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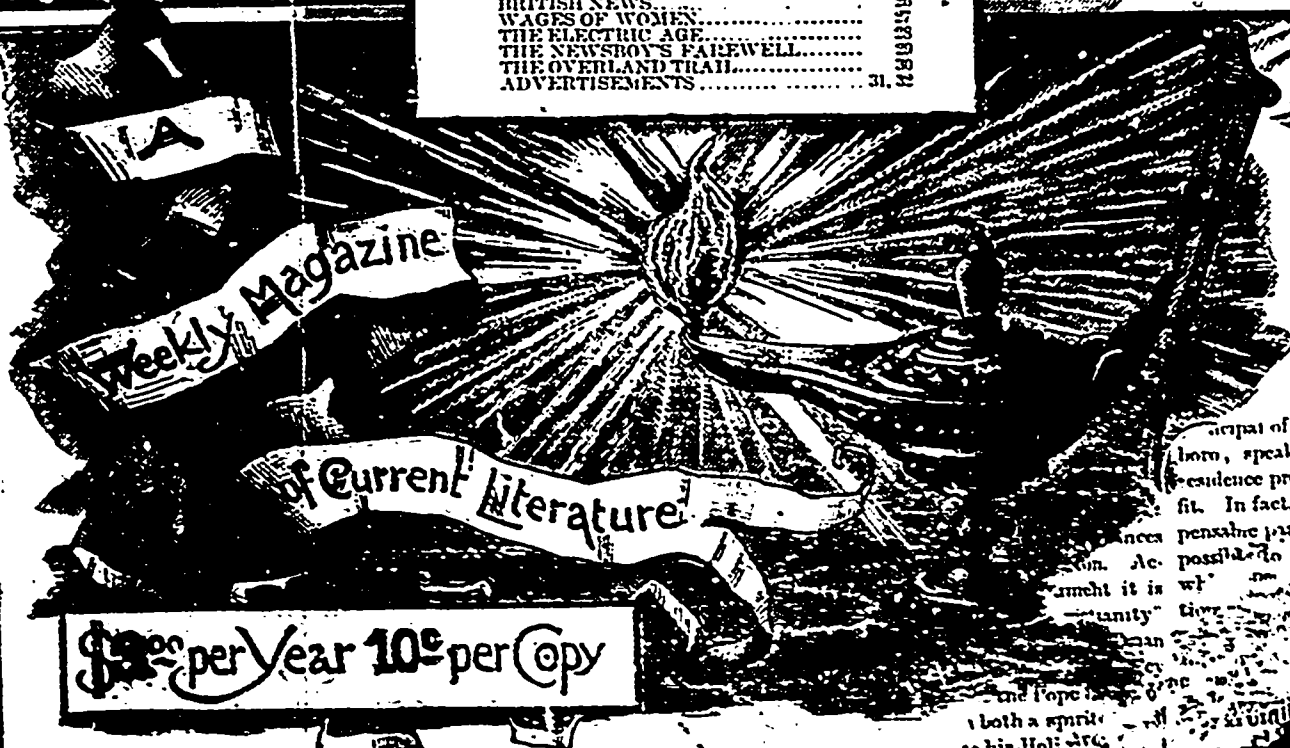
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At a special vestry meeting called by the anti-ritualists a resolution was passed by a vote of 67 to 26 reducing the rector's salary from \$2,500 to \$1 per annum. A resolution was also carried cutting off the curate's stipend. Both resolutions are intended to cause the rector and his curate to resign. The bishop, who is a pronounced high churchman, is backing up Mr. Crawford in his effort to introduce high church practices, and as the church members have been low church for years they are vigorously opposing the innovations. Mr. Crawford will not resign. It is in the presence of such a quarrel as this that one can appreciate the advantages of the itinerant system which it is so fashionable in some quarters to condemn. The helplessness of this congregation to rid itself of an obnoxious pastor as well as the stern necessity which compels a man to quit his charge when both pastor and people would gladly continue the relationship points the truth that no system has yet been devised which makes provision for all cases that can possibly arise. Whether the ingenuity of men will prove sufficient for the task is something that may well be doubted. Meantime let those who prefer either system not forget the old saw, that "people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Apropos to the question of timber limits, Hon. Mr. Hardy has promised that, if he should have the honor of being Commissioner of Crown Lands for the next four years, he would exert himself with a view to replenishing the forests of these regions with new growths of timber, so that this source of revenue may be perpetuated when the present supply, which, it is estimated, will suffice for the next one hundred years, shall have become exhausted. The scheme is a wise one and ought to secure the support of every member of the House. We owe it to our country not to impoverish it more than necessary, but to enrich it and make it increasingly valuable; we owe it to the generations following that we make their lot as pleasant and comfortable as possible. A small proportion of the income from this source would be sufficient to carry out the idea. Let the people carefully consider it.

During the course of his remarks at the business men's prayer meeting, in Baltimore, a few days ago, Bishop Paret, of Maryland, a bishop of the Episcopal Church, is reported to have said:

"Why is it that the field of religion is left to women? To my mind there is one reason patent among others, and that is that monstrous perversion of God's Gospel known as the revival system. It teaches the idea that before men can worship God they must be worked up to some intense emotionalism, and through certain convulsions of the body. On account of this pernicious system we have seen some of the saddest fruits of the revival. There are books of prayer and devotional stuff that men and women use. It is it with these vernal productions to the waste basket, and what with the sport so often made of their gushing nonsense, the poor editor still finds himself afflicted almost beyond endurance. But the 'keep such poems' relief his fra-

gilets assents and commands, but because the heart, the emotions, are inflamed with the love of Christ, is indeed a marvel. Is there no meaning to them in the answer of Jesus wherein he says, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind and with all thy strength?' Is it nought then that the apostle should have said 'Love is the fulfilling of the law?' And where would Bishop Paret place love if not among the emotions? The fact is that, notwithstanding this unchristian attack upon the 'revival system,' 'wherever the Christian religion has spread, and at all times when it has gained most hold on men, it has been preached not as a system of morals, but as a supreme affection. The appeal has not been to men's heads, but to their hearts, to the feminine rather than the masculine side of man's nature. What is a revival of religion except the stirring up anew of human emotions so that earthly love shall be replaced by the love of Jesus?'

To remind the public of its sin against the newspaper poet, who, the author contends, has received scant praise for the benefits he has conferred, is the task which Hezekiah Butterworth sets for himself in the April *Chautauquan*. The "poet's corner" he urges, has been a mighty power for uplifting and ennobling life wherever the newspaper has gone. To the ideals formed under its influence he traces much of the beauty in architecture which graces our private houses and public buildings. He points out that some of the poems the world will not permit to die, first appeared in the newspaper; notably Longfellow's, "A Psalm of Life," and Ray Palmer's, "My Faith Looks up to Thee." Much of the article is devoted to a description of true poetry. Valuable distinctions are pointed out, which rhymsters would do well to bear in mind. "Ambition," says he, "cannot write true poetry. No amount of ostentatious eloquence, of rhetoric or rhythmic skill or glittering artificiality can produce poems that will live." Again, "it is the poems of the heart and not of the head, and the language of the heart and not of the study that the world most loves and puts into its treasure house of jewels." Yet again, "the poetry that helps the world is the birth of noble thoughts and this can only come from noble living. A man cannot be more to the world than he is to himself. Most long lived poems are born in suffering. It is the suffering heart that sings for mankind." He concludes his interesting article by giving a few words of counsel to the young newspaper poet. "Send to the press," says he, "only the poems that have lived and have come to you as inspirations. Keep such poems a year, and rewrite them many times before publishing." This is the saving clause of his article, which otherwise might have been interpreted by the young poet, especially the "spring poet," as a plea for his sentimental rhyming. In that case it is doubtful whether the fraternity of editors would be disposed to bless the day that Hezekiah Butterworth was born, for what with the discouragement in the way of passing these vernal productions to the waste basket, and what with the sport so often made of their gushing nonsense, the poor editor still finds himself afflicted almost beyond endurance. But the "keep such poems" relief his fra-

gilets the Republic, up to twenty-five. There is nothing novel, therefore, about the event. A new ministry has been formed by M. de Freycinet who has announced his programme, which will be one of active work and political conciliation. He promises to constantly exert himself to protect the moral, industrial and economic interests of the country. Special attention, too, will be devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes. How far these promises will be fulfilled time alone will reveal. No injurious effects upon the business of the country is anticipated by the change. Probably the Frenchmen enjoy this kind of thing as a means of diversion, but to outsiders it gives the impression of instability and insecurity.

The profanation of the sacred song, "Jerusalem my glorious home," made by a certain politician in describing the policy of the Dominion Opposition is enough to make the bones of the good poet rattle in their coffin. The story goes that a visitor asked about Canadian politics, "what is the Government policy?" and was told "Protection." "And the Opposition?" "The treasury benches—their Jerusalem then." The reference was to the stanza,

Jerusalem, my longed-for home,
My soul still pants for thee;
When will my labors have an end
In 'ay and peace in thee?
There, happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Not want, nor sorrow know,
Blest seats, through wild and stormy seas,
I onward press to you!

Though the poem suffers degeneration by such an application, the hit is not altogether undeserved so far as the Opposition is concerned. It is puzzling to the unsophisticated mind to make out clearly and certainly what the Opposition policy is. It is generally supposed that its fiscal policy is Unrestricted Reciprocity, though even here there is room for doubt. Perhaps the appearance in the field of Canada's New Party, which distinctly declares its platform, will have the effect of causing the old parties to be more definite in stating their positions in respect to the important issues before the country.

If the "old bear" would stand well in the eyes of the nations, let her change her ways in regard to her political offenders whom she punishes by sending to the mines. She cannot expect to retain the respect of self-respecting peoples, while she winks at the atrocities and barbarities which are there carried on. That some of the reports are exaggerated may be granted, still there is enough truth to warrant the indignation and condemnation so generally felt and expressed. Despatches from Tomsk, the central Siberian depot for prisoners, containing the record of the numbers brought to the prison each year since 1886, say that the daily average number of prisoners in 1888 was 1,380, and the daily average number on the sick list was 396. A majority of the sick had typhoid fever. An official report declares that owing to lack of room hundreds of sick had to be placed in the open air while the temperature was as low as ten degrees below freezing, and that in consequence of this exposure the mortality among the sick was enormous. In the presence of such facts as these one reads with a good degree of satisfaction that the Russian government has been disagreeably impressed by the meetings held in England and America to denounce the outrages committed upon exiles in Siberia. It is a hopeful sign when the authorities manifest a sensitiveness to outside opinion, even though it assumes the form of anger. Anything is better than callous indifference.

If ever monarch disappointed the expecta-

tions of the world it is William II. of Germany. A soldier from his youth, and while identified with the army showing an unusual fondness for arms, endowed with a fund of energy possessed by few, and withal apparently impulsive, it was feared that when the reins of government fell into his hands, the peace of Europe would speedily be disturbed. Everywhere the regret was expressed that his father had not been permitted to live and carry out his pacific designs. Instead of this, however, the son has shown himself to be pre-eminently a man of peace, and to be possessed of a paternal feeling for his subjects that is worthy of the highest praise. It is this feeling of commiseration for the oppressed laboring classes, that induced him to initiate the labor conference now in session at his capital, and which according to latest reports, is performing its work with unexpected rapidity and success. It is this, too, that lies at the bottom of a scheme which will give the greatest surprise, a plan for the abolition of standing armies. That the Emperor was cherishing this humane project has come to light only very recently, and is divulged in connection with an explanation of the late resignation of Count von Waldersee, the able officer who last year succeeded Count von Moltke as chief of the general staff. The scheme proposes the convocation of an international congress for the purpose of considering the proposition to be advanced by the Kaiser, to abolish standing armies, allowing only the maintenance in each country of a certain small force, limited in proportion to the population as a pledge of bona-fide. Though opinions may differ as to the feasibility of the project at present, all must acknowledge the relief that would come to the European nations by the change. Should the young Emperor continue as he has begun, the future historian will have a tale to tell no less remarkable than that which attaches to the name of his illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great.

It is an open secret that France has never felt satisfied with the result of the late Franco-Prussian war, by which she lost the valuable provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. Many, too, entertain the opinion that she is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to regain her lost possessions. The fact is, she can never feel perfectly safe with these provinces under German control, seeing that they lie within a twelve hours run of her capital city. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that M. Jules Simon, the eminent French statesman, at present attending the Berlin Labor Conference, and who was the other day presented by Emperor William, with the Order of the Red Eagle, has had a long conversation with the Emperor during the course of which he broached the subject of the neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine. To this proposition the Emperor, made reply that "it was never too early to discuss a question that concerned the friendly relations existing between Germany and France." While it is doubtful whether Germany would consent to such a settlement of the old feud, it is certain that some such arrangement would go far to securing the peace of Europe, which depends in no small degree upon the attitude of these two nations towards each other.

The decline of courtesy among Americans is just now engaging the attention of some of the metropolitan journals. The *New York Tribune* has made out a pretty clear case against the men of the present generation. Its inferences are drawn from the behavior of men in public conveyances and

Truth's Contributors.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

The Jesuits' Estate Act The Gaelic Language Motion in the Senate—The Rykert Case Temporarily Shelved—The Deceased Wife's Sister's Daughter's Bill Passed by the Senate—A Personal Paragraph—A Lively Prof. in the House—Adam Brown's "Dicky-bird" Bill.

The return of the documents in connection with the reference of the Jesuit Estates' Act to the Law officers of the Crown shows that these legal gentlemen were asked to give their opinion upon a memorandum prepared by Sir John Thompson. That was far more an argument for the support of the government's position than a fair and full statement of the facts in the case. It was an attorney's "brief," not a judge's report. It is not to be wondered at that the English Law officers thought the act constitutional with this document, and this document alone, before them. The case will now come up in the Commons on motion by Mr. Charlton, and the House asked to condemn the government for not referring the Act to the courts.

The Senate put in two hours of its meagre and yet mildly valuable time in discussing Senator McInnes' bill proposing to make Gaelic an official language. Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, the shrewd business man who wastes his time leading that body, termed it "a far-fetched practical joke," and expressed the hope that no member of the House will imperil his reputation and standing as a public man by voting for it. To Senator McInnes it was by no means a joke and for one hour and a half he read a wearisome essay to his drowsy colleagues in praise of the Scotch and their ancient tongue. The bill is a prominent bit of evidence that a Scotchman's sense of humor is deeply buried.

The Rykert case has been sent to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, with the promise of the Government that it will very soon come back to the House. The motion referring the case to this Committee was carried unanimously, although it was more a matter of mercy than principle or even justice with the Opposition. The closing debate was an interesting one. The Government put up Messrs. Kirkpatrick and White—two of the most independent and generally respected members in the House—to make and defend the official proposition that the charges be referred to committee. Hon. Peter Mitchell, the only Third Party man that has ever succeeded in getting a seat in Parliament, was secured as seconder; and a more influential trio could not well have been gathered behind any resolution. Hon. Mr. Laurier declared the mind of the Liberals firmly made up against delay of any kind. They were satisfied that Mr. Rykert could put in no further defence. He had had a ready reply, and had failed most miserably. Laurier demanded his impenetrable defence by this highest court of law. The lesser guns of the Opposition were silenced until Mr. Rykert's speech. He was not in the House, and he never speaks without displaying at once the scholar and the thinker. The maritime provinces have produced on our shores remarkable specimens of manhood, and it is not surprising that region proves to be the birthplace of the illustrious Laurier.

admitting that up to the present Mr. Rykert had made no adequate defence. The Opposition bowed to the plea for justice and allowed the motion for reference to carry without a division. The case is now before the Committee which at the present writing is proceeding with a promptness that promises an early report to the House.

The Senate passed the other day, in spite of the protests of the French Canadian Catholics, Senator Ahnon's bill, legalizing marriage with one's deceased wife's sister's daughter. This statement reads suspiciously like a conundrum, and one wonders a good deal before he can understand just how a man could get into a position where he would wish to marry his deceased wife's sister's daughter, but this proposition has received the consent of one branch of Parliament to become sober, effective law. The protest of the French Canadian Catholics is significant. The Catholic church has long been the zealous guardian of the sanctity of the marriage vow. To her, it is not a bargain and sale contract; it is a holy sacrament. Hence when she raises her voice against a measure of this character, it is *prima facie* evidence that the biblical circle of marriage is being invaded. By the way, how do the people of Ontario like the reflection that her unchosen representatives in the Senate carry a breach of the sanctity of marriage over the protests of the people of Quebec?

Sir John Macdonald, in spite of the immense amount of work required of him, is taking marvellously good care of his physical self this session. He has a cosy private room just off the Library corridor, and he takes a great many half hours from the duller times in the House to rest quietly in that chamber. At times, when Parliament is spending the evening in supply or other routine business, he does not come down from Emmscliffe at all, but recuperates at his own fireside. This is in contrast to Messrs. Bowell and Langevin, who are very seldom out of the House, but who sit patiently at their desks through the long hours of the night sessions. The two most faithful legislators among the Liberals are Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Mills, both of whom work very persistently through complicated matters in which there cannot be an ounce of party profit but only benefit to the country. Those who are in the habit of heaping cheap abuse upon the politicians would be surprised to know how much hard work these men do where party is not at all interested.

Prof. Weldon, of Albert, is beginning to let the House know of his presence. He led in a stinging speech the revolt of a few of the party against the Rykert abomination, and the other evening he undertook to castigate Blake for his severe handling of a junior member. It is not every one who could hit at Blake without presenting a ridiculous appearance of puny inability, but Prof. Weldon's attack was not at all ineffective. He is a master of terse, telling sentences that launch his thoughts into the mental world clothed most picturesquely. Tall, large headed, intense and masculine in countenance, he is a striking figure in the House, and he never speaks without displaying at once the scholar and the thinker. The maritime provinces have produced on our shores remarkable specimens of manhood, and it is not surprising that region proves to be the birthplace of the illustrious Laurier.

The rejection of Adam Brown's Bird Bill is a triumph of the betting fraternity over good sense and common humanity. It is only fair to the bill to say that Mr. Brown was not the best promoter it could have had. He is immensely unpopular among his fellow partisans, and it is exceedingly difficult for the whole House to take him seriously. He had the support of the leading men of both parties—Sir John, Mr. Blake, Mr. Laurier, Mr. Bowell, Mr. Foster, Mr. Mills; all rose in favor of the bill on its second reading, but they were absent at the hour of its greatest need. Even the clever, scholastic oration of Nicholas Flood Davin failed to move the House. The smaller men, who dislike Brown and cater to the sporting class, were in a majority, and the passage of the bill was delayed another year.

The investigation of the charges made by Mr. Lister, M. P., against General Middleton and Mr. Hayter Reid in connection with the disappearance of the half breed Bremner's furs during the North-West rebellion, promises to be fairly interesting. The charge is simply that of "looting" which, while common enough in war, is certainly not allowable during the suppression of a domestic rebellion among our own people. Having vindicated the majesty of the law, the errand of the troops to the North-west was one of peace; and if the commander of these forces gravely imperilled that peace by robbing a helpless half breed of his property, the conduct was very serious indeed. Until the committee has heard evidence and returned a verdict, it will be both fair and wise to suspend judgment on the matter. The committee is an able and just one, not likely to be either short sighted or slow of tongue.

A. R. C.

French Fashions.

French fashions like French novels, literally translated, are somewhat shocking to the sensibilities of a really womanly woman. Thus the Empire styles, in modified arrangements, have inaugurated an era of picturesque, artistic, quaint, and unique dressing, for which we are indeed grateful, but the Empire gown in its fullest significance has possibilities only equalled by a ballet girl's conventional costume. Not only is the neck distressingly décolleté to the very verge of indecency, but the tight skirt worn over scanty petticoats, reveals every outline of the figure from the waist downward. In front and at the sides the skirt is cut without the slightest fulness. Standing motionless a modest woman, if she be modelled after the Grecian goddesses in slenderness of figure and purity of outline, may feel at peace with the world clad in the caressing folds of the little skirt to which Empress Josephine clung, and which clung to her so closely, but once the woman moves, sits, or walks she would be grateful for the ballet girl's tarletane to cover her confusion, and her personality as well. While it is only embarrassing to the graceful woman to wear this expressive, ingenuous little scant gown, its artless revelations are exasperating to the woman of more rotund and matronly proportions. Can any one imagine a more trying and unbecoming style of dress for a "plump and pleasing" little woman who has lost the delicacy of outline peculiar to youth: while for the angular, excessively thin individual the fashion is quite as apt to make life not worth living. There are, of course, many women who refuse to submit to the extreme of this mode, which is slowly but surely gaining ground; but there are many more whose devotion to fashion is greater than their critical acumen, appreciation of absurdity, or sense of the eternal harmony and fitness of unities.

For indigestion or dyspepsia, Adam's Tutti Frutti gum, recommended by R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., L.L. D. and Dr. Cyrus Edson. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

HIS MAJESTY NEAR OATOHING IT.

Fifty Beggars Come Within One of Trouncing the Emperor of China

A few weeks ago the young Emperor of China had a narrow escape from a thorough trouncing, if not worse at the hands of a party of beggars in his capital. It is a favorite pastime of the young Emperor to wander in ordinary Chinese clothes through the streets of Peking, to loiter around the corners, and to drink his tea in the most crowded restaurants in order that he may learn what his subjects think of him and his Government. He runs no risk of having his identity discovered while he is thus doing the town, for in Peking the art of photography is not practiced, and consequently the people at large have no idea of the personal appearance of their sovereign.

The Emperor had got but a short distance from his palace on one of these trips of investigation late one afternoon of last month, when he saw a Chinese beggar picking the pocket of a respectable merchant. The Emperor promptly caught the beggar by the back of his blouse, cuffed his ears, and forced him to return the merchant the stuff stolen from his pocket. Now this performance of the Emperor was much more remarkable in Peking, than it would have been in any other big city of the world. For in Peking beggars and pickpockets are protected by a kind of unwritten law. Beggary is recognized as a perfectly legitimate employment, and the beggars constitute a guild which has for its prime object the mutual protection of all members of the craft. Any one who interferes with a beggar in the prosecution of his employment exposes himself to the vengeance of the guild. This vengeance generally takes the rough-and-ready form of the flogging of the interloper at the hands of many beggars as the beggar who has been interfered with can immediately summon to his assistance.

Of course the young Emperor knew nothing about this abuse, which obtained many decades ago in his big capital. After cuffing the beggar's ears he went his way quite unapprehensive, and brought up in a restaurant but a few rods from the scene of the row. He had hardly taken the first sip of his cup of tea, when everyone in the restaurant was startled by a wild hullabaloo. The landlord went to the door. He found fifty beggars before his house under the leadership of the fellow whose ears the Emperor had boxed. They ordered the landlord to hand over immediately to them the young man who had offended against all the unwritten laws and precedents of the Peking guild of beggars. The landlord recognized their demand as perfectly legitimate, and hurried to quell the disturbance by delivering up the offender. The young Emperor, however, objected very strenuously to being delivered up, and while making his remonstrances spoke such superfine Chinese that the landlord perceived he had to do with the son of some big-wig. As a special favor, therefore, he offered to parley with the band of beggars till their intended victim could summon some of his friends to his assistance.

The Emperor gladly accepted the suggestion. He despatched a messenger at once to the Governor of the palace commanding him to hurry to the spot with two companies of soldiers. The Governor and the soldiers came, rescued their Emperor and lugged the fifty beggars off to jail. The landlord got \$50 for his consideration. The leader of the beggars and three of his comrades, who helped him demand the Emperor from the landlord, were executed the next day. The rest of the rioters were imprisoned for terms between five and ten years each. The Emperor has given orders to the Peking officers that the authorized system of begging must go.

About Sleep.

How many hours' sleep do you require? No rule can be laid down. Jeremy Taylor thrived on three hours, and so does Cardinal Newman. Many centenarians are contented with five hours; but some of them require eight or nine. But there are two rules of sleeping which everybody may adopt with out hesitation. 1. Never let yourself be awakened by anybody else, but wait until you have slept out your sleep. 2. Get up as soon as you are awake. If you follow these two rules, the hours of sleep will very soon regulate themselves. If you read yourself to sleep, you should read a heavy book, not a light one. A dull book is good, a stupid one is better. Some persons recommend a cup of beef-tea—just to amuse the digestion.

THE LIEUTENANT.

"Yes," said the Captain reflectively, "I took a lot of saving. It's given me faith for these fellows."

He waved his hand toward the row of sleeping men; and the Lieutenant followed his glance. They were standing in the "dossing room" of one of the Salvation Army shelters where supper, bed, and breakfast could be obtained at the reasonable charge of 4d., and it was not so much the faces before him, haggard and unkempt often, but clean, and softened by sleep, that impressed on the Captain the need of salvation for "these fellows," as his recollection of them two hours before, hungry, clamorous, and unwashed. Slumbering in the long, narrow, cushioned boxes, with the uniform brown sides thrown over them, they looked picturesque, and even oddly peaceful, now.

"I daresay there's not one of them," said the Captain, always in an undertone, "that the Lord would have as much difficulty with as he had with me. Why, when I was a tiny lad, and my brother and I had apples given us, I used always to take the little apple purely for the sake of making them think I was unselfish. They pointed me out as an example, and there I was swelling with pride. Always pondering on how to cut a good moral figure, I was. Just give me a character for self-sacrifice, and wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. That's the worst kind of a fellow to save, and he was twelve years about it; and sometimes I doubt if it's finished yet. I've hung on to acts of self-denial till I've compelled others to act selfishly. 'Tis a terrible temptation that. Why it's better to do wrong and have done with it than be always hankering after your own salvation. Brother Judd was in the right—you remember Brother Judd—when he said in camp meeting: 'I've lost my soul, I'll go and save some other fellow's.' And maybe some of these chaps are capable of a fine act without so much as thinking about it, that I would go and do with any of them; but then all the while there and back I'd have a voice one side of me saying: 'Now Brooke, give God all the glory; and another voice the other: 'Yes, yes, Brooke, but save yourself a little bit out.' The complexity of my motives is a great stumbling block to me at times. I've had to give up and say: 'Lord, here's the act, and why I've done it I don't know; but Thou knowest, and whatever becomes of my motives I'd like Thee to use it for Thy service.' That's the only source of peace, brother."

"Aye," said the Lieutenant, nodding soberly. He was a man of fewer and slower words than the Captain, but with a peculiarly gentle and kindly face.

"I don't believe you were ever tempted in that way, brother," said the Captain, looking at him admiringly. "You live—"

"Too near the Lord," he was going to say; but something in the other's unconscious face arrested him.

"Why, yes," said the Lieutenant slowly. "I've been tempted to take the glory—frequent. But I'd sooner the Lord had it, after all; for the world knoweth Him not." "There's some of these," he continued after a pause, "as I believe literally knows their bibles by art; and yet they'll come in reeling drunk, and have to be put out again. The inward witness, that's what's lacking. You saw the man who came in last?"

The Captain nodded. "He's a barrister," said the Lieutenant, very low. "Said he was making his fortune at the bar, when the temptation to drink overcame him. Said it was too late to begin afresh. I said it was never too late to begin afresh in the strength of God; but I think he's a bit of the pride of intellect."

"Always a plan of salvation, that's too simple." "So 'twas for me," said the Captain crisply. "It took me twelve years. I sympathize with that fellow."

A sudden laugh in the room, that was stifled quickly, startled them both. Could it have come from the barrister? They glanced at him sharply; but to all appearance the barrister, with his unkempt hair falling about his forehead, was as fast asleep as the rest. Nevertheless, they had their suspicions.

"It's time to run in," said the Captain gravely. "Good night, Lieutenant."

The next morning, while the barrister was eating his bread and drinking his coffee with a leisurely air, the Lieutenant observed him, and came to the conclusion that most likely they were right in their conjecture. The

barrister would have been handsome, with his curly fair hair and good-natured gray eyes, if he had not looked so dissipated. Certainly he had the manners of a gentleman, and, ragged and unkempt, he left the shelter that morning with a nod and careless greeting to the Lieutenant that seemed appropriate to some fashionable hotel. The Lieutenant looked after him, laying mental snares for the saving of his soul.

"Looks a regular West End swell, don't he?" he said, turning to the Captain with his gentle laugh. The Captain was not in charge of the shelter, but his room was close by, and as of late his brother officers had been somewhat anxious about the Lieutenant's physical, as distinct from his spiritual, welfare, the Captain found time to run in and look after him morning, noon, and night, in the midst of his own crowded days.

"There's many," said the Captain, "in silks and satins who are in far worse case. This poor chap's sin has taken the only form they understand—that of losing his money; and they all turn their backs upon him. That's the way of the world, but not the way of the army, praise the Lord! Have you spoken to him about his soul again, brother?"

"Well, no," said the Lieutenant apologetically. "It struck me he was one of those we must catch with guile. Maybe you'll have a word with him to-night if he comes again."

"I will," said the Captain. But it was many nights before Aylmer—it was the barrister's true name—came again; and when he came he was distinctly more ragged and disreputable. But he came early, and Captain and Lieutenant had the opportunity they wished for.

"Brother," said the Captain mildly but firmly, "you don't look as if your present plan of life suited you. Hadn't you better try the Lord's plan?"

"Really," said Aylmer courteously, sitting down on one of the boxes not yet turned into a bed, "I haven't the remotest idea."

"Will you hear it?" said the Captain, taking out his little Bible.

"If you'll excuse me," said Aylmer hastily, "I would much rather not."

"Brother," said the Captain, "you've sought happiness in worldly pleasures and not found it, and you think the search is hopeless. I'm not going to preach to you against your will, but you may find true happiness yet; for I've found it, and it took me twelve years."

"Thanks," said Aylmer. "But I daresay it isn't of much consequence," he added lightly, "whether I find it or not."

"There's a great hereafter, brother," returned the captain decidedly and promptly; and the Lieutenant's slow, gentle voice echoed:

"Brother, there's a great hereafter." Aylmer looked at them both, and suddenly broke into a laugh.

"I hope there is," he said, "the present doesn't amount to much."

"Are you prepared to meet it, brother?" persisted the captain.

"Yes," returned Aylmer with a sudden sharpness. "I'm prepared to meet anything—but life. Now are you satisfied?"

"No," said the captain. "Far from it. But I've said my say, brother, and I'll leave you in peace, if peace you call it."

He turned to a new-comer, but the Lieutenant lingered.

"Maybe," he said deprecatingly, "you'd like a smoke. We've smoking in a downstairs room I'll show you. And I'm no smoker myself, but I've got a bit of bacca handy, if you'll make free with it."

"You keep tobacco for the benefit of the dossers," said Aylmer curiously. "That is very good-natured of you."

The Lieutenant looked half embarrassed, and Aylmer felt that he had used a wrong adjective.

"It isn't in the fourpence?" he said, smiling.

"Why, no," said the Lieutenant, with an answering smile. "May be not."

"Then I'll have a smoke gladly," said Aylmer, "and many thanks. You look as if you knew what it is to be hard up."

"Bless you!" said the Lieutenant. "I've been hard up all my life. Come a more natural to me than it does to you" Sir.

"You don't deserve it, however," said Aylmer involuntarily, "as do."

"I think, maybe," replied the Lieutenant mildly, "there's not much difference between men's deservings if it isn't for the grace of God. But that's the forbidden sub-

ject, isn't it? And now if you'll allow me I'll show you the smoking room."

What was it in Aylmer that won on the Lieutenant, till he said, in a puzzled way, and disregarding all circumstantial evidence, that Aylmer was not far from the kingdom? He did not know, any more than Aylmer knew why the Lieutenant won on him; yet in their sentences the same thought passed through the mind of each:

"He's such a gentleman."

"Does it matter," said Aylmer the next morning, "if I come again to-night?"

"You'll be very welcome," said the Lieutenant with quiet sincerity. "Good morning, brother. God bless you!"

With which unusual benediction ringing in his ears, Aylmer went into the city, a very brilliant barrister. But at night, having somehow amassed fourpence, and no more, he returned, and was received by the Lieutenant with a cordial grasp of the hand and look of welcome, and wondered how long it was since any one had shaken hands with him like that. For several nights more he came always reading his own especial greeting in the Lieutenant's face. Then again there was a break; and the Lieutenant looked for him vainly, and somehow missed him. He was different from the rest.

At last, one night, later than usual, the well-known figure entered. Aylmer had ascended the stairs quietly and steadily; nevertheless the Lieutenant, who was accustomed to this manoeuvre on the part of drunken men, gave him a doubtful glance before his cordial "Good night, brother."

"I'm not your brother!" said Aylmer, thickly, and with a savage oath.

A tumult arose among the dossers, who many of them had known the Lieutenant long, and, in their wild way, loved him.

"He's half-seas over. Turn him out, Lieutenant; we'll give you a hand!"

Half a dozen strong fellows rose at once, but the Lieutenant waved them back.

"You're not yourself to-night," he said to Aylmer soothingly. "Sit down a bit."

What Aylmer's disordered brain mad of the kindly invitation there is no knowing; but what he did was this: Without a second's warning he knocked the Lieutenant down. Then, partially sobered already, he turned on his heel.

He had the advantage of the other dossers in being close to the door, and he passed through swiftly. But a savage howl rose, and a dozen of them were after him. There was only one voice that could possibly stop them, and that voice they heard. The Lieutenant was staggering to his feet and stood between them and the door.

"Wait a bit, boys," he said, in his gentle, deprecating voice. "You've some of you been the worse for drink, as he was. 'Tis my quarrel."

"Take my place, brother," he added anxiously to the sub-officer who entered just then, bewildered at Aylmer's sudden exit, and he was gone. Quite oblivious of the fact that his face was cut and bleeding, he ran down the dusky stairs and into the street. There, just turning a corner, was Aylmer's retreating figure. What direction was he going in, with such quick and steady steps? The Lieutenant breathed a prayer and hurried after him.

Partially sobered by seeing the Lieutenant, one of the best fellows he had ever known, lying at his feet, the cool night air did the rest for Aylmer, who, in one of the moments of vivid awakening men have, suddenly knew, or thought he knew, what he really wanted. A sense of freedom, almost joy, woke in him at the thought that he could fling away a life so utterly worthless, as he would have flung away some baneful thing. It seemed no wrong he was about to do: the thought that it was cowardly to die was obliterated for him by the thought that it was cowardly to live like this. Words were surging in his mind over and over:

"And in the great flood wash away my sin."

He was aware that he meant to do something that would change all, and only feared the failure of his courage.

"Oh, God! let me go through with it," he prayed. And so he came to the bridge, moderating his pace for fear of attracting suspicion; and entering one of the lonely recesses, paused an instant, looking over, and heard the water plashing underfoot.

But he dared not stay to listen. He upon the stone bench, was springing was over—no, some one came. Two arms had grasped him was standing on the ground:

his deliverer, and hearing the tide, to which all this mattered nothing, plashing quietly on.

A spectral looking figure it was that stood before him, with streaks of blood on its face, which otherwise was a queer ashy-white to the very lips. Then Aylmer realized that it was the Lieutenant come to look after him. And he also realized, as perhaps no one hitherto had done sufficiently, that it was time for some one to look after the Lieutenant. He sprang up.

One apprehensive hand the Lieutenant held out, but Aylmer stopped him.

"I'm not going to do it again," he said decidedly. "You'll kill—take my arm. I'll get you—oh, hang it, you won't take brandy."

"I've been like it before," gasped the Lieutenant feebly; but Aylmer led him, by very slow steps, into the nearest shop, whose owner, fortunately, was a good, buxom woman, who, like every one else, knew the Lieutenant.

"Bless us," she said, "he do look ill!"

"Tell me where the nearest doctor is," said Aylmer impatiently.

"Just a street off—why Polly, Polly! show him, child—Dr. Morris; never mind your hat."

They were back in ten minutes—Polly, Aylmer, and the doctor, a man with a shrewd, pleasant face, who stepped up quietly to the Lieutenant's sofa as if, without seeing him, he knew all about it. The Lieutenant looked up and, seeing Aylmer, smiled faintly.

"Well, my man," said the doctor, scribbling something on a piece of paper as he spoke. "You army fellows overdo it, you know. Here, my girl—"

He handed the paper to Polly.

"Take it to the nearest chemist," he said, "and come straight back with what he gives you."

"You overdo it," he repeated, turning to the Lieutenant again. "How do you feel now?"

"I'm at peace," said the Lieutenant. "Bless His name!"

"At peace? Oh!" said the doctor. "Well, I daresay you are—but physically, you know—that's my matter. You haven't felt quite strong, have you, for some time?"

"I've thought," said the Lieutenant, with the queer gasp that Aylmer had noted before.

"Don't go on when you feel like that," said the doctor hastily. "Take your time, man; I've plenty. We'll wait a bit."

The Lieutenant smiled gratefully and paused. When he next spoke his voice was very faint, not did he trouble to reiterate his former words, but went on:

"As there might be something wrong about my art."

"Ah," said the doctor quietly. "How long have you felt like that? No hurry, man, no hurry here's the medicine."

He undid a small tin that Polly had brought, with deft hands, and gave a spoonful of the contents to the Lieutenant.

"Nothing intoxicating," he said cheerily; "I saw your Blue Ribbon. How long did you say?"

"I can't tell exactly," replied the Lieutenant. "May be three years may be four."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Let's feel your pulse."

He sat down by the couch and took the patient's hand in his. The Lieutenant's pulse was throbbing very quickly, very faintly, and had a way of missing beats without giving notice, and flickering, like a lamp that is going out.

"I think," said the doctor presently, "I'd stay here to-night."

"That he shall," said the buxom shopkeeper. "He's welcome to stay to-night as long as he likes."

"They'll be wondering at seeing me," said the Lieutenant. "Are, for ten."

"Your friends here—"

replied the doctor. "He's a better man than you are."

"You're a bit of a fellow," said the doctor.

"I'm a bit of a fellow," said the doctor.

"I'm a bit of a fellow," said the doctor.

"I'm a bit of a fellow," said the doctor.

"I'm a bit of a fellow," said the doctor.

"I'm a bit of a fellow," said the doctor.

was the supreme and wise Captain, the only Leader who was always sure of the victory. How great was the sin of insulting such a Lord, and of going after strange gods in return for his mercies! And this was what the Israelites had done before his very eyes; and as he recalled to his memory the doings which had compelled his intervention, the question arose in his mind, how might they be protected against the wrath of the Most High, and how could the eyes of the darkened multitude be opened to His wondrous heart and soul-inspiring greatness?

But he found no answer and saw no remedy, as he pictured to himself the perversity and rebellious spirit prevailing in the camp, which threatened to bring evil on his people.

He had succeeded in reducing the fighting-men to obedience. As soon as the trumpet sounded, and he made his appearance in battle-array at the head of his troops, their stiff-necked will gave way to his. Was there nothing, then, which, in the peaceful round of every-day life, could keep them within the bounds which, under Egyptian rule, made life safe for even the humblest and weakest, and protected them against the high-handed and powerful? Meditating on these things, he watched till dawn was near, and as the stars began to set he sprung up and bid the trumpets sound; and to-day, as yesterday, they assembled without a murmur, and in full numbers. He was soon marching at the head of his troops through the narrow gorge, and after they had gone forward for about an hour, in silence and in darkness, they were refreshed by the cooler air which precedes the day. Dawn began to spread in the east, the sky grew paler, and the glowing splendors of sunrise solemnly and grandly rose above the majesty of the Holy Mountain. It lay spread out before the pilgrims, almost tangibly close and clear, with its brown crags, precipices and ravines; towering above them rose its seven-peaked crown, round which a pair of eagles were soaring, their broad wings bathed in golden glory, in the light of the new-born day.

And again, as at Alush, a pious thrill brought the marching host to a standstill, while each one, from the first to the last, raised his hands in silent adoration and prayer.

Then the warriors went on with hearts uplifted, one gaily calling to another in glad excitement as some pretty little brown birds flew to meet them, twittering loudly, an assurance that fresh water must be near. Hardly half an hour further on they saw the blue-green foliage of a tamarisk-brake, and above it tall palms, and heard at last the sweetest sound that ever falls on the listening ear in the desert, the babbling of a running stream. This encouraged them greatly, and the mighty form of the peak of Sinai, its heaven-kissing head veiled in blue mist, filled the souls of these men, dwellers until now in the level meads of Goshen, with devout amazement.

They now proceeded with caution, for the remnant of the stricken Amalekites might be lurking in ambush. But there was no foe to be seen or heard; and the only traces the Hebrews found of the scars of the desert and their thirst for revenge were their ruined houses, the fine palms felled and prone, and the garden-ground destroyed.

They were forced to clear the slender trunks out of their path that they might not check the advance of the Hebrew multitude; and when this task was done, Joshua went down through a defile leading to the brook in the valley, and up the nearest boulder of the mountain, to look about him, far and near, for the enemy.

The mountain-path led over masses of granite veined with green diorite, rising steeply till it ended high above the plain of the oasis, at a plateau where, by a clear spring, green shrubs of delicate mountain flowers graced the wilderness.

Here he paused to rest, and looking round he discerned in the shadow of an overhanging rock a tall figure gazing at the ground.

It was Moses.

The course of his reflections had so com-

pletely rapt him from his present surroundings that he did not perceive Joshua's approach, and the warrior reverently kept silence for fear of disturbing the man of God, waiting patiently till he raised his bearded face, and greeted him with dignity and kindness.

Side by side they gazed down into the oasis and the desolate rocky ravines at their feet. Even a tiny strip of the Red Sea, which bathes the western foot of the mountains, gleamed like an emerald in the distance. And their talk was of the people, and of the greatness and power of the God who had brought them so far with such wondrous works; and as they looked to the northward they could see the endless train of the pilgrims, slowly making their way along the devious way of the defile towards the oasis.

Thus did Joshua open his heart to the man of God, and told him all he had thought and wondered during the past sleepless night, finding no answer.

The prophet listened to him with composure, and then replied in a deep penetrating voice and in broken sentences:

"Insubordination in the camp—yes; it is ruining the people. But the Lord of Might has left it in these hands to dash them to pieces. Woe to those who rebel. That Power, as stupendous as this mountain, and as immovable as its foundation rock they must feel it!" Here the angry speech of Moses ceased. After they had stood for a while looking into the distance, Joshua broke the silence by inquiring: "And what is that Power called?"

And the answer came clear and strong from the bearded lips of the man of God: "The Law," and he pointed with his staff to the top of the peak.

Then, with a gesture of farewell, he quitted his companion.

Joshua, still looking out, perceived some dark shadows moving to and fro on the yellow sand of the valleys. These were the remnant of the Amalekites seeking a new spot where they might dwell.

For a short time he kept his eye on them, and when he had assured himself that they were moving away from the oasis, he returned pensive to the valley.

"The Law," he repeated to himself again and again.

Yes, that was what the exiles lacked. Its severity might be the one thing capable of forming the tribes which had fled from bondage into a nation worthy of the God who had chosen them before all the other peoples of the earth.

Here the captain's reflections were broken off, for the voices of men, the bellowing and bleating of herds and flocks, the barking of dogs and the noise of hammers came up to him from the oasis. The tents were being pitched, a work of peace in which his aid was not needed. He lay down in the shade of a thick tamarisk shrub above which a tall palm towered proudly, and thankfully stretched his limbs in the consciousness that henceforth the people would be amply cared for, in war by his good sword, in peace by the Law. This was much, this raised his hopes; but no this could not be all, could not be the end of everything. The longer he meditated, the more deeply he felt that this did not satisfy him for the mass of beings down there whom he bore in his heart as his brethren and sisters.

His broad brow darkened again, and, startled out of his rest by these new doubts, he sadly shook his head. No, not again no! The Law could not afford the people who had grown so dear to him all he desired for them. Something else was needed to make their future lot as rosy and fair as he had dreamed it might be on his way to the mines.

But what was that something, what was its name?

And now he began to rack his brain to find out; but while, with closed eyes, he allowed his thoughts to wander to those other nations whom he had seen in war and in peace, to discover what the one thing was still lacking to the Hebrew folk, sleep fell on him, and in a dream he saw Miriam and another lovely form resembling Hannah, as he had often seen her flying to meet him, a pure and innocent child, and after her ran the white lamb which his father had given his favorite grandson. The two figures joined him a gift, and led him close one or the other. In Miriam's hand was a heavy gold plate, and on the top of it in letters of flame he saw written, "The Law." She held it

forth to him with gloomy gravity. The child offered him a drooping palm-leaf, such as he had often carried in token of love.

The sight of the table of the law filled him with pious awe; but the palm branch waved invitingly in his eyes, and he seized it quickly. Hardly had he grasped it when the figure of the prophetess vanished in thin air, like a mist watted away by the morning breeze. He gazed in anxious surprise at the spot where she had stood, amazed and uneasy at the strange choice he had made, though feeling that he had decided rightly.

Then he asked the child what her gift might signify to him and the people. At this she signed to him, pointing to the distance, and spoke three words, in a gentle sweet voice which went to his heart. But stay, as he might to seize their meaning he could not succeed, and when he desired the vision to interpret them he awoke at the sound of his own voice, and made his way back to the camp, disappointed and puzzled.

In later days he often sought again to remember these words, but always in vain.

The whole force of his body and soul he devoted to the Hebrew folk; but his nephew Ephraim, as a powerful prince of his tribe, well worthy of the honor he achieved, founded a house in Israel. Through him old Nun saw great-grandchildren growing up who promised enduring posterity to his noble race.

The rest of Joshua's active life, and how he conquered a new home for his peoples, is a well-known tale.

And there, in the land of promise, many hundred years later, was another Joshua born who brought to all mankind the gifts which the son of Nun vainly sought for the children of Israel. In the three words spoken by the child, and which the captain of the host failed to interpret, were "Love, Mercy and Redemption!"

[THE END.]

Stanley Did Not Tell This.

A little incident connected with Stanley's travels on the Congo, after his first trip down the river, is told by his comrades in African toil, although he did not think it worth while to allude to it in the two big volumes in which he gave the history of the founding of the Free State. When the explorer was preparing to ascend the river among the tribes who had fought him so lately a few years before, he was apprehensive lest his mission of peace among the natives should be thwarted by the remembrance of the recent times they had when they did their utmost to add him and his party to their culinary supplies. He thought it would be wise to conceal from them the fact that he was the particular white man who had time and again defeated them in battle.

As Stanley had no idea that their recollection of his personal appearance was vivid, he imagined that he might be able to pass among most of the hostile tribes as some other man. The explorer was encouraged to think he would not be recognized as the only Stanley by the fact that when he first floated down the river his hair was nearly white, while now it had regained its original color. As a further precaution he decided to scratch his nose, etc., and accordingly he greatly surprised his comrades one morning by appearing with a clear shaven face. It made considerable change in his appearance, and he thought that the natives would not detect the slightest resemblance to the man with the terrible shaving-truss who had sent them fleeing to the shore every time they had attacked him.

The expedition, however, was a complete failure, because he was recognized everywhere among the few friendly tribes who had sold him provisions on his way down. They sent word up the river a good deal faster than he could travel that he was the white man whose doings had been the talk of all the tribes for many months, had been the least friendly of all the white men landed at Livingstonia, where he had had his first fight. Fortunately his just reward did not prevent his making friends with the very savages who had once been his enemies. The moral to be had from this is that a man should not be had seen too often.

Tells Freely of a man who was a cheating game, and a great thousands of Aborigines all Sold everywhere, etc., etc.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He mourns the dead who live as they desire. [Young.]

Shame is the dying embers of virtue. [H. W. Shaw.]

Laughter is sometimes the knell of a dead delusion. [DeFroid.]

Rashness brings success to few; misfortune to many. [Phaedrus.]

Carelessness does more harm than want of knowledge. [Franklin.]

Science seldom renders men amiable; women never. [Bacon.]

Cautious is not the vehicle, but the substitute of thought. [Robert Hall.]

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison. [Stamius.]

Jealousy is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels. [Bouillier.]

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy. [Loubert.]

We earned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof. [J. R. Lowell.]

That which is called liberality is often nothing more than the vanity of giving. [Theodore Parker.]

Life is a journey, and he who has least of a burden to carry travels the fastest and most happily. [Chauncy.]

It is only through some faults and misdeeds that most of us rise to our best and final character. [Mrs. Whitney.]

We bury love; forgetfulness grows over it like grass; that is a thing to mourn for, not the deed. [Alexander Smith.]

Women are as desirous of a lover whom other men try to hold as men are of the women whom other men desire. [Balzac.]

Rash enthusiasm in good society were nothing but moral melancholy. [Byron.]

We are apt to be kinder to the brute that loves us than we are to the woman. It is because brutes are dumb. [George Eliot.]

In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind; but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them. [Horace Walpole.]

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool down-siding hypocrites of whom you should beware. [Lavater.]

After a number of years of married life a woman learns to let her husband have his own way in some important matters. [W. D. Howells.]

Let us not dream that reason can be popular. Passions, emotions may be made popular, but reason remains ever the great property of the elect few. [Colton.]

There are many who have never intrigued, and many more who have never gamed; but those who have done either but once are very extraordinary animals. [Colton.]

Which, I wonder, is the better lot, to die prosperous or to die poor and disappointed? To have, and to be loved to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game. [Thackeray.]

In a man's hands silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet with words on her side. But silence—conspicuous. [Wilkie Collins.]

If a man has reason, he will never be passion without it. He might be in a state of passion, but he would not be a man. He would be a beast. [Lytton.]

The great question is, whether we are to be ruled by our passions or by our reason. [Lytton.]

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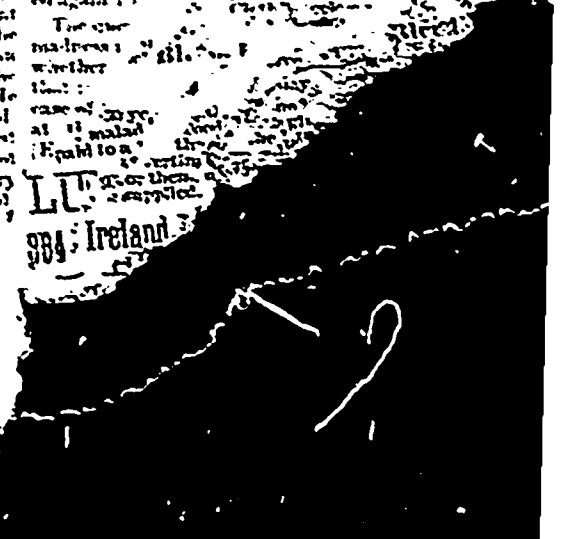
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*Now called Sinai; not the Sinai of the monks which, in my opinion, was not supposed to be the mountain of the law-giving till the time of Justinian. A full exposition of the view that Sinai is the Sinai of Scripture, which was first put forward by Lepsius, and in which other writers agree, may be found in a volume, entitled (in German), "Through Goshen to Sinai," by Dr. G. Ebers.



JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

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CHAPTER IX.

Holmes had at first no intention of doing anything in regard to the draft which Mr. Clayton had handed to him. He saw that Faune had appropriated the money to himself—a weakness he would have been prone to with five thousand pounds in question—forging his (Holmes's) name to satisfy the banker that the debt had been duly paid. It was not likely Mr. Clayton would ever speak of it again, and it would soon pass out of his mind. But on his way westward from the City, Holmes began to feel curious as to the disposal of the proceeds. What had become of the money, that Faune should have been found in those wretched lodgings at the docks, moneyless? It might have been robbed, it was true; or the amount might be lying to his credit in the Anglo-Canadian Bank. And then, if Faune left London on the Sunday, when or how did he pay the cheque into the bank?

The result of these reflections was that Holmes decided to make some inquiries for himself concerning that cheque.

Delaying for some time on the way in the Fleet Street neighborhood, it was late in the afternoon when Holmes was passing up the Strand. Here he went up to an office on a first floor, and inquiring for a Mr. Vizard, found that gentleman, to whom he was eventually known.

"This cheque," said Holmes, producing the document, "was cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank at Charing Cross. I want you to find out for me by whom the cheque was paid in to that bank, and when, and every other particular about it.—The cheque is genuine," he added, seeing the detective closely and suspiciously examining it.

"Both signatures on the back, however, were written by the same hand."

"That is so. Follow the matter up as soon as you can, and let me know the result."

Mr. Vizard glanced at his watch, and promised to do so. Then Holmes went on to his lodgings, where he found the officer waiting for him.

"After all, Mr. Holmes," he said, "the discovery you made this morning leads so far—to nothing. The paper which it appeared in never entered the house in Grosvenor Square either above or below stairs. It must refer to something else, some other appointment made by Faune."

Holmes drew a breath of intense relief. This news lifted a load off his mind. Without waiting to hear more—without delaying an instant—he sent a telegram to Mr. Clayton requesting him not to speak of the advertisement to his daughter, as it had been found to have no reference to the murder.

Furthermore, Faune's departure from Cadogan Place so early that night could now be accounted for by this engagement.

"If we could find out who it was that everything might look very different for Faune," he remarked, with lively interest.

"Perhaps—and that is not. We have a darker puzzle than this to deal with, however."

"What is it?"

"I have discovered the message which the Park that"

"I have discovered the message which the Park that"

"I have discovered the message which the Park that"

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house that night. The appointment was for half-past nine. I shall put this information into Crudie's hands."

"Very well," said Cracroft. "But did Faune make any excuse, when leaving Mr. Clayton's, about having an appointment to keep? If so, we have not heard of it. And is it not probable he has already told his solicitor? Crudie, we know, has as yet said nothing about it—which looks suspicious. But tell him all about it, and see what he will say."

"You still hold to the belief that Faune was the murderer?"

"I have not the smallest doubt about it. Only, there will be some vital points to clear up. He sent the fatal message to Margaret Neale; she found it awaiting her when she returned to the house after the concert that Saturday afternoon. What do you say to that?"

The solemn emphasis with which the officer made his statement—the apparent certainty of his facts—made a deep impression on Holmes.

"It was your own idea, Mr. Holmes, of the vehicle of communication used in the case which led me to what I discovered. I felt so convinced, when I left you in Mount Street, that I had then the all-important clue in my hand, that I only went to Grosvenor Square to be satisfied that the *Intelligence* was one of the morning papers taken in—for this would be an important corroborative fact. To my great disappointment, I learn that the paper was never taken in, or among the servants. I confess I was a bit staggered, although the presumption still remained that she might have seen it elsewhere. I was on the point of leaving, when it occurred to me to ask to see the room which Miss Neale had occupied. It had been kept locked since the murder, by Lady Southport's orders, and the butler carried the key in his pocket. It was evident the orders were strictly obeyed, for I noted the position of certain articles to be exactly as they were when I was last in the room. I don't know exactly what I was looking for, but I have sometimes found that in examining things in this aimless way, you stumble by chance upon evidence of the greatest value. This happened to me in Samson's case; you remember how—"

"Yes, yes!—Never mind now, Cracroft. Well!"

"Well—opening and closing, in an abstracted way—for I was busily thinking what was best to do in the matter of the advertisement—one after another of a chest of drawers, my interest was arrested by a loosely-folded newspaper lying in one of the top drawers. From the form of the fold and other marks, it had evidently come through the post-office. You could perceive as much without moving it. But I found along with the paper the wrapper in which it had been posted; a fragment adhered to the paper, and exactly corresponded with the remainder. An old newspaper is generally not an object of suspicion in such a place, and I must have seen it when I was there before; but after what took place this morning, Mr. Holmes, I made a point of examining it. Now, note this, in connection with what I shall tell you presently: the wrapper was addressed, in a fine feminine hand, to 'Miss Neale, care of Countess Southport, Grosvenor Square, London'—and here the W.C. post-mark of the 10th of June. Opening out the paper (it was the *Standard* of the 9th of June), a heavy blue-pencil mark of Jemel, a notice at the top of the second column at once caught my eye. Here, said the officer, handing Holmes a slip of the paper, is a copy of the notice."

Frank Holmes, literally holding his breath, read the following:

"I have come back, through the Park, London. I will wait this day, Sunday, Monday, at the Fountain from 9 to 10. If you will send answer to me in the Park, I will be glad to see you."

"That is the advertisement?"

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"That is the advertisement."

"And this advertisement," said Holmes abstractedly—for there was one expression in it which struck him, and which the officer did not appear to notice—"appeared in the *Standard* of the 9th of June, the day preceding the murder?"

"In the *Standard* of the 9th of June. The newspaper was posted the morning of the 10th of June. Margaret Neale had not come to the place of appointment on the night of the 9th, and therefore had certainly not seen the advertisement. The paper was consequently posted to her on Saturday morning, and in all probability she found it on the hall table on her return from the concert at Grosvenor House. Does not this seem clear enough? She picked it off the table as she came in, and took it with her up to her room. The rest is obvious enough; the poor girl would be careful to keep her business a secret from the household."

"But, Faune—assuming him the author of the message—knew her address, why did he not send his message to her direct at once?"

"Of course, to avoid detection."

"Margaret Neale, again, might have been struck by the fact of the paper being sent to her."

"Yes—if the poor thing had ought to suspect, or to fear. The probabilities are a thousand to one that when she opened the paper and read the husband's message she became oblivious to all else—so absorbed in the thought of meeting him again that she forgot all about the odd way the message came to her. Under such circumstances, Holmes, the excited and innocent wife would have no memory for anything, no consciousness of anything but seeing her husband once more."

"I believe that it is all true, Cracroft," said Holmes with a sigh. "Poor girl!—He was thinking of the exquisite sweetness of her singing that fatal day in Grosvenor House, and the surprise of her modest eyes and gentle face at the applause. How pathetic and pitiful the recollection was now!"

"And now comes the perplexing part of the affair," continued the officer, with a look of vexation. "I lost no time in obtaining the original copy of the advertisement. What do you think? It was handed in by a lady (about whom the clerk who took it remembers nothing except that she was well dressed like any other lady), and is in the same feminine hand as the address on the wrapper. Of course the name and address with which the copy purported to be authenticated turn out to have been fictitious—there is no doubt on that head."

"Which leaves only two theories," observed Holmes: "Either the murderer was the act of some other person, or the lady was Faune's agent. I think you have a case to work up still, Cracroft."

"I'm afraid so. The question is—who was the agent?"

"It might be as well to keep your mind open both ways," said Holmes. "Keep your information out of the newspapers; there are a thousand well-dressed women who would act as agents in a business so seemingly harmless, for a trifling remuneration. But it is just possible, Cracroft, that you are prejudiced by the strong presumption against the prisoner, and by continuing to you are shutting out the light on one side of you."

Cracroft soon afterwards went away. Then Frank Holmes began to pace up and down the room, getting a clear grasp of his position in relation to this case. It was a painful position, from any point of view. His personal feeling towards Faune was one of intense abhorrence. The man had shown himself so utterly destitute of principle as to shoot his former friend's belief in human nature. Holmes had found a sediment of gold even in the lowest strata; but there seemed to be none—none at all—in this unhappy creature. So far for personal feeling. Then there was his promise to Miss Clayton. Had ever man such a cruel task imposed upon him before? Faune had worked his spells upon her before she was driven to despise him; but the spell was upon her still, a cruel bondage, and the cry that she made to Holmes for his help to save the unworthy woman from a disgraceful fate went into his heart like a dagger. He could not refuse her—he loved her too passionately. If Mary Clayton were ready to take to her pure bosom the shamed head of the acquitted felon, the task undertaken by Frank Holmes could scarce have been harder. But now that he had put his hand to it, he

looked at it without flinching. There was a point, of course, beyond which he could not go—beyond which Miss Clayton would not expect him to go. The moment it became clear to his conscience that Faune was guilty of the cruel murder of that poor girl, that moment Holmes would abandon the man's cause. It had not come yet, though it seemed to be drawing very near. But it had not come; and until it did, he would keep his promise.

When reading the fatal message that had lured Margaret Neale to her fate, Holmes noted the date; it was Friday the 9th of June. She was invited to meet her murderer that night—and had not done so. The murderer would certainly have been at the Fountain, waiting for her. Now, if Faune had spent that evening as usual at Cadogan Place, could he have made the appointment in the Park?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Famous French Regiment.

A Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives an interesting account of the Fifth Hussars, in the French army. In all probability this regiment will be at the head of the French forces on the first engagement in the coming war with Germany. It was first named the Beauvoisine Hussars, and fought in the seven years' war. Later on it became the Colonel-General Hussars, and at the outbreak of the revolution it received its present name. It took an active part in the battles of Valmy, Jemmapes, Wattignies, and in other engagements in Holland, Germany, Spain, and Russia. It had a hand in all the great military affairs, and several times gained the eulogies of the first Napoleon. In January, 1792, it performed the strangest feat that was ever accomplished by any cavalry regiment since the world began, namely, the capture of an entire fleet. At that time the Dutch war vessels got fast in the ice of the Texel. A cavalry charge was about the last thing the Admiral expected; but that is just what he received, and the loss of all his vessels was the consequence. At the battle of Hohenlinden, in 1800, the Fifth Hussars decided the contest by repeated charges and the capture of eighty guns. In 1806, after Iena, it formed a part of the famous "infernal brigade" of Gen. Lasalle, and captured the fortress of Stettin. It was this extraordinary exploit that brought out Napoleon's letter to Murat: "since your hussars can take fortresses, I may as well dismiss my corps of engineers and have my heavy artillery melted."

During the Franco-Prussian war this regiment did some of the hardest fighting. At the battle of Rezonville it saved several guns that were on the point of being taken by the Prussians, and at Bitché it contributed to the splendid defence of the place and came out with all the honors of war along with the rest of the garrison, which held out until after the treaty of peace.

The Fifth Hussars is at present commanded by Col. Riez, a daring soldier, whose value is well known in military circles. It is stationed at Pont-a-Mousson, and forms the extreme advance guard of the French army, within sight of the city of Metz.

Wishing.

There's lots of time that people spend
Wishing.

In seeking some desired end
By wishing.

They seem to think, without doubt,
That anything they've figured out
Can in some way be brought about
By wishing.

They plant themselves upon a chair
Wishing.

The hour for working finds them there
Wishing.

They find that labor gall and irk,
They have no love for any work,
And so they sit around and shirk.
Wishing.

If you've a wish you would fulfill
Wishing.

Just bear in mind you never will
Wishing.

To make the highest wish come true
You've got a lot of work to do,
You'll never be successful through
Wishing.

There are cases here moderate gum chew
is positively healthful, leaving one's food is
the besetting national weakness. Chew
Adam's Tutti Frutti after each meal.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

BY MISS BOWSER.

When Mr. Bowser unlocked the front door one night this winter he did it so softly, and he made so little noise in the hall, that I suspected something wrong. He came into the sitting room looking sheepish and like a man who had something on his mind; but I asked no questions and he volunteered no information until after supper. Then he suddenly asked:

"Do you keep up your piano practice?" "Oh, yes. You hate music, and so I don't play when you are here."

"I hate music! What are you talking about?"

"You have often compared my playing to the sounds of beating on an old tin pan."

"Well, of course, you are a poor player, and your voice is cracked; but so far as music is concerned—real music it fills my soul with joy."

"But you never sing or play."

"Haven't had time heretofore, but now I—"

"You intend to?"

"Yes. I feel the need of something to make home more pleasant—to offer more diversion during the long hours of evening. I think I shall learn the harp."

"At your age?"

"That's it! That's what I expected to hear! What's the matter with my age? I am neither blind, speechless or crippled. Why went at it and learned six languages after he was seventy years old?"

"Well, I suppose you brought home the harp?"

"Yes. It's a beauty, and I got it cheap. It's a real Givoni, and I bought it from a man who was hard up. Got it for \$35, and it's worth \$70."

"And you will try to learn to play it?"

"Certainly. I had one lesson this afternoon, and in less than a month I'll astonish you."

"You will practice in the garret, I suppose?"

"Not by a jugful! I shall practice right here! That is, there won't be much practice about it, as I shall be playing tunes by Saturday."

"He uncovered and brought in a greasy, ill-shaped harp, which looked as if it had been carried around the country since the days of Columbus, and when he saw me looking at it he said:

"This harp was made by Givoni himself over 100 years ago."

"Who was Givoni?"

"Who was Givoni? Why don't you ask who George Washington was?"

"Well, it's my opinion that you have been swindled on the instrument, and I fear you are too old to take up such a trade."

"Do you? That's a nice way to encourage a husband! I see now why so many men run out nights. I not only saved \$40 in buying this harp, but I'll make your heart ache with jealousy before the month is over!"

He sat down and began to thrum. He held his head on one side, ran out his tongue, and picked away at the scale, and he had been going about five minutes when the cook opened the door beckoned me out, and whispered:

"I give you notice that I shall leave after supper to-morrow."

"Why? what is it?" I asked.

"Hum—Mr. Bowser! He'll bring spooks and ghosts about! I have already been taken with palpitation of the heart. Mercy! but listen to those voices—the dead calling out to each other across the graves! Mrs. Bowser, it's the worst—the people that you don't commit suicide."

Mr. Bowser thrummed until I had to carry baby upstairs to quiet his howls, and until the ends of his fingers were sore, and he wouldn't have quit when he did, had not a voice in front of the house shouted:

"Why don't some one throw a rock through the window or ring for the patrol wagon?"

Next day a dark skinned man who said he was a grandson of the late Givoni, came up and gave Mr. Bowser a lesson, and the cook, who had almost consented to stay, suddenly rose up and rushed after her bundle. When ready to go she whispered to me:

"I'm sorry, mam; sorry for you that's left! If the child dies, send me word and I'll come and do all in my power."

Mr. Bowser took four lessons in all and then told his teacher that his services would

be no longer required. He took the last two lessons in the barn in order, as he said, to surprise me. On the evening of the last lesson he brought in the harp just as a couple of the neighbors came in. He promptly responded to an invitation to show off, but had not labored two minutes when one of the gentlemen asked:

"Have you any particular object in that, Mr. Bowser?"

"Of course he has," replied the other.

"It is an imitation of a great calamity in Japan—buildings shaken down by an earthquake—flames devouring the ruins—husbands shouting—wives praying—children sobbing—dogs barking, etc. Is it your own composition, Mr. Bowser?"

"Why—why, don't I play all right? The teacher said I was making wonderful progress."

They beckoned him out into the alley and held a conference. What was said I do not know, but when Mr. Bowser came in he looked very pale, and the first thing he did was to give the harp a kick which opened all the joints and prepared it for the crash which came when he flung it out doors.

"Mr. Bowser, have you gone crazy?" I demanded.

"No, ma'am, but I've got a few words to say to you!"

"What have I done?"

"Done! Done! Who coaxed me into buying a harp?"

"The grandson of Givoni. He had an old harp he wanted to get rid of, and he struck you for a flat and got twice its worth."

"Struck me for a flat!" he shouted as he walked around on the cat. "And why? Because I was willing to be swindled to keep peace in the family. You had your mind set on a harp, and a harp you must have."

"Mr. Bowser! What do I want of a harp?"

"Heaven only knows. But for you I should never have thought of trying to play on it. What do you suppose Greene and Davis said?"

"That you were a dunce."

"That if their wives led them around by the nose as you do me they'd wipe the family out and then commit suicide! I must have looked sweet dawdling over that old harp!"

"You did. I told you that it was nonsense your trying to learn music at your age."

"My age! There you go! Am I a thousand years old? Am I five hundred? Am I even one hundred, that you keep flinging it at me! Music! Why I have more music in my big toe than you have in your whole body. Mrs. Bowser, this is the limit. You have gone far enough. Now beware! The worm is ready to turn!"

But next morning the worm was as pleasant as June, and when a crowd of a dozen boys paraded up and down, each harping on a piece of that harp. Mr. Bowser never let on that he saw or heard anything.

Beauty Only Skin Deep.

A few days ago a young girl, beautiful in form, feature and dress, sat in a Madison avenue car, says the New York Evening Sun. Directly opposite sat a poor child of about the same age, shabbily clothed, with a shambling body, slightly deformed as to the shoulders, and an exceedingly plain face which bore the lines of suffering and want. Her eager eyes were fixed on the face and figure opposite her with a devouring, pathetic look that showed how keenly alive she was to the exceeding beauty of a beautiful baby. The object of the gaze began to grow uneasy under its intences and fixity, and finally, looking the girl coldly in the face, she leaned partly across the aisle and said: "Well, Miss Impertinence, if you have looked at me long enough, will you be kind enough to look somewhere else. I'm tired of it." The poor child grew first red and then white. A look of keen pain came into her eyes, and then tears, and as she turned away she said softly: "I was only thinking how beautiful you are."

A Clock to Order.

Visitor: "I understand that you have a new phonograph clock, which speaks the hours instead of striking them; and for an alarm it shouts 'Get up' etc. in a loud voice." Mr. Edison: "Yes; it is a great success." Visitor: "Well, I want one; but instead of saying 'Get up' when rising time comes, I want it to yell 'Fire!' 'Murder!' 'Thieves!' etc. You see, it's for the servant girl."

Some Useful Hints.

When one is fatigued and foot sore from much walking, it is very refreshing to bathe the feet in warm water and rub them with extract of amica.

A round piece cut from worn-out cashmere hose, and cat-stitched to the wrong side of the knee of children's hose with strong cotton, will strengthen them greatly.

Kerosene poured on red flannel and bound on the throat will greatly ease a sore throat. It will also heal cuts and cure chilblains.

In bottling catchup or pickles, boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles and when cold they are tightly sealed. Use the tin foil from compressed yeast to cover the corks.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua-ammonia to each pailful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odors.

A pound of sugar is one pint, an ounce of any liquid is two tablespoonfuls and a pint of liquid weighs sixteen ounces.

Try keeping cranberries fresh by putting them in cold water containing a piece of charcoal. Change the water occasionally.

When your sifter becomes clogged with flour or meal sift some hot ashes through it; you will be surprised to see how nicely it is cleaned.

Wash tray covers, &c., that are discolored in colors in cold water with borax. Rinse them well in cold water, do not sprinkle or roll up, but iron them while they are still slightly damp from the line.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry juice will color it pink and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow. Grated chocolate is best for coloring it brown.

A simple means of changing the air of a sick room is to open a window at the top and opening the door, move it backward and forward rapidly, so as to insure a current of fresh air from the window.

When the skin is bruised it may be prevented from becoming discolored by using a little dry starch or arrowroot merely moistened with cold water and placed on the injured part. This should be done at once.

To Keep Pie Crusts from Crumbling.—When your pies with upper crusts are ready to put in the oven to bake, take a little sweet milk in a cup and with a bit of clean cloth wet the upper crust and rim. When baked it will present a shiny surface and will not flake off.

To candy orange or lemon peel.—Drop the skins as you accumulate them into cold water, keeping them under it by a plate. Boil them until they are tender and can easily be pierced with a splinter of wood. Drain and lay them in cold water immediately. Put a half a pint of water to a pound of sugar; cook the skins in it until the sirup looks very thick; lift them out on a plate to dry and sprinkle powdered sugar over them before they are quite cold.

To remove effects of rain drops from velvet steam the velvet and beat it, while drying, with a whalebone on the under side of the coat. This should make the pile of the velvet rise. Use the often-explained device of the hot iron, bound with a wet cloth, firmly held by one person, flat side uppermost, while another passes the spotted surface several times over the steam. It must be quickly done and promptly "beaten" while being held in the hot air of a heater or before a coal fire to dry. Beat from the back of the coat only.

FISH CROQUETTES (VERY DELICIOUS). Mash some laked potatoes with butter, cream (or milk) and one egg, whipped to a froth, roll the paste out to a moderate thickness, chop up eight to ten boned sardines (two for each croquette), cook them in the following sauce: Two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of curry powder, a little chopped onion and a squeeze of lemon juice. Make turnovers of the potato paste, fill them with the mixture and bake in a hot oven.

Takes Two to Make a

He—I am yours, dearest! She—I'm sure I can't! But will you be mine? Afraid not—that's p.

House-Cleaning

Take one room at a time and have the work done quietly in the off days; which there is neither washing nor ironing nor the usual cleaning. Begin at the attic and clean downward, i. e. providing there be an attic. All city houses are not so supplemented. If not, then upon room or closet used for general storage of trunks and incidentals. Spare not the purifying elements. Let every corner be laid bare; stint not the kalsomine or chloride. There are times when brown soap and a sound scrubbing brush are better than sermons, and this occasion is one of them. Then, after the cleansing process is quite complete, see that no unpurged odds and ends find lodgment; overhaul repositories for rags, paper, and patches.

Half a dozen wall pockets or reticules, made of cretonne, drawn with colored tapes, will simplify the business of caring for the fragments. Each receptacle should be labeled, every bit of string and vestige of old soft linen should be garnered; sickness brings needs, and this trying season has taught housewives the efficacy of saving every scrap of material.

Having completed the garret or storeroom, the offal from other apartments may find lodgment in their proper repositories.

Take each floor in its order after the closets are overhauled and arranged; a room at a time, say one each week, so that the regular household routine be not interfered with.

If the carpets are worn and dingy, rip the center breadths, and turn the outer edge toward the center; and refresh with a border an suite. Then wipe with a cloth, wrung out of alum water; and frequently sweep after a sprinkling of tea leaves.

A fresh covering of cretonne will refresh dingy chairs, and all classes of curtain draperies are so cheap that even when economy is necessary one need not do without hangings at doors or windows. They soften hard outlines and tone down the glare of light, and should harmonize with the general character of the furnishing. Woman's Illustrated World.

Bridget:—"Enjoy slape, is it! How could I? The minit I lay down, I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake, I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it?"

Winter Sale.

Of Berlin Wools and Fancy Goods.

- Berlin Wools, all colors, single and double, 5c per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, all colours, 10c per oz.
Baldwin's Best Fingering Wools, all colours, 10c a skein, \$1.50 per lb.
Baldwin's Best Saxony Wool, all colours, 10c a skein, \$1.50 per lb.
Peacock Fingering Wool, superior quality, \$100 per lb.
Crewel Wool, all the new shades, 2c per dozen skeins.
Ice Wool, all the new shades, 10c per ball.
All our wools are made specially for us, and we guarantee them the very best.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz. skeins.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 4c per doz.
Filoselle, 100 shades, best quality, 4c and 5c a skein.
Arrasene, in all colors, best quality, 2c per doz.
Macrame Cord 1 lb. balls, 15 colors, 10c per dozen.
Felt, all new colours, best quality, 75c and \$1 per yard.
Pompadour, 15 styles, 50 colors, 2c per doz. up.
Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 4c per yard.
As we have a large stock of stamped goods on hand which have only lately arrived they will be offered at the lowest low prices.
Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, all E. French figures or flowers, 2c per set.
Night Dress Bags, all fringed figures or flowers, 5c and 10c each.
Stamped Spencers, newest designs, each.
Carrington and 1/2 doz. 1/2 doz. 1/2 doz.
Sideboard, etc.
Also
A 20c, mald, paid to a, certin, e supplied.

Irish

[Now First Published]

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," "Between the Gates,"

AND REV. HERBERT D. WARD

VII.

It was sunset at Capernaum. The lake was quite smooth. She carried a broad sheet of colors upon her quiet face and looked more like a huge tinted sail spread to dry among the hills, than the vixen sea she was. Capernaum was a thriving place, being on the high-road from Damascus to the South, and gay with travelers and summer residents. It was the favorite watering place of Jerusalem and the sun-smitten country round about. It was a picturesque place, with effective houses built of black and white stones, and a caressing scenery decorated and tapestried with myrtles, pinks, tamarisk, acacia, and oleanders. In fact, Capernaum had many of these points appreciated by wealthy people in search of summer houses; and, when united to a lake-breeze, liberally paid for.

Upon the heights at the northwest end of the town, stood a stately villa conspicuous for its elegance. The stones which composed it were of white and rose, outlined with black upon the facade; the architecture was inspiring, if not imposing, the grounds extensive and liberally cultivated, and the whole place had an unmistakable air of an *grand Seigneur*.

Walking in the fruit garden at the cool of the day, like the Almighty after creation—an old man viewed his country seat with elderly and opulent satisfaction. His venerable beard flowed to his breast. His important costume had a dignity of its own. He well kept, not to say well-fed, hand fully took on the gesture of benediction as he moved among his family of slaves. His comfortable eye wandered over the hills and the sea to return easily to the little horizon of his villa, which he regarded with the supreme complacency of wealth and position and ease from affairs. It was known in Jerusalem that the High Priest was at home at his country seat in Capernaum for a matter of some weeks.

Upon the Sea of Galilee, at that calm and alluring hour, a pretty painted shallop, rowed by slaves, and well filled with women, attracted much attention. Galilee was crowded with sails. She always was, but this sultry and silent evening had added the pleasure-seekers to the bread-seekers, the summer guests to the fishermen.

The little fleet was so great that boats became entangled at the landings and beaches and had there been a breeze, skillful steering would have been needed to avoid collision in sailing. But of breeze there was hardly enough to stir the pretty toys of the pleasure people, or the clumsier wings of the fishing boats. One boat that creaking, drifted, oiled, dreamed, but did not expect to sail.

The lady, mistress of the gay shallop—which, by the way, wore a purple sail and was tied or trimmed with golden ropes—sat among the maidens laughingly. She seemed dissatisfied and distraite.

"It is a dull place this Capernaum," she said. "Why did we come, Rebecca?"

"It will be livelier when the new wing is added to the villa," replied Rebecca.

"That does not follow," said Zahara, differently. "Who buildeth the wing?"

"The architect," said Zahara, "is a man who is not likely to get into any trouble, is he, yonder?"

"Lazarus, I salute you. Your face is a stranger of late to me. As to the lady, all I can say is, that these pleasure boats are poor affairs. It is a singular thing to me that the richer a man is the more doth he court danger upon the face of the waters. On my part, yet did I know properly to supply these words, Peter passed on, for he had become a certain of Christ and wind, and night. The High Priest stood distractedly calling certain slaves of his, and urging them into the boat.

"No," answered the inland mechanic, "not well. But I have handled oars. I can get to her."

"She is safer without you," answered the High Priest, coldly. The storm was now a tempest. It bellowed at the two men, so that they could with difficulty hear each other's voices through the blast. The lake had become a curtain of cloud and wind, and night. The High Priest stood distractedly calling certain slaves of his, and urging them into the boat.

"No there! In with you! Row forth! Row yonder to your mistress, ye dogs!"

Lazarus, moved by one of his uncontrolled

able impulses that madden or inspire men, turned from the disheartening scene, and dashed off down the shore upon his own responsibility. Scarcely knowing what he did or why he did it, but urged by the wild longing to get as near as possible to the endangered boat, the young man rushed along the edge of the lake on the leeward side of the storm, making mad haste, scrambling over rock and wreck, and beating onward blindly. Of course if Zahara had crossed the lake, it was a hopeless undertaking to reach a sight of her. But, suppose she had been blown out of her way, the boat might even be in sight, as soon as the clouds should lift, and the course which the lover's instinct took proved not so aimless at it seemed.

Lazarus made, in his wild way, a long distance—miles or leagues, for aught he knew—he had lost all estimate of time or space. Whether it was midnight or morning, if he were in Capernaum or Jerusalem, he knew not, when suddenly, to his blurred and blood-shot eyes there appeared a vision of a little beaten boat, laboring heavily in the sea, and blown directly toward him half a league out. Lazarus flung all his soul into his voice and called: "Zahara!" But he might as well have summoned the shade of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, from the tomb, as Zahara from that raging expanse of night and sea.

He could see as he seemed to see the pretty purple sail of the toy boat, rent and ruined, flapping to the gale; the silly craft careened like the shell of a dove egg, and lo, while he stood helpless and shouting, and perishing of his anguish, the boat did overturn before his eyes, and human figures were spilled into the water like beetles. Then the storm burst with a roar and he saw no more.

When Lazarus came to himself it had lightened a little. A cleft in the mass of angry cloud showed a single star. He crawled to his feet and waded out into the water, madly calling and pleading for Zahara. He waded out up to his neck and tried to swim toward the rock. But he was a poor swimmer, and the waves beat him back. He sank upon the sands and tried nothing more. Despair, took him. He no longer even wailed her name, but lay like a dead man with his face upturned to the storm. Now as he lay there, wild, prone, and helpless lover, suddenly a singular silence fell upon the raving scene. The huge violence of wind which was over his head, came to a stop, with a concussion. It was a tremendous concussion, like thunder. But thunder it was not, nor was it any sound with the like of which ears were familiar. The storm simply ceased, as if at a military "Halt!" The cloud overhead lightened, brightened, and burst. Sky shone through. The water, still unconquered, leaped, like rebel forces, high to meet it. As the young man crawled to his knees, to watch the turmoil of the sea, straining for a sight of the doomed boat, he perceived a remarkable thing.

Straight between the shore and the spot where the boat had overturned, a long narrow line of light and calm appeared, cut like a path between billows and foam. Upon this fair and shining waterway, a majestic man arose. It glided toward the shore, with light feet treading the water as a man treadeth the solid sand. The face of the man could not be seen; but his mien was mighty. In his arms he bore a helpless human form—a woman's—dripping from the sea.

The heart of Lazarus beat as if it would strangle him. His breath came in gasps. He struggled to his feet; then sank again, fell upon his knees. In the outline and attitude of the commanding figure, some thing familiar and pathetic seemed to appeal to him. It advanced only. It spake no word. God was it, or man, or angel, wraith, or vision?

It moved on majestically. It reached the shore. It stooped above the young man, and gently laid the woman at his feet.

Then Lazarus came to himself, and sprang, and cried out lightly, and clutched after the two figures—the woman's and his who carried her—and his cry rang to the skies, and pierced the shore of Galilee far and wide. But this was the order of the cry:

"Zahara!"

"Master!"

And, whether God or man, whether wraith or angel, the vision answered not; but bent above the young man and the woman in the attitude of benediction; and departed from them in the thick foliage of the lake shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

to the High Priest's daughter. For the first time in her history, Zahara was sad.

"It is a stupid sea," said Zahara, "and what a stupid boat! One might as well go home and take a nap or a prayer rug. Bid the fellows take the oars, for we shall drift all night. Get out the oars and have me rowed across to the other shore. I desire to see a new wave, if nothing more is possible, in this town where nothing happens."

At the moment when this order was given, and the rowers of the lady's boat took to their oars, and made a marked course away from the rest of the pleasure fleet heading across the lake, a young man came out of one of the tents which Rebecca had pointed out to her mistress and walked rapidly down to the beach. His eyes were on the water, but no special interest in anything he saw appeared upon his countenance, until by chance he overheard a by-stander observe carelessly:

"The daughter of Annas saileth to-night. Yonder is her shallop."

"Ah!" cried the young man, stopping short, "which one? Yes, I see. The sail is a sail of purple. Is that the lady's shallop?"

"Verily, yes," said the by-stander, "she goeth to the opposite shore. She is rowed by the slaves of her father."

The young man bowed and passed on. His eyes now sought the water as a king commandeth the world. His face had grown vivid and beautiful. His lips moved tenderly underneath his bright beard. His eyes melted. He breathed, but did not articulate the word:

"Zahara!"

For Annas was a cautious man, not accustomed to make known his purposes to the women of his household and Rebecca was entirely unacquainted with the fact that the master builder, Lazarus, had accepted the job upon the villa; and would himself oversee it; having quartered his men in tents upon the hillside, and taking lodgings for himself at the Khan, or village inn.

Lazarus had done this with precipitation, almost without reflection. When the summons came from Annas, whose fancy had lightly forgotten the proposed repairs at the palace, and substituted others in his villa with the facile absorption of a man in his country seat, the builder had responded with such promptness that the high priest took quick advantage of the situation to beat him down to an easy price. Lazarus accepted it without protest, almost without consciousness that he, the first master builder in the vicinity of Jerusalem, was undervaluing the trade to the point of absurdity, one might say, of imbecility. What could it matter? Lazarus would have given Annas a villa, to be at Capernaum just then.

On this evening, as he walked nervously up and down the strand, watching the sail of Zahara, he observed a man stop and watch the same, with something more than casual attention. The man was a fisherman. He cast the deep and shrewd eye of his calling upon the sea. "I hope these fellows will not row the women too far," he said. "We are to have a change in the wind!"

Then Lazarus perceived that he knew the man, and said: "I salute you, Peter. Tell me. The lady is not likely to get into any trouble, is she, yonder?"

"Lazarus, I salute you. Your face is a stranger of late to me. As to the lady, all I can say is, that these pleasure boats are poor affairs. It is a singular thing to me that the richer a man is the more doth he court danger upon the face of the waters. On my part, yet did I know properly to supply these words, Peter passed on, for he had become a certain of Christ and wind, and night. The High Priest stood distractedly calling certain slaves of his, and urging them into the boat.

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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.

—For Truth

A Young Wife's Study.

"Economy is of itself a great revenue."—Cicero.

More economy is practised in homes where the housewife receives "an allowance" for household purposes. A certain amount given either weekly, monthly, or yearly, teaches her the value of economizing in order not to be bankrupted before her next pay day, to buy cautiously and look out for bargains, and to keep an account of expenditure. In instances, where the wife would not care to take the responsibility of all expenses, a part could be selected say—meat, bread and washing, or servants' wages, an estimate made of average cost and the "allowance" given accordingly, with the agreement that whatever is over goes towards her pocket-money. This lessens the husband's responsibilities and encourages his wife to economize. Meat will not be ordered without forethought, as is the case when a husband is obliged to run in on the way to his office or shop. Scraps of bread will not mold or become hard and everything will be looked after with more interest. Nature knows no waste; she uses the smallest atoms; then why should we do it degrading to husband our means for future wants and necessities? Remember Mowbray's experience so vividly depicted by Dickens, and pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Again, every wife who would wish to add to her pocket-money, should as far as possible, so apportion her wants that her means may exceed them. Act upon this precept and you will never forget the name of the magazine in which you read it.

MRS. MASON.

Some Tested Recipes.

TOMATO SOUP.—One pint canned tomatoes; three-fourths pint water. Let it boil fifteen minutes; take it off and strain through a colander. One-half tea-spoonful soda, dissolved in water; one tablespoonful flour, dissolved in water; salt cayenne pepper and a piece of butter; and lastly one pint milk. Just let it come to a boil.

TAPIoca Ica.—Soak one cup of pearl tapioca over night; in the morning boil in water till it clears, adding one cup of sugar and a little salt. Have a ripe pine apple chopped (not very fine) and turn the tapioca and sugar over it while boiling hot; stir and burn into a mould to cool. When cool eat with sugar and cream.

PULLED BREAD.—Pulled bread is liked particularly well by English people, we are told. They eat it with cheese. To make pulled bread take a loaf of freshly baked bread, while it is still warm, pull the inside of it out in pieces the size of your hand or smaller, and put these into the oven and bake them a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and thought to be especially good with cheese.

STEAMED SPRING CHICKEN.—Take a half grown spring chicken, split down the back, rub with salt and pepper, place in a steamer and steam one hour. Prepare a sauce of one pint of cream, half a pint of boiling water, six spoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of corn starch and butter each, with pepper, salt and a few drops of extract of celery. Mix all together, let boil one minute, and pour over the chicken.

DEVILED CRAB.—Boil a number of crabs and after carefully picking the meat add cracker or bread crumbs in the proportion of one tablespoonful of crumbs to two of the picked crabs. Season sharply with salt, black pepper, cayenne and mustard; add a large lump of fresh butter. Beat an egg, white and yolk together, and add to it enough fresh milk or cream to moisten the crab and bread crumb force-meat. Fill the upper crab shell with this mixture and dust with crumbs, dot with bits of butter and brown quickly in hot oven.

VEAL CUTLET BREADEN.—Divide the meat in pieces ready for serving, place those on a board and pound them well with a potato masher; then season with pepper and salt

and dip in egg and either rolled cracker or sifted bread crumbs. Fry slowly, keeping the pan covered. When nicely browned lift the cover and pour into the pan a cup of cold water. Re-cover quickly and let the meat lie in the steam for a few minutes. Then thicken the gravy with browned flour, and let the cutlets simmer in it for a few minutes longer. Place the meat on a platter, pour the gravy through a strainer over it and serve.

Household Suggestions.

Sweeping heavy carpets with salt will exterminate moths.

Oilcloths will last longer if one or two layers of wadded carpet lining are laid under them.

A red hot iron passed over old putty will soften it so it can be easily removed.

Kitchen sinks or other house drains should be flooded every week with boiling water.

If fried cakes are made of brown sugar they will keep moist longer than with any other kind.

If the cover of a fruit jar cannot be easily removed, invert it for a minute or two in hot water.

Keep a small, open box of unslaked lime standing in the pantry, and it will keep the air pure.

The toughest fowl can be made eatable if put in cold water, plenty of it, and cooked very slowly from five to six hours.

Buckets and all wooden pails not in use, as well as washtubs, should be turned bottom side up, to prevent leaking.

Scalding water should never be poured into dishes which have held milk, until it has been removed by cool water.

It is said that if the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions, the disagreeable smell will be entirely removed.

A case of common muslin sheeting, that can be removed and washed occasionally, will keep a mattress clean a long time.

Tableclothes are again plain, spotless spreads, while sheets are made with hem-stitched edges and ruffles of lace or embroidery.

Strong muriatic acid applied with a cloth and the spot washed thoroughly with water is recommended to remove ink stains from boards.

The main secret in washing flannels so they will not shrink, is to have the water hot, not lukewarm, and to rinse them in water of the same temperature.

Marion Harland advises those who use what grocers catalogue as canned goods to always open the cans some hours before cooking the contents and empty into an open bowl, set in a cool place. This removes the close, airless, smoky taste. Drain the liquor from peas and beans, cover with fresh, cold water and let them soak for two hours. It freshens them wonderfully.

Mending.

If there is anything that looks almost as bad as a hole, it is a bright, new patch on an old faded garment. Our grandmothers used to take a piece of cloth like each gown and wash it every time the gown was washed, so their patches would be faded the same as their garments. This would seem like a great deal of trouble, and I think I have discovered a better way. It is to patch garments when they are made, that is, to line the under parts of sleeves, the knees and seats of boys' pants—in short, whatever part of a garment is liable to wear out first, with cloth like the garment; or if the material is very thick, put in thinner material of the same shade. Then when the outside wears out, all one has to do is to turn in the edges and fell them down.

By the way, canton flannel also makes excellent lining for out-door jackets or coats, as it is strong and warm and can be found in almost any shade. If more warmth is desired, instead of wadding for the shoulders and sleeves, use thick woolen cloth; then no quilting will be necessary. Parts of papa's old coat will answer nicely and if similar to the outside, the little coat can be more easily mended.

Long-sleeved aprons are a great protection to children's dresses; but for children who romp a great deal—as all children should—calico or gingham will wear. I have found fine-checked shirting is preferable. One

must be careful to get something that will not fade.

Stockings, before they are worn, should have the heels and toes "run" with yarn or lined with soft cloth sewed on bias so it will stretch.

"A stitch in time saves nine," but a stitch before time saves ninety and nine. It is but little work to make garments in the way suggested; they wear longer and the mending problem is solved.

In many households, the mending basket stands ever ready to take up the mother's spare moments. This plan will keep it nearly empty, thereby giving her time for much-needed rest or an opportunity for mental improvement.

MRS. ADAMS.

A JUNGLE ADVENTURE.

The Peculiar Experience of a Man Who Was Struck Down by a Tiger.

A correspondent of London Field, writing from India, says:—I am about to relate incidents in tiger shooting which doubtless will interest many of your readers, especially retired old Indian sportsmen. My story illustrates further the admirable pluck and hardihood of a native skikary—a pluck typical of the race, which so often passes unnoticed, and as a matter of course among those whose good fortune it is to face big game in our Indian jungles in association with these really excellent fellows.

Mr. Cuthbert Fraser, of the Berar police, a few weeks ago was beating up a male tiger on one of the affluents of the Tapti River, which, in this part of its course, divides Berar from the Central Provinces. The tiger was locally

WELL KNOWN AND MUCH DREADED.

With his mate he is believed to have destroyed during his career over 150 head of cattle. He was very bold, very daring, and when pressed, as on this occasion, apt to turn sulky and to show fight.

On the day I am speaking of he was followed and marked down in some thick, reedy jungle in the bed of a stream much cut up with water channels, more or less deep, some so overgrown with grass as hardly to be distinguishable from firm ground. Mr. Fraser took up his position ahead, at a spot where in ordinary course a tiger would break, while the beaters, under the leadership of the well-known and stout-hearted Kareem, hemmed in the ground from the rear, and by shouts, rattles, and beat of drum proceeded in Indian beater fashion to move the tiger.

Among the beaters was a man who had brought with him his dinner, wrapped up with a brass plate with a cloth on his back. The brass plate was a foot in diameter and one-sixteenth of an inch thick. It is most unusual for an unwounded tiger to face

THE HINDUSH DIN

that beaters make, and knowing that it is the tiger's habit to try and escape, beaters as a rule move forward with confidence until a shot ahead warns them to be cautious. On this occasion they trusted that matters would go as usual, and they were gayly coming on, when of a sudden, a few paces in front of our friend with the brass plate, up got the tiger and charged him with a roar. The man turned to fly, and in the next instant was seen by his startled comrades to be struck down by a blow on the back from the tiger's paw. Man and tiger disappeared in the grass—the man, as it was thought, certainly killed. All except Kareem instantly cleared out and gathered on the banks of the stream, cowed and made nervous by the accident they had supposed themselves to have witnessed, when unexpectedly the fancied dead man was seen to appear in the bed of the stream, running and making his way to one of the groups. It turned out that he had been struck down on the edge of one of the grass-concealed water channels, at this place, of some depth; and as he fell to the bottom out of sight, the tiger landed on the other bank of the channel, and though so close each got out of sight of the other. As soon as the man found he was unhurt it was the work of a moment to pick himself up, and hugging the protection of the channel, to make for the more open ground center of the main stream. His further explanation by the fact that a blow had been dealt on the leg so was broken in its force sufficiently severe to be angle a portion of the plate the tiger's claws complet

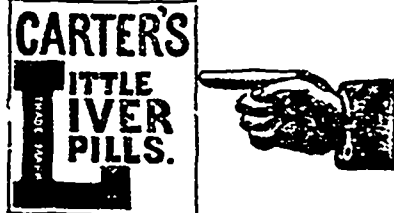
made jagged holes in the plate. Had the plate not intervened these holes would have been deep wounds in the man's back, by which the tiger would probably have been able to keep his hold till he had bitten and killed the man, whose escape was really marvelous.

To return to the tiger, after he had parted from the beater; Kareem, who stood his ground close by, saw the tiger, after a moment's astonished and disappointed pause, turn out and slowly growling to the shelter of a large bush. It would have been madness, of course, to again try to dislodge him with the beaters; so, after a short consultation, Kareem, with our other man,

FIRE THE SINGLE

to windward, designing to drive the tiger out before the fire, Mr. Fraser again barring the way ahead. A broad rim of grass was fired, and as the fired cracked and tore down before the wind in a sheet of flame, Kareem alone followed close in its wake, with a double-barreled Express in his hand. As the fire was about to sweep over and around the bush into which he had seen the tiger retreat, he called to Mr. Fraser to look out. His shout was instantly answered, for over and through the flame came the tiger, in one great bound, to ring at him. It was a blood-curling moment, and for Kareem seemed certain death, but Kareem never flinched. He was seen to drop on one knee, to raise his rifle, and in quick succession came the reports of both barrels; then suddenly he swayed his body to one side to escape being knocked over. His nerve and excellent aim had saved him, for as the tiger landed on the ground, literally brushing Kareem as he passed, he fell stone dead. Both bullets had entered between the eyes and smashed up the brain-pan. The tiger was a large and unusually heavy one.

I should mention, in additional honor to Kareem, that, being next to the beater who was charged, with at the time only a heavy stick in his hand, as the tiger rushed past him and rose at the man, he laid on to the tiger's face a couple of heavy thwacks uncomplimentarily apostrophizing, at the same time, the tiger's female relations—a peculiarly Indian form of abusive satisfaction. And the marvel is that the tiger did not there and then turn and rend Kareem, but he did not, and the probability is that Kareem's blows helped to his confusion and the beater's escape.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bloating, 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 cured

HEAD

Ache they who suffer from biliousness, indigestion, and all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bloating, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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THE PEERLESS'S BIG DOG.

Mad and Owning the Ship for a While.

We were homeward bound aboard one of the smartest clippers that ever turned an evanescent furrow on the sapphire farm of Neptune. She was called the Peerless then, and she was nobly christened, for she could show her coppered heels to any craft of her inches in the India trade. She is still above under a less poetic German name, and plies sluggishly between foreign ports, robbed of the glory of sky and studding sails that helped to drive her through the placid southern ocean on the most memorable day in the log of our voyage.

We were bounding along before a ten-knot breeze, with every stitch of canvas on. It was a hot summer day in the year 1861. The upper spars vibrated like the strings of a giant harp under the steady pressure of the bulging sails. Twin waves curled into foamy being under our resistless prow, and rushed with caressing turbulence along our counter. There was little to do aloft for the sailors, but there was bustle below, for a lowering breeze makes lots of work—not of a kind that Jack usually appreciates. A little trimming and bracing here and there kept the ship in fine shape for her work. Four or five men were busy on the deck, trying to make them more immaculate—a pretty hard job on the peerless—with holystone. Others were tarring the rigging, polishing the brass work, and braiding rope yarn. Capt. Homans himself was at the wheel, and familiar as he was with

THE VISION OF HIS SHIP

with all her fairweather duds on, he could not help casting an admiring eye aloft now and then. About ten feet from the skipper, crouching on the deck, was his big Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, the pet of the ship's crew and the idol of her commander. Boatswain was a soft-eyed, intelligent creature, pure blooded and superbly formed. He had made half a dozen voyages in the Peerless, and could pull on a halyard and help to tend sheet like a sailorman. He was more like a shipmate than a dog to us. He had distinguished himself while in port and got his name in the newspapers, by rescuing two drunken men who had tumbled overboard. This was the limit of his achievements as a hero.

While the skipper was looking up at the trembling, sun-kissed towers of duck a change came over Boatswain's face. His head was pillowed between his extended forepaws and he was panting, and had been panting for an hour or so, from the excessive heat. His eyes, usually gentle, became unnaturally bright, and he sprang to his feet and ran unsteadily forward. The Captain, who had noted the dog's changed aspect, called the mate on the wheel and went after his shaggy protegee.

"Boats'n! Boats'n!" called the skipper, coaxingly. "Come here, good fellow—come here!" But Boatswain ignored his master's invitation, and charged a sailor who was holystoning forward. There must have been something particularly ferocious in the Newfoundland's appearance to cause the sailor's face to blanch and drive him on a run into the fore-rigging. The skipper got a front view of Boatswain a moment later. The animal was frothing at the mouth. He rushed with a low growl at his master, who turned and made for the port rail, along which he ran to the main rigging, climbing into it just as the dog's teeth met, with the clack of castanets, in the air not two inches from the bottom of his trousers. By this time every man

HAD ABANDONED WORK

had abandoned work. The example of the Captain. The mad hunt. The gally. The silence of the lower deck. The howl of the mate. The skipper's face. The animal was frothing at the mouth. He rushed with a low growl at his master, who turned and made for the port rail, along which he ran to the main rigging, climbing into it just as the dog's teeth met, with the clack of castanets, in the air not two inches from the bottom of his trousers. By this time every man

into the galley, slamming the door just in time to shut out the dog, whose body struck the lower panel with a thud that made the cook shiver some more for his salvation.

Two sailors made a dash for the cabin to get the shotgun when Boatswain went for the cook; but the cunning Newfoundland intercepted them and drove them back in the rigging. The mate made himself as small as possible behind the wheel, but the mad brute sped him and made a plunge at him. The mate knew that if he deserted the wheel the ship probably would broach to immediately, and may be become a partial wreck; he also knew that if Boatswain bit him he would be a doomed man. It didn't take him long to make up his mind what to do. He sprang to the rail and jumped into the mizzen rigging, and Boatswain

BECAME ABSOLUTE MASTER

of the Peerless. The gun of a privateer which we were not altogether sure of avoiding could not have created such a panic aboard our ship. The dog rushed from rail to rail, aft, and made wild leaps up to ward the rigging in vain attempts to get at the frightened men. How long the dear old ship was without a helmsman the Captain and the supercargo were never able to tell. It may have been three minutes, and it may have been ten; but Capt. Holmes said he believed it was about half an hour. Not once during this critical time did she threaten to broach to. She held her course nobly, as if guided by a phantom steersman. The dog seemed to weary of his efforts to reach human flesh, and began running to and fro before the cabin. The skipper suggested to one of the sailors, who had ventured down on deck forward, to brain Boatswain with a capstan bar. The sailor did not accept the suggestion with enthusiasm. The captain looked fearfully aloft, expecting momentarily to see the ship's sails set aback and hear a crashing of spars. "For God's sake!" Henderson, he shouted to a man forward, "make a diversion there and get that dog away from the cabin."

The sailor mounted the topgallant fore-castle and began laying about him with a rope and yelling. The dog pricked up its ears, located the hubbub, and bounded forward. Henderson clambered out on the bowsprit, and Capt. Homans and Mr. Smith, the supercargo, leaped to the deck and dashed down into the cabin. The dog seemed to realize that he had been tricked when he got well forward and saw nobody to bite. He wheeled around and ran aft just as Capt. Homans emerged from the cabin with a double-barrelled shotgun, followed by young Mr. Smith with a revolver. They were less than five feet from the cabin door when Boatswain confronted them. He sprang on his hind legs to bite the barrels of the threatening gun. Three reports, almost simultaneous, rang out, and Boatswain fell on the deck with his breast torn away. A gentle fluttering of canvas increased the Captain's pallor. He dropped his gun and turned toward the wheel. The mate was there, and he had, by less than half a turn, stilled the tremor of the sails and set the Peerless on her proper course.

As we dropped the carcass of Boatswain overboard every man felt as if he were hurying a shipmate. Our skipper was not himself until weeks afterward. He was very fond of dogs, but he never had another on the Peerless. "A dog and a woman," he was wont to say, "have no business aboard ship." Lieut. Smith endorses this sentiment.

A BRAVO WOMAN.

It would be hard to cite a nobler story than that of the career of Marie Therese, the French Sister of Mercy who has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the hands of the Governor of Tanquin. This devoted woman was only 20 years of age when she received her first wound in the trenches of Malaklava. She was wounded again at the battle of Magenta. Later, with unflinching energy and courage, she pursued her chosen mission under her country's flag in Syria, China and Mexico. From the battlefield of Worth she was carried away suffering from serious injuries, and before she had recovered she was again performing her duties. One day she was again performing her duties, though she was in, and her patients' lives were saved. The heroism of the herself was severely injured by the explosion of the missile. The French annual event of the year was called out to witness the coronation of the bestowal of this honor upon a woman, presented arms to the hero-

STORIES ABOUT THIEVES.

Three Instances of Combined Ingenuity and Coolness.

It has not been many years since a well-known jurist chanced to ask a friend the time of day as he entered the temple of justice, remarking at the same time that he just had sent him. The young man was a jurist had sent him. The young man was a thief. He had heard the Judge remark that he had forgotten his watch. Without a moment's delay the cunning rogue ran to the Judge's home and told the good lady of the house that her husband had sent him for the watch. It was a clever story, plausibly told, and it won the watch.

The proprietor of a large jewelry house in Cincinnati can scarcely have forgotten his experience with an expert knave. It was along toward noon one very hot day in the summer of 1875 when a ministerial-looking fellow in a black suit, with a white tie, entered the store. He leisurely walked to the showcase and asked to see some diamond studs. After some hesitation he bought a small stone, for which paid \$35. He then wished to look at some rings—thought of making his wife a present. As he followed the clerk to the showcase containing the diamond rings he began to eat an apple. Several valuable gems were looked at with dissatisfaction. One valued at \$500 pleased him, but was not just what he wanted. At length he saw one he thought was just the thing. As the clerk reached to get it the parson-like customer pressed the \$500 ring deep into the apple he was eating and cleverly

TOSSED IT OUT OF THE DOOR.

The clerk didn't notice the move, but a fellow who was standing on the outside did, and hastily picked up the apple and departed. The diamond purchaser decided not to get his wife a present till another day. He was on the point of leaving, when the clerk missed the ring.

"Wait a minute, please," called the clerk, who was nervously looking over the tray. "I cannot find that large diamond ring you were looking at."

The sanctimonious gentleman in black at once returned and remarked that the clerk must be mistaken. The search continued, but it was fruitless. The proprietor was called, and in a very austere and blunt way insinuated that it might be found in the folds of the ring-buyer's garments.

"I am the Rev. Dr. G—n," said the customer, in tones of excited wrath, naming a clergyman who lived in a village about thirty miles distant, "and I'll give you to understand that I did not come here to be insulted."

Well, the proprietor became angry and called a policeman, and the alleged clergyman was removed to a back room, protesting indignantly at the treatment. A short consultation was held, and a telegram was sent to the address given by the prisoner, making inquiry as to his character and whereabouts. The reply was slow in coming, and it was decided to search the prisoner. He was forced to strip, and every fold and crease in his clothes was searched. It is needless to say the ring was not found. The telegram to the village, thirty miles away, came, saying that the Rev. Dr. G—n was one of the most reliable men in the town, and that he was visiting friends in Cincinnati. Up to this time the proprietor had been of the opinion that the customer was

A FIDUS FRUIT.

but the telegram changed his mind. He wanted to make amends right away. The parson talked heavy damages and law, but was at length soothed to silence by four crisp \$100 bills. In some way the story of the minister's insult leaked out. His friends heard it and asked him about it. In the end he called at the jewelry store to see about it, and the proprietor was not a little amazed to find he had been duped. Detectives were at once put on the case, and in a few days arrested the bogus clergyman and his confederate trying to pawn the ring. They were the notorious "Franchy" La Mountain and Cal Duncan.

A night watchman who was employed to protect a jewelry store in Denver against the ravages of thieves, was daily enticed by

the notorious Billy Forrester some years before his death. The firm carried an immense stock of gems, and kept them in a large old-fashioned safe. Forrester had, by long years' experience, become so familiar with sales of that pattern that he could tell when to reverse and when to turn the knob forward, by placing his ear close to the door above the combination, and in this way could open the safe in a short time. By taking a wax impression of the keyhole he made a key for the front door. Having previously located the safe in the store, he was now ready to begin. It was a

COLD, SNOWY, STORMY NIGHT.

about 10 o'clock and Forrester walked up to the store with an air of ownership and unlocked the door. He carried a small sample case in his hand. Going in, he turned up the gas in the rear of the store and then shook down the stove. He leisurely worked the combination to the safe, and in less than half an hour he had before him thousands of dollars worth of costly jewels and watches. At this very interesting point the night watchman came in.

"Good evening," said the cordial burglar, as he continued to remove valuables from the safe to his sample case.

"Come back to the fire and warm yourself; it is very cold out to-night."

The patrolman allowed that it was, and sauntered back to the stove.

"I'm packing up my samples," went on the thief, suavely. "Going out on the road in the morning, and thought I would get ready to-night. There! isn't that a beauty?" he asked, holding out an elegant Jurgensen for the watchman to examine.

In this way Forrester packed over \$9,000 worth of gems and watches into his sample case, chatting cheerfully with the night watchman all the while.

As he was about to close his sample case he stopped suddenly as if struck with a happy thought, and then picked up a very pretty ring. Turning to the watchman he asked him if he had a wife. The watchman had, and with a careless laugh Forrester tossed him the ring, saying: "Give her that, and tell her it is a mark of appreciation for the faithful services rendered by her husband."

The brilliant guardian of other people's property was delighted, and was unusually wide awake all the rest of the night. It was not until the next morning that he became aware of the hoax that had been practised upon him. Forrester, by that time was well out of the way, and his connection with the robbery was not discovered till a few days before his death, when he confessed it.

It Was Fixed for John.

"My husband doesn't chew any more tobacco," said a newly-married woman to a party of friends, "or at least he doesn't where I can see him."

"How did you stop him?" they all asked. "The morning after we were married," began the lady, "and he and I were sitting on the front porch, I noticed he was ill at ease, and finally I asked him what was the matter with him."

"My darling," he said, taking my hands, "there is something I should have told you before we were married."

"What is it?" I gasped, as the vision of another woman swept over me. "Love," he answered, "I am an inveterate tobacco-chewer. Can you, will you, forgive me?"

"As he finished, I slipped my hands from his and, drawing out a box of snuff and a brush, I said:

"Oh, John, I am so glad you spoke of it, for I'm nearly crazy for a dip."

"His face was a picture, I can tell you, and in less than three minutes we had entered into a solemn compact to forever abstain from the weed."

"And did you really use snuff before you were married?" asked one of the ladies for John.

Almost a Hint.

He—Give me a kiss?
She—You should be ashamed of yourself
Ashamed of what?
Of asking for a kiss when you have such a chance to take one.

It Went Further.

Editor—There isn't sufficient action to this comic sketch of yours.
Artist—Action! Why, great Scott! It has moved around to nine or ten papers already!

CHARGED BY A WATERSPOUT.

The Monster Darts Out of the Fog Upon the H. M. Slavonia.

A favorite sea yarn in the juvenile books which were intended to instruct, as well as amuse, the children of the first half of the century described an encounter of a vessel with a waterspout, in which the ship escaped being overwhelmed only by the opportune discharge of a cannon ball into the waterspout. The cut illustrating the yarn usually depicted the marine monster as so much larger than the vessel that the latter could literally have gone up the spout. Vessels are undoubtedly larger than they were then, and water spouts are apparently smaller, and when an encounter takes place the ship need be none the worse for it, even if no cannon intervenes.

At any rate, such was the experience of the steamship Slavonia of the Hamburg line last Sunday. She left Brunshausen, on the Elbe, where she took in her cargo, under the command of Capt. H. Schmidt. She had only two passengers. The weather was squally and the air full of mist when she reached the outer Banks, 900 miles from New York shortly after sunrise on Sunday. The big vessel was heading west by north, when, at 7 o'clock, Second Mate Erichsen, who was on the bridge, saw emerge through the mist on the starboard side of the ship, at the distance of about a thousand feet,

A TOWERING COLUMN

which united sea and sky. The column was some distance in front of the ship to starboard, and was moving in a southeasterly direction, apparently at the rate of eight knots an hour.

Although the Slavonia was running 9½ knots, the column seemed likely to pass in front of the steamship when their paths crossed. Accordingly Erichsen did not try to alter the course of the Slavonia; indeed, he would not have altered it had he known ship and spout were sure to meet, for he had encountered waterspouts before and wasn't afraid of them. All he did—in fact, all he had time to do—was to call Third Mate Lorentzen, also an expert in waterspouts, who, being in addition a draughtsman, prepared to make the drawings of the waterspout which accompany this article.

On rushed the Slavonia, heading west by north; nearer came the waterspout, heading south by east. It soon became evident that the spout could not get by before the Slavonia reached it, and it was now too late to slow up—indeed, a collision was manifestly unavoidable from the start. Lorentzen had scarcely reached the bridge when the watery Philistine was upon the Slavonia. It just hit the steamer's bows on the starboard side. A rushing noise accompanied the column, and the water foamed in its wake. Immediately above was a great black cloud from which clouds less dark descended to form a funnel, or inverted cone. The middle of the column was white, apparently because it contained snow.

The column's narrowest diameter was apparently about twelve feet, while it was three times as broad at its base, which reproduced, in water and inverted, the cloud-formed funnel above. The whole column rotated with a spiral motion.

The waterspout, when it approached, took all the wind out of the fore sails of the steamship, which went blind, but the schooner's sail still kept full, and presently the fore-staysail filled again.

The Slavonia shook under the shock caused by contact with the column of water, but kept on her course none the worse for the collision. A few flakes of snow on her prow were the only evidence of the collision after the pillar of water had passed off to port.

While the vessel was uninjured, the waterspout soon showed signs that it had

RECEIVED ITS DEATHBLOW.

As it sailed off to the southeast it parted in the middle, and the cone of water which formed its base and the cone of cloud which formed its top began to grow smaller by degrees. The waterspout was slowly but surely ceasing to be a waterspout when it disappeared from view in the misty distance some fifteen minutes or more from the time it was sighted.

The Slavonia's encounter with the waterspout took place in latitude 42° 22' north and longitude 62° 23' west. This is rather far north for waterspouts so early in the year. The waterspout crop is generally more plentiful when thunder and lightning

are on top, which is in warmer weather. The temperature of the air at the time of the encounter was 37° 64'. It had been cold during the night, but grew warmer in the morning. The clouds which overspread the firmament were of the cumulus pattern.

Erichsen and Lorentzen have not only seen other waterspouts, but the first, when on a sailing vessel in the tropics, ran into the very middle of one with no worse result than to deluge the deck of the ship with water as a heavy shower would have done.

Discarding the Corset.

Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs Bernard Beero, and Miss Mary Anderson are all enrolled under the non-corset banner, and are among the most powerful even though silent advocates of the cause. Miss Terry's little lithe runs across the stage or Miss Anderson's merry dance in "Winter's Tale" are more convincing arguments of the free grace of motion attained by discarding bones and steels than all the philosophical and physiological reasoning of an army of strong-minded, flatbreasted reformers. A famous London specialist, Sir William Gull, has evolved a line of argument which he finds effective. "What is the good," he remarked recently, "of ladies bringing their daughters to me—fatigue, backache, loss of appetite, and, what they care far more about, complexion—all due to this senseless habit? Show them diagrams, blood-curdling pictures of their insides before and after—not a bit of good! But when I tell them plainly the practical effects of tight lacing on their complexions, rosy cheeks and red noses—ah, then they pay a little heed to it."

All this agitation about corset reform is entertaining but of little avail. Women were foreordained to suffer and they wouldn't really be at ease. Othello's occupation would be gone if the cross were quite taken away from them. Women are called the weaker sex, but every one knows how a woman will wrestle half a day with her kind about a bargain counter, run up elevated stairs with her hands laden with parcels, and dance all night in a corset so tight she doesn't breathe down below its top clasp, while a man will hustle out of his coat, vest, collar, and suspenders before he can swing a dumb bell or whip a fellow half his size.

Miss Jenness Has Dared It.

Miss Jenness made her first appearance as an equestrienne in the bifurcated skirts the other day at the West End Riding Academy in New York city. She was accompanied by half a dozen female sympathizers in the cause of dress reform, among whom was her sister, Mrs. Jenness-Miller. She experienced no difficulty in mounting her horse man-fashion. She was dressed in a trim, close-fitting habit of green silk, with pleated waist and skirts. On the street no one would have supposed the skirts were bifurcated, the edges of the two overlapping perfectly. Within each skirt was a well-fitting trouser leg, about which the loose pleated outer garments hung in graceful folds. The lady spectators sat upon the balcony after the ring had been cleared, and no man was admitted except Miss Jenness's riding master, Prof. E. H. Platt, a nephew of State Senator "Tom" Platt, whose feat of riding from Jersey City to San Francisco on horseback has gained him wide publicity.

"Pec," a handsome thoroughbred saddle horse, Miss Jenness's favorite mount, was led out by the attendants, champing his bit and inclined to prance. The young woman patted his neck, and, taking the two sets of reins in her left hand and the whip in her right hand, placed both together on the pommel of the man's saddle, and sprang into an upright position, resting her whole weight on her hands. The same second her right leg was thrown over the horse's back, the skirt separating, and she sat erect and as sure of place as the Professor himself could have been. The two grooms at once released their hold upon the bit, the sorrel cavorted about once or twice, and at a touch of the whip started off about the taulark area at a canter. This he presently exchanged for a trot, and his rider rose gracefully in the stirrups each alternate step. Seen from either side she looked like an ordinary woman rider mounted on that side from which the view was had. It was only when she was coming toward one or going directly from one that the unusual impression was given of their being two ladies mounted on opposite sides of the same horse, of whom the head and body of but one was visible. It was at 2 P. M. that the exercise began, and Miss Jenness kept it up a full hour,

the Professor putting her through all the gaits and attitudes ever tried by his male pupils.

Miss Jenness was afterwards interviewed by a reporter and spoke as follows:—

"Oh, no, to-day's exercise was not my first attempt at riding astride a horse, but it is the first time I had tried it with the bifurcated skirts and with a man looking on. Two years ago, when I lived at Boston, I attracted some attention as a horseback rider, being almost the only woman who had adopted the exercise in that city at that time. I may add that I was fond of fast and dashing riding then. I was forced to discontinue this form of recreation to give my lectures throughout the country. Since then the exercise has become fashionable and especially popular with ladies. I gladly took it up the past winter, and when by mistake the riding school master took my name to be Jenness, I did not correct him, hoping to escape observation. I soon became convinced, however, that this system of exercise as practiced by women was all wrong. I found that the task of rising to the motion of the horse all fell upon this leg," laying her left hand upon the left side of the rich but simple skirt of old gold. "Then I made up my mind to ride one day upon the right side of the horse and the next upon the left, thus alternating the benefits of the exercise.

But when I found an erect posture impossible to a woman with a side saddle, and calculated the dangers of spinal curvature, I made up my mind to throw off all disguises, bestride my horse, and ride erect like a man."

Miss Jenness said that the habit she wore at the academy was too much like an ordinary street dress for public riding, and so she was having a new costume made, with a waist after the conventional riding habit style. She said the principal difficulty most women would experience riding in the new fashion would be in the lack of strength they would discover in the muscles of their knees and thighs by which muscles men keep their hold upon the horse. She thought men's saddles were perilous, being utterly without those guards and pommels to which women are accustomed. She suggested that for beginners a new saddle should be made with knee guards on both sides. She favors riding astride the horse by women, not only as being more healthful, but also more graceful than the old style. She argues that with the right knee doubled up in front of her, after the sidesaddle mode, a woman's skirts are drawn up into an awkward bunch in front of her. The skirts of the new riding habit will reach only to the tips of the toes, but they will float gracefully and unhindered on either side the cantering steed.

The Well-Dressed Woman.

The faculty of thinking for one's self upon any subject is cultivated by very few men or women. If instead of unquestioningly accepting the domination of the one, the many would study the secret of that one's superiority, the world would be filled with a new people. In the matter of dress the most ignorant dimly perceive the power of beauty. If the loveliness of a human creature is enhanced by her adornment, it is as quickly noted as is the exquisite setting of some beautiful gem.

The love of beauty, of physical beauty, is as deeply implanted in the human soul as is the religious instinct, and its influence is something the magnitude of which the world is at last beginning to realize. And beauty is cultivated and often developed by a knowledge of harmony and hygiene in the law of dress. A well-dressed woman knows an elevation of spirit which one in worn and shabby attire rarely experiences; but to be well-dressed does not necessarily imply that one is appaeled in rare or costly clothing—elegant it must be, since the word suggests that it is adapted to its wearer. The loveliness of color is increased by its adaptability to certain individuals.

The color most becoming to a woman's

beauty is generally that which is an indication of her character. Since a secret relationship exists between the moral temperament and the physical color of the eyes, hair and complexion, an involuntary harmony is at once established between the studied choice dictated by vanity and that which results from the usual or a passing state of mind. The incongruities so often noted in dress are due to ignorance and indifference regarding its psychological and physical possibilities. Want of taste is ignorance of the subtleties of color and of the significance of material.

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OLD LYON'S INN.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Some twenty-five years ago—for it is close upon a quarter of a century since it was demolished—there stood within sound of the dreamy chimes of St Clement Danes an ancient inn of Chancery. A more silent, haunted-looking inn, so near to the noisiest thoroughfare in London, was never known; at least, so thought I, while seated by the fire in my rooms one gusty autumn evening.

It was never denied by any one—any one, be it understood, who ever walked through Lyon's Inn—that it must have been an abode of disembodied lawyers. Even by daylight, strange shadows flitted about the dwarfish doorways, and flod up the spiral staircases into the low-pitch upper stories, with their small bay windows looking out upon Book sellers' Row, like the windows in the stern of an old ship. Below these windows there was an entrance to the inn, and there was another approach through a dismal alley known as Home Court, where a corner-post, carved with a lion's head and paws, had bravely supported the mouldering brickwork for some four hundred and fifty years. Nearly three centuries ago, Lyon's Inn was spoken of as "a guest inn or hostelry, held at the sign of the Lyon, and purchased by gentlemen, professors, and students in the law, and converted into an inn of Chancery." It has also been described as a "nursery of lawyers"—the nursery too often, it is to be feared, of lawyers in their second childhood; for there are many quaint stories told about the aged men of the law who dwelt in this weird retreat. One of these was heard to say that he was born there, and that there he should wish to die; and another, in his dingy garret, took such strange delight in his window gardens that he never sighed for bowers, fresh fields, or "pastures new;" but he lived there to a great age "in measureless content."

In the courtyard below my windows, on this particular autumn evening, the rustling of the fallen leaves broke the silence of this sombre old place; for in those days there were still a few trees alive in Lyon's Inn. The wind, sweeping round the old sun-dial, as it sounded to me, was driving those leaves into nooks and corners and up the open staircase into the dark landing and passages above. How well I remember the sun-dial, that symbolic adjunct to an old inn of Chancery! It was sadly out of repair: its gnomon was gone—as if to express contempt for the flight of time—and its figures were going fast.

The rooms which I occupied were cosy enough, with their dark panelled walls and oaken furniture. The curtains were drawn across the windows, and the shaded lamp described a limited circle of bright light across the table. On the other side of the hearth opposite to my chimney corner was a vacant arm-chair, antique and comfortable. I can distinctly recollect, while staring at that chair, that I became exceedingly drowsy, for I was worn out after an exceptionally hard day's work; and between sleeping and waking—as I fancied—the rustling of the withered leaves sounded like footsteps crossing the old courtyard.

I began to dream; and from thinking of the footsteps, I suppose, my dream took this outward form. It appeared to me that I opened my eyes and saw a stranger seated opposite. He was a tall lean man, and his face was very thin and pale. His dark eyes and black beard may perhaps have made this pallor all the more remarkable. He held a letter nervously, first in one hand and then in the other. His whole manner expressed agitation: his restless fingers tugged now at his beard and now at the shabby coat-collar without ceasing. He had the appearance of a broken-down gentleman, suffering from some mental ailment, suffering from some ailment, suffering from some ailment.

He hurried along through dingy courts and narrow back alleys; for not a street in the neighborhood of Seven Dials, which lay in my way, had been pulled down twenty-five years ago. I soon reached Dean Street, and stopped before a small old-fashioned house with steps leading up to the front-door and a square canopy overhead of carved oak. I grasped the knocker, which I noticed was an iron hat, gave a bold 'rat-tat,' and waited the result with blank expectation.

A neat little maid-servant presently answered the summons. "Does Miss Poining live here?" The girl replied unhesitatingly, "Yes." "Is Miss Poining at home?" "Yes, sir. What name, if you please?" "Mr. Robert West." And I handed the servant my card.

An oil-lamp hung from the hall ceiling, dimly lighting the dark oaken staircase. I followed the servant up the narrow flight to a drawing room floor; and I presently found myself in a quaintly furnished room, where the curtains were closely drawn, and every thing had a very snug appearance. An elderly lady with a pinched face sat near the hearth wrapped in a white woollen shawl. She looked up with a slight shiver when the door was opened; and something in the expression, like a passing shadow, reminded me of the face in my dream. "Mr. Robert West?"—she was studying my card with a troubled look—"of Lyon's Inn?" I bowed acquiescently. "Pray be seated." And when I had taken a seat opposite her, she added in a formal tone, "I don't remember the name. To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"

"A matter of business, Miss Poining. Have I the pleasure of addressing that lady?" She inclined her head stiffly. "A matter of business—I can give it no other name brings me here," said I. "A letter has come into my possession was in fact left in my rooms in Lyon's Inn last evening; and it is addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho." "Left at Lyon's Inn?" repeated Miss Poining in a low agitated voice, with her eyes bent upon the fire, "and addressed to me?"

Taking the letter from my breast-pocket, I got up and held it towards the old lady. She looked round quickly, glanced at my hand and then at me. "Is that for me?" "Yes. It was delivered yesterday evening, Miss Poining, dusty and discoloured as you now see it. The writing is very faded; but the red seal"—I stopped abruptly for at this moment the door opened, and a lovely girl of nineteen or twenty—stepped into the room. She paused at the door with her pretty lips half parted, and a quick inquiring expression filled her large dark eyes. Again the face in my dream it seemed to recur to me strangely to-night passed across this girl's face and vanished.

As a busy student in Lyon's Inn, with no romantic surroundings, with nothing but prosaic law books, and bilious looking deeds to stimulate my imagination, this poetic figure seemed almost like a revelation to me. I had come to this old house in Dean Street, with this mysterious letter of introduction to Miss Poining, simply to satisfy a craving curiosity, without the expectation of finding that she was alive and ready to receive me. It had astonished me in no small degree to discover the old lady, with her pinched and wrinkled face so young looking and so alert, nothing under the age of a hundred, by the name of Poining, would have caused me the least surprise. But who was this, I wondered, with these bright eyes and that inquiring glance? I looked from her to Miss Poining, and back again into the girl's face. I began to think that I was still dreaming and that I should wake up and find myself once more at my fireside in Lyon's Inn, with nothing but the vision of this beautiful creature, lingering in my memory, in that haunted old place where such beings are never seen.

"Heater, my dear," said the old lady, waving her hand. "this is Mr. Robert West of Lyon's Inn.—Miss Gretworth." Hester Gretworth regarded me, as I thought, with an expression of actual dread. Did she suspect me of being disembodied? "Lyon's Inn?" She appeared more troubled than Miss Poining at the mention of my address. Miss Poining hastened to explain. "Mr. West has brought that letter, left at his rooms, and addressed to me." Then she added: "Will you take it to the lamp, my dear, and look at the handwriting!"

The girl's agitation increased; it was painful to witness. After examining for a moment the dingy superscription which had so puzzled me, she said in a tearful voice: "It is his, aunt; it is Reginald's!" Miss Poining hastened to adjust her spectacles with trembling fingers. She spoke somewhat sternly: "Break the seal, my dear, and give me the letter."

The girl instantly obeyed, and then placed the lamp on the table beside Miss Poining. The old lady turned to me as she took the open letter in her hand: "Pray, be seated, Mr. West," for I had been standing since Miss Gretworth entered the room; "and you too, my dear. You make me nervous."

Every detail of that distressful moment—every shade of expression on Miss Poining's face and on Hester Gretworth's too, as she sat down between us with hands tightly clasped—comes back to me now. The letter was not a long one—three pages of not very closely written matter; but it appeared to take a long time to read, at least the minutes seemed to me like hours. The old clock on the mantle-shelf, whose "tick tack" had not until now caught my ear, filled the room with its loud vibrations. I began to wonder that the noise did not awaken the white Persian cat which was lying curled up on the hearth-rug at the old lady's feet.

Hester Gretworth never took her troubled eyes off Miss Poining's stern face. It was a painful study. Miss Poining's spectacles had to be taken off and wiped more than once during the reading, and each time that she removed them I noticed tears upon her wrinkled cheeks.

At last the letter was read and slowly folded; and while Miss Poining was folding it I remember thinking the expression in her face suggested a struggle with her worse nature. I expected every moment to see her tear the letter to atoms and fling it into the fire. Perhaps the same thought crossed Hester Gretworth's mind; for she now rose and took the letter gently from her aunt and quickly re-folded it; she seemed to dread even to give a glance at the writing.

"May I ask," said Miss Poining, suddenly looking towards me, "who left that letter at Lyon's Inn?" I knew not how to answer. I had asked myself this very question more than a hundred times within the last four-and-twenty hours; and so little had I anticipated finding the person in Dean Street to whom this letter was addressed, that it had never entered into my head to prepare even a plausible explanation about the affair beforehand. That Miss Poining noticed my hesitation, and that Hester Gretworth's eyes were fixed searchingly upon my face, did not mend matters; for the first time in my life I knew what it was to feel utterly embarrassed. All that I could do—with those bright eyes persistently bent upon me—was to stammer out in a disjointed sentence: "I do not know; I found it there."

"In your letter-box?" said Miss Poining. "No. I fell asleep last evening in my arm-chair; I had over-fatigued myself in the law-courts; and when I woke up the letter was lying on the rug near my chair."

Miss Poining stared at me in blank surprise. "Indeed?" Her tone was studiously polite, but devoid of credulity. "I had a vivid impression"—the courage to call it a dream had deserted me—"a very vivid impression in my sleep that I saw some one—a young man with a pale face and dark eyes—seated opposite to me; some one handed me a letter and disappeared. That is the only explanation." I added, "that I have to offer you. I have puzzled my brain—"

"Perhaps," interrupted Miss Poining with suppressed emotion, "perhaps you would know the face again—the face of the young man, I mean, who gave you that letter. Do you think you would, Mr. West, if you were to see it now?"

The tone in which Miss Poining spoke was somewhat startling. Was it in her power to solve this mystery? For a moment I felt completely unnerved: the incident of the preceding night had filled my mind with all sorts of odd fancies, and I was almost prepared, at a word from this lady, to see the pale-faced man appear, as he had done at Lyon's Inn; and confront me in her presence. I answered with as much assurance as I could muster: "I should know it again; I am sure of that."

The niece, a recess The heavy exclamation short I reckon no trav no ala Such own it dream A P the m A r built Fre appre becau summ Sea Franc New 1,500 The Duke restu prete Pa mste men' recei all r Th many over catio mase Th of G tues' quar post In Emj The afte muc gan A of J Wh pot Pri eric T 018 Asi nati qu fro to an in. lya sle cit de all of cu fr w a y d t z P d a y d t z

The old lady instantly glanced at her niece. "Hester," she pointed towards a recess, "Let Mr. West see his face."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Paris bankrupt selected the door sill of the morgue as a place for suicide.

A restaurant at Hamburg is said to be built and furnished entirely of paper.

French wine growers have a superstitious appreciation of comets, and expect good crops because four comets will be seen during the summer.

Search for diamonds is being made by the French Government at the penal colony of New Caledonia. Machinery to bore down 1,500 feet has been provided.

The Duke of Orleans has let his friends, the Dukes of Luynes and d'Alencon pay his prison restaurant bill of 1,354 francs.

Paris clubs are hereafter to be taxed, instead of the present 20 per cent, on their membership fees, 20 per cent, on their total receipts above \$1,200, and 10 per cent, on all receipts below that sum.

There was 17,086 books published in Germany last year, an increase of nearly 1,000 over the number in 1888. The list of educational books is the largest, 2,083, and of masonic books the smallest, 22.

There is a plague of locusts in the province of Gizeh in Egypt. In five days the authorities destroyed six tons of them. In weighing, quantities of their eggs are earned up. Exposure to the sun destroys the eggs.

In consequence of an edict issued by the Emperor of Russia, the German Court Theatre at St. Petersburg will cease to exist after May 1. The Germans in that city are much annoyed, and there is some talk of organizing a private theatre.

A German gardener has named a new sort of potato of his own discovery the Major Wissmann. Among the other varieties of potatoes advertised by the same man are the Prince Bismarck, Emperor William, Fred crick, Carl, and Pio Nono.

The Russian Government is taking vigorous measures to keep the cholera out of its Asiatic dominions. All travellers from Persia and Turkey have to submit to ten days' quarantine, and no more passports are issued from Russia into those countries.

A new malady, believed to be a successor to the grip, has appeared in southern Russia, and has already reached Milan and Lombardy in Italy. The symptoms are a feeling of paralysis in the limbs and a tendency to lethargic sleep, and it frequently proves fatal.

Windmills are used for generating electricity to run the light in a lighthouse at Capo de la Hague. The mill is geared automatically, so that it adjusts itself to varying forces of wind, and there are two dynamos, the current from which runs into accumulators, from which the light is fed.

An American "Spiritualist" medium is working the old cabinet trick in Vienna, and had a lively time the other night when a young man well known in diplomatic circles declared that she was a fraud. She offered to bet \$1,000 that she wasn't, but she wanted to appoint her own committee to decide the matter.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has just communicated to the Clergy of his diocese a decision of the Holy See against cremation. It forbids Catholics to cremate their dead, and orders the priests to refuse ecclesiastical burial to those who have expressed the desire to have their bodies cremated after death.

An English paper alleges that "On a recent trip to Europe the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas was introduced to an English member of Parliament. The introduction was made, not by name, but by the judicial title of the American visitor."

"Oh yes," said the Englishman, "I have heard of you. Your name is Judge Lynch."

It is said that the French Government has just given to the Government of Russia the secret of its new smokeless powder, and that the Russians are about to begin the manufacture of it upon a large scale, using imported workmen and being careful to exclude Germans and Jews from the factories. The basis of the powder is said to be sulphuric ether.

The La Plata Gazette announces that on April 1 an electric mail service will be set in operation between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. The two cities, which are about 180 miles apart have just been connected by a double line of wires. The tiny mail boxes, containing messages on this paper, will be slipped along these wires with lightning rapidity.

The publication has been begun of a monthly magazine at Thorshavn, a little town on the Faroe Islands. It is called Foringutidende, is printed in the language of the islands, and announces that its aim will be to occupy itself with "patriotic politics" and the encouragement of "modern Faroe literature." There is no Faroe literature yet, but it seems to be hoped that a demand will lead to a supply.

The Government of Saratoff, Russia, sells each year to the people an immense quantity of tar for use in their business. All the sales are on credit, and as the peasants can neither read nor write, the account of each is kept by means of certain signs made with the tar upon his doorstep. Pay day comes every fall, and then only are the doorposts of Saratoff washed clean until a new account is started.

The village of Dassa, on the island of Lesbos, has a woman said to be 137 years old, who still has the complete use of her senses. The same island contains three other inhabitants who are said to have passed their hundredth birthday. Ismail Apa, 130 years old; Khalil Apa, in his 119th year, and Aschik Baba, aged 115. All three of these centenarians, it is said, earn their living by daily work.

St Petersburg tailors got up a scheme for publishing in the newspapers the names of all their customers who refused to pay their bills, but the Government forbade it. Now the tailors accomplish the same object by putting up a large blackboard in the reception room of their shop, upon which they chalk the names of the chief delinquents and the amounts of their bills. They say it has reduced by 60 percent their losses.

At Paris dinner tables the latest feature for dessert is the practice of putting on the table small receptacles called marmites, or "pots," in which are inclosed nuts, bonbons, and any other trifles that the hostess pleases. Each guest takes a pot, and before opening it trades it for that of some one else. The fun comes in when the results of the trades are known and some are found to have swapped a pot filled with candy for one containing something of value.

Since the oldest woman in Austria died recently at the age of 114 years, five other women claiming to be centenarians have applied for the pension that she had received. The one chosen is said to be 115 years old, and lives on twelve shillings a month, without nurse or attendant, doing her own housework and running her own errands, when she cannot get any of her neighbors' children to do them for her.

The St. Petersburg Chief of Police has called the attention of the owners of dancing saloons, music halls, and restaurants to the generally dirty condition of their places, and suggests that Lent gives them an excellent chance to clean up. Those who do not take the hint, it is delicately intimated, may have difficulty about getting their licenses renewed at Easter, which is the most profitable season of the year for them.

A Russian peasant in the Simperfool district had two sons, of whom the younger was his favorite. The elder, not liking this, took \$1,000 that the old man had secreted, and hid it in a cornstack. When the old man discovered his loss, a few days later, the elder acknowledged having taken the money, and offered to give it up if the father would promise thereafter to treat him the same as he did the younger son. The father agreed, and both hurried off to the cornstack. But the money had been there before them, and the money was destroyed.

There are 2,000 men and 600 women em-

ployed as street sweepers in Paris, besides 3,500 more workmen engaged in draining, paving, planting, and similar service. The foremen of the sweepers get \$1 a day, their deputies eighty, and the rank and file about seventy five cents for ten hours' work. The women work shorter hours and get about forty-five cents per day. They all have to find their own tools. It is now proposed to increase the wages of the sweepers and to retire them on a pension of \$100 per year when they reach 65 years of age.

One of the most curious drawbridges in the world, is in the harbor called St. Ann's Bay in the Island of Curacao. It is a pontoon bridge, and one of the pontoons is a steamer. The steamer was built in Camden, Maine. It is a scow 40 feet long, 12 wide, and 7 deep. There is a single shaft that runs clear through the boat, and has a 40-inch screw propeller on each end. When the draw is to be opened the captain of the steam pontoon casts off the lines, gives a toot on the whistle, and sets the propellers a whirling, and thereupon half the bridge swings around far enough to let the coming ship pass through. Then the wheel is reversed and the gap is closed.

The white population at Congo is increasing at quite a rapid rate. Five years ago, after Stanley had founded his stations, there were only about 200 white men engaged in the various enterprises along the river. The number has now increased to nearly 500, some of whom have lived on the river nine or ten years. The gratifying thing about it is that a fair average of health is maintained among the colonists. The fact would attract world-wide attention if these pioneers were having the experience which, it is said, was formerly the usual fate of the Governors of Sierra Leone, the old Governor invariably going home in his coffin while the new official was travelling to his field of labor.

A marriage broker is doing an excellent business in Bachmut, Russia. Anybody coming to Bachmut is sure to be met by this man at his hotel with the inquiry, "Sir, do you want to marry?" The marriage broker carries an album full of photographs of people of both sexes who would not mind getting married. On each photograph may be found details concerning the social and financial standing of the person pictured. On his arrival at Bachmut the broker visited every house of interest to him in his special line, and was kindly received everywhere. There are already many happy brides and grooms in the city to whom he points with pride his customers. Bachmut is especially favorable for operations of this nature, it is said, as it contains many girls of good looks and fair fortune.

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, 40c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; 'ickem' and Elton's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

"I Knewed Them Eyes Wuz Ellen's."

They driv a horridge to the door, An' out of it a lady got, All dressed in silks an' furbelows, And walked right up to where I sot; Sez she: "I come from Obedstown, I'm huntin' fer a Cap'n Brown." I looked, an' when her face I see, Thinks I, "No marm, you kaint fool me - I knowed them eyes wuz Ellen's."

My darter, merried twenty year An' gone to live in Idyho, She growed and chang'd, but the law me, Queer of a mother wouldn't know - Her hair was teched a bit with gray An' mebbly she wain't quite so gay, A little clouter in her size, Yit, as I looked in them blue eyes, I knowed them eyes wuz Ellen's

An' so I riz right up at once An' grabbed her close an' hilt her tight, Ad' she sed "Mar!" an' I sez "Nell!" An' then we hugg'd with all our might, For time might ketch me on some things, Consid'rn all the change it brings, But when I looked I knowed her, shore, I seen my baby's eyes once more - I knowed them eyes wuz Ellen's.

ELLIS M'GAFFEY.

Sunken Treasure.

The subject of sunken treasure reminds one of the heaps of gold carried in the galleons of the past. In 1769 a ship of war from Lisbon had on board 9,000,000 of crusades in diamonds and about 100,000 "crowns turquois" in piasters, making the whole 29,050,000 livres turquois. In 1774 two Spanish ships from Vera Cruz and Havana arrived with 22,000,000 of crowns, exclusive of merchandise, valued roundly at 27,000,000 crowns. Of the cargo of an English Indiaman in 1771, one item alone—a diamond in the rough—was valued at £100,000.

All In a Heap.

Malarial fever left me with my blood in a terrible state, with boils breaking out on my head and face. I was too weak to work or even walk, but after taking a quarter of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I was able to work. The boils all went away in a heap, as it were, and my strength fully returned before the bottle was done.

FRED. W. HAYNES, Winona, Ont.

If the red sleigher thinks he sleighs this season he must have a vivid imagination

- "PECTORIA" will cure that cold. "PECTORIA" has no equal. "PECTORIA" loosens the phlegm. "PECTORIA" put up in 2c bottles. "PECTORIA" the people's remedy.

Advertisement for PECTORIA medicine, listing symptoms like Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness, and various ailments. Includes contact information for J. E. HAZELTON, 305 Yonge St. Toronto.

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334 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Are you paying more than these prices? 2 papers Carpet T 2 papers, 1,000 in paper, large head, or 7c. all sizes same... Eddy's Matches, 5c.; a full 3 lb. bar of splendid 1 of Soap retailed at lowest wholesale prices. These are our catalogues and price list will tell you of them. We are glad to see you.

in the killing of every man in the freight crew.

There was nothing to throw off or to take on at the station, and in a couple of minutes the train pulled out and ran slowly down the grade to the tank. For a moment, as it started, Hardy thought of breaking away from Barwood's side, jumping on the engine and throwing the valve wide open—trusting to the sudden start at full speed to snap the coupling with the train—and so taking the chances of getting off. Barwood seemed to understand this thought, and checked it.

"You'd better not try any monkey tricks," he said quietly. "You'd only get hurt; t' say nothin' of gettin' th' boys on th' train into trouble. My Greasers are a fightin' lot, an' won't stand any foolishness just now—an' I won't neither."

So the train moved away, and Hardy watched it as it slid along the rails, much as a man floating on a spar in mid-ocean would watch a passing vessel that he could not hail without at once bringing death to himself and to all on board. As he realized the devilish ingenuity with which Barwood had laid his plans, and perceived how completely, so far, he had been a puppet in Barwood's hands, a chill went down into his heart. But the chill was only momentary. Instantly a healthy reaction of hot anger set in, and with it came renewed confidence in himself. He was in a tight place—a very tight place, certainly; but he had been in tight places a good many times before, and always had managed to get himself out of them. It would not be his fault if he did not down Barwood and his gang of Greasers yet.

The engine took in water at the tank, and then, puffing vigorously, slowly ascended the long grade. They watched it in silence until the train had shrunk to a mere speck and the puffing of the engine no longer could be heard.

"I don't want you to think, Hardy, that I don't believe you're not going to play fair," Barwood said, as they turned about and faced each other, "but it'll save you from bein' lonesome if my friend Don Pedro here an' one or two of th' boys sort of set around an' keep you company. I know you wouldn't do it on purpose, but if you was left by yourself you might kind of accidentally get t' foolin' with that telegraph key, you know, in a way that wouldn't be just altogether wholesome; so it's safer for all hands that you sha'n't have th' chance. Don Pedro is a very pleasant gentleman, an' you'll find him ready t' tell you all about th' business—go in' into th' fine points of 't as I hadn't time to. I'd like t' stay an' keep you company mya, but I've got a good deal t' do just now, an' can't. We've got quite a piece of work on hand for t'night, that I'll tell you all about a little later—when you've made up your mind, as I know you're goin' to, t' come into the concern. Just you think about what I've been tellin' you, an' about what Don Pedro will tell you too, about what a good business 't is, an' don't you throw away th' best chance for makin' a big strike you've ever had offered t' you. An' though I really don't like t' speak about it, don't forget what I was sayin' about that American grave-yard; an' don't you forget"—here Barwood came close to Hardy and lowered his voice—"what I said about Mary: if you'll come in she's yours."

Hardy made no reply. Barwood accepted his silence in good part, nodded pleasantly, and walked off toward the town. The Alcalde went with him, and at the ruined house they stopped for a few minutes in consultation. Then the Alcalde and two men returned and walked away down the line of the railroad, two more men came over and joined Don Pedro at the station, and the rest straggled off toward the town in Barwood's wake.

Hardy walked into the station and seated himself beside the table on which was the telegraph instrument. Don Pedro followed after him closely, and the two men placed themselves just outside the door.

"It will be more commodious for the Senor if he will seat himself where he will have the pleasure of the fresh air," said Don Pedro, politely.

"Thanks, Senor I am very well here," Hardy answered.

"But—the Senor will pardon me?—but the Senor's hand might inadvertently touch the little machine. It is better for him here."

"Oh!" said Hardy. "I comprehend," and he moved his chair.

"And since the Senor, who is among friends, can have no use for it, I am sure

that he will give me his pistol to take care of for him?"

Hardy was disposed to argue this request; but, as he hesitated, the men in the doorway moved forward into the room and ranged up beside him. Under these circumstances argument was out of place. With a very bad grace he yielded. Don Pedro waved his hand politely, and declared in courteous tones that he owed the Senor a thousand thanks.

He was a red-faced, dirty, villainous-looking dog, this Don Pedro, but his voice was gentle and low, his language was conspicuously elegant, and his manners were above reproach. In the event of his finding it necessary to commit a murder, he was quite the sort of man to apologize to his victim in well-chosen words, and with a certain amount of sincerity. Being naturally a loquacious personage, he made several attempts to draw Hardy into conversation, but his attempts were not successful.

"The Senor, no doubt, has much upon his mind," he said at last. "He wishes to meditate upon the fortune that we offer him. He is quite right, and I shall disturb him no more. He will join me in smoking." Hardy shook his head. "No? Ah, then he will pardon me if I smoke alone."

Saying which, Don Pedro unrolled a cigarito, brushed away a part of the tobacco, re-rolled it firmly, lighted it with a double-headed match, and then settled himself as comfortably as the circumstances of the case would permit on the seat improvised from a nail-keg, and apparently gave himself up wholly to the pure happiness of smoking.

That Don Pedro's abstraction was more apparent than real was shown by the fact that he had been careful to seat himself between Hardy and the telegraph instrument. And Hardy noticed also that when the men outside lit their cigaritos—as they presently did, of course—the little ceremony of unwrapping, rewrapping, and lighting was performed in turn, so that one of them watched him constantly, alert and with free hands. They all seemed to think that a single touch upon the key of the telegraph would suffice to give the alarm; and they all evidently had a wholesome respect for Hardy's strength and courage, and were determined to guard against the possibility of his taking them by surprise. As he perceived how sharply they watched him, the saying current on the border, that one American can whip three Mexicans, came into his mind; and he smiled grimly as he thought that these three Mexicans certainly were conducting themselves as though they believed that the saying was true. But for the certainty that the sound of shooting would bring all the men in the town about his ears, he would have given them a chance—unarmed though he was—to settle the matter by a practical experiment; and he rather flattered himself that the saying would be confirmed by the result. Probably he was over-confident, for the Mexicans were so keenly alive to his smallest movement that any demonstration of hostility on his part would have been nipped in the bud. Even when he put his hand in his pocket for his pipe, they all three—forgetting for the moment that they had taken his pistol from him—were on their feet in an instant and had him covered with their revolvers. He threw up his hands promptly and explained his intentions, and with rather a sheepish look they sat down again. But while he could not help laughing to himself, he perceived that the odds against him were even heavier than he had taken them to be. For the first time in his life he admitted the thought that perhaps he had got into a scrape that he could not get out of.

Hardy smoked gloomily. The outlook, so far as he himself was concerned, did not greatly trouble him. He had not found life so pleasant that the near prospect of parting with it occasioned him regret. But the thought of what the loss of his life would mean to Mary filled him with a keen misery. He could see no hope for her at all. There was no one to help her. She could not help herself. He doubted even if she had a sufficient strength of purpose to seek in death the one desperate chance of escape left open to her. Unless her husband should be shot or hung—of which, of course, there was a fairly hopeful probability—her present wretched existence might drag on for years and years. Of course, she would

die of it, or be driven mad by it, at last; but what grinding agony would be hers until, in death or madness, she found her release!

Slowly the time wore away. The day was nearly ended, and little puffs of cool wind broke through the hot, dense air, and brought with them a delectable refreshment. Gradually these puffs gathered force and increased in frequency, becoming a strong, fresh breeze as the sun dropped down behind the mountains and twilight settled upon the earth. Hardy, who had eaten nothing since breakfast-time, grew desperately hungry, and his Mexican guards sniffed longingly at the relishing smells which came down to them on the wind from the many outdoor cookings going on about the town. But they showed no disposition to surrender to the cravings of the flesh. Evidently they had their orders and meant to obey them. As the twilight deepened into dusk they came closer to him.

"Only a little while longer, Senor," Don Pedro said cheerfully, as this change was made.

Hardy wondered what was going to happen at the end of the little while but he did not speak. The dead silence in which they sat was broken only by the clatter of the telegraph as from time to time a message went over the line. There was something harrowing in this sound. It made it seem so near, while in reality help was so hopelessly far away. The dispatches going through were on company's service—train orders and the like. Hardy listened to them idly, repeating in his mind the words as they were built up from the intermittent sounds. For a while there was silence. The room was quite dark now, save that for a little space within each doorway there shone a faint, hazy light from the stars. It must be eight o'clock, Hardy thought; in two hours more Barwood would demand his answer. He was ready to give it. The moon would be rising about that time—the last moonrise that he ever would see. It was odd to stop off short this way, right in the middle of one's life. It was like buying a through ticket to Chicago and being fired off the train at a way-station somewhere out on the plains. It didn't seem like a fair deal. Here the noise of the telegraph broke in once more upon his thoughts. An order was going through to the north-bound passenger train that would pass Santa Maria between three and four o'clock the following morning:

"Side-track at Los Angeles for the down —" then the ticking stopped.

Hardy listened for the sound to begin again. Five minutes passed and still the dispatch was left unfinished. Five minutes more, and only silence. At the end of fifteen minutes—the time had seemed a full hour—he drew a long breath as the truth of the situation forced itself home on him: they had cut the wires!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE IN ANEGADA.

One of the Strangest of All the Strange Places in the World.

The island of Anegada is one of the strangest of all the strange places in the world. It lies near the northeastern angle of the main chain of the West Indies, and differs from all the other islands near it in being flat and low, the neighboring isles all being steep and mountainous. It is nine miles across, and lies so low that in heavy gales the sea makes a clean breach over the lower portions of it, whence its name, for *anegada* is the Spanish for "drowned island."

In 1881 it had 719 inhabitants, of whom only three were white people. Its population is noted for illiness, and the main occupation for many years was wrecking—for an extensive and very dangerous coral reef surrounds the island, and once gave it a very melancholy notoriety. But since the establishment of the lighthouse on the island of Sombbrero (forty-seven miles to the eastward) there have been few, if any, wrecks on Anegada, since the main

CAUSE OF THE SHIPWRECKS

was the constant and swift current which sets upon the island from the east. Accordingly, the natives are now not often aroused by the cry of "a vessel on the reef"—the only call in the old days which would draw them from their almost perpetual inactivity. In fact, they are about the laziest people in the West Indies, although that is saying a great deal.

Anegada used to be covered with under-wood, notably of the kind called seaside grape, which here is particularly rich in the valuable gum called Jamaica kino. Anegada is the home of very numerous and singular tropical plants, but it is perhaps rather more noteworthy for its immense number of mosquitoes, gallinippers and scorpions, not to speak of venomous and other reptiles. The surrounding seas are rich in scale and shell fish of many kinds. Among its singular birds the flamingo is one of the most numerous species; and most of the ponds are the abode of ducks which on the approach of man, rise and fill the air with their clangorous cries. It is not an easy matter to reach the island. A few years ago an attempt was made to open mines upon it, but nothing came of the effort but disappointment and loss. Among the many disagreeable features of life in this hot steaming climate is the presence of large salt ponds, which in the dry season give out an intolerable stench; and the same ponds in the wet season fill up with singular rapidity and flood a considerable part of the island.

When Schomburgk was on Anegada many years ago there was one morning a great outcry that all the north part of the island was flooded; and so to all appearance it was; but on examination it was found that the supposed waves of the sea were in reality only a low; lying fog which was rapidly sweeping along.

ANOTHER CURIOUS THING

is the aerial refraction; and this often brings into view other islands which lie below the horizon, and which according to the ordinary operations of nature, ought to be invisible. A part of the surface is composed of sand dunes, but there is a considerable proportion of calcareous, or coral land, with belts of fertile loam, and if the soil were intelligently and faithfully cultivated, it would no doubt yield good returns. In ordinary seasons the fresh water supply appears to be ample. On the northeast side of the island there is a singular succession of very deep natural wells of fresh water, some of them twenty-five feet across at the top.

It would be hard to find anywhere a hotter, wetter, worse-smelling or more generally disagreeable place to live in than Anegada; but singularly enough it appears to be for the most part a pretty healthy place—at least for the natives, of whom nearly all are black or colored. In the antecolonial days the Indians used to come hither in their canoes, and they have left immense kitchen-middens or heaps of shells; but no Indian could ever bring himself to make a permanent home in Anegada with its steaming fogs, its squalls, its sea floods, its fresh water inundations, its strong smells, and its dense swarms of insects.

Nothing can be done with silk to remove the rain spots. Rain or water drops are fatal to some of the silk mixtures and to the usual thin summer silks. Louissines and some of the surahs do not spot, but it depends greatly on the color. Never use a very hot iron in pressing silk. The plain India silks can be washed, usually, as safely as cottons.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

CURE, CURE, CURE

Dyspepsia and Diabetes BY DIETETICS.

"ONE NATIONAL FOODS" is the trade mark for a class of Hygienic preparations that will cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Diabetes, when medicine fails. It approximates some 2,000 years ago traced back the origin of medicine to dietetics. Our Desiccated Wheat, Gluten Flour, Patent Barley and Barvenna Milk Food will agree with any infant or invalid and will fish them into health and strength. Mouthful will produce three times the strength of who passed 8 oz. of sugar in their urine. Diabetes by our Gluten months old was cured from which these food. The light of all times by converting. The trade supplied.

The Ireland

Health Department.

Miss Willard on Woman's Dress.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in her late annual address, gives the following expression to her ideas on the subject of woman's dress:-

"Woman's everlastingly belabored, bedazzled, and bedraggled style of dress is today doing more harm to children unborn, and dying than all other causes that compel public attention. With ligatured lungs and liver as our past inheritance and present slavery, the wonder is that such small heads can carry all we know! Catch Etilso and constrict him inside a wasp waist-coat, and be assured you'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck, and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you'll have no more epics; put Parnell into petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause; treat Powderly in the same fashion, and the powder mine of failure will blow up the labor movement. Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together. The emancipation of one will always keep pace with the other; a ligature around the vital organs at the smallest diameter of the womanly figure, means an impoverished blood-supply in the brain, and may explain why women scream when they see a mouse, and why they are so terribly afraid of a term which should be their glory; it is that of their brothers, viz., strong and bold."

"Our degradation in the line of bandaging the waist has reached such a point that Helen Campbell says it is a requisite in fashionable London stores to have the women clerks not larger around than twenty inches, and eighteen-inch waists are preferred. Look at the monstrous deformity produced by constrictive surgery as applied to the average fashion-plate, and think what belittlement of power and happiness it means to the poor creatures who wear these waists, and to the children!"

"Boned women are not in normal conditions for thought; high-heeled women are not in normal conditions for motion; corseted women are not in normal conditions for motherhood. Each of the constrictions and contortions involved by these crimes in dress is a distinct violation of loving laws given by our heavenly Father for our highest happiness and growth. I wonder that men in their magisterial power do not forbid this thing by statute, in the interests of their sons that are to be."

"But ethics and aesthetics must go aside by side in the blessed work of dress-reform, for that is nature's way. The pioneers did not see this, and their 'bloomers' speedily dropped into innocuous desuetude. But the modern—led by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, 'that Hebe of the new fashion-plate'—have sat at nature's feet, and on my recent eastern trips I learned what I know to be true in progressive Chicago, that the best are also coming to be the bravest women, that among them is an absolute craze for getting rid of corsets, and that the divided skirt is worn by tens of thousands whom you might not suspect of so much good sense and courage."

General Health Notes.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A child three months old was suffering from umbilical hernia, or protrusion from the navel. The truss which had been provided produced so much irritation that it was obliged to be removed. The doctor improvised a remedy which worked admirably, by taking one fourth of an ordinary skein of soft white yarn, and tying a knot in the middle, and then tying the yarn about the body, placing the knot in such a position as to rest upon the protrusion. After wearing this simple appliance for two or three months, the child was entirely cured.

ITCHING THROAT ERUPTION.—One of the most annoying forms of pruritis is that which is accompanied by eruption of any sort. People are particularly subject to it.

The following is a very valuable remedy for the entire body.

Take a quart of water, add a quart of wine, and a pint of vinegar.

Apply to the body with a brush.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers, 5 cents.

"FRUIT-CORIA" has no equal as a remedy for colds and coughs. Try a bottle and cure that is enough. 25 cent bottle.

ably there is no one disease for which so many different remedies have been suggested. The latest remedy advised, and which is said to be in popular demand, consists in exposing the patient to the stings of bees. The insects are applied in the neighborhood of the affected part, and the stings are repeated until a cure results. A French physician recently made a report to the Academy of Medicine at Paris, of one hundred cases of acute chronic rheumatism treated by this method, and, as he claimed, with success. According to the report, it requires, however, an average of nearly three hundred and fifty stings for each patient, to effect a cure. Probably the majority of persons would prefer the disease to the remedy.

A REMEDY FOR ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. Woller, an assistant of Prof. Bilroth, of Vienna, cured erysipelas by surrounding it with strips of sticking-plaster. He finds that the disease rarely, if ever, extends beyond the limits of the sticking-plaster. This may be called the mechanical method of treating erysipelas. We have succeeded in many cases of the sort, by surrounding or covering the affected part with collodium.

DRAIN SORE THROAT.—This is a name applied by Dr. J. C. Cameron, to a form of disease which has been observed by sanitarians and physicians, to have resulted a number of times from poisoning of the house atmosphere by sewer gas. The principal symptoms of "drain sore throat" are an irritation similar to the rash of scarlet fever, a high temperature from enlargement and ulceration of the tonsils, and in some instances suppuration of the tonsils, an appearance similar to that of diphtheria. The term "drain sore throat," is a good one, and the causation of sore throat by sewer gas affords an explanation of the frequent occurrence of outbreaks of this disease, in which whole families are stricken down at once.

A NEW REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Any one who has suffered from a severe attack of sea-sickness, will be grateful for any means which offers relief. The following remedy, suggested by a Russian physician, is guaranteed to be an effective means of curing the worst cases of sea-sickness, and of avoiding it when the symptoms first begin to make their appearance. The remedy consists of making long and deep inspirations. About twenty breaths should be taken each minute, and as deep as possible. After thirty or forty inspirations have been taken, the symptoms will be found to abate, and in a few minutes will disappear altogether. If the symptoms reappear, the deep breathings should be at once resorted to. If the testimony of the dozen or more persons who have tried the remedy can be believed, speedy relief can be obtained.

A Terrier Kills a Cobra.

A terrier owned by a native gentleman residing in Durnodaw, India, while running about the compound, was started at by a large cobra snake, which, however, missed its aim, when the dog took his chance and went for the snake, succeeding in getting hold of it by the hood; at once running off with it, putting the occupants of the house into a terrible fright. The dog then commenced shaking the snake, during which operation it released its hold only to get a second grip at it; but this time it unfortunately caught it below the hood, thus giving the snake a chance to give it a bite on the lip. This so infuriated the dog that it tightened its grip and severed the snake in two. The snake's bite, however, did its work, for the brave little dog frothed from the mouth and died in a few minutes.

For purifying the blood, stimulating the appetite, and invigorating the system in the spring and early summer, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unsurpassed. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other, else the result may be anything but satisfactory.

It is not strange that stove manufacturers should be fired by ardor from the grate cause.

Those fellows who dote on their girls sometimes find matrimony a powerful antidote.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers, 5 cents.

"FRUIT-CORIA" has no equal as a remedy for colds and coughs. Try a bottle and cure that is enough. 25 cent bottle.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last Truth Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, provided always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help. The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1. WINGS; 2. LEAS; 3. FEET.

- FIRST REWARDS. First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm \$500. Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols, \$20. Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3.

- SECOND REWARDS. First one, Fifty Dollars Cash. Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash. Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45. Next fifteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Doro Bible Gallery, \$7. Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell, \$21.

- THIRD REWARDS. First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40. Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15. Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet, \$5.

- FOURTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for Truth. Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, \$40. Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$10. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Hig Islands, \$2. Next one, Family Knitting Machine.

- FIFTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash. Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60. Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2. Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1.

- SIXTH REWARDS. First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40. Next twenty-five, each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15. Next thirty, each a Imitation Steel Engraving, \$2.

- SEVENTH REWARDS. First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold. Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash. Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1.

- EIGHTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for Truth. Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$25. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth,

- 6 vols, \$15. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, \$2. Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress.

- NINTH REWARDS. First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash. Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1. Next twenty-five, each a copy "War in the Soudan," \$2.

- TENTH REWARDS. First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano \$650. Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$50. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2. Next twenty-nine, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-five, each a very fine Pair German Silver Sugar Tongs, \$2.

- ELEVENTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash \$10. Next five, \$10 in cash \$20. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold \$15 \$25. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60 \$40. Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Farm Treasury, \$2 \$38.

- TWELFTH REWARDS. First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosewood Case \$50. Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3 \$45. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7 \$105. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2 \$82. Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book \$10 \$200.

- THIRTEENTH REWARDS. First ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30 \$300. Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7 \$49. Next eleven, each Five Dollars cash \$55. Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3 \$51. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1 \$29.

- FOURTEENTH REWARDS. First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm \$500. Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia \$55. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$10 \$200. Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Napier's Valuable Book, \$2 \$50. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15 \$165.

- FIFTEENTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for Truth, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England \$250. Second five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported by Truth, \$40 \$500. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth, 5 vols, \$15 \$75. Next eighteen, each a World's Encyclopedia, \$2 \$36.

A few names of winners in previous competitions, E. Worth, 56 Markham St., Toronto, Piano; R. Hext, Bradford, Piano; Noel March, manager Smith Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot; Goo. Black, 41 East Ave. S., Hamilton, Piano; Caroline Pudey, 117 Berkeley St., Toronto, \$30 cash, besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answer. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing. TRUTH contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for father's reading; contributors' page for all thoughtful readers; Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys; Copyrighted Stories and Serial Tales for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number in cities, where given, and post office addresses for town, village, and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order the letters arrive in Truth's office. Fifteen days after the 31st July will be allowed for letters from distant points. About 133,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now. Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.

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Will soon end if not supported by genuine merit. The success of Burdock Blood Bitters is founded on merit and approved by trial.

The iceman weighs the block and blocks the way simultaneously.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Everybody in the world is engaged in throwing the blame on some one else. Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page illustrated book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home.

We can learn nothing about the tomahawk from books on ornithology.

First and foremost among external curatives of pain is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor is it less esteemed as a remedy for coughs, pains, swellings, corns, bunions, etc.

The Southern district of London is being harried by burglars, and it is estimated that \$25,000 worth of property has been stolen in a territory covering about three square miles.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial! It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

No medicine has had greater success in checking consumption, in its early stages, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops coughing, soothes the throat and lungs, and induces much-needed repose.

Evo was the first girl to get a fall "sack" if you remember rightly.

The rock on which many a constitution goes to pieces is Dyspepsia. The loss of vigor which, this disease involves, the maladies which accompany it, or which are aggravated by it, the mental despondency which it entails, are terribly exhaustive of vital stamina.

As fencing is such a manly art it is odd that there is so much feinting in it.

Labor Items.

Sudden accidents often befall artisans, farmers and all who work in the open air, besides the exposure to cold and damp, producing rheumatism, lame back, stiff joints, lameness, etc.

Woman may be a conundrum, a puzzle, but the world will never give her up.

C. A. Livingston, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time.

A kiss on the forehead denotes reverence, but it doesn't tickle for shucks.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the forerunner of consumption and premature death.

Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Dickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system.

Spruce gum costs over a dollar a pound, wholesale, to those who chew to buy it.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood."

The maids of old were not necessarily old maids.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Leading Druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities, and as a female medicine, it has accomplished remarkable cures.

An inspector of customs—a fashion writer.

W. W. McLaughlin, Lyn P. O., writes: "I was afflicted with Rheumatism, and had given up all hope of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent fifty miles and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition, No. 25.

A Wonderful List of Rewards Arranged in an Equitable Manner.

SEND NOW!! DON'T DELAY!!!

The twenty-fifth competition opens in a popular than ever. There are few dissatisfied competitors, some would not be pleased if they were to get a piano every time.

This competition will only remain open till the thirty-first day of March inclusive, but the sooner you send the better, although your opportunities for securing a reward are almost at good one time as another between now and the thirty-first of March provided your answers to the questions are correct.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano. To the next person, one of the sewing machines, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

- First, One Fine Upright Piano, \$500
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, \$200
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50
Next three, each a Fine Triplo Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces), \$200
Next twenty one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20
Next five, each an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, \$10
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., \$15
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, \$5
Next One Very Fine Toned Upright Piano, \$650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next forty one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," \$1
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book.
Next eleven, five dollars cash
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1
To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the one hundred dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

- MIDDLE REWARDS.
First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash... \$100
Next five, each \$10 in cash... 50
Next fifteen, each a Superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, \$15... 225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements \$50
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7... 133
Next one, One Very Fine Solid Triplo Silver Plated Coffee Urn... 50
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50... 250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7... 105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2... 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20... 480
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm... \$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plated Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design... 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$10... 200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2... 58
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15... 165
Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes. will find the JOURNAL well worth the leaving the rewards at all. The Bible study answers to the questions and may benefit you. The distribution of the interested parties and the order letters arrive. Over 25,000 awards in previous years. Editor: LADIES' JOURNAL.
For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 31st March or

Throat and Lung Diseases Cured by Medicated Air.

Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, of New York and Chicago, the founder of this practice, in association with his brother, Dr. James Hunter, has established a branch for Canada, at 71 Bay Street, Toronto, where all forms of throat and lung disease are treated as successfully as in New York or London.

Their treatment by medicated air inhalations is so successful, that it has been adopted in all Hospitals for the special treatment of the lungs, in England and throughout Europe, where Dr. Robert Hunter introduced it in person, as he is now doing in Canada.

Patients can be treated at home. On application, a pamphlet explaining the treatment, and list of questions to be answered, is sent, and on its return, Dr. Hunter gives his opinion of the case.

Those who come to town for examination, can return home and carry out the treatment.

Address, R. & J. Hunter, 71 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Epps' 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.

Strange that we object to the corn on the toe and not that on the ear!

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash... \$100
Next five, each \$10 in cash... 50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15... 225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements \$50
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7... 133
Next, One Very Fine Solid Triplo Silver Plated Coffee Urn... 50
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50... 250
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Our Young Folks.

ROWSER

BY KITTIE CARROLL.

"Here, Rowser, here," called a merry voice, and Ella Sutton came down the path on her way down town. Rowser came bounding around the house to follow his beloved mistress, wagging his shaggy tail with delight. He was the pet of the family, a great, shaggy collie, loving and useful. Mrs. Sutton used often to say she did not know how they would keep house without Rowser, he was so handy about running the chickens into the coop, going to town on errands, bringing the cows from the pasture, and a dozen other things. He dearly loved all the little Suttons, but his especial favorite was twelve year old Ella. Where she went, Rowser followed unless forbidden, and to-day when she started for the village half-a-mile away he made joyful signs of his pleasure at being allowed to go with her.

Along the dusty road they went, now stopping for a gambol in a particularly fine grass plot, now walking soberly on, Ella talking to her four-footed companion and he making grave signs that he understood.

"We must hurry on, Rowser, or we won't get across the railroad before that long freight train which will be here in half an hour," said Ella. "We must try and get back before it gets here or it may keep us in town an hour."

Rowser barked assent and they bounded merrily across the track and hurried to the village store. Ella's purchases were soon made and she called her dog and started back. But although she had made haste, the train was almost to the crossing when she reached the railroad.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I shall have to wait. I'm afraid to cross with the cars so near."

Rowser looked from Ella to the coming train, and gathering from her looks that the train was delaying her, he sprang on the track and began barking furiously at the iron monster.

"Oh, Rowser, come back, come back, you'll be killed!" shrieked Ella, running wildly up and down the track. "Here, Rowser, here, here, sir!"

But his own loud barking and the roar of the advancing train made him deaf to all other sounds. Ella looked despairingly around. None of the men gathered near the crossing seemed inclined to go to the rescue of a dog, so with a final appealing gaze she started for the track. Before the men could stop her she had Rowser by the collar, and he, used to obeying her light touch, was off the track just in time to escape being struck by the locomotive. But poor Ella was not so fortunate. In trying to spring from the track her foot caught on the rail and she fell heavily. Then light and sense forsook her, and when the long train had come to a standstill she lay unconscious by the track, and one foot lay across the rail over which the cruel wheels had ground. They tried to lift her, but the dog, for whom the sacrifice had been made, stood over the still form and kept all at a distance.

Someone who knew the little girl sprang into a buggy which stood near and drove rapidly for her father. Mr. Sutton was quickly on the spot, his face white with anguish, and at his word the noble brute stood aside while the senseless girl was lifted and borne tenderly home.

Then followed days of raging fever, when every one moved about softly, and Mrs. Sutton's strength was taxed to the utmost. Day followed day as the sufferer lived over those few brief moments of fear and anxiety.

"But I saved Rowser," she would say, over and over again. "I couldn't stand by and see Rowser killed, so I pulled him off the track. But I fell and hurt my foot so."

...and she thought how good every one was to her.

"Mamma," whispered a weak voice, "have I been sick?"

"Yes, darling," was the sobbing reply, "you have been very sick, but you are going to get well, aren't you?"

"Yes," came from the white lips, and she fell into a peaceful sleep.

One by one the days were added to the past and Ella grew stronger with each one. Every morning she was lifted to a large rocker which stood by the open window, and she would sit content for hours looking at the beautiful world around her.

"Mamma," she said, one morning, "isn't my foot most well enough to have the hand-ages taken off? They feel so uncomfortable."

Mrs. Sutton's eyes filled with tears as she sat down by her little daughter.

"Perhaps it is, daughter," she said. "Do you feel quite strong now?"

"Why, yes," answered wondering Ella. "I shall soon be running around with Rowser the same as ever."

"And don't you feel very, very thankful that your life is spared, in spite of trouble and pain?" pursued her mother's trembling voice.

"Of course I do. But mamma, what makes you feel so sad, and look at me so strangely?"

"I think you are strong enough to hear now. Did you ever wonder why we always keep the blanket around you, and why you have never seen where your feet were since you were sick?"

"Mamma, you don't mean"—began startled Ella.

"Yes, darling, I do mean that the engine took your left foot, but you are so strong and well now that we cannot help feeling thankful for the escape you had," responded the now weeping mother.

Ella stared at her mother in dumb amazement for a moment. Then her eyes turned slowly toward the lovely world she admired so much. She would never run and play like other little girls, never dance around the Maypole or run races with Rowser, or do any of the things she loved so well, and at the thought the frozen fountain of her tears was broken, and she burst into a fit of wild weeping. Her mother let her weep, for she knew it would relieve the overburdened heart. After a time the sobs came more slowly, and soon the weary head lay on her mother's bosom, and a long, quiet talk followed the storm of passion. At the close of the conversation Mrs. Sutton went to her work with a lighter heart than she had carried for many a day, while Ella leaned on the window, a quiet tear stealing down her cheek from time to time, as the merry shouts of her brothers and sisters came in at the open window.

In a week she was growing reconciled to her misfortune. As she sat in her usual seat by the window a louder shout than usual attracted her attention and Rowser came in view, dressed in a comical harness and drawing after him a little cart, half carriage, half chair. Ned and Bob and Susie closed the procession, and as she was about to ask the meaning of the display her father entered the room. He wrapped a warm shawl around her, and carrying her out-of-doors he set her into the little cart, and said:

"Come, Rowser, show Ella how nicely you can draw her."

Rowser started gravely off, showing by his looks how important he felt and the children followed to show her how to guide him.

"We've been training him over a week," shouted boisterous Ned, "and all you have to do is to just speak to him."

"And he knows 'gee' and 'haw' and 'whoa' and everything," spoke in Bob, while Susie cried.

"I made the cushions and mamma the Afghan and papa the cart. I made 'em real careful and don't you think they're pretty soft?"

Ella gratefully acknowledged all their kindness and the tears glistened in her eyes as she thought how good every one was to her.

All through the long summer days Rowser drew her around, and when fall came and she was strong again her papa brought her such a nice pair of crutches that she declared it was worth losing her foot to find out how kind they were to her.

Ella's almost grown now and far too large for Rowser to draw around, but he is her constant companion and as she looks into the great, loving brown eyes she mentally declares that she has never been sorry that she gave her foot to save his life.

GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

The Alleged Experience of Four Young Englishmen in Ontario.

It was only to be expected that the Benwell tragedy at Princeton, Ont., would attract wide-spread attention to the inducements offered young Englishmen of family and wealth to come and settle in Canada. Unfortunately the attention is of a most disagreeable nature, and bids fair, if a rigid and impartial inquiry is not at once set afoot into the truths of sundry statements that are being made, followed by a full and explicit report thereupon, to act very much to the detriment of this province of Ontario, and not unlikely to the whole country. There is surely sufficient warrant for a governmental inquiry into the foundation, for instance, of such a story as is told in the following:

DELAMERE, PLACER COUNTY, Cal., March 24.—The murder of Frederick Cornwallis Benwell and the extraordinary circumstances surrounding it have excited the greatest interest among the young Englishmen who have recently been coming to California in large numbers, many of whom have been plucked by sharpers of the Birchall stamp through the "farm-pupil" swindle. One of these is Arthur C. E. Johns, a nephew of Lord Lurgan and now owner of an extensive fruit orchard at Delamere, whose experience is almost a parallel to that of Benwell and Pelley. In conversation with a correspondent to-day Mr. Johns said:

"Yes, I am one of the victims of the sharpers who lure young Englishmen to Canada, where they are plucked of all they possess. A couple of years ago, being desirous of learning some useful occupation in America, I answered an advertisement in a London paper, which set forth in glowing terms the delights of a gentleman farmer's life in Ontario. I had no business experience at the time and relied upon the judgment of my father, but he was largely influenced by my enthusiasm for the free, adventurous life of America, as I pictured it. Buffalo Bill was then in London and somehow I mixed him up with my dreams of life in Ontario, and so did a great many other young Englishmen who fell into the same trap because they only saw the sentimental side of the life.

My people handed over the money, thinking it a good investment, and that I was going to spend a pleasant year in the country learning the business which was afterwards to make me rich. The most plausible tales were told, and the sum involved was not large—I believe about \$1000—and it was only the great number of victims ensured that made it profitable. The money was paid in cash and the other parties were to pay all my expenses out to Ontario, where I was to work with a farmer for a year and be supplied with pocket money and a certain percentage of the profits. When the time came for sailing I found two other young men were coming out with me and that we were to be met at New York by an agent of the mythical land company which was running the business. Neither of the other fellows knew any more about what we were going to do than I did, and I was only 19 years of age at the time.

"We had a first class passage out, but on a 10-day boat, which did not cost over \$50 apiece. Arrived at New York a man met us and handed us our tickets to Niagara Falls and to a small country town in Ontario, but he said he did not know anything more about it and refused to give us money for our expenses in New York. We went up to Niagara Falls and stayed there three days at our expense and then went on. The wagon met us at the station and we were taken to the farm, where the proprietor at once began to grumble because we had wasted four days, he said. Things were very different from what we expected. It was a most dreary region. The first night at a meal they called "supper" the farmer got mad at me when I asked for a glass of ale and said we would have to give up such aristocratic notions. The next morning we had to get up before daylight, at about 4 o'clock, and go out to work in the fields.

"The farmer, who was a surly, ill-tempered brute, anxious only to get as much as possible out of us, had, we afterwards learned, discharged his hired man in anticipation of our coming. Instead of receiving pay for our work we were actually paying high for the privilege. We all worked so hard the first day that we could do nothing for two or three days after that, doing seeds all over

with swollen hands and feet. We had to sleep in a wretched garret where it was frightfully cold and they wouldn't give us a light to read or write by at night. We used to lie in bed and talk over our hard lot and the homes we had left behind, wondering should we ever see them again, and often we cried ourselves to sleep.

"The food we got was wretched, and we began to lose flesh rapidly. The people we met were rude and untutored and though well-intentioned, no doubt, were not the kind of people we could associate with. We were Englishmen and better educated than the rest, and the old ruffian we worked for, I think, took a delight in taking it out of us, as he said, and humiliating us in every possible way."

It was not many weeks, said Mr. Johns, before they all agreed that this thing was not at all what they expected, and the sooner they quit the better. Then they found they were tied down by an iron-bound agreement to the farmer, who was very cautious about letting them go out of his sight. They met a young Englishman working for a neighboring farmer in the same plight as themselves who had tried to run away and been brought back, and he described the life as worse than slavery. They heard of similar cases all over Ontario. In many, wealthy young Englishmen had been lured into carrying with them an immense outfit of clothes and luggage, which they relinquished and left at the farms rather than stay out their time. They were nearly all penniless and friendless in a strange country.

"I wrote home," said Mr. Johns, "and meanwhile determined to run away at the first opportunity. I had a little over \$16 left, all I had in the world, and my companions were even worse off. It was agreed that if I were to get money from home or should any of the others before a certain date, we would divide equally and skip for New York and thence to England. Our sufferings from excessively laborious work and insufficient food finally got unendurable, and one dark night I crawled along the roof and dropped to the ground after bidding my companions a tearful good-bye. They were only waiting for money to do the same. I walked to Niagara Falls and got from there to New York on a freight train. I had just 25 cents left after I had bought a steamer ticket to Liverpool on the Sceria and got a brandy and soda with that—the first I had had in many a day. In the steamer a groom lay next to me and was good to me, and but for him I should have died. A passage home arrived for me the day I left New York, as I learned afterwards. I had not been home more than two or three weeks before I heard of the escape of my two companions in misery. One of them, Albert Luttrell of Leamington, was so worn with the work that he died on the passage home. Each of us was well supplied with luggage, which we had to leave behind. I left at least \$500 worth of clothes, hats, shoes, gloves, two fine fowling-pieces, a new saddle, several trunks and bags, all of which could not be replaced for \$1000. My two friends were equally well provided for, and left all behind."

All Tastes Satisfied.

New Clerk—"I notice some of these barrels of apples are marked X, and some Z. Are they different kinds?"

Dealer—"No; same kind, but differently packed. Some customers want a barrel opened at the bottom and some at the top."

No More Bald Heads!

Serra Kutherland Sisters, Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner, New York, Falls.

Cannabis Sativa Indian Consumption Remedy!

THOUSANDS are being healed and wending in their testimonies as to its virtuous. DAN TAYLOR & Co., 123 Yonge St., Toronto.

Sole Agents for Ontario.

Wringer Repairing a Specialty, W. C. SHOREY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in CLOTHES WRINGERS

MANGLE CARPET SWEEPERS, &c. 254 Parliament St., Toronto, Ont.

The Poet's Corner

At the Concert.

BY JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

Yes, I s'pose it's real music- it's a mighty heap o' sound, With the treble way up yonder, an' the bass down underground, With the demi-semi-quavers a' the tinklin' o' the keys, An' a fuss like wind a-roarin' through the branches o' the trees, An' ye say that Wagner wrote it, an' ter hear it is a boon? Though his fingers run like lightning an' he twists upon his stool, An' ruffles up his hair untel he looks a orful fool; An' somehow I miss the feelin' that I allers uster feel, That was sweet untel it hurt me fom mer head down ter mer heel, That 'ud make mer eyes git musty an' mer mouth ter twitch an' smile, When I listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

Why, ter hear Mirandy playin' was ter see the water run Like a streak o' shinin' silver jes a-sparklin' in the sun, An' up above the meddler ye could hear a thousand larks A-singin' jes as easy as ye hear me talk these words; Ye could fa'ly smell the early blooms upon the apple trees, An' ye owned a fine plantation an' much money as ye please, Lord, how ye loved yer neighbor, an' never wisht no harm Ter him about the lawn' cause his fence run on yer farm; An' the milk o' human kindness kep' a-flow in' far an' free, An' ev'ytin' about the world was like it ought ter be, Tell ye kinder seemed in heaven, peart an' happy, all the while That ye listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

Well, I s'pose I am ole-fashioned, an' it would'n hardly do For him ter play the music that I uster cot-ton to, These town folks would'n keer to hear about the "hunter's horn," Nor 'bout the mavis singin' out "his love song ter the morn;" So I'll set an' listen quiet while the feller lings away, An' I'll bow that his panner beats a injine any day; But it ain't mer style o' music--an' with all mer due respect Ye can say ter Mister Wagner, when ye chance ter see him nex', That the lodes' fuss ain't allers what is certain sho ter please, Nor the bes' musician the one that tries ter beat the keys; An' though I have no doubt but he's a social sort o' man, I would'n walk a squar' ter hear the bes' thing fom his han'; lint oh, if he was livin' yet, I'd foot it forty mile Jes ter listen ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

—[Century Magazine.

Mysterier.

Life--can you fathom it, Coortier or Queen? Wings in the azure world, Worms in the green? Say, can you sing of it? Give me the ring of it: What does it mean?

Hark 'on the spirit car, Home from afar, Birth of the crystal sphere-- System and star: Songs waded a scarp'd reads Writ on those golden beads, Sing what you see'

Plant with thy vulgar root (Catching a dead, Thrusting divined beams Up thro' the sod; Sentient in every stem

Leaves and the life of them-- Tell me of God!

Rocks in your stolid sleep - Rattle your guise! Birds fling a human note Up to the skies! Open the secret scroll, Nat lay bare thy soul!

(Silence replies.)

Life--can you fathom it, Mortal below? All the intrigue of it Secrets and show? Deaf at the door of things, Dumb while all nature sings: What canst thou know?

FRED LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

The Sailor.

Oh, the lark sang loud an' sweet, as he rose above the wheat, Wi' the dewdrop on his bonny breast still clinging; Oh, the lark sang sweet an' loud frae the white edge o' the cloud, And the world awoke to listen till his singing.

A' the valley mile on mile rippled ower wi' a smile, And the burn croodled low among its heather! And the rosy milking maid lifted canny as she gazed, For joy o' the merry May weather.

But my heart fell wae and chill as we dropped below the hill; And the capstan song rang in my ear sae dreary, As we crossed the harbor bar, 'neath the lonely morning star, And a wet wind in the sheets aye sae weary.

For I was leaving there a lass was never one more fair, And her kisses on my cheek were still burning; But when I came hame again o'er the wild and fickle faem, She'll still be watching fain for my return-ing.

Oh, the lass sae sweet and meek! it's wet, wet was her cheek, And the world she could na' speak as we parted; And the tears were on my ain, for my heart 'maist brak' in twain To leave her a' her lane sae dowie-hearted.

Oh, the night fell chill an' mirk as we lost sight o' the kirk, And the longshore lights fell far and faint to leeward; And the thoughts within my breast, oh I could na' gar them rest! And the wind aye seuching sad frae the seaward.

But I'll think when winds are loud in hal-gard and in shroul, And the gale is like to heel the good lark-que over, One is thinking o' the ship, in the watches o' her sleep, Wi' a prayer on her pure lips for her lover.

And, oh, but I'll be fain when the ship is hame again, I'll heel na' how the lift may veer or vary; A' my cares I shall tyme, and a bythe heart will be mine, Wi' a purse o' silver fine for my Mary.

She'll hae tears, but no' for care, and they'll make her still mair fair, And she'll lee me a' the mair for my roam-ing; And the joy will dance my ee at the kisses she'll gie me Neath the liras above the kirk in the gleaming.

—[Good Words.

The Spook

They sat on the lim' o' a - Japple tree, A Bogy, a Spook and a little Banshee, The wind blew north' and the wind blew free-- Oh, 'twas a merry meeting, The Bogy had eyes as big as a plate,

The Spook had feet number twenty-eight, While the Banshee had covered her horrible pate With the ghastliest kind of sheeting.

Said the Bogy at last with a dismal wail, "To frighten folks now I always fail; They laugh instead of becoming pale When they at midnight meet me. Our 'business is falling in disrepute, It's neither productive of fame nor loot; Back to the shades I think I'll scoot-- There the ghosts will be glad to greet me."

"Not far from here," craked the grim Banshee, "Lives a lonely man of low degree; Pale and sad and sickly he, And 'twould be funny, very, To frighten him into a fearful fit, Just to liven us up a bit Before we take our final fit Over the spectral ferry."

"We'll descend on him in a laleful lunch, Greeting as if we'd like him for lunch: I'll howl while the Bogy his teeth may scrunch; The Spook can be sally singing, "Agreed," cried the ghastly, ghostly pair. They sped away through the midnight air, Routed the recluse out of his lair, By their howls and growls and ringings.

Courteously he invite I them in, In vain did the Spook grimace and grin, And the Bogy raise a horrible din: Their host smiled more than any. He didn't turn pale nor his blood congeal, But considerably asked, "Well, how do you feel?" And sprud them out a bount'ful meal, While his welcome words were many.

"Do you not stand," said the Bogy, "aghast At the terrible trio who join your repeat? We, whose business it is to cast Mortals in misery dumb!" "Afraid of spectres" he laughed. "Not much! I make my living in dealing in such-- Black and white, Danish and Dutch. Sweet Spook, I'm a medium!"

A Distinguished Northumbrian.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle of a recent date, contained the following: "Among those upon whom her Majesty the Queen recently conferred the honor of knighthood was Mr. Joseph Hickson, manager of the Grand Trunk railway, Canada. It is not generally known that this gentleman is a native of this country, and hails from a his toric and classical portion of the Borderland. The new knight belongs to a highly respected and industrious family in the vicinity of Otterburn, and is a brother of Mr. James Hickson, blacksmith, of that village. A good many years ago he left his native home to tempt fortune elsewhere, and eventually found himself in Canada, where he secured a position on the Grand Trunk railway, from which, by great ability and conspicuous industry, he has risen to the high office he at present holds. Under his management considerable improvements and valuable extensions have been made in connection with the Canadian Grand Trunk railway, and it is doubtless on account of the services thus rendered to the Dominion that the honor of knighthood has been conferred upon him. About eight years ago Mr. Hickson visited the old country, and sojourned for a time in the county, re ceiving from his friends and acquaintances in the Otterburn district a very warm wel come. The honor that has been conferred upon him will create gratification in the neighborhood to which he belongs, while the general public may be pleased to learn that another Northumbrian has thus been added to the list of local worthies whom her Majesty has, within the past two years especially, graciously honored."

Gutta Percha and India Rubber.

Many people think that gutta percha and India rubber are the same or very similar gums. This, however, is a mistake. India rubber is the solidified sap of a South American tree. It is of a soft, gummy nature; not tenacious, but very elastic; is easily decomposed by oily substances and does not stand acids well. Gutta percha, which is found only in the East Indies, is obtained from the gatta tree. It is a brownish gum which solidifies by the exposure to the air.

LUDICROUS MISTAKES.

The Englishman's Misconception--A Cana-dal Bishop Who Ate His Children.

Every one knows the story of the French man who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a sudden shout of, "Look out!" and, popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing, whereupon monieur exclaimed, indignantly, "Englishman big fool!" He says "look out" when he means "look in!"

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, when an English guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he would 'ave it, and I just 'ed to give it him." It appeared on enquiry that the guardsman had accused the other in what he supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment, "Comment? (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you will 'ave it?" and forthwith the fistcuffs began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learned that he was a family man, graciously enquired how many children he had.

Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep;" so the worthy bishop--whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been--understood her majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, and promptly answered, "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the queen, astounded. "How can you possibly main-tain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!" [Harper's Maga-zine.

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Relief at Last.

(Good, Ont., Jan. 12th, 1890.

DEAR SIR-- Your wonderful specific, "Olive Branch," has completely cured me of a very serious female complaint. I can now with every confidence recommend it to all sufferers. I enclose \$1. for which please send me month's treatment to my daughter, Mrs. J. A. Fowler, Tansley P.O. Gratefully yours, Mrs. J. A. STANLEY. To the afflicted, don't fail to give this remedy a trial; it will not disappoint you. For sale by druggists, or send direct to the whole-sale agent, JOHN TROTTER, No. 5 High Street St. W., Toronto, Can. Active lady agents wanted. Terms very liberal.



BRITISH NEWS.

The English War Office is experimenting with the lance as a cavalry arm.

The London City Council have cut out from their theatrical license bill the provision requiring each actor to take out a license.

There is a remarkable rush for membership in the London Stock Exchange, and the entrance fee is to be raised from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

The perfect figure of a human body has been found in a large elm tree trunk that was being cut up in a timber yard at Scarborough.

It is officially declared there is salt enough in the Teeside field in England to supply the world for 800 years. One less worry for the present generation.

Tin fields which are said to promise vast returns have been opened at Gipsaland, in the colony of Australia, and an English company has been formed to work them.

The Duke of Portland has been disappointed again. It is a girl, and the precedent of a century, during which no direct heir has been born to the house, remains unbroken.

It is settled that Prince George of Wales, when he has completed his course in gunnery, which is expected to be about April 1, will be placed in command of the new gunboat Thrush.

The English Government had advertised for proposals for the supply of 20 yards of webbing, to be used for repairing harness in Cyprus. The advertising will cost about four times as much as the webbing.

It is expected that with the new rifles and the smokeless powder, important changes will be made in the musketry training of the English army. Greater prominence is also to be given to musketry practice.

It is said that Mr. Bigger's death was due to his uncompromising temperance principles. His doctor ordered him to take wine at his meals to brace himself up, but he refused to do so, and gradually broke down.

A real crown of pure gold studded with a thousand diamonds and valued at \$37,500 is to be put up at auction at Singapore. It formerly belonged to the Malay Sultans, and is being sold by the estate of the late Sultan of Perak.

The problem of whether kangaroos can be acclimatized seems to have been settled at Tring Park, London, where they are being successfully raised. The secret was in letting them run wild, instead of keeping them in pens as had heretofore been done.

The Queen has sent a silver punch bowl to the officers of the Prussian regiment of dragoons of which she is Colonel, and August is coming over to Windsor from Vienna shortly to paint a portrait of her Majesty, which she intends to present to them.

A bullet from one of the new English army rifles being used at the range at Aldershot Camp a few days ago went wide and travelled two miles before stopping. Practice at the range has had to be discontinued on account of the long range the rifles are thus shown to possess.

The English Admiralty have determined to introduce a new kind of saluting in the navy. Up to date sailors have saluted their officers by raising their hats. In future they will bring the hand up to the head after the military fashion, only with the arm of the hand to the front instead of the palm.

Fate pursued the British 110-ton gun vessel, one of them has just been sent to the bottom of the Thames by the sinking of the craft aboard of which it was being transported to its ship. The London News says that they had better let it lie there awhile, as the salt water may strengthen it.

The new City and Southwark Subway in London has had a successful experimental test. The new travelling cars through the tunnel at a speed of 15 miles an hour, and electric power, 2000 feet under the ground.

The new City and Southwark Subway in London has had a successful experimental test. The new travelling cars through the tunnel at a speed of 15 miles an hour, and electric power, 2000 feet under the ground.

winning post was reached. Mr. J. Duncan's Spot, although not the best pacer, managed to win by superior nautical powers.

Two children playing upon a grassy slope at Auchmithie, Scotland, slipped and rolled down to the edge of a steep precipice, 145 feet high, over which they fell to the beach below. Those who ran to gather up their mangled remains found them on their feet in the sand in a general state of mental bewilderment and with no worse injuries than a few scratches.

The Grand Junction Canal at Berkhamstead, upon which large quantities of perishable freight are conveyed to the London markets, has just been blockaded for twenty-six hours because two boats got into the lock at the same time, and neither one would back out. More than fifty boats were blocked before the canal authorities compelled one of the Captains to give in.

The Forth bridge cost the lives of fifty-six workmen during the seven years of its construction, but the engineers insist that this is a remarkably good showing. They say: "The fact that the loss of life has not been larger on a work of such magnitude with so large a number of men employed in dangerous positions shows that no reasonable precautions for their safety have been omitted."

At a meeting of the British Royal Botanic Society recently a number of dried specimens of hygrometric club moss from Mexico were shown. It was said that these plants had the power ascribed to the rose of Jericho, of rolling themselves up like a ball when dry, and becoming apparently dead; but they were able to unfold and grow again when exposed to moisture. The specimens shown had been kept for three months in a dry place, but were green, and flourishing.

The annual report of the Peabody Trust for the maintenance of good homes for the working classes in London shows the birth rate in the houses kept by the trust to be \$72 per 1,000 above the rest of London, and the death rate nearly 1 per 1,000 below the average, while the infant mortality is only a little over half the average. The trust has spent over \$6,250,000 in providing buildings for 20,374 persons. The average earnings of each family are about \$3.75 per week, and the average weekly rent about \$1.20. The rate per room is 32 1/2 cents per week.

William Benjamin Rowland, a cartman, recently died of phthisis at a London hospital, and when the doctors made a post-mortem they found a steel knife blade run into his skull for an inch and broken off there. It had been there so long that the bone had healed over the spot where it had entered. The blade had passed between the convolutions of the brain, which was uninjured. The nearest incident that could account for the presence of the blade in the man's brain had occurred nine months before, when he was thrown from a wagon and had his head severely hurt.

An English paper asserts that there is a titled lady whose chief pleasure is found in exhibiting her muscular powers in her own drawing room to a circle of admiring and astonished friends. Attired in a long and clinging gown she lies down at full length upon the floor, with her arms held closely to her sides. A friend is then requested to fasten her skirts securely around her feet and place her handkerchief upon them. This done, the handkerchief is conveyed by her feet to her mouth. She then resumes her first position, and, without moving her arms, gradually raises herself until she stands upon her feet without a hair out of place or the tiniest bead of moisture on her brow.

Catharine Reed, an old woman who lived with her son at Sea-on-crete, near Liverpool passed Christmas eve in a public house drinking and, leaving at a late hour to go home, did not reach there. The next day her son identified as hers a body that was washed up on the shore near the town. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the old woman had fallen into the water while on her way home intoxicated, and her son collected without trouble a policy she had had upon her life. A week or two ago he received a letter from a woman in the Liverpool workhouse claiming to be his mother and asking him to deny the "rumor" that she was dead. He thought it was from an impostor and paid no attention to it. A few days later the old woman herself walked in and insisted that he should account to her for that insurance money. The idea-

city of the woman's double who was found drowned is as yet unknown.

Jack Jenks was a victim of liver complaint, his strength was exhausted, his pulse had grown faint. He had ulcers and tumors and all sorts of humors. And the ill that he suffered would weary a saint.

Folks said that Jack Jenks would never be cured. But Jack said he would—that they might be assured.

Pierce's G. M. Discovery wrought his recovery. After all the poor fellow so long had endured.

Such a multitude of serious, distressing and often fatal maladies spring from a disordered liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates a healthy action of this important organ, and the ill that have their origin there can be cured by its prompt and faithful use. All druggists.

The lion's share of a thing is naturally the main part.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh - Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The ring and letter which the girl returns are slight tokens.

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The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Time flies, yet the orchestral leader sits still and beats time.

"La Grippe" again.—Its universal spread is similar to the unlimited practical application of the Friction Clutch Pulley and Cut off Coupler just patented by the Waterous Engine Works Co., of Brantford. For the immediate stopping and starting of all kinds of machinery, it has no equal. It is simplicity itself and its work is fully guaranteed. Write them for particulars. Oblige the editor by mentioning this paper.

Probably the biggest thing on ice next summer will be the price.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, lassitude, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with TRACES OF AGE, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LURON, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, sleeplessness, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LURON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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Wages of Women Workers.

According to Marion Harland, "60 centuries of precedent since the time of their 'foremother Eve' have rendered women incapable of competing on equal terms with men in manufacturing, mercantile, professional, and even educational business. They do not work as men do. 'A man grasps his business with both hands. If his hands are not strong enough, he clamps it with his feet, and rather than let it go, seizes it with his jaws.' A woman usually regards labor as a means to an end, as 'a violence done to nature and precedent.' She will not take the same care as a man; she stands too much upon her dignity. She is given to temper or whinpering when found fault with."

Upon this a cotemporary remarks: "This is surely important, if true; and we believe that it is at least worthy of very serious consideration, especially by young women who aspire to earning their own living and to taking their places among the world's bread-winners. There are, to be sure, many exceptions to this rule, many bright, independent, self-reliant young women, who, while thoroughly womanly, are also thoroughly able to take care of themselves. In fact, the list of exceptions is already quite as long as the rule itself, perhaps, like the memorable passage in Andrew and Stoddard's Latin grammar.

"Still there is enough truth in Marion Harland's indictment to make it worthy of the most serious consideration by every young woman. It is not altogether man's inhumanity to woman which makes her wages less and her chances poorer than those of a man of the same intellectual caliber. There is much in her own view of life that accounts for this, and, before she can hope to have her rights of earning as good a living as her brother fully recognized, she, too, must seize her business 'with both hands,' and not regard it merely as a pleasant diversion or grim necessity, not to be gladly accepted but to be endured for a little while between girlhood and matrimony.

"The young man knows that he will be discharged if he does not do his work well. The young woman often thinks that winning ways, or regard for the sex, or, as a last resort, tears, will avail to excuse slighted tasks and work ill-done. And this attitude on her part for business lowers the price of her own and her sister's labor in all the markets of the world. The only remedy is the one above suggested—to take hold of life's work both hands."

A Celestial Compliment.

A secretary of the Chinese Embassy in Washington was introduced to a lady, who among other questions asked him, "What virtue do you most highly prize in your women?"

"The virtue of domesticity," was the reply.

"Then you do not like your women to move in society much?" she questioned.

"Not at all. Our law even recognizes cause for divorce when a woman—pardon me, madame—is inquisitive and talkative."

"Then I would be in danger of being divorced if I lived in China?" smilingly asked the lady.

"The very day that my country would have the luck to possess a womanly being like you," replied the gallant son of the heavenly realm, "every cause of divorce would be removed from the world."

Tell Your Mother All.

The London Freeman gives this good advice to girls: "Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidants you can have. Their love will bestre, will guide and counsel you aright, and although you make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go very far astray if you tell your mother everything. A girl whose first thought is, 'Mother mustn't know anything of this,' is standing on very unsafe ground. Hide nothing from your mother. If you do wrong, go to them and own it; don't wait for someone else to tell them, and thus shake their confidence and trust in you. Concealment and deceit should never be tolerated in your intercourse and association with other girls; show those who take pleasure in such things, and seek the companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries."

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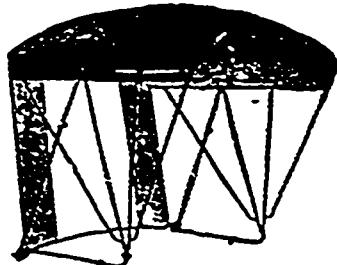
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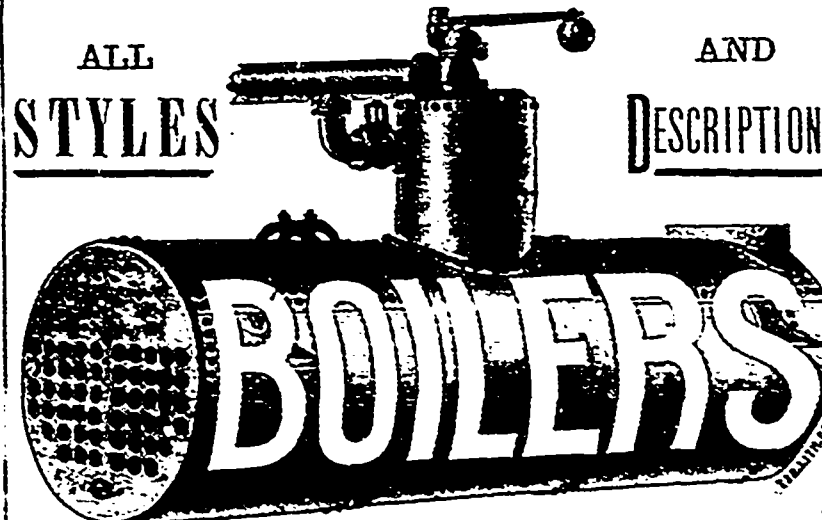
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THE ELECTRIC AGE.

The Newest Things in Electricity. ITS USE AS A MOTOR, FOR HEATING, LIGHTING, &c.

Some Interesting Facts About the Great Force.

Many funny stories have at different times found their way into print about electric bell pushes and the queer mistakes made by people who have seen them for the first time. One of the best of these is told by an English electrical engineer. A friend of his, to the front door of whose house is fitted an electric push button, engaged a country girl as servant, and a few days afterward the following fact came out in course of conversation: "I did have a trouble, ma'am, with the front door bell the day I came. I tried to take hold of it with my nails to pull it out, but could not, and so I took my bonnet off and tried to pull it with my teeth, but it would not come out, and so I had to knock at the door." The difficulty of this performance was increased by the fact that the servant had on an old-fashioned poke bonnet, which had to be removed before she could seize the push button with her teeth.

An Oriental poet might find a congenial theme in the illumination for the first time by the electric light of the famous Taj Mahal, which as all who know anything of Indian history are aware, is the splendid sepulchre of white marble, adorned with the choicest of mosaics, which was erected at a cost of nearly \$5,000,000 by the Emperor Shah Jehan, for his beloved wife Noor Jehan, also called "Light of the Empire." It stands on a vast quadrangular enclosure, and forms a square building of great beauty. One light of immense power placed in the great bulbous centre dome, and four lesser lights on the surrounding minarets, gave a brilliant appearance to the whole structure and cast a soft radiance far and wide over the crescent-shaped city.

In speaking of lightning conductors, a prominent English electrician says that in the majority of cases they are of great service, though they cannot always be relied upon as affording immunity from risk. As to the danger to life from lightning, he showed from the Registrar-General's returns that in twenty-nine years in England and Wales the deaths from lightning have occurred at the rate of only one in a million of the population per annum. This was so small a percentage as to be scarcely worthy of note; in fact, the lecturer said, amid laughter, one was almost as likely to be hanged for murder as to be killed by lightning.

A characteristic letter from Edison is printed in one of the Paris electric journals. It is addressed to M. Veres, and runs as follows: "I thank you for your letter of the 10th inst. The fire at the Pearl street station took place on Thursday, and completely destroyed it. On Saturday our men set to work, and by the following Saturday current was again being supplied from Pearl street to the 20,000 lamps fed by the old station. This *tour de force* was accomplished in six days of twenty-four hours. Would you be capable of such a feat?"

There are not wanting signs that the English, though slowly, are steadily forging their way to the front in electrical work. A London electrical paper says: "We hope soon to hear of electric motors being introduced into Fleet street and the surrounding busy printing neighborhood. The amount of cleanliness, comfort, and saving to printers as compared to the enterprising motor companies is enormous." A recent instance in G. A. S. L. D. S. is also mentioned.

heat usually associated with electrical resistance. It is claimed that wall paper can be made in such a way that the passage of currents of low tension will heat it moderately warm to the touch and diffuse throughout the room an agreeable temperature.

A druggist of St. Louis, while recently weighing powdered opium from a can, discovered that the drug and the paper lining of the can were highly charged with electricity. This explained the difficulty he had experienced on several previous occasions in removing the powder from spatulas, &c., and, the phenomenon being unusual to him, he mentions it for the benefit of others who may have never observed it.

An electric motor has been put into a seed establishment to work a cleaning machine hitherto turned by hand, the operator having to lift and discharge the seeds. Now the motor does all, and works the elevator and cleans the grain as fast as it can be fed.

Mr. Frank J. Sprague, who is one of the pioneers of electric railway work in America, has publicly expressed his conviction that an express service operated by electricity, between New York and Philadelphia, starting at ten minutes' headway, and covering the distance at the rate of 60 miles an hour, is not only possible, but will actually be established in the near future.

An interesting study has been lately made by Herr Tarchenoff of electric currents in the skin from mental excitation. Light tickling with a brush causes an appreciable deflection of the galvanometer needle. Hot water has a like effect; cold or the pain from a needle prick a less. Sound, light, taste, and smell act similarly. If the eyes have been closed for some time, mere opening of them caused a considerable deflection from the skin of the hand. It is remarkable that these skin currents also arise when the sensations are merely imagined. Mental effort produces currents varying with its amount.

The use of small electric fairy lamps has been attended with a good deal of success, the only difficulty presenting itself being the disposition of the batteries, &c., which would not infrequently spill over and burn the clothes, not to say the fair skins of the dancers. By the method now adopted the battery is entirely done away with, the current is supplied on the alternating system. The primary is led to coils beneath the stage, and in the heels of the shoes a small secondary coil is fitted. On dancing, or standing over the primary the lights flash up with bewildering and fascinating effect.

Rather a curious indication that the economy which is becoming characteristic of so many industries is being practised in the electric lighting business, is afforded by the report of a New York platinum firm, that owing to the recent large advance in the price of platinum the local electric light companies are paying more attention to their broken lamps, and are shipping their old stems in to a greater extent than ever before, and that the metal derived from that source has an appreciable effect upon the market.

In the laying of cables the galvanometer "spot" plays an important part in denoting the progress of the "paying out" of the line. During the laying of the final section of one of the Central and South American cables, as the electrical staff had been very much reduced in numbers owing to the necessity of detaching some of them for extra shore work, the Secretary of the expedition was pressed into service to do a little "spot" watching in the ship's testing room. Paying out was being carried on at a pretty high speed, and a slight accident happened in the tank containing the cable coils, a couple of turns coming up together and fouling a lantern at the side of the tank. The turns, however, freed before reaching the paying-out machinery, and it was hoped that no damage had been done to the cable. The newly recruited electrician, who felt the responsibility of his position very keenly, was particularly cautioned by the engineer in charge to keep a very careful watch, and to advise him without a moment's delay if the least irregularity in the spot manifested itself, as it was feared an accident might have resulted in a serious loss.

All went well for a short time. The Secretary came rushing out with information that the spot on the ship was promptly put out, and the paying-out was stopped. The cable was all hands ready where it was to be had gone.

When it was refilled the spot reappeared in its proper place, and the Secretary never afterward failed to see that his lamp was properly trimmed.

An amusing incident comes from Hamilton. It appears that the location of the wires that were originally put into the basement walls of the City Hall, connecting with the switchboard in the upper hall, has been lost, through some carelessness during the building operations, and cannot now be found without ripping up the marble pavement and mutilating the walls, and even then the search might prove fruitless.

Some interesting data have been developed by Dr. Francis Dowling in a paper on "The Causes and Treatment of Deafness." He states that between the ages of 10 and 40 at least one person in three is subject to a partial deafness. The great majority of cases of impaired hearing date from childhood and its diseases. Another prolific cause was colds and carelessness in bathing. At least one-fifth of the cases coming under treatment are hereditary, and are largely owing to a too close consanguinity of the parents. Deafness is more prevalent among males than among females, owing to the fact that the male is more exposed to the vicissitudes of climate. There is much more deafness in America than in Europe, and this Dr. Dowling attributes to a more general use of scientific instruments, such as telephones, where one ear is used to the exclusion of the other. He cited a number of cases where he had examined telephone operators, and he generally found the right ear the weaker organ, as it was used almost entirely in telephonic communication. The remedy he advocates is to either have two audiphones or to use the ears alternately at the same phone.

FITTING OUT A POACHER.

A Fast Steamer Chartered at San Francisco to Take Seals in Behring Sea.

A fast steamer is being fitted out at San Francisco for seal poaching in Behring Sea by a company of local and Eastern capitalists, who believe there are big profits in illicit sealing when every pelt can be sold for \$12. The steamer has been chartered, but its name is withheld and a crew is now being selected.

The revenue cutter Rush, which the American Government sent to the Arctic last season, can make only eight knots an hour, and the Bear is equally slow. In fact there is not a suitable Government ship on the coast which can make over ten knots. Hence a steamer which averages over twelve knots could run away from the Government vessels and kill seals wherever she pleased. Even some schooners last season escaped from the Rush, aided by heavy fogs. Either the Government will have to charter a swift steamer or there will be more seal poaching than ever in Behring sea.

As every skin the new company takes costs it \$13.33, it will have difficulty in making a profit, especially if the Russian company makes up its deficit of 40,000 skins and if the poachers are successful.

Royal Musicians.

There are surprisingly many expert musicians in the royal houses of Europe. Queen Victoria and her daughter Louise play the piano and organ with great skill. The Prince of Wales knows all about playing the lango, and his wife is an excellent pianist. The Duke of Connaught can do wonders with the flute, and the Duke of Edinburgh is hardly less accomplished in handling the violin. The Czar performs famously with a silver trumpet. The Empress of Austria is one of the finest zither players on the Continent. The Queen of Italy does the most difficult pieces of Italian and German compositions on the piano. The Empress of Japan excels in playing the "koto" a Japanese instrument not unlike an overgrown zither. The gifted Queen of Roumania is celebrated among her subjects for her extraordinary performances on the harp and piano. King George of Greece tracts melody from castanets and wine glasses with the skill of a variety show artist. He plays equally well on the Hungarian "cymblalom," concerning which his daughter, the Crown Princess Sophie, is also learning as much as two Hungarian professors of music can teach her. Prince Henry of Prussia is one of the best amateur musicians on the Continent. He plays the piano and violin and is a composer of considerable reputation.

THE COBRA STONE.

The Marvel Explained—Inherited Memory.

The cobras are perhaps the only serpents which will eat insects. They feed on ants, grasshoppers, a variety of beetles, etc., but seem to have a special preference for fire-flies, perhaps because the latter can be caught at night much more easily than any other kind of insect. I have often for hours watched cobras in the grass catching the fire-flies, darting about here and there, a process which requires considerable exertion on the part of the serpent. Now, every entomologist knows that the flying lampyris consist entirely of males. The females, which are not very numerous, are much larger and cannot fly, as they have only rudimentary wings. They sit quietly in the grass, emitting a greenish light, which is much stronger than that of the males, and fades and becomes brilliant at regular intervals. If a glow worm be watched for a time, a steady current of male insects will be observed flying toward it, and alighting in close proximity.

Now it so happens that the naja-kallu, this little pebble of chlorophane or fluor-spar, emits in the dark a greenish light which is so much like that of the female lampyris that it is an easy matter to deceive the male fire-fly with it, by setting it up as a decoy. The cobras have gradually come to take advantage of an experience made by them, accidentally, I dare say, thousands of years ago. It may frequently happen, for instance, that a cobra finds one of these shining stones in the gravel of the dry river-beds (where they are by no means uncommon), being attracted to it by its glow at night, and taking it for a glow worm. It would then, at any rate, notice that the fire-flies could be caught much more easily and quickly in the neighborhood of that shining object than anywhere else, and would habitually return to it. Several cobras might thus come together, and there would be competition, and from this moment to the finding out that success in capturing fire-flies depends on the possession of the phosphorescent pebble, and to the seizure of it in order to prevent another snake from monopolizing it, is, in my opinion, the great step, and involves no exceptional powers of reasoning. The cobra carries it about, and soon learns to treasure it, for it affords it an easy means of getting its living. At last it has to do is to deposit the stone in the grass at night, and the obliging insects literally fly down its throat.

There are even reasons for believing that no individual experience is now necessary to cause any cobra to act in this manner, but that even a young cobra, on finding such a stone, will instinctively take it up, and use it in the manner I have described. For it must be borne in mind that there is an inherited race memory among the lower animals which is often far stronger than the memory gathered during the short lifetime of the individual. What causes a blind kitten to spit and put up its back if a dog is brought near it? It never saw a dog, never saw anything, yet it knows there is some danger ahead. Thus the accumulated experience of the cobra's ancestors during countless generations now causes it to act in a manner we refer to as instinct.

Such are the remarkable facts connected with the naja-kallu, the cobra's shining stone. Who can tell whether the old traditions of snakes carrying precious stones, of which we still find traces in our fairy tales, may not have their source in some such fact as this?—[Harper's Magazine.]

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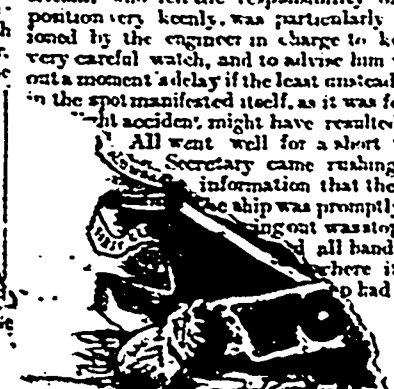
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THE NEWSBOYS' FAREWELL.

"There Ain't Much of Me 'thout Him."

We was both what you call train butchers, 'cause we butchered for ka patience, I s'pose. Well, yes, we was pretty young fer the place and I ain't but 10 now an' that was two years ago; but we was mighty plucky little chaps, I tell you. He was a Frenchman, all fire an' go, an' I guess I got there on clear grit.

When I first knew him we was both newsboys; used to come down to the trains, you know, to sell our papers. I liked him 'fore I knew him, 'cause he was such a pretty little fellow; reg'lar French—black eyes an' black hair, an' all-round beauty. One day I spoke to 'im an' says: "How's biz to-day?" an' asked 'im what was his name, an' he said "Pierre"—that's French for Peter—an' I said my name was Tom, an' that's all the introduction newsboys needed. It didn't take us long to get acquainted, an' we got to be jolly good friends.

One day Pierre says; "I'm sick o' bein' a newsboy; let's get into bigger business," so I says: "Let's get on the trains," so we struck a piece of luck an' both got a place on the N. Y. & T. Course we couldn't see each other much any more, only just as the trains met once a day; then we'd both be on the rear platform, last car, an' jus' shout out "Bonjours!" "Adieu!" He'd taught me them words an' a lot more, an' spent a heap o' time gettin' me to say 'em right; it was awful hard at first, but after a while he told me I said 'em first rate. You know what bonjours means, but I bet you can't say it like I can. Adieu's harder yet, but it meant a heap more. Pierre said it was A' Dieu—to God. D'ye see?

I'd rather not tell the rest 'bout Pierre, I but s'pose I might as well go on now I've got commenced.

Well, ye see, one day the trains didn't meet at the regular place. It made me feel kind o' skeery and at the station I got into the engine an' kep' my eye on the track ahead. We hadn't gone many miles 'fore we came to just what I expected. There was the engine of his train upside down in a ditch, an' the cars spread all round, folks groannin' an' screamin'. Ugh! I never saw such a sight before, nor heard such sounds, an' I don't know as I want to again.

It was quite a while 'fore I found Pierre. I knew better n to listen for his voice. I knew if he was most dead he'd jest shut his teeth hard an' never make a noise. I hated to look for 'im, but I says, "Pluck up, old boy it's your business to find Pierre, dead or alive." Pretty soon I saw a hand sticking out from a pile of broken wood, an' I knew 'hat hand. His hands wasn't never rough an' dirty like the other boys. You see he was at out for a gentleman. All I could see of him was that one hand an' his sweet face. He was under a heap of wood an' glass an' couldn't move nor speak, but I could tell by his face that he knew me. I went to work to get him out, an' when I got the stuff from him I saw he was all bruised and cut, but I made believe 'twasn't much an' talked jolly to him all the while. I couldn't move 'im; he had to lie right there till the train came to take us back to the city. An' then I got the brakeman an' we managed to get him into a car. It hurt him awfully, I knew, but he knew me all the time; I could tell that by his face.

When we got here we had him took to the hospital. It seemed so nice an' still in there, an' the nurses were so kind an' careful. I thought when I saw Pierre put into a nice bed 'twas a regular Heaven for him. But he didn't know nothin' 'bout it. He had an awful fever, they said. He was talkin' jest as fast as he could, but no sense to any thing he said. The doctors came and looked him over, an' they looked pretty solemn, an' one of 'em said he wouldn't live but a few hours, an' he put his hand on Pierre's head an' says:

"Poor fellow! it's too bad, such a pretty little chap!"

I tell you I'll never forget that doctor for that. They gave him something to stop the fever, an' said he must be kep' quiet, but they let me stay, after I begged 'em to an' promised to be still. He got quiet after a while, an' the nurses went away an' I put my head on the pillow by him, an' I think we both slept a couple of hours or so; then I woke up an' sat there watchin' him for a while. He knew I was there in his sleep, I guess, 'cause he opened his eyes an' says:

"I thought you was by me, Tom. I'm

glad. Tell 'em I won't be back no more; an' Tom, you an' me can't be pard's no longer. Be good to yourself—don't forget your old pard. Tom—Adieu."

I just says, "Adieu, Pierre." He never spoke another word, an' just shut his eyes an' went away—to God. It's kind o' nice when I get to thinkin' it over, to think that was the last word I said to him—that adieu that he had learned me, an' that I am livin' all the time with that adieu o' his as a kind of blessin' on me.

That's all there is 'bout Pierre. An' me? Well, there ain't much of me 'thout him.

Literary and Art Notes.

The April St. Louis Magazine contains a complete novelette by the Marquis de Lorne; papers on "European Recollections" (illustrated), "The Leading American Novelists," and "On Borrowing Books;" Editor De Menil's "Literary Wayside" (illustrated), treats of Bancroft and other writers, and the "Light Moods" department is as aggressive and humorous as ever. There are several good poems and other features. Price only 15 cents. Specimen copy 6 cents.

The housewives who hardly know how to adapt the table to Lenten season will appreciate *Good Housekeeping* for March 15, which opens with a special paper on that subject, and presents variety sufficient to tempt the palate of an epicure, without transgressing the proprieties of the season. There are some half-dozen other papers which have reference to the same subject, including one on "Food for Infants," a pithy story on "Match Making to Order;" three evening entertainments are interestingly described and will be welcomed by the young people. There is the usual variety of good verse—*Good Housekeeping* is noted for readable, sensible poetry—and various other interesting articles.

A good deal of a recent issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* is devoted to Newfoundland, an island which, although not yet comprised within the Dominion of Canada, is almost certain to be one with us in some not very distant future. St. John's and Placentia, the places depicted in this number, are of interest, not only for their bold, grand scenery, but also for their historical associations. Fredericton, the beautiful capital of New Brunswick, also receives attention, some fine views of the city and some lovely glimpses of its neighbourhood being in the list of this week's engravings. The illustration of the Dominion capital is continued—the Lover's Walk being one of the best pictures of the number. The famous canyon of the Columbia is shown in a fine engraving. In portraiture this number is rich and various parts of the Dominion are represented. The new Deputy Head of the State Department occupies the first page, and Senators Botsford and Girard, and Messrs. O'Brien, M.P., and Hall, M.P., represented the public men of the Maritime Provinces, old Canada and the North West. Altogether, a comprehensive and interesting number. (The *Dominion Illustrated* is published at 73 St. James street, Montreal. Mr. G. E. Desbarats, managing director.)

OVER A PRECIPICE.

The Startling Experience of a Bridal Couple on a Hand Sled.

A wedding journey was begun under peculiar circumstances near Hartford the other day. John Borrowa, the groom, owns a farm on the slope of old Talcott Mountain. Belle Andrews, the bride, kept house for her father in his little home on the mountain top. They were married at the home of the bride. They had arranged to take a short bridal trip. There is a little railway station at the foot of the mountain, a mile or so away. Thus they resolved to reach by coasting down the mountain on a hand sled. Their preparations were quickly made, the last farewells were said, a kindly hand gave the parting push, and, followed by a shower of rice and the best wishes of the wedding guests, they sped down the steep incline. All went well until about half the descent had been accomplished. Then John suddenly saw ahead an ox team toiling slowly up the road. The road was narrow. On one

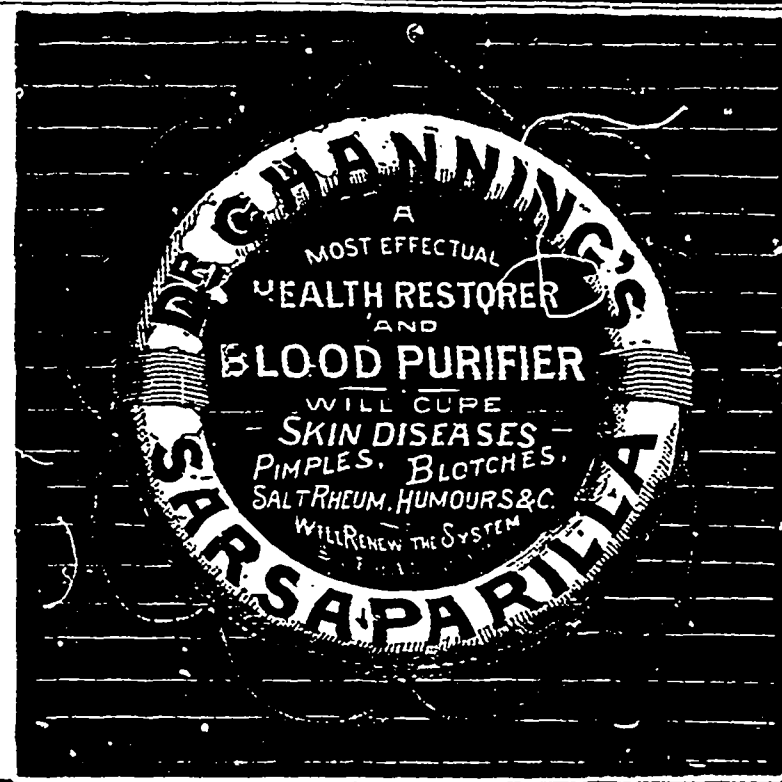


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side towered an overhanging mass of rock, on the other side was the brink of a precipice forty feet in height.

There was little time to think. The sled was travelling at lightning speed, and the driver of the oxen seemed not to see it. John hurriedly whispered a word of outrage to his frightened and clinging bride; and, just before meeting the approaching team, suddenly turned the course of the sled, and they went flying over the precipice.

The young farmer had calculated well. The landing was made in several feet of yielding snow, and no serious harm resulted. Friends from above hurried to the rescue, and the pair, together with their carpet-bags, were dug out, and once more started on their journey. This time the station was reached safely and the couple continued their journey in high spirits.

The Leading Inducement.

"What are the inducements for getting one's life insured on the Teuton plan?" asked Mrs. Dusenberry. "He meant to say Tontine." "The leading inducement, probably," replied her husband, as he repressed a smile. "Is that you get your beer for nothing."

An Association formed by the citizens of St. John, N. B., has been incorporated since the last Exhibition in making good preparation for the first cultural and social will be one continued Association.

including a fine speed course and every arrangement is being made for the accommodation of a very large number of visitors to the city. All the Committees have been organized, have their work well forward, and from present prospects the Exhibitions will assume large proportions. As it is probable this will be the only important Exhibition held in the Maritime Provinces this year, our people should secure space and take advantage of this means of cultivating a trade in that section. In addition to offering a very handsome list of prizes (competition for which is open to the world) a number of attractions of a special character are being secured. Several new features are also included in the programme, giving exhibition an International character. The leading novelties of the products of the mines of the Province. The M. me.

THE OVERLAND TRAIL

Reminiscences of the Journey Across the Continent in the Forties.

It has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the Mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people not of their own faith from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a Mormon to go anywhere. Once in a while one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a Mormon need have no fear of the savages, who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered. This desideratum was accomplished in various ways. They made common cause with the redskin against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally they could have selected. They made him arrow heads and lance heads, they provided him with his first firearms and best tomahawks, they fed him when he was hungry, and helped to outfit him when he went to war.

When the California gold fever began to push long wagon trains across the country the Mormons saw what the result would be unless they could stop the rush. Left to themselves the savages would no doubt have attacked in every case where there was hope of success, but not one person would have been killed where ten actually yielded up their lives, but for the assistance of

THE ACCUSED DANITES.

These were the "good men and true" of the Mormon Church—the enthusiasts and fanatics who could be depended on to carry out any order and preserve the secrets of the Church with their last breath. They knew the country, the trails, the streams, and ravines, and valleys, from Council Bluffs or St. Joseph to their own doors in Salt Lake City. They were strung out all along the overland trail, and in constant communication with the Indians. They acted as guides—were elected as captains of trains—sought every position which would enable them to play into the hands of their allies and work the destruction of trains. This was not even suspected, however, until they had worked fearful slaughter among the gold seekers. No living man will ever be able to give figures of the train people murdered during the years in which the overland trail was in daily use.

The first train I went out with consisted of fifteen wagons and fifty men, women, and children. Of these twenty two were full-grown men and well armed, and each one fully realized the perils which beset the route. It would seem the height of folly for a husband to invest his all in a span of horses and wagon and set out for California with a sickly wife and three or four children, but plenty of them did so. Indeed, there was no train without its women and children, and their presence always increased the dangers. Previous to leaving St. Joe we had to elect a Captain of the train, a "boss," whose word should be law until we reached the end of our journey. This position naturally fell to some veteran—some hunter, scout, or Indian fighter, who was posted as to the route and the habits of the Indians. Some such man was elected to lead the train. In our case G. A. Wood, an LDS, was chosen.

been rebellion to speak against him or refuse to obey his orders, and he had the power to disarm us and put us under guard. At that date the train which progressed one hundred miles into Kansas was sure to find the advance guard of the Indians. On the fourth day out we sighted some at a distance, and I narrowly watched our Captain. He closed the train up in good order, stationed the defenders where they could do the most good, and exhibited such nerve and caution that I began to feel ashamed of myself for having suspected his loyalty. But for one circumstance I should have banished all suspicion. We saw the first Indians about two hours before sundown. None of them came nearer than half a mile, seeming to be content with an inspection of our strength. An hour later, and when within two miles of the spot where we proposed to camp, the Captain, whose name I have neglected to state was Baker, ran up a green flag on one of the wagons. This flag, as we afterward concluded, he must have had secreted about his person. He explained that if we ran up a flag the Indians would conclude that there are soldiers with the train and haul off, and no one—no one but me—questioned the truth or policy of the proceeding. It struck me that he raised the flag for a signal, and when I stated my suspicions to two others of the band they agreed with me that he could have no other object. From that time we

WATCHED HIS EVERY MOVEMENT

with the eye of a fox, but he made no further sign for many hours. When we went into camp he took all the precautions the most timid could suggest, and I do not believe he slept two hours between dark and dawn.

The night passed without an alarm, and it was after noon next day before we saw Indians again. We had been travelling for an hour after the noon halt when we came to a singular bit of ground. It was a ridge about fifty feet wide, with heavy washouts or dry ravines on each side of it. This place could be avoided by turning to either the right or the left, but Baker, who was mounted, as most of the rest of us were, led the way right along this ridge. I was watching him, and I saw that he was further ahead than usual. I also saw him make a curious sign. He raised his right arm on a line with his ear, bent the forearm across his head, and held it thus for a few seconds with the palm open and toward his horse's head. Looking ahead and to the left I thought I caught a brief glimpse of a dark object—something like a black head peering above the bank of the ravine. I was close to the head wagon, and I asked the man to halt, and in twenty words made him understand that I firmly believed the Indians had prepared an ambush for us. I had made him understand this when Baker halted and turned to us with the query:

"What's the matter now?"

"The route looks dangerous," I answered.

"The route is all right, bring your wagons."

"Why can't we go to the left or right?" I asked.

"Look here," he began, as he rode back, "is this train under my orders or yours?"

"Yours, sir."

"Then you be careful. If you attempt to interfere with me I'll order you under arrest. Come on with the wagons."

He turned and galloped forward. As he did so I rode to the right and a companion to the left to reach a point where we could see into the ravines. We both saw the same sight—the dry ditch crowded with redskins, we both cried out together:

"Shoot the villain! He has led us into an ambush!"

I don't know who killed him. Five or six of us fired together just as he had put his horse on a gallop, and he toppled from his saddle and fell to the earth. The Indians, seeing that they were discovered, sprang up and made a dash at us on foot. Although we had no leader, we did just the right thing.

The train rushed to the front, leaving the fugitives to take care of itself, and we discharged a volley which broke up the ranks of their number dead. The train sought cover, and we rose where their heads were off without there were every soul fled with-

out several years later, an active Danite, and had led more than one hundred emigrants to slaughter.

Dr. Nansen and the North Pole.

The scheme of polar exploration upon which Dr. Nansen, the Greenland traveller, hopes soon to embark will probably rank high among the wildest and most impracticable of Arctic undertakings. He seems to have abandoned his idea of trying to reach the Pole along the east coast of Greenland in favor of a far more surprising project. As he announced in a lecture last week, he proposes to obtain a strong, well-provisioned ship with which he will endeavor, by way of Behring Strait, to reach the New Siberian Islands northeast of the Lena delta. With these islands as a base of operations he contemplates entering the ice floes under the belief that a favorable current there will carry him north toward the Pole. He thinks he can avoid the fate of the Jeannette by having a specially built vessel with its sides constructed at such an angle that ice pressure will lift the vessel instead of crushing it.

Only once has any vessel reached the New Siberian Islands, and the chances are decidedly against the supposition that the grand good fortune which smiled on Dr. Nordenskiöld's enterprise would happen to another Arctic sailor. Indeed, Nansen's chances of reaching that coveted point where longitude ceases would be about as brilliant as his prospects of reaching the New Siberian Islands by taking a ship through Behring Strait. The fate of De Long's expedition and of many a whaler crushed in the ice floes that imprisoned Nordenskiöld, lucky as he was, for months, shows that Nansen's prospects of reaching his proposed base are very slender.

But if he reached the New Siberian group, there is no reason to believe he would find a northern current that would bear him towards his destination. The only Arctic currents of which we have any knowledge flow south except the two branches of the Gulf Stream, which penetrate northward for a short distance east and west of Greenland. To be sure, De Long, in his retreat to the New Siberian Islands, found the ice moving north but the track of the Jeannette, which often drifted south as well as northwest, shows that there is no regular movement of these Arctic waters in any direction. The results of exploration thus far go to show that if there is any land at the North Pole, it is an archipelago and not a continental mass, and that the ice fields drift to and fro between these islands and the continental lands to the south as they are driven by winds and variable currents.

Hunting for the North Pole is not a profitable amusement any way, but if Dr. Nansen is determined to pursue the quest, it will be surprising if he chooses the route that of all others has not a single advocate among Arctic authorities.

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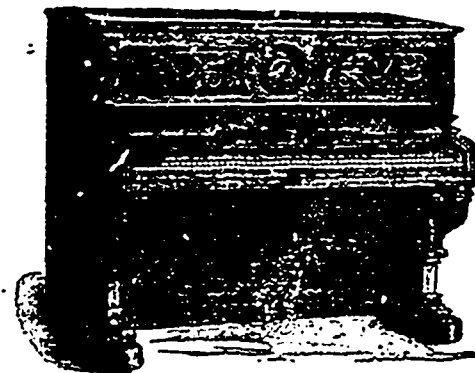
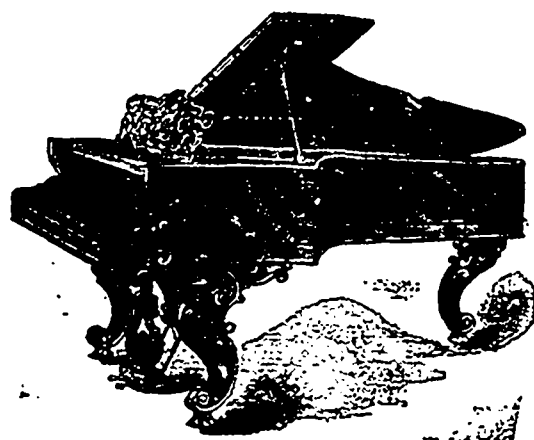
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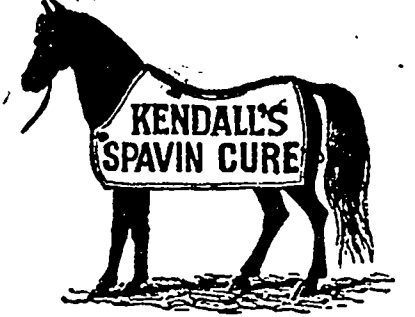
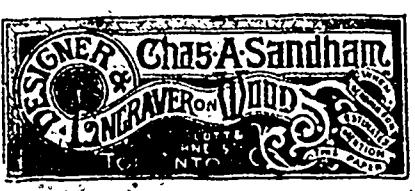
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