

"Don't put yourself out, my good fellow I will take all the blame. He sailed in the I will take all the blame. He sailed in the Washington, and there she goes like a bird. You are out of temper because I was too sharp for you. Evil communications corrupt good manners, Staunton. I have taken a leaf out of your book—don't you think I should make a splendid detective?" continued Maurice, rattling on in pure boylsh fun. "I got up the little fiction about the Brown Bess and the Prairie Flower when I saw him dressed like a Flower when I saw him dressed like with a patch over his eye, hauling in the ropes."

Then, as Staunton uttered another

oath: Why, did you expect me to bring back my old chum, when I knew they would give him five or ten years of penal servitude? Do you think I am flesh and blood and could do it? No! I have kept my promise and brought back the five thousand pounds and not a farthing of it would he or you have

seen but for me."
Perhaps Staunton was not as hard-hearted as he seemed, for he ceased blustering and shook Maurice's hand very heartily; nay, more, when they told their story, and Mr. Huntingdon frowned angrily on hearing Maurice had connived at the criminal's

Maurice had connived at the criminal's escape, he spoke up for Maurice. "You did not expect the young gentleman, sir, to put the handcuffs on his old pal; it is against human nature, you see."
"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Huntingdon, coldly; "but I should have thought better of you, Trafford, if you had sacrificed feeling in the matter. Well, it may rest now. I have struck off George Anderson's name as defaulter out of my book and name as defaulter out of my book and memory, and I will tell Dobson to add his salary to yours. No thanks," he continued in rather a chilling manner, as Maurice's eyes sparkled, and he attempted to speak it is a fair recompense for your sagacity Go on as well as you have begun, and you future will be assured. To morrow I shall expect you to dine with me at Belgrave House. Dobson is coming, too," and with a slight nod Mr. Huntingdon dismissed

m. That night Maurice laid his head upon That night Maurice laid his head upon his pillow and dreamed happy dreams of a golden future. To morrow he should see the dark-eyed girl who had spoken so sweetly to him; and as he remembered her words and glances of gratitude, and the touch of her soft white hands, Maurice's Maurice, or would he turn with that hard

heart gave quick throbs that were almost

He should see that lovely face again, was his first waking thought; but when the evening was over Maurice Trafford went back to his lodgings a sadder and a wise

He was dazzled and bewildered when he saw her again—the young girl in the white gown was changed into a radiant princess Nea was dressed for a ball; shecame across the great lighted room to greet Maurice in a cloud of gauzy draperies. Diamonds gleamed on her neck and arms; her eyes were shining; she looked so bewilderingly beautiful that Maurice grew embarrassed, all the more that Mr. Huntingdon's cold eyes

were upon him.

Maurice never recalled that evening without pain. A great gulf seemed to open between him and his master's daughter; what was there in common between them? Nea talked gaily to him as well as to her other guests, but he could hardly bring himself to answer her.

himself to answer her.

His reserve disappointed Nea. She had been longing to see him again, but the handsome young clerk seemed to have so little to say to her. He was perfectly gentlemanly and well bred, but he appeared

gentlemanly and well bred, but he appeared somewhat depressed.

Nea's vanity was piqued at last, and when Lord Bertie joined them in the evening she gave him all her attention. Things had not progressed according to Mr. Huntingdon's wishes. Nea could not be induced to look favorably on Lord Bertie's suit; she pouted and behaved like a spoilt child when her father spoke seriously to her on the er father spoke seriously to her on the ubject. The death of one of Lord Bertie's isters had put a stop to the wooing for the resent; but it was understood that he rould speak to Nea very shortly, and after long and angry argument with her ther, she was induced to promise that

a long and angry arguments father, she was induced to promise that she would listen to him.

Nea was beginning to feel the wright of her father's inflexible will. In spite of her father's and merry speeches, she was her father's inflexible will. In spite of her gaiety and merry speeches, she was hardly happy that evening. Lord Bertie's heavy speeches and meaningless jokes oppressed her—how terribly weary she would get of him if he were her husband, she thought. She was tired of him already—of his commonplace handsome face—of his confidential whispers and delicately-implied compliments—and then she looked up and met Maurice's thoughtful grey eyes fixed on her. Nea never knew why she blushed, or a strange restless feeling came over her that moment; but she answered Lord Bertie pettishly. It was almost a relief when the carriage was announced, and she was to leave her guests. Maurice, who was going, stood at the door while Lord Bertie put her in the carriage—a little gloved hand waved to him out of the darkness-and then the evening

over.

Mr. Huntingdon had not seemed like himself that night; he had complained of headache and feverishness, and had confided to Dobson that perhaps after all Dr. Ainslie was right, and he ought to have taken more

Somehow he was not the man he had been before his accident; nevertheless he ridiculed the idea that much was amiss, and talked vaguely of running down to the sea for a few days.

But not even that determined will of his

could shake off the illness that was creep-ing over him, and one night when Nea returned from a brilliant reunion she found Belgrave House a second time in confusion.

Mr. Huntingdon had been taken suddenly ill, and Dr. Ainslie was in attendance.

By and by a nurse arrived—a certain bright-eyed little Sister Teress—and took charge of the sick man.

After the first few

charge of the sick man. After the first few days of absolute danger, during which he had been tolerably submissive, Mr. Huntingdon had desired that he should be kept informed of all matters connected with an important law suit of his at present pending; and during the tedious weeks of convalescence Maurice Trafford carried the daily report to Belgrave House. It seemed as though that was conshiring against him. daily report to Belgrave House. It seemed as though fate was conspiring against him; every day he saw Nea, and every day her presence grew more perilously sweet to him. She had a thousand innocent pretexts for detaining him, little girlish coquetries which she did not employ in vain. She would ask him about her father, or beg him to tell her about the tiresome law-suit, or show him her birds and flowers, anything, in fact, that her caprice could devise thing, in fact, that her caprice could devise to keep him beside her for a moment: very often they met in her father's room, or Mr., Huntingdon would give orders that Mr. Trafford should stay to lunchon.

Nea, in her blindness, thought she was only amusing herself with an idle fancy, a girl's foolish partiality for a face that seemed almost perfect in her eyes; she little thought that she was playing a dangerous game, that the time was fast approaching when the state of the second series of the second series are the second series and the second series when the second series are series and the second series are series as the second series when the second series are series as a sorrowful reality.

Day by day those stolen moments became

more perilous in their sweetness; and one morning Nea woke up to the conviction that Maurice Trafford loved her, that he was everything to her, and that she would rather die than live without him.

It was one afternoon, and they were together in the drawing-room. Maurice had come late that day, and a violent storm had set in, and Mr. Huntingdon had sent down word that Mr. Trafford had better wait until it was over. To do Mr. Hunting-don justice, he had no idea his daughter was in the house; she had gone cut to luncheon, and he had not heard of her eturn.

The heavy velvet curtains had been draw to shut out the dreary scene, and only the firelight lit up the room; Nea, sitting in her favorite low chair, with her feet on the

her favorite low chair, with her feet on the white rug, was looking up at Maurice, who stood leaning against the mantlepiece talking fo her.

He was telling her about his father's early death, and of the sweet-faced mother who had not long survived him; of his own struggles and poverty, of his lonely life, his efforts to follow his parents' example. Nea listened to him in silence; but once he parsed, and the words exceeded. example. Nea listened to him in silence; but once he paused, and the words seemed to die on his lips. He had never seen her look like that before; she was trembling, her face was pale, and her eyes were wet with tears; and then, how it happened neither of them could tell, but Maurice knew that he loved her—knew that Nea loved him—and was holding her to his heart as though he could never let her go. heart as though he could never let her go.

CHAPTER IX. THE AWAKENING.

That thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice, He stretched his arms out towards that thrilli voice,
As if to draw it on to his embrace.
I take her as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake her, for my honor'd wife.
E. B. Browning.

Paradise itself could hardly hold an hour of purer and more perfect bliss than when se two young creatures stood holding h other's hands and confessing their ach

nutual love.

To Nea it was happiness, the happiness for which she had secretly longed. To Maurice it was a dazzling dream, a madness an unreality, from which he must wake up to doubt his own sanity—to tremble and disbelieve.

And that awakening came all too soon. Through the long hours of the night he ay and pondered, till with the silence and arkness a thousand uneasy thoughts arose hat cooled the fever in his veins and made im chill with the foreboding of evil

What had he done? Was he mad? Had been all his fault that he had betrayed is love? had he not been sorely tempted? and yet, would not a more honorable have left her without saying a word? How could he go to Mr. Huntingdon and acknowledge what he had done? that he, a mere clerk, a poor curate's son, had dared to aspire to his daughter, to become the dark look on his face that he knew so well.

and give him a curt dismissal?

Maurice remembered George Anderson and trembled, as well he might; and ther and trembled, as well he might; and then as the whole hopelessness of the case rushed upon him, he thought that he would tell his darling that he had been mad—dishonorable, but that he would give her up; that he loved her better than himself, and that for her own sweet sake he must give

ner up.

And so through the long dark hours
Maurice lay and fought out his fierce battle
of life, and morning found him the victor. The victor, but not for long; for at the first hint, the first whispered word that he must tell her father, or that he must leave her for ever, Nea clung to him in a perfect passion of tears.

The self-willed, undisciplined child had

The self-willed, undisciplined child had grown into the wayward undisciplined girl. No one but her father had ever thwarted Nea, and now even his will had ceased to govern her; she could not and would not give up the only man whom she loved; nothing on earth should induce her now to marry Lord Bertie—she would rather die first; if he left her she should break her heart, but he loved her too well, to leave her.

Poor Maurice! An honorable man would have nerved himself to bear her loving reproaches; would have turned sadly and firmly from her confused girlish sophistries, proaches; would have turned sadly and firmly from her confused girlish sophistries, and reproved them with a word. He would have told her that he loved her, but that he loved honor more; that he would neither sin himself nor suffer her to tempt him from his sense of right. But Maurice did none of these things; he was young and weak; the temptation was too powerful; he stayed, listened, and was lost. Al!

the angels must have wept that day over Maurice's fall, and Nea's victory. She told him what he knew already, that Mr. Huntingdon would turn him out of his office; that he would oppress her cruelly; that he would probably take her abroad, or condemn her to solitude, until she had promised to give him up. and marry Lord

Sertie.

Could he leave her to her father's tende Could he leave her to her father's tender mercies, or abandon her to that other lover? and she wept so passionately as she said this that a stronger man than Maurice must have felt his strength

And so Nea had the victory, and the days lew by on golden wings, and the stoler noments became sweeter and more precious o the young lovers until the end ca Mr. Huntingdon was better—he could eave his room and walk up and down the corridor leaning on Sister Teresa's arm.

Corridor leaning on Sister Teresa's arm.
There was less pain and fewer relapses; and when Dr. Ainslie proposed that his patient should spend the rest of the spring in the south of France, Mr. Huntingdon consented without demur. They were to be away some months. Mr

They were to be away some months, Mr. Huntingdon informed Nea, and extend their tour to Switzerland and the Italian Tyrol. Lord Bertie had promised to join them at Pau in a month or so, and here her father looked at her with a smile. They could get the trousseau in Paris. Nea must make up her mind to accept him before they started; there must be no more delay or shilly shellying, the things had delay or shilly-shallying; the thing had already hung fire too long. Lord Bertie had been complaining that he was not fairly treated, and more to the same purpose.

Nea listened in perfect silence, but it was well that her father could not see her face. Presently she rose and said that he was tired and must talk no more, for Mr. Trafford would be here directly; and then

she made some pretext for leaving the Maurice found her waiting for him when ne came downstairs. As he took her in his arms, and asked her why she looked so pale and strange, she clung to him almost convulsively, and implored him to save her. Maurice was as pale as she long before she had finished; the crisis had come, and

he must either lose her or tempt his fate.

Again he tried to reason with her, to be true to himself and her; but Nea would not give him up or let him tell her father. She would marry Maurice at once if he wished it; yes, perhaps that would be the wises plan. Her father would never give hi consent, but when it wastoolate to preven it he might be induced to forgive their marriage. It was very wrong, she knew, but it would be the only way to free her from Lord Bertie. Her father would be terribly angry, but his anger would not last; she was his only child, and he had

never denied her anything.

Poor Nea! there was something pathetic
in her blindness and perfect faith in her
father; even Maurice felt his misgiving silenced as he listened to her innocent talk and again the angels wept over Maurice' deeper fall, and Nea's unholy victory.

ney had planned it all; in three week time they were to be married. Mr. Hunt ingdon could not leave before then. On the nd was to be sealed and signed be hem, so that no power of man could par them, so that no power of man could par-them. Mr. Huntingdon might storm ever so loudly, his anger would break against ar adamantine fate. "Those whom God hai joined together no man can put asunder"— words of sacred terror and responsibility. The next three weeks were very troubled ones to Maurice; his brief interviews with Nea were followed by hours of bitter misgiving But Nea was childishly excited and happy: every day her love for Maurice increased and

every day her love for Maurice increase eppened. The shadow of his moral weak ess could not hide his many virtues. Sh loried in the thought of being his wife th, yes, her father would be good to them perhaps after all they would go to Pau, bu Maurice and not Lord Bertie would be wit

nem. Nea never hesitated, never repented though Maurice's face grew thin and haggard with anxiety as the days wen

by.

They were to be married in one of the old city churches; and afterwards Maurice was to take her to his lodging in Ampton street; and they were to write a letter to Mr. Huntingden. Maurice must help her write it, Nea said. Of course her father would be angry—fearfully angry—but after write it, Nea said. Of course her father would be angry—fearfully angry—but after a few hours he would calm down, and then he would send the carriage for her; and there would be a scene of penitence and reconciliation. Nea painted it all in glowing colors, but Maurice shook his head with a sad smile, and begged her not to deceive herself. Mr. Huntingdon might not forgive them for a long time, for he remembered George Anderson, and the inexorable bered George Anderson, and the inexorabl will that would have condemned the young

will that would have condemned the young criminal to penal servitude.

And so one morning as Mr. Huntingdon was sitting by the open window watching the children play in the May sunshine, and wondering why his daughter had not been to wish him good morning, Nea had stolen out of her father's house, and was hurry ing through the sunny square and green in through the sunny square and green. ing through the sunny square and gre deserted park until she found Maur. waiting for her, who silently took her hand

waiting for her, who silently took her hand, and put her into the earriage.

Nea said afterwards that it was that silent greeting of Maurice's, and his cold touch, that first brought a doubt to her mind; during the long drive he spoke little to her—only held her hand tightly; and when at last they stood together, in the when at last they stood together in the dark old church with its gloomy altar and white gleaming monuments, the poor child gave a shiver that was almost fear, and suddenly burst into tears. It had come upon her all at once what she was doing and why she was there; but already it was too late, for while she was clinging to Maurice with low frightened sobs, the curate had hurried from the vestry and had entered within the rails, and the pew opener was beckening them to take their

aces.
Too late! too late! Ten minutes more

But when they had left the gloomy old them all the personal care possible.

church in the distance, and were driving church in the distance, and were driving through the crowded streets with their babel of voices, Nea's courage and spirits revived; and presently she was tripping about Maurice's shabby rooms, rearranging the bowls of jonquils and lilac, with which the landlady had made some show of festivity, unlooping the stiff folds of the muslin curtains, and peeping into the corner cupboards with the gleeful curiosity of a child, until, at her young husband's gentle remonstrance, her seriousness returned and she seat down to write the

gentle remonstrance, her serio returned, and she sat down to wri-formidable letter.

And how formidable it was Nea imagined, until she had tried and failed, and then tried again till she sighed for very weariness; and then Maurice came to her aid with a few forcible sentences; and so it got itself writen—the saddest, most penitent little letter that a daughter's hand

so it got isself writen—the saddest, most penitent little letter that a daughter's hand could frame.

But when she had laid down the burthen of her secret, and the special messenger hal been despatched to Belgrave House, Nea put off thought for a while, and she sat by the window and chatted to Maurice about the gay doings they would have at Pau, and Maurice listened to her; but always there was that sad incredulous smile on his face.

And at the day were on but when they

on his face.

And so the day wore on, but when they had finished their simple dinner and the afternoon had waned into evening, Nea grew strangely quiet and Maurice's face grew graver and graver as they sat with clasped hands in the twilight, with a barrier of silence growing up between

them:
And when the dusk became darkness, and the lamp was brought in, Nea looked at Maurice with wide anxious eyes and asked what it meant.

ispense.
"Hush!" exclaimed Maurice, and then they heard the rumbling of wheels that stopped suddenly before the door, and the loud pealing of a bell through the house.

"The carriage! the carriage!" cried Nea, and the flush rose to her face as she started to her feet, but Maurice did not

answer; he was grasping the table to support himself, and felt as though another moment's suspense would be intolerable. "A letter for Mrs. Trafford," observed the landlady in solemn awe-struck tones, and a man in livery and the cabman are

"and a man in livery and the cabman are bringing in some boxes."

"What boxes?" exclaimed Nea, but as she tore open the letter and glanced over the contents a low cry escaped her.

"Maurice! Maurice!" cried the poor child, and Maurice taking it from her, read it once, twice, thrice, growing whiter and whiter with each perusal, and then sank on a chair, hiding his face in his hands, with a groan. "Oh! my darling," he gasped, "I have ruined you; my darling, for whom I would willingly have died, I have ruined you and brought you to beggary."

eggary."
They had sinned, and beyond doub heir sin was a heavy one; but what father if he had any humanity, could have looked at those two desolate creatures, so young, and loving each other so tenderly, and would not have had pity on them?

(To be con

Food That Gives Muscle.

The lumbermen in the Maine foreste The lumbermen in the Maine forests work intensely in the cold snows of winter, and in the icy water in the spring. To endure the severe labor and cold, they must have food to yield a great deal of heat and strength. Beans and fat pork are staple articles of diet with them, and are used in very large quantities. The beans supply vertein to make up for the wear and tear very large quantities. The beans supply protein to make up for the wear and team of muscle, and they, and more especially the pork, are very rich in energy to be used for warmth and work.

I cannot vouch for the following, which has just struck my eye in a daily paper, but, if it is true, the workmen were sound in their physiology:

if it is true, the workmen were sound in their physiology:

"A lot of woodchoppers who worked for Mr. S— in H— stopped work the other day, and sent a spokesman to their employer, who said that the men were satisfied with their wages and most other things, but didn't like 'your fresh meat; that's too fancy, and hain't got strength into it. Mr. S— gave them salt pork three times a day, and peace at once resumed its sway."

way."
The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch. I have been greatly surprised to see, on looklargely the fatter kinds of meat are largely the fatter kinds of meat are used by men engaged in very hard labor. Men in training for athletic contests, as oars-men and football teams, eat large quanti-ties of meat. I have often queried why so much fat beef is used, and especially why mutton is often recommended in preference to beef for training diet. Both the beef and the mutton are rich in preterior which nd the mutton are rich in protein, which makes muscle. Mutton has the advantag of containing more fat along with the protein, and hence more potential energy. Perhaps this is another case in which experience has led to practice, the real grounds for which have later been explained by scientific research.—Prof. Atwater in the

Bridesmaids in Germany. In Germany the duties of the brides In Germany the duties of the prides-maids have just a tinge of superstition about them. It is one of their duties on the morning of the marriage day to carry to the bride a myrtle wreath, for which they had subscribed on the previous even-ing. This they place on her head, and at night remove it, when it is placed in the ng. This they place on her head, and as night remove it, when it is placed in the pride's hand, she being at the time blind-lodded. The bridesmaids then dance around her, while she endeavors to place the meats on one of their heads. Who the wreath on one of their heads. Who-ever is fortunate enough to be thus decorated will, it is believed, be herself a wife before another year has passed

In removing the bridal wreath and veil the bridesmaids are careful to throw away every pin, or the bride will be overtaken by misfortunes: while any unwary bridesmai misfortunes; while any unwary bridesmaid who retains one of these useful little arti-cles will materially lessen her chances of

getting off."
Like many other German superstition this has found its way into England, though it has not yet become a general

The First Speech of the Young Man.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—The oot has beautifully said, in those words so amiliar to you all, but which, unfortuately, have escaped me at this moment he has said—in the words of the poet—the poet—has said—now, gentlemen, I did not expect to be called upon to speak at this banquet to be called upon to speak at this banquet to-night, hence—though I could probably speak better hence than I can here—hence I feel—I mean I find myself—that is to say, you find me—and—and—realizing as I do—happiest moment in my life. Now, didn't come here to make a speech—"
"We see you didn't "intermeted the "We see you didn't," interrupted the Chairman, and the young man sat down amid thunders of applause.—Texas Siftings.

Work on the short line railway from Montreal to the sea is progressing satisfactorily. All the contracts in the State of Maine have been awarded, and the sections under contract are expected to be completed in November.

A Skye terrier belonging to a London places.

Too late! too late! Ten minutes more and the knot was tied that no hand could loosen, and Nea Huntingdon had become Nea Trafford.

A Skye terrier belonging to a London gentleman, says the Field, is caring for eight the chickens. They occupy a basket and the chickens nestle in the dog's long hair and seem comfortable. They follow the dog about and the brute strives to give dog about and the brute strives to give expenditure of \$2,456,435.

THE ART OF KEEPING COOL.

(Boston Post.)

its of Advice Prompted by Old-fashion

The art of keeping cool these days is only second in wide human interest to the art of money-making. Yet the chief facter in both is a little old-fashioned common in both is a little old-fashioned common sense within the comprehension of every-body. The body is, after all, only a tool of the will. If with the first approach of warm weather we surrender to the heat, without any effort to overcome the changed climatic conditions, we are largely to blame for our sufferings. A little philosophy and experimenting will show the dullest that he suffers most who dwells most—in thought and speech—upon the weather. The first principle of keeping cool is to keep the mind fixed on anything and everything but the height of the mercury. The greatest trouble is the esting and drinking. Here people are the slaves of appetite or ignorance. They blindly continue to take into the system the most heat-producing foods, supplemented by frequent potations of iced within in morified. supplemented by frequent potations of iced drinks in myriad forms. No wonder they are hot! The food is enough to keep their blood at a boiling point, and this is aggra-vated by the ice water and other arctic drinks, which retard digestion and hinder the system from throwing off the waste The inside of the body is ministered to at The inside of the body is ministered to at the expense of the outside. Instead of pouring gallons of drink down the throat, the faucet should be turned on the wrists and the mouth frequently rinsed as the jockey "sponges" his horse.

Bathing should become a religion instead of a lost art. There should be a saving at the bar to spend at the laundry. Finally, there should be some work to do. No mistake is more common than to suppose that

asked what it meant.

Were they not going to send the carriage for them after all? she wondered; must she go home on foot and brave her father's anger? he must be so very, very angry, she thought, to keep them so long in ately occupied. If greatlabor is necessary, it should be judiciously arranged. As much as possible should be done in the morning and evening hours to avoid the exhaustion of the midday heat. If the art of keeping cool, like that of money-making, thus appears to depend upon trifles, it must be remembered that "trifles make up perfections and authorities". tion, and perfection is no trifle.

Cured by a Miracle. Thomas Bedow, an Allegheny City black Themas Bedow, an Allegheny City blacksmith, lost the use of his legs two years ago, and his physician told him that he was afflicted with an incurable case of paralysis. He tried every known kind of treatment in vain and then resigned himself to his fate. Last week Mr. Bedow read an account of a remarkable cure wrought by faith, and when he went to bed that night he prayed long and earnestly that he might recover. The moment he awoke in the morning he felt that he was cured. He sprang from bed, danced about the floor, jumped into his clothing and ran downstairs, shouting all the time like a madman. Before ending his antics he ran about the yard several his antics he ran about the yard several times to test his new-found strength. Mr. Bedow says he hasn't been so well for

Bedow says he hasn't been so well for twenty years as he is now.

Up to the last week Mrs. B. F. Howe, of Huntington, Ind., had for more than three years been a bedridden invalid. She suffered from nervous prostration, was partially paralyzed and was even too sick to feed herself. Her absysicians told her partially paralyzed and was even too sick to feed herself. Her physicians told her that death was rapidly approaching. On the afternoon of Saturday, June 18th, a few friends came over from the prayer meeting at the church and prayed for her recovery. After they had gone Mrs. Howe felt better, and in the evening she got out After they had gone Mrs. Howe felt better, and in the evening she got out of bed of her own accord and walked around the room unassisted. In the morning she felt like a new woman, and went to church to give thanks for her remarkable recovery. She grew attacked. ble recovery. She grew stronger and heartier every day, and seems to be entirely

well.

Mrs. Walter Meade, the wife of a Adrian (Mich.) drayman, had been confined to her bed for several years with chronic diseases. A short time ago an inchronic diseases. A short time ago an internal abscess began to sap her remaining strength, and her case was abandoned as hopeless. At last the physician told her that at the utmost she could live only two day. Mrs. Meade prayed earnestly that night to be restored to health, and awoke refreshed. New life seemed to course through her veins, and she grew stronger every hour. The abscess dried up and disappeared, the other all ments departed and appeared, the other all ments departed and appeared, the other ailments departed and Mrs. Meade is now well. Besides that, her husband, a long scoffer at religion, is now a

levout church-goer.

Medical circles in Erie are much amazed at the miraculous recovery from paralysis of Isaac Bally, a Lancaster soldier, who of Isaac Bally, a Lancaster soldier, who has been a patient at the Erie Soldiers' Home for a long time past. He had suffered almost entire paralysis from a gunshot wound, and during his stay at the Home had been as helpless as a child. A few mornings ago he astonished his attendants by dressip by insufficients. ants by dressing himself unaided and walk ing about the premises as if nothing ailed him. He now seems to be entirely well. Mr. Bally is not a praying man. Mrs. Ruby Mantel, of Keeler, Mich., had

been lying ill in bed for eighteen months until the other day, when she suddenly rose and dressed herself without assist-ance. She now feels perfectly well, wheras previously she had not been able to drage herself around the house. Mrs. Mantel says that she prayed for recovery from the time she was taken ill, and that her prayers just before her restoration to nealth were no more earnest than they ha

A Chicago woman who has had som A Chicago woman who has had some success in the Christian science faith cure made an astonishing cure last week in the case of M. F. Potter, an Iowa man, who injured his spine ten months ago, and came to look on his condition as hopeless. Nine doctors treated him for six months and then gave him up to die. The Chicago woman cured him in two weeks without administering a drop of medicine, and he is now so well that he can walk a mile at a brisk gait without the slightest inconbrisk gait without the slightest incon

A Dog to be Proud of.

A Dog to be Proud of.

The fidelity of a dog to his master was well illustrated last evening at Seventeenth street and Portland avenue. Christopher Hart, well known in police circles, became intoxicated, and his small yellow cur Dandy took in the necessities of the case at once. Dandy left his master's side and hunted down a policeman. The dog finally found Officer George Copnell and led the way to Hart, who was lying in the gutter. Hart was arrested and taken to Seventeenth street police station. Dandy would not rest content until admitted to Hart's cell. The dog slept on the rough bench beside his master, and became furious with rage when any one approached or attempted to interfere with Hart's peace Verwille. when any one approached or attempted to interfere with Hart's peace.—Louisville Courier Journal.

He Accepted His Mother's Version "Mamma," said a young hopeful o

ucker? gone sucker, my child," responded the fond mother, rather puzzled, "is a very bad boy."

That night, when the clothing of the little fellow had been removed and he was engaged in his usual supplication to the Throne he said:

"And oh, Lord, bless papa, mamma and

me, for you know, Lord, I'm a gone sucker."—Brooklyn Standard.

A DESPERATE CRIMINAL

Description of Blinky Morgan, the Hulligan Murderer.

"Blinky" Morgan, one of the four mer rrested for the murder of Detective Hul ligan near Cleveland, who was supposed to be in the woods near Frankfort, was sen tenced at Toronto to serve five years in the Kingston Penitentiary for shooting at a policeman. He made a boast that no person could hold him, and the boast was not an idle one, because the escaped after serv-ing a year with the avowed purpose of kill-ing the policeman in question. After the murder at Cleveland, it was heard that Mormurder at Cleveland, it was heard that Morgan was at the house of a rich friend named williams. The officers then surrounded the Williams residence, and as Sheriff Lynch quietly ascended the steps Morgan was seen through the screen door reclining in an easy chair. Little children were in the room and he was examining bouquets that they carried in their hands. Rushing upon him without a moment's warning, Sheriff Lynch tried to pinion his arms, but quick as a flash Morgan slipped one hand into his pocket, and without removing it fired three shots before his hand could be caught by the others, who were upon them. He struggled despersately and but for the carbox was considered. others, who were upon them. He struggled desperately, and but for the quickness of James Connor, a perfect Hercules, who as-sisted the sheriff, undoubtedly there would was shackled. Two self-cocking revolvers, of 44 calibre, were taken from his pocket, one smoking. Sheriff Lynch was shot in the fleshy part of the thigh, the bullet passion ing through and making a very painful and serious wound. The other bullets grazed the hand of Connor, one of them drawing the blood. That some one wasn't killed by them is a pure piece of good luck. It is altogether probable that Morgan and his pals will dance with ropes around their necks before they are much older.

Will Russia and England Fight?

Russia seems determined to force the ssue with England regarding the Afghan-stan boundary line, and appears to be in a position to have it all her own way in that corner of the world when the war begins. Indirect information, by way of India, is to the effect that the Russian railway lines have been rapidly as well a stealthily extended, and now reach a point within 125 miles of the border of Afghanistan, and it was rumored that fifty miles of the intervening space were or would soon be covered. The Russian soldiers are in advance The Russian soldiers are in advance of the construction party, and are reported to have been encamped on the banks of the classic Oxus, only separated by the waters of that stream from the troops of waters of that stream from the troops of the Ameer. That dignitary seems doomed to defeat. His one chance of success lies in victory in the inevitable battle with the rebel Ghilzais, and his chances of winning are materially reduced by the fact that his foes have secured possession of the passes to the otherwise inaccessible mountain re-treats where the Ameer's ally, Shere Jan, the leader of the faithful Terakhi clan, is engamed.

ncamped.

Meanwhile there is a general armistice Mohammedans, and during the holy month of Ramadan, which this year will expire on the 23rd of June, the good Mussulman ab-stains, from the rising to the setting of the sun, from food and drink, from all nourish-ment that can restore his strength and from all pleasure that can gratify his senses.
Next week, however, or during the week fol-lowing the decisive struggle must come.
Should the Ameer's forces be routed and

he himself forced to abdicate or be slain England may feel justified in taking pos-session of the country of her fallen ally This will enable her to secure the advantage of position in case of war with Russia. Otherwise the Russian forces would have Otherwise the Russian forces would nave great advantage at the outset, for with their superior means for transporting troops they could occupy all the strongholds of what they propose to make their frontier before the British army could have penetrated the intervening

England, however, with the aid of Aus England, however, with the aid of Austria and Germany, may be able to coerce Russia into keeping the peace. Unscrupulously ambitious of and constantly intriguing for power in the Balkan provinces, Russia cannot but be the object of Austria's most jealous care, and Germany may see in such a triple alliance so many advantages in case of a conflict between that government and France that the part has been presented. ernment and France that she may be duced to join it. The Austrian and Ger man ambassadors were closeted with Lord Salisbury on Tuesday afternoon, for exactly what purpose is not known, but it is generally supposed that some such plan of bringing Russia to terms as we have indicated was the subject of discussion.

The Persian Idea of Christians

After the usual programme of question ey suggest: "Being an Englishman, you are, of

course, a Christian," by which they mean that I am not a Mussulman. "Certainly," I reply; whereupon they lug me into one of their wine-shops and lug me into one of their wine-shops and tender me a glass of raki (a corruption of "arrack," raw, fiery spirits of the kind known among the English soldiers in India by the suggestive pseudonym of "fixed bayonets"). Smelling the raki, I make a wry face and shove it away; they look surprised and order the waiter to bring cognac; to save the waiter trouble I make another wry face, indicative of disapproval, and suggest that he bring visits. approval, and suggest that he bring vish

"Vishner-su!" two or three of then ing out in a chorus of blank amazement Ingilis? Christi-an? vishner-su!" the exclaim, as though such a preposterous and unaccountable thing as a Christian partaking of a non-intoxicating beverage like vishner-su is altogether beyond their comprehension.—Around the World on a

One of Herrmann's Tricks.

Of the elder Herrmann, the conjurer who died recently, the London Times says:
"Tall and thin, with a mustache and chin
tuft, like Napoleon III., Herrmann could
by a contraction of his facial muscles so
alter his features as to be unrecognizable. But his most surprising performances were with legerdenain, and his fondness for practical joking made him delight to ex-hibit his prowess in public places where he was not known. In a restaurant he would ask the waiter for bread, and when the waiter arrived with a plateful of rolls Herrmann would mildly reprove him for absentmindedness in having brought a plateful of walnuts. How the rolls had en transfermed into walnuts was the onjurer's secret.

Senator Boyd's Cat.

Senator Boyd caught a Tartar yesterday in the person of little Miss Clarke, a maiden of 7 years or thereabouts, in Miss Adam's lepartment of the Victoria School. black-board drawings of animals were being examined, and the Senator, turning to this little Miss, challenged her to draw a cat and make it cry. She accepted the banter on the spet, and in a few seconds produced a fine cat with green eyes, a ribbon or neck, a scroll from its mouth with "minscribed, and underneath written "Boyd's cat."—St. John, N. B., Sun.

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk. Pine leaves are coming to furnish a fibre which is used as a substitute for jute, flax,

duction of it is becoming a considerable

dustry.

CHINOURS AHEAD.

An Astro-Meteorologist Sees a Mighty Heat on Its Way From the Star

Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, write Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, writes calling attention to the following extracts from his "Summer Forecast," published in the May number of his journal, Astronomy and Meteorology, issued last April: "The summer will soon be upon us, and all are concerned in asking: What are the probabilities? In two words, heat and drought. "May will be fine, more like June than May, and although June will have its sudden cool storms and changes, July will give us some persistent dry weather, which, under burning skies and with parching 'chinooks,' will wither the tender crops, burn the grass, burning skies and with parching 'chinooks,' will wither the tender crops, burn the grass, bake the soil, dry up many of thore perennial springs,' in which some of my friends place so much confidence, and turn the tinder-like forests into an easy prey to the fires which will make them but smoke and ashes. * The heat at times will be extreme. There will be not only hot waves, but seas, oceans of heat, until humanity will suffer everyly. only hot waves, but seas, oceans of heat, until humanity will suffer severely. Days in July and August in the west and south promise temperatures over 100° in the shade. Very heavy storms, cloud bursts and tornadoes will break at intervals, when precipitation will be abnormal. Cool terms, will follow, but in their wake will-come the dry, hot winds and sultry periods again, parching everything before them. * * * Those who have heard their parents talk of the drought of 1819, who themselves remember those of 1854, 1868, 1876 and 1881 will, before next October, have added 1887 to their catalogue of dry, hot summers. * * catalogue of dry, hot summers. * "
The ice-dealer who has a full supply; the dry goods man with a heavy line of summer goods; the seaside and summer resort people; in fact, all who want to see an abnormal summer for heat are likely to have their hearts made glad." So far Mr.

Late Scotch News

Admiral John Elphinstone Erskine, late M.P. for Stirlingshire, died in London on

the 23rd ult. A marble bust of the late Professor W. A marble bust of the late Professor W. E. Aytoun has been presented to the University of Edinburgh by his sisters. On the 13th ult. Widow Aitken died at Ecclesmachan, aged 80 years. For long she had been in receipt of parochial relief, and after her death a box containing £36 in notes was found in her coal cellar.

There were special services in the East U. P. Church, Haddington, on the 19th ult. in celebration of the centenary of the death of John Brown, the author of the "Self-interpreting Bible."

In celebration of the Queen's Jubilee the

Victoria Institute at Renton, Dumbarton-shire, was opened on the 18th ult. by Mr. Alexander Wylie, of Cordale, amid much rejoicing on the part of the inhabitants. At Aberdeen Circuit Court, on the 24th

At Aberdeen Circuit Court, on the 24th ult., Alexander Finlayson, writer, was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for forging a bill of exchange and a letter. In the Huntly wife-murder case, Alex. Stewart, tinker, pleaded guilty of culpable homicide and was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor.

The strongest volunteer regiment in Britain is the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Brigade, 2,340 enrolled; next is 2nd Glamorgan (Wales), 1,996 strong; next 1st Lanark, 1,579; then about half a dozen of equal strength—4th Manchester, 1,255; 2nd Somerset, 1,253; 3rd East Lancashire,

Somerset, 1,253; 3rd East Lancashire 1,251; 1st Warwick, 1,219; and 1st Dum 4,251; 1st Warwick, 1,219; and 1st Dumbarton, 1,213.
On the 18th ult. the monument erected in Muirkirk Cemetery by Mr. Howatson, of Glenbuck, to the memory of the Covenanting martyrs of 1680-85, was formally handed over to the authorities of the parish. In the course of the ceremony Mr. Howatson also made a gift of a fund which will provide a hyperse of 697 as formally independent of the control of the course of the ceremony mr. Howatson also made a gift of a fund which will be a hyperse of 697 as formal or the course of the ceremony of the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of 697 as formal or the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of 697 as formal or the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of 697 as formal or the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of 697 as formal or the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of the ceremony mr. Howatson mr. Howatson as hyperse of the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of the ceremony mr. Howatson as hyperse of the ceremony mr. Howat

provide a bursary of £27 a year to aid talented young men belonging to the parish in obtaining a University education. A correspondent writes that Her Majesty had a narrow escape the other day. She was sketching in the grounds at Balmoral, when a rival queen, hotly followed by her subjects, settled on the royal bonnet. The Oneon with purchases. Queen, with much presence of mind, quickly removed the too attractive millinery and threw it from her. A gardener quickly intervened with a beehive, and succeeded in inventions. nveigling the audacious insects into it. The correspondent always understood that Her Majesty's royal grandfather had a bee in his bonnet, but it was evidently reserved for Queen Victoria to out-do George the Third by having a whole swarm of bees outside heads.

Chinese Money-Raising Method

The Christian Union reports that the The Christian Cnion reports that the heathen in China have a practice that, if introduced into this country, would soon abolish church fairs, raffles, pound parties and the other questionable means of raising money to run the church. Dr. Corbett, a returned missionary, says: "The heathen never go to their temples to worship without carrying an offering of some kind as a proof of their sincerity. When they become Christians this conviction is not rooted out, but rather it is heightened in proportion as Christianity is regarded as superior to heathenism. I have seen them give to such an extent that I have felt it a duty to remonstrate and remind them that they owed duties to their homes which must not be forgotten." Were it not for the danger attending the

knowledge of our church methods it would be wise to have a few Chinese sent to this country as missionaries in this particular department of church work. The Chinese are so imitative that, on the whole, it is best for our people to confine the knowledge of their methods of raising money to our own shores.—Christian Advocate.

Mamie's Cablegram.

A Hartford man whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting him know of her safe arrival or two letting him know of her safe arrival in New York. In a few hours he received the following message, "collect":

"DEAR GEORGE,—Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 6, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while en route. Had a perfectly lovely trip. Don't worry about me, I'll get along all right. And take good care of yourself.

Be so careful about taking cold this damp weather. Remember that you are to keep on your flannels until the 15th of June. Be sure and have the house open and aired as often as once a week. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Don't forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day. I'm sure I'll have a lovely time. So good in you to let me go. You must come over after me in August. Forever and ever yours. MAMIE. An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following to her "word or two": "Don't cable anything from Liverpool.

I'm a ruined man if you do. George. Mr. Girouard, M. P., is likely to be the Judge of the Court of Claims, and Judge Clark elevated to the Supreme Court.

-It is better to rise with the lark than with the bent pin. Dr. Holmes says that when he was in England he insisted upon measuring some large elms to compare thems with Boston elms. About sixteen feet around the trunk is the measurement of a Boston common elm, and from 20 to 23 feet is the ordigary maximum of the largest trees. He found an elm in the grounds of Magdalen College which treesured 25 feet and 6 inches

measured 25 feet and Ginches. Two more miraculous cures are reported from St. Anne, Que. A young woman named Monse was completely cured of a paralyzed The other was a young girl named etc., in carpet manufacture, and the pro-Gauthier, 13 years of age, whose sight was almost gone; she is now completely cured