

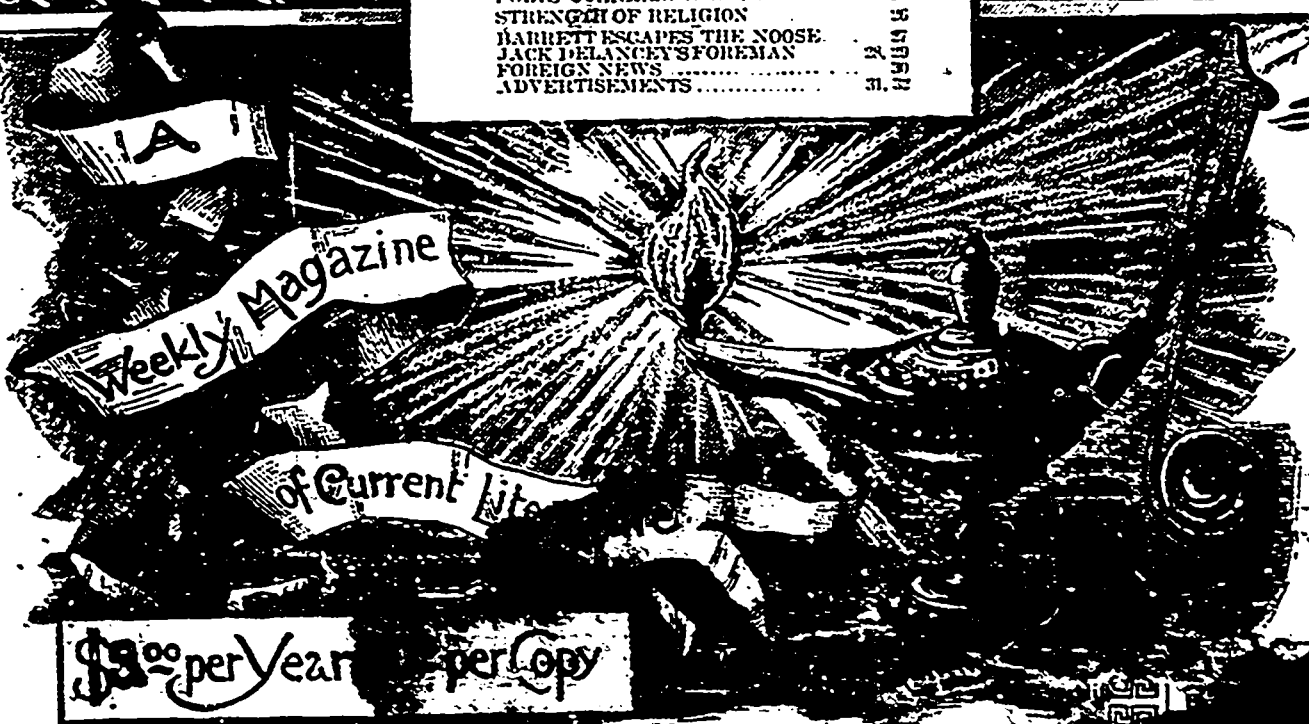
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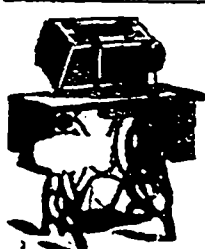
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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 15, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 493.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The letter of our Ottawa correspondent on page six of this issue, is particularly entertaining and racy. Our friend at the capital tells his story so naturally that we seem to see with his eyes and hear with his ears, the various scenes and incidents described. Don't fail to take in these weekly treats.

The proposition of the Quebec government to grant \$10,000 towards the rebuilding of Toronto University, is meeting with great opposition by the press of the province. The only notable exception is *L'Electeur*, Premier Mercier's own organ. Among the most violent opponents is *La Verite*, the Ultramontane organ, edited by Mr. Tardivel, who denounces the action of the government as a truckling attempt to conciliate and please the Protestant minority. Thus he writes: "By dint of hammering it into him that he has insulted and exasperated the Protestant minority the Conservative papers have succeeded in apparently persuading him that it is true. He looks like a man that wants to redeem himself at any price. He is applying himself to flatter our separated brethren with an ardour which all regret to see wasted in so futile a task. Because it is not in curving our spines obsequiously to *Messieurs les Anglais* that we shall win their respect or even their friendship. Give them justice and then stand resolutely before them—that is the way to cultivate them. Until now Mr. Mercier seemed to have understood this, and it was this also which constituted his strength in the house and before the country." Now assuming that Mr. Mercier's motive has been correctly interpreted by the worthy scribe, that the Premier has been actuated by no higher sentiment than a desire to turn the unfortunate circumstance to his own political advantage, it may be true that the proposed bill is a mistake, and that he is taking a fatal step. Mr. Tardivel is on the ground and ought to be in a position to know. It may indeed yet transpire that his generosity will cost him his political head. Time alone however, must be judge in the matter, and determine who is wiser, the Premier or the editor. But this is not the only objection offered, that the move is impolitic and inexpedient; nor is it the strongest if we are to suppose Mr. Tardivel paid any attention to the order of climax, for he has reserved for the chief place in his article the objection based on religious grounds. Affecting a feeling of utter astonishment at the government's action he observes: "To-day Mr. Mercier asks the House to vote \$10,000—for what? To aid the Protestant University of Toronto. It is incredible, but perfectly true. Yes, Mr. Mercier is going to ask us to take \$10,000 out of our chest to give it to a Toronto institution which can get all it wants in the rich Province of Ontario. If the question was to help the victims of any calamity in the sister province, such as fire, flood, or famine, we should not have a word to say, for the Christian gives alms to his needy neighbor without inquiring whether he is Catholic or

Protestant, Jew, Musselman, or infidel. But the question now is not to relieve the poor, but to help the reconstruction of a Protestant university which has asked us for nothing and will probably send us back our money." Surely this is a strange view of things. Is Mr. Tardivel so blinded by his prejudices as not to perceive that governments as such, in free countries can have no sectarian preference. As individuals constituting the government they may have their religious convictions, which will no doubt affect their judgment as the various questions submitted to them from time to time come up for consideration, but as a body of men chosen to manage the affairs of state they are expected and bound to know not man as Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Musselman, infidel or Hindu. It will therefore be news to many to learn that the government of Quebec is a Catholic government, though it be composed chiefly of men who embrace the Catholic religion. The fact is, the question of religious belief is not in any sense germane to the government's action and has evidently been dragged in to accomplish by an appeal to the passions what could not have been done by a reference to reason.

The situation seems simple enough if one will not allow one's passions to blur one's judgment. In a sister province the chief seat of learning, confessedly secular, and teaching no distinctively sectarian tenets, has met with a serious calamity which has disposed the authorities to accept such contributions as their friends may be disposed to make. Under the influence of the feeling of solidarity which exists, or at any rate is supposed to exist, among the various members of a great confederacy, Quebec proposes to help her unfortunate neighbor. Nor yet alone is she moved by the feeling that in a confederation, no province lives to itself, but also by the further consideration, that in the day of her calamity Ontario did not fail to reach out a helping hand. He must have a very restricted and cramped view of things who can find in this neighborly, or, rather sisterly, act anything to question or condemn. If we are a Dominion, united by laws and covenants mutually imposed; if Canada is one nation in very deed and not a paper union, a mere rope of sand, then to urge the objection of Mr. Tardivel is to offend not only against the first principles of a confederation, but also against the universally accepted view in regard to governments claiming to be free. It is only too unfortunate that Mr. Tardivel should have expressed himself thus. No longer is he in a position consistently to taunt the extremists of the Province of Ontario with stirring up religious strife, and seeking to create a war of creeds. Henceforth he must share the blame for any evil that may come to the nation through this cause. The outlook for the country would be dark indeed, if *La Verite* on the one hand, and the Equal Righters on the other, gave a correct expression of the popular feeling throughout the Dominion.

Remarkable conversions are not confined solely to the religious sphere, though wonderful instances are here recorded, but are to be found in the field of politics as well.

Such a spectacle is just now presented by the House of Representatives at Washington. When the Republicans were in the minority they were uncompromising advocates and defenders of certain principles and usages which they held as essential to the stability and safety of the nation. Among these cherished principles were: (a) The right of the minority, in case they held any proposed acts of the majority to be unjust, unconstitutional or prejudicial to the public welfare, to imperatively call the attention of the country to these acts and to hold the majority to a voting responsibility for the same, (b) The right of the House itself to determine when any dragging debate shall be shut off, instead of leaving it with the Speaker to decide. But the last election having changed their relation to the Treasury benches and brought them out of the cold shades of opposition, they astonish the world by repudiating the doctrines they once so stoutly upheld. Of course, it is conceivable that they have discovered their former error and are forsaking their evil ways, though most men will suspect their former sincerity and will account for the change by referring to the old adage "It makes all the difference whose ox is gored." With such glaring instances of insincerity and inconsistency occurring from time to time, it is not surprising that many honorable citizens are becoming disgusted with politics as at present managed and are condemning them as a sink of selfishness, dishonesty, and corruption into which no pure and upright man can go without suffering defilement.

The divinity which hedges in those who are entitled to write "lord" before their name is growing beautifully less in the public estimation. Only the other day a member of Parliament had the audacity to call in question Lord Salisbury's ability to tell the truth, and now the Hon. Mr. Gladstone gives notice of the following motion: "The House deems it necessary to declare that when a member prefers a charge against the Minister which the Minister denies, such member ought not to be restrained from refusing to accept the denial and from persisting in the charge because the Minister is a member of the House of Lords." No doubt this motion will be regarded as an unpardonable offence by those who boast of their superior blood, but the leveling process is at work and the inevitable is drawing near. The day hastens when character, and not the accidents of noble birth or wealth, will be the standard by which men will be judged, and the weight in the balance by which they will be tried.

It is just possible that Major Serpa Pinto the impetuous young officer who precipitated the east African trouble, may yet in his government in greater things. Fearing that his presence at the summit of the mountain would flame the patriots who have been embittered by the late mind of the land and voted for the bill at present. Laverge's at present. at present. at present.

the debates in the Cortes on the situation in Africa and his treatment of the natives. In an interview at Durban Serpa Pinto blamed the Protestant missionaries and the agents of the African Company as the prime movers in the quarrel between Portuguese and the natives. He asserted that the Portuguese massacred the natives only when they were compelled to do so in self-defence. There is a considerable party in Lisbon who will support him in whatever story he chooses to tell, and there may be trouble on his arrival.

The developments in connection with the proposed World's Fair in Chicago are not very assuring, and create a doubt whether the monster exhibition will materialize at all. It would seem that the money necessary for carrying out the project successfully has not been raised by the winning candidate, the so-called guarantee fund amounting almost to nothing. In view of this fact it is now proposed that Congress shall devote \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 of the surplus for this purpose. Quite naturally New York, which had practically raised \$15,000,000, all of which would have been available in a very short time, objects to such a proposal. Says the *Saturday Globe*: "If this argument shall find adoption in Congress, it will be little less than disgraceful. If, after months of lobbying, if, after having made representations of the most positive character, Chicago is not able to raise the money and carry on the Fair out of its own resources, it had better be left alone to hold simply a State or inter-State Fair, in which the rest of the country will have only the slightest interest." The *Sun*, with greater warmth and in terms decidedly vigorous, reminds the legislators of a day of reckoning. "If," it says, "you make a grant of money to Chicago for the purpose of holding the proposed Fair, that fact will become a very important issue in future elections; and the Republican party will be held to a responsibility which no set of politicians will find any reason to rejoice in. Give to Chicago for this purpose just what New York would have asked for, namely, the limited sum which may be necessary for a Government exhibit; make to Chicago, if you think proper and find the security satisfactory, such a loan as was made to Philadelphia in 1876; but beyond this not one cent under penalty of hearing from it very decidedly and impressively in the course of 1892. It will be a pity if the jealousy of the greater city should place any obstruction in the way of carrying out the project, which, while it is a national benefit, can have no over-estimated value."

with an account of an incipient organization with headquarters at Montreal, and having for its object the independence of Canada, or as the promoters prefer to put it "the emancipation of the country." The organization is to be known as the Canadian Independence League. Its plan of campaign is to establish branch leagues in every constituency throughout the country and if possible in every town and village; to have an organ published in English, using for French Canadians the newspapers which have already declared for a Canadian republic; to freely disseminate independence literature; to endeavor to secure the moral influence of Universities and political clubs in the United States and Europe which favor the extension of democratic ideas and the triumph of democratic institutions; and to solicit the moral support of all the independent nations of both Americas in securing the independence of Canada. The date set before them as the one in which they hope to attain their goal is 1892, when "from free America the last vestige of monarchical and European rule shall be removed." This particular date is chosen because of its being the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. One hardly knows which to wonder at the more, the marvellous credulity of the American citizen who believes that such an event is among the possibilities, or the boundless egotism and brazen forehead of the few callow politicians who pretend to represent the political aspirations of the citizens of Canada. What if the Young Men's Liberal Clubs of Toronto and Montreal have declared for independence? Is Toronto Ontario, or Montreal Quebec? Though there may be difference of opinion as to the expediency of Mr. Mulock's loyalty resolution there can be no two opinions regarding it as an expression of the sentiment which dominates the Canadian heart towards her gracious Majesty. Still, for the relief of a long-suffering public, it is to be hoped the "emancipators" will proceed to carry out their scheme, for if ever dreamers were rudely awakened these youths will be, when they realize that what they supposed were facts are only the vagaries of their own overwrought imagination. In that case the land will have a respite until a fresh crop of politicians shall have had time to grow up.

England's proposal to establish a dry dock at Gibraltar is not viewed with favor by the authorities at Madrid. In the chamber of deputies the other day Senor Moya, Republican, supported the demand hitherto made that the government should give the House explicit information in regard to the projected new dock which it is reported the English Government is to build at Gibraltar. The minister of foreign affairs replied that what it was proposed to build was a dry dock, and that it was to be constructed within the port of Gibraltar, and consequently within British territory. Not quite assured of the explanation of the pacific intentions of the British, and regarding the movement with some anxiety, several speakers expressed a desire to adopt precautionary measures to meet the fortifications of the port.

An important decision was rendered last week in the Court of Appeals in connection with a suit brought by the Temperance Colonization Society against Benjamin C. Fairfield of St. Catharines. Fairfield who was a member for a certain amount of the time, added to carry out his part of the contract, urging that the Society's allegations were false, that instead of 100,000 acres of lands they had only 10,000. The lower court had found in favor of Fairfield, when the appeal was brought before the Court of Appeals. The appeal was allowed and the judgment of the lower court was reversed. The decision is in favor of the Temperance Colonization Society.

terrible railway catastrophe, and the loss of many precious lives, is no fault of the inhuman wretch who is at present held for trial at Simcoe, for an attempt at train wrecking. The place selected for the commission of the crime is about a mile east of Port Dover Junction at the end of an embankment about forty feet deep, and just where the railroad crosses a big creek. Here two large stones were rolled on the track, one of which weighed five hundred pounds. The express came rushing along at a high rate of speed and struck the stones, hurling one a distance of about fifty feet. Had the train gone over at this point it is difficult to see how any of the passengers could have escaped. It is some satisfaction to know that the villain, whose name is Duesling, and who has already been made acquainted with the interior of the Central Prison, has confessed to the crime. It is to be hoped now that punishment will be meted out commensurate with the enormity of the offense. Ample time should be given him for reflection and repentance behind the bars at Kingston. Society demands that he shall be restrained from endangering property and life in the future.

The blundering attempts of foreigners to master the peculiarities and intricacies of the English language, are a never-failing source of amusement to those acquainted with the English tongue. Considering the source whence they came, the following are worth remembering. The only distinctively scientific book yet written on the Congo River was recently published in Paris. It contains the announcement that the station of Kimpoko is occupied by the "Bishop's Taylor herself supporting American Mission." A Belgian newspaper the other day printed the advertisement of an English book which, it said, contained "thersy four illustrations. Price sex shellings." Our foreign contemporaries seem to have been studying that valuable treatise known as "English as She is Spoke."

At last the much discussed Orange bill is set at rest, and the Order so far as the Commons is concerned, by a vote of 86 to 63, has received the recognition of the Parliament of Canada. Naturally Mr. Clarke Wallace, father of the bill, is greatly elated over the result. His friends and the friends of the Order will congratulate him no doubt upon the success that has attended his efforts in the matter. There are many others, however, who, having no strong feelings for or against the Order, will rejoice especially in the fact that Parliament has on this occasion at least manifested a sense of fair play. Incorporating other societies, such as the Independent Order of Foresters and the Oblat Fathers they could not consistently withhold the same recognition from the Orange Order. It is gratifying to find that 86 out of 149 members who were present and voted, saw the matter in this light and gave it their support. And thus another disquieting and disturbing question has been disposed of.

In speaking of his bill to amend the Public and Separate School's Act, the Hon. G. W. Ross said: "The Government has not introduced the ballot into Separate School elections. It has not been considered well to do so. There has been no demand from the Separate Schools for the ballot, and as such

dismissed with costs. The judgment decides that the society has not and never had the lands contracted to be sold, nor had they any valid agreement with the Government for obtaining the same, that they only got 213,000 acres altogether to satisfy contracts for two millions. It is a pity for the pockets of some poor dupes who were induced to purchase the company's scrip that this verdict had not been rendered several years ago; for not knowing how the Courts might decide and fearing that to engage in litigation would be to throw good money after bad, they were led to compromise with the company and purchase their release by sacrificing any and all payments already made, as well as paying a handsome sum of "smart money" into the bargain.

The bill introduced into the Ontario Legislature, by the Hon. A. M. Ross respecting exemptions from municipal assessments, if carried, will go far towards settling the vexed and vexing question of tax exemptions. It will be remembered that during recess, the government adopted measures to obtain an expression of opinion on the subject from all the Boards of Trade, and County Councils throughout the country. The answers received were somewhat diverse, though the majority were in favor of considerable modification of the existing law. To meet the popular wish as expressed in these reports, the bill of the Provincial Treasurer has been framed. It provides as follows:

- (1) Land on which a place of worship is erected, and land used in connection with a place of worship, shall be liable to be assessed in the same way and to the same extent as other land, for local improvements hereafter made or to be made.
- (2) The stipends or salaries of clergymen and ministers of religion, and parsonages or dwellings occupied by them with the lands attached thereto, shall be liable to assessment for all municipal purposes in the same manner, and to the same extent, as the incomes, dwellings and property of other persons.
- (3) The buildings and grounds of and attached to a university, college or other incorporated seminary of learning, whether vested in a trustee or otherwise, shall be liable to be assessed in the same manner and to the same extent as other land is assessed for local improvements hereafter made or to be made. This section does not apply to schools which are maintained in whole or in part by a Legislative grant or school tax.
- (4) In the case of persons carrying on a mercantile or other business in a municipality, the Municipal Council of the municipality may pass by-laws substituting, in respect of any class or classes of mercantile business, a business tax for the taxes on so much of the personal property of the rate-payer as belongs to the business, provided that such business tax do not exceed seven and a half per cent. of the annual value of the premises in which the business is carried on.

The extreme opponents will, perhaps, object to this bill as a half-way measure and urge that it ought to have gone further in dealing with church property and stocks of merchants; and, as the Manitoba Legislature is proposing to do, abolish exemptions altogether. Unless the bill is calculated to give actual relief, though not so radical as some of the changes are proposed, it is the most objectionable part of the whole. It is the proverbial half loaf, and the want of events shall hereafter determine the necessity for a measure more radical. It is to be hoped that our members will grant the people's request.

In speaking of his bill to amend the Public and Separate School's Act, the Hon. G. W. Ross said: "The Government has not introduced the ballot into Separate School elections. It has not been considered well to do so. There has been no demand from the Separate Schools for the ballot, and as such

legislation has hitherto been given when applied for, the Government does not feel that it is its duty to force it on the Separate Schools. Moreover there is also great doubt whether the Government has the right to change the mode of voting which the separate schools enjoyed at the time of Confederation, when they were guaranteed the retention of all rights and privileges." As to the plea that the government has no power to interfere in the matter, this is a question not for laymen, but for constitutional lawyers to decide. The other argument, however, is open to popular criticism. The principle upon which it is based is, give the people what they want when they ask for it. Undoubtedly this is a wise policy, provided it be so carried out as not to convert the government into a mere machine, incapable of adjusting itself to diverse and varying circumstances. To say that a government shall never pass a measure for which a popular clamor has not been made, is to deprive the country of the benefit of all that knowledge of the country's needs which, from their peculiarly favorable position, the members of parliament may have acquired. Consequently, while no self-governing people could be expected to tamely submit to their representatives amusing themselves with passing laws which no one desires, or the other hand they do not wish their rulers to be such complete echoes that they will not anticipate the needs of the people in passing laws which, in their united judgment, they are convinced will tend to promote the public welfare. The Separate Schools have not asked for the ballot, it is true, nevertheless the subject is being vigorously discussed by them in several influential quarters, and is bound to go farther still. This circumstance, that the ballot is not a dead issue with the separate schools, coupled with the fact that the School Act is about to undergo modifications on those parts which relate the separate schools, renders the present an exceedingly fitting occasion for the introduction of a provision similar to that pertaining to public schools, which are granted the privilege of choosing between the open and secret vote. By inserting such a clause no school would have been forced to adopt the ballot, and hence no injustice would have been done to those schools which do not desire it, while it would have opened the way for any school which prefers the secret vote to adopt the method of its choice. Considering all the circumstances that have been made public concerning the recent Separate School troubles in this city and elsewhere on this very question, the present disposition of the matter will hardly save the Government from the suspicion, that "there's a nigger somewhere in the fence."

If matters go on much longer at the present rate it is likely that Detroit will experience some difficulty in keeping up the number of her police force. As a rule, men do not covet being made a target for desperadoes and cut throats. And this is how it has ended on several occasions in that city. The latest victim of the armed burglar is Patrolman Edward Schumaker, who, finding the rear door of a certain grocery store open the other night, entered and saw three burglars working on the safe. The burglars fled, followed by the patrolman, who fired at them. The three scoundrels returned the fire, and Schumaker was wounded in the abdomen. He has since died. A number of arrests were made. This is the fourth patrolman shot while on duty in Detroit in eight years.

The ambassador given by Lord Salisbury to the Brazilian Minister at the Court of St. James,

is about to bring forth fruit in an unlooked-for manner. Taken with the circumstance that the authorities at Washington have recognized the new republic and have entered into fraternal relations with the Brazilian government, it has led to the formation of leagues at Rio Janeiro, Bahai, Para, Santos, and Pernambuco, the members of which pledge themselves to boycott British in favor of American goods. Of course Lord Salisbury will feel awfully sorry and will forthwith bring his knees to mother earth and fill his eyes with tears that he may persuade those whom he has so grossly offended to turn from their heartless purpose. For do they not see that the withdrawal of their patronage would prove the death blow to British enterprise and prosperity. Joking aside, we have here an instance of people cutting off their nose to spite their face.

In his speech on his new education bill Attorney-General Martin said: "The (Manitoba) government proposes to establish a purely national system of schools, a system under which every individual in the Province will have the same rights and privileges, under which no denomination, nor race, nor class, nor creed will be recognized, but a system under which any parents, be they rich or poor, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, can send their children to school, feeling sure that they will be treated alike without any reference to race, nationality or creed." He found no warrant in the British North America Act for the objection that the proposed changes were unconstitutional. He prophesied that an appeal to the courts would sustain the government in this as in the recent railway contention. He denied that any agreement had been entered into by the Dominion government in 1870 guaranteeing separate schools to the province, and contended that had such an agreement been made it would mean nothing, as no treaty could bind the province for all time. Whether the prairie province will thus early and easily relieve herself of the question which at present so greatly vexes the older provinces of the Dominion, remains to be seen. For the present at least they seem bent on radical measures.

The distinction drawn by Sir Charles Russett in criticizing the report of the Parnell commission is worth remembering by those who would estimate at their proper value the judgment of commissions similar to that which has just concluded its investigations into the charges preferred against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of Parliament. Said he, "I have the greatest respect for the opinion of the judges on questions that are capable of direct disproof, but not when they begin to draw inferences." This thought seems to have been in the mind of Hon. Mr. Gladstone when speaking upon the same subject. "In what respect," he asks, "had the three judges of the commission more weight and authority than other experienced men in deciding how far crime was due to the League and how far to oppressive evictions? Here they leave the hard ground of fact to tread the uncertain ground of inference. To follow them with the same unquestioning faith in the latter as in the former, is to ascribe to them a respect and authority which they cannot justly claim. This confusion of ideas, however, which makes a judge a better judge of the effects of certain causes simply because he is an authority in associated domain, is one that operates far more widely than this particular case would indicate. It is this confusion of the physical scientist with the philosopher and the giving to the philosopher all the weight of authority that

goes with the scientist, that is responsible for much of the disquiet and unrest of many minds regarding those truths which relate to the unseen world. We shall do well, therefore, to keep before us the above distinction, the remembrance of which may be of great advantage to us in our meditations and reflections upon life's great and mysterious problems.

The combined cities of New York and Brooklyn take the palm and lead the world in the matter of large petitions. The monster was presented to the New York Assembly one day last week. It contains 51,144 signatures from New York city and over 16,000 from Brooklyn, and is bound in book form. The book is twenty-six inches wide, thirty-two inches long, eight feet thick, and weighs half a ton. It was carried into the Assembly Chamber on the shoulders of eight men, and was laid, not on the table, but on the floor of the House. This unrivalled petition is in favor of the Secret Ballot Reform bill. Evidently the political machine is not giving good satisfaction in this great centre.

It is not likely that Senator Macdonald, of B. C., will pursue his Mormon bill further, now that Sir John Thompson's criminal bill covers essentially the same ground as the other. That part of the Minister of Justice's bill relating to the question of plural marriages makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for two years or fine of \$500, or both, to practice by the rites or ceremonies of any denomination or what are commonly known among Mormons as spiritual or plural marriages. This penalty also includes any one who celebrates, is a party to, or assists in any such rite or ceremony which purports to make binding or to sanction any of such sexual relationships, procures, enforces or is a party to the compliance with any such form, rule or custom which so purports, or procures or enforces the execution of any such form of contract which so purports, or the giving of any such consent in all such cases. The lawful husband or wife of the defendant shall be a competent but not a compellable witness for or against the defendant.

The enormous annual expense of keeping up Rideau Hall has led the public Accounts Committee of the present session to inquire more particularly into the system adopted in its management. Two features of the system have been strongly condemned by Members of Parliament, the lack of checks on the furniture and furnishings of the Hall to prevent the public property being stolen periodically; and the looseness with which transactions with the Hall have been carried on—the requisition drawn upon the Department being accepted without any question of scrutiny. As a result of the former it is suspected that many valuable articles of furniture and furnishings have been spirited away during the absence of their guardians from the Hall, and especially during the period intervening between the going and coming of successive Governments. It would seem that those who have been committing these larcenies have imbibed the heresy which, unfortunately, is not confined to those connected with the vice regal establishment, that it is no sin to steal from the Government. That this state of things will be remedied, has been promised by Sir Hector Langevin, who announced that a special account would be opened with Rideau Hall and an inventory taken of all the goods in the Hall as a check against loss.

If one could be certain that the request would be granted, for a commission of enquiry to bring to light the proceedings of

the Public Works Department relating to the new Parliament buildings, the challenge of Hon. Mr. Fraser to have such a commission appointed to scrutinize his actions would be a very strong argument in favor of his official integrity and uprightness. But it is just this little 'if' that thrusts itself in and tempers the conclusion based upon the bold challenge of the Commissioner. It is quite possible, and indeed very probable that the wholesale charges of jobbery and wrongdoing, so frequently laid at his door, would be shown to be utterly baseless; and that Mr. Fraser is prepared to give a frank and full explanation of all his actions connected with that important contract, even to the passing over of Toronto architects in favor of a foreigner; nevertheless the vindication must be based on other grounds than his reply to Mr. Creighton, "I tell him he can have a commission, and can have the opportunity of proving what he has charged. I stake my reputation on the result."

It is a desirable accomplishment to be able to draw a distinction and to distinguish between things that differ, but the ability to make a distinction without a difference is of no particular advantage to a public man in his dealings with the ordinary lay mind. And if the latter class is the distinction made by Mr. Creighton the other day in criticizing the actions of the minister of Public Works, it will be beyond the comprehension of minds unschooled in hair-splitting, to understand how jobbing, corruption and wrong doing can be laid at the door of a department without inculcating the head of the department, and practically charging him with all that is alleged against his department. Rather will the ordinary mortal agree with the Hon. member in his reply, "He charges me with having connived at jobbery. It would be no excuse for me to say, 'I did not put the plunder in my pocket. I allowed someone else to steal, but I did not steal myself.'"

Referring to the so-called game of the Ministerial party at Ottawa, to fritter away the early part of the session, and at the end rush through, without proper discussion, all kinds of imperfect legislation and imperfect measures, the *Globe* feels called upon to give the Opposition a few words of counsel in the matter: "They should make every effort to frustrate the intention of the Government and to teach them a much-needed lesson. It often happens that members of Parliament are not able to remain at Ottawa through the whole of a protracted session. Where this is the case with Liberal members they should, by arrangement with the Whips or otherwise, contrive to leave the Capital for a period sufficiently long to arrange their private business, and then come back prepared to stay as long as is necessary at the last for the full discussion of every measure that comes before the House." Unquestionably the "Opposition should arrange their private business so as to stay as long as necessary for the full discussion of every measure that comes before the House," and so should every member of Parliament, whether Grit or Tory. Have they not been sent to Ottawa for this very purpose? Did they not pledge their sacred honor to attend to the country's business when they offered themselves as candidates? Is it not a popular request? Is it not the duty of our representatives to feel any shame, and to have they fully identified themselves with the duties to which they are called? Is it not their duty to fill with his Catholicism in order to be beaten?

To say that such counsel is necessary is a reflection upon the honesty and uprightness of our rulers. Where is the ground for hope that just and righteous laws will be enacted if our legislators consider their promises lightly, and treat with indifference their sacred obligations to those they represent?

Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory results of the conference recently held between the city's representatives and the railway magnates, Sir Joseph Hickson and President Van Horne, the viaduct project is not a dead issue, nor are the promoters of the scheme ready to acknowledge its impracticability and cease their efforts. Owing to the Star Chamber character of the conference, the public has never had a full report of what took place on that occasion, but from Mr. Gurney, chairman of the committee, it is learned that both the railroad representatives object to the scheme as being impracticable both as to the cost of construction and the cost of working. Mr. Hickson stated that it would be necessary to raise \$250,000 per annum as an equivalent for all damages resulting to his railway company from the adoption of the viaduct scheme. While the C. P. R. did not make any statement as to the actual cost, they inclined to the opinion that the damage to them would be somewhat similar. This estimate is repudiated by Mr. A. M. Wellington, the eminent New York engineer, who has furnished the viaduct committee with two reports regarding the scheme, one based on a four track structure, the other on a two track way. In the latter, made since the conference with the railroad representatives, he says the extravagance of the statement of Sir Joseph Hickson that the Grand Trunk railway would suffer such operative inconveniences that not only would the G. T. R. be unwilling to pay any rent, but that they would expect the city to pay them a large sum yearly (\$200,000 to \$250,000) as an inducement for them to use the viaduct, should be its own corrective. It will involve certain inconveniences, in themselves disadvantageous, like most of such settlements; but the balance of advantage will be largely in favour of the Grand Trunk railway, and they could therefore afford to pay a good rental for the use of the viaduct.

There is a suspicion, however, that the money consideration is not the principal objection in the minds of the railway men, and that the great *leit motif* is the proposition that the city shall control the viaduct. Said Alderman Gillespie the other day: "It is not the viaduct which scares the railway magnates, but the control of the viaduct. I venture to say that if they were offered the privilege of constructing a viaduct of their own they would jump at the chance, and estimates of cost would shrink in a most amazing manner. What alarms them is that the viaduct scheme has as its corner-stone a neutral and independent Esplanade, so far as the railway magnates are concerned. That is why they are so much alarmed."

Truth's Contributors.

LA SALLE'S HOMESTEAD AT LACHINE.

Where Was It?

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

A question has arisen: Where is that block of land of 420 acres or the Lower Lachine Road which was reserved in 1666 by La Salle as a homestead for himself?

In 1834 I gave a full account of all I knew of the "Canadian Home of Robert de la Salle;" that letter was printed by most of the leading papers of Canada, setting forth that Champlain, when Governor of French Canada, established, between the years 1609 and 1615, three fur trading posts; one at Tadoussac, one at Three Rivers, the other at the head of the Lachine Rapids, the old Sault St. Louis. This post at Lachine was, for nearly fifty years, the most important trading post in the whole Colony.

This was about thirty years before the foundation of Montreal by Maisonneuve in 1642, and fully fifty years before the appearance of La Salle at Lachine; this post established by Champlain at the head of the Sault St. Louis was built upon the present Fraser homestead farm, on the very spot where the ruins of Fort Cuillerier now stand. These ruins of "Fort Cuillerier" were pointed to in that letter as being the ruins of La Salle's Home. Close by to these ruins stood the old English King's posts, the most celebrated military post in Canada during the war of 1812. This was the transferring post of navigation before the building of the Lachine Canal; every British soldier, every British regiment sailed westward in bateaux from this post and returned here at the end of the war; I gave a full account of this post and of every building on it at the time of its evacuation in 1836, in my "Sixth Summer Morning Walk Around Montreal." This is truly storied ground though now nearly forgotten and almost blotted out of local memory.

THE PRIMEVAL BEAUTY OF THIS RIVER FARM.

The writer is one of the very few now living, who can recall and picture in its primeval beauty that almost romantic river shore—for two miles upwards, from the foot of the La Salle Common to the Windmill point; embracing in these two short miles—the La Salle Common of 1666—the English Kings posts of 1812—the intended homestead of La Salle—the ruins of Fort Cuillerier—the site of Champlain's fur trading post of 1615—the old Penner farm—the St. Lawrence bridge, and the present Novitiate of the Fathers Oblats, built on the spot on which Fort Remy of 1659 stood, and being within the ground of the palisaded village of Lachine laid out by La Salle in 1666. There is not such two miles on the whole river of the noble St. Lawrence, from Gaspé to the mouth of the Saguenay, in having so much of the primeval beauty of the river shore. I love this spot and linger

1,000 feet would suffice for a monument! my offer, however, is still open. Will others who now pretend to take an interest in La Salle do something equivalent and purchase a lot of land near the old Windmill upon which to erect a monument?

This will be a sure test of their sincerity in the La Salle question.

A MONUMENT TO LA SALLE.

Canadians should bestir themselves and do something worthy the memory of La Salle. Lachine is the only place in Canada in which he had a home, and the present generation at Lachine appeared to take very little interest in his history until after my letter of 1834. La Salle is the brightest figure either in Canadian or American history; just fancy two and a quarter centuries ago, a young Frenchman, an adventurous youth, setting forth from Lachine in his bark canoe, on a voyage of discovery almost romantic, traversing, or rather, coasting, in his canoe, all of our great inland lakes, then over and through dense forests untrod before by civilized man down turbulent and unknown rivers even reaching the mouth of the great Mississippi. Where does history exhibit another such a character? Canada should be proud to do honour to her La Salle; and Canadians should vie with each other in paying a tribute of respect to his memory? Truly, La Salle has left his foot prints on the sands of Canada? Will Canadians allow them to be blotted out?

La Salle needs no monument along our river shore; no storied urn, nor animated bust, to perpetuate or to transmit to future generations the great deeds of his life. This whole Northern Continent of America bears unmistakable traces of his footprints. His discoveries and explorations were all made in the interest of old France—the land of his birth—the country he loved. Therefore, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seawards and our great inland lakes exist as feeders thereof, or the great and broad Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main; these river banks and those lake shores, if all else were mute, will ever silently testify to the memory of that youthful explorer, La Salle, who first trod or traced their far western or southern shores.

TRADITIONS OF OLD.

Scotchmen, above all men, are very jealous of family traditions holding them nearly as sacred as Holy Writ. When this old homestead came into the possession of my grandfather in 1814, the traditions then handed down to him through the former French occupants, the Cuilleriers, the Lapromenades and others pointed out: that on the site where then stood in 1814, and still stand the ruins of "Fort Cuillerier" was the very spot on which Champlain's Fur trading post of 1615 stood; and that those three farms of the present Fraser Estate, having a frontage on the Lower Lachine Road of nine acres by a depth of forty-six and two-third acres, making a block of 420 acres of land, bordering on and adjoining the La Salle Common of 200 acres, was the actual block of land of 420 acres which was reserved in 1666 by La Salle as a homestead for himself.

These three farms of 420 acres of the present Fraser Estate are still there intact, the common ground of 200 acres, adjoining these three farms, is still well known, and the ruins of the "Fort Cuillerier" built on the site of Champlain's Fur post, are still standing to mark the spot.

These three farms, I maintain, notwithstanding anything to the contrary, comprise the actual block of land of 420 acres selected in 1666 by La Salle as a homestead for himself.

There is not another block of land on the Lower Lachine Road, between the eastern boundary of the old English Kings posts, up to the present Windmill, a distance of about forty acres fronting on the St. Lawrence, that can be pointed to as having any connection to be called "La Salle's intended homestead" except that block. It is necessary that La Salle should have lived on the intended homestead during his short stay at Lachine. He was merely present at the present home, in the little log cabin in the present homestead, on a walk of

"La Salle set apart a Common, two hundred arpents in extent, for the use of the settlers on condition of the payment by each of five sous a year; He reserved 420 arpents for his own personal domain. He had traced out the circuit of a palisaded village and assigned to each settler half an arpent or about the third of an acre, within the enclosure."

These are facts, respecting the "Homestead and Common of La Salle" which cannot be disputed; and the "reserved homestead" must have been as well known to La Salle himself as the Common ground is now publicly known, and to a man of La Salle's taste for the beautiful, what more beautiful spot could he select than the nine acres of the Fraser Estate, adjoining the common, fronting on the St. Lawrence, a mile and a half above the Lachine Rapids? And on this spot, he it remembered, that fifty years before La Salle's day, there was a trading post, Champlain's the most important post in the whole Colony.

OLD LACHINE.

This is a neat little book of 76 pages, edited by D. Girouard, Q. C., having originated at the celebration of the two hundredth Anniversary of the Massacre of Lachine, of 4th August, 1689, containing valuable local information and will be a standard reference on all matters relating to "old Lachine." I offer my humble congratulations to Mr. Girouard for his collected facts. I differ with him only on one point, a particular historical one, namely:—He has located La Salle's intended homestead of 420 acres as being in the rear of the present Novitiate of the Fathers Oblats, and behind the "palisaded village," which had a frontage of seven arpents by two in depth, being between the present "Cross Road" and the Windmill; I cannot accept this as the block of land of 420 acres which was reserved by La Salle in 1666, as a homestead for himself, for the reason that there is not, and there never was, in the parish of Lachine, a block of land of 420 acres between these two points. There must be some mistake in this.

THE PALISADED VILLAGE OF OLD LACHINE.

Between pages 4 and 5 of Mr. Girouard's book, there is a drawing made in March, 1689, of La Salle's palisaded village. This was made twenty years after La Salle had left. The principal buildings as shown inside the palisades, such as Fort Remy—the Chapel—the Barracks—the Windmill, etc., had no existence in La Salle's day—they were not built for several years later. Jean Millot's house, with its flag, is said to have been the log house erected by La Salle, but afterwards enlarged by Millot for the purposes of his trade.

Therefore, I maintain that La Salle's intended homestead of 420 acres, was not behind and in the rear of the novitiate of the Fathers Oblats, two acres back from the bank of the St. Lawrence. The land is not there, and I cannot believe that a man of La Salle's decided taste, would place the front of his homestead two acres back, shut out from the river bank, when he had a frontage of over a mile, the most beautiful on the bank of the St. Lawrence, to select from; and when we find there did exist at that time, and does exist at this day, a mile from the palisaded village, a block of land, the Fraser Estate, of 420 acres bordering on the La Salle Common, which tallies exactly with Parkman's account of the Homestead and the Common.

FORT CUILLERIER.

Between pages 16 and 17 of Mr. Girouard's book a correct picture is given of old "Fort Cuillerier" as it stands to-day on the Fraser Estate. This is, with out question, one of the most interesting spots in all Canada. It was the spot, in 1609, that Champlain came to disembark in an Indian canoe to have a talk with the old Sault St. Louis, the present Lachine Rapids. This is the first spot of smooth water from which a canoe could shoot out to reach the channel of the river above the rapids. It was here, fifty years before La Salle's day, that Champlain's Fur trading post was established, and between the year 1673 and 1676, Cuillerier converted that old Fur post into a Fort, constructed of wood, and later on, between 1689 and 1713, the present stone building, now named "Fort Cuillerier" was constructed and used as a Trading post by the Cuilleriers. This must have been an important place in 1689, because Vandrenil on his return from the Massacre of Lachine rested here with his 500 men on his way back to Montreal. This spot was famous thirty years before Maisonneuve's day.

NEARLY THREE CENTURIES AGO.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace and to draw a picture of those far-off days, when Champlain stood at the foot of the present Fraser hill, at the head of that once beautiful little bay, now destroyed, by the Water Works Basin, which stretched down to the eastern boundary of the English Kings post; surrounded by his escort band of wild Iroquois, with their canoes hauled up on the quiet shore beneath the shade of the far spreading primeval elms, ready to embark, to sail down the Sault St. Louis, the Lachine Rapids. There was not a foundation stone then laid in this great City of Montreal.

This spot should be held sacred by Canadians for all time. Fancy Champlain's feelings as he embarked in his canoe to be paddled out to reach the channel of the river leading down through the centre of the great rapids. The excitement and the novelty of the sail would almost make them forget or be oblivious of the danger. I place this sketch before some young rising artist or painter of this day to revise it on canvas.

LA SALLE AND MILLOT.

La Salle was seigneur of Lachine and the founder of the palisaded village consisting of 14 acres, say "seven acres front by two in depth," being between the present "Cross Road" and the "Windmill." To this palisaded village La Salle transferred the fur trading business which had been carried on for about fifty years, at Champlain's Fur post on the Fraser Estate, about one mile from the palisaded village. It appears from all we can gather that La Salle was not a man of "business or of trade," and that Jean Millot, a trader of Ville Marie, Montreal, was the leading spirit of trade in La Salle's Village and that he afterwards purchased La Salle's rights to the village, etc., as we shall hereafter show.

But it is a singular fact, that after La Salle had left and the attempt by Millot to establish the fur trade in the palisaded village had failed, that Rene Cuillerier, between the years 1673 and 1676, re-established the fur business at Champlain's old post, and the Cuilleriers and their successors carried on an extensive business there for nearly a century after La Salle's day, in that old building now standing on the Fraser estate, and known at the present day as the ruins of "Fort Cuillerier."

La Salle became restless in 1659 to get off; to do this he required money for his outfit of men, canoes, etc. Millot had the money and Millot wanted to secure the trade of the village to himself, therefore La Salle proposed to sell his interests, which Millot accepted. La Salle then conveyed to Jean Millot by deed passed before Basset, Notary of Ville Marie, on the 3rd February, 1669, a block of land of 420 acres, "seven acres front by sixty deep." This block, as per page 73 of Mr. Girouard's book, is shown to be behind the palisaded village and in rear of the present Novitiate of the Fathers Oblats and between the "Cross Road" and the "Windmill."

This sale is the only foundation for Mr. Girouard to locate La Salle's intended homestead as he has done. Now, I maintain—the land is not there, was never there; and there is not and there never was a block of land in the whole Parish of Lachine having a depth of "sixty acres" the cadastral plan of Lachine, taking in all the little lots on the river bank, shows only about 360 acres of land behind the Novitiate, while the two adjoining farms, Belanger's on the east and Reel's to the west, have only a depth of 30 acres each. Where then are those farms having a depth of "sixty acres"? Where, may I ask, are they to be found in the parish of Lachine?

I have tried to unravel this sale of "Seven acres front by sixty deep" and I have consulted others who know the ground and have come to the following conclusions:—

La Salle had preserved 420 acres for his homestead. Millot knew this, but Millot considered the land bordering on and around the village as of more value to him, in the event of the village extending and becoming a town than the same amount of land a mile distant would be; therefore, I suppose, he would reason in this way with La Salle:—you are leaving and it makes no difference to you, to grant me the land close by the village instead of that block a mile distant.

I cannot, in any other way, account for that deed of land; La Salle had the power as Seigneur; and it made no difference to him where he granted it, so long as he got the money and Millot was satisfied; the Seminary and Millot,

THE LA SALLE COMMON.
On Canadian history, in Parkman's page 7, we find;

I believe, a quarter of a century later, had the measurements adjusted. This sale in no wise does away with the fact that La Salle's intended homestead was a mile farther down the river bank on the Fraser estate.

There is not now and there has not been for the past hundred years a vestige remaining of the "Palisaded village" of 1666. Buildings and palisades were all constructed of wood and have long ago crumbled down and mingled with the dust of ages.

Who planted those almost giant pear trees that were said to be

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD

in 1814, when my grandfather got possession of this old homestead? These trees were planted fifty years before La Salle's day. They must have been planted by the people who had charge of Champlain's trading post long before the days of the Cuillieriers. I can, myself, mark the spots on which

FIFTY-TWO

of those pear trees stood in my young days. One of them was so large and so open in the heart that the largest man on the farm could stand upright inside. I never saw such pears since, French pears, as that tree bore. They ripened about the middle of August, and the *pomme grise* were double the size of any growing now; and the *famues* and the *Bourna* , with its

LEATHER-LIKE SKIN,

was a treat in midwinter; and the *bon cretin* pear, it will make the teeth of old Canadians water to recall that pear.

Those pear trees must have been in their prime about fifty years old, when La Salle came to Lachine in 1666. This place, with its pear orchard, was on his seigniorial and, unquestionably, this was the spot of 420 acres that he reserved as a homestead for himself.

AN OLD SCOTCH HOME OF CANADA.

During my grandfather's and my father's our old home was known to every Highlander in Canada and the far North. It was the resort of the Scotch gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company, and the Simpsons, the Raes, Mackenzies, McKays, Keiths, Howards and McTavishes, for some years during my mother's lifetime, used to walk down to the old farm house on a Sunday afternoon after service in the old Scotch Kirk, to enjoy a real Highland treat of "curds and cream and oaten bread," with pears and apples in season. And those young gentlemen could there expatiate freely over the scenes of their early homes in the Highlands of Scotland in their own Mother tongue, the Gaelic. Those days are gone, but they have left pleasant memories. My mother was kind to them because she had a brother, Paul Fraser, then in the North-West, who afterwards became a chief factor in the Hudson Bay Company. The men of Glengarry made this their home when they came down to town with their sleigh loads of butter and pork. I have seen six double sleighs arrive there at one time, and they would leave their loads there until they found a sale in Montreal, then drive in and deliver. There was always plenty for man and beast within those hospitable old walls, with a true Highland welcome to greet them. Those were the grand old days of Canadian hospitality. Captain Allan, the father of all the Allans, for several years paid annual visits to the old home, and got his supplies of *pomme Gries* which he carried to Glasgow then to the West Indies, back again to Glasgow, then to Montreal the following spring, the apples keeping quite sound.

THAT QUIET OLD FARM HOUSE.

There are few people now living who saw that quaint old farm house sixty years ago, before the west end Kitchen addition was built, in 1829; with its "Normandy Stair way" (outside) at the west end, and its old French window or door opening out into the flower garden and pear orchard. The old "Slave house" stood within thirty feet, to the west, of the farm house, and that old stone building used as a barn, which stands about 100 feet behind the house (walls still standing). This old stone building has been a mystery to all visitors. It had *gun holes* on the front rear and sides, what was it used for? A store house, no doubt, but why the *gun holes* ? There were remains of palisades behind that old building which ran down to the rear of the ruins of Fort Cuillierier. The front of the farm three acres by two in depth, must have all been palisaded in 1689, when Vaudreuil encamped there with his 500 men after the Massacre of Lachine. The old stone wall, 10 feet high, three acres

on the front by four deep, must have been built in the days of the Cuillieriers.

The front of this old historical farm with its now ruined walls and almost roofless home, a sad, but a pleasing remembrance it brings.

This is written for the benefit of students of history and for all admirers of La Salle. I have placed La Salle's intended homestead on the Fraser Estate. This agrees with the traditions which came down to our family and tallies exactly with Parkman's account of the "Homestead of 420 acres and the Common of 200 acres," reserved in 1666 by La Salle, and, again, there is not another block of land of 420 acres on the Lower Lachine Road having any pretensions to be called La Salle's intended homestead but this; and, again, by referring to Mr. Girouard's book at page 54, the student of history will find that this block of land, the Fraser Estate, was not allotted to any one during La Salle's time. It was held in reserve, even until 1673 or 1678, when Rene Cuillierier got it, whereas the next farm, Penners', was allotted in 1668.

I have done my duty and I now leave it to the students of history to decide where that block of 420 acres is on the Lower Lachine Road, and to join with me in paying a tribute of respect to the memory of Robert de La Salle, and not allow ourselves to be out done by Chicago and other American Cities.

MY RETURN TO THE OLD HOME.

This one farm of 160 acres, part of the old homestead, is all that now remains to the family out of an estate of about one thousand acres of land on this Lower Lachine Road.

In the spring of this year 1890, although aged and poor, I purpose to return to the old farm, to seek a shelter within its ruined walls and almost roofless home, and to live under the shadow of its far spreading ancestral elms; and to watch—even to luxuriate over the growth of my young pear orchard; just like some of the exiled Acadians of old who returned to live and to die amid the scenes of their young days, upon the shores of the Basin of Minas.

Pleuro-Pneumonia in U. S. Cattle.

In the Imperial House of Commons on Monday Mr. John Leng, member for Dundee, asked whether the department of agriculture was ready to grant the demand of the Scotch farmers for equal facilities with others for importing cattle from the United States and Canada. He also asked whether the condition of the United States cattle justified the regulation providing for their slaughter at the port where they were landed. Mr. Henry Chaplin replied that the United States government was not complying with the conditions of the Act of 1878, and that, therefore, the present restrictions could not be relaxed. In 1889, he said, 47 cattle from the United States affected with pleuro-pneumonia, had arrived in England. As recently as February 21 a bull suffering from the same disease had been landed at Deptford from New York. Communications in regard to the enforcement of the provisions of the Act of 1878 were still proceeding with the United States government.

A Girl Who Sewed With Her Mouth.

The death of Mary Goodine, of Sugar Island, New Brunswick, took place last week. She was known in a limited circle as "the girl who sewed with her mouth." She was born of French parents about fifty or fifty-five years ago. She had no arms or hands, legs or feet, or feet none in any way developed, three fingers never having grown after she was born. Her body was of full size, and her mind was good. She was a very intelligent girl, conversing very freely in both French and English. Early in life she developed a fondness for sewing, and astonished her relatives by beginning to sew with her mouth. Finally she became so expert that she could cut the material with scissors, thread the needle, and then do fine sewing, using only her mouth for all the operations. A great many people from this city and from the surrounding country witnessed her perform this wonderful work, and some people have in their possession squares of patch-work quilt done by her.

Voice culture. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by the leading singers and actors. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

The Presentation to Mr John—The Alien Labor Bill—The Orange Incorporation Bill—"Bystander" Criticised—The Rideau Hall Expenditures—An Investigation Probable—The House in Humane Mood.

That was pretty bit of color in the dull gray of political life when the Conservative members of the Senate and Commons gathered in the old press room and presented Sir John Macdonald with a fine oil painting of himself. The chieftain came in with his fur trimmed overcoat open and in his hand, and took his stand right under the portrait. Senator Ogilvy read the usual flattering address, when the "old man" replied with a thoughtful retrospect of his career. Whatever his enemies may say, it was evident that that career has satisfied him. By the way, I see that the critics of the press do not approve of the portrait. Some think it too old, others stiff and others very unlike. For my part, I fell in love with it at first sight. It is a soft, strong, unique old painting, such as one would expect to find in the family portrait gallery of an English baronial mansion. The browned, wrinkled face of the Premier is reproduced most faithfully, nothing added but not a year forgotten. The face may not be as young as some who live on his life would like, but it is the same striking, mobile, time-beaten countenance that Sir John wears daily in the Chamber. It is not the usual oil painting, but its originality and its strong vitality are points of which Mr. Sandham, the artist, may well be proud.

Mr. Taylor's alien labor bill touched the Canadian spirit in a responsive chord. It was a quick return of an unprovoked blow on our cheek. The Americans shut our workmen out of their cities and enforce an Alien Labor law against us with petty detail and aggravating severity. They even have gone so far as to say that Grand Trunk employees whose duties carry them to the New York side of Suspension bridge, must become citizens of the Republic. This means that Canadians who are employed on a Canadian road, are paid by Canadian money, have their snug homes on Canadian soil, must tear up their homes, give up their Canadian citizenship, and build new homes in the United States, simply because their duties carry them for a long or short time into American territory. So far from being neighborly, such a course is hostile; and I fancy that the first thought in all Canadian minds is to resent and avenge the attack.

The Orange Incorporation bill has now passed the Commons, and is at the mercy of the Senate. Its third reading, like its second reading, fell luckily for it upon a Monday when the French members are by no means all in their places; and it is darkly hinted that this good luck was not altogether accidental. In fact it is evident whether it be regarded as blameworthy or as praiseworthy—that the Conservative machine had shifted from its former position of indifference to one of active sympathy with the measure. In 1885 party discipline was relaxed and the members voted as they pleased upon the bill then introduced, but this year, when no great pressure was applied, it was understood that the party would vote to pass. As a matter of fact, the Liberal attitude of hostility on the part of the Orange body is largely political, and has changed, though more gradually than before voted for the bill, upon Mr. Laverge's amendment, and is practically identical. Mr. Laverge's amendment was a weak and unconvincing solid with his Catholic friends. It is very hard to be beaten.

that body are Protestant Conservatives, and that is the element that secured its adoption in the Commons.

There is a feeling here that "Bystander" is decidedly aside from the facts when he declares that the Liberal party cut its own throat by supporting the Mulock loyalty resolution. This means that Unrestricted Reciprocity and British connection are, in the opinion of "Bystander," incompatible; and hence, that the Liberals burned up their party platform with their patriotic fire. There is at least to be said, that if one must be disloyal to Britain in order to trade with the United States, then the vast majority of Canadians will decline the most advantageous trade in connection with the Americans—at least for some years to come. The policy of the Liberal party has been trade connection with the continent and political connection with the empire; and the Conservative leaders have always stood ready to effect the most favorable trade relations with the States while abating none of their fervid fealty to the Crown. This country is thoroughly grounded in the belief that there is little or no connection between commerce and the flag.

There is a deliberate intention on the part of certain members of Parliament to force an investigation this season of the expenditures at Rideau Hall. The total cost of that institution, counting in the Governor-General and his appendages, for the year 1888-9—the last year of which we have the figures—was no less than \$113,049.67. Now mine is undoubtedly a Democratic mind and it is to be feared that my lump of reverence would not please any well regulated phrenologist, hence my view of this matter may be biased; but I solemnly believe that we could buy a lot better things for that money than a year of Lord anybody's company. The point that has aroused the ire of several Parliamentarians is, that every now and then Rideau Hall appears to be refurbished; and one of these periods of refurbishing came in the year now under discussion—1888-9. During that year fully \$15,000 was spent in new furniture, and the itemised list looks as if a conflagration had gutted the building before the buying in began. It was, of course, at the change of Governors, but no one has accused Lord Lansdowne of cleaning out the building when he left for home. Take some of the items in the auditor's report:

Danask Napkins	\$1,005.00
Other Napkins	99.00
Linen Sheets, 48 at \$12	576.00
48 at \$5	240.00
Carpets	\$23.70
Brooms 18; wicks 6	7.35

The list of items covers two pages of the report, and indicates a most remarkable leanness of furniture previous to this expenditure. It seems but little use for a Parliamentary committee to enquire into the matter. They are met with the dead wall reply that all these things were needed; and what can they do? But one of these days the people will start on an enquiring expedition, and Rideau Hall will have a reason for its existence.

The 11th day and 10th day as far as the vote is concerned.

Men and Women.

Miss E. M. Merrick, a London artist, who last year went to Cairo to paint the picture of the Khedive, has now received an order for a portrait of Henry M. Stanley, which the explorer is to present to the Royal Geographical Society.

The young Princess of Monaco speaks English without the slightest accent, and is very fond of English customs. She has an Englishwoman for one of her ladies in waiting, and especially invites English ladies visiting Monaco to call upon her.

William Black, the novelist, is at work upon a new novel that will begin to appear in one of the magazines in July. It will have a Scotch name, but the story will be located chiefly in London, with incidental excursions to the United States and Canada.

It is said that during a recent visit of Mr. Balfour to Ireland he asked a priest, who was a Nationalist, if the Irish people were as hostile to him as they were represented to be. The priest is said to have replied: "Since you have asked me, I will tell you the truth. If our flocks hated sin half as cordially as they hate you there would be no use for priests in Ireland."

Mrs. Henry Gladstone, nee Miss Maude Rendel, the new daughter-in-law of the Grand Old Man, is an accomplished musician, with an especial ability with the violin, to which she is devoted. She is described, besides, as handsome and young "with a soft, smiling face and rippling dark hair, and a small but well-carried figure. She is an attractive talker also, and an ardent reader, and dresses in admirable taste.

An English temperance reformer, who recently asked Mr. Gladstone to endorse a scheme for the limiting of the number of licenses granted in any district in proportion to the strength of the temperance party in the district, a sort of English local option, received this reply: "I could not venture to give an opinion upon a particular mode of applying the principle of popular control in this case without knowing what was thought of it by other persons more entitled than myself to speak with authority."

Prince Bismarck is fond of walking, and whenever his health allows he still goes out on foot (always accompanied by his big dog), and wears his military cap and tunic; but, instead of dangling a sword, as a few years back, he now leans on a cane. When the young Emperor William either rides or walks out he is invariably in full regimentals, with a long cavalry sabre hung from his waist, and on foot it is his custom to manipulate in addition a stick, not quite as substantial, however, as the stout, tall Chancellor's staff.

A friend of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has just received word from him describing his voyage from the Gilbert Islands to Samoa in the schooner Equator. Mr. Stevenson's party consists of himself, his wife and his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mr. Strong, an artist. They had a very disagreeable voyage. At one time the boats were crowded and supplied with provisions, ready to be launched. They, however, reached safety, although in a thoroughly uncomfortable way. The boat was so ill-treated that it was abandoned by the first crew. Mr. Stevenson himself seems to be in good luck, although he walks a long horse-riding tour of the islands, and has been the subject of much talk among the natives.

took their seats. They were pleasantly received, and the question of their eligibility was not raised by the male members of the body. It is understood, however, that the matter will be taken to the courts by the minority of the Council.

Since the death of Lord Torrington a conflict has been going on between the Queen and Lord Salisbury about the appointment of a new Lord-in-Waiting in his place, and the question does not seem to be any nearer being settled than it was ten months ago. The Queen desires a non-political peer, while Lord Salisbury protests that a nobleman who has claims upon the gratitude of the party must be selected. The arrangement of the waits of the Lords-in-Waiting during this year was postponed for several weeks, in the hope that an appointment would be made; but nothing has been decided, and the matter will now probably remain in abeyance for a few weeks, as Lord Torrington's successor, whoever he may be, is not to go to court on duty until after the Queen's return from the Continent. The Queen has always acknowledged that no Minister ever met her wishes about household appointments so readily as Mr. Gladstone, who probably learned from Sir Robert Peel that business is much facilitated by giving in to the feelings of the sovereign on these small personal questions.

The Prospect of War in Europe.

M. John Lemoine in the Paris *Matin* gives his views on the poor prospects of peace in Europe. In spite of all the pacific declarations from thrones, he says, the situation has not changed. The nations continue to prepare for the great and inevitable liquidation. The eminent German, Prof. Virchow, told his electors the other day that he would renew his proposition for a general disarmament, and added that it was impossible for the people of Europe to continue as they are. "It is true," says M. Lemoine, "there must be a solution, but, unfortunately, that solution will not be disarmament. The nations must come to a plain explanation of their intentions. Then they will rush at each other, and the combat will finish when there are no more combatants, when the human race will be bred white, and, ashamed, horrified, and exhausted, it will at last be forced to repose. To-day people think only of one thing, and that is the best and surest method of butchering each other. The coming great melee of humanity is getting to be more and more indescribable. It will be nothing like the pretty little battles of old times, which will appear like mere duels when compared with the war that is coming. When I hear the Duc d'Anmale describe so elegantly the fights of Turenne and Conde with their little army corps I say to myself that they were small affairs, in which each individual engaged had his share. But to-day where will the individual be? Lost completely in the great avalanches of slaughter. Our much-vanished civilization will certainly have good reason to recoil in horror; but for all that, we must not deceive ourselves. The war will come; it is as certain as death. We may try to put it off as far as possible; but it will come its day, its hour, although we may try to put it off till the morrow. Let us, then, be ready for it, always ready."

Lincoln's Plague of Rats.

The plague of rats increases and multiplies in Lincolnshire, and when as many as 120 are found in a single corn stack it is not surprising that the poor rodents have recourse to eating each other. If that process continues, it is not surprising that the rats will be exterminated. The latest explanation of the plague is that the rats are driven to the water by the want of food, and that they are driven to the water by the want of food, and that they are driven to the water by the want of food.

Literary and Art Notes.

Comopolitan for March is at hand, and is a superb number. It abounds with illustrations of the highest order, having ten articles that are thus embellished. Among others are, "Berlin, the City of the Kaiser," "The Evolution of the Gondola," "Easter in Jerusalem," "Browning's Place in Literature," "The Militia," &c. "A Candidate for Divorce," (complete) by H. H. Boyesen, is charmingly written and forms a valuable contribution to the discussion of this burning question. "Social Problems," by E. E. Hale, is marked by the writer's usual vigor, clearness and originality. Annual subscription \$2.40.

The managers of "Our Day," are placing the public under a great load of obligation for the many excellent things they furnish them from month to month. The March number comes surcharged with timely articles from the pens of leading experts on the subjects they treat. Miss Frances E. Willard discusses "Prospects of the Prohibition Party," and also gives an account of Mrs. Foster's Seceding Woman's Temperance Union. "The Boston Monday Lecture," by Dr. Joseph ... treats of the recent discussion in the American Board of Missions. Besides these there are other articles of exceeding interest. This magazine takes first rank among journals of Reform.

Good Housekeeping's Bill of Fare for the issue of March 1st, is a tempting literary feast. Some of the most noticeable articles are: "The Etiquette of Dining and Dinner Giving," by George W. Childs and Hester M. Poole; "Dining at the White House," by Lucy Page Stelle; "Mistress and Maid," "Quaker Housekeeping—in the Sick Room," by Rachel Macy; "Family Sewing," by Harriet Esterly Weston; "Cook Book Lore," by Leslie Stone; "Macaroni and How to Cook It" by Marie Gozzaldi; "Woman's Work and Wages," by Helen Campbell, and interesting and pleasant sayings and doings in the departments: "The Cozy Corner," "Quiet Hours with the Quick Witted," "Editor's Portfolio," "Home Correspondence," and "Fugitive Verse," as well as some choice poems and selected reading.

The March *Wide Awake* opens with a charming biography in miniature, by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey, of "The Beautiful Emily Marshall," a famous young belle of Old Boston. Mrs. Humphrey has done her work in the most sympathetic manner, and while the personal beauty of Miss Marshall is fully portrayed, she has shown the spiritual loveliness which was the secret of her charm; the frontispiece gives her portrait, painted by Chester Harding, and owned by her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Elliott. Mrs. White's "Newspaper Workers" will be read with profit. Mr. Stoddard's serial "Gid Granger" is worth reading, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood begins a Western serial story entitled "Bony and Ban."

Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The March number of *Scraper's Magazine* furnishes its readers with the following bill of fare: "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," (Illustrated) by Benjamin Ellis Martin; "The Lapsed Year," by John Vance Cheney; "A Forgotten Regiment," (Illustrated) by Kirk ...; "Inscens," by W. G. Van Tassel ...; "John Ericsson, the Engineer," (Illustrated) by William Conant Church; "The Hidden Self," by William James; "The ... and his Boomerang," (Illustrated) by Horace Baker; "A Decisive Drama," by George A. ...; "Expiation," and "In the Valley," are continued. It is superfluous to add that this Magazine has no superior in the art of few illustrations, which and ... Sub. \$3.00 a year.

Long before ... is in touch with the living and more often ... We will stone ... indeed their ... which is packed with words ... and thoughts that burn. The children ... or "Free Trade Protection" is continued by Senator J. S. Morrill; "Limitations of the Speakership" a

question which just now is greatly exciting the minds of American citizens, owing to the recent ruling of Speaker Reid, is discussed by Hon. Thomas B. Reid and John G. Carlisle. Among other interesting articles are "Coming Men in England," by Justin McCarthy, M. P., "Sir Wm. Thomson and Electric Lighting" by George Westinghouse, Jr., "Family Life Among the Mormons," by a daughter of Brigham Young; "Looking Backward Again," by Edward Bellamy; "Lively Journalism," by Gen. Nelson A. Miles; etc. The notes and comments department contains "What a Fair Should be," "Life Insurance in the United States," "The Papistical Power in Canada," and "Heresy-Hunting." This excellent monthly is published at 3 East 14th St. New York at \$5 per annum.

The principal feature of the *Transatlantic* for March is political in its character. In an article on "How Europe may Escape War," Colonel Baron Stoll, who is an authority in matters military, seriously advances the startling idea of an offensive and defensive alliance between France and Germany as the only method of averting the impending European conflict, and maintains that such an alliance is possible only on condition of the voluntary restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France by Germany. Incidentally, the author relates an interesting interview with Bismarck, in which the German premier describes the struggle which he passed through to prevent his sovereign from occupying Vienna in 1866. After reading this article, one turns, with interest aroused in advance, to "The Last Lesson: Story of a Little Alsatian," a touching novelette by Alphonse Daudet, based upon the prohibition of the study of French in Alsatian schools. An entire page is given to a collection of nearly forty fac-similes of royal autographs. Henrik Ibsen gives some recollections of his childhood that are not only entertaining, but instructive as explaining his future. Among other literary attractions are some delightful translations of the new odes of Carducci, the Italian poet, and an account of Russia's national opera, "Life for the Czar," by the famous composer, Michel Glinka. A selection from this opera fills two pages of the *Transatlantic*. On the cover appears perhaps the best picture of Robert Browning thus far published. [325 Washington St., Boston. \$2.00 a year.]

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. and Mrs. McDowell are sure to be favored with a full house at their every appearance in this city. On Monday evening they appeared for the second time this season at the Grand and were greeted by a large audience of their admirers. "The Private Secretary" was produced and in a manner which created unbounded enthusiasm. From first to last the audience appeared to be in sympathy with the company, and while the laughter continuously rang, the applause constantly echoed. After each act the curtain had to be raised in response to the signs of appreciation and when the laze fell there was an almost universal shout of approval. The last half of this week "Bottles Baby" with Kate Claxton and Chas. Stevenson will be the attraction.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—An unusually strong attraction is furnished to patrons of the Academy this week, in the "Broom Maker of Carlsbad." The "Broom Maker" is a musical comedy, with an action that is easy and natural. In the principal, James Reilly, there is a considerable suggestion of Zambet in his palmy days. Mr. Reilly has a strong and powerful voice, of a sweet resonance, whose masculinity, though warming at times, is not out of place with the German dialectical part that he takes. His singing is decidedly good. The yodeling is quite a feature of the performance and in this Miss May Templeton excels. The piece is really first-class, and will doubtless attract large houses during the week.

Vit-Hits.

Capital and Invention.

Capitalist—"Huh! Want capital to develop a patent, eh? Well, you've come to the wrong place. I haven't any money to risk on patents."

Business Man—"But in this case there is no risk at all. The invention, though wonderfully attractive to the average mind, is absolutely impractical. It won't work."

"What? You know it won't work and yet you come to me for capital to—"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir. You see if we know at the start that the thing won't work we shall expect no results from it, and need run no risk. We simply form a big company, sell all the stock, pocket the proceeds, and let the stockholders do the developing. See?"

"I see. You shall have all the capital you want."

No Risks Run.

Pretty Girl—"I called in reference to your advertisement for a typewriter."

Cautious Bachelor—"I advertised for a young man."

"Yes, I know, but I was in hopes I might do."

"Hem! Can you cook?"

"Cook? Why, yea."

"Good housekeeper?"

"Oh, yea."

"Fond of society?"

"No, I seldom go out unless obliged to."

"Take that desk there, please."

A Slippery Oath.

His arms, with strong and firm embrace,
Her dainty form enfold,
And she had blushed her sweet content,
When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
She asked with loving air,
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by yon elm I swear."

A year passed by, his love grow cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm:
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
The tree was slippery elm.

Willing to Shield Him.

Seedy Stranger (insinuatingly to bar-keeper.)—"Do you know who I am?"
Barkeeper (shortly).—"No; I don't."
Seedy Stranger (proudly).—"I'm the man who first used the expression 'In the soup.'"
Barkeeper.—"S'hh! Take the back door and run for it! I'll try to throw the people off the scent and give you ten minutes' start."

An Expert Opinion.

"Is drowning painful, doctor?"
"Very. Particularly after you have been pulled out and are being resuscitated with a barrel."

Often.

"Mr. Jones will give a translation of 'Poeta nascitur, non fit.'"
"Poets are born misfits."

He Achieved Greatness.

Miss Redingote—"No, Aunt Brindle, I am not engaged. When I marry it will be a great man."

Mrs. Brindle (doubtedly).—"Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Josiah—"

Miss Redingote—"You don't mean to say Josiah Brindle has ever distinguished himself?"

Mrs. Brindle.—"Well, I'll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!"— [Lippincott's]

Why it Comes High.

Patient (who has just had his eye operated upon).—"Doctor, it seems to me \$50 is a high price to charge for that job. I didn't take you ten seconds."

Eminent Oculist—"My dear friend in learning to perform this operation in ten seconds I have spoiled more than two bushels of such eyes as yours."

The Way He Loved Her.

"Do you love me for myself alone?" she asked hoarsely.

"Yes," he replied; "alone in the parlor."

Courtship and Marriage.

Courtship is sweet when the nights are long,
And the north wind is blowing fierce and strong,
And the lamp in the parlor is turned down low,
And the only light is the grate's red glow,
And she is close to your bosom pressed,
And she lays her head with a sigh on your breast,
And you look in the depths of her lovely eyes,
That mirror the blue of the noonday skies,
And you kiss her lips and her dimpled chin—
But marriage! Ah! that's where the hitch comes in.

The New Boarder Gets Off a Joke.

The New Boarder (during an awkward silence).—"Have you," (to young lady), "Have you ever read Hiawatha?"

Young Lady (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply).—"Yes." (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds), "But 'twas a long time ago."

"New boarder (leading up to his joke gently).—"The name of the heroine was, as you remember, Minnie-haha, the laughing water."

Young lady (not liking to commit herself).—"Well?"

New Boarder (observing that his conversation is attracting general attention).—"I dare say she was called by her savage intimates Minnie."

A few people tittering—"Ha! ha! ha!"

New Boarder.—"Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine" (every one listening), "why would he be like a small portrait?"

Young Lady (repeating).—"If a cannibal had—what?"

New Boarder says it again.

Young Lady.—"Ah, yes, is it a riddle?"

New Boarder (pleasantly).—"Yes,"

Various People (pretending to have thought over it and wondering when dinner will be ready).—"I don't know."

Lady of the House (politely).—"What is the answer, Mr. Somebody?"

New Boarder (repeating the point).—"He would be like a small portrait because he'd be a Minnie-chewer."

Curious sensation felt by everybody. New Boarder smiles at his boots.

Enter servant, who says (very distinctly)—"Dinnerum."

Grand scramble for dining-room.

He Couldn't Answer the Question.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure out for yourself."

Where Genius Didn't Work.

He was just a plain tramp, undiluted with rap, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden snow shovel several sizes too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way and when he opened the door he said:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Ye-es" (in surprise).

"And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavor should be rewarded?"

"Ye-es"

"Heretofore I've had a large and profitable practice in my profession, with abundant elements are against me. I'm quite un-der the snow on the premises. I'll be back this afternoon and I'll be sighted, for a quarter if you'll give me a advance money. Is it a go?"

"Yes, it's a go," she said, so near the door in his face.

"And they say that genius always comes every time," he sighed, as he shuffled the stoop.

Propagations for Business.

Life Insurance Agent (out West).—"What did Mr. Newcomer say?"

Assistant.—"He wouldn't talk with me at all; said he was too busy to talk about life insurance."

"Well, I'll hang about his house to-night and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down in the morning you be behind the fence in some vacant field and put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then when he reaches his office, I'll drop in and talk life insurance again."

Going to See a Woman He Once Loved and What Came of It.

It was written on highly scented pink note-paper and read as follows, "Darling, come and see a woman whom you once loved—or said you did. At home (and alone) at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Yours till death, Ethel."

"Can it be that she still lives?" muttered the man to whom the missive was addressed. "I don't seem to recognize her handwriting—still, I will go."

He went, and though like Johnny Gilpin, he was half an hour late through the interruption of a garrulous client, he reached the lady's boudoir at last. Had he not done so, we should have no tale to tell. Closely veiled, he beheld a figure in the room into which he was ushered.

"So you have come," was the rather chilly commencement of the dialogue. "You are late, and I was on the point of setting out to see you; so pray excuse my outdoor costume. You remember me?"

"Perfectly; who could ever forget that eyes, those nose—I mean those eyes, that nose—pardon my confusion. No, Ethel, I have not forgotten, and am as ready to lay myself at your feet as ever I was."

"Lay yourself," laconically exclaimed the fair charmer.

He laid.

"Do you remember," continued the veiled beauty. "Do you remember—?"

"Yes, distinctly—everything, everything," the visitor replied. "That lovely moonlit evening, that stile, your style—all, all. And how I swore, yes, swore, that you should be mine and mine alone, and that I would be yours and alone yours. And has that wretched being that parted us gone to his account? Yes? Thank heaven, I breathe once more and repeat my devotion."

Was it giggling he heard behind the folding-doors? Nonsense, only the wind in the corridor.

"Darling," he repeated, "will you be mine?" "For ever and ever I am yours," softly murmured the enchantress.

In a moment the ardent lover was on his feet and a second later he had clasped his adored one to his waistcoat. Only for the twinkling of an eye, however, did the embrace last, for one squeeze convinced him that he was hugging a dummy, which on further investigation he found contained an Edison phonograph ready primed for the interview. As he departed the giggling before mentioned seemed to swell into peals of ribald laughter, produced by the cachinatory muscles of the half-dozen practical jokers who had planned the roguery.

Why He Stole.

Judge.—"If you know of any mitigating circumstance you are at liberty to state it." Prisoner.—"I don't know of any except that I took to stealing because I didn't want to loaf around the street corners and be taken for a detective."

Smith at the Bar.

Judge.—"What's the charge, Smith?"

Officer.—"He was charged with stealing."

Judge.—"What is your defense, Smith?"

Smith.—"I have a man's own room."

Judge.—"That's no defense."

Smith.—"I have a man's own room."

Judge.—"That's no defense."

Smith.—"I have a man's own room."

A Proof of Devotion.

A dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth and as they entered the office the young man said:

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh, I don't," she gasped.

"But it really don't hurt you any, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached."

"I don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, I would."

"Has she got a bad tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Yes, sir. It has ached for a week, and I've just succeeded in getting her down here. Come, darling, have it out."

"Oh, I can't!"

"But you must."

"I can't stand the hurt."

"Hurt? Now, then, I'll have one pulled just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leaned back and opened his mouth and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seize with his forceps when the girl protested:

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Get out, Harry, and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan and as she went out she was saying to the young man:

"Now I can't believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false.

Saying Disagreeable Things.

Nothing is easier than to say disagreeable things and there are people who labor under the mistaken opinion that there is nothing more clever. It was one of these mortals who was asked not long since what was the age of a maiden lady of his acquaintance.

"I do not know," he replied. "I have never studied archeology."

As fate would have it the lady in question chanced to overhear him.

"And yet you remember," she said, with a suspicious smoothness in her voice, "I have heard my mother say that I was born the first year that you were old enough to bring home the washing."

The retort was cutting and the passage not over refined, the fact that the man was most anxious to conceal his origin giving a sting to the words in which the other took her revenge.

A Promise Unfulfilled.

"That blatherskite, Bunker, died the other day from fright."

"Well, he always said he'd die with his boots on."

"But he didn't. He was frightened out of his boots."

So She Had Heard.

"Know you e'er," said crafty Charley.

"That when maidens kissed would be then with accents soft, they sweetly—

Lisp their words most prettily?"

Back the answer came—a golden Mine of wealth in every word.

"Yeth," the damsel sweetly said.

"Yeth, dear Charley, tho' I—"

Not Mad About It.

Agreeable scribbler.

Through add. to that m.

Editor. "What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

What you are."

from the thanks and acclamations which rose louder and spread further every moment, seeking peace and silence above all things for his deeply agitated spirit.

Presently hymns of thanksgiving to the Lord were to be heard from the Hebrew multitude, who refreshed and revived, and overflowing with gratitude, were pitching their camp with as much hope and confidence as ever they had known. The sound of song, of happy laughter, jests and encouraging cries, formed an accompaniment to the work of putting up tents, and the encampment was rapidly effected, as rapidly as if it had been raised from the earth by magic spell.

The eyes of the young men flashed with martial ardor, and many a heart shed its blood to make a feat.

Mothers, after doing their part by the hearth and in the tent, led their little ones to the spring to show them the spot where Moses with his staff had pointed out the spring bubbling through the rift in the granite. Many men likewise stood with hands and eyes raised to Heaven round the place where Jehovah had shown such grace to His people, and among them were not a few of those murmurers who picked up stones wherewith to stone the servant of God. None doubted that they here beheld the result of a great miracle. The elders impressed on the little ones that they should never forget this day or this water, and an old grandmother was wetting her grandchildren's brows at the brink of the pool to ensure divine protection for them for the rest of their lives.

Hope, thankfulness and the glow of trust prevailed on all hands; even the fear of the hostile Amalekites had vanished, for what ill could come to him who put his trust in the mere of so omnipotent a Protector.

Joy was absent from one tent alone, and that the finest of them—the tent of the head of the tribe of Judah. Miriam sat among her women after distributing the mid-day meal in silence to the men overflowing with grateful enthusiasm; she had heard from Miriam's husband Reuben that Moses had made Joshua captain of the Hebrew tent in presence of all the elders. Her, her husband, she also was told, had expressed himself ready and glad to renounce the dignity in favor of the son of Nun.

The prophetess had not chosen to join in the people's song of praise; when Miriam and her women had brought her to go with them to the well, she had bidden them go without her. She was now expecting her husband, and wished to meet him alone; she must show him that she desires his forgiveness. But he did not come; for after the council of the elders had broken up, he remained with the new captain to help him to arrange his men, and this he did as a subordinate, obedient to Moses, who owed his call and his name of Joshua to her.

Her waiting women, who had gathered about her, were busy spinning; but she could not endure this humble toil, and while she sat with idle hands staring into vacancy the hours went slowly indeed. And at the same time her purpose of humbling herself before her husband grew fonder. She felt impelled to pray for strength to bow before the man who was in truth her master; but the prophetess, usually so apt at fervent prayer, could not find the right vein of devotion. If now and then she succeeded in collecting her thoughts and uplifting her heart, some thing disturbed her. Every fresh report which was brought to her from the camp added to her displeasure. When at last dusk was falling, a messenger came despatching her to have no care for the men's evening meal, which had already been long prepared and waiting; Her, with her son and grand-son, were about to accept the lodging of Nun and Joshua to share theirs.

At this she felt it hard to restrain her tears, and if she had suffered them to flow unchecked they would have been the latter drops of wrath and wounded pride, not tears of distress and regretful longing.

During the hours of the evening watch the warriors all married past her, and from rank to rank the cry resounded of "Hail to Joshua!" And these who repeated the watchword, "New-born and strong," did so in honor of the man she once had loved, but now hated, as she confessed to herself. None but the men of his own tribe had honored her husband with a special cry. Was this their gratitude for the generosity which had led him to abdicate the post, to which he alone had a right, in favor of a younger man? It cut her to the heart to see

her husband so deposed; but it wounded her yet more to find that Har could thus abandon his lately wedded wife.

The evening meal at the door of the Ephraimites' tent was a long one. A little before midnight she sent her serving women to bed, and lay down herself to wait till her husband should return, to confess to him all that had troubled and angered her, and what she most desired.

She thought that it would be easy to keep awake when she was in such anguish of mind; but the great fatigues and strain of the last few days and nights had told upon her, and, in the midst of a prayer for humility and the love of her husband, she was overcome by sleep. At last, at the hour of the first morning watch, when day was just beginning to break, she was startled from her slumbers by the sound of the trumpets giving warning of immediate danger.

She rose quickly, and, glancing at her husband's couch, saw that it was empty; still it had been used, and on the sandy soil for mats were spread only in the living-room she saw the traces of Har's footsteps by her own bedside. He must have stood close by her, and perhaps, while she slept, have gazed tenderly down on her face.

This was indeed the truth; her old slave-woman told her so unasked. For after she had roused Har she had seen him carefully shading the lamp while he looked on Miriam's face, and bent over her for some minutes, as though he would have kissed her.

This was good hearing and rejoiced the lonely wife so greatly that she forgot her usual calm dignity and pressed her lips to the wrinkled brow of the little bent old woman, who had done service of yore to her parents. Then she lastly hid her hands of braided hair and dress her in a holiday robe of light blue which Har had given her, and hastened forth to take leave of him.

Meanwhile the troops had formed in order. The tents were being struck, and Miriam sought her husband for a long time in vain. At last she found him; but he was deeply engaged in talk with Joshua, and, as she caught sight of the captain, the prophetess shuddered with a sudden chill, nor could she persuade herself to address the men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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, recipes or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

A Man's Ideas of Home Comfort.

The first and crowning comfort of a home is a good mother and sister for a bachelor and a good wife for a married man. In the female element in home life is embodied the very best attraction that it has to offer. The purest and best love of a man's life is concentrated there, and there he finds the truest and deepest return of his affection. All the accessories and details which go to make a home comfortable are subservient to and dependent upon the woman's directing hand; many of them, indeed, are her own creation. When a man's comfort or well-being is in question no task is too great for the mother, sister or wife to make, and these are most often made entirely without the knowledge of him when they most nearly concern, and for whose sake they are gladly offered.

The gentle deeds of women for love's sake, the effacement of self which they practice daily in silence, and the home between them carefully concealed, and which can only be noted in its results, these are things so common as to pass almost unnoticed, yet they make home centers, and their absence would be quickly and severely felt. From the women in his home the man constructs his ideals, there may be an alteration dear to him in some particular, the adding of a line here or there, but they furnish the fabric of a dream which is woven with threads of character, and which is quite unchangeable.

As regards his personal needs and requirements are met from the island. A simple Philadelphia dinner signals women. The women appeared who was so near and temptingly dressed could see the man late from. Just as their hopes were

them, unless, perhaps, they were placed upon some object which he had come to regard as peculiarly his own, his favorite chair, for example, or his desk—of which latter more anon. Though some women take this lack of appreciation, as it is often called, seriously to heart, it should be remembered that such matters are out of a man's line, that he has not the knowledge of the details of workmanship, which is so necessary a part of intelligent admiration, and that he is commonly prone to observe rather the general effect than its component parts. The ruffles about the edge of a piano cover, or the modestly draped legs of a chair awaken no responsive thrill in the manly breast. He is insensible to the charms of crochet, and the intricacies of even the most complex stitch fail to arouse his enthusiasm. If a woman can be sure that a man is contented with the other more substantial requisite, she need give herself little concern because the trifles are unnoticed; should he object to them he is likely to say so, while his silence may be accepted as sincere though negative approval.

A man wants some place in his home that he can call his very own, some portion of the house where his will is law, where no conflict of authority can arise. This is not altogether for the purpose of securing solitude, for his family is usually most welcome there, but the need for it springs from the desire for that sense of proprietorship which is his habit abroad, and from the wish to be able to do precisely as he pleases in at least a corner of his own house. Here should be the comforts that the man devises for himself, the lounging chairs, the desk and library, his smoking materials with license to use them. Here he should be able to feel absolutely at his ease, troubled by no fear of "mussing things," no need to thread his way anxiously through a maze of furniture and various decorative obstructions trembling lest something be overturned and broken, and here should be the seat of that admired disorder to which he only has the clue. His books and papers should be left as he leaves them, though to the orderly female eye they may seem to be in hopeless confusion. His desk may be littered with piles of books, magazines, letters, manuscripts, everything that can possibly find a place there, but if a woman wishes to secure to a man one of his most cherished home comforts, she will let that desk alone.

A room arranged upon the above plan possesses charms that others render it owner can enjoy, and Charles Dudley Warner touches this point with his accustomed acuteness:

"Man is usually not credited with much taste or ability to take care of himself in the matter of comfortable living, but it is frequently noticed that when woman has made a dainty paradise of every other portion of the house, the room she most enjoys, that from which it is difficult to keep out the family, is the one that the man is permitted to call his own, in which he retains some of the comforts and can indulge some of the habits of his bachelor days."

There is sound truth in this, and though it refers to a married man the application is equally valuable for a bachelor. There are certain thoughts, habits, and recreations which the change from the single to the wedded state does not affect, and these are the ones his sanctum affords a man the opportunity to practice. His reading, writing, and friendly intercourse with his male intimates are most satisfactory to him here.

A friend of the writer has for years made the secular complaint; that when he was single he had one whole room to himself, but since his marriage, though he has had a house of his own, he could claim sole ownership in only one barren drawer and half a closet. He has since proven the seriousness at the bottom of his joke by building an addition at the top of his house, where he has every convenience and regains his privacy only to the lady.

Many and various are the ways in which a woman can contribute to the comfort of a man's own room. Not by her fancy-work for his taste, but by her certain, sure, and steady hand. All that is wrong is surely be adjusted.

Street gowns grow ill-fitting and feminized in style, and seen in the brown dress it creates

able management of domestic affairs are of prime importance in creating the home feeling. A neat, clean, well-ordered household is a delight to the eye, and the man's eye is quick to observe slovenliness.

Women do not need to be told how to secure this effect, for to most of them the sense of order is instinctive.

Good housekeeping as regards the table should also be well remembered. Well cooked, nicely served food is a blessing which a man knows how to appreciate, and a strong attraction to bind him to his home. The element of unexpectation adds greatly to his relish of a meal, be it ever so simple. Special dishes which are favorites with him, served when they are not anticipated, seem to taste doubly delicious. If women knew how frequently men went to their friends with pride certain delicacies which are nowhere so good as at home, their particular fancies would be gratified more often.

Man's debt to the women in his home is too heavy to be grudgingly repaid, and all the tenderness, the loving kindness, the small attentions that a woman values no less highly from a husband than a lover, these but partially requite the consecration of her life to himself, and are but a poor return for the inestimable treasure of a pure woman's love. *[Ladies Home Journal]*

Some Tested Recipes.

BAKED OMELET. Three eggs, white and yolks beaten until very light; small cup of milk; tablespoonful and a half of flour; pinch of salt; put in whites of eggs last. Bake in a very hot oven.

FRESH CELERY. Boil some fine stalks of celery, lay them on a dish, season with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, vinegar and sweet oil, after they have lain in this mixture one hour, dip them in butter and fry in hot lard. When brown, drain, sprinkle with salt and serve.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil six large parsnips; peel and split and cut them into pieces. Make a batter with one pint of milk, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour. Have some lard boiling in a frying pan; take a large spoonful of batter for every piece of parsnip slip into the boiling lard and, when nicely browned, drain and serve immediately.

SOFT GINGERBREAD. Dissolve in one half cupful of molasses an even half teaspoonful of soda. Add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-cupful sour milk, two and a quarter cups sifted flour, and a second half teaspoonful of soda this time sifted in with the flour. This will make sixteen cakes, if baked in 35 pan. *—Good Housekeeping*

CHILI. Take four cupfuls of meat, free from rind and fat, and chop it fine. Have a teaspoonful of flour and mix with the meat, add a third of a cupful of gravy and three tablespoonfuls warm water, and let it cook slowly for ten minutes, giving it an even stir. Let it set for a few moments on the back of the stove where it will cool a little, add half a cupful of cream, beat thoroughly, pour over thin slices of toasted bread, and serve.

ORANGE PRIMA. 14 eggs, 1 pound of soft white sugar, 1/2 pound of butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of orange peel preserved, 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract. Break the eggs, separating the yolks from the whites. Put the yolks in a bowl with one pound of soft white sugar, and beat until perfectly light. Melt half a pound of butter, taking care it does not become all oily, add this to beaten yolks and sugar. Drain the syrup two teaspoonfuls of orange peel. If it has not been already prepared, add a slender strip. Beat very light. Add to the mixture 1/2 pound of lemon extract, egg-white. Have the mixture with well taste, dry in a shallow pan and serve.

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[Now First Published.]

JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER VII.

There was a long sitting of the Marlborough Street police court that day, and at the conclusion of it the prisoner was committed for trial for the wilful murder of Margaret Neale on the night of the 10th of June. The evidence was all on one side, and every item of it appeared to go home with fatal force. The testimony given at the inquest was repeated, and the Countess of Southfort readily identified the handwriting of the old letters found in Faune's lodgings. There could be no doubt whatever as to their being the letters of the deceased woman to her husband, written at various times before he left England. A fatal revelation, unlooked for and emphatic, flowed from them. The last was dated "October 25th 1888," and referred to the imminent departure of the husband for India; and it was proved that Claude Faune sailed from Portsmouth in the troopship *Exoprates* on the 20th of the same month. It did not need Frank Holmes, who remembered the date so well, to establish this fact; but he also remembered that, if Faune were the recipient of those letters, that last momentous letter from the dead wife must have been received by the husband while he was staying with himself the week before embarkation.

The evidence of detective Barton is already known to the reader; he had nothing to add to it, and felt his case completed by the discovery of the letters. Mr. Clayton was sworn, and admitted that Faune was in the habit, when he came to his house, of staying till past ten; pressed on the point, he said he did not recollect an occasion, for several weeks prior to the murder, of the prisoner going before ten o'clock. Further, he had to confess that the prisoner's departure on that Saturday evening was rather abrupt, and caused him some surprise, as he had not alluded during the evening to any purpose of going so early.

Barton made no mention in his evidence of Frank Holmes having seen and met the prisoner at Albert Gate; it was unnecessary, and the officer did not wish to drag the young man into the case without sufficient reason.

The garrulous and communicative landlady did not follow the example. She deposed to Mr. Holmes calling at her house, and telling her he had seen the prisoner at Albert Gate, coming homeward at a quarter past nine. This led to Holmes being called, and to his annoyance, to corroborate the point. He did no more. But the woman went on to say that Mr. Faune had told her that he was about to marry a very wealthy and beautiful young lady.

Poor Mr. Clayton was recalled after the witness went down, and had to admit that the prisoner had been a snorer for his daughter's hand; that he himself had assented to the suit, and had believed the marriage would soon have taken place. This was a new point for the prosecution.

The prisoner's solicitor put very few questions to the witness. He seemed to have been on the other side was too much to be lightly assaulted. He was not to be moved to reserve his energies. He was not to be moved to fight upon. He was not to be moved to fight upon. He was not to be moved to fight upon.

He was not to be moved to fight upon.

"Thank you; not this evening. I have several things to do."

"Well, jump into this cab, and I will drop you at the Corner.—What do think of the case?" he asked as they drove off.

"It looks bad enough."

"Bad enough; I hardly see how it could be worse for him."

"It would be worse if they could bring to light any correspondence between Margaret Neale and Faune since the latter's return to England. That is still wanting, isn't it?"

"Such a fabric as a complete case is seldom heard of," said Mr. Clayton with a shake of his head. "I fear in the present instance they can do without that evidence; and who knows what may be discovered between now and his trial? They have only been two days at the case."

"Who knows?" Holmes repeated absently. "Yes; for the time I must admit they have done remarkably well; but hasn't it come very easy to them?"

"So you will not come with me, Frank?" said Mr. Clayton after a pause. "I should be glad if you would, if only to talk to Mary. I find it terribly hard. Poor girl! Ah, Frank, I wish it had been otherwise!"

The young man knew what he meant, and shook his head. "It cannot be otherwise now, Mr. Clayton," he answered gently. "Let us not think of these things. Tell Mary I will be mindful of my promise this morning."

"What was it, Frank?"

"Something I promised to try and do for her—no matter now; another time I shall tell you, should it be worth the telling. Tell her I am going to do my best."

"Very well, Frank, very well," the banker said with a sigh. "They were now at Hyde Park Corner, and the cab drew up to allow them to alight. "Perhaps you will look in to-morrow evening?"

"Perhaps I may. Good-night."

"Good-night."

The cab moved on, but had hardly proceeded twenty yards when it stopped; and Holmes, looking back, saw Mr. Clayton beckoning him with his umbrella. "Come round to-morrow," he said; "I want to say something, and almost forgot to mention it. Will you call?"

Holmes promised that he would call, and then turned back along Piccadilly on his way to the Strand. He was very full of that idea of his which had struck him by the spot where Margaret Neale had been murdered, an idea which, if he should be able to follow it up, would end in the unequivocal condemnation, or equally unequivocal acquittal, of Claude Faune.

Walking down the Haymarket buried in his thoughts, Holmes was disagreeably interrupted by a hougham drawing suddenly up by the pavement and bearing his name called. He stepped over to the carriage, and saw Musgrave and his wife before giving him time to speak the latter said sternly, "I am so glad now you were going home to your dull lodgings, Mr. Holmes; but you shall enter this carriage and come with me, and have dinner with us."

She opened the door as she was speaking, and like a man in a dream, Frank Holmes mechanically did the last thing he would have cared at the moment to do; he stepped into the hougham, and seated himself opposite the lady and her husband.

The cab of the way down to Charing Cross, Musgrave, leaning towards him, said in a voice unusual to her, "I hardly understand, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," he answered, "I am only a little tired."

"You are not?" she asked, looking at him with a keen eye.

"No, indeed," he answered, "I am only a little tired."

"You are not?" she asked, looking at him with a keen eye.

"No, indeed," he answered, "I am only a little tired."

"You are not?" she asked, looking at him with a keen eye.

"No, indeed," he answered, "I am only a little tired."

"You are not?" she asked, looking at him with a keen eye.

"Not a whisky-and-seltzer?"

"Not even that."

But the man returned presently with a quantity of whisky in a tumbler, which caused Holmes to glance incredulously at his friend. His doubts were soon decided by seeing Musgrave, after the addition of a little of the mineral water, drink the contents of the glass at a draught. And then, looking at the man, he was struck by an alteration in his appearance: he looked flabby and pale.

"What is the matter, Musgrave?" he could not help asking.

"Matter?" answered Musgrave sharply. Pausing a minute or so, the influence of the liquor which he had drunk produced a softer mood, and he said: "I have a horror of these things. My wife is so interested—excited, in fact—over that woman's murder, that she would take me to the police court to-day to hear the whole thing. She had no patience to wait till the evening papers, which I told her would have a full report."

"So you were in the courthouse? So was I; but I did not see you."

"I was sick of it. I have always detested murders and sensations of every kind. I shouldn't have ever read the details of this case in the papers," said Musgrave, turning in his chair, "only it happened to be a man I had known. But not even that would have induced me to go to the court, if it hadn't been for Lucy."

"Naturally, as a woman, Mrs. Musgrave's feelings are strong on the matter."

"I suppose so; and her southern blood is warmer than ours. However," he added, "she is satisfied now, since the fellow doesn't seem to have a chance."

Frank Holmes wished from his soul he had had the presence of mind to decline the invitation; he even went so far as to cast about in his mind for an excuse to go now. He could find none, of course. He hoped they would not spend the next two hours discussing the murder, for, owing to some feeling which he did not clearly understand, he was reluctant to talk about it with Musgrave and his wife. Their sentiments, strongly opposed as they seemed to be, jarred uncomfortably on him.

Mrs. Musgrave was a beautiful creature, as she came down to dinner in a dress of black velvet touched with a little lace and a very modest amount of jewelry. She was certainly beautiful, yet seemed wholly unconscious of the fact. During dinner the lady addressed almost all her conversation to Frank Holmes, and as she did not once allude to the topic he wished to avoid, he was fairly fascinated. It was impossible to resist her, she was so charming without suspicion of effort. Frank Holmes, now and again glancing at Musgrave, silent and even gloomy, and drinking more wine than he ought, wondered more than once why so radiant and charming a creature should have given herself to such a dolt. But there was the fact to wonder at; and this evening Musgrave did not appear to so much as admire his wife.

Holmes followed up-stairs more willingly than he had gone in to dinner. Mrs. Musgrave's fascinations had not been without effect. She sat down at the piano and ran her light fingers over the keys with a touch that showed her a mistress of the instrument; then Musgrave rose, and muttering some apology about "a smoke," left the room.

"He detests music, and he is—what is the word? white-livered," said Mrs. Musgrave with a matter-of-fact frankness that was a little startling. "Only fancy, Mr. Holmes; he wanted to leave England as soon as he read of that murder, because, I suppose, a former school-fellow, of his was arrested for it."

"Naturally, it was more or less of a shock to him, Mrs. Musgrave."

"But you, Mr. Holmes, were a school-fellow, and a friend as well, of Mr. Faune. Did you feel disposed to go away when it happened?"

"No; of course not."

She left the piano, and after tossing about a few books on the table, sank into a low chair.

"I have a little to say to Frank Holmes," she said with a bellion, "I know why I should like among those who moved by the fate of the man is and more often of 'Down'—Is it we will stone him when we find his wife's indeed their knees were falling to the ground, and the misery of their wives' children was visible to every eye."

"Not a few, indeed, picked a piece of rock out of

"Well, well; let us speak about something else. Of course you know London well?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I am afraid my husband does not," she observed, with a shade of anxiety. "Perhaps," she added, looking up with a blush, "you will think it bold of me, but I feel that I would like to talk to you as a friend I have known for years."

He did not think it bold; he thought her frankness very charming. She was not an Englishwoman, and he freely gave her the benefit of the difference.

"I feel flattered and delighted, Mrs. Musgrave," he answered, willing enough to enjoy her confidence, but hoping it would have nothing to do with her matrimonial relations. He had sense enough to shrink from that.

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes," she said, moving her chair an inch nearer to him. "Then I will use the kind privilege you give me. I am anxious about my husband's prospects in London. I suppose he has said something to you about his views?"

"Yes," said Holmes, pleased that her confidence was taking that direction; "He spoke of an Emigration agency."

"Sending poor people to Texas and Canada and other places. I suppose, wealthy as England is, there are plenty of poor people?"

"Oh, plenty indeed," he answered with a smile.

"Then there may be some prospect for an Emigration Office?"—Mr. Holmes," she said, drooping her eyes and voice at the same time, with very pretty effect, "we have not much money, and I am anxious for my husband to be getting an income."

"I should not like to dishearten you, Mrs. Musgrave," he said gently, "but London is a very difficult place to get an income."

"John says," she observed doubtfully, "that there being no means of living for thousands in England, they will be eager to go to other countries."

Holmes shook his head. "That is true, as far as it goes, Mrs. Musgrave. But those who are able to pay the cost of reaching and settling in a new country can do so without the aid of an agency; and those who are too poor—the great majority—without an agency that will find the necessary money for them and take the chance of ever getting it back again. I don't think that the idea will succeed."

She was silent now, with her hands clasped and her eyes on the carpet. Holmes, contemplating her graceful head bowed in anxious reflection, thought of the man drinking whisky below. Was she thinking about him too?

She raised her head suddenly, saying half audibly, expressing her thought rather than addressing her guest: "I don't know what we shall do," and moved to the piano.—"May I sing, Mr. Holmes? Or do you hate music too?" she asked.

For the best part of an hour she sat at the instrument, singing and playing. Frank Holmes beside her turning over the music. It was a hiatus in his existence, in which he fell into oblivion of everything except the singular enchantment of this woman's society. Nor was it that she seemed to exert her charms and accomplishments for him; had she done so, probably they would have failed of effect; but she bowed her head and lowered her splendid voice in devout rendering of a piece from the *Sabat Mater* or one of the Masses familiar to her ear in her native country; and sang with fervor and swelling luscious the passionate love-songs of the South, with equal unconsciousness of his presence beside her. Nor was the power of the spell over Frank Holmes lessened when, turning quickly on the stool, an expression of disgust swept over her face, and was succeeded by an ill-concealed look of distress. While she was singing, her husband had returned and entered the room unobserved, and was now lying on the sofa in a drunken stupor.

Mrs. Musgrave left the piano, and without noticing her husband further, said: "Will you have coffee, Mr. Holmes?"

"Thank you, I must say good-night, Mrs. Musgrave, and thank you for a most delightful evening."

She went to the door with him, and hesitating there a moment, walked with him down the corridor to the elevator. As he was about to touch the bell, she said, looking in his face with a sadness that was very touching: "I wish, Mr. Holmes, we had a prospect of living in London. It would be so pleasant to have you for a friend, to come to us of an evening. Shall you come to-morrow?"

"A thousand thanks, Mrs. Musgrave. I could desire no greater pleasure; but I am not able to promise for the evening. I shall call during the day, however. And now, good-night again, Mrs. Musgrave."

"Good-night," she said. When Holmes reached the street, instead of going to his lodgings, he turned down to the Embankment for a quiet stroll and half an hour's thinking. For half that time he was able to think of nothing but the woman he had just left.

"Hang the fellow!" he exclaimed, flinging the stump of a cigar into the river; "the possession of such a wife ought to fill him with ambition.—What will be the end of it?" he thought, remembering what she had dropped about their not having much money, and the state in which he had left Musgrave. Any 'end of it' would be good enough for the man; but it was terrible to think of a woman like Lucy Musgrave being dragged down to the degradation of a fallen husband. She had touched the young man's chivalry.

If he had temporarily forgotten his promise to Mary Clayton, Frank Holmes made up for the delinquency by sitting over the problem of Margaret Neale's death till two hours past midnight. As stated in a former chapter, he had a peculiar bent for the investigation of crimes, which his exceptional knowledge of London life and acquaintance with the details of most of the great crimes committed within the past few years had developed into a talent. Now, in regard to the murder of Margaret Neale, his attitude was this; that the course of the police was radically wrong, and the conviction of Faunce—if he were really the murderer—would be an accident rather than the logical result of a well-conceived method of action. As to Faunce's guilt or innocence, he had at present no firm opinion; there was one dark passage upon which light would have to be shed before the question of guilt or innocence could be finally and completely answered. Why did Margaret Neale leave the house that Saturday night? It was here, in the opinion of Frank Holmes, that the pursuit ought to have commenced; but the police, finding no scent to start upon, had run promiscuously about, trusting to chance rather than intelligent directions. The arrest of Faunce was the consequence of this course of action.

On the jury, with the evidence before him that was given at the police court, he would still have demanded the completion of the case by a clearly established answer to the question "why did Margaret Neale go to the park that night?" To his mind the question was a vital one; and it was to throw light upon the motive of the woman's fatal act that he now bent himself, not reckoning as to whether it would help to convict or acquit the prisoner. But though it has been said that Holmes was as yet without a firm opinion as to Faunce's guilt or innocence, he was, even in the face of the damning evidence, still unaccountably disposed to doubt that the man was capable of such an act. Faunce's disappearance the very next evening tended rather to increase than to diminish Holmes's doubts as to his guilt. Would it not be better for him to have stood his ground, if guilty, than to have aroused suspicion by flight? The manner of the murder indicated an amount of cool and methodical premeditation with which, in his opinion, a disappearance like that of Faunce was inconsistent. He must have had, it was true, a very strong motive for his extraordinary and, it might turn out, fatal behaviour; but this was a secondary point of interest in comparison with the vital one of the reason of Margaret Neale's secret visit to Hyde Park the night she met her death.

Holmes sprang out of bed early next morning with a lightning upon him; and without waiting to have breakfast, he jumped into a cab and drove up to Fleet Street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Economy.

Wife "George, I have decided to economize in our household expenses. Husband "That's the good little wife, always looking out for my interests. In what way, my dear?" Wife "I have let Babette go and hired a new girl, and the two dollars you used to give Babette for an occasional kiss you can now give to me."

MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOES.

Eight Days on a Barren Island—Rescued and Taken Home.

The Captain of the ship Holt Hill, which was wrecked some weeks ago on the barren and desolate island of St. Paul, has sent the owners of the ship, Messrs. W. Price & Co., of Liverpool, full particulars of the wreck and of the Robinson Crusoe-like adventures of the crew on the island. The Holt Hill, 2,300 tons, was a four-masted iron sailing ship. "While going from Rio to Calcutta in ballast," says the London Standard, "she got ashore at St. Paul's Island. Strange to say, she ran in a cove between the rocks. She had a crew of thirty-three hands, and the only way of escape was over the bows of the ship, where there was a drop of forty to fifty feet. A rope was put over the bows, and one by one the crew dropped into the surf. All escaped but the mate. It was 9 o'clock at night when the vessel struck, and all night the poor fellows had to remain on the beach, nearly frozen. The men escaped just as they were when the ship struck, and for the most part they had no shoes on, and were but partially clad. Rocks 200 feet high faced them, and as precipitous as the side of a house. The safety of the men was not assured until they reached the summit, but this was

A FERILIOUS AND DIFFICULT TASK.

Capt. Sutherland, while climbing the rocks, fell some twenty feet, and when he reached the top his hands were dreadfully skinned by the sharp and loose rocks.

"When all had gained the summit they divided into parties, some to catch penguins some to fish, some to get wood and water, and others to explore the island. The cook had one match, and on this the hopes of the thirty-two men rested, as the nights were so cold it meant death without a fire. The solitary match was watched by the entire company with the keenest possible interest, and to the joy of all, a fire was kindled. This was kept up day and night, special sentries being told off to watch and prevent it going out. The whole island was explored. The only fresh water, besides some rain that had lodged between the rocks, was that contained in some boiling springs.

"After getting the water, the men had to wait until it cooled before they could drink it. The penguins were rank and oily, but, after being steeped in salt water all night, their black flesh did not taste so badly, though the surfeit which the poor fellows had of the food caused nausea, and, in several cases, the vomiting of blood. Crayfish were caught, and some nettles were the only vegetation the men had. For tobacco, the men, from two old clay pipes, smoked some rope yarn. Their beds were formed of dried grass, and in most cases the men had simply their trousers and shirts for a covering. Some huts were found, but only one had a roof. When

THE EXPLORING PARTY

found the rain water they brought back a supply in the legs of a pair of oxskin pantaloons, the legs having been tied to keep in the water. There were rabbits and goats on the island, but they were too nimble for the shipwrecked men. Some old fishhooks were found on the island, and others were made out of bone. Several fish were caught, and formed an acceptable dish. The water in the springs was so hot that the men could half boil the fish in them.

"There was not a tree on the island, which was covered with thick, rank grass and bushes. It was now trying for the poor fellows to travel over the prickly solitaire in their bare feet. A small lagoon was found on the north east end of the island, but it proved to be salt water. There were cliffs round this lagoon to a height of 2,000 to 3,000 feet. St. Esprit is an island on which the Government is supposed to place provisions and water for shipwrecked seamen, but neither food nor water was found by the crew of the Holt Hill. It was said that whalers visited the island, and, though not shipwrecked, made off with the provisions. Eight small boats were found on the island, though several were quite unseaworthy.

"On the eighth day a vessel was sighted, and a boat was put off from the island. A fire was burned and distress signals shown, but the ship disappeared. She was so near that the shipwrecked crew could see the man at the wheel. Just as their hopes were

GIVING WAY TO DESPAIR

another sail was sighted. The dried grass was burned, and the smoke as it ascended was seen by the stranger, which proved to be the bark Coorang. The rescued men, thirty-two in number, were nineteen days on board the Coorang, and were most humanely treated. All of the Holt Hill's crew behaved well, Capt. Sutherland being remarkably cool under the trying circumstances. It was thought that if the Government could put a supply of fresh water in tanks and a quantity of biscuits on the island periodically, as well as a few fish hooks, they would prove a blessing to some shipwrecked people.

"St. Paul is a volcanic island of about ten miles in circumference, large quantities of lava all round the coast testifying to the many eruptions. It was the opinion of the men that had they been compelled to spend another eight days on the island many of them must have succumbed to their sufferings. None of the crew has yet arrived in Liverpool. The ship, though of immense strength, was soon smashed to pieces by the frightful seas that from time to time struck her on the stern as her bow lay fast, wedged between the great rocks."

How Shoes Are Measured.

Very few shoe wearers probably know that a size in shoes is only one-third of an inch in length. This doesn't seem much, and yet to many women it is a momentous affair. Two inches in a waist or bust measurement are not as apparent as one-third of an inch in the foot, for in the latter it is direct or lineal increase. The distaste for increasing the size of our shoes becomes more pronounced as we ascend the scale of the six-inch stick. A woman who has habitually worn a No 3 shoe, when necessity demands, can don a 3½ without great sacrifice; she still retains the integral number 3 which in some measure compensates her for the added fraction; but a new integer, No. 4, is distasteful by reason of its formidable sound. If shoes, like hats, could be graded by eighths of an inch, she could take refuge in a 3½ shoe and yet be comparatively happy. From No. 4½ to No. 5 is a still greater trial to feminine nerves, and in the realm of G—well, few women speak of the size to any one else but the dealer. The size-stick, except for custom work, is not often brought out in the retail shoe store. It is a dangerous thing in the hands of a tyro salesman, and would defeat many a sale. With the expert salesman it can be made a powerful little ally in selling shoes to credulous folk. He can skillfully place the size stick where it will be mightier than either pen, sword, or tongue in confuting prejudice and bringing peace of mind to a customer.

Don't Blame the World.

Don't blame the world because the thorns are found among the roses: The day that breaks in storm may be all sunshine when it closes, We cannot hope to always meet with fortune's fond caressing: And that which seems most hard to bear may bring with it a blessing.

The buried seed must rot in earth ere it produce the flower, And the weak plant to fructify must have both sun and shower. So man, to gain development, must struggle with life's crosses, And view with calm philosophy his trials and his losses.

A deadly poisonous weed may yield a salve of sweet healing, The sweetest bloom may poisonous be although its lane concealing. Things are not always what they seem, but still 'twas Heaven designed them, And we should class them all as good, and take them as we find them.

Little we know of this brief life of its sequel, Then let us take in humble may seem and God's ways are not our own, certainly be true. All that is wrong surely be so.

Street gowns grow and Pantaloon in seen in the house dresses, too, at cretings.

Necessity of a Good Carriage.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back with the shoulder blades held in their proper places, and the definite curving in the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic English women. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures and the fine poise of their heads. The aristocratic carriage is within the reach of any girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only the question of a few years of vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself; and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, and she never afterwards loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well strung, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and hips, so common in women over thirty, and which is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going upstairs, which most women do bent forward with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent, slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.

Dawn.

The eager light of morning! A clear blush Of arrowy crimson shooting to the flakes Of cloudland snow then ruffling the dim lakes From starlit silver to a dimpled flush Of rosy water. Now the alabaster hush Yields at the breath of breezes; morning breaks, And carolling of lark and thrush wakes A world to labour. When the herb is lush On sheltered mead, the level gleams of light Persuade the daisies to a wider round Of stretching petals. Morn! the stir, the might, The wonder of young being, with sweet sound Of queeting voices as the golden height Of heaven dawns and earth is summer-crowned.

C. A. Dawson.

Winter Sale.

Of Berlin Wools and Fancy Goods.

Berlin Wools, all colors, single and double, 8c 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, \$1.00 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 Wools, all colors, 10c per doz. skeins. Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 2c per doz. Filoche, 100 shades, best quality 1c and 8c a skein. Arawak, in all colors, best quality, 2c per doz. Macrame Cord 1 lb balls, 15 colors, 10c per dozen. Felt, in new colors, best quality, 75c and 9c per yard. Peppers, Bayles, Devons, 2c per doz. Woollen Yarn, various all colors, 4c per lb. As we have a large stock of goods on hand which have only a few days will be offered at the following prices: Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, all colors, 2c per set. Night Dress Bags, all fringes, 4c and 6c each. Stamped Embroidery, various designs, 2c and 3c each. Sewing Machine, 1c each.

boy. Before all the neighbors the wife of Malachi, the Pharisee, did shake her husband to and fro. And she did clutch his beard and pulled upon it so he was fain to utter a yell of pain, and she took the courage of a man upon woman's lips, and she did say—and a noise she made in saying it I testify—'Malachi, all these years thou hast been lord unto me and I have served thee as thine handmaid; but now thou shalt not lord me, for I am a woman, and the mother of the maid, and I say: Look upon her! Look upon her! She is like other girls—poor Ariella—walking about! and he that is her father, and does not bless God for the sight of her to-day, he deserveth to be crucified! And Martha in a stately voice, she cried: 'Amen.' And all the neighbors did say: 'Amen.' And Malachi was ashamed; but he was the more wroth in so much as he was ashamed, and he turned him about, and cried aloud: 'Ye shall see her on her couch again, ye people of Bethany, for all this pretender pretendeth. Look ye to it? Ye shall see if Ariella riseth and goeth about to-morrow.' 'Oh, horrible!' cried Baruch, 'what did she say?'

'Why, she said: 'Shame on you, my husband! And—'

'What did Ariella say?' interrupted Baruch.

'Naught,' said Rachel, 'naught. She did turn as pale as the dead and quail before her father. And Hagar, her mother, enveloped the girl in her arms, and shielded her, and all the people cried out upon Malachi.'

'Poor lamb,' moaned Baruch, 'poor quive ing little lamb!'

'Well, if she is a lamb, Hagar is a considerable sheep,' said Rachel dryly. 'You may trust the woman with her young, my son. Then is she a mighty power. As for Malachi, verily I believe he would rather tie the girl upon her bed than to permit the Nazarene to cure her.'

Baruch replied with an inarticulate sound of distress.

'And Lazarus said—' continued Rachel. 'When saw you Lazarus?' demanded Baruch quickly. Rachel related the details of the meeting between Lazarus and Ariella on the way to the house of Malachi.

The blind man turned away. His face fell; but his lips were silent. Lazarus could see. And Ariella in the excitement of the wild scene at home had omitted to send any message back to Baruch by his mother. Baruch went away, and sat under the olive-tree, alone, and patient.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRITISH NEWS.

The English Hansards will hereafter put after the report of each speech the time that was occupied in its delivery.

The sale of intoxicating liquors has been forbidden at the restaurants attached to the railroad stations in Victoria, Australia. The railroads are State institutions.

Three children in the Sheffield work house were done to death a few days ago by the medical officer, who carelessly wrote a prescription for twenty grains of Dover's powder in ten packets instead of for ten grains in twenty packets.

Each of the new volunteer battalions recently organized in England is to be supplied with 150 rounds of shot and shell each year, which it is expected to use up in practice firing. There are to be two complements of men to each battery of guns.

Two ironclad frigates are to be built in England for the Russian fleet in the Baltic. They are to be fitted with the most powerful engines that can be constructed, and are to be armed with the heaviest Krupp guns. They are to be constructed from Russian plates.

The famous old mountain fortress of Asirgarh, which was formerly regarded as one of the principal defences of Central India, is about to be dismantled. It stands on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and has many interesting historical associations.

The postage on a letter from the United States through England to India is 5 cents. The postage on a letter mailed in England for India is 10 cents. On account of this the English business public is making a big kick against the English postal department.

The latest attraction of the London Zoo is a collection of monster lizards, the largest

animals of their class. They are so large and strong that it is said in India burglars sometimes make use of them, seizing hold of the lizard's tail and being drawn by it to the upper windows of a house.

Sir Henry Parkes, the Political leader of Australia, owns a sixpence which was the first money he ever earned. He stepped ashore penniless and friendless at Sydney half a century ago, and got the sixpence for holding a horse in front of a tavern while the owner went inside to get a drink.

A fox driven by the hounds in a recent hunt upon the estate of Lord Granville at Walmer Castle bolted right before Lord Granville's eyes through the hall of the castle and into the drawing room, with the hounds in full cry after him. They ran him down and killed him in front of the mantelpiece.

Clot Rey, the founder of modern medicine in Egypt, says that it requires as much surgery to kill one Egyptian as seven Europeans, and there is no doubt that Egyptians bear surgical operations with extraordinary pluck and success. A man in the native hospital who has had his thigh amputated at 2 o'clock is sitting up and quite lively at 6.

The ladies of Bermuda have started a rifle club, of which the Governor's wife is President. They have a range of their own where they practise at 100 yards with 200 calibre weapons, and are said to make remarkably good scores. There are seventy members, and their first championship competition is to take place next month.

A printer's error has been detected in the last issue of the Bible from the Cambridge Press. In Isaiah, xlviii, 13, the word "foundation" is begun with an "r," instead of an "f." The mistake was discovered by a young son of the Rev. Dr. H. Adler, who has received the standing reward of a guinea offered for the detection of such an error.

The usher of the English Court of Probate and Divorce has just died, leaving a fortune of \$100,000, accumulated from a salary of \$750 per year for thirty-three years, and from the tips that flowed in upon him in a stream, averaging nearly \$4,000 per year. Suitors, jurymen, witnesses, reporters, and lawyers all have to tip the usher in the English courts.

A *Lancet* correspondent furnishes the following list of football casualties in the season from the first week in September last to the third week in the past January, taken from a carefully tabulated record of such casualties as have been publicly announced. Deaths, 13. Fractures: Legs, 15; arms, 4; collar bones, 11. Injuries: Spines, 3; nose, 1; knee, 1; ankle, 1; cheek, 1.

A gentleman at Poona, India, recently received a letter that had been posted at a station twenty miles away two years and four months before, accompanied by the explanation from the postal authorities that the delay was owing to the fact that it "had been posted by the wrong train." Instead of being grateful for the explanation he is mean enough to insinuate that the train the letter got on must have had an uncommonly long run.

At Mumbles Head, Wales, a crowd awaited at the church the arrival of a bridal party. After a long delay the bridegroom's friends went to the house of the bride to see why she did not come. They were warned off, and found that the bride's parents, being opposed to the match, had, after she was dressed for the ceremony, locked her in her room while one of the family mounted guard at the door and threatened to shoot any one who approached. The wedding was postponed.

An English court has just decided that a wife married in Japan after the fashion of that country is a legal wife in England, on the ground that "Japan has long been recognized as a civilized country." A previous decision in a case where the wife was a Hottentot and was married after the Hottentot fashion had upset the union on the ground that the Hottentots were heathens and polygamists, and did not know what marriage, in the civilized sense, meant.

At a late meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, an interesting sweet-scented fern from the society's garden was exhibited. The perfume closely resembles that of fresh hay; and, like it, is retained after the fronds are dry, and lasts for many months, if not years, imparting its fragrance to anything in contact with it. The secretary thought it might be grown as a source of perfume by amateurs, if not commercially. As yet it

appeared to be little known in collections of exotic ferns.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* says: "The Government has secured the patent rights of a new artillery arm which among experts, is believed to be an advance upon any of the guns in the armament of any of the European Powers. The weapon is the invention of two officers in the American navy, Lieuts. Driggs and Schroeder, from whom the Government has purchased the patent. The trials of the new arm have been of a most satisfactory kind. The range of the gun is said to be effective up to 600 yards, while it can be discharged at three times the rate of the Armstrong gun."

D. W. Felshfield and C. Dent, two Englishmen who set out to the Caucasus to search for some clue to the fate of Donkin and Fox, the English explorers who were lost there some time ago, have returned, and report that the lost men set out to ascend Mount Dychtall, which is nearly 17,000 feet high. The searchers attained nearly 11,500 feet, when they came upon the last camping place of the unfortunate men. No doubt remained that they had made a partial descent from that spot and that then the snow had given way and they had been swept into the great ice fosse at the foot of the cliff.

An interesting controversy is under way in the English papers as to whether ladies should ride man fashion, it having been hinted that several well-known lady riders contemplated taking a bold step this season in that direction. *Field*, in a long editorial, condemns the scheme, declaring that the side saddle is a better seat for the woman than the cross saddle, safer and more comfortable while riding and less dangerous in case of accident. Among other arguments it advances is the one that the natural roundness of a woman's limbs renders her unable to keep a secure seat on a cross saddle. Plump and round-limbed men, it asserts, can never be good-riders.

William Jennings, an American, 73 years of age, who had gone to England to give evidence in a trial in which the Jennings family seek to recover possession of a vast tract of land in that country, was being driven from the house of one relation to that of another near Castleford, by Joseph Jennings, who was also a relation, a few days ago, and in some way fell over the edge of the vehicle and was killed by the wheels. The body was discovered by a stranger. Joseph Jennings, who was apparently under the influence of liquor, declared that he was unable to say when or how the accident had happened. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

The discovery of a lode of uranium at the Union mines, Cornwall, was announced several months ago. This is believed to be the only known lode of that metal in the world, as it had previously been found only in isolated pockets and patches. Since the discovery was made steps have been taken to develop the lode and to work the mine. Experimental works for procuring the metal from the ore were fitted up in London, and the ore has been submitted to treatment in order to determine the best economical method of extraction. The market price of the metal is about \$10,000 per ton. It is proposed to substitute it for gold in electroplating, and it is also expected to prove very useful in electric light insulations.

The Bombay Government has found it necessary to issue an ordinance regulating the expenses that may be incurred for a native wedding in the Kadya Kanhi caste in the district of Kaira, where peculiarly expensive customs have prevailed. According to these regulations, only 10 rupees' worth of coconuts are to be distributed at the marriage procession, and the payment at the ceremony, when the bridegroom touches with his finger his bride's forehead, is not to exceed 100 rupees. A bride's family may not give more than two dinners, nor may it give more than five guests at each. The bride's expenses when they marry in a village, nor is to exceed 100 rupees, and his father-in-law's.

A former member of the United States consular staff has just returned from the United States, where he spent some time in studying the practical details of the

Gazette that he has come back impressed with three great ideas: "First, that the profession of journalist is harder in New York than it is in London; secondly, that the growth of trusts, establishing a monopoly of articles of necessity, is the most portentous peril that threatens American development; and, thirdly, that the Pope has far more power in the States than in any Catholic country in the Old World. The papers are afraid to print a word to which the priests take exception, and any Catholic who goes to hear Dr. McGlynn lecture is excommunicated."

The Chinese Government has ordered one powerful armorclad, two swift cruisers, and two torpedo gun-boats from English builders, and the two latter have already been launched. They measure 240 feet in length by 27 feet 6 inches beam, the maximum draught of water being from 9 feet to 10 feet. The vessels are divided into 38 watertight compartments, a centre line bulkhead dividing the two engine rooms and the two sets of boilers. The machinery space is protected by steel bulkheads extending from the bilge to the gunwale, and forming the coal bunkers. The vessels will be fitted with two pairs of triple expansion engines, designed to develop 4,500-horse power under forced draught, and to drive the gunboats at a speed of 21 knots. The armament will consist of seven Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns, besides five torpedo guns.

A delicious preparation, aids digestion, relieves dyspepsia, creates appetite, perfumes the breath. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere, 5 cents.

Feather boas and stoles and triple capes of cloth will be much worn with wool gowns.


That tired, debilitated feeling, so peculiar to Spring, indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the system, restores physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body.

Many of the new silk petticoats are trimmed with flots of ribbon and cascades and ruffles of lace.

Pimples, blotches, boils, &c., are nature's attempt to discharge impurities from the blood. Assist nature by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, which removes all obstructions and gives tone to the system.

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

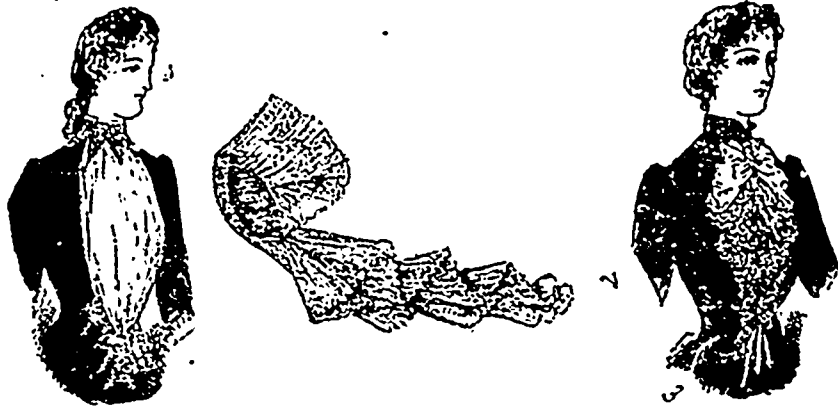
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, and preventing this annoying complaint. They also correct all disorders of the liver, stimulate the liver, and give tone to the system. Even if they only cure

HEADACHE

Acho they would be who suffer from this, but fortunately there are, and those who suffer from it will find relief.



FIGS. 93-95.



FIGS. 96-98.

LINGERIE.

In Figs. 93-95 No. 1 illustrates a graceful and becoming cap for an elderly lady. It requires a little piece of millinet, three yards of black French lace about five inches wide, and two yards of No. 12 ribbon, black or colored. The millinet is shaped to the top of the head, and the lace gathered around it to fall over the hair and form a tiny jabot at the back. In front the lace is pulled on, and arranged somewhat in cornet shape, with loops of ribbon among the frills, and one or two in the back.

No. 2 shows a morning cap for a young matron, as some ladies still follow this becoming English fashion. It is made of a yard of white lace gathered around a small circle of crinoline, which is hidden with several loops and ends of No. 12 ribbon clustered in the middle. The pretty tie shown on the same figure is of Indian silk, loosely knotted, and trimmed on the ends with faint silk fringe.

No. 3 represents a neat style of coiffure for a woman wearing the hair dressed high. The hair is combed into a French roll, and the hair is tucked over the brow, and the hair is not sufficiently gathered at the ends to easily added, and the hair is placed in place.

No. 4 shows a pretty style of hair, with the hair gathered at the top of the head, and the hair is not sufficiently gathered at the ends to easily added, and the hair is placed in place.

A collar is formed of points, headed by a row of insertion, as much of the vandyke lace is made, the lace to match meanders to the waist-line in a full, graduated jabot, tied with a few loops of ribbon at the bottom, and a knot of crepe or ribbon at the top.

Shades of gray kid will be fashionable this spring. Black gloves and hats will be worn with colored gowns, especially those trimmed with black. Glace kid is returning to favor, though suede is still used, chiefly for evening or dressy wear. The mousquetaire style is announced for all occasions except "hack wear." The stitching on the lace is merely a cord or fine points. Four and five buttons form the stylish length.

The handsomest of belt buckles are long, slender, and curved in to the figure, and the wearing of them does not of necessity imply a belt, as they hold the folds of scarfs from the side seams or shoulders of a basque, girdles, sashes, and any part of the fashionable fullness now seen of a basque front.

Turn Your Back on the Past.

The Christian life is one of new relations. The Christian is himself a "new creature," with new hopes, new prospects, new relations, new purposes, and a new destiny. He should therefore turn his back upon the past. Most of the troubles of the Christian arise from a forgetfulness of this. A good deal of the old creature survives in the new. Many believers are only half converted - they have a new head, not in the heart. The new relations prove a source of trouble, and produce a divided life. The old creature is told to quit Sodom, and the new creature is told to look back - the very act of looking back is the very act of looking back - the very act of looking back is the very act of looking back.

KILLED THE WOMEN.

Frightful Slaughter of Two Hundred Female Slaves.

A letter from Zanzibar says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs left the east coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of 200 tusks of ivory and 200 young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought and they almost perished of thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that in order to save themselves and their ivory it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these 200 young women were shot to death, and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his victim, and the crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made an outcry. With their force thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of their 200 slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rat and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.

Queer Facts and Happenings.

Minnie Morris of Hutchinson, Kan., was at the altar prepared to marry Isaac Smith, but before she would allow the ceremony to proceed she demanded the transfer of his bank account to her name and the deed of a farm of 160 acres. Isaac refused, and Minnie remains single.

The Empress of Brazil was a patron of Senora X., a worthy business woman of Rio, whose sign now reads: "Senora X., corset maker to the Republic of Brazil."

Winter Frost, Jack Frost, White Frost, Cold Frost, Early Frost, and Snow Frost are the names of six brothers in Kansas City. A Newport, Ky., widower forfeits an inheritance of \$75,000 by marrying again. It was his first wife's property, willed to him on condition that he remained single.

A sycamore tree chopped down by James Collins of Galesburg, Ill., split open as it fell, showing a deposit of honey weighing over 100 pounds. The bees would have filled a barrel.

Nettie White of Sturgeon, Mo., had two lovers, and calling them and her friends together made the two draw straws to see who should have her. That was about a year ago. She is now divorced from the man who drew the longest straw and about to marry the other, who really was her heart's choice at the time of the lottery.

The wife of a Mayaville farmer found he had mortgaged their home to pay a whiskey bill. She collected seven determined women, and before sundown nearly every saloon in the town was a wreck.

Forty-one years ago C. Longfellow, a drug-gist at Machias, Me., inserted an advertisement of his business in the first issue of the local paper. It was appeared in every issue since, and Longfellow has been prosperous.

T. W. Martin of Elizabeth, Pa., lost a very heavy plain gold ring. A week afterward his horse became lame, and in examining its foot the lost ring was found snugly fitted around one of the calks of the horse's shoe.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a

man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find where she put things.

Food for Thought.

Anger is like unto a cloud that maketh everything seem bigger than it is.

Inviolable fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of time invisible.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

It pays to plod! Don't make quantity more important than quality. The best work is work that takes time, and now-a-days the best work is the work that is wanted.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, is a voice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.— [Washington.]

One of the best prayers ever offered is that which Christ himself hallowed—"God be merciful to me, a sinner!" There is no title, no "forever and ever, amen," to it. It is only the heart broken out of the man.— [Becher.]

Good sense is one of the excellent qualities to which we are scarcely inclined to do justice at the present day; it is the guide of a time of equilibrium, stirred by no vehement gales of passions, and we lose sight of it just when it might give us some useful advice.

Discretion and good nature have always been looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman whose price is above rubies has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man more endearing than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

If we by our preaching do not wake you, we rock your cradles and make you more insensible every time we warn you. The most startling preaching in a certain time ceases to arouse the hearers. You know the great boiler factories. I am told that when a man goes inside the boiler to hold the hammer when they are fixing rivets, the sound of the copper deafens him so that he cannot bear it; it is so horrible; but after he has been a certain number of months in that employment, he hardly notices the hammering; he does not care about it. It is just so under the world. People go to sleep under that which was once like a thunder bolt to them. It would need an earthquake and a hurricane to move some of you solid ones.— [Spurgeon.]

How Long do Birds Live?

How long do birds live? This is an interesting question, for everybody admires birds, and any information regarding them is generally acceptable. Those who have investigated the matter tell us that some birds are very long-lived, for instance, it is asserted that the swan has reached the age of 300 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturalist," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture. A sea eagle, captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterward, in 1819; a white-headed vulture captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Parakeets and ravens reach an age over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equal that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies lives to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The domestic cock lives from 15 to 20 years, and the pigeon about 10. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity, and the black-bird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.

Very Likely.

Student (writing to his father). "I beg you my dear father, not for a minute to think that I need this money to pay debts with. I give you my word of honor that I want it only for myself, and that there is no question of debts."

"MISTRESS OF THE SEAS."

Some Interesting Facts Concerning Britain's Navy—Preparing for the next Naval Manœuvres—The New Cruiser "Speedwell."

Concerning the use of high-pressure steam aboard war ships, British engineers say that in their experience the economical advantages to be derived from its use have always been counteracted by the difficulty of procuring a suitable marine boiler to withstand the higher pressures without unduly increasing the thickness of the shell plates or reducing the diameter. It was at first thought that the locomotive boiler would answer for marine work; but the two principal objections to the use of this class of boiler are that they require the purest water, and, owing to the limited steam space, they are very apt to prime. In a paper read before the North-east Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders, Mr. C. B. Casebourne proposes the adoption of a marine boiler having an outer and an inner shell. The object of having a space between the two shells is to provide a means of applying a neutralizing or balancing pressure to the inner shell. The space enclosed between the shells is to be filled with steam of a lower pressure than that generated within the inner shell, which is thus relieved of the full pressure of steam within over the pressure of the steam between the two shells. The inventor claims that this type of boiler is specially adaptable for steam of 250 pounds pressure, and could be made large enough to admit of being readily cleaned, examined, and repaired.

The preparation of British warships for the next annual manœuvres has, it is reported, been steadily going on for some time past. With the exception of the Inflexible and the Barham, all the ships at Portsmouth likely to take part in them have been coaled, and are in a state of comparative readiness. It is thought that, should the plan of operations include the Straits of Gibraltar, several of the smaller ships which formed a portion of last year's flotilla will find no place in this Autumn's programme. It is thought that it would be a good idea to carry out this year's manœuvres in the Mediterranean, and to test the effectiveness of Gibraltar as an outpost and coaling station with the present ships and system of warfare. This idea, it is thought, would also afford a means of employing more ships of recent types than any other, and test the truth of Lord Brassey's statement that "Gibraltar without a dock is of little use to the navy."

The British Admiralty have materially altered the regulations affecting arrest and identification of deserters and stragglers. The relations between the civil and naval authorities are more clearly defined and accentuated, and provision is made whereby cases of mistaken identity are rendered almost impossible.

It is reported that another competitor with the royal dockyards for the construction of British war ships is about to come into existence, and will appear at Southampton. Under the style of the Southampton Naval Works Company (Limited) this firm has acquired the premises of Messrs. Oswald, Mordaunt & Co., who, during the past sixteen years or thereabout, have carried on an extensive shipbuilding business at the port. The manager of the new company is Mr. J. H. Biles, the designer of the City of Paris, the Reina Regente, and El Destructor, who, for several years past, has been with J. & G. Thompson, on the Clyde. British officers say that the naval architect who has produced the fastest mercantile steamer and two of the most efficient war cruisers in existence may well be looked upon as a tower of strength in himself. The formation of this company is considered of the greatest importance in England, especially so since it is situated on the English Channel.

The British gunboats Cockchafer and Espoir, recently arrived at Colombo, report that the Turkish man-of-war Erzgrool is lying in Singapore Harbor, and has been there for the last two or three months. She was unable to pay the port dues, and has not got enough money to buy coal to enable her to proceed to Japan with the decorations for the Mikado with which her Captain is intrusted. It would almost seem as if she had no ammunition, for the compliment to the port has never been paid, and the Governor has, in consequence, given orders that the Erzgrool is not to be treated as a man-of-war. It is understood that the Captain is still waiting for remittances from the Porte. This disgraceful state of things, it is

thought, could hardly exist in connection with any European country except Turkey, but such things have happened to ships of other nationalities; for instance, a Spanish man-of-war, some years ago, was kept waiting in Agony Harbor for about three months, having no money and almost less credit.

The British cruiser Speedwell was recently run out of Davenport for the first of a progressive series of steam trials under forced draught. The Speedwell is said to differ from her sister ships in being structurally stronger, and slight differences have been made in the engines and boilers. The trial in consequence of the repeated failures of the type, was deemed sufficiently important to demand the presence of Mr. W. H. White, Director of Naval Construction, and Mr. Dunston, the engineer in Chief of the navy. A report of the trial states that there was much less vibration than in the other vessels of the class, but as regards the engine trials there was no break in the monotony of failure. The Speedwell made a satisfactory run to Portsmouth, but in cooling so many leakages were developed in the boiler tubes that it was necessary to roll about 200 of them in the dockyard before proceeding on the trial. The contract power of the engines with closed strokeheads is 4,500 horses, but it was not intended to press them at this trial beyond 3,500, that being about the power at which weaknesses displayed themselves at previous runs of the Seagull type of vessels. After the engines had been slowly worked up to the desired number of revolutions, the three hours' trial was begun with an air pressure of one and a half inches, but it was soon perceived that it was unlikely that the reduced power would be realized. When the trial proceeded to within five minutes of the specified three hours' steaming the tubes of the two boilers leaked to such an extent that nothing further could be attempted. The trial was abandoned and the vessel returned into harbor.

THE LATEST JOKES.

Women are invariably clothes observers of their sex.

Ducks are a good deal like brokers. They live on margins.

Love may be blind, but he knows when the parlor lamp is too high.

Too much "set 'em up again" is what brings a great many men down.

The song of the city about next July: "Drink to me only with thine ice."

Many a broadcloth husband owes his position to the fact of his marrying a gingham girl.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

The man who has to ask his wife for car fare and tobacco money has no need of a mother-in-law.

The tailor-made girl is said to be going out of fashion. The ready-made girl is good enough for anybody.

The man who is able to travel extensively can generally learn enough in a year to make a bore of himself all the rest of his life.

No man, says a temperance paper, can properly attend to his business if he doesn't keep straight. But how about the contortionist?

It was an ingenious boy who explained his maddy clothes by saying he had been trying to put a potato patch on the seat of his trousers.

What the world wants, says somebody, is a new religion. We doubt it. Some people are not willing to pay for what they're getting now.

Ponsonby: "Do you think Siedy married for blood?" Squigga: "No, but I reckon his wife did. They say she has the temper and claws of a cat."

The season now is close at hand. When the empire with his gall. Will close behind the catcher stand. And then cry out: "Play ball!"

O'Flynn (reading a death notice): "Poor Jim? It says he left a wife and two children." Mrs. O'Flynn: "Och, ye might know that. He was too mean to ever take them anywhere wid him."

Failure is not such a bad thing, after all. It is acknowledged to be a profitable thing to fall in business, and we know some men

who wish forty times a day that they had failed in love.

Mrs. Figg: "Is Mr. Peck at the lodge this evening?" Mrs. N. Peck: "No; he's downtown getting drunk. I always let him have this day for his enjoyment. It's our wedding anniversary, you know."

The present riding habit for ladies is more becoming than that for gentlemen," says an exchange. Well, we would just say so! The gentlemen's riding habit, we believe, is to let the ladies stand up.

"Look here, those eggs you sold me the other day were all bad." "Well, it ain't my fault." "Whose fault is it?" "Blamed if I know. How should I know what's inside of 'em. I'm no mind reader."

Mabel: "Did you hear that Bessie Willis was married yesterday to Tom Guzzler?" Maud: "Really? I thought she would be the last person to marry him." Mabel: "Well, she was, wasn't she?"

"Do you see that man over there?" said one rural visitor in the House gallery to another. "The one who was jest speakin'?" "Yes. He was once a famous Know-Nothing." "Well, he don't seem to be clean over it yet."

Papa: "It's no use talking, Emma, these Sunday meetings have got to be shortened. My latest gas bill was enormous." Emma: "It's not my fault. It wouldn't be half so big if mamma didn't come in to the parlor so often."

Young Mr. O'Donovan (native born, to his father, of foreign extraction): "Don't yer go deceivin' yerself by thinkin' I'm a cryin' cause yer licked me, for I ain't. I'm all upset at bein' struck by a furriner, an not bein' able to strike back!"

The Rev. Mr. Wilgus: "You should not complain so, Brother Figg. Why not be content with what you have?" Figg: "Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied with what I have—so far as it goes. It's what I haven't got that I am doing all my kicking about."

Barkeeper: "It may not seem probable, but I used to be one of the finest tenor singers in the country. And here I am now, tending bar." Bragg: "Oh, there is nothing strange in that. Music and the drummer always were in the close association."

Mrs. Dusky: "Am dem de black stockings you tote me 'bout buyin'?" Miss Saffron: "Yes, dem is de ones. 'Cicely; an' dey only cos' seventy-five cents." "Am, dey silk?" "Not 'actly, but dey're jes' as good." "An' will dey wash?" "Dat I don't know: I've only had 'em fo' weeks."

Mistress (kindly): "Jane, I hear you have been seen in the park with my husband." Jane (defiantly): "Yes, ma'am: I have." Mistress (still more kindly): "Well, Jane, you are a good girl, and I dislike to lose you, but I cannot have any one about the house who keeps bad company. So you can pack up."

A church choir in a neighboring town a few Sundays ago were singing, "A Charge to Keep I Have" to the music of the Prima Donna waltz. A lady, observing that a stranger in her pew had no hymn book, politely handed him one. "Thanks," said the gentleman, with great suavity, "I seldom use a libretto!"

A young minister, not long since, supplied a pulpit for one Sabbath in a thriving manufacturing town east of the Hudson. He was the guest of a deacon, and as they walked together after the morning service, the deacon said: "Perhaps you do not know that you preached to eighteen millions of dollars today." "No," said the minister, "I did not; but you will go to hell, all the same, unless you repent."

Digestion improved, the voice strengthened, and the throat kept moist by using Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners.

PILLS

Advertisement for Pills, featuring a woman's face and a bottle of pills. The text includes "PILLS" in large letters and "Advertisement for Pills featuring a woman's face and a bottle of pills." Below the main text, there is a small illustration of a woman's face and a bottle of pills.

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Ladies Fine



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A SMUGGLER'S SECRET.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

Author of "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," "Under a Strange Mask," "Fettered For Life," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

When the sun had set we went to the Chase, Psyche and I, she agreeing to pay this visit far more readily than I anticipated.

"Shall you be glad to see Ethel?" I asked, the wish prompting the question.

"Yes," she answered, nodding her head. "There is so much I want to ask her that I can't ask you, so much I want to learn. I cannot talk much to you because I don't know enough words and sometimes I say the wrong one, and it makes you laugh, and shows me how foolish I am. But I think a great deal when my eyes are shut."

"Can you tell me what you think?"

"So many things! I think how beautiful it is to sit and listen to you speak; and I think if I could learn more words I could talk to you, and make you happy—just as you make me happy. Sometimes I think I am no more than the little creatures in the garden that we forget the next day because they cannot tell us what they think and feel. And I want to be something more than that you know." There was a pathetic vibration in her voice as it sank in this last phrase. Then, in a firmer tone, she added, "So I want to see all that Ethel can do and learn how to do it very soon—very soon."

We met Ethel and her father in the drive, and walked together through the flower garden and the conservatories, there being still light enough to reveal the tints of the blooms even to ordinary eyes. Under his daughter's influence Sir Henry was always reasonable, and at most times amiable and interesting; but this evening I was struck by the tender interest he took in Psyche. He devoted himself almost exclusively to her, and betrayed no symptom of jealousy or suspicion when Ethel and I lingered in the rear. The manner of this extraordinary man was now as opposed to his brusqueness of the morning as that to the quaking agitation of the night before. Selecting some of the blossoms that Psyche most admired, he arranged them with taste in a spray, gossiping at the same time in a simple way that she could understand, and fastened it upon her dress. Psyche was delighted, pointing out to me that it was like the spray that Ethel wore.

"I had no idea the girl was so intelligent," he said to me, when Psyche had drawn Ethel away with the serious view she had in her mind. "And how exceedingly sweet her manner is."

I repeated what Psyche had said in coming.

"That wish of hers would be terribly pathetic if it were impossible to realize it," he remarked; "but, thank God, it may be realized. She shall learn all that she wishes to know. I will adopt her as my own daughter."

"If her real parents are not found," I suggested.

"True, but I do not think they will be found," he said in an odd dry tone. "By the way, there was no letter for you at home this afternoon."

I saw and took this afternoon letter before him.

"But that so far as the letter goes, the best thing is to be feared."

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"You can't make it out," said Sir Henry, observing my silence. "That does not surprise me. To you it must seem that my conduct has been that of a maniac rather than a sane man, and nothing must appear more mad than my proposal to adopt as my daughter a girl I saw for the first time last night. Every effect is in explicable until the cause that produced it stands revealed. My quick changing moods are inexplicable. Believe me, not one of those moods would appear more unaccountable than the phases in an eclipse if you knew of the shadow cast upon my life. That shadow is nearly past, thank God! One of these days—not now—you shall know all!"

As he spoke the last words he opened his notebook and took out a paper, which he now put in my hand.

"That is the cheque for the property you were good enough to let me have," he said in a tone of real gratitude. "With it, Bernard, I give you permission to ask my daughter to be your wife."

This was as unexpected as anything he had yet said or done, and his tone betraying none of that bitter sense of deprivation he had before displayed made the contradiction more obvious.

"In giving you my daughter," he continued, "you may, perhaps, find some reason for my eager desire to adopt Psyche."

If I had not been blinded by a lover's emotion I might have found another reason, and seen that I was taking a bribe.

We found poor Psyche in the library looking, with pained wonder, at the open book, and striving to understand that each collection of black marks meant a word, and that these words taken together told of something that people wanted to know. From the book she looked round the room at the shelves from floor to ceiling, filled with similar books.

"Are they all the same?" she asked.

"No, see, this is quite different," replied Ethel, opening another, and telling the story it contained in a few easy words. But the story failed to charm Psyche, for she had a very serious object in making these enquiries.

"Can you read them—all these little words in all these books?" she asked in awe.

"Yes, Ethel can read them all, and so will you be able to read them one of these days," said Sir Henry kindly.

Psyche drew a long breath in silence. Then turning to Ethel, she said:—

"Now I want to hear you sing a song with words."

Ethel took her into the drawing room, and sitting down to the piano sang a simple ballad to her own accompaniment.

"Oh, that is beautiful," said Psyche, after listening in rapt attention. "I want to hear it again, let me do it." And seating herself before the piano she pressed the notes as she had seen Ethel press them; but when nothing but discord came from her touch she drew back frightened, and looked around to see if we were laughing at her folly. But the poor child's ignorance and dismay moved us in another way.

"You will have to learn a long while, dear, before you can play," said Ethel, sitting down beside her and taking her hand.

"I have been learning since I was quite a little child."

When she had the house the stars were

Psyche, lifting Ethel's

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

the night she

"Working in the sand has spoiled them. That's all over now."

"Yes, we shall work side by side no more."

Presently she looked at the ring again.

"Oh, it was kind of her to give it to me," she said, pressing the ring to her cheek.

"She is all kind, and good, and sweet, and beautiful. You don't know anyone in all the world more beautiful and good, do you?"

"No, Psyche."

"I don't think there will ever be one like her," she said in a quiet tone of conviction.

"Why, I thought you were going to be like her, I said lightly, hoping to change the vein of sadness in which her thoughts seemed to be running. But the plesantry was unperceived."

"No," said she, shaking her head gravely. "I can never be like her. I was silly and vain to think that. I know better now. I could never learn all these words—never sing as she does, for she has been learning since she was a little child—all the time I have been living in the dark. I shall never be anything but a silent little creature of the garden," her voice trembled.

"Talk to me, dear, just a little more, and let me listen, as I did in the cave when you first came to me and I knew nothing. Oh, it was good to know nothing then; it is dreadful to know so little now. My heart is very full. I cannot speak."

My heart was full also, but I managed to speak cheerfully as I reasoned with her, showing that our happiness did not depend upon our excelling all others, or there would be but one happy person in the whole world; that no two persons are alike but each has some excellence which the other may lack without being less lovable; and other truisms of a like kind.

Whether she followed my argument or understood it I cannot tell. Perhaps it was only the sound of my voice she heard while her thoughts were occupied with pleasant memories. But she seemed comforted, now and again smoothing my shoulder gently with her cheek as she did when she was happy.

I thought I might take advantage of this mood to prepare her for the coming change, so I spoke of our visit to the Chase, and the things we had seen. It pleased her to talk about the greenhouses and the gorgeous flowers in them. "But it was so strange," she said, in a tone of awe.

"It will seem less strange and more beautiful when you know them better."

"Are we going there again?" she asked, shyly.

"We are going to dine there to-morrow evening. You will like to go?"

"Wherever you go I must like to go."

"You don't dislike Sir Henry?"

"Oh no. I like him a great deal."

"I am glad of that. Do you know how wants you to live with him always?"

"Why, I couldn't do that," she exclaimed, laughing. Then, seeing me grave, her smile went suddenly and she said with an accent of consternation. "You don't want me to go away from you—you will not make me go to him."

"I'll not make you do anything, Psyche, that hurts you. You shall live with me as long as you will."

"Oh my brother," she exclaimed, clasping my arm to her breast.

Presently I said: "Would you like to have Ethel always for a companion and friend?"

"I do not understand that, I cannot live always with her and with you too."

"Not while we live asunder as we do. But if I ask Ethel to live with us and she says yes."

"She will never say yes," Psyche said confidently.

"Never, never, never"

I laughed and asked how she could tell that.

"I can tell it by what I feel," she answered.

"When she looks at you and you look at her—when you speak low together as you did to-night, I could cry with the pain in my heart. Then how could she bear to see us sitting as we sit now, whispering to each other through the night with no thought for any other? No, no!—she could not do that. It would be too much pain. More than she could bear. She would rather live alone than see that you are my brother and not her."

How could I tell her that I loved Ethel more than I loved her? I rose, putting off a little longer the evil hour.

Psyche rarely came down from her room

before sunset; we were to dine at eight o'clock, but Sir Henry had asked me to come in the afternoon. I was bidding Ethel good-night at that moment, and the mutual pressure of our hands conveyed the feeling with which we looked forward to the meeting better than my faltering tongue expressed.

I went up to the house at four, and after some general conversation Sir Henry excused himself and went into the library, leaving Ethel and me to ourselves.

We strolled in the shade of the pinewood, and there I asked Ethel to be my wife, and she came into my arms and I held her there oblivious of everything but the crowning happiness of my life.

"Why are you crying, love?" I asked. She raised her head from my breast and showed me a face radiant with happiness.

"Why should I cry?" she asked.

I was perplexed. I could have sworn that as I murmured my love over her bent head, kissing the waving hair, I heard a another sob.

It was getting dusk when we saw Sir Henry in the drive.

"I am going over to fetch Psyche—my other child," he said. I gave him the key of the door, content to stay with my love.

Ten minutes perhaps had gone by when Sir Henry appeared again in the drive. He was alone and walking hastily.

"Where is Psyche?" he asked when he was within speaking distance.

"I left her in the house when I came away. I heard her singing in her room."

"She is not there now," he answered.

"She is gone."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Size and Longevity.

Although there is some relation between size and longevity, the duration of the period of growth and length of life being, speaking generally, longest in the largest animals, there is no fixed relation between the two. The largest organisms live the longest, some trees reaching an age of 6,000 years, and some animals, as whales, several centuries. And, after maturity is reached, larger animals require longer time than smaller animals to secure the preservation of the species. The explanation of this, as pointed out by both Leuckart and Herbert Spencer, is that "the absorbing surface of an animal only increases as the square of its length, while its size increases as the cube; and it therefore follows that the longer an animal becomes the greater will be the difficulty experienced in assimilating any nourishment over and above that which it requires for its own needs, and therefore the more slowly will it reproduce itself." We, however, find corresponding duration of life among animals of very different size. For example, the toad and the cat live as long as the horse, the crayfish as long as the pig and the pike and carp as long as the elephant. In an interesting appendix, from which these and the following facts are quoted, Dr. Weismann cites the case of a sea anemone which lived not less than sixty-six years. It was placed by Sir John Dalzell in a small glass jar in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens in 1828, being then, as companions with other individuals reared from the egg period, fully seven years old. It died a natural death in 1894. —*Longman's Magazine.*

Who is a Christian?

In the *Congregational News* we find the following:

On Sabbath afternoon, at the meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor, the question, "Who is a Christian," was asked. At once a little bright-eyed girl answered, "One who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ and behaves himself."

Well does the *News* ask this question: Could any minister of the gospel give a completer answer in as few words?

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THE MUTINY OF THE "COUNTESS."

What Occurred on an English Brig—A Sailor, Apprentice Overheard the Plot and Tried to Tell the First Mate.

The other day I saw a notice in a Liverpool paper to the effect that the courts had decided to rehear the case of Mrs. Allen White, daughter of Capt. Thomas of the brig Countess. To the general reader these lines meant nothing. I do not suppose there are fifty people in all England to-day who can recall the case of the Countess, although the particulars were published far and wide, and finally appeared in book form. It is thirty years since the circumstances occurred, and as I was the sole survivor of the crew, and the one who gave all the particulars to the English press, perhaps I can tell the adventure in a way to interest you.

The Countess was a Bristol brig, owned in part and commanded by Capt. Thomas, who was not only a thorough seaman but a man of excellent heart. We were bound out to Georgetown, in British Guiana, with orders to call at Jamaica. This was my third voyage with Capt. Thomas, the other two extending only to ports in Spain and return. I was an apprentice, or ship's boy, having nothing to do with the cabin but living with the crew in the fore-castle and learning to be a sailor. On the day we left Bristol I was 14 years of age, and stout and robust for a boy of my size. We carried two mates, a cook, and seven men before the mast. This was very full-handed for a brig of her size, but it was one of the peculiarities of the Captain, never to put to sea short-handed. Rather than do so he would carry one hand extra. He was often laughed at for this, but he contended that it paid in the long run, and so it did.

After we left port and got things ship-shape I had opportunity to look over the crew and see what they were made of, and I was not long in making up my mind, boy that I was, that we had shipped a hard lot. There is always a leader in the fore-castle and in those days it was the first mate's fighter.

Seamanship and education had to bow to brute strength. It wasn't three days before a burly big fellow, who went by the name of "Bristol Bob," but whose real name was Havens, had established himself as "boss." If he had had the good of the brig in view this would have been for her benefit, but it soon transpired that he had plans of his own. At sea the first mate stands his own watch, while the second mate stands for the Captain.

Our second mate was named Mizner, and I was in his watch, as was also Bristol Bob and a couple of his chums. The first mate was named Parker, and it soon transpired that he was a good seaman but a man of little tact or judgment.

While the Captain was too lenient he was too harsh, and we had not been at sea a week before the second mate did not seem to be clear as to whether he should side with the men or the officers.

Before reaching Jamaica the crew had been on the point of mutiny half a dozen times. There had been blows and kicks and cuffs; the first mate had been knocked down; the Captain had called the crew aft and made them a speech; the second mate had given the men to understand that he sided with them on reaching Jamaica every one of the crew would have deserted but for the plans of the ring-leader.

He had already sown seeds which were taking root. The Captain did expect the men to cut sticks, and was surprised that none left. I heard him say as much to Mr. Parker. When the latter found that the men were to stay by he threatened to go ashore himself, claiming that such men could only be handled by enforcing the severest discipline. But the Captain somehow smoothed it over with him, and when we left the island we still had every man aboard who had shipped at Bristol.

On several occasions I had seen Bristol Bob and his chums in close conversation, and on several occasions the cook had slipped into the fore-castle, where he had no business to be, to hold confabs.

I could see plain enough that something suspicious was in the wind, and I think Mr. Parker also suspected the plotting, as we had no sooner left Kingston than I saw him closely watching all the men. In setting the watches anew, Bob and two of his friends and myself were placed in his watch.

For the first three days out nothing un-

usual occurred. The men did their work as well as could be asked for, and were so respectful as to create surprise. Everything was on the surface however. When out of sight in the fore-castle the men were growling and cursing worse than before. One afternoon—it was on the fourth day, I believe—I was aroused from my sleep during my watch below by a conversation between Bob and a man named Jackson. They knew I was in the bunk, but believed me to be sleeping soundly.

"This is the plan as I have thought it out," Bob was saying. "After we have got the brig we will cruise to the eastward for a spell. While I can't shoot the sun or figure up and get our latitude and longitude, I can see a chart as well as any one, and the log will tell us how far we have run. We know that all the islands are to the north-east. Every one is down on the chart. Beyond them is the Atlantic. The island I am after is not down on the chart. It is north-east of Trinidad, and maybe 200 miles away."

"Don't Mizner know?" asked the other.

"Never heard of it, but this is his first trip this way."

"Is he agreed?"

"Certain. He is to be first, you second."

"But all are to live alike?"

"Correct. We are just officers in name. We all eat in the cabin, sleep where we please, and share and share alike. Nobody is to set himself up as better than anybody else."

"That's fair. And the Captain and mate are to go?"

"Of course."

"Well, we'll have it all understood, and the man who gives it away dies."

"I'll warrant you that I cut his throat with my own hands!"

The men presently went about their business, but I made the pretense of sleeping soundly until called to relieve the other watch. I was all in a tremble at what I had heard, and was also all at sea as to what course I should pursue.

While it seemed the proper way for me to go to the Captain or mate with my information, the reader must not overlook the difficulties in the way. I should have no opportunity to speak with Mr. Parker during the watch, and how was I to get below to interview him or the Captain without being seen? Had only a part of the men been in the conspiracy I might have succeeded very well, but as it was, all eyes would watch me.

They had not taken me into the plan because I was only a boy and of no account, but if they had any suspicion that I had picked up information they would watch me closely enough. I planned a dozen different ways to reach the Captain or mate, and that I did not put the latter on his guard was his own fault. One night during our watch he called to me to bring him something from his stateroom. Bob and his friends were forward at the bowsprit, and as I came out of the cabin Mr. Parker was at the water cask. As I reached him I whispered:

"I should very much like to speak to you or the Captain, sir."

"If you don't get forward I'll speak to you in a way you'll remember for a year to come!" he growled in reply.

No doubt he imagined that I had some complaint to make, but had he permitted me to speak the words it might have prevented the tragedy which followed. His rebuff discouraged me from approaching him again, or from seeking opportunity to speak to the Captain, and from that night on I felt quite positive that some of the men were always watching me.

We had favoring winds and a fair passage up the Caribbean Sea, and one night I heard Mr. Parker say to the Captain, as that official was about to leave the deck, that Trinidad would be on our starboard quarter by daylight.

We were not to call there, but round the island and head to the southeast. This was soon after 12 o'clock and shortly after my watch had come on deck. It was a fine, starlight night, with a five-knot breeze, and there was little work for the watch to do. I was to the wheel, for I could take my trick in fine weather with any of them. About 1 o'clock Bristol Bob, who was in his bare feet, came aft to the foremast and sang out, though not over loud, and in a very respectful voice:

"Mr. Parker, the brig seems to have picked up a lot of floating wreck stuff across her bows. Will you please come forward?"

The mate growled out something and disap-

peared from my view. Five minutes later Bob and the entire remainder of the crew came aft in a body, all in their bare feet, I couldn't make out yet what was going on, and Bob took the wheel from me and said: "Boy, run down and tell the Captain that Mr. Parker has been took very sick on his watch."

Some of the men chuckled a bit over this speech, and then I mistrusted that the mate had been killed. On the instant I made up my mind to warn the Captain. I found him sound asleep, but half dressed, and as soon as he was on his feet I told him what I had overheard in the fore-castle, and what I suspected had just occurred on deck. It was wonderful how coolly he took the exciting news:

"Are you sure both watches are on deck?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And the men have come aft in a body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is Mr. Mizner with them?"

"I am sure I saw him."

"And Mr. Parker is nowhere to be seen?"

"No, sir."

"Then I fear you are right. Go and bolt the doors of the companionway for me while I get my pistols."

The men stood at the entrance of the companion, and as they caught sight of me they stepped back a little, supposing the Captain was following. I slammed and bolted the swinging doors, but not a second too soon, and I was bolting the door at the foot of the steps when I heard them crying out that they were betrayed. The Captain now joined me, and in addition to the bolt we pulled a lot of cabin furniture over against the door and got a brace against it as well.

The men on deck were very quiet for the next half hour, no doubt holding a council of war as to what should be done. The first thing they did do was to alter the course of the brig to due east, and the next thing was to ask for a parley with the Captain. He said not a word until one of them smashed a pane of glass in the skylight and then he demanded to know what was wanted.

"The case is this," replied Bristol Bob in his gruffest voice, "Mr. Parker has been given a lift over the rail, and is now holding his trick at the bottom of the sea. If you will come up and surrender like a gentleman we'll turn you adrift in the yawl to sail your self ashore. If you refuse, we'll make an end of you."

"Are all the crew this?" asked the Captain.

"All of them."

"I don't believe Mr. Mizner is with you."

"Aye, but I am!" answered that worthy, "and I'd advise you to do as we ask, if you care for your life."

"They'll murder me the moment I step on deck," whispered the Captain to me. "I'll be killed anyhow, and I might as well die like a game man."

He then called to them that he'd never surrender, and that he'd shoot down any man he could bring within range. The fellows cursed and yelled in response, and though we could hear them moving about the decks from that time till daylight, they made no new move.

When day fully broke, Bristol Bob again demanded a surrender, but received the same answer. We expected them to smash the rest of the skylight, but this they hesitated to do, as they would have no means of repairing it when the Captain was disposed of. There was not even a pistol among them, while the Captain had a revolver, a double-barreled pistol, and a musket.

He also had a sword in his stateroom, which would prove an ugly weapon at close quarters.

While I was only a boy, I had both pluck

and nerve, and I could handle a pistol to do an enemy damage.

Daylight was not two hours old before the mutineers discovered that they had captured the wrong end of the brig first. They had the decks and fore-castle, but the Captain held the cabin.

By listening at the stern ports and under the skylight we heard much of what was said. The brig was holding due east, and we heard words dropped about a mysterious island—buried gold—living like nabobs, and so on. How to come at us was a puzzle, but nothing was done until mid-afternoon. Then the doors of the companion were burst in, and the men encouraged each other to attack the cabin door.

Each hung back, however, as there was a bit of entry at the foot of the stairs, with a turn to the right to reach the door. On account of this they could not bring a beam to bear, nor could more than one man work at a time.

Realizing their disadvantage, and wishing to come at their end the safest way, they were ready to make any promise to bring the Captain out. He defied them, and thus two days and two nights passed.

The brig had meanwhile been making good speed to the east, and we now heard the men growling because the island had not been sighted. On the forenoon of the third day there were several violent quarrels among them, and in one of these the second mate was stabbed to death and his body flung overboard.

The Captain had treated me very kindly, and we had not suffered for food or drink, there being a full cooler of water in the cabin when the row began. He had crackers, sardines, and other fine provisions in his own pantry, and while I stood watch three hours he stood six. He said the end would be that both of us would be killed, and he was impatient for the mutineers to begin their work so that he might get a shot at them.

On this third day Bristol Bob stood on the quarter, while haranguing us through the skylight, and the Captain located him, brought his musket to bear, and shot him dead.

We knew this from what was said on deck.

Half an hour later, as we heard one of them at the cabin door, the Captain made ready to fire a bullet through it, and, by some carelessness, discharged the weapon prematurely and received the ball in his throat, and died in five minutes.

I was so overcome that I hid away in his stateroom, and the mutineers no longer had any one to resist them. The first thing I knew it was night, and it was so very quiet that I knew there could be no wind outside. I crept out into the cabin, but everything remained as I had left it.

For two hours I listened for sounds from the deck, but heard nothing from the mutineers, and finally fell asleep. It was morning when I was aroused, and then by men dropping into the cabin through the skylight.

They belonged to the Scotch whaler Bruce, which was lying near by, and which had had us in view ever since daylight. The mutineers had taken the long boat and abandoned the brig, which was drifting at her own sweet will, and to this day not one of the men has ever been heard of. No doubt they met with some accident by which they perished at sea.

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Through goods we will... order, from max... them. ALBUM... half cost... an assortment... prices low

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

They would go back to the States, of course; not to Pennsylvania, but to some fine place in the West, where he could earn a good living right away, and in eight or ten years could make a comfortable fortune. He had not cared until now to make money, but in the course of his wandering, aimless life he had found out where and how in the West money could be made quickly by an energetic man. Now he would sail in and make it. When he got his pile they would go to Europe. Mary always had wanted to go to Europe—and if any of the queens they met were better dressed than she was, he'd know the reason why! In a contemptuous way he recalled his old-time plan for keeping her shut up all her life in the Wyoming Valley.

And then his thoughts drifted off into the time when this plan was formed, and one picture after another of Mary as he remembered her in those days formed itself in his mind. How he did love her then, he thought—but how much more he loved her now!

As he sat there in the cool darkness, thinking these pleasant thoughts, the time slipped away rapidly. Toward ten o'clock a soft, silvery haze began to loom up in the east; and a little later the full moon rose above the mountains, and flooded with a brilliant light the great, desolate plain. The shadow of the building fell over him—a shadow so sharp and strong that at a distance of fifty feet his darkly clad form would have been invisible; and to his eyes "looking out from this covert, the effect was that of an atmosphere of liquid radiance. He was not ordinarily an imaginative man, but in his present excited and exalted frame of mind this outburst of splendor seemed to him emblematic of the way in which from his own life a melancholy darkness had been banished by the great light of love. He accepted the good omen gladly, and his thoughts became still more sanguine and more bold.

A sound of footsteps and low voices startled him from his reverie. Two men were walking up the track toward the station, coming from the direction of the tank. Their wide-brimmed hats cast deep shadows over their faces, but the voice of one of the men he recognized as that of Barwood. They were speaking in Spanish, and, before he could distinguish their words, he inferred from the tones of their voices that they were engaged in some sort of argument. As they drew near to the station he saw Barwood place his hand restrainingly on his companion's arm. The man turned impatiently.

"It is better to kill him now," he said, "and so be rid of him. A dead dog can not bark."

"Patience, Senor Alcalde. If we kill this first night we shall cause much trouble and until our great project is established we do not want to be talked out. And I tell you again that if we can make him to join us he will be most useful."

"There is no need for haste. Let us wait and see what will come. He is a man of sense; should he not do what we advise?" Barwood drew his hand from his pocket, and said, "It will not take"

"Shadow, his finger was pointing at the tank, and the other man was pointing at the tank."

"The part of the tank that is the most dangerous is the part that is the most dangerous."

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was no doubt that he would have made a clean job of it. So good a chance was not likely to come again. His luck had gone back on him, he thought. However, this much good had come out of the encounter; he knew now certainly what to look for from the other side. He had not, it is true, seriously doubted Barwood's amiable intentions toward him, but it was comforting to have heard them so clearly stated from his own lips. Now they were on even terms, so far as intentions went; and he had a little the best of the situation, in that he knew something of Barwood's plans.

The dry, cool night wind played over him soothingly. After so much excitement came the languor of reaction. Presently he dropped off into an easy, refreshing sleep, that lasted until he was aroused by the whistle of the coming train. When he had attended to the shipping of the ore, and the train had gone on again, he brought his cot out on the platform and slept there comfortably until morning. He had expected to spend the night in the station, with the doors locked and the windows barred, but from what he had heard he knew that for the present he was not in danger, and so could safely indulge in the luxury of fresh air. He awoke thoroughly refreshed, and as he came up to breakfast from a bath in the river he enjoyed the pleasant sensation of feeling fully able to hold his own against anybody.

Barwood, already seated at the breakfast table, obviously was the worse for loss of sleep. His eyes were red and heavy, and the mescol that he had taken to brace him up had done little more than dispose him to snap and snarl on small provocation. He had been venting his ill-humor on Mary, apparently, for she had a nervous, frightened look, and seemed to have been crying. His salutation to Hardy was an inarticulate grunt. Mary tried to say good morning cheerfully, but there was a quiver in her voice that went to Hardy's heart. His eyes must have shown her how much he felt for her, for her eyes filled with tears; and then a delicate color came over her pale face. She poured out his coffee from the tin pot standing on the stove; and as she stood beside him for a moment while she placed the cup on the table, her hand, very lightly, pressed against his arm. There was something appealing in this touch; it was an avowal of her need for protection and of her trust in his shielding strength.

Hardy ate his breakfast in silence. He could not trust his voice in talking common-place talk with Mary; and he could not trust his temper in talking with her husband at all. Fortunately, Barwood kept silence too. Even in his present mood of sultriness he still seemed to desire to maintain peace. He waited at the table until Hardy had finished his breakfast, and then said, sulkily, "Well, we'd better be movin', I s'pose."

Hardy accepted the situation and left the house at once. But a quick glance as he went out assured Mary that in some way he would compass the meeting that they desired.

At the station there was no work to occupy him. The down passenger train was not due for two hours; the down freight not for an hour or two later, and the up freight was not due until afternoon. Hardy naturally was an energetic man, and this dull, enforced idleness oppressed him. He brought the chair to the platform, in the shade of which the heat already was oppressive. He sat for an hour, and saw smoke

rising from the tank, and the other man was pointing at the tank."

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which the superintendent had sent him to Santa Maria to investigate.

He got on his feet briskly, plumped the chair inside the station, shut and locked the doors, and walked quickly up the track to the tank. The gauge showed fourteen feet of water—just about what he had expected to find. Obviously there was no need for pumping for at least two days. On the other hand, Barwood's confessed disposition to let mescol get the better of him now and then gave a valid reason—though not exactly a reason that the company would recognize—for not permitting his water to get low. In keeping his tank full he was only making a prudent allowance for the factor of error that is to say, providing three days of leeway in which he might get drunk with impunity. While Hardy was thinking the matter over, irresolute as to whether he should or should not go down and order the pumping stopped, he perceived that there was no sound of water running into the tank and then, looking closely, he saw that the gauge was not moving. As the pumping still went on, it was evident that there must be a break in the pipe. This, of course, was a matter to be attended to at once.

From the tank the pipe was carried on tall posts to a rocky hillock, and thence, raised a little above the ground, through a tangle of mesquite scrub down the steep bank to the pump. Half way down the bank, emerging from the mesquite bushes, was the acequia that fed the plantation below the town. Through this acequia the water was running merrily; he could see the glint of it in the sun.

Hardy followed the line of pipe into the bushes with some difficulty, for the way which had been cleared when the pipe was laid was now so obstructed by mesquite branches and long spines of cactus and other thorny growths as to make walking both difficult and painful. He wondered a good deal over this condition of affairs, for common sense dictated the necessity of keeping a clear way along the pipe—and these obstructions obviously had been put in place purposely. But his wonder ceased when he succeeded, at the sacrifice of the integrity of both his clothes and his skin in forcing his way to the point where the line of the acequia was crossed—and here also the mystery of the pumping was effectually dispelled. The pipe was not broken, but carefully unscrewed at one of its joints, and from the opening thus made the water was discharging at the full power of the pump into the acequia. A monkey-wrench screwed fast on the sleeve of the joint made the repair of the break possible in a moment. A well-beaten path went along the bank of the acequia for a hundred yards, and then dipped downward through the bushes in the direction of the engine-house.

As Hardy made these interesting discoveries he listened to himself softly. The case perfectly clear. Barwood was using the company's firewood to supply his Mexican friends with water for irrigation; and he was doing it so cleverly that the chances of his being discovered were only about one in a thousand. However, that odd one-tenth of one per cent. he gave against him at last, and his little game was spoiled. Hardy had lived long enough in hot, dry lands to appreciate fully the benefit that Barwood was conferring on the community—at the company's expense—and how strong in consequence must be his hold on the popular good-will. And he further perceived that about the surest and quickest way to get a knife or a bullet in himself would be to report his discovery to the superintendent, and so cause the shutting down of these eminently irregular water-works. That he must make such a report was inevitable, but, as he reflected, it need not necessarily be made at once. The company's interests would not suffer seriously by reason of his withholding his action for a few days, and in the mean time his knowledge gave him a power over Barwood that in various ways he might use to excellent advantage.

As he stood beside the broken pipe, revolving these thoughts in his mind, a sudden shivering, creeping chill went through him, chilling him in the midst of the hot sunshine, and causing his heart for a moment to stand still. Almost in panic he turned hastily away. It was over in a moment, and he laughed at himself as he forced his way back along the line of the pipe through the thorns.

Hardy was in a state of high satisfaction. He had accomplished already the purpose

A Famous Doctor

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers."

Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."

Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass., says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use."

The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

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Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

for which he had been sent to Santa Maria, and he felt that now he had a powerful lever with which to work in accomplishing the still stronger purpose that had formed in his heart since his arrival there. He returned to the station, and when he had washed the blood from his scratched hands he settled himself to smoking, in a very comfortable state of mind. Both for the company and for himself he had done an excellent morning's work.

At dinner Barwood was in a less cantankerous mood. Either he had worked off the effects of his early morning mescol or else, which was more probable, he had distilled within him more of the milk of human kindness from additional libations. He even was jocose in a heavy way, chaffing Hardy clumsily about his failure in love-making, and bringing a flame of scarlet to Mary's face by telling her that now she knew that sweethearts were like chickens and curses, and came home to roost. Hardy found these pleasanties so galling that, as the only way of avoiding a collision, he declared that it was too hot to eat, and so left the house. His host looked at him suspiciously as he made this abrupt move—and he had better ground for suspicion than he imagined; for, while Barwood was washing his face and hands out side the door before dinner, Hardy had secured Mary's promise to meet him an hour later in the valley of the stream, beneath the bluff.

Hardy had thought the matter over carefully, and had decided that this hot time in the early afternoon was the period in the whole range of the twenty-four hours when they would be most secure. Every human being at that time almost certainly would be asleep—a general somnolence that by no means could be counted upon at night in so irregular a community—and even should some accidentally awake person see Mary, water-jar in hand, going down or ascending the path that led to the river, suspicion would not be aroused. At the most, her action would attract no more attention than would be embodied in a terse comment upon the American like folly displayed in going for water during the hours which all right-thinking Mexicans hold sacred to the sleep slumber that is begot of heat.

While Hardy waited at the station impatiently for the hour to pass, he was surprised by hearing again the sound of the pump. He had counted upon Barwood's acquired Mexican habits to place him among the sleepers, and for a moment he found this evidence that Barwood was awake decidedly disconcerting. After all, though,

he reflected, whether Barwood was asleep or at work in the engine-house, the practical result was the same; and, on the whole small though the chance would be of his waking up from his siesta, the chance of his leaving his engine was even smaller. And having arrived at this conviction he dismissed the matter from his mind, and gave his thoughts free rein concerning the strange meeting that he was about to have with the woman who once had filled his whole life, and whom he now had found again in so desperate a case that his reawakened love had added to it the tenderness of a great pity and the fierceness of a concentrated rage. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUST LIKE OTHER HUSBANDS.

Mr. Bowser Has Something to Say About Household Expenses.

I suppose Mr. Bowser is also like other husbands in regard to household expenses, and as it comes natural to them they cannot help it. When the cook is in want of groceries or provisions she makes out a list and hands it to me and it is my painful duty to hand the same to Mr. Bowser. I always wait until he has his hat and coat on and is ready to go and then I try to carelessly observe:

"Oh, by the way, the cook gave me a list of three or four articles wanted in the kitchen."

"What! Didn't I send up a list of things a yard long only two days ago?"

"It was last Saturday, my dear."

"Well, what is it now?"

"Just three pounds of cut-loaf sugar, five pounds of granulated, a bottle of bluing, some stove polish, two pounds of coffee, a pound—"

"Good lands! but why don't you ask me to buy out the whole earth?"

"Mr. Bowser, we must have those things to use or cook with. You want something to eat, don't you?"

"Something to eat? We are always eating! We do nothing but buy and eat? There is more stuff used up in this house than would feed five ordinary families!"

"I try to be as saving as I can."

"Oh, yes! All you women try to be saving, but you don't know no more what is going on in your kitchen than a Sandwich Islander. I got stove polish day before yesterday."

"No, dear."

"But I am sure—"

"You got it the same day you got the rat trap, and at the same place. That was the day we sent mother a book, and I put the date down. It was just three weeks ago."

"Well, give me the bill. I can't stand and argue all day, but I want to tell you that this extravagance has got to stop. We can't afford it."

The above is a fair sample of the gauntlet I have to run about three times per week, but there are variations. For instance, the cook tells me during the afternoon that the flour is out. I have two hours in which to work up my nerve to inform Mr. Bowser. He comes home particularly good natured, and after dancing the baby about says to me:

"I made \$500 on a deal this morning as easy as throwing my hand over."

"That's nice."

He was so lovely and good natured during dinner that I told the cook to add a brush-broom and two pie tins to her list. As Mr. Bowser was ready to go I said:

"Will you take this list along so that we can have some of the things for supper?"

"List? List of what?" he asked, his smile vanishing in a second.

"Of a few things. The flour is out."

"W—what?"

"The flour is out."

"Mrs. Bowser, you don't mean to tell me that that barrel of flour is all gone?"

"All gone."

"But I got it only six weeks ago! If it's gone, then half of it has been stolen!"

"You got it just five months ago, Mr. Bowser. The date is written on the cover in pencil."

"And we've used a barrel in five months? What have you been doing that you haven't seen the girl carrying it out of the house every time she went home?"

"The girl hasn't carried an ounce of it away. We have been extra saving to make it last as long as we have. We are also out of potatoes."

"Potatoes?"

"Yes."

"Why, it wasn't three days ago that I got

five bushels! Mrs. Bowser, it is evident to me that there is extravagance and waste from garter to collar, and unless you do something to check it, I shall proceed to take heroic measures. It's a wonder we are not all in the poorhouse."

And he jammed his hat on his head and walked off without a good-bye, but to stop and send the articles home and return to good nature by supper time.

When the gas bill or the water rate comes in I hold them back as long as possible, knowing just what sort of performance I will have to go through. I never hand them to him direct, but leave them where he must find them. He picks up the water rate, utters a "humph!" and turns on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, here is some more of your extravagance."

"What?"

"Here's a quarterly bill from the water office of \$3. You've probably had three or four faucets running for a month or so."

"Oh, no, dear."

"Then the cook has—has—"

"Oh, no. I'm sure the cook never carried any of our water home in any of her bundles. And besides, you are assessed by the year, and it doesn't make any difference about the waste."

"Well I'll overlook it this time, but be more careful in the future. What's this?"

"The gas bill."

"The thunderation! Seven dollars! Seven dollars for gas burned in this house in December! Mrs. Bowser, we might as well cease to exist right here! Such extravagance is unheard of!"

"But how am I to blame?"

"If not, who is? This house is in your charge."

"Yes, but I haven't any particular gas burner set aside for my sole use. You see how much is burned each night."

"Then the cook is—is—"

"She burns oil."

"Well, I'll never pay it—never! It's no more nor less than highway robbery."

"But we had lots of company last month."

"Makes no difference. If you haven't opened two or three burners and let the gas escape then the company is trying to rob me, and I'll give 'em fits. I'll go in this afternoon and raise the hair on some of their heads!"

"Don't be rash, Mr. Bowser."

"Rash! I'll rasher than chap at the third window! It's a put up job to beat me out of at least \$3 in cash."

And Mr. Bowser started off with stiff knees and fire in his eyes, and he entered the gas office to say:

"How comes it that my gas bill for December is so high?"

"A long month and short days, you know. Always the largest in December."

"Oh—ah! Yes, I see. Very reasonable bill, I think, when one remembers how many rainy days we had. Take it out of this ten, please."

Selfishness is not Christian.

We find an interesting address by Prof. Drummond, in a late number of the *British Weekly*, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Stirling. Among other things the Professor said: "Young men are learning to respect more and more the word 'Christian.' Time was when it was synonymous with cant and unreasonality and strained feeling and sanctimoniousness. A cynic defined a Christian as 'one whose chief aim in life is a selfish desire to save his own soul, and who, in order to do that, goes to church, and whose supreme hope is to go to heaven when he dies.' This reminds one of Prof. Huxley's examination paper in which one question put was: 'What is a lobster?' A student responded: 'A lobster is a red fish that moves backward.' Huxley said this was a very good answer except for three things: 'First the lobster is not a fish; second, it is not red, and third, it does not move backward.' So if there is anything a real Christian is not, he is not one who is selfish."

A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pots of Nature, who do not know what suffering is, and cannot realize it, have always a certain ravenness, foolish landmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrors are, nor brain enough to imagine them.

EGYPT.

England's Control of The Country Almost Assured.

SHE WILL LIKELY SOON POSSESS ALL OF EASTERN AFRICA.

British Projects Almost Undisguised—Sir Evelyn Baring and Stanley—The Whip in Government.

An American, writing on a recent date from Helwan, Egypt, thus refers to the presence of the British in the land of the Pharaohs and the possibilities of its shortly becoming a British possession:—"What is to be the future of this unhappy country, which for two thousands years groaned under foreign dominion? On every hand one hears from Englishmen of both political parties the undisguised expression of satisfaction with the probability of its becoming an English possession. British statesmen are here taking in the situation. I saw Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and two other members of Parliament philosophically surveying the devastation at Karnac caused by the Persian and Roman conquerors. In a year or two a new election of directors of the Suez Canal—built by French genius and enterprise—will result, it is said, in putting it absolutely into British hands. I have talked with many Englishmen during the past two months, and everywhere I find universally believed the permanence of the hold upon Egypt. 'Our interests demand that we keep Egypt now that we have it.'

Of course this purpose is not yet published to the world. "When are you going out of Egypt?" politely inquires the French Government. "Just as soon as Egypt is strong enough to protect and maintain her rights," responds Lord Salisbury, with English opinion behind him. Of course, that day may come; but not this century. Last month Sir Evelyn Baring made very quietly and without ostentation, a trip to the First Cataract. Sightseeing assuredly did not require him to stop between fifty and sixty times to interview Government officials and village sheiks.

The hour has not yet struck for the formal proclamation of British possession. When France is engaged in a death struggle with Germany, will it then come? I find it generally believed. But suppose Russia and France to emerge victors?

It seems to me one must be almost politically blind if he does not see the trend of England's ambition and aims on the African continent. She means to obtain control or possession of East Africa from the Suez Canal to the Cape of Good Hope. The war with the Zulus, the war with the Transvaal republic, the constant push upward of British influence from the Cape, the war in the Soudan, the bombardment of Alexandria, the present disputes and complications with Portugal, have all been but incidents in one persistent purpose. I am assured upon exceedingly good authority that Mr. Stanley's expedition, ostensibly for the rescue of Emin Pasha, had in reality quite other objects than those so carefully published to the world. Possibly the reward he will receive on returning to England may indicate in what service he has been engaged.

Of the potency for good of English control and influence I have no doubt whatever. Upon the wreck and ruin of the past she can lay the foundations of a new order, of a new life; and Egypt needs it. If there be a sadder sight than her crumbling pyramids and violated tombs, it is the people, out of whom centuries of oppression have crushed all enterprise, ambition, aspiration. "It shall be the basest of kingdoms," thundered the Hebrew prophet, and the prophecy is fulfilled. Of this narrow valley gave birth to civilisation, and the ancestors of those who have haps priests and kings have dug their graves—nine each an im

One of the things that will be done to take when the total abolition as a punishment see now, those with every one ant to a. In all cases ing about or the of the saw a rayors from it lam'pa hide, str ren who snow

desired to sketch. In England or America they would have been first ordered out of the way; here the man sprang at them as a tiger leaps on his prey. It is everywhere the same story. I have seen more blows struck during three weeks in upper Egypt than elsewhere in all my life; that is, putting aside sundry youthful experiences. Taxes have for a long time been extorted by the lash, although it is now publicly claimed that the custom has been abolished since the English occupation. I asked an English gentleman in charge of a certain revenue district if the fellahs were still liable to be flogged when the taxes were due. "Well, occasionally," he replied, "but not so openly as formerly. I don't think one can get on without it sometimes. What are you going to do when you must get the money and the beggars won't pay?" I suggested that we found some method in England and America quite as effective as the whip, but he seemed to think the more speedy method best. "Of course it is now illegal in Egypt," he added, "it is like the use of torture in India: against the law, but mighty efficient." I should have little hope of any near improvement of ancient customs if such views were generally held. England has another mission in Egypt than to make sure of her annual interest on the money she has lent the oppressor. How she will meet that duty and that opportunity is a question of the future.

Irrigation in Northern India.

In an official paper just published the Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, remarks with satisfaction that the irrigated area in the province has been increased within the last five years by as much as 1,000,000 acres. During the past year the estimated value of canal-irrigated crops showed an increase of 67 lakhs of rupees, a fact of no small significance in a country like the Punjab, where, owing to the scanty rainfall, there would in some districts be no cultivation at all without canals, and in many others nothing but the precarious growth of poorer crops. In the Lieutenant Governor's opinion the complete success of the Bari Doab Canal, (which has now cleared off its balance of interest charges,) the very promising start made by the Sirhind Canal, and the rapid development of the Swat and Sidhmal Canals show that in this country of great rivers and wide wastes of arid land the British Government can provide for the growth of the population and at the same time benefit the revenues of the State.

The Meanest Man.

The traditional man who stole the pennies from a dead colored person's eyes was a fine, generous fellow compared with the whiners who, it is asserted, stole from St. Paul's Island the provisions and supplies that the British Government had placed there for shipwrecked seamen. The result was that when the crew of the *Holt Hill* were cast ashore on the island they found nothing to support or shelter them, and had they not been rescued before it was too late by a passing vessel, they must soon have perished. The British Government should offer liberal reward for the discovery of the thief. Among the crew of the ship which straggled the island there is sure to be some one who will aid in bringing the officers of the pirate to justice.

CURE, CURE
Dyspepsia

OUR NATURAL TENDENCY TO MARKET FOR A...

Health Department.

Flat-Foot.

The bones of the foot are arranged from behind forward in the form of an arch, upon the top of which falls the weight of the body.

Under normal circumstances the arch should sustain the weight of the body, and when a person rests his whole weight upon one foot, there should be a space at the middle of the sole which is not brought into contact with the floor except at the outer border.

In certain people, whose tissues become lax through debility, the tissues which bind these foot-bones together lose their normal tension, becoming flaccid and easily stretched, so that the bones are not kept in their fully arched position, but tend to flatten out.

Such a condition is known as flat-foot. It may be present in varying degrees, and is difficult of correction in proportion to the extent of the falling and the length of time it has existed.

There is noticed first an aching sensation in the arch of the foot or under the heel. Sometimes almost the only evidence of the condition is the presence of pain, which may be thought to be neuralgic or rheumatic, and may be situated at a distance from the real seat of the trouble.

Recent cases are relieved without much difficulty. Sometimes it is sufficient if the person makes an effort to walk with the toes straight forward and to tread upon the outer border of the foot; or a similar end may be gained if the sole of the boot is built up a little thicker on the inner side.

In older and more severe cases artificial supports become necessary, these being plates of steel, either worn inside the shoe or built into the counter. The immediate relief to the wearer is very great, and generally a complete cure results after a longer or shorter time, the ligaments becoming strengthened and allowing the artificial support to be discarded.

Injurious Effects of Anger Upon the Health.

Instances where anger has proved fatal are many. According to one writer, the Emperor Nero died of a violent excess of anger against a Senator who had offended him.

It is well known that John Hunter, the great English surgeon, fell a sudden death to a paroxysm of anger. He had a temper, and not only often got angry, but he was very indeed.

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loses all relish for the food before him. A choleric person is almost always subject to attacks of indigestion, which are the direct consequences of his getting angry.

In the Sick Room.

Nothing is gained, and much time that is very valuable is wasted, by allowing ourselves to become nervous and unable to be of the slightest use in the sick room.

Although we may consider a person too ill to be aware of what is taking place about them, they are oftentimes fully cognizant of the merest trifles, and always more or less susceptible to any and all things going on in the sick room.

Nothing is so annoying as to be continually asked if we do not wish the pillows changed, the bed clothes straightened, the blind closed or opened, some nourishment brought, or any small details attended to.

When it is time for nourishment, no medicine be prompt to give it, but always without talking it over too much; and if it is the bitter cup that is to be prescribed, have something agreeable to follow, and a cheery word.

An invalid is oftentimes better nourished by partaking of a little sustenance at short intervals, and the manner in which one is cared for has much to do with his or her improvement.

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are worn on dressy occasions the larger ones and hats for the regular street wear. Give it a try. It will help you to keep your stomach in good order.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and of the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1. WINGS; 2. LEOP; 3. FRET.

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- FOURTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH

- FIFTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash... Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash

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Birds, bees, butterflies, and other insects in the act of flight are embroidered in jet and tinsel all across the bodices and skirts of new ball gowns.

Deafness Cured. A very interesting 132 page illustrated book on Deafness. Nerves in the head. How they may be cured at your home.

White cloth gowns, made in dressy styles, and braided with gold and silver are now in favor for ball dresses here and abroad.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No bustles are worn, but the French gowns have very small cushions of hair under the pleats in the back of the skirts.

The Horse—nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as his master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Large-flowered and small pompadour flowered brocades are among the new silks.

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.

Spanish colors, Spanish styles, Torreador hats, and red, black, and yellow millinery stuffs are features in spring fashions.

Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and hope will return, and despondency disappear.

Home gowns for the early spring are made very simply, without bustles or looping, and with a slight train in the back.

P. M. Markell, West Jeddore, N. S., writes:—"I wish to inform you of the wonderful qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I had a horse so lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble was in the knee; and two or three applications completely cured him."

Yellow jonquils and purple violets are favorite flowers for combination in corsage bouquets just at the moment.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes:—"For a long time I was troubled with Chronic Rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of Rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for croup, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

Heliotrope velvet slippers, with pink silk stockings, are a new fancy of those who like that sort of thing.

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.

Tartans, Scotch colors in broad stripes, and bordered robes are the pronounced novelties in woollen stuffs.

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 fore-runner 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 Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system.

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 more 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 old time as another between now and the thirty-first of March provided your answers to the questions are correct.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found. DR. HON. WID. To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano.

- 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) \$50
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully Bound in Cloth, 10 vols. \$20
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harney, England. \$250
Next ten, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$40
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols. \$15
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery, \$5
Next One Very Fine Toned Upright Piano \$50
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"
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 Doro 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 \$60... 420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7... 133
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) \$40... 200
Next ten, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$5... 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15... 165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash... 20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7... 49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash... 55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7... 119
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing" \$1... 29
Next five, an elegant set of... of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harney, England. \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$40... 200
Next seven, each a... \$40
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery... \$5
For those who... \$15... \$20
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery... \$5

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 75 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.

EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease.

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. 25c a bottle.

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 \$60... 420
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
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... 490
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) \$40... 200
Next ten, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$5... 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15... 165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash... 20
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Next five, an elegant set of... of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harney, England. \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$40... 200
Next seven, each a... \$40
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery... \$5

The Poet's Corner

Calling the Angels in.
We mean to do it. Some day, some day.
We mean to stacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashing heat
Yet never have bidden them turn aside.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength.

Strayed or Stolen.
Has any one seen a pair of eyes
As blue as the sea beneath ocean skies,

Strayed or Stolen (continued).
Well, they belong to my little girl
She strayed away with a pretty poet,

Amends.
Storm it is not good; but when storms pass
And clouds are fled and suns grow mild
And waves dash softly on the shore,

Life may be hard; but when life ends
And all the hard things are gone by.

Life may be hard; but when life ends
And all the hard things are gone by.
And every ache has been relieved,

Joy shall for grief make such amends
That we shall wonder that we grieved.

Fame, Wealth, Life and Death.
What is fame?
Tis the sun gleam on the mountain,
Spreading brightly ere it flies,

What is wealth?
Tis a rainbow, still receding
As the panting fool pursues:
Or a toy that youth, unheeding,

What is life?
Tis the earthly hour of trial
For a life that's but begun:
When the prize of self-denial

What is death?
Past its dark, mysterious portal
Human eye may never roam:
Yet the hope still springs immortal

A Skull for a Pitcher.
That is a terrible story coming from North
Queensland about a man who was lost in the
bush.

Big Floods in Queensland.
Queensland has been visited by rains of
extraordinary severity, resulting in many
fatalities.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good
wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home,

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner,
neither do uninterrupted prosperity and
success qualify anyone for usefulness and
happiness.

Perhaps there is no more important art in
all life than to receive the varying events of
weal and woe in such a way that they may
each develop something worthy in our char-

No matter the rank of life, any woman, be
she princess or peasant, who undertakes the
care of a family becomes at once responsible
for the welfare of that family.

DOM PEDRO IN EXILE.

His Pursuits and Diversions at His Present
Abiding Place in Nice.
Dom Pedro's mode of life at present, as he
informed the writer in a recent conversation

The Emperor rises every morning at 6
o'clock, and after partaking of his coffee and
reading the newspapers, many of which
are published in various languages.

Dangers from Electricity.

The continuous current, which strikes once,
alternating current strikes again and again.

electric propulsion that constitutes the
most serious danger from electricity.
What is most to be feared is the case
with which extensive fires can be started
in cities by means of bare or poorly in-

Going Forward.

An English correspondent states that work
on the new ranges of the National Rifle
Association on Bisley Common is going steadily
forward.

OF IMPORTANCE TO MARRIED LADIES.
For particulars address Mrs. Galt, 353 Carlton St., Toronto, Can.

DON'T GIVE UP THE BATTLE.
Relief at Last.

DEAR SIR,
Your wonderful cure
completely cured me of
my complaint. I can now
recommend it to a large
circle of my friends.

Strength of Religion.

The Rev. Dr. Heler Newton preached recently one of the old time quiet, thoughtful sermons, and there was a big congregation to hear him.

"In the Cathedral of Copenhagen," he said, "there is one of the noblest heads of Christ which the thought of man has conceived and the hand of man has executed. It is well nigh an ideal of mingled strength and sweetness. Christianity, as every one recognizes, has been the embodiment of pity, compassion, charity. As every one does not recognize, however, it has always been, potentially at least, the embodiment of the opposite qualities of manly strength, illness, courage, truthfulness, purity, justice.

"In the earliest conception of Jesus which we find in the catacombs, wherein the noblest type of manly beauty which reeked as had used as the images of Apollo and Orpheus were transferred to Jesus. The physical vitality of Jesus is seen in the virtue which went out of him, his sickness. In proportion as a man's bodily organism is vital and healthful, pure and in perfect order, he is a battery of healing power, about which our medical science has as yet little to say, because medical science is still in its infancy. The religion of Jesus Christ calls a man to the care of his body, to the recognition of health as a duty, as a great trust from the Almighty.

"Just because He has come to be the world's ideal of goodness that world has forgotten the intellectual strength and the moral character. The wonder about Jesus in His teachings is that, accepting as His raw material the ideas and ideals, the thoughts and aspirations that were floating about in the minds of men, He disengaged each truth from its error, liberated the ore from the dross, fashioned it into such beautiful form, stamped it with the imprint of His own mind and sent it forth to immortality in imperishable form.

"This peasant carpenter throws forth in His words in exquisitely crystallized forms these antitheses which have through these eighteen centuries startled men and still startle us by their paradoxes. In the culture of character through generation after generation the greatest teachers of His people had been leading them along one line. To grow into adults, the true children of God, they must submit themselves to a systematic discipline from without.

"He threw man in upon the law making power in his own soul. He gave man a principle and let it work out a method. He gave man a lot of the good and let it shape the culture of goodness.

"Many of the parables of Jesus are gems of the purest water. Some of them are cameras, clear cut, exquisitely chiselled pictures, in which every touch tells, from which not a word can be spared.

"Think of a carpenter from the little hamlet of Nazareth, that provincial district, standing squarely by himself, departing from the traditions of his father, venturing to think for himself, to refashion his own thought of God, his own thought of the human ideal, departing utterly from the ways of teaching of the authorities of the land, instituting a revolution in theology, in morals and in religious teaching—think of this and ask yourselves whether our poet laureate is not right in saying 'Krazy Son of God'.

"In body and in mind, so in soul. His characteristic is strengthfulness. Not only of sweetness

"The plan of a carpenter of a few years ago, who had been a student of the great masters of the art, was to be called in the night. Police officers of the stranger's name and the name of the room and to get his weapons and be was returned a

master Him, but always masters it and uses it, not for Himself, but for others, not for lower aims, but for the highest aim."

Getting a Hitch on a Python.

It was during the cold weather, when snakes are partially or wholly torpid, that this adventure happened; had it been in the hot weather, when snakes are lively, the story might have had a different ending.

Gen. Macintyre and his party went one day to examine a hole or crevice under a rock where it was suspected a python lay hidden, and sure enough it was there, for they could see a bit of the tail end protruding from the hole. They let it alone at first, thinking that, when the sun shone, it might come forth to bask in its warmth. In this, however, they were disappointed, for on the following day the snake was not to be seen. But, on closer examination, the tail was found sticking out as before. Various efforts were made to dislodge it. A fire was lit in front and the smoke fanned in ward, but this had no effect. The earth was even scraped away and the hole widened, when they could see the coils of the monster, as thick as a man's thigh, but except that their operations were occasionally interrupted by the startling presence of the creature's head, which it occasionally poked toward the entrance, darting out its little forked tongue, it gave small signs of animation. They had even determined to try to draw it. We all three, therefore, proceeded somewhat nervously, I must own to lay hold of its tail. To this familiarity it showed its objection by a decided inclination to wag its caudal extremity, which had such an electrical effect on our nerves that we dropped it like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it?—retired. A shot would in all probability have induced the snake to quit its refuge, but then the shot must have torn and disfigured its beautiful skin, which the General wished to secure uninjured as a specimen. In the meantime more efficient tools for digging had been sent for, and these now arrived, borne upon an elephant.

A bright idea now struck the party. They might draw the snake out with the elephant. Sufficient rope for the purpose was loosened from the elephant's pad, and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was hitched around the python's tail, its remaining length brought up again to the pad and fastened there, thus doubling its strength. Now came the tug-of-war. A sudden jerk might have torn the skin; the mahout was therefore warned to put on the strain gradually. Little did we know what a tough and obstinate customer we had to deal with. Tighter and tighter grew the ropes, when "crack" went one of them. Still the strain was increased, when "crack" the other had snapped also, leaving the snake in statu quo.

The snake was finally dislodged by counter mining, and killed with a charge of black shot. When measured it was found to be twenty-one feet in length and about two feet in girth.

A Smart Telegrapher.

MINNIV, Kan., March 2. "I'm a slick telegraph operator Taylor heard these words addressed to him by a stranger last night while he was receiving a message at the railway station. He paid no attention to the remark until he completed the message, which read as follows:

"To the Sheriff: Hicks & Cephart's bank at Valley Falls robbed this evening of \$2000. Robber unknown. Description as follows: Mode hair and mustache, light blue eyes, five feet eleven, medium weight."

The operator looked up and nearly lost his mind when he saw standing before him a man who was described in the despatch. He did not know the fact of the recognition, but he recognized the stranger that he was standing before him the night. The operator asked where he had been the night. The operator asked where he had been the night. The operator asked where he had been the night. The operator asked where he had been the night.

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Emin's Fall at Bagamoyo.

Letters have arrived here from a missionary in Zanzibar giving some particulars about Emin Pasha's unhappy fall out of a window. The missionary describes the hearty reception of the two explorers in Bagamoyo. Emin Pasha was full of praise of the Catholic Mission in Africa, and gave expression to his gratitude at the banquet, which was also attended by five missionaries, among whom were Fathers Girault, Schmitz and Etienne. After the banquet was over Emin said to Father Girault: "I have this evening been brought quite out of my usual routine. For fifteen years I have not touched wine." Hereupon he left the table, not without promising Father Girault that he would spend the whole of the following day in the Catholic Mission at Bagamoyo. Emin then went into the next room, and thinking, as he was very shortsighted, that an opening in the wall was a door, he fell with great force on to a zinc-plated roof, and from there he rolled on to the ground. The height of his fall was sixteen feet.

Narrow side panels of silk are sometimes introduced in the pleated or plain skirts of wool, tartan, or striped gowns.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Deeds are fruit; words are but mere leaves.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Be slow to promise and quick to perform.

After smoking use Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, it will purify the breath, and is recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

The longest life is but so many moments.

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 sensations about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, leishfulness, 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, swollen eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to inactivity and death unless cured. The spring or vitality having lost its tension every function wastes in consequence. Those who through sloth committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address: M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, unclean, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with heavy strings, 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. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Leave hope behind, All ye who enter here! So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered"!! And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

A. P. 493.

WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be continued. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

Ladies try OLIVE MENTHOL, the best remedy known for all female complaints. Sample free. J. THURTELL, 5 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Can.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE. Best thing out. Agents make \$5 per day. Samples by mail, 25c. CLEMENT & CO., 36 King St. E., Toronto.

CANCER and Tumor Specialist. Private Hospital, No Knife. Book free. G. H. McMichael, M.D., No. 63 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$10.00 A DAY. - Easy and responsible work for men and women. Address: T. K. BARRATT, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

ENGRAVING J. L. JONES. WOOD ENGRAVER. 10 KING STREET EAST. TORONTO.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. For Circular Address, J. DOAN & SON, Northcote Ave., - Toronto.

The Great Ottoman Blood Remedy. Guaranteed to cure all diseases of the blood whether brought on by indigestion and excess or arising from hereditary causes. Will remove pimples and blotches from the skin and by its invigorating action on the blood restores falling powers and builds up the system of those suffering from wasting disease. Price \$1 per bottle. Address: Ottoman Medicine Co., Mad Building, Toronto.

THE BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA. Established for the prevention of steam boiler explosion by regular inspections. Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieut. Gov. of Ontario, President. Head Office, 7 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont. Consulting Engineers and SOLICITORS OF PATENTS. Geo. C. Bonn, Chief Engineer, A. FRASER, Sec.

The Albert Toilet Soap Coy's Oatmeal Skin Soap. MAKES THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL. See that the Coy's name is stamped on the Soap and on the Wrappers. Beware of Imitations.

PLATE GLASS. Delivered anywhere in Canada. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices. McCausland & Son, 72 to 76 King St. West, Toronto.

Thousands of Dyspeptics HAVE USED JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEER WITH BENEFIT. Easily Digested, Very Strengthening.

BARRETT ESCAPES THE NOOSE.

Died of the Wounds He Dug in His Throat in a Prison Cell.

Richard Barrett, who was arrested on Saturday night last in New York charged with the murder of Edward Thomas Williams in London a year ago, and who bored a hole in his throat with, it is supposed, his suspender buckle, in his cell died the other morning in St. Vincent's Hospital.

The crime for which Barrett would probably have been extradited and hanged or imprisoned in England was this: Edward Thomas Williams lived in a hotel at Clifton Terrace, Finsbury Park, London. On Jan. 19, 1889, there was a disturbance in a corridor in the hotel, and Williams left his room to see what was the matter. He found two men attacking a woman. Williams interfered and was shot in the abdomen by one of the men. Williams managed to get to the street, where a policeman was informed, and one of the men, who said he was Charles Turner, was arrested and identified by Williams. The other man—Barrett, as the police of Scotland Yard believe—escaped. Williams died in the Central Hospital several days afterward.

Barrett was identified from a woodcut of him from the rogues' gallery in Scotland Yard, sent to Inspector Byrnes. Barrett had worked for Powers Brothers, plasterers, of 1,764 Broadway, for nearly a year, or since his arrival in this country. He had come to this country on the Persian Monarch, in the steerage, shortly after William's death, and had landed and disappeared before Inspector Byrnes was warned to look out for him.

Barrett was detected through his writing from New York to his friends in England. To his acquaintances to whom he wrote and who gave the letters to the police, Barrett did not give his address. He was identified by his portrait. The police say he admitted that he was Barrett. Sergeant Bird, who was in charge of the Detective Bureau at the time of Barrett's suicide, said that he was satisfied that Barrett inflicted the wounds in his neck with a suspender buckle. One end of his suspender was found twisted in a knot about the buckle, and was smeared with blood.

The Indians Dying Out.

Mr. George Goodson, interpreter at the Sarcee reserve, south of Calgary, says that since the payment of treaty money on Nov. 13, 1889, there have been only two births and three marriages against nine deaths; in fact, that the tribe is gradually dying out, the total number of souls on the reserve at present being 330, while in 1887 the reserve was reckoned to have between 600 and 700 on it. Of the older Indians about two-thirds are females; while among the young ones the number of males and females are about equal. The disparity in the former case is accounted for by many braves having lost their lives in the wars with the Cree and in the chase of grizzly bears and buffalo before the advent of the railway, leaving their wives widows. Marriages are not so frequent now as formerly. The young bucks say that, the buffaloes and other large game being gone, they have no work for wives to do in tanning and dressing buffalo and other pelts, consequently they will not indulge in the expensive luxury of two or more wives.

A Lady Explorer.

One of the most intrepid explorers of the day is a Parisian lady, Madame de Ray, mother of the Duc d'Abrantes, who has been for several months engaged in Eastern travel. After having visited Babylon and Nineveh, she traversed the Persian deserts, amid terrible privations, in order to reach India. For five days and five nights her little caravan had to encamp in the wilds without meeting a living soul, or even discovering the slightest trace of a human being.

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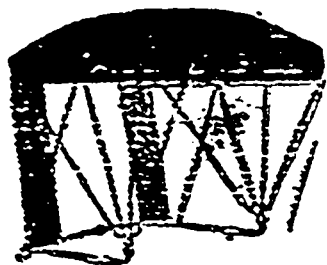
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JACK DELANCEY'S FOREMAN.

A WESTERN LOVE STORY.

BY WILLIAM ATKINSON, AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE RANSOM."

When the second son of the Right Honourable the Earl of St. Marylebone, commonly known as the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey, threw up his commission as a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue, and vacated his apartments in the Albany, he purposed making an entirely fresh start in life. To accomplish this he not only left his native land, literally to pitch his tent some six thousand miles to the westward of the British metropolis, but also repudiated so much of his name as was not absolutely necessary for his own identification and the exigencies of business and society in the Far West.

That he was tolerably successful in his endeavours to construct his own fortune may be inferred from the fact that, some four years after the Honourable John's sudden disappearance from sundry Belgravian ballrooms and Pall Mall club-houses, plain Jack Delancey found himself the owner of a trifling matter of thirty thousand acres of rich grazing lands, over which roamed the finest and largest herd of shorthorns in the Canadian North-West. Above and beyond all this, Jack Delancey was the most popular young man in the eastern part of the Territory, both among his neighbours—who were not very numerous—and with his "cowboys," who were decidedly numerous. To them all, after the Western style, he was Jack Delancey—no more and no less. But although this energetic scion of the House of St. Marylebone had discarded the "Honourable" and "Wentworth" and the "Richelieu," and had transformed "John" into "Jack," he was still a Delancey. He might have called himself Moses Smith—he might even have adopted a drawl and sea-mangled the same with powerful Western slang, but he would still have remained a Delancey.

For, notwithstanding that the young man affected big untanned boots, buckskin breeches, a red shirt, and a sombrero hat; though he dined at twelve o'clock with "the boys," and excused without a murmur such luxuries as table linen, cut glass, and silver-ware, though he slept in a hammock, rolled up in rather coarse blankets, and took his morning plunge in the little creek which furnished bathing facilities for all his men—he was still Jack Delancey, and it needed not the courtesy title accorded him in Burke's *Perceps* to proclaim this fine specimen of a sturdy Briton as the "Honourable" Jack Delancey. So, although both the stockmen and the farmers and the cowboys within fifty miles of the Delancey ranch freely addressed the wealthy young Englishman as "Jack," they cheerfully yielded him such marked deference as was never paid to any other man in the Territory, and such as Jack Delancey himself had never dreamed of de-

manding. It was at the first big "round-up" after the arrival in the West, and the boys were abating after a hard morning's work tending the young cattle.

"Is that Delancey o' yours is blooded?" asked a Canadian from a neighboring ranch, as he gazed at the young Englishman in his "squad," boys, an'

"No, 'squire," responded Jack Delancey, and after St. Marylebone had said her by the handsome Englishman. He figured on the probability that if Jack Delancey should marry Metta he might "pool" his interests with those of his son in the Territory, and himself roam the plains at his own sweet will and

and sand, anyhow, which is more than can be said of you."

"And I tell you one thing, boys," said a strapping young fellow, as the men mounted their ponies to resume their work: "Jack Delancey has got something beside pluck—he's got a great kind heart and clean hands. It doesn't make any difference whether he was a lord-mayor or a lord-chancellor over yonder—he w's a gentleman, and he's that yet.—Now, boys, whoop 'em up! Stir up those critters lively!"

This last champion of the individual under discussion was Jack Delancey's foreman. Just who he was or where he hailed from, not even his employer knew. He had introduced himself as Spencer Knight, and claimed—although his years were less than thirty—to be an "old Westerner." He told Jack that he was originally from "the East," but had settled in the North West when he was very young, with the intention of "growing up with the country."

How Delancey became acquainted with Spencer Knight matters little. The Englishman stumbled across him in Winnipeg, where Knight—after the manner of western stockmen during the dull season—was indulging in a "toot." Delancey rendered the young fellow, who was a man after his own heart and about his own age, a valuable service, which saved Knight from the disgrace of arrest and possible imprisonment; thereby placing the Western man for ever in his debt. This was before Jack had located as a ranchman. Being a fairly good judge of human nature, and rightly estimating that Spencer Knight would not speedily forget a kindness, Delancey invited that young man to enter his service. The compact which they then made had never been regretted by either: for, after four years of hard work and constant companionship, if Knight beheld in Jack Delancey his ideal of a gentleman and a friend, Jack knew, as well as he was aware of his own existence, that with his faithful servant and friend, Spencer Knight, he might safely entrust his possessions, his life, and—his honour. And by Jack Delancey of the West, honour was as highly treasured as ever it had been by the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey of Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue.

Now, although Cal Larned had uttered from time to time many disparaging remarks in regard to his prosperous young neighbour similar to his speech at the "round-up" dinner party, he was in reality very anxious to secure Jack Delancey for a son-in-law. As a matter of fact it looked as if this ambition of the lay stockman would in all probability be gratified. In older communities, Cal Larned's surliness and general aptitude for picking quarrels might have been laid to that very convenient scapegoat, dyspepsia. On the plains of Alberta that disease is unknown, and as cowboys usually "call a spade a spade," they passed upon Calvin Larned the very laconic but expressive verdict of "mean case." To his general meanness Larned added the vice of laziness, for which reason, undoubtedly, he was tolerably civil to Jack Delancey, and encouraged his pretty daughter Metta to accept the attentions which he paid her by the handsome Englishman. He figured on the probability that if Jack Delancey should marry Metta he might "pool" his interests with those of his son in the Territory, and himself roam the plains at his own sweet will and

ed attentions to this girl is no conundrum at all. She was the only marriageable girl within a day's ride of the Delancey ranch. Women are scarce articles in the Territory, and unmarried women are especially few and far between. Metta Larned was unmarried, she was young, and she was pretty. Not only so; she was well informed, fairly well educated, and possessed of much good common-sense. She was, from a social standpoint, the superior of all her neighbors, except Jack Delancey and, perhaps, Spencer Knight. (Knight was peculiarly reticent in regard to his antecedents, though that he had received a liberal education became constantly more apparent.)

Yes, Metta Larned was pretty; but she had not the patrician beauty of a hundred and one young dames whose acquaintance struck out for the West. Met was clever; but there were many branches of knowledge that formed the ABC of Jack's own sister's education, of which the girl was as ignorant as she was of Greek verbs and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Met dressed "nattily," yet her neat home-made gowns would have presented a rather "dowdy" appearance alongside the most ordinary efforts of Worth or Elise. To sum up: Met Larned could thoroughly appreciate a good book in good English, she could make an apron or hemstitch a handkerchief with the utmost neatness, and she could manufacture pastry which would have reflected credit upon a Parisian chef. But then—

When Jack Delancey first saw Met, on a breezy summer afternoon, with the sleeves of her simple white dress rolled up, a huge linen apron protecting her from the dusty flour, while with her chubby hands she "fixed up" a batch of bread for supper, the ex-guardian involuntarily confessed to himself that the girl looked "killing." But, later on, as he pondered over a cigar, Jack Delancey's good sense forced him to admit that it would be extreme folly in him to think of a girl like Met Larned as his future wife. It was not snobbery, in that Delancey's early training, old associations, and family ties compelled him invariably to compare Met with his sister and his mother—always to the disadvantage of pretty Met Larned. Jack was swayed by honesty of purpose, and he resolved never to "make love" to Met; being Jack Delancey, he kept his resolution.

But, nevertheless, Jack found it very pleasant on Sunday afternoon to ride over to the Larned's cottage, five miles away, and indulge in a chat with Metta. If he desired excuse, he found in it the paper which came to him with his mail every Saturday, and which Metta liked to read. Jack discovered a keener satisfaction in taking tea—supper, they call it in the Territory—with Metta than he had ever experienced in sipping something from dainty china cups in London drawing-rooms. Metta's suppers were substantial affairs—delicious beefsteaks and the lightest of light hot bread, with butter that the dairy maids at Delancey Park had never surpassed. Such meals were peculiarly appreciated by Jack after a long week of tough meat, indifferent potatoes, and hardback. And Jack reciprocated Metta's hospitality whenever he journeyed to Crowfoot—as he frequently did—by bringing the girl a new novel or "something pretty." So they became good comrades, and both enjoyed amazingly the long quiet Sunday afternoons. But their regard and esteem for each other stopped just short of love; for, after three years, Metta Larned's affection for the Englishman was no deeper than was Jack Delancey's liking for the girl.

Unfortunately, on the plains, as well as in other primitive and sparsely settled communities, actions and words frequently cause more weight than they would do in large social centres. Therefore, Calvin Larned was not alone in surmising that Jack Delancey intended, ultimately, to make Metta his wife. All "the boys" looked upon such a climax as a foregone conclusion, and even Spencer Knight shared in the general opinion. Indeed, this belief alone prevented Knight himself from entering the race for Met Larned, for the young man, who had never exchanged more than twenty sentences with Metta, loved the girl with an affection which he would not have dared to make psychological estimate of. He was surprised by his deep and undying loyalty to Delancey, for whose sake he kept his heart so well that not a living soul ever dreamed of it.

Cal Larned's derogatory remarks at the "round-up" meant Jack Delancey were not nearly so severe as his mental comments upon the same live subject. In his own mind he thought that the Englishman had been "foolin' around" Metta quite long enough.

One Sabbath when Spencer Knight and most of "the boys" had gone over to Crowfoot with a couple of hundred young steers to ship by the railroad to Winnipeg, Delancey, as was his custom on Sunday mornings in summer, brought his hammock outside the long low shanty, swung it on the shady side of the building, lit his pipe, and stretched himself out to enjoy the three-weeks-old *Illustrated London News*.

"Mornin', Jack!" exclaimed a voice—the only voice whose accents usually disgusted Delancey.

"Good-morning," replied Jack lazily looking up. He noticed that his visitor was afoot, and added: "You didn't walk over, Larned?"

"Not much, I didn't! I seen your barn door open as I come up, an' found a empty stall; so I hitched my pony an' gev him a feed o' oats—spose that's all right?"

"Oh, certainly, you are very welcome," said Jack, as vexed as a man could well be with Larned's take-it-for-granted style, but willing to tolerate the fellow for his daughter's sake.

"Partly dry an' dusty, Jack. Can't yer pass the bottle, me son? A smell o' rye or Bourbon, or even a couple o' fingers of gin, wouldn't go bad."

"I don't like my men to use liquor, so do not use it myself, and havenone on the place. You will find good spring water at the well, yonder, and plenty of milk in the cellar. That's the best I can do for you, Larned. Help yourself."

But neither milk nor water possessed any charms for Cal Larned. He threw himself full length upon the rough bench which ran along the shanty, and filled his mouth with fine cut tobacco, which he chewed very carefully for the space of five minutes. He then succeeded in drowning a grasshopper some seventeen feet away from him by a dexterous discharge of black juice, and proceeded directly to the matter which just then accounted for his presence at the Delancey Ranch. "Comin' over to our place to-day, Jack?"

Delancey, in despair, threw down the paper and replied: "Yes, I think so."

"Well now, Jack, how long is it since you planted yourself down here?"

"About four years."

"So? How long was you here when I gey yer a knock-down to my gal?"

"Almost a year."

"So? Well, now, I ain't much of a scholar, so ef my calculations are wrong, kindly ke-rect me. One year from four years leaves three years. Now, on yer own show-in', you're been sparkin' Met for four years. Now, Jack, when are yer goin' to marry my gal?"

Jack sat up in his hammock and dangled one leg on the ground. Slowly he repeated Larned's words: "When am I goin' to marry Metta?"—You are not indulging in a confoundedly poor joke, I hope, Larned?"

"Do I look as ef I war a sky larkin', or as ef I meant bizness? No, Jack Delancey, I'm askin' you a squar' quesching, and ef you're the man they say you are, you'll gey me a straight answer. How is it?"

"My good fellow, I have never made love to your daughter for the very reason that I have never dreamt of marrying her. I have every respect for Met, and esteem her very much; but I have been particularly careful to give her no false impressions. Besides, I believe Metta and I understand each other quite well. Metta?"

"You speak for yerself, Delancey. Don't I know a' about her? Ain't I seen her change in the last three years until she don't think of nobody nor nothin' but you? Can't I see how she's a growin' sick an' weary of writin' for you to ax her?"

Jack put his other leg out of the hammock and with two of his big strides stood over his would-be father-in-law. "Tell me one thing," he said, in a tone of voice which indicated that it would not be well for his listener to tamper with him. "Tell me the truth, man, of your own child. Does Met care a' that about me, and does she really believe that—that I love her?"

"She does."

"So help you God!"

"See here, Delancey," said Larned, clumsily rising to his feet; "what do you take

me for? What do you suppose I care about you? You never used me half-way decent, any how. You an' yer keep-er-distance, lord look style! I ain't in love with you, nor fit yer belongings. I know I ain't a general favourite hereabouts. But Met's my g-d, an' I'm her dad, an', curse me, Delaney, if I'm a-goin' to stand by an' see her heart broke an' the best years of her young life fooled away by you nor yit no other gay rooster!"

"That will do," said Jack quietly. "I care nothing for your blustering threats. As you say, there is no love lost between you and me. But there is that which I dislike even more than Mr. Larned, and you will never find me guilty of any dishonourable conduct. -- Yes, I will ride over this afternoon."

Cal Larned had acted his part well, and knew it. He was fully aware that his point was practically carried; for having succeeded in influencing a man like Jack Delaney, he knew it would be an easy matter to mould Metta to his will; so he indulged in considerable chuckling as he shuffled off to mount his pony and ride home.

A few days later, Spencer Knight returned. In the evening, he and Delaney strolled down to the creek to smoke an after-supper pipe.

"Spence," said Jack, "I am going to marry Metta Larned."

"Yes," responded the other; "we all thought it would come to that. I hope you will both be very happy, Delaney."

Curiously enough, each of the men, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, remarked a strange glumness in the other. They not only remarked it, but both remembered it very vividly. There was no gladness about Delaney's announcement, and Knight's congratulatory reply had a counterfeit ring about it.

"Next Monday," said Jack after a pause. "I shall start for home to make the folks over there a visit before settling down for life. You will stay and take care of things for me while I am gone, won't you, Spence?"

I shall not be away more than a couple of months, and during that time I should like you to have the carpenters over from Crowfoot and run up a comfortable cottage over yonder by the poplars. Consult Metta as much as possible."

Delaney spoke so mechanically that Knight knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, that something was wrong. But he made no inquiries.

"All right, Delaney; and when you return I shall ask for leave of absence for a similar purpose. Like yourself, I am an Englishman. There was a little unpleasantness in our family, which induced me to locate in the West some twelve years ago. The other day I saw an old friend of mine, who was passing through Crowfoot. We talked matters over, and I think past differences can now be adjusted. However, I will not pester you with my affairs to-night."

Somehow or other, Jack Delaney was absent from his ranch eight months instead of two; so that the following summer had commenced by the time he returned to his Western quarters.

"We will leave business until to-morrow, Spence," said Jack, as he and his first-lieutenant cantered towards the creek. "Let us talk of other matters to-night."

As a matter of fact, they said nothing at all for almost half an hour. Then Delaney spoke. "How is Metta? I have heard nothing from her for two months. I told her not to write, as I was so uncertain about starting. How is she?"

"Metta is well, very well."

Silence again, broken this time by Knight. "Delaney?" Both men paused in their walk, and Jack puffed violently at his pipe. "You picked me up a stranger and treated me like the 'white man' that you are. You had faith in my manhood and you have trusted me implicitly. Have I justified your confidence?"

"You have, Spence—a thousand times over, boy. Here is my hand on it."

"Thanks, Delaney. Now, trust me a little more, and believe that I would not pry into your private affairs for the mere sake of being meddling, or to wound you. May I go ahead?"

"Surely. Let us sit on this boulder."

Delaney, you just asked about Metta. You do not love that girl. I knew it the night that we were last on this spot, when you told me of your engagement to her. You will never be really happy with Metta for your wife."

"Stop," said Jack, with a faint smile. "This question is undebatable. I have asked Metta to marry me, and it is utterly impossible to discuss the matter."

"But," persisted Knight, "you love with all your heart and soul another woman. You cannot deny that—you do not desire to deny it. You love, as you can never hope to love Metta, my sister Florence."

"Nonsense, Spence! Lady Florence Knighton your sister?"

"The very same. You see, my dear fellow, I too am an 'honourable.' It was a rather shabby trick on your part, Delaney, to go over there and lose your heart to my sister, while you kept me all these months waiting to become reconciled to my father. -- But, to return to our subject. You not only fell desperately in love with Flo, but you have stolen the poor girl's heart away from her."

"Indeed, Spence, I have been strictly honourable in this matter. While at home, I made no secret of my engagement, and studiously avoided anything like a flirtation with Lady Florence. We were thrown much together, and I confess. Well, that makes no difference: I am here to keep my word with Metta."

"Admit, Delaney," said Knighton, rather comically, "that in the presence of my sister you tried your best to behave like a sphinx; but—I have it on the authority of my married sister—your attempt was a signal failure: while, as for Florence, she has made a clean confession to her sister. -- Now, are you going to make Flo miserable as well as yourself?"

"I am grieved to learn," muttered Jack, "that I have unintentionally caused you sister temporary distress. But as for myself—I think a fellow need not feel particularly miserable in living up to his word. -- No; I shall marry Metta Larned."

"Wait a while," continued Knighton, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder. "Metta Larned does not love you! What do you say to that?"

"Possibly so. But how do you know that to be the case?"

"Because—why er (you haven't a pistol about you, Delaney?) -- Well, the fact is that Met loves me, and I love her; and if you do not seriously object, we should both of us like to release you from your engagement. -- Yes," he went on, "I suppose you ought to demand an explanation and satisfaction from me for robbing you of your affianced bride. But I did not begin the robbery until I was tolerably sure that I should not be striking you very hard. As I said, I surmised a good deal when you were away, and I learned much more before you started for home. A month ago, Cal Larned died, gored by a young bull—and before his death, he confessed to me that he had terrorized Met and played a 'bluff game' with you. -- You are not very angry, are you, Delaney?"

Jack certainly did not look very angry, and he grasped his friend's hand and shook it with remarkable vigour.

The Honourable Spencer Knighton is still known as Spence Knight on the Delaney ranch, of which he is sole proprietor; but Jack Delaney of Alberta is no more, his friends having re-christened that gentleman with his old name when he settled down to the pleasant life of an English country Squire.

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The Removal of Moles. In a recent number of The Practitioner, Dr. Jamison writes on the use of sodium ethylate in removing hairy moles on the face. He operated in this way: The hairs were cut off as closely as possible with a very fine pair of scissors, and the mole was then painted over with sodium ethylate, a fine glass rod being used. When the mole had a varnished look the ethylate was gently rubbed in with the glass rod, to make it penetrate more deeply into the hair follicles. The mole had quite a black look when the operation was over. A hard crust formed over it, which was nearly three weeks in becoming detached. When it came off the hairs were seen to be destroyed, and the surface of the mole had a smooth, somewhat cicatricial appearance, of a much lighter color than before; and this favorable condition continued until the mark was scarcely noticeable.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

Volapuk is now eleven years old, and it is asserted that 5,000,000 persons are able to use it.

The French papers have started a cry for electric lights in the museums of Paris, now that they have successfully been installed in the British Museum.

The French newspapers declare that the dance as a social joy is doomed, going out of fashion at the command of the women who lead Parisian society.

A sign of the times is the increasing number of erotic illustrated French works of the eighteenth century which now find their way into the book sales.

The Amoor of Afghanistan, it is said, is about to begin grape culture on an extensive scale, and has sent to Europe for experts to instruct him in the arts.

An inmate of a lunatic asylum in Brescia, Italy, was released on Feb. 1, after a seclusion of forty years. During this period his cost to the institution footed up more than \$5,000.

The Empress of Germany has undertaken the protectorate of the Berlin soup kitchens, the late Empress Augusta having for a considerable number of years been at the head of these institutions.

The Czar, according to a recent statistician's calculation, is the largest "private" owner of land in the world. The total is about fifty million acres, about the size of the whole of France.

Shares in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which paid five per cent. dividend in 1848, are now returning a profit of 150 per cent. per year, making the journal one of the most profitable publications in the world.

An officer of the German army is to be sent to Constantinople with a present of twenty-four kettledrums for the army of the Sultan, to which such implements of warfare have heretofore been unknown.

It is alleged that the Turkish man-of-war *Eryegroul*, bearing a decoration for the Mikado of Japan, is detained at Singapore because her Captain has not money enough to pay the port charges or to buy coal with which to continue the journey.

A curious character in Paris is a man who makes his living by strolling along the Boulevards and making wagers with men at the cafes that he can answer correctly any question that relates to the history of France. He always wins the bet, it is said.

The will of the late Duc de Montpensier disposes of 340,000,000, to be divided between his wife and his son and daughter. It is said, however, that the Duchess intends to go into a convent and leave the whole fortune to be enjoyed by the two children.

Bernhard Polb, a Hungarian, recently celebrated his birthday by giving a party to the 100 members of his family. There were present his twenty-seven sons and daughters, twenty-seven sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, fifty-four grandchildren, and 167 six great-grand children.

In Italy, it is asserted, the opera has become simply a fashionable gathering place for society, and social calls and similar engagements implying the free use of the tongue under the house so noisy that the music is inaudible. This fact is alleged to account for the decline of opera in Italy.

Cholera is making its appearance at Constantinople, and it is reported that a number of those who have been attacked by the disease have died.

The recent alleged cholera epidemic in Constantinople, and the fact that it was introduced there by the Russian troops, is a subject which has attracted much attention.

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the Winter Palace, where the ball was held, is so large that 3,000 persons danced there with ease.

After a delay of nearly five years the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have received their firman granting permission to excavate on a site previously approved by the late Porte. It is understood that all objects (except duplicates) found in the course of the excavations shall be forwarded to the museum at Constantinople; but that the committee's agents shall have the right of making squeezes, sketches, models, photographs, and copies of all such objects.

During the height of the anti-English excitement in Portugal a new hat styled the "Serpa Pinto" appeared in the shops, and the Portuguese adopted the style at once and bought the hats by the thousand to wear in honor of their hero and as a token of defiance of the English. After a while it came out that the hats were manufactured by an English firm, who had reaped a rich harvest from the Portuguese hatred of the country.

An extensive society in Vienna, devoted to pan-Germanism, is engaged in diffusing the German language among the opposing nationalities of the Austrian Empire. Its efforts are at present being concentrated against the Slavs of Bohemia, Moravia, and Styria as it was found necessary to abandon the attempt to eradicate the Italian language in those of the empire's provinces where its vitality has always been strong and is now increasing.

In France, during 1886, official figures show that the unmarried represented fifty-two per cent. of the entire population. Celibacy continues under the republic, as under the empire, the strongest factor in the progressive diminution of the population, traceable also to intense selfishness and penuriousness. Schemes to tax the unmarried have been discussed by French legislators since the revolution of 1789, with the resulting admission that such taxation would be impotent as a remedy or stimulus to marriage and offspring.

A burglar in Bondy, France, got into the rooms of two men while they were absent, and, fastening the door from the inside, prevented them from getting in when they came back unexpectedly. The police sent for the village locksmith, but he very strangely couldn't be found, so they burst open the door just as the burglar got upon the roof of the building. He was seen and pursued down to the street and into a canal. The shock of the cold bath made him unconscious, and he died in a short time. When they had washed from his face the black with which he had disguised himself the riddle of the village locksmith's whereabouts was solved. He was the burglar himself.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, in a lecture before the Geografiske Selskab at Christiania, explaining his plans for a North Pole expedition, advocated the employment of a ship built with a special view to strength, and having its sides constructed at such an angle that, instead of being crushed by the ice, the vessel will be raised by it. The route proposed by Dr. Nansen is through the Behring Straits, where advantage is to be taken of the favorable current to carry the vessel northward and thus attempt to reach the New Siberian Islands as soon as possible. Here the vessel would enter the ice floes and would proceed towards the north pole, in which direction the current would probably carry it.

There has been a terrific fuss at Constantinople in consequence of a German photographer having rashly attempted to take an instantaneous photograph of the Sultan as his majesty was proceeding on horseback to the Mosque. The guard rushed upon him, smashed all his instruments, and dragged him off to prison. The Koran forbids the representation of the human form, and his attempt to photograph the Sultan was regarded as a particularly diabolical crime. It had not been a foreigner who had been so quickly strangled, but, thank God, the Sultan's indignation at his imprisonment in Turkey does not seem to have been very great.

Start of carnival here on the 25th of January. It is a festival of more than a week's duration, and the holiday-makers had a very merry time.

Col. North, the "Nitrate King," was also conspicuous in the parade. After it was over there was found on a lonely road just outside the town the dead body of a man costumed as Pierrot, who had been stabbed to death. Not far away lay two Pierrot costumes and a hat. It is supposed that the dead man had been one of the masquers in the parade, and that he was either murdered for money or that he fell in a duel with some of his fellow merry-makers. His identity is unknown.

According to Father Girard, peculiar difficulties environ the spreading of the Gospel in Tonking. A visitor at his chapel, who recently asked him why he had nothing but a wooden table for an altar, was told that any day pirates might attack and rob the mission station, and so all the church furniture was made with a view to carrying it away and hiding it at a moment's notice. He added that the Christians of Tonking and Annam, who number about 200,000 souls, build their churches so that they can easily be taken apart and carried off. In times of persecution, therefore, the churches suddenly disappear, and the heathen, who collect a force to profane the Christian temples, are apt to find no trace of them.

Outside of the port Stabiana at Pompeii, in a stratum of cinders, have just been found impressions of three bodies and a tree. Casts taken of them show the three bodies to have been those of two men and a woman. One of the men was in a kneeling position and the other stretched flat on his back. The woman lay face downward, with her arms stretched out. The tree of which casts of foliage, as well as of the trunk, were found, were of the species *Laurus Nobilis*, known to have produced a round-shaped fruit that ripened toward the end of autumn, and, from the form and size of the fruit, it was evidently ripe when the tree was buried which goes to confirm the theory that the great catastrophe took place in November of the year 79 B.C., and not in August, as has been supposed.

A correspondent of the London Times thus destroys the old legend of the Devil's Bridge in the Pyrenees: "The popular legend about the bridge, which spans a mountain torrent called the Tech, near the small town of Ceret, was that it had been built during one night by Satan and his myrmidons, and the fact that the particulars as to its construction had never been found in any of the local archives gave additional strength to this legend. But the registrar of a neighboring town called Prats de Mollo, close to the Spanish frontier, has just unearthed a manuscript, dated 1321, which relates how the notables of that town contributed ten golden crowns of Barcelona toward the building of the bridge at Ceret upon condition that the inhabitants of Prats de Mollo were exempted from paying toll."

The increase of deer in Maine the past year is reported to be due to the fact that they have been driven from Canada and Labrador by large bands of gray wolves.

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May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

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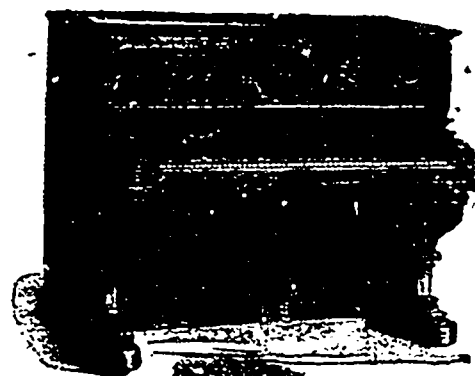
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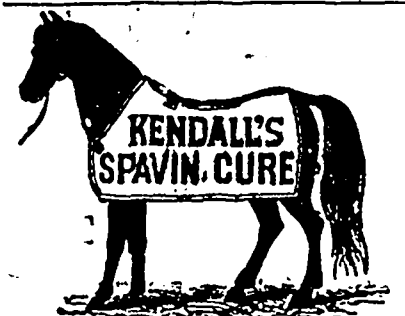
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