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# TRUTH

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July 12th, 1890.

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### Truth's Contributors.

#### THE AGRICULTURE OF CANADA.

BY HENRY LYK.

As a student of the social problems of Canada, it has been my good fortune to have had access to sources of information which I have had pleasure and satisfaction in utilizing for the benefit of the country at large, through the financial press of Canada, as well as by private and special correspondence.

One of the branches of study of a most interesting and important character, is that of the continuously changing conditions of the cultivation of the land.

We see in Great Britain immense estates ceasing to be profitably cultivated, whilst the people of the towns and cities find it impossible to procure fruits or vegetables at reasonable prices, so that, in fact, the working classes scarcely know the taste of fruit and seldom obtain such vegetables as are necessary to health of body and mind.

In the Eastern United States we see a similar state of affairs gradually increasing in intensity, yet in both Great Britain and in the United States there is a rapid increase in general wealth, with a gradual widening of the dividing line between rich and poor, between those who have every comfort at their command and those whose lot is constantly becoming more cheerless and hopeless. The cities and towns are increasing in extent, in population and in riches, whilst the country and the villages are being depleted and impoverished; mortgages are being renewed, increased or foreclosed, although the rates of interest, by their decrease, show that there is not profitable use for the borrowed money.

It is my intention, if possible, at some time in the near future, to write upon the causes of the mistakes and hindrances in connection with the mining industries of Canada, but my present subject is that of the cultivation of the land in Ontario and the Bourbonism of those who should have the interests of the cultivator as their chief study and care. I am not ignorant of the work done at the Government farms and colleges; in fact, I write in the hope that their present comparative uselessness, may by an occasional glance outside of their boundaries on the part of those who have the control of them, lead to such breadth of statesmanship as will cause them to minister to the wealth, comfort and happiness of the agricultural classes en masse.

I do not wish to see any material change in the "National Policy," but I do regret the general feeling that everything should be sacrificed to the interests of the manufacturers of that it should be imagined that the welfare of Canada depends altogether upon their success, whilst our forests are being depleted, our mines are unworked, our lumbered stores of iron are not utilized, and our lands are being exhausted, although it is obvious to every careful observer that the sources of income may grow to a great extent, if we should only begin to utilize them.

One of the most important sources of income is the land, which, if properly cultivated, would yield a large amount of food and raw material for the manufacturing industries of the country.

The present state of the land in Ontario is such that it is impossible to procure fruits or vegetables at reasonable prices, so that, in fact, the working classes scarcely know the taste of fruit and seldom obtain such vegetables as are necessary to health of body and mind.

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to the habits and circumstances of the people, consequently, just as certainly foredoomed to loss and failure, as would the erection of a monster cheese factory to be dependent upon milk to be carried from far distant points without any provision for either the purity or the quantity or the regularity of the supply—for the protection of the material from decay or for the utilization of the waste.

In the latter part of the preceding paragraph I have indicated the matter to be considered when providing for the introduction of any industry which has previously been foreign to the country, because no one could design more beautiful machinery; appliances better adapted for the purpose for which they were intended, have never been seen in Canada than was placed in these eastern beet sugar factories. There is no doubt of the practical patriotism of their promoters, nor that they had assurances of success from parties whom they deemed to be competent, so that the fact that these factories either remain idle or are diverted from their proper use, is a matter greatly to be regretted by all Canadians, the more especially as whether for the production of the raw material or for the disposal of the finished product, no country can excel Canada.

With these facts in mind, and enlightened by our experiences, let us consider the necessary concomitants of the production of sugar from beet roots with profit to all concerned. These are:

1. The proper cultivation of the beet in order that it may produce the maximum of saccharine with a minimum of saline matter.
2. An assured supply of properly cultivated roots in order that the factories may not be idle for want of material.
3. A method of manufacture which will dispense with the expensive land carriage of the beets to distant points.
4. A market or use for the refuse of the crushed beets.
5. A well organized system of cultivation and of gradual manufacture with a view to such economy as will not prevent efficiency in any state of the operations.
6. The co-operation of all the interests for the general benefit.

There is no doubt but that the system which prevails on the continent of Europe could be established here, but as it would confer only local benefits and those of doubtful character, it is not wise to contemplate its introduction, yet we should learn what we can from it and find how far they may be adopted, or with advantage combined with industries which are already established in Canada. We do not want colonies of serfs in this country, but more freemen breathing pure air and living pure lives.

1. The proper cultivation of beet roots must be provided for when the guarantee for market and payment is given, because negligence or carelessness in their cultivation will result in such excess of saline matter as will cause loss, not only in respect to the particular crops which are improperly grown, but to all that they may be mixed with, thus embarrassing all the stages of the operations; consequently the cultivation must be under the direction and supervision of competent district inspectors.

2. The assurance of a profitable market would cause the cultivation of the roots in such quantities as would meet the demand yet failure of market would not necessarily cause loss to the grower of the crop, because of its great value for feeding purposes in the winter, and if not sold, still there would be no loss, for other means of disposal.

In Ontario and Quebec the growth of grain for export has ceased to be profitable; it is not likely that it will ever again be profitable.

and bulk of the product to be conveyed, and to secure the profitable disposition of the refuse by causing it to be consumed on the farms upon which the beets are grown. This can only be done by widening the sphere of usefulness and of interest, but cannot be done so long as the one uncombined idea of making sugar from beets restricts the scope of the enterprise. Let us then consider the facilities now in existence and all the inducements which require to be offered.

First, we have in various parts of the country, buildings and appliances for the manufacture of cheese which have been the means of distributing immense amounts of ready money in the districts in which they are situated. The active operation of these cheese factories is generally continued from the beginning of June to the end of December; they are idle during the remainder of the year. If they could be put to profitable use from the first of October every year to the end of May every succeeding year their returns, in proportion to the capital invested in them, would be doubled.

These cheese factories have enabled the profitable breeding and feeding of cattle and the conservation of the productions of the soil because of the return to it of the elements of fertility; they necessitate the use of large tin cans which could be used for the conveyance of other liquids when not required for milk; they contain steam boilers and pipes and pans which could be used for the purpose of evaporation. The sugar beet reaches perfection at the time of the year when the ordinary use of the cheese factories has ceased. At this time of the year certain cows are dried, some for fattening and others for breeding purposes. The leaves of the beet are excellent food for cattle, either for milk-producing, or fattening for ordinary feeding purposes, or for combination with other contents of silos.

That which is required is a process of evaporation and a treatment of the cheese factories or slight additions thereto, so as to advance the syrup to such a stage as will enable it to be conveyed to the central or sugar-producing factory to be finished into refined sugar.

Then the farmer will wash and crush his beets at home day by day in such quantities as will enable him to feed his cattle the refuse of the beets whilst it is fresh and palatable. He will fill the cans, erstwhile used for containing milk, with the expressed juice of the beets; these cans will be promptly collected just as they now are, conveyed to the new syrup factory and their contents immediately operated upon; the saccharometer will take the place of the lactometer; the patrons of the factory will be protected from fraud in the same way they now are in reference to milk; the buildings and appliances of the cheese factory will be in use for at least three months longer every year than they now are, and another source of income will be open to every agriculturalist. But we go further, because the gain to the farmer will be so great as to encourage him to an extension of the principles of co-operation which have proved so advantageous to him in the matter of cheese factories.

In order to use his daily supply of crushed beets, the farmer will require to feed a large quantity of hay or chopped straw and of crushed grain, thus using on his own land with profit what he now sells without any. But his great advantage will be in the increased means of preserving the fertility of the soil which will enable him to cultivate crops which are now impossible because of their exhausting nature. So, therefore, the growing of flax would become more general, which would add another month to the season for profitable labor, because there is no reason why the separation of the seed and the preparation of the fibre should not be done by the farmer at his own home.

In Ontario and Quebec the growth of grain for export has ceased to be profitable; it is not likely that it will ever again be profitable.

able pursuit in other provinces, so that it is necessary for some other means of profitable farming to be found. The breeding and fattening of cattle; the breeding and training of horses; the production of cheese, eggs and poultry; and the growth of fruit are now the only profit yielding branches of agriculture. If we can only add to these such other cash producing products as sugar, flax, flax-seed, linseed oil and oil cake, without the requirements of extraordinary outlay of capital, and with the preservation of the fertility of the soil as well as with a prolongation of the season for profitable labour upon our farms we shall have made as desirable an advance as was the case when the cheese factory system was adopted. Not only will this be done, but the fertility of the soil will be increased by the consumption upon the farm of much that now leaves it for want of combination, and by reason of the better cultivation requisite for the production of sugar beets and of flax.

So much for the farms; now for the beet sugar factories. By this system they would receive a regular supply of material, little of which would be waste, concerning none of which there would be doubt of danger; in connection with which there would be neither unnecessary freights nor unavailable product.

They would require less capital than the ordinary factory, their output would keep pace with their outlay, they would at the end of each month pay for the syrup received during the month, and would have returns from most of the month's product of their own factory before the time of payment for the syrup would arrive.

As to the country in general, no one can estimate the benefits which would accrue from this system. A rough calculation shows an increase in the cash receipts of the farmers of about twenty five per cent. not from the growth of sugar beet alone as that would be an absurd computation, but from the increased productions of beef, pork, flax eggs and poultry, all of which bring cash to the farmer, and because the fact of the profit would stimulate the better cultivation of the soil. The country store-keeper, the mechanic, the machinist, the wholesale merchant, indeed all classes of society would be benefitted by the regular flow of money into the hands of the farmers; whilst the non-necessity for the importation of raw material for our sugar factories would keep in the country an immense amount of money which now goes out of it.

The missing link is the mode of treatment of the expressed juice from the beets. I think this is not a very formidable difficulty if properly faced, and I think it is worth the while of our sugar refiners, the owners of the now idle beet sugar factories, our ministers of agriculture, the managers of our experimental farm and agricultural colleges, our agricultural societies, our chemists and our machinery manufacturers to cope with this difficulty at once.

I cannot see why we should not produce beet sugar just as successfully as the French or Germans do, or iron as good as the Russians or Swedes, nor yet why we should be obliged to follow the methods of France, Germany, Sweden or Russia, when we can reach the same end by means better calculated to promote the health, comfort, morality and prosperity of our people. The solution of the problems as to the best methods of transplanting old world industries into a new country in which the conditions of climate, land tenure, habits of life, and many other considerations are involved, is worthy of the study of our most enlightened citizens, not only from a patriotic point of view, but because of the material benefit which would accrue to every interest in which we are concerned, not the least of which is preservation of that independence of character which can only be found





# THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE RANSOM."

Published by arrangement with the publishers from advanced sheets of *Chambers's Journal*

## PART II.

Away on the Western slope of the great Rocky Mountains, in the wildest and, apparently, most unapproachable part of the State of Nevada, is a deep gorge or canyon. It is only a couple of hundred yards wide, and in the spring-time half of that narrow width is occupied by a rushing torrent, formed by the melting snow as it pours from the giant hills. The sides of the canyon rise perpendicularly to a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet; while abrupt bends to the north and south, a thousand yards apart, help to give the gorge the appearance of a mammoth grave. Standing by the little stream, across which one can easily step in summer-time, nothing can be seen but the solid walls of rock on all sides and the deep-blue sky above. Even from the highest elevation of these mountain precipices the eye rests upon nothing but tier beyond tier of rugged hills, capped in the distance by lofty snow-clad peaks full a hundred miles away.

It is difficult to grasp the enormous extent of the territory occupied by the Rocky Mountain ranges—those great sierras which stretch the entire length of America, and spread across it, east and west, more than a thousand miles.

Mountains ten hundred miles to the south; mountains two thousand miles to the north; mountains to the east, and mountains to the west, hem in the little canyon, and ten years ago scarce a white man knew of its existence. At the present time it is linked to civilisation by a line of Concord coaches, which make weekly trips to the Central Pacific Railway, a hundred and fifty miles away. For to-day rich capitalists, busy stockholders, and rough miners are interested in the secluded canyon. Out of that rocky gorge many tons of rich silver ore have been taken; and on 'Change at San Francisco the Yellow Dog Silver Mine is now a name familiar as "Eric Railway" or "Panama Canal."

In 1835 the Yellow Dog "boom" was at fever heat. Every available foot of space in the canyon, or Gulch, as the miners call it—was occupied by tents, shanties, huts, and all other conceivable forms of dwelling-places, which could possibly be erected in from ten minutes to ten hours. Men of all nationalities arrived on foot and on horseback, as well as by every coach, armed with picks, shovels, hammers, drills, buckets, &c., not to mention the orthodox bow-knife and pocket gun, which articles are considered as essential to a man's outfit as wearing-apparel in the Far West.

Of course, the Yellow Dog—the origin of which unpoetic and truly American name is lost in oblivion—was discovered and worked for some years in a desultory manner by a few hardy pioneer adventurers. Then a strong syndicate of rich mining men was formed in San Francisco, and the Yellow Dog was mined on scientific and business principles. But its assured success brought many more adventurers, eager to explore the adjacent territory. A few were successful to a greater or lesser degree; more failed, but all helped, with the employees of the Yellow Dog Mining Company, to swell the heterogeneous population of Blue Rock Gulch, until, in the year above mentioned (1835), the rock-girt gorge contained more than a thousand men and—three women.

A few of these were Frankos, Canadians and Irish; a few were of African and Asiatic descent; and only a few were of the "old stock."

Among the latter were a few of moral character, and a few of more than ordinary intelligence.

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of the miners in the Gulch, and even Seph rarely got a thought to herself, past, present, or future. She was Seph; she was part and parcel of the Yellow Dog Mine. So far as Seph and the miners were concerned, these two undeniable facts were as satisfactory as a coat-of-arms and three pages in Burke's *Peerage* might be to some scion of an old British family.

For the benefit of such as never enjoyed the privilege of crushing quartz in the Blue Rock Gulch Canyon, we may add that Seph, then a little girl seven or eight years old, came to the Gulch with her father, who was one of the first pioneers in search of silver. In the early history of the mine he was killed by a premature explosion of blasting-powder, leaving his little girl in that strange out-of-the-world corner to the tender mercies of his rough comrades. Seph's father left no word as to who he was or whence he came, and the child was quite ignorant of both home and mother. So "the camp" adopted Seph. And if it was a rough, wild, uncultured crowd—a crowd that included men who had been gamblers, cat-throats, and highway robbers—Seph was well cared for. The boys built a little cabin for her sole use; they furnished her with clothing and girlish trinkets—bought at unheard-of prices in Frisco—and waited on her every need. Refined society of her own sex Seph never missed, simply because she had never known it. Perhaps she instinctively appreciated her own peculiar position, which gave her an almost autocratic sway over so many men; for all those rough fellows admired Seph, and rude and uncouth as they were, never an insult by word or deed had been offered the girl in all the eight years in which she had resided in Blue Rocket Gulch.

Seph was now sixteen years old, and a most beautiful girl—a magnificent specimen of a Western maiden. She was bright as she was handsome, and, though a stranger to all that goes to make up an "accomplished" young lady of the present day, she was no dunce. She could read and write, she was witty and keenly sensitive; in short she was "smart." Only at sixteen, it would have puzzled any one to decide whether Seph was more woman or child.

In the autumn of 1835 news reached the Gulch, by way of a letter from San Francisco to the manager of the mine, that the Yellow Dog Mining Company had sold out its entire interests to one man, who would immediately take possession.

A solitary horseman and wending his way, along the narrow mountain track which did duty for a coach-road between Blue Rocket Gulch and the railway. It was about two hours after noon on a late summer day, and the sun was beating its merciless rays upon the traveller's head and shoulders. So scorching was the heat that his broad-brimmed straw hat formed little or no protection, while the rocky wall to the left of the horseman only served to intensify the scorching rays. He was a man of powerful physique, with a handsome face and pleasant eyes, the latter betraying just a tinge of sadness. Judged by his hair, which was iron gray, he might have been taken for a man fifty years old at least, though a closer inspection would have led one to the conclusion that the white hairs were premature. As a matter of fact, the traveller lacked two years of forty.

Strong and vigorous as he naturally was, the man was tired, for this was his second day of the saddle, and the temperature was growing up in the nineties.

Strong and vigorous as he naturally was, the man was tired, for this was his second day of the saddle, and the temperature was growing up in the nineties.

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which, he thought he could detect a merry twinkle in her dark eyes.

"Yes," he said, "you caught me napping. —What next?"

"Hand over! You may take down one hand at a time to clean out your pockets."

A gold watch, a tolerable sum of money, some letters and papers, soon lay in a pile between the man and his fair captor. These the girl gathered in her lap, and then proceeded to remove the cartridges from the revolver with which she had covered the traveller while he delivered up his effects. "There," she said, as she tossed the now harmless weapon to the man, "I guess, considering that this is my first attempt of the kind, that I've done the trick in good shape. Let me see: six twenties, three tens, and three fifties—three hundred dollars, and a gold tucker. I'm no slouch if I do wear potticoats! Guess you won't go to sleep again on the coach-road, and that within three miles of the Yaller Dorg, in a hurry, Mr. Greenhorn!"

But while the young lady was counting her ill-gotten wealth, the stranger had reloaded the revolver and quickly reversed the order of things. "Throw up your hands, Miss Smarey! It's my turn now."

Up went the girl's hands, while a queer look of chagrin overspread her pretty features. "Ah," she said in tones of genuine disappointment. "Of course I was only fooling; but I wanted to play a good joke and do it up brown. Now the joke's on me! I'll take back everything I said about you being a tender 'oot, though"—and here she showed her woman's nature in qualifying an apology—"I still think you were very foolish to fall asleep near the road."

"Yes; I know it was unwise, though I had no idea that I was so close to the camp. Well, you just bring back my belongings and place them in the pockets from which I took them, and we will put the pistol away and be good friends."

With her own hands she replaced the various articles. In such close proximity the man was enabled to look well into the open countenance of the girl, the result being that he was more favourably impressed than ever. On her part, the girl, to use an expression of her own, was "dead-mashed" on the stranger with his handsome sunburnt face, his broad shoulders, and erect carriage.

"But I know who you are!" merrily cried the girl, recovering from her temporary depression of spirits caused by the failure of her joke.

"Well!" queried the man rather, amused and glad enough to fall in with so novel and pleasant a companion.

"You're the new boss of the Yaller Dorg; and I'm Seph!"

It was a queer introduction in more ways than one. He remembered that, although she could read and write to some extent, Seph was an utter stranger to Lindlay Murray or any other exponent of "orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody." The ungrammatical yet quaint lingo of the miners was the only spoken language known to Seph, and she was an adept in the use of Western slang.

Long years afterwards, when she was well versed in the three Rs as well as many other accomplishments, Seph invariably spoke of the "Yaller Dorg," from strong force of habit.

"Oh, that's it, is it? I'm the boss of the Yaller Dorg! And, pray, why do you think so?"

"Cause down to Reddy Gallagher's (Reddy runs the post-office, and I tend it for him sometimes when he is busy on his claim) I saw a letter yesterday for Frank Sanborn, Esquire; Yellow Dog Mine, Blue Rocket Gulch, Nevada. Reddy told me that was for the new boss, and I've just seen some letters of yours with the same name."

"Very well. I'll confess to being Frank Sanborn. So you are Seph. That's a new name to me, though I don't half dislike it or its owner. Still, Seph is very short, and I am rather eager for explanatory information. Suppose, Miss Seph, that I get my horse? We can then walk towards the camp and talk as we go."

So Frank Sanborn mounted his horse, as Seph utterly refused to do so, and with the girl tripping at his side, pursued his journey. He plied the maiden with a number of questions, which elicited more or less direct replies.

No; she could not explain the origin of her odd name, except that Reddy Gallagher, the postmaster had suggested it might be an abbreviation of Josephine. She could not tell just how old she was, though she guessed about sixteen. No, she did not hanker after women and girls; she was contented happily enough with the boys. Yes; she liked all the boys first-rate, they all good to her. Did not know what a sweetheart was; but if it was like a "best fellow," she must

admit that she liked 'Frisco Johnny somewhat better than the rest; at least, she thought she did, and she was quite sure Johnny was a little bit "gone" on herself. Well, Johnny "just was" a nice fellow—almost too good for the rough mine-work—and only a boy of twen-ty.

So she chatted away; and when, in less than an hour, Frank Sanborn and his pretty companion entered the camp, this man, who had travelled heart-whole the world over, who had known fair women of four continents with unconcern, now found himself, for the first time in his life, interested in feminine beauty in the person of a little Western wail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE COUNTRY RAILROAD STATION.

BY KATE THORN.

If there is anything specially planned, and specially calculated to try a man's faith in the eternal wisdom and fitness of all things, it is having to wait for a train at a country railroad station.

The train that he is going to take is generally behind time. And he is in a hurry. All people who are going on trains are in a hurry.

The station is always located in the hottest and most uninviting place in that part of the country. Sand is all around it. Shade trees are unknown. Grass, which is one of the most democratic species of all vegetation, fights shy of it.

The station itself is an anomaly in the way of architecture. The man who planned the first railroad station ever built in the country town has reason to congratulate himself on having struck something new under the sun. And it was so near perfect that no succeeding architect has ever felt himself able to improve upon it.

And there it stands to-day, hundreds of it, all over our land, as a perpetual monument to the genius of that first builder.

No blinds, no shades; the seats yellow with soot, the water supply a pump before the door, the ornaments on the walls framed advertisements of steamship lines, and "Fitzleton's Great Soap Discovery," and the flies are there in full force to cheer the hearts of the weary waiter, and make him feel that, though the world may frown on him in other places, here he is welcome!

The ticket-office is generally closed, which proves that the official in charge is a wise man. He knows better than to wear out his precious life dancing before that window, looking for travelers who never come to buy tickets.

He takes his rest on the shady side of the house, on a settee, with a cigar and a novel to help him take it easy. He is a philosopher, and indeed he needs to be, since no other man could survive a month of life at a country railroad station.

He has his little diversions, no doubt. When the Sunday-school picnic starts out, and when the circus comes to the next town, and when some farmer's cow is run over and killed, and the people round about drop in to talk it over, and speculate on whether or not the owner of the animal is likely to get damages.

But the man who is waiting for the train has none of these little interests to cheer him. When he has read the advertisements on the walls, and looked up and down the track, and peered at his glowering image in the cracked looking-glass, and looked twenty times at his watch, and the same number of times at the time-table, he is ready to give his kingdom for the sound of a locomotive whistle.

As the old woman who comes in with her bundles, and the young woman who comes with her crying baby, are welcome as the flowers in spring. He never before realized how entertaining a crying baby might be under some circumstances. Some thing to look at—something to listen to.

He studies the old woman's bonnet, and he counts the buttons on the baby's jacket, and he wonders what is in the log barrel, and what is in the little box, and then he looks at his watch again, and compares it with the clock, and finds that the clock has been stopped an hour, at the least calculation.

By and by the ticket seller comes leisurely in and opens his little window. Oh, what an encouraging sound it is! sweeter than music to the ears of the weary waiter. He rushes up and gets his ticket. Then he sits down and reads it all over. He never dreamed that a railroad ticket could be such interesting reading. He has never before looked upon that sort of literature as worthy of notice. Well, circumstances alter cases, and you do not know what you might be driven to consider as entertainment until you have waited for a train at some country railroad station.

Used by all bicyclists, etc. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere. 6c.



Vit-Bits.

Rather Mixed.

Officer—"You are my prisoner, sir." Smartie (who lives by his wits)—"Eh? On what charge?" "Using the mails for fraudulent purposes. You have been advertising counterfeit money for sale." "I haven't. I advertised 'green goods.'" "It's all the same." "But I have no counterfeit money—never did have. When fools send me the cash for the 'green goods' which I advertise, I don't send them counterfeit greenbacks. I send them green calls."

Plenty of Exercise.

High Priced Doctor—"You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object." Patient—"All right, doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill."

Pleasing Communication.

"I'm off fishing." "Let us hear what luck you have." "I'll drop a line."

The Matrimonial Lottery.

Jinks—"Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?" Blinks—"I don't know. Why?" Jinks—"I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes."

He Had Forgotten His Name.

Mr. Smith is very particular in instructing his children to speak politely on all occasions. The result of his teaching is something amusing. This was the case one day last week, when he was putting the youngest of four through his preparatory course. The question was asked: "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a moment's thought, with an air of confidence replied: "It's the gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name."

Thriving Conditions of the Mendacious Assault Business.

As one of our most prominent young burglars was walking out of court the other morning, just having secured an acquittal by a prompt and business-like "divvy" on his latest job, a well-dressed but anxious looking stranger touched his arm and beckoned him into a doorway. "You are 'Teddy the Ferret,' aren't you?" asked the gentleman; "the man who was tried to-day for safe-breaking, eh?" "Well, just of it," replied the house breaker. "Why, just this—you'll excuse my speaking so slow—but the fact is I've come all the way from Philadelphia to look up some reliable party in your line of business." "Exactly—in you are a bank cashier down there." "How did you know that?" stammered the gentleman, much amazed. "And your cash and accounts are to be gone over by the directors next meeting, and as you can't realize on your stocks, you want me to gag you some night next week, shoot your hat full of holes, find the vault combination in your inside breast pocket and go through the safe in the regular way." "Great Scott, man! How did you find that out?" "Why, it's the regular thing, you know. Got three orders to tend to ahead of yours now. Lemme see can't do anything for you next week, but might give you Thurs day night of the week after. How'll that suit you?" The cashier thought he could make that do; and, having put up the usual retainer, he strolled down to Wallstreet, to see how his Lake Shore shorts were panning out.

No Economy There.

"I have myself." "Then you must save quite a penny in the course of a year?" "Well, no, I don't. You see, it costs me a good deal for salve and court plaster."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Mrs. Yerger (to colored servant)—Do you know when Col. Yerger came home last night? Sam—I dunno, mum, but when I tuck his boots at seven o'clock dey was warin'.

The Berry Market.

Particular Customer—"I want some berries, but I don't want any which have been standing at your door for a week. Have you any fresh ones?" Dealer—"Yes, madam; ten crates—just received." Customer—"I want five boxes." Dealer—"Yes, madam. John! Bring in five boxes of those sour, green berries just received. Going to make pickles, I presume, eh, lam."

A Warrior Bold.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and brandishing it in the air exclaimed: "Ah, gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!" "Pray, where did you draw it?" said an inquiring guest. "At a raffio," was the lawyer's rejoinder.

No Indication of Love.

"But do you love me, Alberta?" The speaker, judging from the tone of his liquid voice, had evidently had enough of trifling. "Why, Ambrose, you certainly cannot doubt that I am attached to you," and she put a little more arm leverage in the full Nelson neck hold she had on him to emphasize her remarks. "Yes, Alberta, but that is not sufficient. I am not satisfied. The dog may be attached to the tin-can, but does he therefore love it?"

A Man Without Any Hustle.

Two men sat on a bench at the court house to enjoy the sunshine—one at either end of the bench. One was, apparently, well fed and well-to-do. The other had, apparently, staked his all and gone down with the crash. For the first five minutes not a word was spoken. Then the hard-up man ventured the observation: "Fine day?" The other nodded. About five minutes later hard-up remarked: "Time to think of leaving town." A second nod. The interval was only three minutes this time, when the speaker inquired: "Think you could cash a check for me?" A third nod. It was exactly a minute and a half before he continued: "It would be a great favor." The other put his hand into his pocket but let it remain. The hard-up man was now breathing in an excited manner, but he held himself back for fifty seconds before he said: "It's a small cheque—one for a quarter." The other extended a quarter in his fingers and looked up to say: "Might have had it fifteen minutes ago." "But I was afraid of working you too fast. I've been over in Missouri for three months and they took all the hustle out of me there. Why, they are so slow there that they were three weeks sending me to jail for five days and it took me two days to make up my mind to break out and two more to dig through the wall. I'll soon be all right again. By next week I'll be able to ask you for a dollar without losing ten seconds' time."

The Latest Kind in Syndicates.

"Well, old fellow, you seem to be worried. What is the matter?" "Oh, I am worried to death, I am in debt." "What are you in debt much?" "No, I don't owe a large amount, but I do owe a great many small sums and you know they are like giants, the smaller they are the more annoying they are. I am endeavoring to get my creditors to form a syndicate and then I will have to pay only to one instead of several a large number."

Absolute Perfection.

SUGGESTED BY "LOOKING BACKWARD" We'll abolish competition, With all its wasteful losses, We'll elect no politician, We'll neglect the bosses: No one shall be compelled to work For more than half a minute, No one shall be allowed to shirk Will find there's nothing in it; Then, as the next step toward a state Of absolute perfection, Each couple shall be free to mate By natural selection; And there are no good reasons why, Along with death and taxes, We should not stop the clock of life By A change in the earth's

Unmistakable Evidence of a Crushed Boy.

"John," said Mrs. Billus anxiously, "you whipped Willie too hard. His spirit is utterly broken." "What makes you think so?" inquired Mr. Billus. "He asked me a little while ago if I didn't want to cut his hair."

He Envied Her.

"James," exclaimed the wrathful wife, "I have just discharged that impudent cook. She goes at once!" "Happy girl!" sighed Mr. Enpeek, drearily.

Prison Ohit-Jhat.

Hangman (to condemned murderer—"Good morning, I have noose for you." Condemned Murderer—"What a choker you are. You'll be the death of me yet. Work me off easy, won't you?" "I'll do it as snappish as I can. Do you tumble?" "No, I drop." And later on he did, with a thud.

The Small Boy's Coolness Under Difficulties.

The combination of a small boy with almost anything has in it the possibilities of amusement, and especially is this true of a certain class of lads who are always lively. One of this sort was recently seen riding in a Toronto horse car, twisting about upon the seat and distinguishing himself by the number of shapes into which he contrived to put himself in the shortest possible time. He had his fare in his hand, from time to time putting it down upon the seat or into his mouth when he needed both of his hands in his gymnastics. He was just in the midst of an unusually lively attempt to pick up a bit of paper with his left hand twisted under his right leg when the conductor came along for the fares. The small boy left off his struggle to get at the bit of paper, sat up in the seat, and began to gasp and choke in a manner really alarming. The conductor stood in evident doubt whether the boy was having a fit, when the little fellow managed to stammer out: "You'll have to charge my fare to my father Mr. Brown, please, I've swallowed my 5 cents."

Another Artless Creature.

"What does 'tempus fugit' mean, George?" "Time flies." "How funny!" "What is there funny about it?" "Well, pa said to me to-day: 'Has George asked you to marry him yet, Jennie?' And when I said 'No,' he said: 'Don't forge. 'tempus fugit,' Jennie.' How funny!" There will be a wedding shortly.

A Blasted Romance.

"Miss Clara," began the young man, "it becomes necessary for me to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns us both. I will first ask you to recall to mind the last evening I was here. We parted, if you will remember, upon the steps. As I proceeded slowly across the lawn the full moon came from behind a cloud and enveloped me in a flood of mellow glory. Suddenly, Miss Clara, it seemed to me without a note of warning, I was overwhelmed by "One moment, Mr. Smithers," interrupted the beautiful girl as she stuck in an extra hairpin and turned down the gas three quarters of an inch. Then drawing her chair still closer, she indicated by a gesture of the hand that she could proceed. "I was about to observe, Miss Clara," continued the young man, "that I was overwhelmed by the onslaught of your father's dog Grip, who ate up three weeks in my salary in half a minute. And unless you all ant up for that, there is a pillar Complaints war."

"Say no more, neither the young lady, nor I," said by all Dealers from the "Jenny" for sale by all Dealers had assumed BORN & CO. PROPRIETORS, Toronto.

pointing out the error. A very interesting book on the subject of the Book on Deafness. It is a small book, but it may be of great value to you. Address: Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

Standing Up For Her Friend.

Mr. Hankinson (at the party)—"What a dainty eater Miss Kajones is! Miss Keramith (bosom friend of Miss Kajones)—"Indeed, Mr. Hankinson, you do the dear girl injustice. After her tea and angel cake at a banquet like this you have never seen her at home in front of a plate of cold sausage."

Sweet Girl.

"Maria." "Yes, Tom." "Maria—I—ah." "Yes, Tom." "Maria, do you—that is—?" "Yes, Tom." "O, will you marry me?" "Yes, Tom." That is the fourth time I've said it. I know what you were driving at all the time.

Small Change.

Inquisitive Citizen—"Do you ever get any money from tender-hearted people?" German Tramp—"Oh, some dimes."

The Reconciliation of Two Loving Hearts.

We were waiting at a railroad depot in Louisiana and there was a likely lot of colored people hanging about "to see do kivered calls" come in, when a black woman suddenly jumped off the platform and laid herself down across the track. "Heah, you Lucinda, what you doin'?" called a colored man, as he leaped down after her. "Gwine ter git smashed to squash," she replied. "What yer gwine to git smashed to squash fur?" "Kase you dun doan' like me no mo'." "Hu! Who said I dun didn't like you no mo'?" "I seed it wid my own eyes." "What you see, Lucinda?" "Seed you dun laff at Miss Fox. Let de engine hurry up an' run ober me and squash me all to muss!" "Hu! You is foolishness. I nebber laffed at Miss fox. Come away from dar." "I dun seed you." "No, you didn't. Gin you my right a'm if I dun laffed at nobody. What I dun laffed fur?" "Kase you doan' keer fur me no mo'." "Hu! Ize dyin' for you." "Fur shore, Moses?" "If I dun ain't den I want to be struck dead wid thunder." "Honest?" "If I was lyin' den let de thunder come." "Den I won't let de engine smash me to squash." "Dat's mo' reasonable. Take my han'." And they clasped hands and walked up and down the track, each black face wearing a smile of joy and each heart full of a joy which didn't care a continental cocked hat for the crowd looking on from the platform.

The National Failing.

Jackson "I'm going to start a new paper, or, ar' I think I'll call it 'The Umbrella.'" Merritt—"Why?" Jackson "Because everybody who sees it will take it." Merritt "Yes, people would take it, but they wouldn't pay for it."

An Old Lepar Hospital.

Recent discussions on affluence and leper hospitals have will, to the Hospital of San F... in Seville. It was founded in 1499, and is the only known one of the kind in the world. It is a very old building, and is situated in the heart of the city. It is a very interesting place to visit, and is well worth a stop on any tour of the city.

Now First Published.]

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# THE ACE OF CLUBS.

## A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

AUTHOR OF "SAFAR-HADJI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Not ten minutes had elapsed since Lanina and Dr Haas had left Jana, when Helen rushed in, pale with excitement, to tell her all she had heard.

"I hardly know how I escaped. I waited a whole hour for Nicholas, but he did not return. I asked one of the gendarmes who generally are very kind to me, to call the secretary out. Ah, here you are, you nice little damsel! he shouted at me. 'Clear out from here, and never show yourself again in this house. We have all of us gotten such a scolding on your account! Here comes your betrothed, and quite unnecessary tells the colonel that you have been here. Is that the way you reward our goodness? And thus he talked on, till he shut the door and lade me go instantly? Oh, countess, save the count; for God's sake, save Nicholas!'"

Jana was terrified, but not specially surprised. Since that scene in the coach she had never again fully trusted Palkin, in spite of all his assurances of boundless devotion. She had, however, kept silence, hoping thus to keep him from injuring her or her husband hereafter. Now she quietly rose and said to Helen:

"I shall at once go to the governor. So just a man will surely not deny us his support. Do you, in the meantime, go into town; you will surely meet my husband and Dr Haas. Tell them all, and beg them at once to come here. You will easily find the doctor, because everybody likes and honors him for the good he has already done."

Helen could not recover; she was still trembling all over with excitement and fear. Jana tried to calm and to encourage her, and did not leave her till she had at least partially succeeded. Then both these good and noble women left the house.

Irkutsk has, like most large Russian cities, a main street, which consists of splendid, symmetrically built palaces. From this street smaller ones branch off with poor log-houses, and then follow mud-holes and so-called suburbs. Every great town, however, has at least one square built after European models.

The main street of Irkutsk crossed the street in which Jana lived, and which at the corner especially looked very much like the main street. Seven superb mansions rose on both sides. They were of massive structure, had several stories, and possessed real architectural merits. At the house of the countess the symmetry ceased. After it followed only poor, smoke-blackened huts, and the end of the street encountered a hill utterly uninhabited.

The house which immediately adjoined Jana's dwelling, although looking very insignificant and even poverty-stricken, was in reality not so badly arranged. It was a one-story log-house, surrounded by a small garden. Here lived the captain of gendarmes. Jana did not know this. Her servants were all aware of the fact, but they did not know of the ill-feeling that existed between the two families.

When she left Miss Jana's house, she went to see if she could persuade the countess to see the count or Dr Haas. But she found the countess's house locked. Yet she saw the captain's house lit up, and she was wildly guessing at what was going on there. Let us see what happened there.

She had just entered the house, when she saw a man in a dark coat and a hat, who was walking towards her and who she recognized as the faithful doctor. She felt no difficulty in leaving the house, and she was subject to the same old ailment which the critics were long a time might have been no more than a slight headache, but she had become so used to it that she had not even noticed it.

"What a treacherous man!" she thought, as she saw the doctor's face. "I have no time for discussion. Hand me the papers!"

Now Popoff saw clearly that he had been caught in a trap, and that Palkin was his enemy. With the strength of despair he seized the colonel by the throat, crying: "You shall at least pay for the others!"

The colonel, however, a man of Herculean strength, pushed the poor, weak man easily back, seized his hands, and pressed them till the power was lost, and he sank down on the ground. "People! Here!"

Helen tried again to get to the door, but Caroline prevented her. She remained standing on the threshold, laughing loud and cruelly. She said:

"You shall not get away from here till my husband returns; he has just gone out on business about your master!"

"But that is vulgar," cried Helen. "I am in a great hurry!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Caroline. "Just wait, child, and amuse yourself as you can."

In an instant she had slipped out, closed the door behind her, drew the key out of the lock and left Helen imprisoned.

In the meantime Jana had driven to the governor's palace and asked for an audience. The governor sent an excuse; he could not possibly receive her. Jana begged and implored—in vain. She next hurried to all the upper officials who had been kind to her. No one received her. Two hours she had wasted thus, and now returned in great anguish and utterly exhausted. Lina told her that Dr Haas had been waiting for some time.

"Your husband has been arrested," he told Jana as soon as she entered. "The persecution begins anew. After I had gotten the money from the bank I accompanied the count to his dwelling. We found a gendarme there, quite at home. He took no excuse. The count had been caught away from his house. The soldier, of course, acted under orders. It was lucky I had money, or matters might have been much worse."

Conflict had a different effect on Jana from the general effect; it roused her energies and inspired her instead of casting her down.

"We have nothing more to hope from the authorities. If law and order forsake us we must seek help with the rebels—what else can we do? Doctor, procure me a man's costume! I shall go to-night to the Tartar mound. My husband cannot invoke Miller's assistance from his prison—it is my duty to do it for him!"

"Oh countess, how can you! You alone! At night! Consider to what danger you expose yourself!"

"Do not prevent me, doctor; I must do it."

"Let me go in your place."

"Miller does not know you. You would make no impression upon him, while I personally, to his mind, his conscience! He must obey me!"

"No one can resist you, countess! But at least do not forbid me going with you. I shall accompany you to the mound!"

"She held out her hand and said simply, 'I thank you!'"

The nights at the North, where all life ceases and every noise is silenced, are infinitely more impressive and grander than those of more southern countries. As soon as the vast plains of Siberia are overshadowed, you hear your own breathing; you notice your heart's pulsation; you count the throbs of your footsteps on the hard snow, the ear is susceptible of perceiving the faintest noise.

The whole Tartar mound trembled when Jana, at 10 o'clock at night, three times repeated the tragic name:

"Ienar! Ienar! Ienar!"

The name came back echoed from the hills and the mountains, from the steeps and the frozen waters of the Angara, like three shots fired from a mortar. Then all was still as before.

When she appeared in the full costume of a colonel, she was met by the faithful doctor, yet he did not find any difficulty in leaving the house, and she was subject to the same old ailment which the critics were long a time might have been no more than a slight headache, but she had become so used to it that she had not even noticed it.

"That a treacherous man!" she thought, as she saw the doctor's face. "I have no time for discussion. Hand me the papers!"

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"You shall at least pay for the others!"

The colonel, however, a man of Herculean strength, pushed the poor, weak man easily back, seized his hands, and pressed them till the power was lost, and he sank down on the ground. "People! Here!"

He repeated the same unmistakable sign. She tried once more to make herself understood, repeating very slowly all she had said. In vain! The poor woman sank overwhelmed, on her knees.

"Oh, God, enlighten me that I may know what to do! Must we perish thus?"

Haas now walked up to the native, and touching his arm, he said: "Ienar!" The Siberian repeated the name. Then the doctor sat down on the snow and tried to slide down the hill. The Gungus laughed joyfully and disappeared in a crevice of the rocks.

"He will take me to his leader. If that man does not speak Russian he will at least know Miller."

"Oh, doctor, certainly Providence has sent you to me. Return now to town, I'll go with this man."

"No, countess, you cannot do that; I demand it in my quality as your protector! I am responsible to the count for your safety. Believe me, besides, the count might not like your going with this man! You are a lady, and have to think of that!"

Jana at last understood the doctor, and gave him her hand, saying:

"You are right, doctor. Go, then, with God! If prayers and threats fail use money; use it lavishly. I leave the fate of my husband in your hands. I shall do, on my part, what I can. We have hardly 48 hours before us; let us make good use of them."

The Siberian appeared as suddenly as before, but now with a smart sleigh and reindeer. Haas took leave of Jana, sat down by the Gungus, and whispered once more the magic word, "Ienar!"

The Siberian looked assent, and whistled fiercely. The reindeer flew down the slope to the river bed, and then galloped along on the smooth ice as upon a level road.

Jana remained standing still, almost lifeless, following the quickly vanishing sleigh as long as her eyes could discern the faint outlines. Then she knelt down on the snow and sent a fervent prayer to God's throne on high in behalf of Vladimir and the doctor. After having crossed herself she rose and returned to Irkutsk.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

In Vladimir's hut the twilight had long changed into night. More than a quarter of an hour Nicholas Popoff had waited for the count, according to his promise, paying no attention to the increasing darkness. At first he wondered why Lanin had not appeared, because he had charged Helen very specially to mention the hour at which he would be there. He had obtained two hours' leave and no more, and knew perfectly how dangerous this step might become for him and for Palkin himself.

"Oh! these women!" he thought to himself. "No doubt Helen has blundered. I ought to have done it myself. Why, is it perfectly dark?"

Nicholas rose, looked for a piece of light wood, kindled it with the aid of a match, and put it into a beam. Thus the smoking, flickering light illuminated the hut at least after a fashion. No other light is known in the Siberian villages.

"Why does he not appear?" Nicholas continued his musings. "I have been waiting an hour now. What can have happened to him?"

He waited half an hour longer. As no one came, he thought it high time to return home, so as to cause no suspicion of his prolonged absence.

He went to the door, opened it, and started back with a cry of surprise and horror. Palkin was standing on the threshold, and behind him he saw the forms of several men, who were walking up and down.

"Colonel! You here!" he exclaimed. The colonel walked close up to him and pushed him with his whole strength back into the room.

"Are you surprised?"

"Where is the count? What do you want here?"

"Ha! ha! The inquiry begins! Well, I can give you an answer. I am here to take those documents which I need (not with them! The count will never return here!)"

"Why?"

"Unnecessary curiosity! Not with those papers or—"

"That a treacherous man!" she thought, as she saw the doctor's face. "I have no time for discussion. Hand me the papers!"

Now Popoff saw clearly that he had been caught in a trap, and that Palkin was his enemy. With the strength of despair he seized the colonel by the throat, crying:

"You shall at least pay for the others!"

The colonel, however, a man of Herculean strength, pushed the poor, weak man easily back, seized his hands, and pressed them till the power was lost, and he sank down on the ground. "People! Here!"

In a moment two gendarmes had seized Popoff, who was crying for help with all his might, hoping to attract the attention of neighbors or passers-by, and bound him with ropes.

"Now search him accurately! This time nothing shall escape me!"

Nicholas, however, when thus confronting imminent danger, had recovered his presence of mind, and a scornful smile even played on his lips. The gendarmes began to search him. He was stripped of his clothing; even his hair was thoroughly searched. Nothing was found but a tobacco-bag and a penknife. Palkin was foaming with rage.

"You think, perhaps, you will cheat me once more. Well, we'll see. All has not been tried yet. And if I have to kill you I must have those papers. Speak, where are they hid?"

Nicholas silently shrugged his shoulders. This gesture made the colonel furious.

"The him to that bench and fetch a nagaika!"

Nicholas turned deadly pale. The nagaika is a knot, a strap of leather with two knots, the end of which is forked, like the tongue of a serpent. After a hundred blows the flesh is generally gone from the bones, and no man is able to bear five hundred blows.

Nicholas was tied to the bench, and they only waited for the man who had been sent for the knot, which was kept at the inspector's house.

"Obey me!" said Palkin to Popoff. "You have a moment's time yet to consider. Don't be obstinate! Tell me your secret."

"You may murder me, wretched hangman," said Popoff, "but you shall never learn my secret. I'd rather bite off my tongue, you wretched spy and traitor! I shall yet live to see you overthrown."

Palkin laughed cruelly and sat down, facing the bench. The nagaika was brought in.

"Well! Now begin and strike slowly, so he may have time to reflect and give me the answer I want."

The knot whizzed through the air and fell upon the bare back of the wretched victim. Instantly a dark blue mark appeared, and Popoff uttered a heartrending cry. He bit into the wood of the bench and did not complain further.

After the 20th stroke the blood poured forth in streams, and large fragments of flesh were torn off. The pain was too fearful. Nicholas let go the bench in which his teeth had made deep indentations and began to cry madly. Palkin was calmly smoking his cigar.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "Have you opened your mouth at last? Perhaps you will now be kind enough to answer?"

With a gesture of the hand he ordered the gendarme to stop. The fellow coolly wiped the leather strap with his fingers. Pieces of flesh came off, which he coolly threw aside. Popoff's throat rattled like that of a dying man.

"Where is the paper I want," asked the colonel. Nicholas turned his face to the cruel man, and in his bloody, tearful eyes invincible resolution still spoke clearly.

"You shall get nothing from me, cursed hangman," he replied.

"Well, let us see!"

And down came the nagaika again. The torture was all the more cruel, as it had been interrupted. At the first blow Popoff uttered a perfectly fearful heartrending cry. Palkin laughed. At each blow Popoff's cries became less violent, his trembling less perceptible. At last he hardly breathed. Palkin thought the gendarme was tired.

"Strike better!" he ordered, or you share Popoff's fate!"

The gendarme struck with all his force. He struck the backbone. Popoff uttered such a terrific cry that the soldier himself was terrified.

"Will you answer now?"

"Never!" breathed Nicholas, who was dying.

"Strike! strike! I say," shouted Palkin. "Below, at his legs and feet! Make him feel the nagaika!"

At this moment the door opened and Dr Haas entered. He slowly walked up to Palkin.

"Where does this man come from?" shouted the colonel. "Who let him in? Aha! the doctor."

In the meantime the nagaika had regularly fallen and rann. Nicholas gave no longer any sign of life. Haas went to the bench and put his hand on Popoff's head.

"Enough of this torture!" he said in a tone of command. "Your victim is dying!"

"Go on, strike hard!" cried Palkin, furious at the interruption. "I can talk to the doctor afterwards."

The gendarme raised the knot, but at the moment Haas snatched it from his hand and threw it aside.

"Enough!" he exclaimed. "Why, the

poor unfortunate man is giving up the ghost!

Palkin approached the doctor and seized him by the arm. Tired and disgusted with the punishment he had been compelled to inflict, the executioner looked in amazement at the man who dared defy his colonel, and never thought of picking up the nagaika.

Haas quietly confronted the colonel. "Do you know, doctor, that you are guilty of realising the authority of the government, and that you may have to pay dear for it? How did you get in? Answer."

Haas disengaged himself calmly and said: "Allow me first to assist the dying man." "A man who is dying and yet takes his secret with him into the grave, you mean. But do you know what is awaiting you yourself old quack?"

Haas cast a cold look at him, and replied with unaffected calmness.

"No one knows his fate. Allow me just now, however, to assist this poor man."

This calmness infuriated the colonel beyond control.

"He and you and your count, you are all of you simply a land of traitors. You say he is dead. Well, then you no doubt know his secret, and will perhaps reveal it to me. Hallo, there! unto that dying man there and go to work on this mad fellow in his place. That'll give us new pleasure. Ha! ha!" he laughed wildly, "after all, I shall attain my end!"

Haas measured him with a look of contempt.

"You, insane man, threaten me when you ought to be very humble. Listen—"

"Do you think I'll listen to your empty stuff? Bind this old man. You are too tired," he said to the man who had beaten Popoff, and called another gendarme. "Now it is your turn?"

The man was slow to obey the colonel. Haas rose to his full height now and said:

"I do not like to take vengeance. As you, however, will not give up your intention, your wish shall be fulfilled. Help!" he cried with a thundering voice.

Instantly a rattling noise was heard as if windowpanes were broken, and in the opening appeared two rifles pointed at the colonel. At the same time the door was burst open violently, and soon 30 exiles, armed with clubs and swords, filled the room. Palkin was at first confused, but soon recovered his insolence.

"Here is the rebellion! Aha! We are only three of us, but this unarmed rabble we shall soon master. Come on, children! We shall soon have assistance sent from town!"

The gendarmes obeyed, but they fell almost instantly being shot down by the two riflemen. The exiles surrounded Palkin. Haas busied himself with the dying man as if the combat did not concern him at all.

"You must take the colonel alive," ordered a voice from the window. "If ten of you fall, you must take him alive."

"We shall see that," replied the gendarme, undaunted. "You have not gotten me yet."

He fired a pistol twice into the thickest of his assailants. Then he alone resisted the overwhelming force of exiles. Gigantic as he was, he struck with his sword right and left, and fought on, even after he had been seriously injured by heavy clubs. He tried to gain the door, wounding and killing whoever was in his way, and all the time shouting for help. Blood was flowing in streams.

A certain mistrust seized upon the exiles. Eight men had fallen under the blows of the colossal, raging soldier. Palkin had actually reached the door, when, all of a sudden, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. A new enemy had appeared and struck him down with one powerful blow.

The gendarme roared like a wild beast.

"At last I have you, vile vermin!" exclaimed Miller. It was he who, watching the fight from the window, had used a favorable moment to attack Palkin from behind. In a moment the colonel was disarmed and bound in spite of his violent resistance. Now Miller went to the window, and, taking off his kospak, he said:

"Countess, there is no danger now. You can enter!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Summer Months.

They come the merry summer months of bear-y, song, and flowers. They come the glorious months that bring thick leafiness to bowers. Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling care and care aside; Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide; Or, underneath the shadow cast of pair archal tree, Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

Something delicious and healthful to chew, Adams' Fruit Gum, 5c.

ROYAL PLEASURE SHIPS.

The Yachts in Which the Crowned Heads of Europe Go to Sea.

The Majority Are British Built.

Dry-rot has, it seems, attacked Her Britannic Majesty's yachts Osborne and Alberta to such an extent that, to make them seaworthy, £9000 will have to be spent on the latter and £6000 on the former.

The oldest surviving English royal yacht is the Royal George, which carried the Queen on her first trip to Scotland half a century ago. Built in 1813, the glory of this ancient craft has long since departed; but she still serves in Portsmouth harbour the humble but useful purpose of a floating barracks for the crews of her modern successors. In 1833, another royal yacht—the Royal Adelaide was launched at Sheerness. She was a tiny frigate, fifty feet long and fifteen feet broad. Like the Royal George, she has had her day so far as royalty is concerned. Her Majesty has at present four pleasure-ships at her command—the yachts Victoria and Albert and Osborne, and the tenders Alberta and Elfin. Though the average age of these vessels is only twenty-nine years, not far short of a million sterling has been spent on them up to the present. The Elfin—the oldest of the four—was built at Chatham in 1849, and has a displacement of only ninety-three tons. Her original cost was £1168, and the cost of her maintenance up to date has been about £40,000. The Victoria and Albert, the

LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST.

of Her Majesty's private fleet, is the second of her name. When she was laid down at Pembroke in 1855 it was as the Windsor Castle; but at her launch in 1854 she was given her present name, the old Victoria and Albert being then renamed the Osborne, which was broken up in 1868.

The present Victoria and Albert is three hundred feet long and rather over forty feet broad, has a displacement of 2470 tons, and engines of 2880 indicated horse-power. Her spacious cabins and saloons are furnished and decorated in the most luxurious and artistic style, and she has the reputation of being not only a fast but a comfortable vessel. She carries a crew of one hundred and fifty-one officers and men. It cost £179,820 to build her; and keeping her afloat has entailed an additional expenditure of more than £357,000—so that altogether more than half a million has been spent on her. The Alberta and the Osborne were also built at Pembroke, in 1863 and 1870 respectively. About £70,000 was laid out on the former, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons; while the latter, with a displacement of eighteen hundred and fifty tons, cost nearly £134,000. Like the Victoria and Albert, the Osborne is a paddle-steamer. She is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty-six feet broad, her indicated horse-power is 3360, and her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five men. As during her comparatively short life of nineteen years the Osborne has cost over £150,000 for maintenance, it is somewhat surprising to be told that she now stands in need of a large further outlay to render her serviceable. Her Majesty, as is well known, makes very little use of her little squadron of yachts.

ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR

one or other of them is requisitioned to convey her across the Solent; and on rare occasions she crosses the Channel in one of them; but nearly all the year round they are lying idle. Being all built of wood, they decay rapidly, and would soon fall to pieces if they were not constantly overhauled and patched and painted. Economists urge that these four old wooden ships, on which large sums have been spent year by year, should at once be replaced by one or two new steel yachts of a modern type. Dry-rot cannot attack a steel ship, and though it may cost more to build, it would cost far less to keep in repair.

But it must not be supposed that Queen Victoria's yachts cost more than those of any other monarch. That is far from being the fact. Among crowned heads the Emperor of Russia ranks first as a yacht-owner. When, ten years ago, the late Czar ordered the notorious Livadia to be built, he was already the owner of half a dozen fine yachts. All things considered, it must be allowed that the Livadia is the strangest and most useless yacht that has yet been seen. To secure the Imperial family against sea-sickness, she was built with a breadth of one hundred and fifty-three feet equal to about two-thirds of her length (two hundred and thirty-one feet), and in order to give her greater speed and make her handle like other ships, she was supplied with engines indicating 10,500 horse-power and with three screws. On her upper deck was reserved a veritable palace, and had she not the expectations of her designers, no doubt have been

THE MOST MAJESTIC YACHT

that ever floated, albeit the ugliest. So far, however, from "walking the waters like a thing of life," she behaved in a generally awkward manner, and, in short, turned out a grotesque and monstrous failure. To-day, with her name changed to the Opyt, she figures as a sort of barracks somewhere in the Black Sea. The Livadia was constructed at Govan, and launched in 1880. Altogether, there can be little doubt that over half a million pounds was spent on her. When the White Czar goes for a sea trip now, it is in the Derjara, a wooden paddle-ship, built in St Petersburg in 1871. She is three hundred and eleven feet long and forty-two feet wide, has a displacement of 3346 tons and engines of 2700 horse-power, and her internal arrangements are on the most magnificent scale. The Czar is, however, now having built, also at St. Petersburg, a yacht which is to surpass in splendour—and in costliness too, one may safely predict every other in the world. The Polarina Svecida is to be a twin-screw vessel of 3348 tons and 6000 horse-power, and measuring three hundred and fifteen feet by thirty-six feet. His Imperial Majesty's other steam yachts are the iron single-screw schooner Czarena, of 706 tons, built at Hull in 1874; the paddle-yachts Alexandria and Strieland, built on the Thames in 1851 and 1857; the screw Staranka, launched at Hull in 1874; the Marero, the Zina, and the Sulta. Besides these, he has several small sailing yachts.

The young German Emperor is also a considerable yacht-owner. In addition to several little river-craft, he has a frigate-yacht, which was built at Woolwich in 1832, and sent by King William IV. as a present to the king of Prussia. She was modelled—like the old Royal Adelaide mentioned above—after the renowned English frigate Pique, and as a youth the Emperor William was very fond of sailing her. The Kaiser's chief yacht is the Hohenzollern, an iron paddle-ship built at Kiel in 1875. She is two hundred and sixty-eight feet by thirty-four feet, has a displacement of 1675 tons and a horse-power of 3000, and carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-three including officers. Though the Hohenzollern is beautifully fitted and can steam about

SIXTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR.

the Kaiser must needs have another yacht. It is said that the Hohenzollern is not nearly large enough to accommodate the Emperor's staff and suite when he assumes the command of operations at sea, and the Budget Committee of the Reichstag have accordingly included in the naval estimates a grant of 4,500,000 marks (nearly £225,000) for a new Imperial yacht.

The Sultan owns no fewer than ten yachts, all of which are of British build. Of these the most important is the Sultanieh, which dates from 1861. She is three hundred and sixty-four feet long, and has a displacement of 2902 tons and a horse-power of 800. The Alcazar-i-Nuuri and the Medar-i-Zaffer are of 1344 tons and 350 horse-power each; while the Teraid, Ismail, Ounbir, and Izedin are rather smaller. The remaining three are the Stamboul (909 tons and 330 horse-power), the Rekkimo, and the Sureya. All ten are paddle-yachts.

The Italian royal yacht, the Savoia, is remarkable for her size and power as well as for the completeness of her armament. In fact, she is more of a war-ship than a pleasure-ship. Built at Castellamare in 1883, she is a deck protected cruiser of 2800 tons displacement and 4350 indicated horse-power. Her length is two hundred and seventy-five feet and her breadth fifty-two feet. She is furnished with four 12-inch and a quarter inch quick firing guns and six machine guns in addition to which she carries two torpedoes discharging tubes.

The Maruma, the principal yacht of the Austrian Emperor, was built in England in 1872. She is a fast iron paddle-ship, all 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power. Compactly measures two hundred and sixty-two feet by thirty-two feet. Another royal yacht is the Argenta, built by all Dealers, the king of Greece, in 1870. She was built years ago, and is

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Roumania's yacht, the Stefan cel Mare, was built in 1868. She is an iron paddle-ship of 350 tons and 570 horse-power.

Among Asiatic potentates the king of Siam, the Mikado, the Sultan of Johore, and the Rajah of Saravak are yacht-owners. The yacht at present used by the Mikado is the Suria, an iron screw-steamer of 300 tons and 270 horse-power. She was built in 1856, and will soon give place to a new and large vessel. Chambers Journal

Don't Like the Cherry?

A fruit dealer on Market street, incensed at the liberties taken by loafers and friends with his stock displayed at the door, placed half a gallon of cayenne pepper pods in a basket, labelled it, "New Zealand Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand. In a few minutes the next door merchant sauntered up, inquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry placed it in his mouth and suddenly left to attend to a customer. Rev. Dr. Holly next rounded to, observed that it had been years since he had tasted a New Zealand cherry, whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve, supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, gave the dealer a look of lingering reproach, wished him good morning and disappeared, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in the sunlight. A chronic deaf beat then came up, took a mouthful of cherries, spluttered them out with an imprecation hotter than the fruit, stuffed a pear, banana, and a bunch of grapes into his mouth to take out the fiery taste, informed the innocent fruit dealer that he would have him prosecuted for keeping green fruit, and hurried down the street to a pump. A lady with two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she mightn't taste them—she had never seen any before—supplied the children, and walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, whilst the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows and above all the policeman off the street. Thus the fun went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in all his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite stores and a shoal of small boys soon learned what was up, and watched for the proceedings, eagerly joining in a ringing roar as each new victim tried the cherries. Finally a solemn looking countryman lounged up, inquired the price of them ere New Zealand cherries invested in a pint and put one in his mouth, took it out again, gave the fruit dealer a withering look, threw off his coat and waded into him. When he left the fruit man with tendencies to practical jokes had a black eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist, a torn collar and several baskets of fruit scattered promiscuously around among the small boys, while a ringing roar of laughter was going up from the on-lookers.

The Month of Marriages.

When the clover is its prime, Then's the sweetest marriage time. They the longest honeymoon Have who marry now in June, When the earth's been wooed and won, And the summer's just begun; When the daylight loves to stay, And steals half the night away; And the moonbeams shine so deep That there seems no time for sleep; When the air thrills with the gust Of the silver-throated thrush; And the swallows felt the thrill, And arcs into bloom at will, Lending every shade That he also has here and there; When the perfume of the flowers Earth's fulfillment of her night, Steal into the human heart, Making all the world a scene of harmony.

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# GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

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## CHAPTER I.

I was twenty-two, and Alicia was nineteen then, and we were devoted to each other; but marriage seemed a long, long way off. My salary was a remarkably small one and food and clothes and various other indispensable things absorbed every penny of it. I had no money of my own, and Alicia would only have forty pounds a year when she came of age. Though there was not much prospect of our marriage, yet we struggled bravely with fortune, and vowed to each other that love in a cottage would be preferable to single blessedness. I dare say that folks do talk like that at twenty-two and nineteen; but as ten years have gone by since Alicia and I indulged in such conversation, I have lived to see the folly of it.

At twenty-two I was only a clerk at Leader & Process's, and my "screw" was a beggarly thirty shillings a week. At thirty-two this present time of writing—I am senior partner in the firm of Gammidge & Walker, am doing very well indeed. Leader and Process are both dead, and Walker and myself took up the business. Walker's maiden aunt found him the money; I had mine already. That is seven years ago, and I was then twenty-five. We paid two thousand pounds apiece for the good-will of the concern, and it was worth it, for few firms in Chancery Lane had half as much to do as Leader & Process had.

How came I, who had thirty shillings a week at twenty-two, to have two thousand pounds at twenty-five? Somebody died and left it to me? No; I hadn't a relation who was worth a penny, unless it was Uncle Thomas Gammidge, and he never forgave me for choosing the law as a profession. I had expected him to find all the expenses, for one naturally looks to one's friends in matters of that sort; but he wouldn't stump up a penny; and in the end old Process, who was a decent fellow altogether, did it for me. No; nobody ever left me any money except Leader, who bequeathed nineteen guineas to buy a ring with. How, then, did I come by that two thousand pounds? Did I make it on the turf, or the Stock Exchange, or by speculating well and wisely? None of these. As to the turf, I don't know one horse from another; I hate the Stock Exchange; and I don't even care for speculation at cards. No; I got my two thousand, which purchased me a half-share in a great business, enabled me to marry Alicia, and thus to be happy for ever after, from a Ghost!

It was this way. One summer morning I was driving my quill over a horrible piece of draft paper in the dingy room at Leader & Process's, when the bell rang in old Process's study. I had just come in from the court, and looked at Jones, who was the only fellow in the room. Jones kept his hands on his hips and pretended not to hear. "Process's Process ringing," I said. "Go and see what it is."

"It's the girl," he always wants you. "I'm knocking lightly at the door," she said, and then blushed like a rose. "I don't know who you are," I said, and it rather took me by surprise. "I'm slim, exceedingly pretty, and I'm the archer which you are looking for. We didn't often meet, but I'm a young lady. She was a young lady. She was of course; but I'm a girl in the street. She had a pair of eyes like yours. Alicia's eyes are really golden, not like a barber's window. She was in autumn. She was tall, broad-shouldered, and he was a very military man, and made a very good soldier. He was a very good soldier, and made a very good soldier."

Now Miss Penrose was an old party with whom we had a good deal of business in one way or another. I remembered her very well, because she was always so confoundedly snappish when she came to the office.

"Yes, sir."  
"She is dead," said old Process.  
"Oh, indeed, sir."  
"Yes," he continued, "and nobody can find her will."  
"Did we draw it up, sir?" I asked.  
"No, the old — Miss Penrose made it herself."

I knew he was going to say "the old fool," and so did the other two, for they both smiled.

"She made it herself," said Process; "and she's hidden it somewhere where nobody can find it."

"Had she much to leave, sir?"  
"Much? About half a million, I should think! And the worst of it is this: Miss Penrose always promised to leave her money in equal shares to her two nephews, John and Reginald Penrose. Reginald, however, offended her—"

"I am Reginald," said the young fellow by the window with a smile.

"And so," continued Mr. Process, "Miss Penrose made another will, and left all she had to John. Now she's dead, and that will is in existence, and John Penrose's lawyers have it. But Miss Stanley here, who resided with Miss Penrose during the last two years of her life, says that the old lady made a new will a week before her death, leaving the money in equal shares, as in the old will. The new will, however, can't be found."

"Who made the new will?" I asked, looking at Miss Stanley.

"Miss Penrose wrote it out herself," she said; "and I was one witness, and Mrs. Johnson, the housekeeper, the other."

"You were not interested in it, Miss Stanley?" said old Process.

"No.—Miss Penrose said she would leave me nothing because I was engaged to be married to Reginald, and so we should share what she left him."

"And now you can't get married unless the will's found?" said old Process, who was always very blunt. "Um—the old lady's repentance seems to have been somewhat peculiar.—Well, to business. Gammidge—Miss Stanley is certain that the new will is in existence, hidden away in Penrose Abbey somewhere. Captain Penrose heirs the Abbey under the old will!"

"With nothing to keep it up on!" groaned the Captain.

"And so he has free entry there. He wants me to send down somebody who will find the will. Will you go, Gammidge?"

"Certainly, sir. I'll do my best to find it.—But would not your brother," addressing Captain Penrose, "consent to give up one half share on hearing Miss Stanley's testimony about the new will?"

"My brother," said the Captain, "is not my friend. He is acquainted with the fact that a new will was made; but he laughs at the idea."  
"Then I'll go, and if that will is in Penrose Abbey, I'll find it."

"I'll be bound you will," said old Process. "Yes, if it is there, you may trust Gammidge to discover it, Captain Penrose."

"I shall be awfully obliged if you will," said the Captain, looking at me; "and, by Jove! I trust you'll allow me to—to 'er, off-er you some of 'em."

"Oh yes," said Process; "you shall pay him handsomely enough when he's found it, and we've got it proved and made right."

So, then, Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley shook hands with old Process and went away, while I returned to Jones and Walker and consulted with them as to trains and times. I went away early that day, after old Process had given me some advice and a few five-pound notes; and when I had my dinner and put on my best coat, I rode down to Clapham Common and called on Alicia, whose mamma conducted a small establishment for young ladies, throwing in the use of the globes for half

surname was Lovejoy—and told her all about it. And we all three agreed that Miss Penrose was an old ass, and the Captain and his sweetheart—over whom Alicia was just a little bit jealous—a very ill-used couple.

"And who knows," said Mrs. Lovejoy, when I went away that evening, having previously conducted Alicia through the classic groves of Wandsworth and Lavender Hill, by way of a constitutional—"who knows what may not turn out from it? Samuel may find the will; and the Captain will be so pleased that he may offer to share it with him, or he may get him a baronetcy or a commission in the line or something. But at any rate it will be a good thing if the will is found, and the poor young people are put in possession of their very own." With which fervent wish, and a good many farewell kisses and injunctions to write often from Alicia, I went home to my lodgings in Pentonville Road, resolving to get up early in the morning so as not to miss my train.

When I got to King's Cross Station at nine o'clock the next morning, whom should I see strolling up and down the platform but Captain Penrose. He was evidently on the lookout for me, for the instant he recognised me he came across to where I was standing and shook hands. "Good-morning, Mr. Gammidge," he said pleasantly. "I called at Mr. Process's office yesterday afternoon to give you this, but you had gone away. They told me what time you proposed leaving this morning, so I came to meet you." He held out a note as he spoke, and I took it and put it in my pocket, thanking him at the same time for his trouble.

"No trouble at all," he said. "It is just a note to the housekeeper, Mrs. Johnson, telling her to make you comfortable and to give you access to all parts of the Abbey."

"Is the Abbey an old place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than from curiosity regarding a place which I should be able to examine for myself in an hour or two.

"Very old. Some parts of it must be—let me see, oh, quite eight hundred years of age."

"Indeed! I suppose they are in ruins?"  
"Yes," he answered; "for the most part they are in ruins. But the ruins are well kept. My aunt was very fond of them. She used to roam about in them, talking of the old monks, for hours at a time.—And, by-the-by, Gammidge," he continued, "you mustn't pay any attention to any old wives' tales you may hear down there."

I looked at him in surprise. He turned his face away from me, and I thought there was an uneasy look about him.

"How do you mean, sir?"  
"You know what old women are. Old Johnson is sixty, if a day, and all the women-servants are old. I thought they might perhaps fill your head full of ghost-tales and that sort of thing, don't you know?"

"Oh, is that all! I'm not afraid of ghosts, Captain Penrose.—Is the Abbey said to be haunted, then?"

"Well," he began, "yes, it is, Gammidge. Can't deny myself that there are some funny things happen there now and then, though I don't believe in ghosts at all. My aunt, now, believed in the Penrose Abbey ghost very firmly."

"Oh, is there a special ghost?"  
"Yes; it's a Black Friar who haunts the place—at least so they say. Of course it's all nonsense; but those old women will talk, and I thought I had better warn you, in case you should feel nervous."

"I'm very much obliged, sir; but I'm not nervous at all; and if I see a ghost of a black friar or a white one, I'll serve him with a notice to quit."

And then it was time for my train to start; so I shook hands again with Captain Penrose, and having promised to write if I discovered the will or any trace of it, I took my seat, and was waivered away from London and from Alicia.

Penrose Abbey is five miles from Doncaster in a north-westerly direction. It was half-past twelve o'clock when I reached Doncaster; and I stood holding my bag for a while, undecided as to whether I should hire a cab and go to my destination at once, or have a look round the famous Yorkshire racing town. My indecision was cut short by a middle-aged man in livery approaching me and inquiring if I was for Penrose Abbey. On my replying in the affirmative, he conducted me to a solemn-looking brougham outside the station, in which I bestowed myself and my traps, and was carried away.

In passing along the country roads, which about there are very good and well kept, I noticed that the neighbourhood was somewhat flat and monotonous, and I wondered what I was to do with myself during my hours of recreation; for I knew quite well that if I were to overhaul the Abbey thoroughly I should have to remain there some time. I was received at the great door of the Abbey by Mrs. Johnson, a fat, motherly old person

of sixty or so, robed in rustling black silk, and displaying a grand gold chain, and eye-glasses on her capacious front. She led me with a good deal of ceremony to a small room in the interior of the building, where a capital cold luncheon was set out. I did justice to this after I had washed the dust of my journey away, and then I went out into the grounds and lighted my pipe.

It seemed almost sacrilege to smoke amongst such grand old ruins. The Abbey was certainly a very fine and romantic place. Half the house was in good repair, and almost modern, but the rest was in complete disrepairment. Great masses of masonry were piled here and there about the grounds; and these, covered with ivy and other creeping plants, looked exceedingly picturesque. The chancel of the Abbey church was in very good preservation, and you could see easily where the altar and the seats for the choir had been. Altogether, it was about as romantic a place as I had ever seen.

I thoroughly examined the exterior of the place that afternoon, and got into conversation with the bailiff, a sturdy old Yorkshireman, who looked pityingly at me when I told him that I came from London. I drew him on towards the ghost business; and as soon as I put a leading question, he assumed a very solemn expression of countenance and cantered away on his pony. I began to see there were other people than the late Miss Penrose who believed in the Abbey ghost.

I dined that evening in solitude, and wondered what Alicia was doing, and how long it would be before I should see her. Then I contrasted the splendour of my meal with the frugality of my usual tea in Pentonville Road. I sat thinking and sipping my wine for an hour or two, and then I went out for another stroll and a final pipe in the grounds.

It was moonlight that evening. How grand the ruins did look! I wished over and over again that Alicia and her—no, not her mother, though the old lady was a good old soul—that Alicia and her pretty face were there. It would have been very pleasant to stroll round the massive buttresses and through the silent cloisters with Alicia. I went back delectably to the house. Standing at the steps was Mrs. Johnson. She seemed to be looking out for me, so I advanced to her and observed that it was a very fine evening.

"Yes, sir; a beautiful evening."

"The ruins look very fine in the moonlight."

"They do indeed," she answered with emphasis. "My late mistress, poor Miss Penrose, was very fond of them, sir. She would walk amongst them for hours in the moonlight."



## CURE

Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICAL CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CAMDEN, Oct. 27th, 1890

"Oh, then, she was not afraid of the ghost."

The housekeeper gave a little start and looked curiously at me. We were standing in the full glare of the moonlight, and I noticed that a frightened expression came into her face.

"Afraid of the ghost?" she repeated.

"What ghost?"

"Any ghost," I said smiling.

"Oh," she said, looking, I fancied, a good deal relieved, "I thought you meant—No, sir; she was not afraid of any ghost; oh no!"

I saw well enough that what the Captain had said was true, and that there was a popular superstition down there in favor of a ghost, so I put a leading question: "Then it isn't true about the Black Friar?"

The woman did start then, and I saw that she was distressed. "Oh dear me! Whoever has been putting that into your head, sir! The servants have no business to talk about such things."

"Don't alarm yourself. I'm not frightened at the biggest and best ghost that ever walked. It was Captain Penrose who told me about it."

"Well, it's a good thing you are not easily afraid."

"Then you believe in the Black Friar?"

"Why," she said, "one must believe when there's good grounds. My poor dear mistress believed firmly in the Black Friar, as you call him; though whether he be black or green I don't know, for I never saw him!"

"Did Miss Penrose think she saw him?"

"Many and many a time, sir. I was once with her when she saw him, and it was rather strange, too. I did see something like a monk's black dress, but that was all. My mistress, however, used to persist that she saw him often; and I never contradicted her, poor lady."

"And is there any legend connected with the ghost, Mrs. Johnson?"

"There is a story about it. It is said to be the ghost of Bertrand Penrose, who was Prior or Abbot of the monastery here six hundred years ago. He was a bad man once, and killed some one. And they say that his penance is to haunt the place and make what atonement he can."

"How does he atone?"

"Well, if there's anything important to the family about to take place, he appears."

"And gives warning?"

"Something of that sort. My mistress said she saw him the morning of her death; and she said she knew she should die that day. And although Miss Stanley and myself tried to persuade her out of it, she did die, just as she said."

"Miss Stanley's a nice young lady," I said, suddenly forgetting the Abbey ghost.

"I suppose she and Captain Penrose were married some day?"

"They would be married now, if the will could be found. But Master Reginald is very poor, and Miss Eva has very little money."

"Eva, Eva! That's Miss Stanley's name, is it? It's very pretty; but I like Alicia better."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Johnson. "Nothing," I answered in confusion. I said I'd go to bed, and get up early to begin my search.

"Yes; I'll show you to your rooms, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Orsman and canoeists all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; keeps the throat moist.

"What is sweating?" asks Mr. Arnold White. "The broadest definition of the term is that given by me before the Lords—'Grinding the faces of the poor.'"

As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no magical cure for disease. The effects, however, of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood disorders comes as near magic as can be expected of any human agency. This is due to its purity and strength.

Stanley is, according to a French gossip, to have a fascinating rival. Bonlangier is to head a French expedition into Africa.

Great Results are Speedily Accomplished by the leading alternative, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Indigestion ceases, biliousness disappears, constipation gives place to regularity of the bowels in consequence of taking it. Ladies suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex experience long wished relief from it, and impurities in the circulation no longer trouble those who have sought its aid. Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

A title offensive book, but not so quickly as a pretty girl book agent does.

If you feel out of sorts Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your liver is tormented Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your kidneys are inactive Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Large Bottles 50 cents.

ELECTRICAL.

More Electric Street Railways—The Utilization of Electric Heating—Remarkable Effect in Removing an Old Dock Wall—A New Electric Lamp, etc.

A case bearing on the question of the advisability of the ownership by municipalities of lighting plants has occurred at Milwaukee. The estimate furnished to the Common Council of that city for the erection of a municipal lighting plant is nearly \$400,000. The question is simply whether the inhabitants prefer to undergo the burden of taxation for the raising of the principal and interest involved, as well as to suffer all the ills that come in the train of the creation of a new city department under political control, or whether they desire the option of contracting at any time for all the light they want at a certain rate without any further responsibility or burden.

It does not take long to start an electric railway. Arrangements are nearly completed for building an electric street railway in Beatrice, Neb. It is authoritatively stated that the line will be in operation within sixty days.

Among recent apparatus for the utilization of the heating effect of electricity is an electric soldering iron. It is handy and effective, and is likely to come into general use.

The removal of the old dock wall at the Royal Albert Docks, London, has been very effectively accomplished by electricity. A basin which required enlarging was surrounded by a concrete wall hard as granite, thirty-eight feet deep, twenty feet wide at the bottom, and five feet at the top. The many schemes proposed were found to be inoperative, but finally it was decided to use explosives fired by electricity. The effect of the closing of the circuit is described as remarkable. The entire visible length of wall was instantaneously lifted in a perfect line about six feet, and a crackling roar, a cloud of brownish smoke, and a violent surface displacement of the water in the immediate neighborhood of the wall were the only visible effects of the vast forces disengaged below. So instantaneous was the effect that the Chairman of the dock company, who closed the circuit, declared the wall fell to pieces before his hand struck the switch.

A freeman's electric hand lamp is being introduced in England. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case, similar to a freeman's ordinary lamp, and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided and the lamp, which has a duration of from two to three hours, after which it can be easily recharged, forms an important adjunct to the outfit of a fire brigade. The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas works, gunpowder, and chemical factories. The advantages claimed for it are portability, facility in charging, capability of resting the battery when the light is not required, and extreme safety.

It is suggested that electricity could very advantageously be applied to the tricycle. A prominent electrical journal says: "A practical electrical tricycle would be a lazy man's delight, and as the electric light is generally available, power for charging the batteries would not be hard to find. Tolerable success has already been attained with such machines, the power required is not large, and the necessary weight of battery and motor can be brought within quite reasonable limits. It would not be a difficult matter to bring out such a machine, and it would probably find a considerable number of users in favorable localities."

A police officer of Chicago has devised an ingenious mode of signalling for the patrol wagon. He has a brass plate fixed in the end of his club, having an opening of suitable shape to correspond with and act as a key or wrench to turn the lever that sends in the alarm. This opening also serves as a mouthpiece to a whistle set in the base of the club. This is a most practical device, for the subjects of arrest are, as a rule, neither obliging nor amiable, and certainly not prone to remain peaceful and inactive while an officer is extracting his keys from his pocket to send in an alarm.

The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil obviates all this, entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, soreness, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight: Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens's and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Money will feed gluttony, flatter pride, indulge voluptuousness, and gratify sensuality; but, unless it be an engine in the hands of wisdom, it will never produce any real joy.

LIKE ALL STERLING REMEDIES, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure deserves a fair trial. It would be absurd to suppose that this or any other medicine of kindred nature could produce instantaneous effects. For the thorough removal of Chronic Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, and other ailments to which it is adapted, its use should be continued some time, even after the chief symptoms are relieved. That it then effects complete cures is a fact established by ample and respectable evidence.

It is not so much what a man has been as what he is and what he's striving to be that counts.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness.

Few of us care how a man made his money so long as he spends it liberally.

Chemical Analysis shows Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to be pure and healthful.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy. nor can the two be separated with impunity.

Little Quarrels Breed Big.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows, and you just bring a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters into your house and see how quickly health and strength follow its use. Nothing excels it for strengthening, regulating and purifying power.

Insanity is not a distinct and separate empire; our ordinary life borders on it, and we cross the frontier in some part of our nature.

A feeling of lassitude Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Unpleasant taste in the mouth Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Sleepy tired feeling Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large Bottles 50 cents.

Wickedness consists in the pretension about an act, though it be perpetrated.

Deafness Cured.—A very interesting illustrated Book on Deafness, with a head. How they may be cured. Sent free on request. Address, Dr. J. C. Stone, 113 Canal Street, New York.

The man who keeps his temper in debt is making his own tendencies.

SUPERFEROUS S. Miles and Co. is removed to 113 Canal Street, N.Y.

DR. KILMER, Dear Sir.—I thank the Lord for placing the Wonderful "Olive Branch" Specific and Famous Blood, Liver and Stomach Powders in your hands and for putting it in the heart of Mrs. W. Smith to visit me and urge me to use your WONDERFUL REMEDIES. I was afflicted for more than 23 years with female complaints. I had doctored with doctors of all schools and none gave me permanent relief. As a last resort I was taken to the hospital in Philadelphia, and the Professor told me the only remedy was to be given relief at the risk of my life, so I was brought home again to suffer and die a natural death. I was on the verge of the grave and prayed God to send death to relieve me of my sufferings. I was reduced to about 95 pounds in weight. My husband paid out \$500 for my relief, but in vain. At last the "Olive Branch" (God bless it) reached me through your agent, Mrs. W. Smith. I commenced to use it in conjunction with your Powders on the 1st of September, 1888, and up to the time I was wholly restored, have used nine boxes of the "Olive Branch" Specific, and four boxes of the powders.

Thirty large pieces of congealed matter passed from me, and to-day I am a well woman, weighing 150 pounds.

May God bless your efforts in extending the "Olive Branch" of peace to women far and near.

You are at liberty to use my humble testimony, and if you do I pray that it may result in bringing relief to some poor sufferer through the medium of your blessed "Olive Branch."

The doors of our home stand wide open to all wishing to know all about my wonderful cure. My heart speaks thanks my pen can't describe. In gratitude I shall always remain,

Your friend, MRS. MARY A. HENDERSON.

Father—"Clara, what game was that you were playing when I looked in the parlor last night?" Clara—"Hide and seek." Father—"What was the kissing for? Clara—"Oh, that was the duty on the hides."

Dyspepsia and indigestion cured By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. The stomach toned By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. The whole system invigorated By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large Bottles 50 cents.

When the teacher asked what was the feminine of tailor, a small boy on a front seat in a public school promptly exclaimed, "Dressmaker" and was greatly delighted that he was able to get in his answer first.

Waste not Precious Time.

Be quick. You can use a minute but once—make the most of it. Especially time when suffering from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, bad blood or any disease of the stomach, liver or bowels. You can't take Burdock Blood Bitters too soon, every moment wasted delays the longed-for cure.

Mamma (to Tommy)—"I'm sure you and your sister quarreled over that orange and that James had to interfere. Whose part did he take?" Tommy—"Whose part? He took the whole orange."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, placed in his hands by an East India merchant the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, the speedy and permanent cure of Consumptive Affections, Catarrh, Asthma and all Lung affections, also positive and reliable for Nervous Debility and all other complaints. Having tested its wonderful powers in thousands of cases and given relief to hundreds suffering, I will charge to all who wish it, this man, French or English, without preparing and using. Sent by mail, with stamp, naming the quantity desired. NOYER, 220 Powers Block, New York.

"On what sort of paper who's awfully gone on a gallop write to his maw, eh?" "On a gallop, of course." [Goes off to get some.]

BETTERS

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

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# THE ACE OF CLUBS.

## A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

AUTHOR OF "SEVAR-HADJI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

A fearful scene it was that struck the eye in the interior of the small hut. The bodies of the dead gendarmes were lying under the bench on which Popoff had been tortured. Dr. Haas had brought his surgical instruments, and was exclusively occupied in assisting the poor secretary, whose whole body was one vast wound. The walls were spattered over with blood and mud. Four of the exiles lay lifeless on the floor, others were trying to staunch the blood that was abundantly flowing from their gaping wounds. The colonel was tied to the central post, which in Siberia supports the ceiling. He writhed like a snake and uttered fearful threats and curses.

Miller stood facing him, his hair pushed back from his forehead; all around stood the exiles, and the hut resounded with cries of revenge and of triumph. The light wood was near extinction and dispensed but an indistinct and flickering light. Now and then the room was bloodily lighted up, and then again it sank back into deep darkness. The exiles, however, had brought lanterns which they now hung on the central post. Jana entered with Helen.

"Where is my husband? Where is Vladimir?" asked the countess, full of apprehension.

"You need not fear, countess," said Miller, bowing before her as he used to do in Petersburg salons, "the count is not here and was not present."

"And my poor Nicholas?" asked Helen. The stillness of the grave gave the only answer. Miller hung his head, Helen at one glance, counted the dead bodies and saw seven; she examined them one after another. Palkin's curses continued. All looked full of pity at the poor girl who had followed her betrothed to Siberia and now looked for him among the dead.

She soon approached his bloody remains. Haas raised his hands to heaven. At once Helen understood it all and fell in silent despair on her knees.

Miller's opportune arrival had come about in this way. The Tungus had brought Dr. Haas to Lenar-kus, who understood a little Russian and knew Miller's name. The same evening Haas saw Miller, who at once collected a small number of exiles and gave the promise that the colonists of the village itself would also render assistance. The doctor had Jana's money still about him, and was already suspected; he thought, therefore, to give Lenar-kus the 40,000 rubles who, in return, engaged to furnish the exiles with the necessary arms. As the time was pressing, Miller determined to go through the village, and to arm the men had only heavy weapons and a few swords.

Palkin was trying to persuade the colonists to surrender the unlucky paper, and to go to the village, where he had hidden it. They first surprised the house of the doctor, seized and bound two Kosakovs, the captain of gendarmes and another room they found Jana and her prisoners. Helena had been told by the doctor that she had told the captain all that she knew. Jana was not an exile and rank, but she had had at once started against Popoff against Col. Miller's intentions. They had been surprised by the captain, and he had taken them. Then they had hastened to the village was in a hurry, hence no one could be expected to come and to cure; but at last made a mistake. "Did you see in your eyes?"

Jana understood at once. "Blood enough has been shed," she said. "Pardon the guilty man!"

Miller shrugged his shoulders and turned around, eagerly.

"The doctor advised you well, countess. This is no place for you!"

"For my husband's sake do not avenge yourself!"

"Your words are in vain, countess. I pray you once more leave us, unless you wish to witness the execution!"

Haas seized her hand, saying, "Come, I beseech you! This is nothing for you, and we cannot change matters as they are. These men have gone too far to stop here!"

She followed him, saying, almost unconsciously:

"Oh, my God! My God! Pardon them! Pardon him, also! And pardon me, who have caused all this shedding of blood!"

Haas was already in the door with the countess, when Helen sprang up and, in her despair, cried:

"Doctor! You abandon him? Stay! You must stay!"

Haas shook his head.

"I can do nothing more. I can assist no one and save no one here."

"Then Nicholas is no longer alive?"

Haas had no answer to give. He turned to the countess, who took Helen by the hand.

"Come, Helen! Let us return together to town. We must submit to God's will, all of us, my child!"

The doctor noticed that the exiles were becoming impatient at this delay; they meant to have their revenge. He therefore drew the countess along with him, saying:

"Come! Helen will follow us soon!"

Helen, however, stood like a statue, and when the door closed behind Haas and the countess, she spoke:

"He is dead! really dead! Murdered by those who despised him because he served them. You will surely punish that man, won't you?" she added, pointing at Palkin.

The exiles bowed their heads.

"That will be the beginning of revenge, but only the beginning. Other men as powerful as this man, have been as guilty of his death. He is dead, but do not believe that he cannot avenge himself!"

"Listen to me," she said, turning to Miller. "You seem to be the leader of the others. They have tortured him to death to extort his secret from him. I have kept it to you. What do I now care for Count Lanin? I shall avenge myself and him at the same time."

She sat down on the bench and took Popoff's cold head in her lap.

"You searched in vain for that document," she said, turning to Palkin, "and yet he had it in his possession. Now that he is dead you shall see it. Do you know what he hid?"

He had a false tooth inserted as large as two ordinary teeth, and in that he kept the paper. Will you be kind enough," she added, turning to Miller, "to take it out."

Palkin roared with fury. "While Miller thought the girl was crazy."

"Follow my advice, my child," he said to her in a gentle voice. "Go with the countess. You will see bad things here, and you are already in a fever."

"We Russian women are still half savages," she said, never letting go Popoff's head. "Yesterday I was a cheerful, merry girl—to-day I cannot weep, and only thirst for revenge. You think I am insane. I swear to you I tell the truth. He is dead, you say. Will you have the courage to open his firmly closed mouth, while I will hold his head?"

Do you think I do not love him because I thus treat his body? Then you are mistaken, for I only carry out his wish. He came here, because he had heard that you were here. He was my life, my love, my all. To-day I have lost all!"

"Do not say that," she continued as she looked at the false tooth with a look of horror and revulsion.

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dagger then to Miller, saying in a flood of tears:

"You see, I am too feeble." Helen's courage had made a deep impression upon Miller. He took the drink, but he also tried in vain. To end this fearful scene he struck the handle with his whole strength. The front teeth dropped out! The whole body shook and Popoff uttered a cry of pain that sounded superhuman. The powerful blow had aroused the last breath that dwelt in the body.

Miller dropped the dagger in amazement. Nicholas opened his eyes and saw Helen, Palkin in pounds and the exiles around him. That glance revealed all. With a superhuman effort he raised his bloody arm, took out the false tooth, handed it to the nearest bystander and whispered "Lanin! Schelm!" Then he breathed his last. "And now," said Helen, "break the tooth."

Miller struck the apparent tooth with the dagger. When the ivory broke a small roll of paper dropped on the floor, Miller picked it up and examined it.

A receipt by Schelm! That is Schelm's own handwriting! 30 October. Conspiracy Law. - Secret funds. . . . I do not see at once what this means, but it must be a weapon of very great importance.

Palkin could not help, by a powerful curse, to show his wrath at having failed to secure the paper.

"I was a fool!" he cried in his fury. "Ha! ha!" said Miller. The bird is singing again! We must have made a good bargain."

"You shall know it all," said Helen. "I know all, and shall have strength enough, I trust, to tell you the details. And then all is at an end. Now I have done my work. Do you now administer justice and avenge yourself. I shall pray for him here."

She knelt down by the body of her betrothed.

"And now," said Miller, turning to Palkin, "it is your turn." Did you perhaps, think we had forgotten you?"

Miller turned next to the exiles with these words:

"We have transgressed the criminal laws of this country. We shall henceforth be looked upon as murderers, and be hunted down like wolves and bears. To-morrow I shall procure arms for you all. To-day we must create general terror. This man here is one of our bitterest and most powerful enemies. I need not accuse him before you; you know yourselves of what he is capable. What punishment do you decree against him? What has he deserved?"

"Death!" cried the exiles unanimously.

"Death? Really? Have you thought of nothing better?" laughed Miller scornfully.

"Listen to me! Far in the west of the world, across the ocean, in America, they have a law they call Lynch law. This law says: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! This man has had one of us murdered, killed by the knout! I condemn him to the same penalty!"

At these words Palkin changed color, and tore madly at his bonds.

"What! You will dare touch your colonel?"

Miller laughed aloud.

"You shall see what we think of your rank."

In the meantime the exiles looked at each other; some one had to be found who would take upon himself the duty of the executioner. Miller grasped their secret thoughts.

"Well, we must have an executioner? Bring the captain from Irkutsk in here!"

The exiles all agreed, and two men immediately went to the inspector's house.

"Listen to me, although I do not know you," said Palkin now. "Don't do this. Do not disgrace a superior officer by striking him with the nagaika. Rather kill me at a blow, at once! What harm did I ever do you?"

Miller interrupted him angrily.

"You pretend not to know me, and ask me what harm you have done me. And yet you arrested me at the same time with the Ace of Hearts, and I owe it to you that I am here in exile!"

"I only did my duty at that time."

"Perhaps you also murdered this man from duty, who was my friend? You only gratify me immensely by your prayers, which show me what cowards you are, after all."

Palkin, now convinced that nothing could prevent his destiny from being fulfilled, showed contempt, and boastfully said:

"Do what you choose, robber! You shall see how a colonel of the gendarmes can die. You shall not hear my voice, and see how differently from your friend I shall bear your torment!"

"We'll see!" said Miller.

The door opened, and four of the exiles dragged the captain in. He trembled and looked deadly pale; when he saw the corpses

lying about he fell on his knees and cried, addressing Miller:

"Pardon me! Mercy!"

Miller kicked him back with his foot.

"Get up, dog! You shall escape with your life if you obey our orders."

"Whatever you order I'll do it cheerfully."

"I have sentenced this man here to receive 500 blows with the nagaika. That is your duty, as you are an officer of the police. Carry out the sentence and your life shall be spared!"

The captain sprang up.

"A knout! Give me the knout! I understand that art to perfection. You shall see it!"

With these words he took the instrument of torture in his hands, approaching Palkin and letting the leather strap whizz through the air. At the same instant, however, he started back; he had recognized in the bound prisoner his terrible colonel.

"That man I am to beat? No, never!"

"Well," said Miller, "then you will have to die, too. Comrades this vermin writhing at our feet is one of our worst and cruellest enemies. He has the death of many a brother on his conscience. You are all of you soldiers, and therefore it is no disgrace to any one to carry out the sentence which I pronounce. It is death for the captain of Irkutsk, and death by being shot. We have only two guns, but they will suffice. Two men forward!"

Instantly two exiles advanced who had once been dependent on the hated captain, and had suffered accordingly.

The hesitation of the captain had, however, been founded only upon the fear of the inferior before the superior. When he saw death so near to himself his apprehensions vanished and he cried:

"Stop, I'll inflict the punishment!"

"First tear off the gold lace of his uniform," commanded Miller.

"Consider!" cried Palkin. "You are committing treason against the Czar."

The captain saw only death threatening him visibly. Like a wolf he fell upon the colonel, tore off the lace and the whole uniform.

"Consider!" cried Palkin once more. "It is high treason!"

The captain, half insane with fear, tore off his shirt also, leaving the broad back of the colonel of the gendarmes bare. The exiles looked curiously at the proceeding.

"Captain, take time to reflect!" cried Palkin once more.

"Strike!" commanded Miller.

The nagaika whizzed through the air, and Palkin uttered a cry that went through marrow and bone as Russians say.

"Captain, strike harder, if you wish to save your life!"

The man struck almost without knowing what he did. At the 20th blow Palkin roared like a wild beast.

"Rather kill me at once, but cease torturing me!"

Miller laughed aloud.

"Did I not say so? You have weakened very quickly. Captain, mind, if you do not use the nagaika well!"

Miller's revenge was however, not to be complete. Suddenly one of the exiles who has stood sentinel, rushed in exclaiming:

"Take care! A troop of soldiers is approaching the village. We must have been careless and allowed one of the Cossacks to escape."

"Let us escape!" cried Miller. At the same time he drew his dagger and threw it at Palkin, but the hut was too dark and the dagger stuck in the post without injuring Palkin. Miller jumped out of the window; all the others had scattered in a moment. Helen alone remained near the body of Popoff.

She did not listen to one of the exiles who asked her to go with them. The captain alone saw and heard nothing; he continued pitifully to inflict blow after blow. "Only when all the exiles had left and the room had become quiet, he looked around, and lo! he was alone with Palkin, Helen only kneeling at her betrothed's side. The heavy tread of approaching soldiers, the rattling of arms became audible. The captain became aware that help came for Palkin. Instantly the wretch fell on his knees before the bound colonel.

"Pardon me! I was compelled to do it!"

The revengeful look of his superior, however, changed his mind. He pulled Miller's dagger out of the post, and raised it before Palkin's eyes with the words:

"Die! then you will betray no one!"

At the same moment, however, a strong hand seized him from behind. An officer of Cossacks held him. A troop of soldiers rushed in now and occupied the hut.

"Do not let that traitor escape you," cried Palkin gathering all his remaining strength. "Arrest that woman also!"

Overcome with pain and fury, the colonel



sank down fainting. When he recovered his senses he had been relieved of his bonds. The captain and Helen, on the other hand, lay bound on the floor. Palkin looked around with eyes full of bloodthirsty revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Suppression of Rabies.

That rabies can be suppressed does not admit of a doubt. Its existence depends solely upon its contagious principle, and it cannot arise spontaneously under any conditions, any more than dogs themselves can. Eighteen years ago, through being unable to trace the origin of a case of rabies which occurred under my personal observation at Rochester, Kent, I was of opinion that it might have a spontaneous origin, and this opinion, I may state, was held at that time by several of the leading veterinarians on the Continent, (Bouley in France and Roll in Austria.) But soon afterward, on a more careful consideration of its geographical extent, and the result of sanitary police measures in different countries, I arrived at the conclusion that its maintenance was due to its contagium only; and that if this were destroyed there could be no more rabies or hydrophobia. This conclusion I have made known on every possible occasion.

It may also be asserted that though many kinds of creatures can become infected, and may infect each other, yet the dog is the original infector and the chief disseminator, the dissemination being affected by inoculation, in nearly all cases by means of a bite. After inoculation, if it is to be effective, a variable period elapses before the signs of disease manifest themselves; this is the period of latency or incubation, and it may extend from a few weeks to many months, but in the great majority of cases it does not go beyond six months, though there are some recorded in which it has been longer. Twelve months should cover all cases, and, therefore, if dogs could be prevented from biting for that period in this country, and no dogs were allowed to enter it from other infected countries, the contagium must perish for lack of renewal, and the scourge would be no more seen or felt. What a blessing to mankind, dogs, and other animals this would be! Even the dog worshippers might contrive to understand what a benefit it would confer upon their idol if they would only consider the matter. There would then be no need for all those futile, because partial and temporary, measures which harass dog owners and cause discomfort to dogs, while they have to be repeated incessantly. Nor would man look with grave and deserved suspicion, even amounting to dread, upon a devoted animal companion which he at present allows to be exposed to the risks of infection that will perchance destroy them both. Surely a few months of inconvenience are as nothing when compared with the advantages that would be obtained. Think of the children and adults who would be spared a torturing death in future years! Consider the perpetual abolition of the diabolical muzzle, ye cynophiliasts, and know that in the days to come dogs might bite and rend to their heart's content without being suspected or accused of madness, or any doubt be entertained as to the innocuousness of their saliva.—George Fleming in the Nineteenth Century.

Mighty Mimrods in Africa.

"Lion hunting made easy" might be the motto employed by M. Cattier, a bold colonist of Algeria. He has taken up the succession of the late M. Bombonnel, who died a few days ago in Dijon after having been for the greater part of his existence a mighty Nimrod in the north African jungles and deserts. If we are to credit the testimony of those who know the colony well, it is an error to suppose that there are no lions in Algeria. On the contrary, the "monarchs of the desert" abound in the forests of Bona and in the gorges of Palestro. M. Cattier is "running" his lion-hunting business at Palestro, and is doing his best to work up a connection, not only among gentlemen who may wish to accompany him in his expeditions, but also among ladies. Here is a splendid opening at once for the "modern woman" who dares do all that man does. M. Cattier has inscribed his business cards with a notice to the effect that in his hunting rendezvous are to be found lions of the Atlas Mountains, panthers, jackals, and other wild beasts, and that his establishment is provided with a special refuge or shelter for the weaker sex. The property on which M. Cattier has organised his happy hunting ground was bequeathed to him—so far as the rights of chase are concerned—by his friend Bombonnel, at whose disposal it was placed by the Government in order to facilitate his zoological researches—or, rather, what may literally be called "parnute."

The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

The Sitting Room Window.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

I came home from the Dominion Temperance convention that had been held in Montreal, and sat down by the sitting room window. The girls were busy sewing—for darning and mending must be attended to even in the summer day.

The air was cool, and refreshing—home so homelike, the flowers filled the rooms with fragrance, and the quiet was comforting to my weary spirit. I talked of Miss Willard and her strong, helpful soul, that gave one the encouragement needed and told of her address, "The White Cross and White Shield." Her beautiful picture of love and marriage, of the home, and then her denouncement of all that is impure or frivolous in our lives, was calculated to arrest the thoughts of young girls, as well as the boys who were her hearers. It seemed as if an air of thoughtfulness and sincerity prevailed all her sentences as she spoke of the elevation of women to co-education, and all other positions equal with men when they were worthy of it. I thought as I sat there while she denounced the style of dress and manner of the girls of the period, and blamed them for men's failure to live up to their ideal, of George Meredith's sentence, "For him, she was purity, charity, the keeper of the keys of whatsoever is held precious by men." Ah, if girls only knew it, and knowing kept the keys with pure and honest hearts. Marriage, she told her hearers, was only perfect when the parties were equal in every respect, uniting the lack of one, with some other need in the other. Then I thought of Whittier's lines:

"He owns her logic of the heart  
and wisdom of her unconscious;  
Supplying while he doubts and weighs  
The needed word in season.

Prudence had a piece of news. Mattie Nelson, our neighbor's daughter, is to be married and "only think, mother," she said, "it's to Dave Thompson, and he's a poor farmer with a mortgage on the land." "Well," I said, "he's doing the right thing to help pay it off. Mattie is a careful girl; she mends the tips of her gloves daintily, has learned economy and thrift and shows her good sense by taking him now, not waiting till he is better off. If I was a girl in such a position I would resent the idea of waiting, letting the man I loved toil along alone, for it is as much in saving as making. A city girl, if she marries a man on a salary, can do a great deal toward making a comfortable home cheaper than boarding can be done. If I was destined to marry a poor farmer, I'd pay off that mortgage, but I would be there to do it, and to sustain the man on whose shoulders such a burden was imposed. Stay at home and take things easy," you say, "Ah, my dear, it is not of such stuff as that our grandmothers were made. They did not wait till all the rough paths were made smooth, but were willing to travel the rugged road together. Depend upon it in after years they will look back upon the early toiling paying off days with pride and pleasure, such as they could never have felt if they had spent them apart. A woman is so trammelled by conventionality that she is helpless to aid the man she loves, no matter what his needs may be and an easy life becomes a reproach if she has the right spirit. Now-a-days, though thanks to the spirit of liberality prevailing, there is every opportunity for our advancement. Not the clinging vine any more, but the equal and helper of man." "Mother is quite eloquent," said Ruth, and that brought me down from the pinnacle, and I went to talking of every day affairs, and of the latest recipe for rhubarb marmalade that I had received from a city friend, who told me it was simply canned rhubarb only a little over boiled. When I asked what was the delicious flavor she told me it was one pine apple to ten pounds of rhubarb. It was all cut up together and sugar sprinkled over it the night before making up. It certainly was the most tasty conserve I have ever eaten of this nondescript "plant" that is not classed as a fruit or vegetable.

The summer with its heat, and spasms of chill is now fairly upon us, and we are able to think of lawns and meadows without a shiver. The girls are fond of white dresses, and yet there is so much work to keep them in order that we are sometimes conspired for spending so much time on them. But it was a rule in our household while the little

girls were growing up, that they could wear them as often as they chose if they did the starching and ironing—and each took a special pride in doing her own. If they did not care to wear them it was at their will, but the season for summer pretty things is so short, I do not wonder if young people enjoy lighter garments. I confess to a weakness in that direction, since as a child in England we all wore white frocks and a bunch of spring flowers at the Whitsuntide anniversary, so that the advent of pretty spring dresses seems suited to the season of flowers and summer time. "It is not always May" and the young girls will soon enough find that life has sombre colors. So go on with your ironing, dear, and from the sitting room window I will next week talk of the best methods of doing this all important branch of house work.

Home-Made Jams and Jellies.

Belonging to the small class of the few home-made articles for table use, that are greatly superior to those that can be bought of even the best wholesale manufacturers, preserves and jellies may be safely ranked, and it is therefore much better to make them at home, not only on account of these good qualities, but also well from motives of economy, as good preserves can be made by the housekeeper, even when the fruit must be bought at half the cost of purchasing them.

But as great daintiness and nicety is required in making them, in order to be successful. Where experience is wanting and the young housekeeper is ignorant of the art, great care must be given the work, and patience and judgment exercised. None but the most perfect and best flavored fruit should be used for preserves; it should be carefully picked before becoming too ripe, and never bruised or roughly handled.

The sugar should be the best cut sugar, if clear, well-flavored preserves are desired. If not sea salt, a pound of sugar should be used for every pound of fruit; if sea salt, less will answer for fruit not too tart—though we know some old-fashioned housekeepers, who are famous for the superior quality and beauty of their preserves and jellies, who insist that equal quantities of sugar and fruit must always be used in order to have rich, perfect preserves.

All fruit that requires paring should be put immediately in very cold water, and allowed to remain until sufficient quantity has been prepared; this prevents the fruit from becoming discolored. Where the fruit is tender and it is desired to keep its shape and color, it may be dipped quickly into strong lemon juice, and when the syrup is made in which it is to be cooked, a little lemon juice may be added. Some cooks use alum water for hardening fruit for preserving, but we do not advise it.

A procelain kettle is best for preserving; too large a quantity should never be cooked at one time. Large fruits may be put in the syrup, cooked rapidly at first and then slowly to preserve the shape; if the fruit is cooked, and the syrup yet thin, take up a piece at a time, carefully boil the syrup until thick, return the fruit to it and cook slowly.

Small fruits should be cooked slowly thirty or forty minutes. Preserves keep best in small, glass jars or tumblers, with paper dipped in brandy laid on the tops. If preserves ferment, which they will not do if sufficiently cooked at first, boil them over and add more sugar. If dry or candied in the jars, set them in a pot of cold water and allow gradually to come to a boil.

For making jellies, fruit should be just at the proper stage of ripeness, if over ripe or green, the result will not be satisfactory. Small fruits for jellies should never be picked immediately after a rain, or when the dew is on them.

As fruits differ in quality, and do not yield their juices all alike, it is not easy to know just how to make each variety, until a little experience has been acquired; but general rules for the work will be found useful.

Currants, berries and all juicy fruits, may be washed, and then cooked without water; then strain, and the juice boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, when little boiling will be required.

When cooking large fruits, such as quinces, apples, peaches, or pears, a little alum must be added to obtain the desired firmness. When boiling, it may be strained until the proper consistency is reached in the sugar. As soon as the jelly is firm enough to turn from a liquid to a solid, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds. When the jelly is firm enough to turn from a liquid to a solid, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds. When the jelly is firm enough to turn from a liquid to a solid, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds. When the jelly is firm enough to turn from a liquid to a solid, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds.

A pound of sugar is usually required to every pint of juice, though less may be used in making currant or ripe grape jellies. For straining the juice, it should never be extracted by squeezing, but allowed to drip through the jelly bag.

If jelly does not "form" the next day after being made, it is useless to cook it over. If it does not become firm when first cooled, standing it in the sun before covering it, will sometimes assist in hardening it. Jelly should be well covered and kept in a cool, dry place.

PEACH PRESERVES.—Pare some good ripe, sound fruit, and remove the seeds; put the peaches in cold water. Make a syrup of sugar, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. When boiling, add the fruit. Let cook slowly till done; take out a piece at a time in a perforated spoon and lay in a large dish. Boil the syrup low and thick; return the peaches to the kettle and boil gently until transparent. Put in a glass jar, pour the syrup over and cover the top with paper.

APPLE PRESERVES.—Make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar for every pound of apples; add a sliced lemon. Pare and quarter good, tart apples and put in a jar; boil until transparent and put in a glass jar; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

QUINCE PRESERVES.—Pare and core the fruit and boil in clear water until tender. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit, and boil the quinces in it half-an-hour.

PEAR PRESERVES.—Pare, cut in halves, core and weigh; allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Make a syrup and drop the fruit in it. Cook slowly, when done take up and place in glass jars. Boil the syrup low, pour over and seal.

CRAB-APPLE PRESERVES.—Take the red Siberian crab-apple. Wash, and wipe dry, leave the stems on, put in water to cover, and let come to a boil. Take up, let cool, and carefully remove the skins. Weigh, allow one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Make syrup, flavor with the juice of one lemon to every three pounds. Put the crab-apples on, and cook until clear; put in jars while hot.

CHERRY PRESERVES.—Stone ripe cherries, and save the juice; allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the fruit and sugar together to make a syrup, put in the cherries, and cook until done. Put in glass jars while hot.

STRAWBERRY AND BLACKBERRY PRESERVES.—Pick and prepare the berries, put a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Sprinkle the sugar over, and let stand several hours. Boil slowly half an hour.

New Goods TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stamp and Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

- Stamped Toilet Sets, 4 west designs, 50c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces
- Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 75c, 75c and \$1 each
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 50c, 60c and \$1 each
- Splashes, 18x26 and 18x45, newest designs, 60c and 75c each
- Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 50c and 65c each
- Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c and \$1
- Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 50c and 90c each
- Stamped Umbrella Holders, 75c each
- Stamped Gentleman's Combs, 75c each
- Stamped Pillow Shams, 13x26, 75c each
- Stamped Tidy, all fringes, 75c each
- Stamped Biscuit Holders, 75c each

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wool, we are still selling single and double; at 80c, 90c, 100c, 110c, 120c, 130c, 140c, 150c, 160c, 170c, 180c, 190c, 200c, 210c, 220c, 230c, 240c, 250c, 260c, 270c, 280c, 290c, 300c, 310c, 320c, 330c, 340c, 350c, 360c, 370c, 380c, 390c, 400c, 410c, 420c, 430c, 440c, 450c, 460c, 470c, 480c, 490c, 500c, 510c, 520c, 530c, 540c, 550c, 560c, 570c, 580c, 590c, 600c, 610c, 620c, 630c, 640c, 650c, 660c, 670c, 680c, 690c, 700c, 710c, 720c, 730c, 740c, 750c, 760c, 770c, 780c, 790c, 800c, 810c, 820c, 830c, 840c, 850c, 860c, 870c, 880c, 890c, 900c, 910c, 920c, 930c, 940c, 950c, 960c, 970c, 980c, 990c, 1000c.



FIG. 81.



FIG. 84.



FIG. 85.



FIG. 83.

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worn farther back on the head, and bent at the side only. The trimming in this case consists of a wreath of ostrich tips.

Fig. No. 85 is a rather standard shape, turned up on the sides and faced with lace. Ribbon and lace trim the outside, with a spray at the back, long aigrette crossing the crown, and large a rose on the front of the brim, giving it an unique finish.

The colors seen show most beautiful combinations, hitherto supposed to be impossible, but now more than probable in these days of artistic eyes and deft fingers. A large hat, in fine black fancy crinoline, is turned up at the back with a mass of lilies of the valley and leaves, and has a second and larger cluster stretching across the front; some loops of velvet, the exact color of the leaves, in the resemblance of wings, complete a very rich and elegant design.

up the brim at the back, in a particularly becoming manner.

Bonnets appear to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less." In fact, on some youthful heads, where the hair is profuse, it is possible at first sight to doubt the existence of a bonnet at all. All the front hair is drawn forward and a good deal puffed; all the back is drawn up and arranged in three horizontal rows, and between is the lace butterfly or handful of flowers that the wearer is pleased to call her bonnet.

Other bonnets are, however, larger, and most beautiful in make and material. The lace straw hats, with their dainty velvet or lace bows, holding a few flowers, are quite things of beauty. Every shade of mauve appears, from a suspicion of it on an almost white surface, to the deepest shade of the rich hue known as aubergine, or red cabbage. This is the color of the year, in all its tones, and this is the one that general fancy has adopted as its favorite *par excellence*.

Open lace straws may have a colored silk or gauze lining. Lace scarfs from entire anemone or helix, with the ends draped in the middle of the chin with a fancy pin,

ribbon bow, or small flower spray. Tiny capotes of silk muslin have velvet strings, jet hands, and flowers in front. Black muslin is stylish with a puff and ties of black velvet, jet coronet, lace butterfly in front, and a wreath pressing upon the hair of yellow and purple pansies, yellow daisies, primroses, or small pink roses.

A bonnet, with two bandeaux of narrow faceted jet, is tied at the back with black velvet strings, and has a foundation of pink crepe de Chine, two rosettes of it in front, and a delicate black lace lappet, wired and formed into the semblance of a butterfly. Another, slightly similar, has the double velvet bandeaux hidden by curled black feather bands, a dainty bow of pale pink velvet perched up in front, and a length of the same, threaded through a fancy black-brim, knotted up at the back, and then forming strings.

Flower bonnets have the entire frame covered, or two tiny wreaths on separate bands. Jet and feather aigrettes are mingled with flowers in a most bewildering manner. Black flowers having yellow centres are used on lace bonnets. A velvet puffing and strings add a richness to the flower

shapes. Flowers come wired in shape to entirely cover a toque.

A large jet butterfly forms a most coquetish bonnet, with a tuft of buttercups tucked in between the wings at the back, and a few more in front, tied in with narrow yellow velvet loops. The yellow velvet passes round the head as a band, and ends in strings. Another, surnamed the Countess, from its cut jet coronet, is of fine jet lacework over gold tissue, with a wreath of small curled black ostrich tips peeping into the crater at the top (instead of a crown), and apparently tied in position by a gold tinsel ribbon passed round and finished off in a bow in front.

There is a hat with a pronounced brim of delicate black lace, mounted on fine net, with a wreath of black ostrich tips curling outwards from the vacuum where the crown usually is, and a few loops of pale blue velvet and black lace in front, kept in place by two quivering jet flowers mounted on pins and resembling gaudier roses in jet. Another, called La Chinoise, is smaller, and of mushroom form, with lengths of butterfly velvet looped from the inside of the crown over the black net foundation to the top, veiled with delicate lace. On the top—there is no real crown—two other loops, and in front is a cluster of black velvet poppies and lace.

Toques for mourning are of Brussels net, with lace and gros-grain ribbon in front. Black China crepe and mousseline de soie toques are trimmed with ribbon and lace or embroidered lisse. Large roses are put directly in front of a capote or toque. Tulle toques are soft, airy pullings wreathed with small flowers, and tied on with strings of inch-wide velvet ribbon, knotted under the chin at the left side, or over the chest.

In toques there is a pretty, becoming one of fine black straw, with a chain of violets round the edge, another round the crown, and a plant of the leaves and flowers standing proudly up at the back. Another looks as if a length of ribbon velvet had been edged with a narrow jet cord pleated up into a circle and finished off with a spray of flowers and bow of velvet on the top. Another, in similar style, is in black and gold fancy ribbon, with an edge of mimosa, and a cluster of the same at the back, with a few velvet loops thrown forward on to the crown. These toques sit beautifully on the low head, and are made in all colors, to match gowns.

The boat-shaped hats have the trimming arranged in the back with long loops toward the front, or flat pieces of ribbon drawn over the crown and formed into a flat Alsatian bow in front. Flowers are sometimes held by a tied bow of velvet ribbon. Gold ribbon is used for bands and flatly tied bows. Tulle boat hats are decorated with long-stemmed flowers.

The flower rage has extended even to traveling hats. Crepe de Chine is mingled with ribbon on lace straw. Large hats are frequently trimmed with whole or half wreaths of poppies, dandelions, roses, buttercups, forget-me-nots, wild flowers, daisies, etc., with an abundance of long stems and leaves. Sailor hats are trimmed with rosettes of silk or velvet ribbon, or a land and bow in the back, with a drapery of tulle or net around the crown, and a silvered arrow-pin thrust through the bow.

The tendency toward black hats is pronounced; but the effect will never be sombre while they are loaded with flowers as at present. Large flat hats are trimmed with flowers or ostrich wreaths, and are especially stylish when allowed to droop according to their own sweet will, which is picturesquely becoming—sometimes.

**Remodelling Dresses.**

Almost any dress made within the last two or three years can be made over in the simple styles now in vogue with straight skirts and trimmed bodices. For instance, the pleated skirts of woollen gowns, if faded, can be turned, and their voluminous breadth will furnish ample material for an English skirt with plain front and sides and pleated back, and also for full sleeves. If this skirt is too short for the present elongated breadths, it can be lengthened by adding a border of striped, plaid or spotted wool, or else a bias fold of silk four inches wide, lined with crinoline, can be set below the edge, and simply stitched on, a fashion seen on many of the new English gowns. Another plan is to trim the skirt with three or four rows of velvet ribbon of graduated widths, the lowest row three inches wide, falling below the edge of the skirt and lengthening it. Should the skirt be long enough, but frayed at the edges, a binding of thick watered ribbon three inches wide will freshen it, and give "character" to the plain skirt. The foundation skirt, after having the bustle and steels removed, should be faced with the material



FIG. 82.

of the dress, or with that added to lengthen it.

The full skirt of a summer silk dress can be lengthened by insertions of ribbons, or of white or black French lace, with either a hem or scalloped lace at the foot, and may be slightly draped as a long over skirt, with a trimming of gathered lace or ribbon showing below it on the foundation skirt. A white muslin dress can have insertions of tucked muslin or of embroidery let in above its hem, or else it can be lengthened by a border of embroidery at the foot. The bunched-up back breadths of gingham or other cotton dresses made two years ago are usually straight, and merely require to be cut off at the top and gathered full to a belt. The front pleated breadths need not be altered; but if the apron drapery is very long, it should be shortened, and simply draped from hip to hip.

The bodices of wool dresses can retain the fitted back by making the basque part more simple, in habit fashion without position pleats, or by cutting it into four square-cornered tabs, or, if quite long, the Louis Quinze coat back may be made. The front of the waist can then have a blouse of plain, striped, or checked silk set upon it to cover it, and slight jacket fronts of wool can be made from pieces left from the full skirt. The coat sleeves may be widened at top by inserting a pointed puff of the silk, or caps of draped folds of the material can be added, or else entirely new sleeves can be made of the silk used on the front of the waist. If the bodice is so worn that it must be abandoned altogether, a pretty blouse of India silk or surah can be used with the remodelled skirt, and this skirt should be sewed permanently to a Swiss belt, or a whalebone corselet made of many small pieces left over from the skirt, well whaleboned and laced at the top in three or five places in front and on the side.

Other bodices faded or worn about the neck and shoulders can have the soiled parts removed, and a round yoke or one in V shape, or a succession of vandyke points can be set on of surah, of reppel silk, or of velvet, while for light materials crew embroidery can be used instead. A square-cornered Spanish jacket, cut from any large pieces left from the skirt, will cover a badly fitted waist, or one worn out about the arm-holes. A corselet, or else pieces of embroidery or velvet, sloped from the under arm seams to a point in the middle of the front, will also renew soiled waists. High collars can be covered with two pieces of ribbon, each folded over from top, or with a single wide ribbon, or else with crew embroidered muslin, which is now used on silk and wool as well as on cotton gowns. A basque of last summer can be shortened to a slightly pointed bodice, and finished with ribbon folded along its edge and hooked behind under a rosette.

**Patterns.**

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

**Fruit Preserving.**

To can fruit is to preserve it, yet there is a great difference between canned and preserved fruit, as it is understood by the housekeeper. "Preserves" are what most housekeepers term the fruit that is put up pound for pound—or nearly that—with sugar. "Canned" fruit, as it is generally understood, can be put up without sugar; or it may have added to it a small or large amount, as one's taste may dictate, writes Maria Parloe to Good Housekeeping. Some fruits are by far better when canned than when preserved, whereas, on the contrary, others are not fit to use if canned with only a small quantity of sugar. Strawberries are, of all the fruits the most unsatisfactory when canned, but, when properly preserved, the most delicious. Raspberries, when preserved are delicious, and useful for many kinds of dessert; yet they are quite as desirable canned. Indeed, I know of no fruit that retains its freshness and flavor in canning like the raspberry. Pears are insipid if preserved, but when canned in any light syrup are delicious. Quinces are not good canned. To develop the perfect flavor they should be preserved with at least half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, better three-quarters of a pound.

These are only a few examples of the difference in fruit in regard to the necessity of more or less sugar to develop flavor and texture. Of course, in selecting your fruit and the method of putting it up, you must take into consideration how you are going to use it. Should you, as many people do, use the preserved fruits and cereals in large quantities, rather than use animal food, then the amount of sugar added to the fruit must be only enough to give it the required flavor. When this is the case the fruit that require the least sugar should be selected; on no account try strawberries.

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 Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungently.  
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 Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mother" him.  
 Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.  
 Because on her breast he can shed tears.

of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterward.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world, in which we should be proud to live and contented to die.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

Because, when he is behaving like a fretful boy, and we all do, you know, at times, with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody.

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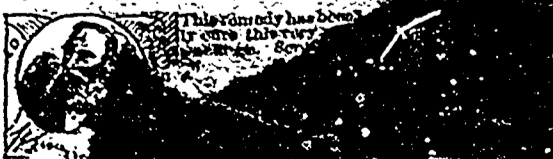
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NO 20.

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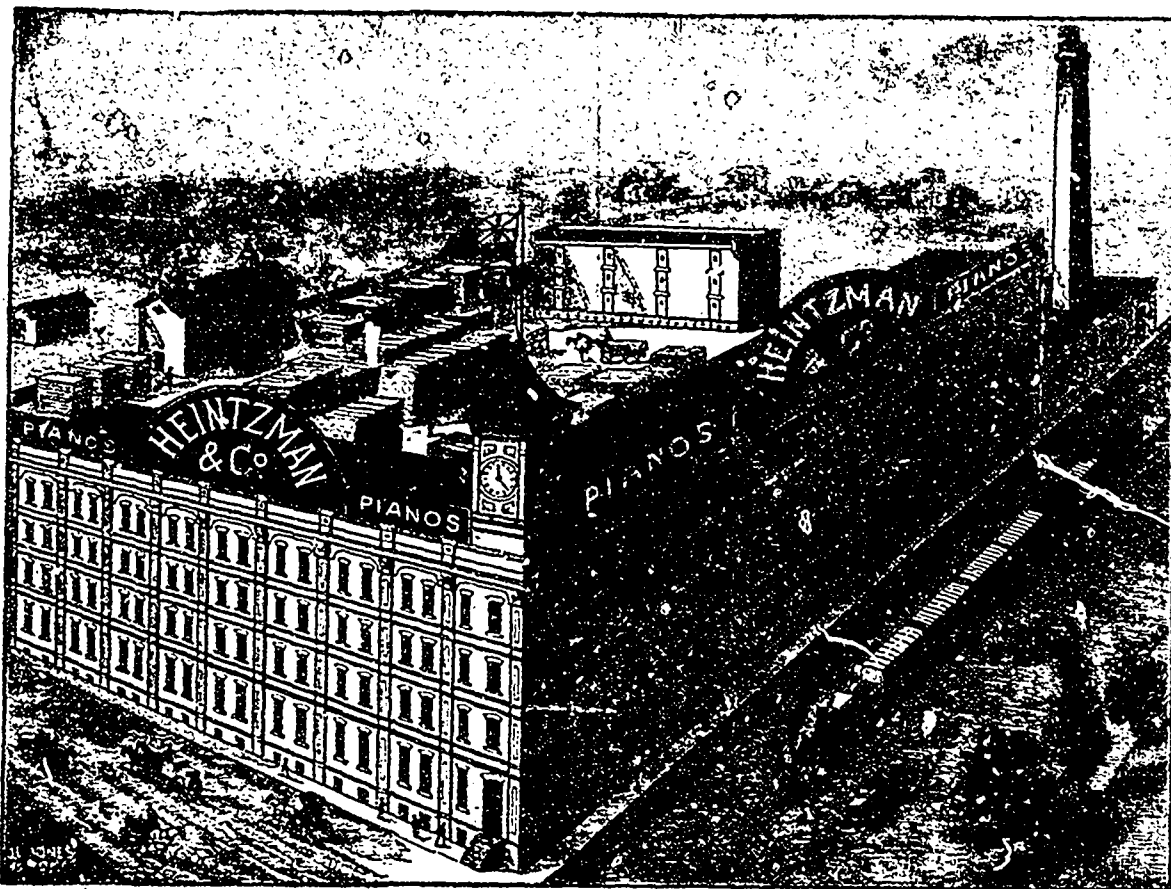
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