

TRUTH

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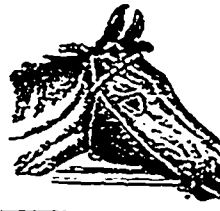
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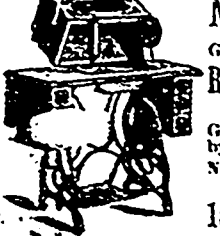
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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It is not often that the judgment of a court of enquiry gives such general satisfaction as the Parnell Commission appears to have done. It will be remembered that this commission was appointed by the British Parliament some eighteen months ago to inquire into the charges and allegations made against certain members of Parliament, who were charged with being members of a conspiracy and organization which had for its ultimate object the establishment of the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation, and the expulsion from the County of the Irish landlords; and that the mode of action was to organize a system of coercion and intimidation in Ireland, which was sustained and enforced by boycotting and the commission of crimes and outrages, and that they knowingly associated with persons guilty of crime or the advocates of treason, sedition, assassination and violence. As to the investigation itself, the judges who constitute the Commission have thoroughly vindicated the purity and exalted character of the English judiciary. Through out the trial they have known no man, but have treated all parties with the utmost fairness and impartiality. In this they have falsified the prophecies of those who at the time of the appointment predicted that they would show themselves tools in the hands of the enemies of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. They have shown the world, however, that the sense of British fair play has not yet died out, and that men in public positions can be guided by higher considerations than those of party exigencies. In this fact all lovers of truth and justice will rejoice. As to the verdict itself, all the personal charges against Mr. Parnell are shown to be without foundation, though he and his associates are adjudged guilty of criminal conspiracy and encouragement of boycotting and intimidation, which led naturally to outrage. And thus indirectly they are responsible for many of those agrarian crimes which have been committed in that unhappy country during the last decade. Both parties claim to be satisfied with the verdict, though the accusers in a less degree than the defendants. There acquiescence is probably an instance of "what can't be cured must be endured."

It is not likely that the country has heard the last of the Parnell Commission. Now that their report has been presented there comes up the question of costs, and how they are to be paid. It is stated, that the expenses of the "Times" apart from counsel fees amount to nearly \$500,000 for witnesses and incidentals, while that of the defendants foot up about \$50,000 without fees. Reports say that the Government propose asking a large vote to pay the expenses of the commission, which was not appointed at the instance of the "Times," but sprung from the Government a desire to get rid of the subject in Parliament. In this view it is held that the country ought to pay the expenses of both the accusers and the defendants. This action will be opposed by the Irish party, who are willing to forego their outlay, which is covered by subscription,

rather than have public money devoted to recoup the "Times." Evidently the end of the trouble is not yet. It would not be surprising if like another Job the "Times" should yet be constrained to curse the day in which it was born, or at any rate the day in which Richard Piggott first saw the light.

During the course of his speech on the Franchise Act, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, who is no friend of the "one man, one vote" principle, is reported to have said: "If a man has a right to represent property he has a right to represent that property wherever it lies. In order that any scoundrel may not represent that property in Parliament, the owner should be allowed to vote in defence of his possessions." The *Week*, criticizing this statement, points out that it involves a return to the antiquated and now generally abandoned theory of property qualification, according to which the vote represents the property. It involves, too, as a logical consequence, that if the possession of real estate to the value of \$300 gives a man a vote, the possession of property to the value of \$3,000 should give a man ten votes, seeing that he has ten times the amount of specified property. It is possible, however, that the Hon. member had not carefully measured the full import of his proposition, and, that if asked concerning the theory of property qualification, he would repudiate the idea that the vote represents the property, and assent to the commonly received view that the property qualification, like the income and other qualifications, is simply an evidence that the man himself is a bona fide citizen, having a genuine interest in the prosperity and good government of the country. Nevertheless, until he shall have taken the trouble to clearly explain his position this speech will stand as a witness against him that he has not kept pace with the world in its discovery of political truth.

The "Saints" of Utah are at present passing through experiences which will demand all the grace implied in the lofty and significant title they have so ostentatiously assumed. A couple of weeks ago the Salt Lake City municipal elections took place, when to their utter disappointment and dismay, the Gentiles who have gradually been invading their sacred precincts, actually succeeded in carrying the election, and placing the government in the hands of the unbelievers. This is bad enough and hard to bear, but it does not tell the whole story of their troubles and reverses. Following hard upon the election defeat, in which the Gentiles claim a majority of 1,000, a bill has been introduced into the National Senate at Washington by Senator Edmunds, the implacable foe of Mormonism, which provides a school system for Utah of a most elaborate and comprehensive character. Instruction is to be given in temperance, manners, and morals, and no sectarian or denominational books are to be used or sectarian doctrines taught. It is to be hoped that this is but the beginning of a series of events and measures that will result in thoroughly purging that wretched cesspool, and wiping out the iniquitous system of "many wives." It is to be hoped, too, that our Canadian authorities will heed the many

suggestions made on all sides, and keep a watchful eye upon the youthful colony in the N. W., so as to prevent this baneful institution from gaining a foothold in the Dominion.

"The servant girl problem solved," by Mrs. McGee Smith, one of *Truth's* Hamilton readers, is a sensible plea on behalf of the Chinese, that they shall be allowed to immigrate to this country without let or hindrance. The writer criticizes the stock objections, such as the labor market is overloaded now, their advent would cheapen labor, the influence of the Chinese women who are given to immoral practices, would be pernicious and demoralizing. She points out that, notwithstanding the cry of a plethora of laborers, there are millions of acres of land in the Dominion unoccupied and uncultivated; mines with their treasures still unearched; waste lands of city and factory awaiting removal to be applied to its legitimate purposes instead of being left to breed pestilence and lingering death; and hundreds of thousands of households from the Atlantic to the Pacific to be provided with industries, active and careful servants, and the Chinese are declared to be. She heaps ridicule upon the idea that our morals would suffer by contact with the Chinese women. "Answer willing," she asks, "to admit that we are incompetent to make laws, or impotent to enforce them, to regulate all and sundry on our own territory? If so, we should throw up the sponge and let the Chinese, the Japans, and the Mohammedans fight it out on or near the Rockies. If our Christianity and civilization cannot withstand any and all evils concomitant with their settlement among us, then possibly they are the superior race and are destined to overcome and rule America." That the restrictions placed upon the almond-eyed Orientals are becoming increasingly obnoxious to all right-minded Canadians is growing more and more apparent. It contravenes the law of custom so long observed, "Live and let live." It is felt to be a violation of the sacred principle of liberty, which, except in those cases where their incoming would threaten the social fabric, opens the doors and says to all, "come and find a home among us. Canada is in no great danger from John Chinamen, who has hitherto proved himself a very respectable citizen.

"The greatest show on earth" has just closed a remarkably successful exhibition in the World's Capital. The wires from London announced that Barnum closed last night, receiving a magnificent ovation from the immense assemblage, in which Royalty was represented. At the conclusion of the show the band played "Home, Sweet Home," whereat the Americans in the audience cheered wildly. There were loud calls for Barnum, who was compelled to make a speech, not a word of which was audible. There was terrific applause when they played "God Save the Queen." The showman, Bailey, returned with money in the treasury for weeks. Thousands of people have been turned away from each performance. No account has yet come to hand of any sensational artifice being adopted by the veteran showman to induce the public to patronize his menagerie. These tricks,

like his youth, appear to be left far in the past, while the old man now demands for success upon the merits of his exhibition.

A rash vow is better broken than kept," says the ancient maxim. It is usually made under the influence of impulse, and is often the very opposite of what reason would have dictated. To keep such vow frequently inflicts injury upon oneself or injustice upon others. It appears that his holiness the Pope has established his connection with an erring race by just such a vow. Some time ago he declared his purpose never to leave the Vatican while the House of Savoy occupied the throne of Italy. But the other day his younger brother, Cardinal Pecci, was seized with an illness of which he has since died. On being made aware of his brother's critical condition, it is stated his holiness could no longer restrain his affection, and entering a Cardinal's coach he drove to his brother's palace. His presence was a surprise and consolation to the dying man. Both were greatly affected. The Holy Father remained an hour by the bedside. Then, giving his final benediction and bidding farewell to the dying Cardinal, he returned to the Vatican quietly and unobserved. Not many brothers will condemn this action, and chide the aged head of the Vatican for allowing his fraternal affection to set aside his inconsiderate vow. Though many persons will be puzzled and surprised at his holiness's conduct, it is difficult to harmonize the vow with these pretensions to infallibility which he laid to rest in the head of the Catholic Church. His action is a confession that was in error on making such a promise. Common people will be led to ask, is it not possible and probable that mistaking once he may mistake twice, ten, a hundred times? Perhaps some son of the Church, who is a doctrinaire, will try to explain.

Toronto Temperance workers are just now reinforced by two noted characters, who have their lives been dragged from the gutter. These are J. O. Wells and Joe Hess. The latter was at one time a resident of the city, and is well known to many frequenters of saloons. He was converted in Rochester and has since his conversion been devoting his life to the work of saving the poor imberbe. During the few days he has been holding meetings in the city, he has succeeded in persuading only a thousand slaves of the habit to sign a pledge. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the "coffee house" movement. He says "one of the best movements that has been started in Toronto, and one that was needed above all other in the cause of temperance, is now in operation by the Canadian Temperance League, in other words the coffee house movement which has established itself in opposition to the saloons. We have in Rochester, four coffee houses, which during the day, supplied seats to between six and seven thousand people at a low price. They have lodging rooms, no stairs, where at times who have been rejected by the saloons, get lodgings and banks for a cent. In addition to this consider one of the most powerful reasons why coffee houses should be established, that Gospel revival meetings

the evening during the whole year. Such a movement as this in Toronto would wipe out the saloon in a short time." This praise of the coffee house is well deserved, the universal testimony of those who have made the experiment being that they serve as a counter attraction to the saloon, and save many from contracting the habit of drinking as well as prevent those who have been reclaimed, from relapsing into their old ways.

The extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which has been under consideration for several months past, received final confirmation in Washington on the 18th inst. The correspondent in announcing the fact of its ratification adds: Hereafter gentlemen who desire to lift the cash out of another person's cash drawer will have to buy tickets in some other direction than Canada. The scope of the treaty, while not as extensive as some might like it to be, is comprehensive enough to practically unite Canada and the United States in the matter of criminal jurisdiction over a class of thieves which has grown to great proportions in the past few years. Honest men in both countries have nothing but words of approval of the new arrangements.

There has been a game of "give and take" going on for some time over in Washington, the participants in the game being Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, and Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Secretary of State. The play is concerned with the Canadian coast fisheries on the one hand, and the United States seal fisheries in Behring on the other. While the game was concerned with the eastern dispute, Sir Julian Pauncefote felt that he had the whip end, and insisted upon terms not by any means favorable to his partner, who demanded the same privileges should be accorded to American fishermen in Canadian waters as afforded to Canadian fishermen in American waters. Thus, the worthy knight would not concede unless the United States grant important concessions to Canadian sealers in Behring Sea, and include both disputes within the same treaty. Mr. Blaine not at first disposed to allow this arrangement but insisted upon the settlement of each dispute independently and by a separate treaty. It soon became evident to the players that both sides would have to make some concessions, and it is understood that the result is that Great Britain concedes rights to American fishermen in Canadian waters which might lead to serious objection to the treaty on the part of the Canadians were it not for the points which have been gained on the other side. This was that the United States shall permit British vessels to capture seals in Behring Sea under certain restrictions, and shall give to the fishermen of Canada and Great Britain all the rights which are to be given to American vessel-owners engaged in sealing. This is the outline of the principle points in the treaty as far as it can be ascertained up to the present time. That Canadians will be satisfied with such an arrangement is more than doubtful. In the first place the trade is too one-sided, Canada gives much and gains next to nothing. In the second place it is a virtual acknowledgment of the justice of the United States claim to the sovereignty of the Behring Sea, which is denied by all the authorities of international law, all the eminent European and American, and even American journalists themselves, ever since they are to stand by the arrogant claims of their rulers. Says the *Globe* of the proposed treaty:

"To release the States from the renunciations that they made in 1818, and for making which they received payment in the privilege of taking fish and landing to cure them along a great stretch of Canadian coast, is a great and humiliating surrender. To add to this the confession that Great Britain and Canada submit to have their rights on the high seas limited and defined by Washington, will be a most abject proceeding."

Whatever may be said of the Dominion Franchise Act as a measure for securing to the properly qualified electors the right of the franchise, and upon this question the opinions of Canadians are divided by the whole diameter of thought, this fact is beyond gainsaying that the measure involves an enormous expense to the country. Costing originally half a million of dollars to inaugurate the system, this amount has been nearly equalled in a single revision of the lists. Therefore to keep the lists in such form that they shall contain the names of all the fully qualified electors of the country at any time, an annual expense is involved equal to one-seventh of the entire expenditure of the Province of Ontario, or five-sixths of the entire provincial expenditure upon education, or two-thirds of the amount paid for the maintenance of public institutions, such as hospitals for the sick, asylums for the insane, etc., or fifty per cent more than the cost of civil government and legislation in this first Province of the Dominion. Nor is this all the measure costs the country; for to the first outlay involved in preparing the lists and the annual cost of revisions must be added the expense of the prolonged Parliamentary debates and the innumerable sums expended by individuals and party organizations during the process of revision. Then it be asked "why should such an expensive machine be longer used?" the answer can be put into two words, "party exigencies." "The one reason for being of the Act," says the *Week*, "is the belief or suspicion that the provincial franchises as a whole are adapted to work injury to the party in power. The chief design of the obnoxious measure, but for which it would never have been heard of, is either to escape partisan unfairness in the Provincial Acts and their workings, or to gain an unfair partisan advantage for the Dominion Government, and that but for one or the other of these partisan considerations, or both of them combined, the heavily burdened taxpayers of Canada would have been spared this very serious addition to the cost of self-government." Truly government by party lays a heavy burden upon the people:

Exasperated by the repeated and flagrant violation of the liquor laws on the part of the saloon keepers of Lathrop, Missouri, some of the women of that little town have taken the law into their own hands and have instituted a crusade against the destroyers of their peace and of their homes. The plan of campaign which they have adopted is to enter the saloons, and, seizing the vessels containing liquor, to empty them in the streets. They are said to be backed by a considerable portion of the male population, and are cutting the officers of the law at defiance. Though the provocation has no doubt been great for what can be more crazing than to see a son drawn down to ruin before his eyes - it is unfortunate that these crusaders should have disregarded the right of protection against house-breaking and stealing which these violators of the liquor laws undoubtedly have. Such illegal proceedings are calculated to do the cause of Temperance more harm than good. No cause is ever

permanently advanced or benefitted by unconstitutional and illegitimate methods.

If the scheme contemplated by a company of Worcester, Massachusetts, capitalists should not turn out a miserable fiasco, eyes that look out from under grey brows may yet see the immemorial caravan of eastern lands displaced by the iron horse, that symbol of western energy and enterprise. The word has gone abroad that some hundred citizens of Massachusetts have formed themselves into a corporation to be known as the New England Land Company of Egypt. The company, which has a paid up capital of \$2,000,000, proposes to purchase a large tract of land in the vicinity of Alexandria, Port Said, and Damascus, connecting the two latter ones by an air line, broad-gauge railroad on the American pattern. The company will then go into a general oriental notion and produce business, with a tourist annex. It is understood that they will go into the cultivation and exportation in a wholesale way of the natural products of the region, such as cotton, flax, dates, figs, olives, stone and building material, horses and cattle, with relics, excursionists, and mummies, as possible adjuncts. The incorporators, who count among their number such men as General Benj. F. Butler, Mr. Frank Jones, President of the Boston and Maine railroad; Gen. Godell, of New Hampshire; Senator Frye, of Maine; Hon. Joseph G. Healer, of New Jersey, &c., are said to be serious, and believe that the regions which were once the gardens of the earth and supported nations can by judicious cultivation be reclaimed to their ancient productiveness. Many will watch this new venture with deep interest. Should it succeed it will not unlikely prove the dawn of a better day for those historic lands which have for generations been under the paralyzing yoke of their Mahomedan rulers.

To a person of a philosophical turn of mind the question of how much pigment nature may have bestowed upon any single individual or what is the quality of his head covering, is esteemed of trifling importance, being outweighed by the more serious consideration, what qualities of mind and heart does he possess. To this class, however, the captain of a Hudson River steamboat does not appear to belong. He has a strong antipathy against the negro and does not hesitate to show it. Recently he undertook to discriminate against a colored pastor of New Haven who entered an action for damages, and was awarded \$500, as a balm for his wounded feelings. It is not likely that this captain will take so practical a method of expressing his feelings in the future.

A kind heart is not always accompanied by a wise head. This statement is borne out by many facts and in particular, by the action of a society of English ladies, who have organized themselves together for the purpose of interviewing criminals, on their release from prison with the view to persuading them to go out to the colonies and lead a life of honesty and usefulness. That they do persuade many to leave the old country is manifest, but that any great proportion of these jail birds keep their promise in the matter of honest work is very doubtful. Only the other day the Montreal authorities dealt with a trio of these young scoundrels. On pronouncing sentence Judge Dugas referred to the fact of the increasing number of young lads who are sent out to Canada from the old country only to jump into the meshes of the law as

soor, as they reach the shores of the Dominion. He questioned the wisdom of the so-called philanthropy and remarked, that while it was the means of relieving the old country of its worst criminals it simply foisted them upon us. Canada welcomes any and all good citizens who may feel disposed to make their home among us, but she has seen enough of her own without taking the filth of any other country.

A few weeks ago there went the rounds of the press an account of a most inhuman slaughter of political prisoners at Yakutsk, who were on their way to the mines of Siberia. At first the rumour was denied by the authorities at St. Petersburg, but subsequent reports confirm its truthfulness. This massacre in itself ought to have been sufficient to arouse the indignation of all Christendom. But the worst has yet to be told. Another outrage exceeding the former in fiendish cruelty has recently been perpetrated. According to a cipher report received in Paris, a Madame Sigida, of noble birth, and a teacher in the high school at Moscow, was, for political reasons condemned to penal servitude in the Kara mines. On reaching the place she attracted the attention of the director of the prison who insulted her, whereupon she slapped his face. He in turn had her stripped and flogged in the presence of all the prisoners. Apprehensive of future shame she committed suicide by poisoning herself, in which she was followed by three other female prisoners. A more recent account contradicts this report in one particular, viz., Madame Sigida did not commit suicide; she died from the effect of the cruel flogging to which she was subjected. The flogging took place on Wednesday. It was continued till, under the brutal blows, the unhappy woman never revived from the terrible shock, but continued to grow weaker and weaker until Friday, when death came to her relief. The news of her shocking official murder produced widespread dismay and anguish among her fellow-prisoners, and three of them, unable longer to bear their wretched fate, committed suicide by taking poison.

In view of such inhumanity and brutality we do not wonder at the indignant utterances of Mr. Kennan, whose story of life in the mines of Siberia has been devoured by thousands of interested readers. "Such news is enough to make a man's blood boil. It has been reserved for the closing year of the nineteenth century to witness this crowning consummation of Russian barbarity, the flogging of helpless and unprotected women. Well may we ask ourselves, standing in liberty's hallowed land, how civilized nations suffer such things to be. To which he adds: I do not think that we have heard the whole of this story by any means. It would not surprise me, when the whole truth is told, to learn that matters are far worse than stated in the report. In Russia, under the administrative exile system, everything that is atrocious is not only possible but more than probable." Whether this exposure of the fiendish cruelty shown towards these unfortunate prisoners will have an effect upon the Russian authorities, remains to be seen. Mr. Stepiak, the well-known writer upon Russian political and social conditions, thinks it not unlikely that the publication of facts will force the superior officials of Russia to take some notice of the affair. At any rate, civilized nations ought not to permit such atrocities to go unrebuked and uncondemned; for surely, if anything can justify remonstrance with another nation such barbarities furnish suf-

ficient reason for Europe and America to utter the most earnest remonstrances and protests against a system in which the inalienable rights of man are so shamelessly disregarded. In this matter Russia is a disgrace to the family of nations.

The New York World has been experimenting after an unusual fashion. Pressed with the conviction that the crews which manage the ferry boats on the Hudson were indifferent to the safety of their patrons, it resolved to put the matter to a practical test. The plan decided upon was for a World representative to take passage on one of the ferries and when out in the stream to jump overboard, feigning accident as much as possible. Provision was likewise made for a tug to be in waiting so that in case the crew of the ferry did not endeavor to rescue him he might not be allowed to drown. He was also to be accompanied with two reporters who were to note the time when he fell into the water, the length of time it took to rescue him, and how the crew behaved under the circumstances. The experiment, which was made on the 12th inst., was well carried out so far as the principals were concerned. The result, however, is not very assuring to the public who patronize this line of ferries. The report, as given by the World, is that absolutely nothing was done to save the drowning man, nor life-preserver nor rope thrown out, nor boat lowered, nor was even the ferry itself stopped or its speed slackened. And yet the crew was not ignorant of the fact that a passenger had fallen overboard, for standing on deck was a guard or deck hand, who, when the man was pointed out, made no effort to save him but coolly remarked "I'm blamed if there isn't a man overboard." Of course the World's tug was soon at hand and rescued the daring experimenter. Though there may possibly be a little more paint used on this picture than the facts will warrant, the incident can hardly fail to be of value to the public who entrust their lives into the hands of these ferry crews. It cannot be possible that such criminal negligence will be allowed to pass unnoticed, but that there will be such a howl of indignation as will lead the managers of these boats to make better and more adequate provision for the safety of their patrons in the way of life saving apparatus. Nor will it be without benefit to the public every where who have to do with ferries and other means of conveyance if it leads them to be more particular in insisting that the provisions required by law are fully made. Corporations are proverbially soulless, a fact which the general public has need constantly to bear in mind.

To be Governor-General of Canada pays almost as well as to be a son of her Gracious Majesty. According to the report of the auditor-general, the representative of royalty in this country receives per annum an amount equal to about £20,000, while their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales excepted, receive an annuity of £25,000. This expenditure upon Rideau Hall is by many considered somewhat disproportionate to the resources of the country, and to the necessities involved in keeping up appearances. Though it ill becomes a people who have any regard for their standing among the nations, to grudge their chief magistrate a compensation in keeping with the dignified and responsible position he occupies, there is nevertheless a limit of expenditure beyond which silent acquiescence ceases to be a virtue. That limit has in the estimation of many Canadian citizens been reached. The public accounts committee at Ottawa appear to be sensible of this popular feeling. A few days ago one

of the members of the committee suggested that, in order to remove the dissatisfaction with the present method, a lump sum be voted his Excellency for etceteras. Last week Mr. DAVIES, M.P., moved that in view of the expenditure annually incurred at the hall the inventory taken when Lord Lansdowne left be submitted, and that the officer in charge of works at the hall be brought before the committee and examined. This, Mr. Davies said, was a very delicate subject, but the feeling throughout the country was that there was a great deal of unnecessary expense at the hall and that it was time the matter was fully investigated. The motion was agreed to.

Spring is just at hand, a fact whose evidences we shall soon behold in the changing costumes upon the street and in the new dress which nature will put on. Unwilling to be out of the fashion, Truth has anticipated the opening leaf, and has donned a new garment. It flatters itself that it looks quite attractive now, and is confident that the eyes of all its friends will find pleasure in looking into its clean and inviting features. This change of dress is in keeping with its resolve to make itself welcome to all classes of readers, not excepting those whose days have come into the sear and yellow leaf. And now, what with its new robes, and what with the interesting feast of fact and fiction it brings from week to week, it hopes to retain all its old friends as well as make many new ones. This at least is its purpose, regardless of cost.

Quite a sensation has been created by the statement made by Governor Foraker in a speech the other evening, to the effect that in 1887 when Canada and the United States were wrangling over the fisheries question, the War Department at Washington took steps to ascertain how long it would require to throw a given number of troops on the Canadian frontier. That the department did send out circulars asking for information concerning the National Guard or militia is not denied, though the circular itself does not on the face of it imply any hostile intention on the part of the authorities at Washington. This must be read into it by the light of the times in which the information was sought. Of course the circumstance that the U. S. government should be seeking information at such a time is suggestive, if not suspicious. That it was a mere coincidence, however, is not inconceivable. It should count for something, too, that the circular itself opens with the statement that "for some time at this department, under the authority and sanction of the secretary of war, has been engaged in the collection of military information of a general character, relating not only to our own country, but to the armies, fortifications, etc., of foreign powers, and a division styled 'The Division of Powers,' and a division styled 'The Division of Military Information,' has been created at this office where such information is compiled and filed for future reference." Moreover, an explanation by the war department has been published, stating that the authorities simply wished to ascertain, for their own satisfaction, the actual condition of the National Guard or militia and the actual time it would take to concentrate their forces at any point in the State or Union. Subjoined is the question from which Governor Foraker's inference has been drawn: "What is the least time required by divisions, brigades and regiments for concentration within the state at Cleveland, in case of emergency by the most rapid means of transportation, etc.?" How far the Govern-

ment was justified in making the statement he did, must be left to the unprejudiced reader to decide for himself.

To develop and foster a love of country in the rising generation is the solemn and imperative duty of those who to-day are interested in any degree with their country's interests, or who are concerned for their country's future weal. No legitimate means should be neglected to impress upon the youth of mind the peculiar character and the excellence of those principles and institutions which have made their country great and influential. Thorough eye and ear instruction in patriotism should frequently be borne in upon them. In this view of things it is gratifying to know that the Ontario Legislature, in response to the petition of a large and influential deputation of Toronto citizens, headed by the Mayor, and embracing representatives from both the public and separate school boards, is about to modify the school law so as to require the hoisting of the National flag upon the school houses throughout Ontario on public holidays and historic Canadian anniversaries, and the keeping it during the remainder of the time displayed behind the master's desk in school. The dates suggested by the deputation, which will probably pass with little alteration, are:—April 5, 1499—Discovery of Newfoundland by Sebastian Cabot. May 21, 1867—Proclamation of the confederation of Canada. May 24, 1819—Sovereign's birthday. June 5, 1813—Battle of Stony Creek. July 1, 1867—Dominion Day. Aug. 16, 1812—Capture of Detroit. Sept. 17, 1792—First meeting of the Upper Canada Parliament. Oct. 13, 1812—Battle of Queenston Heights. Oct. 25, 1813—Battle of Chateaugay. Nov. 11, 1813—Battle of Chrysler's Farm. This movement which cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect is quite in harmony with the policy hitherto pursued by the Minister of Education. In his reply to the deputation Mr. Ross said:—"I have taken pains to expurgate from the text books in the schools everything that appeared un-Canadian. In our recent geographies we have given about ten times as much to the provinces of the Dominion as they formerly received, and attention is called to the resources of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. During the last few years there has been introduced into the university course a requirement of proficiency in the history of Canada and the federal system of government in this country, which are made special studies. The display of the national emblem as you suggest on the public and high schools would be a fitting climax—an exhibition shall I call it—or object lesson representing externally what has been done inside these buildings—the common schools, the high schools and the university."

The tension within the House at Ottawa has once again been relieved, and the question of the Dual Language for the present set at rest. After seven days of earnest, animated, and in some instances, acrimonious debate, during which the House was fairly surfeited with oratory of the highest grade, the amendment of Sir John Thompson was carried on Friday night by a vote of 149 to 50. There were three amendments to the original motion of Mr. McCarthy which was to the effect that the Parliament of Canada should declare that in the N. W. T. the proceedings in the courts and in the assembly shall be carried on in one language only and that the English, and that the reports shall be printed in the English tongue only. To this Mr. Davin moved in amendment that the whole matter be relegated to the Assembly, to settle for themselves after the next election. Mr. Beausoleil in an amendment to the amendment, proposed that the present order of things be allowed to remain, and that both English and French be continued to be recognized as official languages. This latter amend-

ment was lost on a division, when immediately Sir John Thompson proposed the following, as a compromise measure: "That this House, having regard for the long continued use of the French language in old Canada and to the comments on that subject embodied in the B. N. A. A. Act, cannot agree in the declarations contained in the said bill (the McCarthy amendment), namely, that it is expedient in the interests of the national unity of the Dominion that there should be unity of language among the people of Canada. That on the contrary this House declares its adherence to the said covenant and its determination to resist any attempt to impair the same. That at the same time this House deems its expedient and proper, and not inconsistent with these covenants, that the Legislative Assembly of the North-west territories should receive from the Parliament of Canada power to regulate after the next general election of the Assembly the proceedings of the Assembly, and the manner of recording and publishing those proceedings." The difference between this and Mr. Davin's amendment consists in the circumstance, that while Mr. Davin's measure left the matter altogether in the hands of the Assembly, Mr. Thompson's provides that in all Federal courts and proceedings, the French shall continue to be recognized as an official language. Of the 50 who voted against the amendment, all are not followers of Mr. McCarthy; some preferred Mr. Davin's amendment, while others were followers of Mr. Beausoleil. The measure of Sir John Thompson was confessedly a compromise for the sake of peace, and responsibility for it was fully assumed by the government. Whether anything will be done in the near future to resurrect the burning question cannot be predicted at present, though Mr. McCarthy promises to renew the fight on the first suitable occasion. The results of this memorable debate, the most animated since the Biel question was before the House, cannot be tabulated. Words have been spoken, hints thrown out, allusions made which in the very nature of things must tend to create discord and division among those who for our country's sake ought to be united. It will require much wisdom in those who are entrusted with the responsibility in the House of affairs that the irritation and engeredness may be allayed as far as possible. One on the ground of the matter is that there is a general feeling of hostility of the French element. And this feeling must be removed, if our confederation is to be anything more than a name.

The decided, and as his friends say, glorious victory of Dr. Montague in Halifax last week, is to both parties an acknowledged surprise. It has set the machine politicians to asking questions, and has aroused a feeling of insecurity among them. Many feel that bribery and corruption are not explanation sufficient of a change so great, a change from 46 for, to nearly 250 against the man who only a few months ago claimed the election. The members at Ottawa, of both stripes of politics, are said to be enquiring, "What can have produced the apparent change in public opinion?" The more thoughtful are, however, concluding that current questions have to some extent driven people from their moorings. To the mere partisan this is not a comfortable outlook. It will go hard with the machine when the electors throughout the country begin to scrutinize carefully the record of the men who solicit their suffrage, and of the party to which they have given their adherence. But however it may be regarded by those who place party first, the friends of honest and pure government will rejoice in the present change, and will hail it as the first of light announcing the advent of a new day—a day in which men will refuse to endorse no matter how they may be in the past.

Truth's Contributors.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

Reflections on the Dual Language Debate. Some Tariff Changes Probable The Rykert Affair.

The debate on Mr. McCarthy's Dual Language Bill has stirred Parliament as that body has not been moved since the Kiel trouble. Last year the Jesuit debate set the country on fire, but both parties within the walls of the chamber had fully decided upon their course of action before Col. O'Brien arose to move his resolution. In this debate no one could have with any accuracy foretold the result when the division bells rang. It was one of the rare instances in which speeches changed votes.

Seldom has the debating talent of Parliament been better tested and proved. Edward Blake broke the silence of two years and grappled with the question with his old-time power. Whether one agreed with his conclusions or not, his logical process was as clear to all as noon-day. The germs of the debate came on Monday afternoon when the two leaders addressed the House. The Premier has of course lost the fire of his earlier days, but he is still marvellously adroit in placing his position before the House. Mr. Laurier has to the full the thrilling eloquence of his race, and in defence of the tongue he learned at his mother's knee, he was more than usually telling and effective. Two of the most aggravating incidents of the debate were Sir Hector Langevin's inflammatory appeal to French prejudice punctuated by abuse of Mr. McCarthy, and Col. O'Brien's declaration that he would not rest satisfied until the French language was driven from the Federal Parliament.

Mr. McCarthy's reply on Tuesday night was vigorous, sweeping, and had he possessed the same following in the House, he would have used them to the highest pitch of Asiatic. At several times he came into collision with Mr. Chapleau and rhetorical war was struck. It was noticeable, and it might have been expected, that Mr. McCarthy bore with particular weight upon the Opposition leaders. Mr. Laurier and the "philosopher from Bothwell," Mr. McCreary, were the targets oftenest hit by his shafts. It must not be forgotten that Mr. McCarthy is human and that, even postulating the greatest sincerity to his crusade, he would be much more inclined to see faults in his opponents on many a hard fought field than in those with whom he has been accustomed to rub shoulders.

But, however that may be, it is plain to all who are watching with any carefulness the progress of events that this Dominion is in the breakers. There lie ahead of us indefinite stretches of clear water if we steer that way, but our prow at this moment is headed on jagged and cruel rocks. So long as the supremacy of one race over another is a question in practical politics, the unity of this nation is an impossibility. The English speaking people cannot dominate their French speaking neighbors with sufficient swiftness to prevent confederation from crumbling beneath their feet in the attempt. It may be all true that the growth of French Canadianism is a menace to our Protestant civil and religious liberty, but if we deliberately decide to check that growth we must be prepared to see that such a decision carries with it the death warrant to French Canadianism in the Dominion. How could a people loyal to a land in which they are tolerated until they could be...

If French Canada loses interest in the Dominion, seeing in the future of Canada nothing but oblivion for herself, it is not inconceivable that she may accept the bribe of commercial prosperity held out to her by the United States; and with the Stars and Stripes at Quebec, Toronto and Halifax could not long remain under one Government. "What course would you pursue, if at the helm?" I may be asked. I would simply recognize that it is folly to play with matches in a powder magazine. There is undoubtedly "a question" between the two races. There is much of ancient hate and modern jealousy; but for this very reason, mention of race and religious differences should be scrupulously avoided.

"But the other fellows are ahead of us," say both; "they have got something and we must have an equivalent." The answer comes from the lips of fate—"If you persist, you will only get your equivalent by rifling the pockets of your dead country."

The Premier's announcement that a tariff measure will be brought down this session seems to imply a prolonged sitting of Parliament. Any attempt to tamper with the tariff to a marked extent must bring on an exhaustive discussion and attract large and importunate deputations representing the affected interests of the Capital. There are already an immense number of persons seeking relief from tariff burdens or a larger share of tax cuts; but any idea that the tariff is about to be recast, will multiply their numbers immensely. It is likely that one of the first industries to be given help will be that of the distressed millers.

The public will be concerned in the course pursued by Parliament in the Rykert matter. The public are not too trustful of the honesty and purity of Parliament, and they will be inclined to use the treatment of Mr. Rykert as something of a gauge to test that honesty and purity. Mr. Rykert is notoriously a politician for revenue only. He was convicted in the Ontario Legislature in 1875, of taking \$1,000 from the Great Western Railway to promote a bill in its interest, \$100 from a private person to promote a private bill, and \$150 from the Toronto Street Railway to push a measure in its behalf. The "land's correspondence" published in a recent issue of the Toronto Globe convicts him at the bar of public opinion and common justice of much more serious offences—indeed, so grave are they that the Minister of Customs, one of the most scrupulously upright persons in Parliament, arose in his place in the house and denounced the state of affairs unveiled by the letters in the strongest terms. There is no doubt as to Mr. Rykert's guilt. There is no doubt, either, of the value of his service to his party. A better metre of political purity could hardly be chosen, and the development of this case will be worth watching.

Death of a Famous Ex-vizier.

Turkey has lost a distinguished statesman by the death of Khereddin Pasha, who held the seals of office of Grand Vizier in the troubled period of the Russo-Turkish war. His life was one of those romances only possible in the land of the "Arabian Nights." Khereddin was born a slave, about sixty-six years ago, and, after a series of remarkable adventures and struggles entered the Turkish civil service, and eventually became Minister of Marine. From 1873 to 1877 he officiated as prime Minister, and then he transferred his services to the Porte, where he soon received high preferment. Towards the end of 1878 he became Grand Vizier, and retained office for over a year.

The Black Mountain.

Climbing is much the name all the world over, and the only noteworthy feature in our ascent was the atrocious heat reflected from the bare grey slabs of rock on every side. Long before reaching the summit I had added my shirt to my coat, and when after two hours' very stiff work, we stood at length on the crest of Kerstaz we felt we had well earned a refreshing breeze which greeted us from the other side, but which never blows in the fearful natural oven from which we had just emerged. The view from the top is magnificent, embracing not only the whole length of the Bocche, but stretching over the further mountains, on to the Adriatic horizon beyond. The ascent is one of the steepest known, and Lady Strangford aptly describes the impression produced in saying that one "has the feeling of ascending the highest tower in the world and looking down from the top into the perpendicular depths below." On our way up we overtook a Montenegrin, who, as being the first specimen of the race I had met in his native wilds, interested me considerably. In spite of the heat he was dressed in a thick double-breasted waistcoat and felt cloth jacket with the inevitable struka over his shoulders. This integral part of every Montenegrin's costume is a coarse black rug of raw goat's hair six feet long by two wide.

No inducements are adequate to persuade the women to spin a broader pattern, consequently it is of little use except to sit upon. It is worn thrown over the shoulders with the two long fringed ends dragging in the dust, and thus certainly forms some protection for the back against the rain, but leaves the chest and throat exposed. It is too narrow to wrap round as a blanket, and speaking from experience, I failed to get much warmth and comfort out of three strukas as would have been given by a common Eider coat or Scotch plaid. Our friend was very communicative, and insisted on accompanying us into Cetinje, whither he was himself bound. Whenever we stopped for a moment he spread his rug for my use, and was particularly anxious for me to wear it when we reached the higher and colder atmosphere. I was surprised to see that both he and the Dalmatian drank copiously from every running stream we came across. As he grew more at home with us he produced a letter from a brother of his dated "John sonville, Cal.," where he had been mining for many years, and I frequently heard later of others who had emigrated to the fields. Our companion had a general recollection of all the British Consuls and well-known travelers who had visited Montenegro, and seemed astonished that I was not personally and intimately acquainted with all of them. On the whole, however, he was an intelligent, quick-witted fellow, full of stories and questions, and his company helped not a little to shorten the long walk. [The Fortnightly Review.]

Lord Napier's Wounds.

It has occurred to no ordinary writer to notice Lord Napier of Magdala's utter indifference to wounds and the wonderful celerity of his recovery from them. Two of his wounds he had not cared to notice at all in his record of services furnished to Hart's Army List. He was severely wounded at Ferrozshah in December, 1845, but had recovered in time to take part in the battle of Sobrasah seven weeks later. Before Multan, in the middle of September, 1848, a cannon shot all but took his leg off, but he was marching and fighting again by the second week in November. On the 12th of January following he was severely wounded in the trenches, but he was able to march several hundred miles across country and fight at Gujerat one month later to a day. He was shot in the leg at the first relief of Lucknow, but nevertheless rode out next day and brought in the rear guard, after which throughout the blockade he did continuous and arduous service. At the second relief he was severely wounded, but this did not hinder him from taking up the active duty of chief engineer at the Alumbagh a few days later. No man ever had more the means to recover than he.

For the easiest man or woman there is no end to effort. One aim reached and its difficulties surmounted, another will quickly present itself to the aspiring spirit; and before that is reached other difficulties must again be met.

The Quickest Trip Across Africa.

The twelfth journey across Africa from sea to sea has been made by Capt. Trivier. He has apparently added nothing to geographical discovery, for his route from coast to coast had been traversed by earlier explorers. He did not leave the beaten path, as he had promised, to settle the interesting questions whether Lake Landji is the gathering place where all the upper waters of the Congo meet to issue from the lake as the Congo proper, and whether the Lukuga River, the supposed outlet of Lake Tanganyika, empties into Landji. His journey is noteworthy, however, as the quickest trip yet made across Africa. Starting from the west coast above the Congo he struck the river at Stanley Pool, and by means of steamers to Stanley Falls and on Lake Nyassa and the Shire River he shortened his land march by about fourteen hundred miles. Reaching Quillimane in the last days of November he completed his transcontinental journey in a few days less than a year, which included stops of some length at Stanley Falls and Kassongo.

The earliest travellers in equatorial Africa occupied about the same time in making the distance from Zanzibar to Tanganyika, which is not half-way across the continent. The explorers who most nearly approach Trivier in the celerity of their journey are Capello and Ivens, who in 1884-85 crossed from Mossamedes to Quillimane, along the water parting between the Congo and the Zambezi, in fourteen months. Dr. Lenz, who in 1885-86 made practically the same journey that Trivier has just completed, was seventeen months on the way. Livingstone was twenty-two months on his journey from Loanda to Quillimane, and all the other transcontinental travellers, Stanley, Cameron, Mantucci, Arnot, Wissmann, Geelcup, and Serpa Pinto were from sixteen months to more than three years.

Trivier's journey demonstrates not only the improved facilities for travelling in inner Africa but also the fact that a man may now cross the continent without losing touch with civilization. From every important point along the French traveller's route he was able to send letters home, and his progress for more than two-thirds of the journey was known in Europe before he himself emerged on the shores of the Indian Ocean. This is a great advance on the conditions of African travel only ten years ago, when explorers who ventured no further inland than Lake Tanganyika were lost entirely to view for more than a year.

Abuses in The Chinese Army.

A recent Peking Gazette contains a curious decree from the Emperor respecting the condition of the army. It begins by referring to the immense expenditure incurred yearly in establishing armies for defensive purposes in the various provinces, and says that to create a proper feeling of spirit and enthusiasm in the army it is essential that every detail connected with the pay and numbers of the troops should be carefully checked. Of late, however, it has come to the Emperor's knowledge "that abuses are of frequent occurrence; that false returns are made of the number and payment of the soldiers; that the General in command leads a life of dignified ease and comfort; that reviews are held very irregularly, and that, in fact, the whole military organization has fallen into a state of disorder and inefficiency very little short of what formerly prevailed in the army of the Green Standard." Hence the Emperor, "being deeply pained at this state of things," commands all Manchou Generals in Chief, Viceroys, and Governors to exercise a constant and strict surveillance over the troops in their respective jurisdictions, and to denounce in the strongest terms any abuses they may discover. The Board of War, by imperial orders, has, time after time, called for returns of the various military stations, but these instructions have been wholly disregarded, and no report of the kind has been received. We command that within two months from the date of the receipt of this decree, full lists of the above particulars be forwarded to us, and we further order that all changes be reported from time to time for the information of the throne.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum undoubtedly promotes digestion by inducing the flow of saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cent.

The Cyclone Snowplow.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BIG TRACK CLEARER

It Runs Through Snow Banks At The Rate of Ten Miles an Hour And Does Good Work.

In the mountain sections of the Central and Northern Pacific railroads, the snow this season has fallen in such quantities as to almost baffle the powers and resources of the companies to keep the lines open. The frequent occurrence of these snow blockades has called forth what is called the "Cyclone Snowplow," which has been performing some wonderful feats in the way of track clearing during the past few weeks. The following description of the appliance will be found interesting. The Cyclone is the largest and widest snow plow yet built for any road, making a path 10 feet 4 inches in width. Its capacity is something marvelous. When the fan and auger are running at the rate of 500 revolutions per minute it will throw out 130,000 cubic feet of snow per minute. The car is 48 feet long, the width of the wheel being 10 feet 4 inches. Within the car are three engines of 600 horse power each, or a combined force of 1,800 horse power. Two of these engines drive the fan which expels the snow. The third one directs with the auger, which draws the snow into the cylindrical case in which the fans revolve. The discharge pipe is 33 inches square, the spout being 14 feet above the rails. This throws the snow almost perpendicularly for 30 feet before it begins to curve over in its fall.

CLEARING THE TELEGRAPH POLES

with ease. It is provided with the largest Baldwin locomotive boiler for consolidated engines, the whole length of the boiler being 28 feet, having 1,500 feet of heating surface. It has a 12 foot fire box and 185 flues 2 inches by 14 feet.

It has a flanger on the front end which works by air and gathers the snow from the centre of the track and from each side of the rails, taking it into the inner portion of the plow, whence it is expelled through the spout on the top, leaving a perfectly flanged rail. The trucks are extra heavily built, having 54 by 8 journals. The plow weighs 75 tons 300 pounds. It is entirely under the control of the engineer, who stands at the front end, on the inside, and operates the throttles and communicates with the pushing engineer by the use of his whistle, without having any gongs, signals, or bells, as is customary on the rotary plows. The engines are capable of travelling 700 revolutions per minute, and being connected directly with the fan and auger it is possible to revolve them with the same rapidity.

The inventor of the Cyclone steam snow plow, E. P. Caldwell of Minneapolis, Minn., is General Manager of the Duluth, Huron and Denver Railroad, and has had large experience in railroading, having worked himself up from a locomotive engineer to his present position. Speaking of the general workings of the Cyclone, Mr. Caldwell said: "On approaching a snow bank the large auger at the front is put in motion, and its tendency is to draw the snow into the auger passing it back into the fans, whence it is thrown out through the spout on top to either side desired. In order to divert the stream from one side to the other, it is only necessary to

REVERSE THE ENGINES

which propel the fan and at the same time reverse the cut off valve in the spout. While it requires several engines to keep the rotary up to a bank of hard snow, we have never yet had over three engines on the plow in the heaviest work, and there was no necessity of having over two, while on ordinary work one twelve wheeler will be ample power to propel the plow into the hardest snow banks.

"We arrived in Ogden, and immediately commenced work on the Salt Lake Division. We passed through snowbanks on the Pocatello Mountains on the Salt Lake Division, ranging from 10 to 14 feet in depth, and the snow was hurled to a distance of from 100 to 175 feet down the mountain side. Passing over the Salt Lake Division we were accompanied by Superintendent S. N. Knapp, Roadmaster Fitzgerald, and the train crew. The first snowbank that we came in contact with was light snow, having just fallen and drifted in to the cuts. The auger running independ-

dently from the fan permitted us to pass through the snowbank at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"At Wadsworth we met Superintendent Whited of the Truckee Division, and we passed over that division, widening out the cuts and throwing out all the loose snow and small drifts that had gathered there during the night. When we arrived at Truckee the plow was put to work clearing out side tracks. Here we came in contact with the worst kind of snow, which had been shoveled and thrown off the sheds and from the main line to side tracks, and which was three-fourths ice. The most severe test of the Cyclone plow was made on these side tracks in the presence of Superintendent Whited, Superintendent of Machinery Small, and Traveling Engineer Stephenson. We first tried the plow on side track No. 4. The snow averaged from 8 to 12 feet in depth. The plow passed through the side track, a distance of 1,500 feet, in ten minutes by the watch, hauling the snow a distance of 250 feet, breaking out the glass in the roundhouse and

COVERING UP SMALL COTTAGES

on the side near the track. It was estimated by the gentlemen who witnessed the working of the plow that it would have taken 200 men four days to have cleared this side track of snow with shovels, and we cleared it in ten minutes.

"We next tried the plow on a side track leading out from the roundhouse, which passed back of the woodsided. Here the snow was frozen nearly as hard and ranged from 8 to 12 feet in depth. This track was about eighteen hundred feet long. We cleared it of snow in fifteen minutes, throwing it over the top of large buildings and breaking windows at hotels and stores on the business street, 200 feet from the track. We then opened up two or three other side tracks which were buried in the same manner, and then got orders to come to Sacramento. We found it necessary to reduce the cap in order to pass through the snowsheds. On the trip to Sacramento we passed through some very deep snow banks, notably at Cascade. The banks have been opened up by the shoveler's small bucker plows and the rotary, but the cuts were too narrow for the Cyclone to pass, and we widened them out from 12 to 16 inches, permitting the Pullman cars to pass without taking off the steps, as had been necessary before. We came in contact with several slides which were very quickly thrown from the track.

"We had quite an experience on the plains of Nevada. We ran into a drove of cattle and the auger picked up two or three steers before we could stop. We pulled sirloin steaks out of the machine and had quite a feast.

Royal Delicacies.

The families of Leopold of Belgium and of Victoria of England maintain a close friendship. When visits are not in order there is an interchange of little gifts, chiefly biscuits and game. Some years ago Queen Victoria, being at Laeken, took a fancy to some very nice biscuits made by the royal cook and, as they were not to be procured anywhere else than at Queen Marie Henriette's table, Her Majesty begged that some might be sent her occasionally.

So, once a fortnight the Queen's messenger, who travels from England to Berlin with the private letters of the English Court, stops at Brussels on his way home and takes a box of the famous biscuits, in return for which the Queen and the Prince of Wales send to Brussels all through the Winter enormous hampers of game and venison. Scarcely any other game is eaten by the King except that which comes from the royal English preserves, for Leopold II. is no sportsman and the crack of a breachloader never sounds within earshot of any place where he resides.

The only decent table in Germany is that of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who likes only white meats and fine wines, and makes her own coffee. The Prince of Wales prefers pale ale to the best champagne, and the Princess Iathers not a bit about her bill of fare, and half the time at Sandringham the kitchenmaid is ordered to prepare the family meal instead of the pompous French chef, who is requested to keep his science to the coming guests. The Comte de Paris eats English fashion—raw meats, tea and Zucco wine from his estates in Sicily or the Pontefract.

DOWN IN A SNAKE'S DEN.

Evidences of an Awful Crime Unearthed Amid Horrible Surroundings.

No country in the world is more prolific in the romance of crime than that portion of this nation known as the Indian Territory. Set apart as it is by the peculiar laws of the United States Government as an independent empire, placed beyond the reach of the common criminal law save in closely restricted cases, it has been for years the natural refuge of the law breakers in all that vast territory adjacent to it. Early in the year 1882 the ranchers in the vicinity of Arbuckle's Mountain, Chekassaw nation, were raided time and again by a particularly bold band of horse thieves, who evidently made their headquarters in some of the fastnesses of that mountain, where they found a ready and safe retreat from pursuit. These depredations ceased as suddenly and mysteriously as they had commenced, and, after wondering over it for some time, the whole matter passed out of the mind only to be recalled in a startling manner.

As was afterward learned the band had consisted of a white man known as Walt Stevens and two negroes bearing the euphonious titles of Bully July and Friday Monday. Stevens was the possessor of a charming young wife, to whom he was warmly attached, who so thoroughly reciprocated his affection that she had given up everything to follow him into that wilderness, there to share his most uncertain fortunes. His two

COMPANIONS IN CRIME.

soon began casting eager eyes toward his wife, and as their advances were coldly received they began to plot to put the husband out of the way, imagining him to be their only obstacle. With such men the plot and its execution are never far separated, and these two fiends were not long in finding an opportunity to consummate their devilish purpose. As they were returning late one night in May from an unusually long trip, and while they were following the trail where its windings about Arbuckle Mountain compelled the three to ride in single file, July, who was purposely in the rear shot Stevens in the back. The injured man fell from his horse to the ground, where he was set upon by the two conspirators and disarmed. Then, deaf to the prayers of their helpless victim, they carried him to a well-like cavern in the side of the mountain, which was known to be a veritable den of rattlesnakes, and thrust him in to a horrible death.

Having disposed of the husband, the next move on the part of the plotters was to get the wife within their power, and they set about the performance of this task with an ingenuity that was truly devilish. July rode up to the cabin, evidently in hot haste and greatly agitated, and told Mrs. Stevens that her husband had fallen from his horse some distance up the mountain and had broken his thigh. A suspicion of the truth of this story never crossed the mind of that faithful little woman, and filled with anxiety, but with all a true woman's strength when a loved one is in danger, she gathered up what would aid her in caring for him and mounting behind the murderer's wretch, who was even then nursing a blacker crime in his heart, started for the side of her injured husband. Arriving at the scene of the first tragedy she first began to realize

HER AWFUL SITUATION.

when she saw her husband's belongings scattered about a hastily constructed camp. She then began to read the looks the two vile wretches were casting upon her, and it needed not their confession of their former crime to tell her of her husband's fate or of the fate that awaited her. With gloating satisfaction they detailed the death that had been the portion of their friend and comrade, and then gave her the fearful alternative between such a death or submission to them. During four long days and nights this unfortunate woman, already heart-broken by her cruel loss, was obliged to submit to her husband's murderers—all that time she never ate nor drank, and the frightful anguish she suffered finally brought compassion to the hearts of the demons in human disguise. Then came the fear of discovery through her, and July overruled his companion in the determination that she, too, must die. He solemnly promised her that if she would eat a little she would be allowed to go home, and while she was trying to force down a few morsels he shot her

through the back of the head. Her body was then consigned to the same grave as the husband's, and the murderers rode away feeling perfectly safe from discovery.

About eight months later Monday, while on a drunken spree, told the story of this double murder to a woman with whom he had become infatuated, and at the same time confessed that he lived in constant fear of death at the hands of July, who would never feel safe so long as he lived. His fears proved prophetic, as he was found the next day shot in the back and dead. This act of precaution on the part of July

CAME ONE DAY TOO LATE.

however, as the woman, enraged over the killing of her lover, told his story to a United States Marshal, who at once started out to verify it. The first place visited was the cavern on Arbuckle's mountain, where the bodies were supposed to be, and where it was thought the proof would be found necessary for bringing this now three-time murderer to punishment. The only way to enter the cavern was found to be by means of a rope, and one of the ladders of the party was lowered into it. Before he had made fully half of the descent the signal for raising him out came with an emphasis that could not be mistaken.

Upon reaching again the sunlight the thoroughly frightened man was only able to gasp out "snakes" when he sank upon the ground in a fainting condition. When he had sufficiently recovered to tell the story of his brief trip he assured his deeply interested auditors that the bottom of that dark hole was absolutely filled with the biggest snakes ever seen out of dreams. His appearance and well-known nerve bore ample evidence to the truth of his story, and for a time there was a decided lack of volunteers to take his place. Seeing that unless he came forward he was in danger of losing the evidence so necessary to his case, but which was so well guarded the marshal announced his determination to make the next visit to the regions below himself. In preparing for this visit he stripped himself of all superfluous clothing, and taking a sack in which to gather what was left of the two victims and armed with a revolver, he gave the signal to lower him. When nearly to the bottom he sent back the signal for a halt, and then calmly began shooting the

LARGEST OF THE REPTILES.

that had had been attracted from the surrounding rocks by the light of his torch. After a few had been killed the remainder of the inhabitants of this dismal den seemed to be a panic stricken and exulted as much as they had shown in retreating this morning from the outside.

In a few moments after hearing the first shot the expectant crowd about the mouth of the cavern could see the rope twitching a notice to hasten away, and in obedience to this command they lifted with great care what all supposed was the object of their search. When the latter end of the rope was reached and disclosed an immense serpent still squirming, but with the accuracy of the Marshal's aim, they felt that they had been sold again, but realized, as they had not before, something of the nerve it had required to reach the bottom of that cave and dispossess its owners. After this somewhat grim joke, considering the time and the subject, the Marshal was himself brought to the surface, carrying with him the remains of the two unfortunate people who had been consigned to this frightful tomb.

Stevens's remains were identified by means of a peculiar buckle worn upon his pistol belt, by the unusual formation of the teeth and by some peculiarities about the heels of his boot. The remains of Mrs. Stevens were not so readily identified, but enough was shown to bring the murderer July within the reach of an outraged law, and in the day following he paid the penalty upon the gall at Fort Smith, where so many of his kind have gone to their just account. The case was a wonderful one, both on the atrocity of the crime committed and on the wonderful manner in which justice set out the criminal in spite of his murderous precautions for safety, and his execution had perhaps a greater influence upon the superstitious criminals of that wretched country than any other in its history.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti Gum, after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all drug-gist and confectioners, 5 cent.

Men and Women.

The duke of Palmella, a Portuguese nobleman, has offered the whole of the money derived from his property during the year for the purpose of establishing coast defences for his country.

Stepniak, the exiled Russian nihilist lives quietly in London with his gifted wife, and the two spend much time in the British Museum, ransacking books and making many notes. Stepniak is an industrious writer, and is rarely seen at the clubs or in society, although he has a host of friends.

Count Glenchen of London has been writing his impressions of New York. He found only one thing which London could copy to advantage, and that is the cab-driver's fashion of blanketing his horse when the animal is standing in the cold. In other things he thinks New York much behind European cities.

There is a great deal of laughter in Europe just now at the expense of M. Truier, the French explorer, who went through all sorts of dangers in central Africa and coming home with his travels' worth written out in manuscript, lost the valise containing them and his notes at the depot at which he arrived in Paris.

An amateur artist of the gentler sex sent as a birthday present to William E. Gladstone a pretty sketch of the g. o. m. sitting on the log of a tree which he had just felled, with Ariel, clothed as a female sprite, hovering over him. Mr. Gladstone sent the following acknowledgment: "DEAR MADAME. Many thanks for your most pleasing drawing. I had always considered Ariel as masculine, but probably you are right," etc.

Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's country seat, was invaded one day recently by a little olive-colored man making many gestures and talking a strange jargon; so the servants arrested him as a maniac and possible assassin. Mr. Gladstone was summoned to see the wretch, who turned out to be a Greek professor, speaking no English, who had come all the way from Athens to congratulate the British statesman on knowing Homer's "Iliad" by heart.

Prince Joseph Sulkowski, who married the well-known actress Ida Jager, and a year ago was shut up by her in an insane asylum, from which he made a sensational escape and was afterward pronounced sane, has begun a suit for divorce against his wife, upon the ground that he was insane at the time he married her. To defend the bill she will have to bring evidence to show that he was sane up to a short time before she had him sent to the asylum.

Samuel James Wood, the Harry Howard of London, has recently died. He was for thirty years a member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire and of its successor, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and wore the society's medal for life-saving with six extra bars on it. He claimed a total of 183 lives saved. A Royal academician had painted a picture representing one of his deeds, and stories of many more had been included in a book on London firemen. Formerly he was famous also for his wonderful dog Bill, known as the "Fire Brigade dog," a character celebrated all over London. Bill died of poison, and an indignant public offered, unsuccessfully, a reward of \$100 for the author of his untimely taking off. Wood had been retired for the last ten years.

Major Serpa Pinto, whose impetuous and unauthorized methods of territorial aggrandizement in Africa were so vigorously resisted by England, has always been more or less of a source of anxiety to his country. He is forty-four years old, and entered the army while still a youth. Having distinguished himself in war and exploration his principal feat being his journey across Africa, from Benguela on the west coast to Durban on the east—he was welcomed back to Portugal with marked distinction, and received honors from many of the governments and learned societies of Europe. His restless and

roaming disposition would not permit him to remain at home, however, although he had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, so he was appointed Consul-General at Zambar, where he soon became embroiled with the English and German authorities, and finally declared unwarranted war against the Sultan. Then he was given a roving commission to develop and extend the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi, an expression of power which succeeding events have apparently proved to have been unwise. Now the Major is in apparent disfavor with his home government, although his rashness has endeared him to the radical hot heads, by whom he is already hailed as the "first President of the Portuguese Republic." Serpa Pinto is small in stature, but lithe and muscular. He wears his hair and beard long, his dress is foppish, and he has the yellow complexion of a tropical explorer. He is a thorough man of the world, and an eloquent speaker.

Literary and Art Notes.

The March issue of *Harper's Home Magazine* for March is to hand with a splendid table of contents among which are the following: "Little Jun," "Farmer's Gold," "Misunderstood," "Four Quatrains on Poetry," "The Mystery of High Peak," "The Mardon Banks 'Supping Party,'" "The continuation of the tinsorial," "A Man's Side of the Battle," &c. The departments are well sustained and make up a good number.

The March St. Louis Magazine contains a suggestive paper on "Private Economy," by James M. Loring, of the Missouri Legislature; two bright stories by Eben E. Rexford and Mrs. Howard; an able paper against the present method of burial, by Rev. Charles B. Treat, and in which new theories are advanced; a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "Literary Chats" and "Light Moods," by Editor Alexander N. De Menil and other features. Price only 45 cents. Specimen copy 6 cents.

It is evident that the editor of *The Arena* intends to keep his pledge of openness to all sides in the discussion of the great religious, social, ethical, and economic problems of the hour. The March number of *The Arena* will contain the first paper by the Rev. Geo. A. Cheever, D. D., the veteran Orthodox minister, on God's Voucher for the Verbal Infallibility of His Word and Man's Destiny through Eternity. Bishop Spaulding, of the Catholic Church, and Canon W. H. Fremantle, of Oxford, England, representing Protestantism, are announced to review Col. Ingersoll's paper on God in the Constitution at an early date.

Harper's Magazine for March opens with an article by Gen. Merritt on the Army of the United States, an important subject and a thoroughly competent writer. The first part of a new novel by Mr. Howells follows. After this there is a delightful article upon Venetian boats by Mrs. Penell, with many illustrations worthy of the subject. Mrs. Thackeray Riche has an admirable essay of twenty odd pages upon John Ruskin. Dr. Charles Waldstein and Mr. Theodore Child both discuss the subject of ancient art, and Dr. Samuel Kneeland contributes a very interesting description of Manila, with excellent illustrations. The poets of this number are Mr. C. W. Coleman, Miss Florence Henniker, and Mr. Joseph P. Gilder. The Editor's Easy Chair is unusually interesting.

The National Magazine for March will contain the continuation of an interesting article by Professor Schiele de Vero of the University of Virginia, entitled "How we Write," giving many curious historical facts. Rev. J. C. Quinn, L. L. D., will contribute "Biblical Literature." F. W. Hackins, Chancellor of National University of Chicago will describe the working of the "National Circulating Library" of 20,000 volumes and the new non-resident courses of study of the University. A timely article on the University Extension System of England is by Rev. C. C. Willett Ph. B. The ladies will be particularly interested in the new Woman's Institute on an unique plan, described in this number. Published the first of each month at 147 Throop St. Chicago, Sample copy, 10 cents.

--For Truth

Imperial Federation League.

'Tis well the patriot's pulse should tingle keen
When gazing on the glory that has been.
A thousand years of war for human good
Crowned Albion's cause, till like a healing flood
Her peaceful rule has down the ages rolled,
A heritage still broadening from of old
As on a lake men launch a goodly barge,
The wake extends, the circling waves enlarge,
So on Time's sea wise projects launched of yore
Leave floods of light that flash from shore to shore.
Where England's squadrons opulently glide
With glory's emburster on her outward tide,
While from her prow and prayers Armadas toss
Below the surges they in vain would cross.
Her six decisive battles of the world
Saw o'er their smoke her flag for peace unfurled.
Stronger than spears of fierce Thermopylea,
Of whose three hundred we have also three,
Monte d'un and Drummond, Wolfe and brave Metice
What are our enemies compared to these?
Yea, we have more, the ship of State thro' seas,
Adverse to helm, right on o'er many a snag,
And vindicate the old imperial flag
That floats forever in a rising sun
For deeds more glorious than have yet been done
To wreath with emblems of Colonial power
The rose, the thistle and the shamrock flower.
In one confederate league, and prove at last
True peace shall triumph and surpass the past.
'Twas emblem'd by the motto of this land,
And by the highway that Macdonald planned,
Who hyphen'd oceans with a steely track,
To all the nations, neath the Zodiac,
The recreants howled against the "hopeless task."
They now, because of it, in plenty bask,
In plains where yet more millions shall have place
From West Vancouver unto east Cape Race,
With all the trade of ships they shall control.
A safe commercial union and the sale,
To wed the Neptune nurtured isles afar,
And Continents, for traffic or for war
Should there be alien, Empires who design
To frustrate projects unto them benign,
Should Gaul refuse our fleets to rule the blue?
Go Cuba! had Rodrigo and Waterloo;
Will Russia rage? the land of Gog defy,
South from Stamboul their eagles dare not fly:
Unless to aid this League for gain of grace,
To which the world's old woaders all give place,
What use is Dian's Fame, or China's wall?
Down on their dead foundations let them fall.
In Palmyra's halls the reptiles hiss;
Foul jackals lur in waste Persopolis;
Weird Tadmor and walled Tyre art overthrown.
There was no wisdom in their coils of stone,
Our age requires an ampler ever should
One nation draw another' breath thro' blood!
Then let our aim be truth; the time is now
That heathen hosts in Freedom's faces should bow.
Aid us, ye sister isles that grace the sea,
And thou, Australia, here's a hand to thee!
Thy people 'neath the bright australian cross,
Whose palms to other stars than plumage toss,
Where nature to necessity upyields
The affluent products of auriferous fields,
"By the long wash of Australasian seas,"
By golden glebes, and bowery banyan trees,
Wherein the bulbul sings her plaintive strains,
And flocks of slossy fleece adorn the plains,
Thy rule and ours that are of Albion's cause
Th' effect sublime must vindicate her laws:
Ye isles of morn whose fragrant hints glow,
Zealand, Sumatra, shell-shored Borneo,
Thy mercantamen from silks; Samereand,
Spiced Madagascar, sable Caffreland,
Hindu's Goleonda gems, Sofala's gold,
Shall gorgon thy ships, thy wealth unfold,
With fortune goodlier still than golden store,
The eternal revenue of living lore.

This let us broadcast far o'er land and sea,
Throw to the east, and to the westward we,
One Empire belting earth as with a zone,
One faith for compass, one Imperial throne,
One sacrament to every tribe and tongue,
One anthem by confederation sung,
For mutual march in excellence allied;
A peace so bastioned must performe abide.
And ye who launch this League, beware and sure
To plant its standard in a ship secure;
From millions firm let forth the ensign flow,
For ill-wrought deeds work deadlier than we know;
If wise, who onward roll truth's tidal wave,
Shall by its ark reach shores that have no grave.
And tribes and tongues unknown will rise
and muse
Their song of adulation to thy praise.
'Tis time the world convened for its own weal,
'Tis time aggression sheathed its crimson steel,
'Tis time stern justice tried by plumb and square
Bilingual pessimists who breed despair.
Earth has too long been like a winevat trod
By the red feet of imoges of God.
The day will come—let us predate that day
When evil shall acknowledge wisdom's way.
To truth we owe our liberty of mind,
And 'tis but duty to reward in kind,
Above all pride the German to befriend,
The low exalt in brotherhood to blend.
Striving to strew abroad more light than yet
This orb has had, this is our nation's debt,
As man owes man so nations nations owe,
That help which self on self can never bestow.

Then all to loftier motives may be drawn,
And hate be lost in a millennial dawn.
Then, flexile Science, wave thy lightning wand,
Seas rave no more, ye hills no more withstand;
Then peaceful fleets the firmament may fill,
And storms be stayed by magnetism's will;
A strife for good instead of war take place,
And mercy freight the commerce of the race,
In federation of imperial faith,
Diverse as life and undivored by death.

ANDREW RAMSAY.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. On Thursday evening and the balance of the week, "The Wife," the great comedy success, held the boards. The piece was deservedly well received, and could have played a longer engagement. Next Monday evening William T. Gilmore's show piece, "The Twelve Temptations," will open a season at this theatre. Since its presentation here last season, which was viewed by packed houses, the piece has been rewritten, and is interpreted by a new company much stronger than before. Entirely new scenery, ballets, premieres, specialties, and a host of novelties will be given here for the first time. The sale of seats will be ready on Friday morning.

AGNES THOMSON. This lady, who is one of our famed singers, is the subject of an excellent illustration in the last number of the *American Musician*, published in New York, and the chief organ of the musical profession in America. It is edited by John C. Freund and J. Travis Quigg, and has upon its staff of critics and contributors such writers as Stephen C. Fiske, Americo Gori, Max Maretzek and others of equal celebrity.

She Succeeded.

Husband (to extravagant wife) You have succeeded at last in making something out of me.
Wife—I knew I would. What is it, dear-est?
Husband A pauper.

The old reliable photographers, Messrs. Eddy Bros., at 92 Yonge street, are already securing the attention of the public, by the quality of their work. A visit to their fine studio is a pleasure; none should miss it.

Old Bits.

The Vocal Quality of His Musical Wife.

A lady was singing at a concert and her voice was, to say the least, very thin in places.

"Ah," said her husband, who, after the manner of husbands who have musical wives, thought her vocal powers were great. "What a fine voice she has!"

"Very fine," replied a strange man at his side.

"What timbre?" continued the husband. "Considerable timbre," responded the stranger again, "but too many cracks in it for weather-boarding and not quite enough for a poling fence."

The husband remained silent during the concluding portions of the entertainment.

Wanted an Old Man.

"I want to employ a man to saw wood," said an old farmer at an employment agency.

"All right," responded an agent. "We have an able-bodied young man who is looking for just such a situation, and—"

"But, I don't want a young man," interrupted the farmer. "I want a man about ninety-seven years old. I have read in the papers about these old fellows sawing a cord of wood before breakfast, and it usually takes a young man all day to perform the job."

Cautious.

"Parish is very much in love with that girl."

"Why doesn't he marry her?"

"He has his misgivings as to whether she is able to support him."

Mated Minds

"I can tell you one thing," said Mr. Fizzgig, with emphasis "when I marry it won't be any 'higher education' girl. My wife won't know Latin."

"No," said Edgerly, looking at him attentively, "nor beans."

Cost Of Mental Delusions.

Mind-Cure Doctor—The prisoner, your Honor, ordered me out of the house, and because I did not go quickly enough to suit him, he kicked me, inflicting upon me excruciating pain.

His Honor—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your defence?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor; didn't kick him. I merely pointed with my foot the way I wanted him to go. The pain he speaks of was all imaginary. Indeed, the complainant told my wife that very day that what we call pain is a mental delusion.

His Honor—And you believe him?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor.

His Honor—Very well, then, you can pay into the county treasury fifty dollars. You won't mind it. The pain of parting with one's money is only a matter of imagination, you know.

Mind-Cure Doctor—But I am to get nothing?

His Honor—Oh, you have the pleasure of imagining that the fifty dollars comes to you. Pleasure as well as pain, I presume, is merely a delusion.

An Opinion.

"Has Branson any head?"

"Well, he has a round, bullet-shaped thing on his shoulders he calls a head. I guess it's a good one—he has a good crop of hair."

Good to the Practice.

"Don't that man pull the bell instead of trying all night with the latch key?"

"He's a horse car conductor, and doesn't like to ring them up."

The Right Man in the Right Place.

Captain—Where are you from?

Recruit—Niagara, sir.

Captain—Used to rapid shooting?

Recruit—Yes, sir.

Captain—Report at once to the officer in charge of the Gatling gun.

How a Woman Wrote a Telegram and How It Went.

"I want to send a telegram to my husband," said an excited young woman, who came hurrying into a telegraph office the other morning.

"Very well," replied the operator in attendance. "There are some blanks, and of course the briefer it is the less it will cost to send it."

"Oh, I know that," she replied, and then she wrote:

DEAR GEORGE—I've something too dreadful to tell you, but please don't get excited, for it can't be helped now, and baby and I are perfectly safe. I don't know and cook says she don't know, and none of us can account for it, but the house caught fire last night and burned to the ground. Just think of it! Did you ever hear of anything so perfectly dreadful in all your life? I am half wild over it. But please keep calm, dear. Baby and I are safe and most of the things are saved, and you mustn't think of anything but how much worse it might have been. What if baby had been burned! Oh, George! don't it make you shudder to think of it? But the dear little darling is perfectly safe, and of course we went right straight to mamma's and you can't think how frightened she was until she knew we were safe. And I know just how shocked you'll be, you poor, dear boy, but as baby and I are safe you oughtn't to mind anything else. I can't imagine how the fire started. Can you? Do you suppose some one set the house on fire? Oh, it's too dreadful to think of. Come right home. MAMIE.

P. S.—Remember that baby and I are safe. M.

"There," she said, as she handed the seven blanks she had written to the operator. "I suppose it might be condensed a little."

"Yes, I think it might," he replied, as he took a fresh blank and wrote:

Our house burned to the ground last night. All safe. Come home. MAMIE.

Freemasonry at a Drug Store.

Scene: Chemist's shop in a temperance town: out West, where, among other good things, "soda water" is retailed in pretty considerable quantities. Enter young man, who inquires if there is a vacancy for an assistant.

"Have you the requisite knowledge and experience?" was the proprietor's first question as he drew the applicant aside.

"I think I may safely say I have," the young man answered in an undertone.

"Been long in the business?"

"Three years."

"Where?"

"In Milwaukee."

"Humph! what would you do if a customer gave a nod of the head as he went up to the soda fountain?"

"Let him have good old corn-brandy and soda."

"A couple of short nods and a clack of the tongue?"

"Fill the glass half full of Jamaica rum."

"Suppose somebody asks for Jamaica syrup with his fore finger and thumb stuck in his left waistcoat pocket?"

"He means cognac with ginger."

"Three nods while pointing with his thumb over the left shoulder?"

"Old Holland gin, and the same for his friends behind him."

"If somebody says 'Hudson,' and expectorates to the left?"

"Old corn, with peppermint and worm-wood."

"Removes the quid from his mouth with his left hand?"

"Hand made sour mash."

"Very good; that will do. You can start to-morrow. If anything out of the common wanted—you'll find all these things in our cellar. You see, we have to be very careful in making up our prescriptions, as people's lives are at stake."

Well Acquainted with Hiram.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible."

"Compatible!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that the very reason why?"

"Not in our case. I should probably insist from motives of economy on dispensing with a servant and doing my housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."

Ho Was A Brute.

"I think that Mr. Sumway is the most disagreeable man I ever met," complained Sue.

"Why?" asked Mammie.

"He was sitting in the park, and I was playing. I sneezed and said, 'Does music annoy you while reading, Mr. Sumway?' 'No,' said he, 'music never annoys me, Miss Sue. I just detest him. So there'"

—Harper's Bazar.

A Sympathetic Creature.

It was just at dusk in a gloomy section of the street and the electric car was rapidly approaching, its bell ringing rapidly in sharp quick peals of warning and the light in its front gleaming like a great fierce eye as it came on.

Miss Tendrart stood on the curbstone waiting to cross, when she noted a round-shouldered old man groping with a stick in hand, apparently cautiously feeling his way.

"A blind man!" gasped Miss T., "and he will be killed. Will nobody save him?"

She looked wildly to the right and left, but no one of the male persuasion was within call. She shouted frantically to the poor blind man to come back, but he plodded on unheeding. He had just reached the track; the fiery-eyed monster was approaching and would stretch him a mangled corpse on the pavement. Not a moment was to be lost.

Wild with terror and excitement she rushed forward, frantically threw her arms about him as he stood there fumbling with his stick upon the very edge of the track and drew him back with desperate energy just as the car rushed past them, and the man, struggling in her grasp, turned fiercely and demanded:

"What d'ye mane, squeezein' the loife out o'me and draggin' me around. Sure, ye ought to be ashamed, the likes of a lady like ye."

"Oh, my poor blind man; you are saved!" gasped Miss T.

"Saved! Sure I'm glad I'm saved; but who's callin' me blind, wid a pair of eyes I have shinin' like a cat's in a dark cellar."

"But," stammered the female Samaritan, "I thought you were blind and feeling your way across the street with your stick and would be ran over."

"Wid me stick!" said the man, looking at his iron-pointed staff. "Why, it's the switchman I am, miss, and it's to push the rail and switch the car on to the turnout that me stick is for."

There was a subdued smicker in the little group that had gathered and as the next car just then pulled up Miss T. got in it to avoid further explanations to the switchman respecting the interruption of his duties. —Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Ho Came Out a Winner.

A couple of old salts met after a long absence and the following animated conversation ensued:

A—"Well, old man, how are you getting on?"

B—"First rate; I have taken a wife."

A—"A very sensible idea."

B—"Not a bit of it; she's a regular Tartar!"

A—"Then I'm sorry for you, mate."

B—"There's no need; she brought me a large vessel as her marriage portion."

A—"Then you made a good bargain after all!"

B—"Nothing to boast of, I can tell you: the ship turned out a worthless old tinder box."

A—"Then I'm sorry I spoke."

B—"Bah! you can speak as much as you like! The old tub was well insured and went down on her first voyage."

A—"So you got the pull there, anyhow?"

B—"Not a muck, mate; I only got five thousand dollars out of the job as my share."

A—"That was too bad!"

B—"Too bad? Nothing of the sort! Wife was on board and went down with the rest."

Her Heart Troubles.

Birdie McGinnis—"So he has proposed at last?"

Esmeralda Longosin—"Yes, indeed."

"Did you maintain your presence of mind?"

"No, I didn't. I got so scared and my heart palpitated so loud that twice he stopped in the middle of his declaration, and looking at the door, said, 'Come in.' He thought somebody had knocked."

Ho Thought It Necessary to Be a Little Cautious.

"Bo you the photograph taker?" inquired a man immediately after shutting himself inside of the gallery.

"Yes, sir. Can we give you a sitting?"

"A which?"

"Can we take your picture?" answered the artist, seeing at once that this was a person to be mollified only by pure and undiletted English, devoid of artificial and technical toilet.

"Wall, that depends. Ef you kin give me satisfactory assurance p'raps you may, otherwise not."

"What assurance do you want?"

"It's this way: I had my picture took a couple of months ago, and ther next week I scen it in a newspaper with the statement that I was down flat on my back nine years with salt rheum, earaspinulus, yaller janders, liver complaint, hives, ring worm, gallopin' consumption, paralysis, scald head and snarlpox. They said I took eight bottles of medicine and gained twenty pounds of flesh with every bottle. Now, if you won't ring any such a snap on me I might chance her again. I've taised a beard now, and if the pictur won't look like the medicine soaked, an' you kin give me the assurances, you may print the commurer."

Couldn't Expect It.

"There will have to be some new rules made or something like that, or else I will have to quit," said the young lady in the telephone office to the chief clerk.

"What's the trouble?"

"Some of the things that are said over the wires are exceedingly disagreeable and not proper for me to hear."

"Oh, that's all right," was the brutal reply. "You can't expect to work around electricity and not get shocked."

Smarter than a Doctor.

"Yes," said old Mr. Jones, "the doctors are getting mighty smart nowadays; why they've got instruments and things made so that they can see clean through you."

"Humph," replied old Mrs. Jones, "I don't see anything smart in that. I've been married to you thirty years, but I saw through you two weeks after we were married."

Mr. Jones rubbed his bald head, for a moment, then thoughtfully resumed his reading.

Fitted for the Choir.

Pastor—"Your daughter is very handsome, Mr. Smith."

Father—"Yes, she is. I'm thinking of having her join your church choir."

P.—"That's good. Is she a fine vocalist?"

F.—"No; but she's got an awful temper."

The Old, Old Strife.

"That baby's always meddling with things. I never saw such a girl!" said Mrs. Younghusband.

"Takes after your mother, I guess," quoth Mr. Y. And then the fun began.

Sunken Treasure.

"What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Been falling in love."

"Ah; got in very deep?"

(Sadly) "Two hundred dollars."

Despondent.

"What do you suppose he drowned himself for?"

"Somebody told him his day-old baby was the image of him."

A Gifted Butcher Boy.

"Who put those eggs on the mat?" said the cook, opening the door.

"I just laid them there," replied the butcher boy.

Uncle Josh (from Wayback Junction, in in large dry goods emporium, to floor walker)—"I say, mister, is them rooms with the beds in 'em, at the other end of the store, fer the clerks ter sleep in?" Floor-walker—"No, sir, they aren't for the clerks. They are for out-of-town people waiting for their change."

[Now First Published]

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JOSHUA.

A STORY OF THE EXODUS

BY GEORG EBERS.

Author of "Uarda," "Seraphis," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The prisoners were making their way slowly to the mines. Never in all his experience had the leader of the gang known a worse journey through the desert, more luckless in every way, or beset with mishaps and hindrances.

One of his "moles," Ephraim, to wit, had made his escape; he had lost one of his faithful hounds; and after his gang had been terrified and drenched by such a storm as scarcely befel once in five years in all that thirsty tract, another overtook them on the following day—the same in which Pharaoh and his host had perished—even more violent and persistent than the first. The tempest had stopped their march, and after this second deluge some of his prisoners and men had sickened with fever from sleeping on the wet ground in the open air. Even the Egyptian asses, unaccustomed to the rain, had suffered from the wetting, and the best had been left to die on the way.

At last they had been compelled to bury two of their comrades in the sand, and three more were so ill that they must be mounted on the asses that were left; thus the prisoners were forced to carry the provisions with which the beasts had been laden. In all his twenty-five years' experience such a thing had never before happened to their guide, and he looked forward to severe reproof at home.

All this had a bad effect on the man's temper, though he was commonly regarded as the most lenient of his tribe, and Joshua, as the accuser of the audacious rascal whose escape was the beginning of all these vexations, was the chief victim of his wrath. Angry as he was, the leader of the gang might perhaps have dealt more mercifully with him if he had bewailed his lot like a man next behind him, or cursed as loudly as his companion in chains, who spent his breath in threats of a time coming when his sister-in-law would be in attendance on Pharaoh, and she would find some way to punish the man who had ill-treated her dear sister's husband.

But Joshua had made up his mind to take all the rough driver and his men could do to him with as calm submission as the scorching sun which had tortured him many a time ere this during his march across the desert, under arms; and his manly spirit and strong will helped him to keep this resolution. When the driver loaded him with a monstrous burden, he collected all the strength of his powerful muscles and tottered forward under it without a rebellious word till his knees gave way; and then his tyrant would fly at him, snatch a few hairs from off his shoulders, and declare he knew all the wickedness of his heart, and that all he hoped for was that he might have to be left on the way and so bring his driver into further trouble; but he would not let his prisoners cheat him of their lives when hands were needed in the mines.

Once the man inflicted a deep wound, but he was immediately most anxious to caress that it should be healed; gave him wine to strengthen him, and delayed the caravan for half a day that he might rest.

He had not forgotten Prince Siptah's promise of a special reward to the man who should bring him news of his prisoner's death; but he was an honest man, and it was his very promise which prompted him to watch with special care over Joshua's life; for the consciousness of having neglected his duty for any personal profit would have spoiled his appetite for meat, drink and sleep, the three blessings he most prized. Hence, though the Hebrew had much to suffer, it was not beyond endurance; and it was a real pleasure to be able to lighten the woes of his weaker comrades by exerting his own great strength.

He had resigned his fate to the God who had called him to serve Him; but his service, he knew, was something more than mere passive trust; and day and night his mind was set on flight. But the fetters which linked him to his fellow-prisoners were so firmly riveted, and so carefully examined and immovably fastened, that any attempt to

escape must only have ended in more cruel misery.

The prisoners were conducted first across a hilly country and then towards a long range of mountains lying in front of them, till they reached a desert tract where weatherworn boulders of sandstone stood up at intervals from the rocky ground.

On the fifth evening the gang stopped to rest by a lofty mountain which nature seemed to have piled up out of flat layers of stone; and at sunrise, on the sixth morning, they turned off down a valley leading to the mines.

They had overtaken no one since, on the first day, they had come up with a messenger from the king's treasury. They had, on the other hand, met several small caravans, carrying malachite, turquoise and copper to Egypt, as well as the green glass manufactured in the neighborhood of the mines.

Among a party whom they met at the opening of the gorge into which they diverged on this last day, were a married couple, on their way homeward, having been pardoned by the king. The driver pointed to them, to raise the spirits of his exhausted "moles," but the sight of them had quite an opposite effect; for the man's unkempt hair was already grey, though he was hardly past thirty, his tall figure bent and haggard, and his bare back striped with many scars and clotted blood, while his wife, who had shared his fate, had gone blind. She sat huddled on an ass in the brooding melancholy of mania; and although the prison-gang, as they marched past, loudly broke the silence of the desert and her hearing was as sharp as ever, she paid no heed to them, but stared unmoved into vacancy.

The sight of these hapless wretches held up his own hideous fate as clearly as a mirror before Joshua's eyes; for the first time he groaned aloud, and clasped his hands over his face. This the driver noticed, and touched the horror of a man whose powers of endurance had till now seemed indomitable. He cried to him: "But they do not all return like this; up indeed, not like this!"

"Because they are even more utterly wretched," he thought to himself, "but that poor fellow need not know that. Next time I come this way I will remember to ask for Joshua, for I shall be curious to know what will become of such a ball of a wren. The strongest and most determined often are the quickest to perish."

At this he scolded his whip over the heads of his gang as if he were driving a team of horses, without touching them, however. Then he pointed to a cloud of smoke rising from behind a wall of rock on the right hand and said:

"There are the smelting furnaces! We shall be in by mid-day. There is no lack of fires here to cook our lentils, and a bit of sheep's flesh into the bargain; for we are keeping the kind god's birthday, the Son of Ra, long may he live! Hail and good health to him!"

For half an hour longer they toiled along the dry bed of a torrent, with high banks on each side; after the storm a passing mountain stream had rushed down this gully to the lower ground, and even now a few pools were exhaling their moisture. When the melancholy train had made their way round a steep shoulder of rock, on the top of which stood a small Egyptian temple of Hathor and a considerable number of grave-stones, they found themselves close to a lead in the ravine which led to the gorge where the mines lay.

Flags were waving from tall masts in front of the temple, in honor of Pharaoh's birthday; and when presently a noise came up from the valley, usually so silent, of shouts and tumult, and clatter, the driver expressed his opinion that the high festival was being kept by the prisoners with unwearyed joyfulness, saying so to the other guards who had passed to listen.

So they moved forward without delay, but no man held up his drooping head, for the noon-day sun was so relentlessly cruel, and the sides of the ravine, drenching with the

glare, poured down such fierce heat, that it seemed as though they were striving to outdo the smelting furnaces.

Though so near their journey's end the wanderers tottered forward as if in sleep, and one alone held his breath with excitement. As a war horse harnessed to a plough arches his neck, and dilates his nostrils, while the fire sparkles in his eye, so had Joshua drawn up his stooping form in spite of the heavy sack across his shoulders, and his flaming gaze turned to the spot whence the uproar came which the driver supposed to be loud revelry. But he, Joshua, knew better. He could never mistake the sounds which he heard. It was the battle cry of Egyptian troops, the trumpet call to summon them to arms, the clatter of weapons and shouting of hostile parties.

Ready at once for swift action, he addressed his comrade in chains and whispered his commands: "The hour of release is at hand. Keep your eyes open, but follow me blindly."

At this the other, too, was greatly excited, and no sooner had Joshua looked down the ravine than he said: "Now be ready!"

The first glance into the little gorge had revealed to him a figure standing on the top of a cliff, and a pale head framed in white hair. It was his father. He would have known him among ten thousand, and from a much greater distance. But he looked away from that beloved face for a moment to glance at the driver of the gang who stood still, startled and speechless; then, thinking that a mutiny had broken out among the state-prisoners with quick presence of mind he cried in harsh accents to his subordinates:

"Get behind our prisoners and kill any one who attempts to escape." But hardly had the men done his bidding and gone to the rear, when Joshua whispered to his companion: "Now, down with him!"

With these words the Hebrew, who, with his fellow captive, was at the head of the file, rushed on the driver, and Joshua had seized his right arm and the other man his left, before he was aware of it.

He was a stalwart fellow, and rage doubled his strength; he struggled wildly to free himself, but Joshua and his comrade held him in a grip of iron.

One glance had been enough to show the captive warrior which way he must go to reach his own people. It would have to pass a small force of Egyptian bowmen who were shooting their arrows at the Hebrews on the opposite side of the ravine, but the enemy would not dare to turn on them, for the stately form of the slave driver served to screen them both, and he was easily recognizable by his dress and cap. Hold up the chain with one hand," said Joshua to his accomplice. I shall our living shield. We must get up the shoulder of the hill crab-fashion.

His companion obeyed, and when they came within arrow-shot length of the foe they held their prisoner first on one side, and then, walking backwards, between themselves and the Egyptians. Thus Joshua shouting in singing tones: "The son of Nun is returning to his father and his people" made his way, step by step, toward the Hebrew fighting men.

None of the Egyptians who recognized the captain of the prison-gang had dared to let fly a shaft at the escaped prisoner; and now, from the top of the slope which the fettered couple were climbing backward, Joshua heard his name called in joyful accents, and at the same moment Ephraim and his company of youthful exiles came springing down the hill to meet him.

To his astonishment the warrior saw in the hands of every one of his people a large shield as of an Egyptian foot-soldier, a sword or a battle-axe. But many still wore at their girdles the civilian's sling and bag of provisions.

Ephraim was their leader, and before he greeted his uncle, he ranged his men in two ranks like a double wall between Joshua and the enemy's archers. Not till then did he give utterance to the joy of meeting; and another glad greeting followed him, for old Nun was safely led to the wall of rock under cover of those large Egyptian shields which the sea had cast on shore; and then, under the eye of the cliff, strong hands filed off the fetters which bound Joshua and his comrade. While Ephraim, aided by a few others, loosed the driver captive. The unfortunate slave had given up all resistance and let them do what they would, passively resigned, before they tied his hands behind his back, he only

begged to be allowed to wipe his eyes, for the tears were coursing each other down the stern man's cheeks and on to his grey beard; tears of vexation at finding himself outwitted and overpowered, and unable to fulfil his duty.

The old Hebrew clasped his redeemed and only son to his heart with passionate affection. Then, releasing him from his embrace, he stepped back a few paces, and would never have tired of feasting his eyes on Joshua, and hearing that, faithful to his God, he would henceforth devote himself to the service of his people.

But it was not for long that they might allow themselves to revel in the joy of this happy meeting; the battle was still to be won, and Nun, as a matter of course, transferred his command to Joshua.

With thankful gladness, and yet not without a pang of regret, Joshua heard of the end which had overtaken the fine army among whose captains he had long been proud to reckon himself; and he rejoiced to learn that another of armed shepherds had gone under the leadership of Hur, Miriam's husband, to surprise the turquoise mines at Dophka, at about an hour's march further to the south. If they were victorious they were to rejoin the young men under Ephraim before sundown.

These ardent spirits were burning to fall upon the Egyptians once more; Joshua, who was prudent, and who had reconnoitred the foe, had, indeed, no doubt that they would succeed in the fierce battles which far outnumbered them. But he was anxious to avoid bloodshed in this fight which was being waged for his sake, so he desired Ephraim to cut him a plummy loaf from the nearest palm-tree, borrowed a shield, and went forward alone to speak with the enemy, waving his symbol of peace. The chief body of the Egyptians were guarding the entrance to the mines, and, recognizing the token which invited a parley, they desired their captain to meet Joshua. This officer was nothing loth to grant the Hebrew an interview, but he would first make himself acquainted with the contents of a letter which had just been delivered to him, and which must contain evil tidings, for that much could be gathered from the messenger's demeanor, and from a few broken but ominous words which he had murmured to his fellow Egyptians.

While some of Pharaoh's soldiers fetched refreshment for the exhausted and travel-stained runner, listening with horror to the tidings he panted out in hoarse accents, the officer read the letter.

His brow darkened, and when he had ended he clutched the papyrus fiercely in his hand, for it announced nothing less than the destruction of the army, the death of Pharaoh Meneptah, and moreover, that his eldest surviving son had been proclaimed and crowned as Seti II., and an attempt on the part of Prince Siptah to possess himself of the throne having completely failed, this prince had fled to the marsh lands of the Delta, and the Syrian, Aarai, after deserting him and ranging himself on the side of the new king, had been raised to the command of the whole army of mercenaries. Here, the high priest and supreme judge, had been deprived of his office by Seti II., and annihilated from earth. Those who had conspired with Siptah were overthrown, not to the copper mines, but to the gold mines of Ethiopia. It was also reported that several women attached to the family of the fugitive usurper had been strangled, certainly his mother. Every fighting-man who could be spared from the mines was to return forthwith to Tanis, as there was need of men for the newly-constituted legions.

The tidings produced a great effect; for after Joshua had communicated to the Egyptian captain the fact that he, too, knew of the Egyptian loss, and expected fresh reinforcements in a few hours, who had, meanwhile, been sent to relieve Dophka, the Egyptians surrendered to his imperious tone, and only sought favorable terms and leave to depart. He knew their loss well, how weak was the force in charge of the turquoise mines, and he could look for no more from broad quarters. Besides the promise of the carry captured by the soldiers, he offered many excuses and threats, he was forced to withdraw the garrison unharmed with their heads of leather and provisions for the journey. This, to be sure, was not to be granted till they had laid down their arms and

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(Now First Published.)

JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER V.

Recovered from the first shock of that startling street-cry, Holmes made for a corner news-agent's stall and asked for an evening paper. The man had not one left, he protested, sorrowfully, that he could have sold "five thousand" within the last half hour if he had had them. The placards were there—that was all, describing the great sensation in various well-chosen terms. "The Murder in Hyde Park"—"A Lord arrested"—"An Earl's Son!"—and so on. It was maddening to Frank Holmes. A cabman crawling by was eagerly devouring a paper on his perch. Holmes hailed him. "Sell me your paper! Here's a shilling for it!"

The villain shook his head, and was waiting on. Holmes was not to be talked. He jumped into the cab. "Strand!" he shouted. "Lead me the paper while you drive."

"For a bob, sir?"

"Confound you, yes!"

The cabman passed the sheet down through the roof of the cab and wheeled his horse. He might have turned into the adjacent square and walked his horse round that small enclosure for all Frank Holmes would have been conscious. But the news was disappointingly meagre. It merely chronicled that the Honourable Claude Faune residing in lodgings in Mount Street, having disappeared the day after the murder, and the police having gathered certain information pointing to him as the probable perpetrator of the atrocious deed, had been tracked, and arrested in his bed that morning in a lodging-house near Victoria Dock.

The circumstances in themselves staggered Frank Holmes, and it was significant that the man who had "spotted" Faune, and eventually, after following him up, effected his arrest, was detective officer Burton, who, as he remembered, witnessed the meeting between Holmes and Faune at Albert Gate the night of the murder.

Without leaving the cab, he drove to Marlborough Street Police Court, where was late; the prisoner had already been formally remanded till next day. He then called at the police station and saw the inspector.

"Is Burton anywhere about?" he asked the officer.

"No, Mr. Holmes," replied the inspector, who knew him well; "he has gone home for a rest after his run. It was a good one, wasn't it?"

Holmes was silent a minute. "Do you believe you have got your man?" he then asked.

"There isn't a doubt about it," was the answer delivered with a professional emphasis in which startled Frank Holmes. "You will be of the same opinion when you hear the evidence tomorrow. It will be a feather in Burton's cap."

"Jameson," said Holmes, "I am not speaking to you now as a newspaper man. I couldn't do newspaper work on this case; I am too much interested in it in other ways. So that, if you like, you may speak freely."

"What is the evidence against Mr. Faune?"

"Enough to hang him, Mr. Holmes," said as my name is John Jameson. "I am afraid I cannot tell you what it is, but that I insist trust your legal advisers orders, you know."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "All the world, I suppose, will know tomorrow. But I am very much interested; I cannot think of anything else."

"Miss Neale's husband?"

"That is possible," said the officer with a shrug. "Miss Neale's husband is the husband of the woman who was murdered."

"The woman who was murdered?"

"The woman who was murdered?"

half an hour Holmes sat on one of the seats by the fountain, thoughtfully observing the spot where the murder was committed. Often his eyes travelled in one direction along the road going to Albert Gate, and on the other to Mount Street. The way from Albert Gate to Mount Street leads as every one acquainted with it knows—by the fountain where the governess was murdered. If Faune that Saturday night did not himself commit the murder, he must have passed close to the spot very soon before—or after—the act was committed. Had he taken the direct path through the hollow where the fountain stands, descending the steps on one side and ascending the other, he must have met Miss Neale waiting there if living, or discovered her if dead. But, as had been said, few people would do otherwise after dark than follow the wide walk round the top of the basin.

Could Faune be the husband of the dead woman? It was not by any means impossible, and the proof which Holmes had had of the man's likeness did not stand against the supposition. And then if the police were able to prove this relationship—what a dreadful result would be? There would be no want of motive; Faune's intended marriage with Miss Clayton made the removal of the deserted and living wife a vital necessity.

Knowing nothing as yet of the evidence in possession of the police, beyond the fact that a powerful motive must have caused Faune to disappear as he had done, and therefore to hiding in a low and remote quarter of London, Holmes was anxiously sensible of the danger in which Miss Clayton stood of being brought into the case. He resolved that at this must be prevented at all hazards.

He started to go to Cadogan Place, but changed his purpose on the way. "It will be time enough," he thought, "when I know that there is a danger," and so, instead of proceeding to Cadogan Place, he walked westward to Kensington, and knocked at the door of a small home a few doors off High Street.

A delicate woman, whose face lit up with pleasure on seeing him, opened the door. And how is Nellie, Mrs. Burton?" he asked as she showed him into her pretty parlour. The little girl answered in person, running in and kissing Frank Holmes.

"Nellie hasn't seen you for so long, Mr. Holmes," said the pleased mother.

"I have been busy; but I will come sooner now. Some day soon, Nellie, you shall have another ride on the top of an omnibus—this time to Hendon and back—I suppose Burton is as usual?"

"He only came home two hours ago, Mr. Holmes, after being away best part of a week; but I'll soon call him up."

"No, no; please, don't. I will look in again, r'haps, later on. He has done what appears a good stroke of business, hasn't he?"

"Oh, I do hope, Mr. Holmes," said Mrs. Burton, drawing her chair a little nearer, and speaking gently with a wife's anxiety for her husband's prospects, "that it's the best piece of business he has done for a long time. It will be such a chance for him."

"What do you think, Mr. Holmes?"

"I certainly think," he answered, smiling, "that it is a very important matter for him. He will get five thousand pounds for one thing, and promotion as a matter of course."

This poor woman, what with her own and a limited income, had sorely felt the pinch of that poverty which is hardest because it is bravely kept out of public sight, and the tears which fell from her eyes were only natural. She thought only of her husband and child and her own.

"And what do you think of it, Mr. Holmes? You know as much as much, Tom always says, as all Scotland Yard put together—that your opinion is worth every thing."

"I have hardly an opinion at all as yet, Mrs. Holmes. I know nothing except what is in the evening papers, and that is very little."

"Oh, but Tom has been telling me all

about it," she said eagerly, "just as he would tell yourself, sir, if he was down-stairs."

"I know he would tell me all about it, Mrs. Burton, or of course I would not listen to you. I came to ask him. Now, how did he come to run down Mr. Faune?"

Mrs. Burton was silent a minute, collecting her thoughts. Then she started from the beginning: "You remember that Saturday night, Mr. Holmes? Well, Tom was at Albert Gate, and you know what he witnessed. He told me about it that night when he came home, and said—But that has nothing to do with it."

"What did he say, though?"

"Oh, simply that he would like to get a chance of having satisfaction out of the gentleman—on your account, of course, Mr. Holmes—and I will not deny," she added, blushing, "that I shared the wish myself. It was only natural."

She paused at this point; but as Holmes offered no remark, she went on: "Then, this dreadful murder was done. Though Tom never said a word to me about it then, he says that Mr. Faune came to his mind the minute he heard of it. He kept his thoughts to himself, and went on quietly making enquires. It was the hour that struck him first. Mr. Faune passed through Albert Gate about a quarter to nine. He had to go by the fountain to get out of the Park by the Mount Street gate; and Tom says it was between a quarter past nine and ten o'clock that the murder was done."

"I don't see that that is proved yet, Mrs. Burton; it will be an important point to prove." At the moment, Burton himself, half dressed, was seen standing at the door of a room, having doubtless heard Holmes coming in.

"I'm sorry if I have disturbed you, Burton," said the latter, "for you must be played out."

"I'd be doubly sorry, Mr. Holmes, to miss seeing you," was the reply. He took a seat, and rested his elbows on his knees, looking earnestly into the young man's face. "It is, as you have just remarked, Mr. Holmes, an important point. But do you think it is any doubt about it?"

"I don't know about doubts, Burton, only, it is always best to be prepared to prove everything."

"Just so, sir. We can prove that Margaret Neale went into the Park by the Mount Street gate at a quarter past nine and ten o'clock, on duty in Park Lane, can't we?"

"Or some person very like her. Let us take that for granted. The murder, then, was committed after that hour. But suppose it should happen that she was seen by somebody after ten o'clock—how would that affect your case?"

"It would knock it into the middle of next week," the detective answered, looking dismayed, "because he returned to his lodgings at five minutes to ten."

"I only made a suggestion, Burton; no such evidence is likely to turn up now. I fear assuming your theory as to the time of the murder, between a quarter past nine and five minutes to ten—what then?"

"Ah," said Burton, looking strong now. "He had to pass the fountain in the usual way, to get to Mount Street. Now, let me tell you two points, Mr. Holmes, and ask you what you think of them. He was in the habit of passing that way almost every night; but neither myself, who saw him going home often, nor the men on duty on the other side—who knew him by appearance equally well—ever saw him go home so early before. It was often past eleven and always past ten. The other point is this: and the detective, by dropping his cane and tripping the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other, Mr. Faune did not pass out of the Park through the Mount Street gate that night."

Holmes was fairly startled. Before speaking, however, he took the liberty well into his mind. The road from Albert Gate led in almost a straight line to the small gate at the top of Mount Street, passing by the fountain. Almost half way across the Park one could have "leered" to the right, and got into Park Lane about two hundred yards to the north side of Mount Street, through a similar small gate. Or, looking to the left from the fountain, one could follow the main road and pass through Grosvenor Gate, still further to the north of Mount Street. A person making for this point would naturally have taken the former course, which would not have been much

cut of his way; but certainly not the road through Grosvenor Gate, which would have necessitated traversing a considerable way back in order to reach the destination in question.

Now, this latter, Burton informed Frank Holmes, was what Claude Faune had done on the night of the murder. Why should he have gone round by Grosvenor Gate, while the gate at the top of Mount Street was still open, as it always was up to ten o'clock?

"You must bear in mind, Burton," remarked Holmes, when he had turned the matter over in his mind, "that Mr. Faune, habitually returning after ten o'clock, was accustomed to leaving the Park by the Grosvenor Gate. There would be nothing extraordinary in his doing so, absent-mindedly, smoking and thinking. From the time which it took him to reach his lodgings, he probably walked on past the Grosvenor Gate, and then returned that way."

Burton listened in silence, and slowly moved his head from side to side in mild but decided dissent. "It won't hold water, Mr. Holmes. The constable on duty at Grosvenor Gate saw him approach at a quick pace from the direction of the fountain, pass through the gate, and turn back to Mount Street. He slept there that night; next evening he disappeared. I started as soon as I learned he had gone. I traced him as far as Dover; after beating about there for a day or so, I found he had returned to London, getting out at St. Paul's Station. I found him in bed in a lodging-house at the docks this morning. What did he mean by all this?"

"Well, when you arrested him?" inquired Holmes, unable to answer the question.

"Oh, he jumped like a man shot, at first, and turned white. When I told him the charge, he lay down again for a minute with his face on the pillow—I had a sharp eye on his hands—and then merely said, 'All right, officer.' That was all. He has been stolidly silent ever since."

"Is there anything else?"

"They have taken possession of every thing in his rooms to-day, and I don't know what they may find there. But I fancy the case doesn't want much more."

"Don't you think, Burton, you will have to prove some acquaintance between the governess and the prisoner?"

"Yes; no doubt his papers will do that. If not, now we know our man, we can follow his history back until we find where the acquaintance was between them. We are aware that he was expecting to marry a wealthy wife, if we can ascertain that he was the husband of the murdered woman, the case will be pretty complete. There isn't the smallest doubt on my mind, Mr. Holmes, that he killed the girl to be free to marry the other."

"If you can prove that, Burton, your case will be a strong one indeed," observed Holmes, speaking slowly. "But I have known the prisoner since we were at school together, and it does seem incomprehensible to me that, if he had been married, I should have suspected nothing of it."

"You and he, Mr. Holmes, are different sorts of men."

The remark was pregnant and well to the point, and Frank Holmes could make no reply to it. He rose to go; and said good evening to Burton and his wife; he was too ill at ease to accept Mrs. Burton's invitation to a cup of tea. He had learned more than he desired to learn; for he saw now that, if they discovered Faune to be the husband of the murdered woman, it would be impossible to keep Mary Clayton's name out of the case; it would be impossible to shield the girl whom he loved with all his soul from the unenvied but inevitable consequences of having been the innocent cause of poor Margaret Neale's tragic death. He would have given his life to spare her name from the notoriety which now threatened it.

"I feel convinced, Tom, that Mr. Holmes thinks you have succeeded," said Mrs. Burton, after their visitor was gone. "He didn't like to say so, but the man having once been his friend, and having acted as he did, but it was plain to be seen."

"Mr. Holmes is a man in a hundred thousand, Kate. I believe after all, he would be glad to see Faune get off."

"What, if he really did it?"

"Well, as to that, remarked her husband doubtfully, "I won't be too sure. What I mean is, that he would rather see him proved innocent than guilty."

"But he will be found guilty," said Mrs Burton firmly. They both gave a few minutes' silent thought to the question, and it was the wife who broke the silence with a long-drawn sigh and the ejaculation, "Oh, Tom!"

"Well, Kate?"

"To think how different it will be with us then! Five-thousand-pounds! And Mr. Holmes says you are certain of promotion besides."

"Kate," confessed her husband, "I won't deny that my first feeling in pursuing Faune sprang from gratitude to Mr. Holmes, on account of all the little things he did for us when Nellie—and yourself, for that matter—was ailing. Faune had treated him badly, and I felt a pleasure in helping to pay him off. It was gratitude, Kate, in the first instance—and nothing proves better that it's gratitude as pays, no matter how you go about it."

Without casting doubt on this excellent doctrine, the wife regarded her husband with open surprise. "Do you mean, Tom, that at the first you actually had no suspicion of Mr. Faune—that you only meant to cast suspicion on him, in order to—have satisfaction on account of Mr. Holmes?"

"That was it, Kate. There was a lady in it—Mr. Holmes knew her before Faune did—and it wouldn't have served Faune's prospects to be pulled up on suspicion of being the murderer—even if he was discharged next day. That was it, Kate, at first; but see what it has led to! I say, it's gratitude as pays; always fix that in Nellie's mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Queen's Autograph.

The Queen's signature to state documents is still a model of firmness and legality, no sign of Her Majesty's advanced age being discernible in the boldly written "Victoria R." which she attaches to such papers as have to bear the royal autograph, says the London Figaro. There are veteran statesmen living who will remember that the question of the signing of state documents by the sovereign became one of considerable importance in the last months of George IV's reign.

During this period His Majesty was in such a debilitated state that the writing of numerous autographs was practically impossible for him, and under these circumstances a short bill was hurriedly passed through Parliament authorizing the King to affix a fac-simile of his autograph by means of an inked stamp. It was also provided, however, in the bill that George should, before stamping each document, give his verbal assent to it in a specified form. The Duke of Wellington was in office at the time, and it was often his duty to lay certain documents before the King for his approval.

One day the "Iron Duke," noticing that His Majesty was stamping the papers before him without repeating the prescribed verbal formula, ventured to enter a respectful but firm protest. The King, much irritated, exclaimed, "D—n it, what can it signify?" "Only this, sir," replied the Duke: "that the law requires it." George IV. said no more, but at once began to repeat the requisite formula; he stamped each of the remaining documents.

Into Sahara's Desert.

Undaunted by the fate of Camille Doeb, the young explorer who was murdered in the Sahara about a year ago, a M. Fernand Fourreau has now plunged boldly into the country of the Touaregs. He was dismissed from his enterprise by his friends and the Government of Algeria, but all to no purpose. The Geographical Society, as well as the Government gives him nothing but sympathy, and no one believes that he will cross alive out of the mysterious desert where several of his intrepid fellow country men have already perished.

Germany's New Rifle

Next week the Garde de Corps will be equipped with the new small-bore repeating rifle, and by the 1st of April the whole peace effective of the German Army will be armed with the weapon. These rifles have been made in a German manufactory, so that the whole supply made by the factory at Steyer can be used for the reserve. Germany has thus once more anticipated all other armies in adopting a new armament.

TOLD BY A WOMAN LEPER.

The Strange Confession Heard by a Visitor in Molokai.

The difficulties in the way of the seeker after information at Molokai are numerous and great, but I finally managed to overcome them, and induced a number of the white lepers to talk about themselves. One of these is a woman nearly 50 years old. Though she has been at the settlement a number of years, she is almost entirely free from any visible taint of the dread disease. Her face is without blemish, and she would be even handsome if one could forget while one looks upon her that she is a leper. Moreover, she is a highly intelligent woman, and it must be believed from her own story that she was not many years ago a society lady of influence and popularity in a city not a great distance from San Francisco.

"You must not mention my name," said she, when she fully yielded to persuasion and consented to tell her story for, though I have a husband and several children, to say nothing of a large circle of friends in the United States, there is only one person, if, indeed, she be still alive, who knows anything of my condition or whereabouts. "I propose to talk to you frankly," continued the unfortunate woman. "I have sinned grievously, and sometimes I think this is my punishment. Be that as it may, I am here and must remain for life. I care not how soon the end comes; the sooner the better—but to my story."

"My father was a Methodist minister in a Connecticut town. I was educated at an Eastern college. When I was nearly 20 I accompanied my parents on a visit to Washington D. C. It was there I met my husband or, to be more accurate, the gentleman who was to be my husband a few months later. He was a New Yorker but had been to California, where he then had valuable mining and landed interests. Within a year from the time we met we were man and wife and settled down in one of the finest little homes in all the West. The town in which we lived grew rapidly into a city of importance. My husband became a very wealthy man.

"Four sons and two daughters were born to us and we were the happiest family in the world. I went a great deal into society. My husband hated the social world, but that did not deter me. I went just the same, and I led the highest circles."

"It had been fifteen years since a lady, a friend of mine induced me to accompany her on a visit to some of her acquaintances at Honolulu. At that time a trip across the ocean was not what it is now, but nothing daunted, we started on the journey and in the course of time reached our destination. At Honolulu I met a man and I married, as I have said. It was the first crime of my life. The shame of it, the horror of it seized upon me and forever my friend to cut short her visit, we hurried away across the sea again.

"My husband and children met me with open arms and loving kisses. But I stalked among them, a wretched traitress to every trust, my load of shame heavy on my heart. I shunned society and held my polluted self aloof from all my friends. My life was a prolonged misery, and I longed for death. I don't know why I didn't kill myself some time on the thread of life and set free my sin-laden soul."

"Throughout all this I never blamed any one but myself. Never until years after my return home, when I made a discovery. Oh, that was worse than the bitterest misery; it was utter damnation. I fled from home in a fit of excitement and rage which was new to me. The friend whom I had accompanied on the sea years before now bore me company across the same waters waste. But it was not a trip for pleasure this time. A thirst for vengeance filled my heart. It was a mission of murder."

"My real object was to confide to my companions until we were far out at sea. I then told her all. At first she sought to dissuade me from my purpose, failing in this she went on with my design (or seemed to, at least). Sometimes I think she deceived me."

"On the day, say the hour, of our arrival at Honolulu, I rested my face, eight or a pistol, had a passing backman, and was driven straight to the business office of the man who had wrecked my life and who claimed me to a living, foolishness."

fairly gloated over the prospect of a quick revenge.

"I sprang from the cab at the door, and, hurrying into the house, called aloud for my victim. The place was changed. The faces were new. A man came running after me, asking who I wanted. I breathed the cursed name. At its mention the man seemed thunderstruck. 'Him?' he cried; why he fled the country long ago, to escape Molokai. He was last heard of in Italy."

"They told me that night at the hotel that I had swooned and remained unconscious for hours. All the next day I lay in bed, half oblivious of all about me. When night came my scattered senses returned, and, taking advantage of a short absence of my friend, I hastily dressed myself and hurried from the hotel. I left a note for my friend, saying:

"To-morrow I shall be at Molokai. Fate has damned me and there is no escape from the harsh decree. I must suffer for my sin. Invent any story which seems plausible. Say that I have gone to Japan anywhere, but let no living soul know what has been the fate of yours trustfully."

"And so," concluded the poor woman, "I suppose I am the only inmate of this terrible place who did not have to be dragged here by the authorities. I came of my own will. Have I regretted it? Look around you and you have my answer."

AN ELEPHANT JOKER.

Playing Practical Jokes Upon a Hippopotamus.

The sense of humour is not more developed in the monkey than in many other animals. The elephant, for example, can enjoy a joke as much as any animal. Mr. Meredith Nugent, the artist, tells one of these giant jokes, noticed by him in the Zoological gardens in Paris while he was sketching there. The elephant had made friends with the hippopotamus, and was permitted to visit the latter, and it was in the enclosure for the hippopotamus that he developed a fondness for practical joking which seemed to give him peculiar pleasure. He would reach over the big tank when the hippopotamus was lolling in the water, suddenly catch one of the little ears of the latter with the finger of his trunk, and give it so mischievous a tweak that the huge river horse would roar out and angrily open his huge mouth. Then the hippopotamus would lie on his guard, and sink out of sight, to come up again further away. But for all his seeming annoyance he apparently liked the fun himself; for, when he had come up to the surface quite too far away for the elephant to reach him, he would kick and try again to reappear just out of reach of the waving trunk. The elephant enjoyed his enjoyment of the sport by swaying to and fro in the manner of his kind, occasionally, too, he would open his mouth in a comical resemblance to a laugh—though it must be said that the resemblance is purely accidental, though the elephant may laugh, he does not do it in that way. Another joke enjoyed by this elephant was to stand over some particularly choice morsel meant for the hippopotamus, and thus prevent him from eating it—to tease him, in fact. So great was the elephant's enjoyment of this feat that he would not only sway to express his pleasure, but would make a rumbling sound which with the elephant is more than anything else indicative of delight. And the vexation of the hippopotamus was as evident as the enjoyment of the elephant. The hippopotamus knew he was powerless to secure his friend, and so he would go away and sulk until it was the pleasure of the elephant to move from the coveted food. Occasionally, however, the elephant would pretend to leave it, and then return just in time to cheat the hippopotamus.

Siam's Railways

The Siam Government has decided to construct all railways of standard gauge—namely, 4 feet 8 1/2 inches. The project is a railway east from Bangkok to the Mekong River, about four hundred and forty miles long, has been favorably launched. Sir Andrew Clarke's syndicate offered to find half the capital and construct the line, charging 10 per cent commission on the cost price. The first section of 61 1/2 miles to Harew will be begun immediately. Half the capital will be found by Siam, and the company will be formed under Siam law.

A LESSON TO LOVERS.

Punished for Perjury in Swearing to What His Sweetheart Told Him.

William P. Talbot, of Quincy, Ill., has been sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary, and his case is a terrible example to the young men who swear to what their sweethearts tell them. Talbot fell in love with a young woman in Quincy, and asked her to marry him. She was willing, and neither of the lovers thought worth while to ask her mother. They went to the County Clerk to secure a marriage license.

The girl said she was 18, and of course Talbot swore to that as a fact. They were married and had three happy days of honey-moon before his mother in law learned of her new dignity. She did not like it, and she swore out a warrant for the arrest of the young man because the girl was only 16 years old, and he must have perjured himself to secure a license. When he was arrested the young wife said he was not to blame. She had told him she was 18, and what lover would doubt the word of the woman about to become his wife? He may change his mind afterward, but at that moment he would swear that the moon was made of green cheese if she but said so.

The law of this state does not permit a wife to testify in behalf of her husband, nor does it permit the husband to put in evidence anything that his wife may have said to him. Therefore, Mr. Talbot was compelled to sacrifice himself. It was proven that the girl was not 18, and therefore Mr. Talbot had perjured himself in making oath that she was of legal age. Had the marriage ceremony not been performed, the woman might have been able to demonstrate her love and also the man's by taking the witness stand to relieve him of the burden of responsibility.

But she is his wife and must sit quiet in the court room and see him convicted, for no other crime than that of believing implicitly what she told him.

All those who pass through the door to success will find it labeled "push."

There are cases where moderate gun chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the best national weakness. Chew Admrs. Tutti-Frutti, after each meal.

Winter Sale

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The Home.

trembling hand; the purple curtain behind him hung listlessly in the still air. Distant steps sounded through the palace and then hushed.

"I must go," thought Lazarus, "I must depart. She cometh not."

He moved unsteadily across the portico, and hardly knowing what he did, and not in the least knowing why, he stopped and took the two flowers, the scarlet lily and the white, from the shelter in the little jug. As he stood turning them about in his hands, a low voice behind him murmured.

"Lazarus! Not gone yet? You make a long day's work of it."

"Zahara!"
He whirled and saw her, standing quite near, standing quite still. She was veiled. Her eyes regarded him merrily. She wore the robe of purple and of gold that he had seen upon her when first he saw her. She shone through the twilight like a meteor caught to light the palace. She glittered with many little ornaments and trinkets such as the girl of the East loves. All the last rays of the departing day were imprisoned by her radiant figure. It seemed to Lazarus that the setting of the sun upon the world was but the little symbol of this woman upon his life. He would have said somewhat to her, but his lips trembled and were dumb. He bowed his head low before her and placed the two lilies in her little hand.

The merriment faded out of Zahara's face. She drew herself together haughtily; then, suddenly, for she looked long and steadfastly upon Lazarus, her queenly regard drooped before him. After a moment's hesitation, she received the flowers with a courteous gesture, and modestly sheltered them in the folds of her robe. The womanliness, nay, what might almost be called the tenderness of this action, set Lazarus beside himself.

"Zahara!" he murmured, "thou art the lily of scarlet, for thou shinest like the living fire. And thou art the lily in white for thou art as pure as the whitest cloud in Heaven. I have drunk the dew from the scarlet flower and I have touched the flower of white to my lips for thou art Zahara, thou art the woman of flowers, and the flower of women - thou art fire and snow, and blossom and storm, Zahara! and I love thee."

The daughter of the High Priest gave the blunder one blinding look, in it were reproach and appeal, sorrow and tenderness, pride and terror, repulse and longing - the whole nature of woman was in it. But Lazarus did not understand women. Zahara fled. That was all which Lazarus understood. Zahara fled from him as the shadow of the lily moves upon the grass beneath the rising wind. The silken curtain swayed and swung. Its purple folds came together with a soft sound like the meeting of delicate lips. Zahara, behind them, had vanished.

Lazarus stood for a few moments confused with anguish; then he bowed himself together, and gathered up the few tools left upon the portico; and the little jug that had held the lilies, and staggered away. An officer of the palace spoke to him and bade him farewell politely. Lazarus answered, but knew not what. He went out blindly into the dark and felt for the path that led away from the palace.

He did not find it, being so troubled and darkened in his mind, and groped about for a little upon the short hot grass on whose parched surface the dew was beginning to fall.

"Nay, then, Lazarus, I would have a word with thee," said a soft voice at his very side. And lo, there like a statue carved out of the tender night, still, dim, and trembling, Zahara stood.

"Zahara! Thou wilt be blamed! What will be said to thee? That would kill me. Thou comest alone thou to me, Zahara!"

"I go," panted the girl. "I return. I do not stay. I bid thee from my father's palace - and no one did observe me; and it is dark; and I fly back to my father."

"Thou shouldst never leave me," cried Lazarus, "if my heart had its will. Thou shouldst shelter thyself within mine arms, and I would call thee mine forever for I love thee! I love thee!"

"And I, thee, breathed Zahara faintly. With these incredible words Zahara turned, towered like a princess, and fled like a frightened deer, back to the palace. The darkness closed about her, and shut between herself and her lover as if it were a veil of scented gauze. Lazarus stood like a man struck dead with joy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

Dr. Talmage to Women.

Every woman wants to be happy, and I would have her so. Had I my way, I would give you all, my thousands of readers, each and every one of you, everything your heart desires. I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have for each one a garden, a river running through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statuettes and statues, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, mixed with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equippages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and you should not have a pain or ache until your last breath. "Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies? Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls, and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But you say, "Why does not God give us all these things? Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

But I cannot carry out my personal wishes with you, and so I must content myself with telling you how you may be happy, and in what I shall write I may perhaps address myself more particularly to the younger of my readers, though my words will not be harmful to the oldest.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IN LIFE.

And let me here correct the popular impression that people are happier in child hood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older we are the happier. The happiest woman I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian; her hair white as white could be. The sunlight of heaven late in the afternoon gilding the peaks of snow. Let me say to all my young readers that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, honest, practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy. There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing thistle down and grasping bubbles. We have not found it so. To many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of the everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it. It is reasonable to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. You plant one grain of corn, and it will send up a stalk with two ears, each having nine hundred and fifty grains, so that one grain planted will produce nineteen hundred grains. And ought not the implantation of a grain of Christian principle in a youthful soul develop into a large crop of gladness on earth, and to a harvest of eternal joy in heaven?

HOPE OF A FASHIONABLE LIFE.

It is a belief with many young women that happiness is often built upon mere social position. Let me tell you, my young readers, that the position which mere society gives is one of the sources of least satisfaction. I will tell you the story of a young woman who had this belief, and carried it out in her life. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain, but, by a change in fortune, each as sometimes happens, a hand had been placed

that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. The ring on her finger was only one link of an iron chain that was to bind her eternally captive. Cruelties and unkindness changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets of pure gold, the head-dress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festive music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreaths in the plush were reptile coils, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead-drops on the pitcher were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness! It matters not how fine you have things, there are other people who have it finer. Taking out your watch to tell the hour of day, some one will correct your time piece by pulling out a watch more richly chased and jewelled. Ride in a carriage that cost you eight hundred dollars, and before you get around the park you will meet with one that cost two thousand dollars. Have on your wall a picture by Cropsey, and before night you will hear of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt. All that this world can do for you in ribbons, in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten-thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have walked through the halls of those who deprecate the common people; I have sat at their banquets; I have had their friendship; yea, I have heard from their own lips the story of their disquietude; and I tell you, young women, that they who build their souls immortal happiness on mere social position are building on the sand. - Ladies' Home Journal.

Some Tested Recipes.

MACARONI, TOMATOES AND CHEESE. - Cook the macaroni till tender; make a sauce of tomatoes seasoned with pepper and salt, grate some cheese; have ready a hot dish, put in a layer of macaroni, next sprinkle with cheese, then add a layer of tomato sauce. Serve at once.

BAKED INDIAN Pudding. - Into a quart of boiling milk stir a cupful of cornmeal, let it stand till lukewarm, then stir in four well-beaten eggs, an ounce of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half a pound of raisins; bake an hour and a half and serve with cream sauce, which is made as follows: One pint of cream, a small cupful of brown sugar, and a half a small nutmeg grated.

Puffs. - Take a pint of milk, and when it boils stir in as much flour as will make it a thick batter. Add three well-beaten eggs, and two or three drops of oil of cinnamon, or any other flavoring. Dust a large flat plate with flour, then with a spoon throw on it the batter in the form of balls or fritters, and drop them into boiling clarified dripping or lard. Serve them with grated loaf sugar stewed over. The batter may be made into a pudding, adding with the eggs one ounce of salt butter. Boil and serve it with a sweet sauce.

Biscuits. - Mix a half cup, four ounces, of granulated sugar with a half pound of flour, turn it on a marble slab or meat plate and make a hole in the center; put into it two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. Work the butter and eggs together, and then gradually work in the flour and sugar. Mix and knead well with the hands. When like dough roll it out under the hands into a rope-like form, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Cut it into pieces about two inches long, roll the ends of those pieces so that they will be smaller than in the middle, and press in a groove between the ends.

all is finished, glaze each with an egg beaten up with a little sugar, then with a sharp knife make a cut in the center of each cake lengthwise, about three quarters through, and bake in a quick oven until a golden brown. Serve cold.

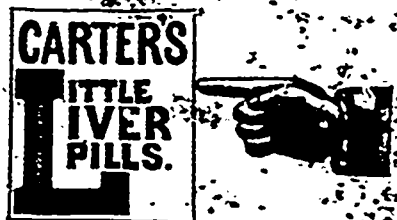
HAM TOAST. - Grate some cooked ham, add an egg well beaten, a small piece of butter and a little cream, mix all together and stir over a fire until hot; fry slices of bread in a little butter, and pour the mixture over them.

BOILED OYSTERS. - Drain the oysters from their liquor and dry them in a napkin. Heat and well butter a griddle, season the oysters well, lay them on and brown both sides. Serve on a very hot dish with melted butter.

BUTTERMILK BISCUIT. Those who remember the "good, old fashioned" buttermilk biscuit, will find this a trusty recipe. Rub a tablespoonful of butter into a quart of flour, into which a teaspoonful of salt has been sifted. Dissolve an even teaspoonful of soda in a large cup of buttermilk, mix very soft, handle as little as possible, roll out at once, cut into small biscuits, and bake in a quick oven. {Good Housekeeping.

APPLE FRITTERS. - Pare two large apples, cut them in slices half an inch thick; core them with a round cutter; put them in a dish and pour brandy over them, let them lie for two hours; make a thick batter, using two eggs, have clean lard, and make it quite hot; fry two at a time, a nice light brown; put them on the back of a sieve on paper, sift powdered sugar over them, glaze them with a shovel or salamander; dish on a napkin.

PUT CAKE. - One cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of pastry flour, two eggs, one coffee cupful of chopped raisins, one of chopped English walnuts, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, and, when light, the eggs well beaten, then the milk and the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar have been thoroughly mixed. Mix quickly and add raisins and nuts. Bake in rather deep sheets, in a moderate oven, for thirty-five minutes. Frost, if you please. The quantities given are for one large or two small sheets. If you use baking powder instead of cream of tartar and soda, take a teaspoonful and a half.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD ACHE

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

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

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICAL CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

Under the Rose.

"No meant not a word of all he said. He has not called in a week to-day. And worse—in the twilight yesterday I met him walking with Gertrude Gray. I know a nook in the garden old. A secret nook where nobody goes. I'll take the letters he wrote to me And bury them under the damask rose."

The winds of the morning dried her tears. And tossed and tangled her curls of gold. She knelt and hollowed a tiny grave— The grave of love—in the dusky mold. As she laid the letters therein, she heard The wicket click in the garden close. A sweet good-morning to you, my love! And what do you bury under the rose?"

"Oh! Dick, the canary, died last night." "But I heard him singing as I came by." "Twas Fritz, the terrier, passed away An hour ago, with a gentle sigh." "Ah, nay, my dear! in the hedge beyond I see the tip of a wee black nose. They are letters bound with a silken cord And silver crested under the rose."

She bit her lip, and she pulled her curls. She blushed and fluttered, and hung her head: But he drew her close in his strong young arms.

"You were jealous of Gertrude Gray," he said. "Forgive me, darling, but you were cold. And you coquetted with rival beaux." And hers they kissed, and he crowned her locks With the dewy buds of the damask rose.

—Waverly Magazine

THE STILETTO.

Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed, with the jewelled knife handle protruding from his breast, I believed that he was dying. Would the physician never come?

"Pull it out, old fellow," begged the sufferer, through white, drawn lips, his gasping voice hardly less distressing than the unearthly look in his eyes.

"No, Arnold," said I, as I held his hand and gently stroked his forehead.

It may have been instinct, it may have been a certain knowledge of anatomy that made me refuse.

"Why not? It hurts," he gasped. "It was pitiful to see him suffer, this strong, healthy, hair-brained, daring, reckless young fellow."

The resident physician walked in—a tall, grave man, with gray hair. He went to the bed, and I pointed to the knife handle, with its great bold ruby in the end and its diamonds and emeralds alternating in quaint designs in the sides. The physician started. He felt Arnold's pulse and looked puzzled.

"When was this done?" he asked.

"About twenty minutes ago," I replied.

The physician started out, beckoning me to follow.

"Stop!" said Arnold. We obeyed. "Do you wish to speak of me?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the physician, hesitating.

"Speak in my presence; then," said my friend; "I fear nothing."

It was said in his old imperious way, although his suffering must have been great.

"If you insist—"

"I do."

"Then," said the physician, "if you have any—any matters to—adjust, they should be attended to at once. I can do nothing for you."

There was a little unsteadiness in his voice.

"How long can I live?" asked Arnold.

The physician thoughtfully stroked his gray beard.

"It depends," he finally said; "if the knife be withdrawn, you may live three minutes; if it be allowed to remain, you may possibly live an hour or two—not longer."

Arnold never flinched. It was not the first time that he had faced death, which had no terrors for him.

"Thank you," he said, smiling faintly through his pain; "my friends will pay you. I have some things to do. Let the knife remain." He turned his eyes to mine, and, grasping my hand, said affectionately, "And thank you, too, old fellow, for not pulling it out."

The physician, moved by a sense of decency, left the room, saying—

"Ring if there is a change. I will be in the hotel office."

He had not gone far when he fainted and came back.

"Pardon me," said he, "but there is a young surgeon in the hotel who is said to be a very skilful man. My specialty is not surgery, but medicine. May I call him?"

"Yes," said I, eagerly; but Arnold smiled and shook his head.

"I fear there will not be time," he said. But I refused to heed him, and directed that the surgeon be called immediately. I was writing at Arnold's dictation when the two men entered the room.

There was something of nerve and assurance in the young surgeon that struck my attention. His manner, though quiet, was bold and straightforward and his movements sure and quick. These are general peculiarities of highly educated young surgeons. This young man had already distinguished himself in the performance of some difficult hospital laparotomies, and he was at that sanguine age when audacity looks through the spectacles of experiment. And then, zeal and ambition are often identical. Doctor Raoul Entrefort was the newcomer's name. He was a Creole, small and dark, and he had travelled and studied in Europe.

"Speak freely," gasped Arnold, after Doctor Entrefort had made an examination.

"What think you, doctor?" asked Entrefort of the older man.

"I think," was the reply, "that the knife blade has penetrated the ascending aorta, about two inches above the heart. As long as the blade remains in the wound the escape of blood is comparatively small, though certain; were the blade withdrawn, the heart would almost instantly empty itself through the aortal wound."

Meanwhile, Entrefort examined the gem studded hilt with the keenest interest.

"You are proceeding on the assumption, doctor," he said, "that this weapon is a knife."

"Certainly," answered Doctor Rowell, smiling; "what else can it be?"

"It is a knife," faintly interposed Arnold.

"Did you see the blade?" Entrefort asked him quickly.

"I did—for a moment."

Entrefort shot a quick look at Doctor Rowell and whispered,—

"Then it is not a knife."

Doctor Rowell nodded.

"I must disagree with you, gentlemen," quietly remarked Entrefort; "this is not a knife."

He examined the handle very carefully.

"The fact that it is not a knife presents a very curious series of facts and contingencies," pursued Entrefort, with amazing coolness, "some of which are, so far as I am informed, entirely novel in the history of surgery."

A quizzical expression, faintly amused and manifestly interested, was upon Doctor Rowell's face.

"What is the weapon, doctor?" he asked.

"A stiletto."

Arnold started. Doctor Rowell appeared confused.

"I must confess," he said, "my ignorance of the differences among these penetrating weapons."

"With the exception of the stiletto," explained Entrefort, "all the weapons you mention have one or two edges, so that in penetrating they cut their way. A stiletto is round, is ordinarily about half an inch or less in diameter at the guard, but tapers to a sharp point. It penetrates solely by pushing the tissues aside in all directions. You will understand the importance of that point."

Doctor Rowell nodded, more deeply interested than ever.

"How do you know it is a stiletto, Doctor Entrefort?" I asked.

"The cutting of these stones is the work of Italian lapidaries," he said, "and they were set in Genoa. Notice, too, the guard. It is much broader and shorter than the guard of an edged weapon; in fact it is nearly round. This weapon is about four hundred years old, and would be cheap at twenty thousand florins. Observe, also, the darkening color of your friend's breast in the immediate vicinity of the guard; this indicates that the tissues have been bruised by the crowding of the blade, if I may use the term."

"What has all this to do with me?" asked the dying man.

"Perhaps a great deal, perhaps nothing. It brings a single ray of hope into your desperate condition."

"Arnold's eyes sparkled and he caught his breath. A tremor passed all through him, and I felt in the hand I was holding. Life was sweet to him, then, after all—sweet to this wild dare-devil who had just faced death with such calmness! Doctor Rowell,

though showing no sign of jealousy, could not conceal a look of incredulity and also of pain that Entrefort should offer any hope to the sufferer.

"With your permission," said Entrefort, addressing Arnold, "I will do what I can to save your life."

"You may," said the poor boy.

"But I shall have to hurt you."

"Well."

"Perhaps very much."

"Well."

"And even if I succeed (the chance is one in a thousand) you will never be sound man again, and a constant and terrible danger will always be present."

"Well."

Entrefort wrote a note and sent it away in haste by a bell boy.

"Meanwhile," he resumed, "your life is in imminent danger from shock, and the end may come in a few minutes or hours from that cause. Attend without delay to whatever matters may require settling, and Doctor Rowell," glancing at that gentleman, "will give you something to brace you up. I speak frankly, for I see that you are a man of extraordinary nerve. Am I right?"

"Be perfectly candid," said Arnold.

Doctor Rowell, evidently bewildered by his cyclone young associate, wrote a prescription, which I sent by a boy to be filled. The medicine came and I administered a dose. The physician and the surgeon then retired. The poor sufferer straightened up his business. When it was done he asked me,—

"What is that crazy Frenchman going to do to me?"

"I have no idea; be patient."

In less than an hour they returned, bringing with them a keen-eyed, tall young man, who had a number of tools wrapped in an apron. Evidently he was unused to such scenes, for he became deathly pale upon seeing the ghastly spectacle on my bed. With staring eyes and open mouth he began to retreat toward the door, stammering,—

"I—I can't do it."

"Nonsense, Hippolyte! Don't be a baby! Why, man, it is a case of life and death."

"But—look at his eyes! He is dying."

Arnold smiled.

"I am not dead, though," he gasped.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Hippolyte.

Doctor Entrefort gave the nervous man a drink of brandy, and then said,

"No more nonsense, my boy; it must be done. Germain, allow me to introduce Mr. Hippolyte, one of the most original, ingenious and skilful machinists in the country."

Hippolyte, being modest, blushed as he bowed. In order to conceal his confusion, he unrolled his apron on the table with considerable noise of rattling tools.

Doctor Entrefort opened a case of surgical instruments.

"Now, doctor, the chloroform," he said to Doc. or Rowell.

"I will not take it," promptly interposed the sufferer; "I want to know when I die."

"Very well," said Entrefort; "but you have little nerve to spare. We will try it without chloroform, however. It will be better if you can do without. Try your best to lie very still while I cut."

"What are you going to do?" asked Arnold.

"Save your life, if possible."

"How? Tell me all about it."

"Must you know?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then. The point of the stiletto has passed entirely through the aorta, which is the great vessel rising out of the heart and carrying the aerated blood to the arteries. If I should withdraw the weapon the blood would rush from the two holes in the aorta, and you would soon be dead. All that is left for us to do, then, is to allow the stiletto to remain permanently in the aorta. Many difficulties at once present themselves, and I do not wonder at Doctor Rowell's look of surprise and incredulity."

That gentleman smiled, and shook his head.

"It is a desperate chance," continued Entrefort, "and is a novel case in surgery. But this is the only chance. The fact that the weapon is a stiletto is the important point—a stupid weapon, but a blessing to us now. If the assassin had known more he would have used—"

"Upon his employment of the noun 'assassin' and the feminine pronoun 'she,' both Arnold and I started violently and I cried out to the man to stop.

"Let him proceed," said Arnold, who, by a remarkable effort, had calmed himself.

"If the subject is a painful ear," Entrefort said,

"It is not," protested Arnold. "Why do you think the blow was struck by a woman?"

"Because, first, no man capable of being an assassin would carry so gaudy and valuable a weapon; second, no man would be stupid enough to carry so antiquated and inadequate a thing as a stiletto, when that most murderous and satisfactory of all penetrating and cutting weapons, the bowel-knife, is happily available. She was a strong woman, too, for it requires a good hand to drive a stiletto to the guard. She was not only a strong woman, but a desperate one also."

"That will do," said Arnold. He beckoned me to bend closer. "You must watch this man he is dangerous."

"Then," resumed Entrefort, "I shall tell you what I intend to do, and the dangers accompanying it."

This he did at some length, stating that though the blade was now firmly held in place, many things might conspire to displace it before the various muscles and spaces became accustomed to the new condition of things.

"I am uncertain," he said, "whether the hold is now maintained by the pressure of the tissues or the adhesive quality of the serum which was set free by the puncture. I am convinced, though, that in either event the hold is easily broken, and that it may give way at any moment, for it is under several kinds of strains. Every time the heart contracts and crowds the blood into the aorta, the latter expands a little, and then contracts when the pressure is removed. Any unusual excitement or exercise produces stronger and quicker heart beats and increases the strain on the adhesion of the aorta to the weapon. A fall, a jump, a blow on the chest—any of these might so jar the heart and aorta as to break the hold."

Entrefort stopped.

"Is that all?" asked Arnold.

"No; but is not that enough?"

"More than enough," said Arnold, with a sudden, dangerous sparkle in his eyes.

Before any of us could think, the desperate fellow had seized the handle of the stiletto with both hands in a determined effort to withdraw it and die. I had had no time to order my faculties to the movement of a muscle, when Entrefort, with incredible alertness and swiftness, had Arnold's wrists. Slowly Arnold relaxed his hold.

"There, now!" said Entrefort, soothingly; "that was a careless act and might have broken the adhesion. You'll have to be careful."

Arnold looked at him with a curious combination of facial expressions.

"Doctor Entrefort," he said.

"Well?"

"You are the devil."

Bowing profoundly, Entrefort replied,—

"You give me too great honor." Then he whispered hurriedly to Arnold: "If you do that—with a motion toward the hilt—I will have her hanged for murder."

Arnold, almost choking, and with a look of horror, withdrew his hands, took one of mine in both of his, and placed them on the pillow above his head.

"Now proceed with your work," he said to Entrefort.

The doctor's hand was quick and sure, but hardly had the operation begun when Arnold fainted away.

"Good!" cried Entrefort. "We can work better now."

When he returned to consciousness he glanced down at his breast. He looked puzzled.

"Where is the thing?" he asked.

"Here is part of it," explained Entrefort, holding up the handle.

"And the blade—"

"Is an irremovable part of your internal machinery."

Arnold was silent.

"It had to be cut off," resumed Entrefort, "not only because it would be troublesome and an undesirable ornament, but also because it was very necessary to remove any possibility of withdrawing it."

Arnold said nothing.

"Here is a prescription," said Entrefort; "take the medicine as directed for the next ten years, without fail."

"What for? I see that it contains muriatic acid."

"I may explain ten years from now."

"If I live."

"If you live."

Arnold pulled me down to him and faintly whispered,—

"Tell her to fly at once."
Noble, generous boy!

I thought I recognized a thin, pale, bright face among the passengers who were leaving an Australian steamer which had just arrived at San Francisco.

"Doctor Entrefort!" I called.
"Ah!" he said, peering up into my face; "I know you now, but you have changed. You remember I was called away immediately after I performed that crazy operation on your friend, and have spent the intervening seven years in India, China, Siberia, the South Seas, and God knows where not. I am glad to set foot on my native soil again, for I am tired. But wasn't that the most absurd, hare-brained experiment that I tried on your friend! I dropped all that kind of nonsense long ago. Poor fellow, he bore it so bravely! Did he suffer much? How long did he live? A week?"

"Seven years."
"What!" exclaimed Entrefort, startled.
"He is alive now, and in this city."
The man staggered.
"Incredible!" he said.
"It is true; you shall see him."
"Tell me about him," he asked eagerly, his eye glittering with the peculiar light which I noticed on the night of the operation.

"Well, the change in him is shocking. Imagine a young dare-devil of twenty-one, who had no greater fear of danger and death than of cold, now a cringing, cowering man of twenty-eight, nursing his life with pitiful tenderness, fearful that at any moment something may happen to break the hold of his aorta on the stiletto blade, a confirmed hypochondriac, peevish, melancholy, un-lucky in the extreme. He keeps himself confined as closely as possible, avoiding all excitement and exercise, for fear they will produce disastrous results, and reads nothing exciting. The constant danger has worn out the last shred of his manhood and left him a pitiful wreck. Can nothing be done for him?"

"Possibly. Let us find him. Ah, there comes my wife to meet me! She arrived on the other steamer."

I recognized her instantly, and was overcome with astonishment.

"Charming woman," said Entrefort, "and you'll like her. We were married four years ago at Bombay. She belongs to a noble Italian family and has travelled a great deal."

Then he introduced us. To my unspeakable relief she recognized neither my name nor my face. I must have appeared a peculiar person to her, but it was impossible to be perfectly nonchalant. We went to Arnold's rooms, I with painful fear. I left her in the reception-room and took Entrefort within. Arnold was too greatly absorbed with his own troubles to be dangerously excited by meeting Entrefort, whom he greeted with indifferent courtesy.

"But I heard a woman's voice," he said, and before I could move he had gone to the reception-room, and stood face to face with the beautiful adventress who, wickelily desperate, had driven a stiletto into his vitals in a hotel seven years before because he refused to marry her.

They recognized each other. Both started and turned pale: but she, quicker witted, recovered her composure at once and advanced toward him with a smile and an extended hand. He staggered back, his face ghastly with fear.

"Oh!" he cried out, "the blade has slipped out—I felt it fall—the blood is pouring out—it burns—I am dying!" and he fell into my arms and instantly expired.

The autopsy revealed the astonishing fact that there was no blade in him at all. It had been gradually consumed by the muritic acid which Entrefort had prescribed for that purpose, and in which Arnold had kept his system constantly filled, and the wounds in the aorta had closed in steadily with the wasting blade and were perfectly healed. All his vital organs were sound. My poor friend, once so reckless and brave, had died simply of a childish, groundless fear of a woman; and she, unwittingly, had accomplished her revenge.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

WILD PEOPLE CAPTURED.

A Remarkable Kentucky Yarn from the Hickman Swamp.

A party of gentlemen were passing the Bayou de Chien swamps Wednesday, and were attracted to the Bayou de Chien River near by, by the splashing of water, supposing it to be a large fish in shallow water. Upon approaching the banks and looking over they saw a man in swimming whose body was heavily coated with hair. At hearing the voice of the strangers the wild man looked up and seemed very much frightened as he beheld the spectators. As soon as he saw the men he disappeared beneath the water and emerged in a few seconds near the opposite bank. But two of the party, suspecting he would come out upon the opposite shore, had crossed the iron bridge and were there in advance of him.

When he rushed out of the water, these two men made a dash for him, but with a powerful blow he sent one of the men into the river, while the other companion grabbed him. The wild man, with the strength of an ox, hurled his antagonist to the ground. By this time the first party had recovered himself, and with the assistance of three other gentlemen, who had crossed the bridge, undertook to hold the wild man. The five men had now undertaken to capture this wild creature, but he handled them as though they were mere children. He had so completely exhausted the five gentlemen that they gave up trying to catch him, and came to Columbus, where they reported their encounter with this remarkable being, and organized a party of seventeen men to hunt for him.

The party left Columbus Wednesday about 2 o'clock and went directly to where the wild man had been seen. They could track him pretty well by blood stains, caused by one of the attacking party cutting him upon the left arm. The search was continued until dark, when the party went into camp for the night, expecting to pursue the chase the following morning. About 12 o'clock that night they were awakened by what they thought the screaming of a man, and all were quickly upon their feet. Upon kindling a fire it was noticed that one of the party, P. Pearson, was absent. This put the men to thinking, and it was at last concluded that the wild man had stolen to the camp, and had made away with Mr. Pearson. The party could not sleep the remainder of the night, and sat up plotting for the capture of the wild man and the rescue of their friend. At the drop of a small stick from some dead tree profound silence would ensue, and all could be heard saying "Sh-h-h-h!" We endured the unpleasantness of the night until daybreak, when the party divided into two squads, with an agreement to meet two miles above the iron bridge at 12 o'clock noon.

The party to which we belonged took the south bottom of the river, while the other squad went north. Our party had not gone more than a mile when we heard a noise in a thicket, and Mr. Haile, whom we had elected foreman, led us to the spot. We searched the place, but could not see from whence came the sound, but Mr. Richardson about this time said:

"Boys, I believe here's a hole."
Upon closely examining it, we found that it was much larger than a man's body, and our leader, a courageous man, stooped down and exclaimed:

"Pearson, are you there?"
To this interrogation came the answer:
"Yes. Leave guards and procure picks, shovels, lights, &c., and rescue me at once."

A posse of four was sent to Mr. Mass's for picks, &c., while one of our crowd was sent to inform the remainder of the party that Pearson had been found. Within an hour the picks, shovels, &c., were at hand, and the entire party set to work excavating the dirt. The hole was about seven feet deep, and at this point grew larger and turned obliquely to the east. We followed this channel for about twenty feet, when our progress was impeded by a heavy sand floor. Orders were given by the leader to burst the floor open, and we set to work crushing it, after we had torn it down, a sight such as that not a man present will forget to his dying day. A dirt room about twelve feet square presented itself, and the inmates of the room, the wild man, his wife and a little child. They saw that resistance was useless, and allowed us to go into their room un-

molested. Ropes were at once used in binding the wild man and his wife, while the child was given to Mr. Eppes to be cared for. To our interrogation of "Where is your prisoner?" came a guttural sound like:
"I-s-h k-i-l-l-e-d h-o-m. G-o l-e-y h-u-m, h-a-n-d h-e h-e f-r-o-e."

Upon promising the wild man to release them if he would inform us where our companion was, he seemed so elated that he jumped five or six feet in the air and pointed to one corner of the room containing a lot of fur skins. A close inspection of this corner revealed a very close fitting trap door, and at its opening our friend and companion could be heard talking below. He was spoken to and answered. A rope was thrown down the hole and Mr. Pearson was rescued from what might have been a terrible life. His experience with the wild man is too long for publication, so we omit it. From this home of the wild family we retraced our steps to Columbus with our prizes, and they can now be seen at the city lockup, this room having been obtained for them.

The man is 5 feet 4 inches in height, weighs about 165 pounds, and has a heavy coat of hair upon his entire body. The woman is 5 feet 9 inches, weighs 135 pound, and has a much heavier coat of hair upon her body than her husband. The child is apparently about 2 years old, and has but a thin coating of hair. One peculiarity of the child is its head, which very much resembles a monkey's. The man can speak a few words of English, but his wife articulates so poorly that it is impossible to understand her. From the best information we can get from the man (whom we have christened Wild Tom), we learn that he and his cousin, then mere children, ran away from their parents thirty eight years ago, and have resided in this cave since that time. To them have been born four children, all of whom have died, except the last.

Balloon Experiments in India.

The military authorities in India are taking great interest in the series of experiments now in course of being made by Mr. Percival Spencer in Central India. It has hitherto been supposed that the Montgolfier or hot-air balloon is impracticable for all tropical climates, and if so, ballooning for war purposes must necessarily be impossible in places where coal gas is unobtainable. This theory was triumphantly dispelled on the 13th of the present month, when Mr. Spencer made a successful ascent in his patent asbestos balloon at Secunderabad in presence of the garrison and a large crowd of European and native spectators. The inflation was effected by burning methylated spirit inside the balloon, which was held in place by twenty-five soldiers of the Bedford Regiment until the word was given to "let go." After rising to a considerable height, the aeronaut descended by means of his parachute, and was warmly congratulated on the success of his venture, it being considered that its value was greatly enhanced by the fact that it was achieved in a sultry climate and in a condition of great rarity of the air, the spot of the ascent being over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

England's oldest missionary society is now devoting its energies to the advancement of the spiritual condition of the Canadian Indians, and is known as the "New England Company." It dates from 1680, in which year an ordinance was passed creating a corporation of 16 persons, called "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," with power to acquire lands, goods and money. The Society had its origin in the interest created at that time by the labors and writings of John Eliot, and owed its first endowment to Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, who ordered a collection to be made in the parishes of England and Wales, thereby obtaining the sum of £12,000.

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A HORRIBLE NIGHT.

(CONCLUDED).

And now another singular manifestation took place.

A strange sound gradually broke upon our ears. We both heard it. It came from the room we had just left. It emanated somehow from the worn-eaten harpsichord there standing, which doubtless, had not given its music for many a year.

Wild, unearthly strains now rang forth from its jingling keyboard, their ghostly effect heightened by the skeleton (so it seemed to us) fingers that played thereon, which caused the rattling of its clanking mechanism, and its notes loosened by age, to shiver and rattle still more hideously, and be heard plainly above the unearthly sounds which swelled from it.

We were powerless to stir while the shadow was with us, but on its disappearance the trammels which bound us were loosened, and we felt forcibly impelled to follow it.

We traced it so far as the dreary passage, but no further, for at the entrance thereto we were again met by that indefinable influence, whatever it was, which resisted all our efforts to advance further, and we were once more enchained.

And now the music changed from a slow measure to one of quicker time; faster, faster, louder, louder, it swelled, the clattering of the worn keyboard and fleshless fingers still being heard over all, and there was a sound as of the tramp of feet near us, their steps pacing to the intervals of the time, and still the music rolled on till the air quivered, and a drowsiness crept over us, and everything flickered before us.

Then it was slowly hushed—fainter, fainter, it became, and when at last it was all but silent, lo! a darkness gradually filled the room, and by the dim light we carried we again distinguished the shadow glide noiselessly towards us, and again fade into vacancy.

Instantly on its disappearance a change as before came over all, for the last faint sounds were hushed, the tramp of the feet was stilled, and once more we were released from the entrancing spell which enchained us.

We both precipitated ourselves headlong out, and into the room whence these unearthly strains had proceeded; but it seemed as we had been but dreaming, for we could detect nothing to account for what we had just heard.

All was as before; the instrument was still fast closed as when we had left it, nor apparently had it ever been otherwise, for the very dust on it, slight though it was, was untingered, and its warped wood even now resisted every effort to open.

We certainly as yet had been completely foiled in our attempts to discover the cause of noises which were producing such wild and strange combinations of effect.

We now once more began to ascend the stair, with the intention of searching the upper rooms.

While on the stair we noticed a marked change in the conduct of the dog. Instead of running boldly on ahead, peering and prying into odd holes and corners as was his wont, and as he had done on our first entering, he now sneaked after us with a cowed look, and frequently crossed himself against us, as if fearful of being any distance from us.

We managed to complete without further our entire all the apartments upstairs, except a bedroom, and an attic which we found was to be reached through it, by a curious little staircase concealed behind what seemed to be a cupboard door.

We had just discovered this staircase, the existence of which one would never have suspected, when one of the doors shut with a crash which shook the house.

Almost immediately after, that perplexing footfall again seemed as if wearily ascending the staircase.

When it had completed what we fancied was about half the number of steps thereon, it abruptly ceased, and the singular current of air again swept past us—now, however, with such violence that the tapers which we held were both extinguished and we were left in utter darkness.

Our dog now began to run round and round whining piteously, and a strange moaning gradually filled the room, and yet now did not seem to proceed from any one

Naturally, when in the blackness into which we had been forced, all sorts of vague, undefinable fears conjured themselves upon me, and I now began to feel a terror of I knew not what, unconsciously circling the mind and paralyzing the will.

Had it not been for the animal's whining, which served in a manner to distract the attention and divert it from the supernatural to the possible, I firmly believe I should have succumbed to the mysterious influence of this now rapidly-increasing terror, and should have swooned away. As it was, however, I managed to articulate a few words to my companion. Strange, the instant I did so the moan ceased, all my fears were dispelled, and almost immediately I was sufficiently reinvigorated to be enabled to relight my taper.

I shall not easily forget my friend's looks. His features were so altered in every lineament, I hardly recognised him. He was seated on the floor, ghastly pale, literally quaking, and with a vacant stare on his countenance shocking to witness. By addressing him sharply, I managed to rouse him so far, but it was some time ere he quite recovered and became himself again.

After this we seriously discussed the expediency of leaving. Pride, however, and a fascinating curiosity alike, somehow ultimately got the better of us, and prevailed upon us, instead of acting upon this some what faint-hearted prompting, rather still to remain, and endeavour to discover, if possible, the cause or causes of these extraordinary manifestations; certainly unaccounted for so far, but whose motive power did not yet altogether despair of tracing.

Accordingly, we now directed our steps to the last apartment—the attic. When we reached the level of its door, we both distinctly saw light streaming through from underneath it.

We felt sure we had now arrived at the solution of much of what we had seen and heard, and tried to enter. The door was fast closed. Again and again we renewed our endeavours to force it, but in vain; it resisted most stubbornly, and save its rattling, which reverberated disagreeably through the gloomy passage, not a sound was to be heard.

All at once this silence was broken by a mocking laugh close beside us, and the door, which neither of us was touching, swung slowly open.

We entered feverishly, clenching our sticks. Perplexing, baffling, unfathomable!

The light from within was now withdrawn, and nothing to account for it was perceivable—all was void, still, still as death.

There were two small closets here. One we found was empty as the attic itself, the door of the other defied to the last our efforts to force it. There was something about this attic different from all the other apartments.

On entering, we felt the air perceptibly warmer, and after having remained in it for a very short time, I felt a drowsiness and numbness which I had never before experienced gradually stealing over me.

Our inability to examine this closet was much to be regretted, for the productive cause of these sensations seemed somehow to emanate from it, and gained in intensity the nearer we stood to its fast-locked door.

My friend's experiences were similar to my own, but evidently to a much less extent. But most curious was the conduct of the dog. He followed us eagerly enough into the room, but quickly sneaked out again whining. With difficulty we induced him to re-enter, when he remained quiet for a few moments, and then, as if possessed by a demon, he uttered a howl of dismay, fled down the stairs at one bound, and rushed to the farthest corner of our room, where we found him on our return, and from which hiding-place we could hardly prevail upon him to re-beckir himself.

We dared not remain more than a few minutes in the attic: there was unmistakably something exercising an effect upon our senses by which we felt we should be over-mastered ere we could remain longer.

There was now nothing for it but to return to our room, completely foiled in every attempt we had made to elucidate the mystery surrounding our singular adventures.

Of course sleep was by this time impossible, but we still determined to watch, and watch

keenly, till morning. Hardly had we begun the descent, when that detestable laugh again sounded, and the attic door slowly closed itself. I felt a creep of horror.

On regaining our room our first was to replenish the fire, which we found to be almost out.

Whether it was due to our having entered that strange attic, I do not know, but I now experienced a variety of sensations, bodily and mental, which I never before felt. It is not very easy to define them. It seemed as if I were being compelled, slowly but sternly, to give way, to yield, to some presence, influence, unknown, invisible, but terribly appreciated, manifesting itself by fears, imaginations, fancies, rushing in rapid succession through my brain in spite of the most resolute efforts to resist, to repel them; to say I do not fear; so long as my will boldly asserts itself, I can not be over-mastered: frequently I experienced sudden alternations of heat and cold, and these were invariably accompanied by a tingling sensation in the arms and tips of the fingers which one might suppose would be produced by the electric brush. Indeed, as regards this latter, at times I almost fancied I could detect a faint blue electric light emanating from the finger points—thus, however, may have been but imagination.

And now began the last act of this strange drama, the recollection of which even yet sends a thrill of terror through and through me.

We were startled by a single deep-sounding peal overhead from a large bell, by the size of which we had been particularly struck on entering. It was as if a voice had said "Prepare!"

Our dog immediately thereafter began to move restlessly about, and finally retreated to the other end of the chamber, where, panting, he slunk into a corner of the wall, and glared and growled at us in a manner so unusual and so unnatural that we could only attribute it to his being utterly beside himself with terror.

When the clang of the bell, which rolled and echoed through the lonely house, had quite died away, we again heard that strange footstep on the stairs.

Hardly had its sound ceased when another deep rolling peal broke in upon the stillness louder than before.

This was again followed by another step; and on, and on, and on tolled the bell, each succeeding stroke being louder than the last and each interval between filled up by that dreadful footfall, which was now unmistakably approaching us.

When the iron overhead had knelled forth its tenth peal, and when the tenth footsteps had died away, the flames of our tapers, through some mysterious agency, slowly began to wane and our dog rose on his haunches and howled.

At the thirteenth stroke, I glanced at F—in utter bewilderment and rising horror. I was shocked to see that he had again become deadly pale, and that his countenance again wore that painful expression of vacancy.

I shouted to him to be on his guard, when the instrument above fiercely clashed forth its final chime, and the last step, the fourteenth, sounded, completing the number on the stair.

I now rose, trembling in every limb, for I knew instinctively that something frightful was going to happen, and fixed my eyes intently on the fast closed door, expecting every instant to see it open, and a figure enter. But instead, all became still and deathly silent once more, and the taper flames, which had meanwhile still been waning, now ebbed lower and lower, until—horrible!—they were totally extinguished and we were once more left in utter blackness. Simultaneously with this happening I was dismayed to hear my companion utter a scream of fear and fall heavily on the floor evidently in a dead faint.

I felt a thrill of terror. I rushed to the window and wrenched back the shutters and opened it. I felt light of any kind, even the sight of the stars, would be a relief, and the air might revive my friend. It certainly for the time being was delightful to feel, fresh and cooling; but it produced not the desired effect on the prostrate figure, and beyond the mere momentary relief thus afforded to myself, I gained little or nothing by acting as did, for without there was a sickly moon, which by its ghastly combinations of light and shade added eerily and mystery to the scene, and thus aggravated rather than lessened

the fever of expectancy and terror into which I was now plunged.

I now turned, and in the half darkness could see my friend lying where he had fallen, all colour gone from his features, which were still pale, pale as death. I at first could hardly realise that this prostrate figure was really that of my companion, for besides the unusual pallor of his countenance, heightened and rendered yet more ghastly by the wan moonlight, which by a coincidence streamed in through the window full upon it, there was also an apparently distorted look imparted to the features from his unnatural position, which still further disguised them, rendering the a repulsive to witness and well-nigh impossible to recognise.

I was advancing towards him, when I noticed, in the dim light, what I had not observed before, that the door of the apartment was now widely opened. When could this change have been effected? It must have been simultaneously with my opening the window, and the noise then made had prevented me hearing.

But stay! I saw something else which sent a cold shiver through and through me. What, what was that, in yonder corner? I felt compelled to look: I was fascinated. There was an apparition standing, just within the room, wrapped in a cloak which completely covered it, which was even brought over as a hood, concealing its features.

I could see it distinctly now as my eyes accustomed themselves to the gloomy light. It stood there motionless: it seemed as if its stony gaze were fixed on me, and I was powerless to move further; I could only stand entranced.

And now I felt horror rising within me, horror which no effort could subdue. I tried to advance; my feet were numb and powerless. I strove to utter words of defiance, but the tongue was paralysed, and refused utterance; all energy of will was fast departing, giving place to horror, which I could feel slowly, perceptibly, sternly, creeping over me, until it seemed every atom of my frame would be enveloped in its ghastly folds. It seemed as if consciousness were being gradually withdrawn from me, as if I were being hurled into a submission to yield to this influence, agency, presence, whatever it was, which seemed to demand the utmost surrender of Will.

Fascinated, I could not but gaze at the appearance. Yes, there it stood, dimly yet distinctly visible in the sickly moonbeams. What was it prevented me advancing towards it? Was it fear? I strove to feel, to have the consciousness that it was not.

Once more I looked, it was as before, half stooping, yet withal as if its piercing gaze were still transfixing me through and through.

But now a passing cloud partially obscured the moonlight, and horror upon horror, the phantom slowly raised its arm; round, round, further round, till opposite where I stood shivering, there it stayed; it points and beckons, and I once more hear that mocking laugh.

And, behold! at the uplifting of its fingers the sable draperies by which it was enshrouded fell from off its form, and as they fell there was left disclosed to view a figure,—but, heavens! of what?—as of a corpse ghastly and wan, habited in the ceremonies of the grave, and whose features—dared I doubt the testimony of my senses; were none other than those which had been so well, so minutely described to us: the long, grey beard, the glittering snake-like eye, the features of the late dweller herein.

Shuddering, I turned from the frightful spectre to my companion; but what words,

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what pen, shall now describe the terror which I felt, when I found that for him I looked in vain, and that in the place where his prostrate form and pallid features had shortly before been outstretched, was now another form, another face which I did not recognize!

What did all this portend? was the whole a marvellous juggle? was I really the victim of an imposture wrought by others, or after all but simply the dupe of my own fevered imagination? Again I looked, and then it was that the hideous reality of what I was gazing at slowly, sternly thrust itself upon me, for the cloud now rolled away, and the face which before I had seen but dimly, now in the increasing light gradually assumed a defined outline, and, with an icy chill—how had I not recognized this before?—I saw that it was the face of a skull.

I felt, I knew, that under this fearful strain the mind must give way, that either reason must desert me or I must burst through the spell; even already were all manner of still more hideous visions rushing with a whirling turmoil through my brain.

I did burst through it; with a gigantic effort I shrieked aloud, and heard the cry reverberate through the slumberous deserted house, but as the echo died away, and all once more became as the tomb, I felt the power of will so far restored, and when I looked at the phantom still motionless by the doorway, lo! a change came over it; it became fainter, fainter, till it seemed a misty outline; it quivered violently but still faded; it was gone, dissipated into the sombre gloom, and I sank to the ground exhausted and all but unconscious.

The walls were now swayed to and fro by some mighty power; the flooring undulated as a sheet of thin ice. I lay still, quite still. How long this lethargy after such fierce excitement might have lasted, I know not, but I was aroused from it by a voice which I dared not, could not defy, which rang clear and loud in my ears:

"Arise, the doom of the dungeon grave awaits thee: dost thou still resist?"

I had to obey. Inch by inch I turned, but how—what was this through which I knew, I had all but fallen? It was a door, a trap door, but how skilfully it had been concealed! I clutched convulsively at the edge as I felt myself falling, and hung there until the fingers were numb and rigid. They relaxed their grasp, and I fell. I was stunned. When I came to myself, I could see by the fitful gleams of the fire, which had now burned up and which glanced at intervals through where I had fallen, that I was in a small chamber of massive iron, but with no doorway nor window. And now the climax of this horrible night was reached, for the light slowly waned, and the aperture overhead was slowly closed; nay, further, the very chamber itself was diminishing! Its ponderous walls were contracting, its massive roofs were descending! In a frenzy of terror I struggled to rise, but a dead weight dragged me downwards, and I could not.

By what fiendish ingenuity was all this contrived by which it seemed I was thus to be entombed, crushed in this dreadful prison, powerless to resist to fight?

The last flickering gleam disappeared all was now utter blackness—I already fancied I could feel the touch of the lowering roof and collapsing sides there was a hideous rattle—a crash and I knew the work of destruction had begun, and I saw and heard no more.

There is little more to narrate. Consciousness, mental perception, discrimination, were restored.

I heard my name pronounced by a voice, the familiar sound of which at once effected a complete transformation, and carried me back at one stride from the unreal to the real.

My eyes were closed, but I knew there was light, glorious light, streaming in upon them. I opened them and found myself lying not immured in a cramped up space with the terror of being buried in falling ruins, but on my improvised couch in our room in the haunted house, with the genial beams of the morning sun streaming through a hunk in the shutter full on my face, and I already up, and in the act of dressing. It was even so.

I had after all but been wandering in dreamland—the whole was but a wild disordered dream.

As a matter of course my first query to P was as to how he had slept.

Oh, beyond saying that he had heard

the occasional barking of a dog, he had slept remarkably well, he said.

How, then, had my slumbers been of such a disturbed nature? The cause, I think, is not inexplicable, as perhaps the following may show:—

When we arrived at the house we really did see one of the windows lighted up. How this light was produced we tried in vain to discover, but it was not until the next morning that we ascertained it most have been the reflection of a distant blast furnace which can be seen from the window in question, intensified, perhaps, by an abnormal state of the atmosphere. Its apparent disappearance had evidently been simply the result of viewing the window at different angles, for the reader will recollect that it was not from the road-way that we first noticed the change, but when at the house itself, which was some fifty or sixty yards back from the roadway. Why the possibility of its having been simply a reflection did not at the time occur to us, I can only attribute to the somewhat excited state of mind we were in, conjoined with the fact that the deception was undoubtedly rendered more difficult of detection by the fancied removal of the light.

Then, again, in the course of our examination of the various rooms (itself calculated to influence the dream, and to which one at least of its wild vagaries—the fancied hearing of the harpichord—may clearly be traced) it will be remembered that we disinterred, under peculiar circumstances, that horrid death's head and skull.

The suddenness with which these hideous objects were forced upon us naturally produced a nervous agitation, which was certainly not lessened by our dog having shortly before and afterwards burst forth into a violent howling, the cause for which we tried in vain to discover.

Add to all this the strange tale we had just heard of the house, and the fact that for some days previously I had been devoting my leisure hours to the study of a work on the "Influence of the Imagination upon the Mind and W.," that, as a variation from this, I had been reading a somewhat sensational publication on the horrors of the Inquisition; and that, as a change from both, I had been diligently perusing a volume on the subject of animal magnetism, which volume, after treating in a comprehensive manner of the crude theories of Gassner, Mesmer, and Puységur, and deducing therefrom various inferences, concluded with a minute description of some of the marvellous feats achieved by the later disciples of these discoverers, as the astounding principle of the od-force came to be, if not understood, at least acknowledged—add, I say, all these circumstances together, and I think it will be admitted that my mind was to some extent predisposed to indulge in the wildest flights of imagination, even while under the influence of "Nature's sweet restorer."

But this was not all for, as the sleeping accommodation in our apartment was unfortunately of small dimensions, I had, as best I could, to improvise a couch upon three chairs, making the hearthrug do duty as a mattress and my great coat as a blanket.

The consequence of this delightful internal and external combination was, that when I awoke, it was under the apprehension of an apoplectic fit caused by an apparent attempt to stand upside down.

What wonder, then, under all these predisposing influences of mental bias and uncomfortable situations, that my night thoughts should have been of a somewhat different nature from those of the late Dr. Young, or indeed that they should not have taken somewhat of the form I have tried to describe?

So ends this tale.

Those who desire to see one ghost or several cannot do better than act as I did: while to those who would prefer to sleep quietly in a house, haunted or otherwise, I would say don't previously and simultaneously study exciting works on the Middle Ages and Electro-biology, and books on the Powers of the Imagination and Will—don't listen to strange tales about the building you are going to inhabit, especially when such tales are related by superstitious country people, and are sure, therefore, to be exaggerated—don't eat an indigestible meal and walk out immediately afterwards—don't take a dog with you unless you can rely upon his being proof against howling when there's nothing to howl at—and don't persistently and ineffectively endeavour to wrench open a fast closed drawer unless you have the

If, courteous reader, you do none of these things, I think I will undertake to promise that neither will you have any of the strange adventures I had in that lonely house.

THE ART OF WAR.

The Effects of Smokeless Powder in Future Battles.

To-day the principal powers all possess their smokeless powder. The Germans tried theirs in the manoeuvres of last year, and we are going to do the same thing next autumn. The practical study of this marvellous product is no less important than its discovery. A note worthy point is the physiological action exercised upon the soldiers by the results of the combustion of this powder. Although it makes no smoke, it nevertheless emits gases whose invisibility does not hinder their action upon the organism. In some armies the men have been considerably troubled by the emanations of this powder. With us no such effect has as yet been noticed; but we cannot say for a certainty that our powder is harmless in this respect, until we have experimented with rapid firing by large numbers of men, as in the case of manoeuvres.

As to the consequences of the use of the new powder from a tactical point of view, the thing which appears best established for an infantry engagement is that the absence of smoke will render the combat more murderous at short range and less murderous at long range. When the two contending forces become close enough to see each other mutually, the smoke forms between them a curtain which conceals them from each other, and obliges them to fire almost at random. But when the distance is great enough to render a man scarcely discernible, the smoke on each side facilitates the direction of the fire. It is clear that with the repeating arms, whose introduction accompanies that of the smokeless powder, a combat at short range must bring about in a few moments the annihilation of one of the two forces, if not of both. Such a close engagement can only occur when one of the two parties becomes sufficiently broken to be unable to hinder the advance of the other. The decisive attack must be prepared by a combat engaged and sustained at a greater distance than any that we have witnessed up to the present.

The preparation of the attack becoming, therefore, more necessary than ever, the artillery, which this preparation especially concerns, must gain in importance. Its fire, moreover, will be greatly facilitated both by the absence of its own smoke and the suppression of that of the infantry. It will be easier for it to aid up to the last moment its own troops in the assault of an enemy's position, because the absence of smoke will enable it to distinguish friends from foes.

The general direction of operations will become more difficult. The absence of smoke and the reduced noise of the detonations will scarcely allow of marching by the sound of the cannon. It will be necessary, in order to get an idea of the situation at a distance, to examine it directly from some elevated point. This will render still more necessary the use of artificial observatories and of captive or even free balloons. The fields of battle that smoke will no longer cover will

also be more easy to examine from an elevation. With the new explosives future battles must necessarily be more decisive when the troops become closely engaged. Retreat will be something impossible for the defeated. Shattered by the projectiles of the conquerors, whose fire will no longer be, as in times past, masked by its own smoke, the runaways would risk certain destruction, and the smallest defeat must change into a route, if not a disaster. Hence the important fact that at the moment of going into action the commanders of an army and the officers of all degrees must feel more keenly the increased weight of their responsibilities. The chances of success will, therefore, be with those who will be best able to support these responsibilities; so that, in fine, character will remain more than ever the chief quality to be looked for among the officers of all grades.

Orders for Russian Rails.

There have never been such large orders for rails from the Russian Government as at the present moment for the ensuing year, and these are all being given to home manufacturers by the Minister of War. The Jastovo line to the Austrian frontier is to be built on a double line of rails to be laid down on the Kursk-Kiev line. In fact all southwestern lines are to be furnished with double rails. The strategical line to Petrosk, on the Caspian, is also to be commenced in the course of the year, and probably some progress will be made as regards the great Siberian line by preparations for building the important strategical section in the Trans-Baikal from Stretensk, which is insisted upon as a necessity by the Governor General of the Amoor province. What is considered as rather ominous is that all the new and double lines in European Russia for which orders are now being given out are to be finished by 1892, when the rest of Russia's military reorganization is expected to be completed.

"That man is rich who is contented with what he has." Jay Gould is steeped in poverty, then.

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We have received some consignments that the owners feel obliged to close out and only want them sold at prices that will make them sell. We have put them on our bargain tables through centre of the store and are selling them rapidly. They consist of nine lines of Albums, price from 5c up to \$1.00, and worth from 25c to \$5. A large lot of fine Vases at about one-third their value, and dolls at one-quarter to one-third value. Call for or send and get a catalogue and price list and you will be able to see the difference between our price and what you have been paying.

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St. Mary of the Angels ;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

CHAPTER II.

The superintendent was going down the line on inspection and took Hardy out with him on a special. They had a clear track, and made the run of fifty miles to Santa Maria in a trifle over two hours. The last five miles was all down grade, by a high divide to the point where the track crossed the broad valley of the little river on a long trestle. At the southern end of the trestle was the tank. The pump was down below, beside the stream, and hidden by the high bank. Three or four hundred yards further down the line was the station—a little frame building, painted dark brown. It looked hopelessly out of place, and desperately hot and uncomfortable under the blazing Mexican sun. Away to the left, on the bluff above the stream, was the town—a cluster of shabby adobe houses, built irregularly about the old chapel. It was a dusty, dirty, dreary-looking place, without a shrub or tree for shelter against the fierce heat of the sun. The only visible signs of life were a few naked children bathing in the river and some ill-favored dogs drowsing beside the houses in narrow strips of shade. A great plain, covered with cactus growth and studded with *pita* palms, stretched away toward the distant mountains in the east—the very realization of arid desolation. Across this plain went a yellow, dusty streak, the trail leading to the mines. An American company had bought these mines, and in a desultory fashion was working them. It was for the encouragement of the American company—it needed encouragement badly—that the station at Santa Maria had been established.

Hardy was not as much discouraged by the looks of his prospective home as a man fresh from the States would have been. He had lived in some pretty hard places during the past three years, and he had come to know that in towns quite as ill-looking as Santa Maria was there were possibilities of comparative comfort. Like all men who have become familiar with the Southwest, the sight of water cheered him—for running water is a mighty source of solace in a hot land. The refreshing waters which water can work were slow at Santa Maria by a delicate green expanse of a dozen acres or so stretching along the lower slopes of the hill-sides beyond the town—the cultivated ground that drew its life from a great *acequia* fed from the river. It did Hardy's heart good to see this bit of green.

The engine slowed up as it neared the bottom of the long down grade, and stopped beside the tank. The gauge showed that the tank was full, and the pump was at work. In a moment the pump stopped, and then a man came out from the engine-house, and climbed up the steep bank. When he got on level ground he walked toward them in a slouching fashion that was in keeping with his surly manner when he got near enough to speak. He was a tall man, heavily and strongly built. His black hair and beard, his dark eyes and dark skin, gave him the look of a Mexican.

"What the devil—" he began, and then stopped as he saw the superintendent.

"What are you running that pump for when your tank's full?" the superintendent asked sharply.

"I ain't runnin' it. It's stopped. I've just filled her. If I'd run after she was full there'd be water under the escape, wouldn't there? Well, there ain't any. Look for yourself."

It struck Hardy that the man was very eager to make this point in his own favor. If the same thought struck the superintendent he kept it to himself.

"All right," he said. "But you burn a lot of wood, all the same." And then he said with a touch of that odd formalism which certain classes of American prefer to each other as "gentlemen," and to adopt on occasion ceremonious forms of address by no means in keeping with their own speech: "Mr. William Barwood, would you make you acquainted with Mr. John Hardy? Hardy is the gentleman who has charge of the station, you see. You'll find a cot in the inside room. There's a basin there, too, and I'll send one of these boys down to get you a bucket of water."

Barwood looked sharply at Hardy for a moment; then, drooping his eyes, he stumbled up to him and held out his hand.

"Shake," he said.

Hardy shook.

There was a gratifying friendliness in this demonstration; but it did not prevent Hardy from entertaining the possibly unreasonable notion that what this man really wanted to do was to stick a knife into him.

"As for makin' things pleasant for Mr. Hardy," Barwood answered, "or for anybody else in this hell-hole, I can't say that the prospect's promisin'. But I'll do what I can for him to make it a little less stinkin'. S'pose we go up to the station an' I'll turn things over to him—though beside twelve blank tickets and th' way-book and a kerosene lamp I guess there ain't anything in partic'lar t' turn."

"You'll bunk in th' station, Mr. Hardy. I s'pose. I did at first. Now I've got a hook over in th' town. You can feed with us if you want to—an' I guess my wife won't be sorry to have somebody t' talk to. She can't get th' talkin' hang of th' language, she says—but I guess her real trouble is she won't try. I got a teacher, you see, an' I learned good enough t' talk all I wanted in six months. You speak th' language, I s'pose."

"I can worry along," Hardy answered.

"Oh, you" be all right, then—at least as right as anybody can be in such a hole as Santa Maria. I don't know where I'd find a white man's dog, let alone a white man, that 'd stay here if he wasn't paid to. Come along t' th' station, now, an' we'll attend t' th' transfer. An' then we'll go over t' th' house an' have somethin' t' eat. I can't promise you much, but it'll be th' best that t' be had about here." Turning to one of the group of boys collected about the locomotive, he added: "Hello, there, you Jose, anda a la Senory y dele yo tener el Senor Superintendente a otro caballero para la comida."

The superintendent declined this hospitable offer. He was going farther down the line, he said, and could not stop.

Hardy rapidly was arriving at the conclusion that in sizing this man up he had made a mistake. From the standpoint of the frontier his manners were the embodiment of politeness. He was frank and he was hospitable. It was a pleasant surprise, moreover, to find that here was an American woman in the city. Excerpting casual talk with the *Granger*, who did not count, Hardy scarcely had said a dozen words to a woman during the whole of the past three years. Altogether, he found the prospect of a bearable existence in Santa Maria enlarging in a very satisfactory manner.

Unless some row broke out about the waste of wood at the pump, which he was beginning to think was not likely, there was no reason why he should not be fairly comfortable in this Mexican town. The presence of an abnormal number of hard characters did not bother him. Having that lefty contempt for Greaser toughs that characterizes the frontier American, he was not at all afraid that he could not hold his own. All that he would have to guard against were knife-thrusts in the back and shots in the dark. He had been successful at various times in the past in taking precautions against annoyances of this nature, and he felt reasonably confident that he could continue to take adequate precautions against them in the future.

The locomotive watered at the tank and came on to the station. When the transfer of valuable property was completed the superintendent entered his car, and the special pulled out for the southward. Hardy and Barwood watched it sliding away down the track, the steam rising faintly in the hot, dry air and a long trail of black smoke hanging almost motionless above the lines of rails.

"I'll go over t' th' house an' see about dinner," Barwood said. "I guess my wife understood what Jose told her, but she ain't sharp about th' language, an' maybe she didn't. There'll be nothin' t' do till the 4:10 comes, so you can fix yourself. You've got blankets, I see, an' you'll find a cot in th' inside room. There's a basin there, too, an' I'll send one of these boys down to get you a bucket of water."

"I'll come back for you in half an hour or so, or send one of th' boys over. It'll be a little less like hell for hotness in here if you'll open that back door. I don't believe you've ever been in a hotter place an' Santa Maria. I never have. But there's one good thing about it, it's always cool at night—gets cool right away after th' sun sets, when th' wind begins t' blow down from th' hills."

Barwood walked off through the hot sunshine. Hardy carried his roll of blankets, and the battered black oilcloth bag that held the remainder of his personal belongings, into the inner room, opened the back door, and tried to fancy that the waves of heat which slowly drifted in at one door and out at the other made an atmosphere a trifle less baking than that of the solid heat outside. He seated himself on a rickety chair and lighted a pipe. Presently a boy brought the promised bucket of water. It was lukewarm; but washing even in lukewarm water was refreshing. In the course of half an hour the boy came again and said that dinner was ready. Hardy closed and locked the doors and followed him. The ground was hot beneath his feet. The weight of the hot air through which he walked oppressed him. Over the broad stretch of cactus-covered plain the rays of heat reflected from the ground rose shimmering.

The boy led the way to an adobe house that stood beside the partly ruined chapel. It had been the priest's house in the time when a priest had ministered regularly in Santa Maria, and stood upon the very site of the little hut in which the first of the Mission Fathers had dwelt three centuries and more before. It was larger and in better repair than the houses near by, and it possessed the further dignity of a small window, set high up in the side wall, and protected by wooden bars. As he passed beneath this window Hardy distinctly heard these words: "—an' if you open your fool mouth an' let out a single word I'll knife you!"

This curious utterance fell upon his ears so suddenly that he had turned the corner of the house before he fairly had grasped the meaning of it. "Por aqui, Senor," said the boy, pointing to the open door. The sound of his footsteps must have been heard inside, for as he reached the doorway, Barwood met him.

"Hot enough for you comin' across? Dinner's ready. My wife's just cleanin' herself. Here she is now. Mr. Hardy, let me make you acquainted—"

"What th' h—l's th' matter with you now?"

This abrupt break in Mr. Barwood's formal introduction, and still more abrupt transition to his customary vigorous colloquial manner, was not without cause: for the woman advancing toward them from the inside room, whom Hardy, coming from the glaring sunshine into the scantily lighted house, saw but dimly gave a cry of fright or surprise, and then, pressing her hands upon her breast, sank down into a chair. A moment Hardy saw clearly, but he did not recognize her. Then she looked up at him and spoke:

"Don't you know me, John?"

Her eyes had not changed, nor had her voice though the tone of sorrow in it was strange to him. It was Mary Wade.

"Mary! You!" was all that he could say.

"Well, there don't seem t' be no very drivin' need of my intrudin' in you," Barwood struck in. "Knowed each other back in th' States, I s'pose. Like enough you're th' man Mary told me she shook just before she come West. I didn't pay much attention t' th' matter when she told me about it, for I got her, all th' same; an' I sha'n't pay much attention to it now, for I've got her still. An' I won't say which of us has th' most t' be thankful for, either. Mary, when you think you look like a stuck pig long enough, just get up, will you, an' let's have dinner."

Hardy felt the blood come up into his face, and his hands closed into fists, but a look from Mary made him restrain his strong desire to knock Barwood down and then kick him.

"It—it was such a surprise, Will," she said, speaking in a humble tone that increased Hardy's pugnacity. "I never expected to see Mr. Hardy out here, you know; and his coming in suddenly that way upset me. I'm all right now"—she was very white, and she spoke slowly and with difficulty. "We'll have dinner right away. I'm sorry I kept you

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

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waiting." She walked, a little unsteadily, to the stove that stood in one corner of the room, and thence brought the dinner to the table.

"It's not much of a dinner, Mr. Hardy," she said with an obvious effort to make talk, "not what we used to have at home; here's not much of anything down here that seems like home. Have you heard from home lately?"

The shock of this meeting had been more severe to Hardy, even, than it had been to Mary. Save that his life had roughened him a little, she saw him unchanged. But the change that Hardy saw in her was a pitiable one. All her freshness and look of youth had gone from her. She was pale and thin and worn. He had thought of her always as the very embodiment of neatness, but now her dress was careless, and her beautiful gold brown hair was knotted anyhow upon her head. Seeing her thus, Hardy found added to the moral wrench given him by this sudden rousing of a sorrow that he had believed was dead, the keen pain that came of knowing that only through bitter trials of flesh and spirit could she have been so changed. And there was great pathos to him in her dwelling so strongly on that word "home." It was with difficulty that he could control himself sufficiently to speak. But he perceived that she was right in forcing commonplace talk, and he tried to help her. Barwood maintained an ugly silence.

"It isn't much like the Wyoming Valley down here, and that's a fact," Hardy said, trying to speak with heartiness. "But I've been around in these parts so long now—in New Mexico and Arizona, you know—that I've got pretty well used to it. And I've got to liking the Mexicans, too. They're lazy, I know; but there's something pleasant about them, for all. You ought to learn the language. It makes all the difference in getting along with them when you know the language. Your husband tells me that he got a teacher. Now, why don't you get a teacher too?"

Mrs. Mary answered, speaking slowly. "My husband did get a teacher—" She stopped suddenly, as Barwood shot a look at her across the table. Hardy did not see this by-play. Then she went on: "Well, there's a good deal of what you say, and maybe I'll try, but I'm not good for much at study nowadays, I'm afraid. I don't believe that even Squire Rambo would think that I was fit to be a school-mistress now, Mr. Hardy." She tried to smile as she said this, but her lips quivered.

"What good beans these are"—Hardy was rather desperate—"They're as good as the Mexicans cook them. *Prijoles* are about the best thing the Mexicans turn out, according to my mind. You oughtn't to call yourself stupid when you can cook beans so well, Ma—Mrs. Barwood."

"She didn't cook 'em," Barwood interposed. "One of our—Mexican friend of ours sent 'em in to us. Mary's not a bad cook, but only a Mexican can cook beans as good as these. Take some more."

"I'm glad, any way, Mrs. Barwood, that you've got some Mexican friends," Hardy went on. "It must make things ever so much pleasanter for you, even if you don't speak the language. Their sending things in this way is just like the Mexicans. They certainly are a goodnatured lot, just as I was saying."

Mary was about to reply when another look from her husband—Hardy saw it this time—made her remain silent. There was an awkward pause.

Hardy was sitting with his back to the door. Mary sat facing it. Suddenly he saw that she was growing pale. At the same moment he heard a footstep and then some one called—the voice was very sweet and soft—"Guillermo!"

Hardy turned involuntarily, and the sight of the woman whom he saw standing in the doorway fairly took away his breath. She was one of those magnificent creatures who not infrequently are met with among the common people of Mexico; a typical descendant of the sturdy Spaniards of the sixteenth century (very different from the degenerate race that peoples Spain to-day) and of the softer race whom the Spaniards conquered in Mexico. She was tall, vigorous, stately; but her strong, free action of body and limb was full of grace, and her stately air was softened by a seducing tenderness. As she stood there in the doorway—partly in shadow and partly in sunlight—the large, beautiful lines of her figure standing out sharply against the glaring background of the sun-bathed *adobe* wall of the old church, one bare arm half raised, her body partly turned as she started back on seeing a stranger, she seemed to Hardy less a real woman than a woman in a bewildering dream.

The vision lasted only for a moment. "Go now, Juana," Barwood said in Spanish; and added "Later."

When Hardy turned again Mary's face no longer was white; it was red as fire. She rose from the table hastily and went into the inner room. Barwood and Hardy finished their meal in silence. As they got up from the table Barwood said: "Try a cigarito? They're pretty good ones."

"No, I'm obliged. I guess I'll stick to a pipe," Hardy answered.

"Yes, I suppose that's the way you feel now. I used to feel that way about cigars myself. But now that I've fairly got into the way of 'em I don't care much to smoke any thing else. It's a good plan when you're in a foreign country to try to do what's done by the folks that live there. I can't go all the Mexican ways, but I try to take in as many of 'em as I can."

"Yes," Hardy answered dryly, "so I see."

Barwood gave him a sharp look, and for a moment seemed disposed to give him a sharp answer, but he thought better of it.

"I'm comin' over t' the station after awhile, an' then we can have a talk an' settle things. Things is pretty much as I left 'em at the station when I moved out, an' I guess you'll find what you want. But if there's anything you want that ain't there, let me know; it's likely I won't have it either—but I might. We don't go in much for style down here, an' you'll have to get along the best you can."

Hardy was puzzled by this fresh display of friendliness. It bothered him a little, too, for the thing that he most wanted to do just then was to get Barwood off somewhere and mash him into a jelly and then shoot him. It was annoying to find this generous intention checked in the way that Barwood was checking it. Nobody feels like thrashing a man, still less like sending a bullet through him when he really seems to be trying, according to his rights, to be amiable. Hardy only could hope that this ill-timed display of good will would disappear when they were alone together. As he lighted his pipe and turned to leave the house Mary came into the room again. She had regained her composure, and when she spoke it was in a quiet, even voice.

"Will tells me that you are going to board

with us, Mr. Hardy. You'll find it pretty poor board, I'm afraid; but I don't feel as I had about it as I would if I didn't know that it'll be better than anybody else here can give you—at least, I mean, it'll be more like what you're used to getting in the States." There was a touch of apology in her tone, and a half-deprecating look toward her husband as she made this correction. "We have supper at six."

She came close to him as she spoke, and as her husband turned to pick up a box of matches from the table she pressed a scrap of crumpled paper into his hand. When he opened this paper he read: "Don't have words with him. It will only make things worse for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Making Play of Work.

In England a company has been formed for the manufacture of toys, which were formerly imported into the country at the almost incredibly large sum of \$2,000,000. When it was learned that most of the work of manufacturing the toys was accomplished by little children, who enjoyed their employment so much that they preferred it to play, this company established their manufactory in the midst of a crowded district of Birmingham, and advertised to teach children the work free of cost. As soon as the people learned of this offer, women and children besieged the place in such numbers that the street was literally packed with applicants, and the police had great difficulty to force their way through the throng.

The children after learning how to do the work are allowed to take it to their homes, and, surrounded by new comforts and luxuries purchased by the proceeds of their fascinating employment, amid the refining influences of home hundreds of busy little hands are employed in delightful work. To call out the most intelligent workers in the trade the company issued a list of prizes to be competed for by the children under 12 years of age and awarded to the child who shall construct the best outfit for the company's paper doll. The largest prize is £5, the smallest £3, and other prize lists are to follow presently.

Gave Her Life to Save Her Dog.

On Thursday, a week ago, as the lightning express passed through the suburban town of Oak Park, near Chicago, Mollie O'Brien, a young girl in the employ of Mrs. R. H. Salter, attempted to cross the track. She was accompanied by a Scotch collie who was a great pet in the family. The young girl reached the opposite side in safety and turned to see where the dog had gone. Seeing that the dog was in imminent danger of being run over she started to save him. The crowd on the opposite platform screamed for her to go back, but she heeded not her own danger, and as she reached the steps slipped and fell, just as the great monster rushed past. The train did not crush her, but the driver on the wheel cut the engine broke her neck instantly.

People rushed to her assistance, but it was too late. Placing her on the platform kind hands and curiosity seekers crowded around her, but the great noble dog she had tried to save kept all away from her. Placing himself by her side he licked her poor lacerated hands, and in every way tried to awaken her. No one dared touch her, and it until an old friend of the family came would he leave her for a moment. Miss O'Brien was twenty-three years old, and was born and raised in St. Louis.

How Some Kings Died.

Kings have died in mean fashion, *pellida mors* assuming the shape of indigestion. Did not a dish of lampreys kill Henry I.? and was not overeating fatal to George I.? "Pallid death pressing upon him," as Thackeray says, "in his traveling chariot on the Hanover road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman?" Both Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, and his son, Maximilian I., died through excessive indulgence in melons. Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, died of leprosy. Philip III. of Spain, of the etiquette which left him to be roasted before a flaming brazier because the official could not be found whose special function it was to remove it, and Stanislas Lecinski, King of Poland, of the terrible burns he received through his dressing gown accidentally taking fire.

QUEENSLAND'S WONDERFUL WELL.

It Throws a Fountain of Water a Hundred Feet Into the Air.

The artesian well at Charleville, on the Warrego River, Queensland, is the newest and most remarkable instance of the natural resources of marvellous Australia. The well is situated quite near the railway station, but in one of the most unlikely places that could have been imagined. Who on earth would have expected that this artesian well, which is the best in the world, or at all events yields the largest amount of water, was sunk on the top of a sandy hummock? Yet so it is. The site was chosen by the hydraulic engineer, J. B. Henderson, for reasons only known to himself, but which have been amply justified.

Crossing the swampy flat leading to this hummock, attention is drawn to a wide channel cut through the drift sand, and it is explained that the outflow of water had done this ere the apparatus for controlling it had been obtained. The bore itself looked a harmless enough kind of thing. It might have been taken for a rather high standpipe placed in an idiotic position in the bottom of a hole sixty or seventy yards long, thirty broad, and ten feet deep. But a moment's observation showed that the harmless-looking standpipe had made the hole. As a matter of fact, the water when it was tapped rushed up in such volume that it washed away the sand around the bore in a few minutes and cleaned out the foundations of the derrick and threatened to wreck the whole contrivance. If they had not got a plug in it pretty soon, it would have washed Charleville into the Warrego. On top of the pipe there has been fixed a right-angle bend, so that the water can be turned in any direction.

When the visitors arrived at the bore it was seen that the water was trickling in a tiny stream from the bend into the thirsty sand below. But in a few minutes the scene was changed. Mr. Woodley of the Queensland Boring Company, which sunk the well, opened the valve, and with every turn of the wheel the thin stream thickened and deflected from its former perpendicular course. Gradually the volume of water increased and began to roar through the pipe almost like steam blowing from a safety valve. Every moment the sight became more interesting, and when the valve was fully opened it was a spectacle to wonder at. Rushing from the bore and by its own force ejecting itself for a distance of thirty feet in a horizontal direction came a column of water, white as milk in appearance. In a second or two it churned up the sand before it into coffee-colored mud.

This was the first singular thing noticed, for the falling white torrent, before it, as it seemed, the brown mud produced a whimsical effect like the pouring of milk and coffee into the same cup at the same time. But it did not last long. In a very few moments a little pond was formed, which filled up until the level of the surrounding ground was reached, and then there was seen at first a rivulet, and then a stream, rushing down the hillside. When it reached the well fills a 400-gallon tank in thirteen seconds it can be readily understood that all this did not take long. The valve was next closed and the right-angle bent removed. On the second opening of the valve there was witnessed a spectacle at once beautiful and majestic, and which was well worth the long journey from Brisbane to see. The water rose in a snowy column like a stalagmite of wool to a height of thirty feet, and descended in a hissing torrent so heavy and close as to quite obscure the pipe itself. It was a marvel of beauty, and a picture that will never be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed it.

Subsequently a nozzle, one inch in diameter, was attached to the pipe, and when the water was turned on it ascended in an even jet to a height of nearly one hundred feet, returning to earth in a heavy shower, or dissipating in mist clouds through which the rainbows played with an effect that was as beautiful as it was wonderful. It seemed that the visitors would never tire of looking at it. They simply stood and gazed, hardly saying a word, for in the presence of this marvellous phenomenon speech seemed poor and commonplace and the mind simply gave itself up to childlike wonderment.

A regular tail-bearer—a dog.

A Bear Story.

The prospect of a green prairie was so pleasing after my long experience of the dark woodland, and the sun was so hot, that I determined, through the bridle-rein upon the ground, which was the same as telling my horse in English that he was free to graze, but was not to stray more than a few yards from my side. I lighted my pipe, and sat within the shadow of a large black walnut tree, with my back against the trunk. Within a couple of feet to my right, the ground sloped steeply to the grassy prairie below; to my left was a small belt of tall hickories, which grew in the midst of a dense clump of bushes. I had been smoking perhaps ten minutes when suddenly I heard my horse give a snort of alarm. I looked to my left and beheld him quivering with terror, close to the thick undergrowth. Wondering what had startled him so, I was on the point of springing up when I caught sight of something, just inside the bushes right in front of me that brought my heart, as the saying is, into my mouth. What I saw were two bright eyes and a nose prominent, mobile, black, shining. Dangerous symptoms these of a bear. Keeping my glance riveted on those two gleaming eyes, and not daring to move my body, I left with my left hand for my rifle, which was luckily lying within reach, and brought it carefully across my knees. I kept my pipe in my mouth for the simple reason that I was afraid to lift my hand to remove it. Slowly, and with the least possible movement, I got the rifle in both hands, and then without moving my legs, I twisted my body half round. I hesitated for one dreadful moment, and then, quick as lightning, up went my gun and—out rushed the bear. The eye is quicker than the hand. I saw his shining flank clear of the bushes before I could touch the trigger. Crack—crack—a huge blackro mass almost upon me. I am rolling, self-sil flung, down the steep slope like a barrel, voting consciously guarding my precious pipe—a glance upward from the long grass below, and a vision of the bear lying with its head on the top of the slope—dead. That was all there was to it. He measured close upon five feet in length, weighed three hundred and ninety-six pounds, and my feet are upon his skin as I write this.

Duelling in Germany.

The Emperor of Germany has his faults, but his resolution to put down the practice of duelling merits the warmest praise. Of course there is really no difference between the duelist and the murderer, except that the former more frequently kills in cold blood. But it has taken people a good many centuries to learn even this elementary truth, and in Germany, which is not the least enlightened of nations, it has been difficult to drive the fact home. The dullest man in the Fatherland understands, however, what cashiering an officer means, and it may safely be concluded that the punishment which the Emperor proposes to inflict upon the challenger will have the effect of stamping out the duellists in the German army.

Tutti Frutti is a fashionable brand of chewing gum, dear to the hearts and teeth of thousands of American and Canadian girls. Sold everywhere 5 cents.

CURE, CURE, CURE
Dyspepsia and Diabetes
BY DIETETICS.

"OUR NATIONAL FOODS" is the trade mark for a class of Hygienic preparations that will cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Diabetes when medicine fails. Hippocrates some 2,300 years ago traced back the origin of a class of dietetics. Our Dedicated Wheat, Gluten Flour, Patent Harley and Baravenna Milk Food will agree with any infant or invalid and nourish them into health and strength. Everth mouthful will prove effective. A physician who passed 8 oz of sugar a day was cured of diabetes by our Gluten Flour. An infant 14 months old was cured in three days. The infants from which these foods are made are treated exactly the light of all the scientific progress of dietetics by converting the starch into dextrose, etc. Ask for them, use them and be convinced. The trade supplied.

The Ireland National Food Co. S. T.
109 Cottingham St. ALIST.
134 to 143 Marlborough Ave. COLLEGE

The Poet's Corner

Silent Gift.

Thou half-way up the long steep hill of Fame;
I at its foot, obscure, well-nigh unknown,
Having no home, no wealth, to call my own,
Seeing life's toil stretch on through years the same—
What could I give that now thou canst not claim?

The Old Home.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms bending o'er it,
To homestead with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it,

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn;
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly flitting shadows
On distant lands of rustling, ripening corn.

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting,

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said;
Come clinging round her neck with loving, quick caresses,

O, happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest!
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and glorious heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss we knew when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even,

Once there lived a little maiden, who was very sweet and fair,
Who had eyes like purple pansies, and long, sunny, flowing hair;

And it chanced she lay a-sleeping in the garden once in June,

For her youth to vanish quickly, and to be a woman grown,
That the prince might kneel before her, and might claim her for his own.

And in part her wish was answered, for there came to her one day
One who offered wealth and station, and indisputable sway;

But I've heard a sad-eyed woman stands alone at close of day,
And her heart is grieved and troubled, let men praise her as they may;

And I think, O friends, 'twere better, in this journey here of ours,
Not to dream of power and riches, nor of stately domes and towers—

Little Joe's Oradle.

Yer meen it all rite, Mr. Preechir,
An' I thank yer fur what ye have sed;
An' I s'pose you air right, but recetur
Can't smile when his heart is led.

Yer say little Joe is with Jesus,
That 's wicked 'n rash to rebel,
An' I know that yer say jist t' ense us
That he mite a groved up jist fer hell.

I thank yer fer comin' ter see us,
But ye can't see the thum in our way;
An' yer don't say a word that'll free us
From the grief that is on us to-day.

Her poor heart is brakin' with sorrow,
She hes sot there all day 'n all nite,
An' she won't come away, coz tomorrow
She knows he'll be put out o'sight.

I don't see no good in yer talkin',
Nor see what's the use fer ter pray,
When all that is left o' the baby
Is only a lump o' cold clay.

If yer can't chirk up little Jinny,
An' git her away from her dead,
An' start the hot tears from her eyelids,
What's almost burnt out o' her hed;

Now, stop, sir! she air not rebellious,
That kind o' harrangin' won't do;
She allus ben meek 'n forgivin,
An' God knows her better than you.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew,
Just listen to this;—
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,

And I with it, helpless, here, I fall in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept alone, crept along, nigher and nigher,

And I with it, helpless, here, I fall in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire

Oh! how I shouted, "For heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.

"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat

Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as neater it crept.

Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat

That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet.
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then crash
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—

Some overflashed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted and cried, and hurrahd! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the lack wall

Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

To see Robin now; he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?

—[Constance Fenimore Woolson.

A Church of Righteousness.

In the dark ages the clergy could do what they list, and the laity would do what they were bid.

But times have changed. Now with the progress of education, now when the results of science and literary research are brought within the reach of the masses,

ORANGE SYRUP.—Orange syrup is so easily made and so convenient to have on hand for various uses, that it is strange more housekeepers do not make it.

Just listen to this;—
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, here, I fall in my view,

How to cure Indigestion. Chew Adams' Tutti Tutti Gum before and after meals,

When pride leads the van, poverty sometimes brings up the rear—arrear guard, as it were.

The Waterons Engine Works Co. of Brantford have just completed for Duncan McCormack of Montreal, at Casselman, Ont., one of the most complete saw mills in Eastern Ontario.

"PECTORIA" will cure that cold. "PECTORIA" has no equal. "PECTORIA" loosens the phlegm. "PECTORIA" put up in 25c bottles. "PECTORIA" the people's remedy.

R. JORDAN, PLUMBER, STEAM - AND - GAS - FITTER, BELL HANGING, ETC.

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DYEING

LADIES' DRESSES DYED OR CLEANED WITHOUT BEING TAKEN TO PIECES. Gentlemen's Clothing Dyed, Cleaned and neatly pressed.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Advertisement for watches featuring an image of a watch and text: 'This offer is good for 60 days and is made to assist in securing good agents to introduce our watches and jewelry. We require everyone ordering, to cut this advertisement out and send with their order, giving locality and make sales from our mammoth retail store which is sent free with every watch. On receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps, as a guarantee of good faith, we will send the watch to you by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented you can pay the balance \$5.00 and take the watch otherwise you pay nothing. The case is warranted solid gold in a composition which can not be told from pure gold, or by experts, it is richly engraved with solid case, gold band and crown imported French crystal and is warranted for 20 years. The movement is a genuine imported expansion balance, quick train, hand fitted adjusted and regulated. Fully warranted with full guarantee. This watch will last lifetime. This is your last chance to get a \$50 watch for \$25.00 and one free if you call C. CASANI'S WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 62 & 71 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont. Whichever goods are to be sent by mail, cash in full must accompany the order, as no goods can be sent by mail, C.O.D. Where cash in full accompanies the order, we send free a fine gold plated chain.

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LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 16 pages, issued about the 20th of each month...

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO. printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada...

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

The pig that gets into clover thinks the sword mightier than the pen.

A Life Record.

"I had been troubled for about 35 years with biliousness and liver complaint, and after using about three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I feel entirely relieved, and have not had an attack for two years."

JOSIAH GAMEY, Matwell, Ont.

A member of the Bar association - A Rocky Mountain grizzly.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

It may be a stationary house and yet have a circulating library.

Remarkable Cure of an Ulcer.

Sirs, Two years ago I had an ulcer on my ankle. Knowing Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good blood purifier, I got a bottle and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment, and after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured, and recommend B. B. B. everywhere.

Mrs. W. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.

An interesting will case that of Will Tell.

When suffering from Liver Complaint, or from the effects of malaria poison, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Its action is quick and thorough, and relief and cure prompt.

Avoid Appearances—A worthy gentleman, having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits.

The brass-band man is always ready to go out on foot.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief.

Many a man who can't sing a note has great capacity for making things hum.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y., writes:—"I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have had Asthma for eleven years, have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed which I had not been able to do previous to using the Oil."

Woman's hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.

When you are in a debilitated condition, or if you have scrofulous tendencies Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery should be taken to give tone to the system, and to purify and enrich the blood.

No use for a girl to tell her deaf and dumb suitor to "speak to pa."

Trust an Old Friend.

Old friends are best, and if ever sufferers had a friend, Hagar's Yellow Oil can justly claim the distinction. Pain never stays long where it is used, while for croup it is a specific. Parents should keep it in the house as a safeguard against accidents, frost bites, chilblains, sprains, bruises, burns, etc.

There is something uncanny about canned meats when uncanned.

Excellent reasons exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

The wind often turns an umbrella, but a borrower rarely returns it.

Holloway's corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty five cents.

Dime museums that advertise for midgets are in many small business.

If suffering from Bladder or Kidney complaints, you will find certain and prompt relief from the celebrated cleanser of the system known as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery.

A community is in a hopeless condition when its dead men refuse to be buried.

Buckle's Anti Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectation, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation, or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate coughs overcome by its soothing and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of lungs, croup, quinsy, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

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, and you would not be pleased if they were to get a prize every time. Over thirty-seven thousand persons have voluntarily testified as to the value of the rewards and the fairness with which they have been distributed.

This competition will only remain open till the thirty-first day of March inclusive, but the sooner you send the better, although your opportunities for securing a reward are almost at good one time as another between now and the thirty-first of March provided your answers to the questions are correct. ALL THESE PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN SURE, but don't run away with the idea that everybody who competes is sure to get a prize. Every prize offered will be given, of that you may be absolutely certain, but remember, first come first served in each of the three divisions, so hurry in your answers.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, Uzer, Ham, Wine.

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

BEST REWARDS.

- First, One Fine Upright Piano, \$500
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, \$150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50
Next three, each a Fine Triplic Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces), \$150
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, Harnley, England, \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, \$100
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., \$15
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery, \$50
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," \$1
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7
Next eleven, five dollars each
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, \$20... 140
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 Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design... 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$10... 200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2... 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15... 165
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7... 49
Next eleven, five dollars each... 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 China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England... \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, \$100... 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works, bound in cloth 5 vols., \$15... 75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery, \$5... 90
For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the first correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office, postmarked 31st March or earlier, will be given number one of these con-

Throat and Lung Diseases Cured by Medicated Air.

L. J. 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.

EPH'S COCOA - GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

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

The objections to free wool are all sheer nonsense.

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.

solation prizes, to the next to the last number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

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, \$20... 140
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7... 133
Next, One Very Fine Solid Triplic Silver Plated Coffee Urn... 70
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch... 250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7... 105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2... 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20... 480
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm... \$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design... 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$10... 200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2... 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15... 165
Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. THE LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies in this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes. You will find the JOURNAL well worth the money leaving the rewards out of the question entirely. The Bible study necessary to find the answers to the questions will not harm you and may benefit you. The distribution will be in the form of stationery articles and the prizes of strictly in the order. Letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 25,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

JOHN WELLS, DENTIST, COLLEGE GOLD MEDALIST, NORTH-WEST COR. SPADINA AVE. & COLLEGE.

Our Young Folks.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

The Old Schoolhouse.

The most interesting thing about its location, at least to me, was its distance from where I lived. It was not so very far, I think not more than three quarters of a mile. Far enough when the drifts of snow covered the fences on either side of the road, and the thermometer took a race downward, and the mercury tried to see if it could not hide itself in the bulb.

Even then we did pretty well going to the school, but to come home about dark, facing the wind as it came fresh from the North Pole, with no flannel wrapper or overcoat, was not all fun, nor very suggestive of a Fourth of July picnic.

Still for a little fellow I did pretty well, for with one or two other boys, I had my turn of a "lee" chance behind a kind and large cousin, whose ample skirts defended our almost frozen noses from too sharp a pinch from Jack Frost.

But there was a great advantage in having school so far from home that we could not be expected to go home to dinner. That gave us the most of the hour for play. Very few minutes were occupied in disposing of a slice or two of bread and butter, and two or three doughnuts, and an apple or two.

The schoolhouse, as I remember it, was not built for ornament. Economy was considered both a virtue and a necessity. In the first place, it was built upon land, or rather stones, for the stones and the soil were about in the proportion of brick and mortar in an ordinary chimney.

As the lot could grow little more than bushes, and as these had been cut, the site could cost but little. Then it was not thought wisdom to put much underpinning to the house that might interfere with the circulation of the air under the floor.

No paint had ever been wasted upon the outside or inside of the old schoolhouse. The two ornaments were a big box stove located about as near the center of the room as one could guess, and a flig pile of wood piled "high and dry" in the "entry."

These were what I most admired, for they contributed most to my comfort. I suppose this estimate is upon the principle of "Handsome is that handsome does."

I have not drawn a very pleasing picture of this seat of learning. The name is appropriate, for there was hard earnest studying done there, and good foundations of education were there laid in many minds.

I do not say that more and better work might not have been done with better help, better tools and the time we had were made the most of. I know of one boy at least who was often up by four o'clock on many mornings, studying by the dim light of a tall candle, or by firelight.

But it was not all dull work and hard study. We had our fun, and a great deal of it.

I cannot speak for the girls. I think they must have had dull times. The boys did not remain in the house at "intermission" to see what they did.

Our sports were of the kind that hearty, hard-working boys enjoy after sitting upon hard benches for three hours.

There was a great deal of running and wrestling, and jumping and snowballing, and sometimes, would you believe it? we exercised our lungs, and made a little noise.

But isn't it queer? One if he had only thought about it, could have pecked out the men who were to grow from those boys. That is, one might have judged pretty well what kind of men the boys would make.

All enjoyed the sports, but all did not enjoy good, honest application to study. The boy who would cheat in his recitation—well, he certainly was not cultivating conscience by it. If afterwards, as a business man, he was honest, his practice of cheating in school did not make it easier to do just right in his shop or store.

The best time for a tree to secure a good straight trunk is when it is small and growing.

Let me look back, and in my memory see the fidelity of my classmates, the doctor to the end the faithful application and steady toiling of the other to be, and the prevalence of the good characters of others, and the propriety of the culture and general in the public, diligent modest sister.

It was character which told, quite as much as talent. Yes, there is a difference in girls as well as in boys.

My teachers were not many nor were they all great, or wise, or skilled, and I fear that all were not strictly conscientious, but this I remember, there was no teacher of the number from whom the student could not get help, if he himself was faithful.

I should like to tell you of some of them. One, I remember, was a large man of the age of fifty or more. I think he was born to be a teacher, for while he had not great learning, had good learning, so far as it went.

He had boys fall grove, but none so large as he, nor did any student bring so large a dinner as his, or enjoy it more.

He understood boys; knew just how to get the work out of them in school hours, and to help them to have a good time at noon intermission.

Six or eight average boys could put him into a snowdrift during the play hour, but forty would not have undertaken it in the time of school, or anything else which would have tested his right to command. Yet I do not now recall any punishing of even the kinds then common in the country schools.

We liked him, almost loved him, and greatly respected him. After all, there was but one of the number who really captured my heart, and he was the only one whom I ever heard pray.

He would join us freely in our sports, and outdo the lighest of the number; but there was something in his eye which was, after all, better than the look of authority, with suggestion of power. It seemed to look into the heart, and say, "I am your friend; I love you and want to help you all I can."

So we loved him, as a matter of course, and tried to please him. Yes, we often forgot, for we were thoughtless and careless, and did not quite understand how to tell him of our regrets; but some way he could seem to read boys' hearts, and to understand what was unspoken.

This man was the only one of my old teachers whom I was able to find on my late visit to the old home. I went to see him in his piece of business, for he fills an important office, in which his skill as a penman is much to his advantage, and to the comfort of many others.

Forty years had not passed without leaving some of their tracks, but there were the same eyes, speaking of the same tender heart; and I was so glad to know I had a place in it yet.

Now what do you suppose melted those eyes the quickest and most?

It was not the review of any part of the history of either of us; it was not the memory of any sorrow, but the fact that his old pupil was a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel.

It was a short visit that we had, but if he remembers it with half the pleasure I do, both of us will treasure it among our sweetest memories.

He will never know how much his character helped to mould mine.

How to Evade the Doctor.

A popular physician was recently called on by a friend, to whom, in the course of conversation, he said: "There are ten simple precautions which form an excellent rule of life, and if people would but observe them I should have to resort to some other means of making a livelihood." Then he enumerated the following: Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles. Don't pick the teeth with pins or other hard substances. Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food. Don't eat or drink hot and cold things immediately in succession. Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess. Don't read, write or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side. Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours' work in each day. Don't keep the parlor dark if you value your own and your children's health. Don't decide yourself into the belief that you are an exception so far as sleep is concerned: the normal average of sleep is eight hours. Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity, let it rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

Success is always dangerous, because men are so apt to make a cushion of it, against which they lean, and refuse to get on. They hold Hoyt.

SMILES.

Half fare—a mulatto.

Party struggle—The rush for refreshments.

The undertaker's favorite exercise is boxing.

The rejected suitor probably considers his girl not-ty but nice.

If a girl knows she is pretty it is not because any other girl told her so.

When a broker loses all his money he's dead broke; but when he dies he's a dead broker.

Young Oak—"You seem to be a hard nut." Old Hickory—"Don't kick; you're oak K."

The Maiden—"Claude, dear, hold the umbrella more over me, or else the people'll think we're married."

Ethel—"You say when Charley proposed he didn't get down on his knees?" Evelyn—"No; I was on his knees."

Tomlet—"I see that they are making cloth out of glass." Boldet—"For opera dresses and the ballet, I imagine."

Because a thing is small of size think not that you may scorn it. Some insects have a larger waist, but lift less than the hornet.

Agnes—"I should think these long tunnels could be very dangerous while traveling." Mabel—"They are, if you are not engaged."

A man may fill his head with loose and feel an awful pain: But let him have a little snore And he'll repeat the done again.

How can I cure my arbores of his singular aversion to the female sex? queried an anxious mother of an old bachelor brother. "Make a minister of him," was the graft reply.

A woman writer says: "Women want comfort." And yet, after a woman the choice between a ton of coal and a pair of French heel shoes and which do you suppose she will take?

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

Well," said a woman, speaking of a neighbor, "she's the greatest natural hair I ever saw, and I've often thought if she had only had a first-class education in her youth what an author she'd have made before this."

Jones—"Why, Phoebe, you surely cannot have whitewashed that lock room in so short a time. You were to put on two coats of whitewash, you remember." Phoebe—"Yes, sah. I done put em on late toged der."

"Is Mr. Smith a very religious man?" "I never saw a more devoted man in all my life. He attends all the parish fairs, takes shares in all the raffles, and when it comes to Copenhagen, he is the very life of the church."

Benedict (after a conjugal tiff) "It's too bad a man can't have a wife made to order." Mrs. B.—"Well, I think you ought to be satisfied, that's all I recen to be good for to you." Mr. B.—"What d'ye mean?" Mrs. B.—"Why, to order."

Now in the corner meet the pair When golden day is done, Two forms with but one rocking-chair, Two hearts that beat as one!

Pompano—"These high hats have their uses. I sat behind one of them last night in the theatre and rather enjoyed the sensation." De Ruggo—"But I understand that you never saw the stage?" Pompano—"That was the enjoyable part. It was an amateur performance of Hamlet."

Miss Mimie—"Mr. Figg, you really must buy a ticket for our hall. It is for the benefit of a poor starving dressmaker." Figg—"But is she really starving, do you think?" Miss Mimie—"I know she is. She has done lots of work for the girls of our set, and always let us set our own price."

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense rage beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Pompano, who doesn't like him very well. "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station in twenty minutes from now."

The Jeanne of Aro Myth.

The reproduction, with Sarah Bernhardt in the leading role, of the play of "Jeanne d'Arc," in Paris, has given occasion for a renewal of the old controversy as to whether Jeanne was ever really burned at the stake, or whether her place was not taken by some one else and she set free. One M. Leaigne has brought together in a book all the facts tending to show that Jeanne never was burned, and that she actually married a country gentleman in Lorraine and raised a large family, of whom there were direct descendants as late as a century ago. The stories were first put into general circulation in 1683 in a publication called *Mercur Galant*, and were then based upon discoveries made by a certain Father Vignier among some old manuscripts in Metz. The first document was a record of the visit of Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans, to her relatives in that city, and subsequently there was discovered a marriage contract of Robert des Arnoises with "Jeanne of Arc, the Maid of Orleans," the marriage having taken place at Arlon, where the Duchesse Elizabeth of Luxembourg made a splendid fete on the occasion. A deed in which the "Maid" and her husband conveyed certain land was also found, and subsequently at Orleans in the public archives there were discovered various entries in the public accounts that went to show that moneys had been paid to her, or for her, to her relatives at various times after she was supposed to have been burned at the stake. These documents have made it absolutely certain that somebody who was known as "Jeanne d'Arc" and "The Maid of Orleans" was living and somewhat of a public character for many years after the original Jeanne had presumably been reduced to ashes. The associates of the original Jeanne, however, insist that the woman to whom the documents refer must have been a different one, either an impostor or a woman whom some connection in the army had caused the people of her acquaintance to designate by the title of the dead heroine.

Early Use of Soap.

More than two thousand years ago the Gauls were conalting the ashes of the beech tree with goat's fat and making soap. When Marius Claudius Marcellus was hastening southward over the Flaminian way, laden with spoils wrested from the hands of Viridomar, and Gallic king being dead by the hands of the Pa, his followers were bringing with them a knowledge of the method of making soap. The awful rain of burning ashes which fell upon Pompeii in 79, burned (with palaces and statues) the humble shop of a soapmaker, and in several other cities of Italy the business had even then a footing. In the eighth century there were many soap manufactories in Italy and Spain, and fifty years later the Polesians carried the business into France, and established the first factories in Narbonne. Prior to the invention of soap, fuller's earth was largely used for cleansing purposes, and the juice of certain plants served a similar purpose. The earth was spread upon a cloth, stamped in with the feet, and subsequently removed by washing. It was also used in laith, and as late even as the eighteenth century was employed by the Germans in that way.

No More Bald Heads!

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A SMUGGLER'S SECRET.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

My first impulse was to make at once for the Halfway House on the chance of finding Psyche there; but a moment's reflection convinced me that those who had had the cunning to devise this scheme of abduction would never have the folly to carry the girl to a place where she would certainly be sought. Would it not be better, I asked myself, to go at once to Longport whither she would more probably be taken, and set the police to search for her.

As I stood by the open wicket irresolute as to which course it was advisable to take, I heard the sound of a heavy slouching step upon the road. I had listened to such a sound too recently to be mistaken. It was old Peter, and one part of my hypothesis was faulty. He had not lent a hand in carrying Psyche away. And what was more, it looked as if he doubted the success of that enterprise; for, coming in front of the house, he stopped and cast his eyes at the door and the upper windows, scratching his stubbly jaw with his hooked fingers dubitantly.

Standing by the wicket, at the side of the house, a shrub screened me, and a fir in the front garden threw a deep shadow on the narrow path. I scarcely breathed. He moved on slowly, and presently the rustling of corn told me that he had turned down by the edge of the field and was skirting the holly hedge. Stepping lightly along the garden path, I followed the rustling of the corn till it stopped. Then I heard him parting the holly with the attempt to see into the garden. He spent a few minutes in this endeavor, and then giving it up with a growled curse, he retraced his steps and got into the road. Once more that heavy flat footed step sounded upon the road, and as it receded I made up my mind to follow, concluding that it would make at once for the roadstead where Psyche had been taken.

I watched him from the garden until the great rolling figure was only just perceptible in the rapidly fading twilight, and then followed, keeping on the turf beside the standing corn. He kept steadily on along the road for about a quarter of a mile, suddenly he stopped, and then turning to the side he disappeared, and his steps became inaudible. Doubtful whether he had taken a path through the cornfield, or was simply standing still to make sure that he was not being followed, I resolved to take the caution which I stole toward. Shortly a grunt a little way ahead stopped me, and I duly perceived the old man who had been on the turf not more than half a dozen paces from me. He looked off one side and then the other, muttering curses all the while upon me, and the listeners on his feet, and things in general.

I was puzzled, not a word of exclamation or triumph brightened up his countenance such as a man in his condition might have tried to exercise himself with. Was I at fault again? Had I jumped to the wrong conclusion? After all might I have over-looked Psyche's more usual quarters of the garden? While these questions were running through my mind old Peter had disappeared, and making a puff of his own steam had been upon them a good while. The coast guard terminated in a bay.

His heavy boots lay temptingly between his hoisted feet and me; the means of checking pursuit by him lay almost within reach. I crept forward, poked them up, and retreating cautiously, kicked the trophy into the midst of the corn when I was a hundred yards back on my way to the cottage.

At the gate I heard the distant muttering of a voice, and peering quickly through the alley at the side of the house, I saw Psyche in the garden seat facing the lawn, but to my utter astonishment Miss Duncan was seated beside her.

"He is here once back to me my brother," cried Psyche as she sprung to her feet and ran to me.

Miss Duncan recognizing me as I approached

seemed even more amazed than I by this unlooked for meeting.

What had happened? Simply this: Psyche, as I imagined, finding me not in the house had sought me in the garden, and thence extending her search, had wandered along the road. The park gates which she had seen shut when we passed in the night were wide open. Who could have opened them but I who did everything. She passed through and was found in the avenue by Miss Duncan, looking in the twilight like a spirit with her pale face and her large dark eyes and their expression of childlike fearlessness.

I can only tell what followed as Ethel described it to me this morning.

"After the first shock for indeed I was frightened at first her silence and the vague way in which she looked about her after regarding me for a few moments, giving additional weirdness to her spiritual appearance I summoned up courage to falter, 'Who are you?'"

"I am Psyche," she answered, with sweet, low articulation.

"Psyche—is that your only name?"

"Yes, why should I have two names? I am only one, Psyche, that is all."

"Her strange answer seemed in character with her spiritual appearance. But there was nothing in her dress unreal, and surely nothing in her manner to make me fear the gentle creature, so, gathering my wits together a little I said:

"Do you want to see anyone up in the house, dear?"

"No, I am looking for my brother he has gone away from me; but he will, I think, because he knows I could not live without him. He has only gone away to look at the great world, to see the sun touch the sea, and the clouds lie on the hills. Do you know, I think he loves the great world better than I do, that is why he did not take me, that is so strange to me a world without walls, because it is so new to me."

"How long have you been here, dear?"

"Only some nights. I cannot count not many."

"And where have you come from?"

"I came from the caves where I have lived always the water under the sea. My brother found me there and brought me away when the sea went down."

"Who is your brother?"

"Psyche called her hands earnestly, and her face lit up with a beautiful smile.

"I will tell you about my brother," she said. "I think about him always. I should like to talk about him. You are the first person I have ever talked to except him."

"There was a seat at the head of the drive. I led her to it, and we sat down side by side. I slipped my hand under her arm, and almost with surprise found she was warm and human. She lifted my hand and caressed it with her cheek, and I could see she was thinking of her brother. 'Tell me about him,' I said.

"He is everything to me. All that I see and love is lovely, the stars and the sun, the moon, and the little golden dew; the flowers and the leaves, the dew and my shoes, all make me happy. But I could do without them all. I should be just as happy in the cave with my eyes shut and not a sound if only I could feel my brother's hand in mine. Have you got a brother?"

"None."

"How sad, poor soul," said she in tender pity. "You do not know what it is to be happy. But you will when a brother comes to find you. I think we must all have brothers, though we don't know it till they come to us. Long, long, long years longer than I can recollect—I had an brother, and my life was nothing; but since he has come to me it has been all joy."

"When did he find you dear?"

"Not long ago, and when I think of the days that we've led here. Ah! they were long, those days, when I saw nothing but the rocks and sand, and had no friend but my black cow, when I heard no sound but his moo, and ate a little of what he gave me, and my own voice when I sang,

Sometimes I slept because I didn't know what to do; and sometimes I cried because I could not sleep. I wanted to sleep for ever. So those days seemed very long, and since then the nights have been too short. For I cannot see in the day, you know, like my brother, and he sleeps when the sun shines so that he may be with me in the night."

"You cannot see in the day?"

"No, because I always lived in the dark. There is no light in the caves. But I can bear the light better and better every day. I can wait till the blue flowers have untwisted and show the beautiful tints within. My brother knows their names, and tells me all about them. He taught me to speak. I could not say a word when he first came to me. I could not understand what he said. I knew nothing but what I thought. But he taught me patiently till I could understand what he said and make him understand me. Then I wanted no more in the cave but just to sit and listen to all he said about the world; but now when there is so much to understand I talk all night. But still the greatest happiness is to sit quite still by his side and listen to his talk."

"Were you long together in the cave?"

"Only a little while it seems; but when I remember how many times we went down into the wet sand under the rock making the hole that let us out into this world and how many marks my brother cut in the wall to show the days we had worked, I think it must have been a long while. I must look for him," she said rising abruptly—"I want him; oh! I want my brother, where is he?"

"Can you tell me where you live now, dear?"

"Yes, I will show you. It is quite near. Come with me, and when we find him you shall hear him speak; you shall look at him, and know what it is to have a brother."

Ethel suffered herself to be guided, Psyche taking her hand, out into the road and along it to the cottage. She knew that Mrs. Benham lived there, and that I had lodged there, but she had heard nothing of my old landlady's departure, and believed that I was in America, for her father had not spoken to her of our meeting.

As Psyche led the way without hesitation through the side wicket into the garden, she observed that the poor girl was a patient player under the charge of the old lady, and that her malady was a form of mental hallucination. If that were the case it was her duty to return Psyche to her guardian, and she willingly helped to look for the "brother" who she thought existed only in the girl's romantic imagination. When they found no one in the house or in the garden she concluded that Mrs. Benham had been called away, and though it was getting late she resolved to stay with Psyche until her return.

Psyche grew apprehensive and silent; but her new friend soothed her by assuring her that the brother would soon return, and led her on to talk about the past. Psyche could go no further back in her history than the eventful life in the cave, for that perpetual monotony had effaced all memories of the period before her illness. Ethel was struck by the constant thread of the wonderful story, nothing was contradictory. Psyche never wandered from the subject to wonder where I was. "He will come back to me," she repeated with positive insistence.

"He must come. He would not leave you, knowing how you love him," Ethel replied, yet doubting still if the brother existed so incredible was the story of Psyche's life. Her perplexity was doubled when she recognized me, and Psyche cried out—"My brother has come back."

"Can I believe the story I have heard?" she asked me.

"It must be true," I answered, "for Psyche has not yet learned what falsehood means."

"And you are that brother whose love has given her life?"

"Yes, in the wide sense that those are brothers whose love is heavenly."

Ethel put her hand into mine, and a star lit the tear that fell from her cheek.

"We are known what carried Archimedes off, I think it must have been the liver complaint."

It is said that the Emperor Augustus left very full and carefully written memoirs in a book that account is given of his intercourse with Prince Demetrius.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER REUNITED.

The Girl Kidnapped When a Child and Taken to Live With Indians in Maine.

A despatch from Providence says: A mother and daughter were reunited to-day after a separation of twenty-two years. The daughter, when a mere baby, was abducted by Indians and carried to the northern part of Maine. Her captors belonged to a so-called civilized tribe, but their treatment of the girl was brutal in the extreme. The daughter's name at the time of the abduction was Julia A. Sampson. Now she is Mrs. Moon. Her story is strange and romantic.

Alonzo Sampson lived in South Providence twenty-three years ago. He had a brother William, who was a reckless fellow and who married a full-blooded Indian squaw from one of the Maine reservations. William went there to live and visited Providence occasionally. He had fallen out with his brother Alonzo, and when he came to Providence with a band of the men from the Indian reservation in Canada the child Julia was stolen and taken to Maine. Then the Indians commenced to abuse her. She was only half clothed, and was obliged to sleep on the ground with nothing but a single blanket as a covering. She had nothing to eat excepting what was left at the other table, which was little, and very often nothing at all. Occasionally some of the kind-hearted younger squaws would bring her something to eat, but if her aunt's mother knew of it she would seize the food and place it upon the table for the braves.

This went on until the outrages became so pronounced that the Selectmen determined to rescue the little girl. This was no easy task. The Indians fought for her and the Selectmen were compelled to resort to main force. At first she was taken to the county asylum, but later she was placed in the hands of the Rev. S. S. Cummins, who took her to the Baldwin Place Home. Her parents had in the mean time given her up as dead. Her father died and her mother married a Mr. Charles Smith, of Providence.

A few years ago the daughter also married. She supposed that her parents were dead. About a year ago she learned that her mother was still alive and began a search for her, which resulted in a reunion to-day.

A White Colony in Africa.

Mr. Zachrisson, who is to lead the Swedish expedition to Central Africa, expects to make the first experiment in the way of planting a white colony in the far interior of the Dark Continent. He is said to have contracts with 100 Swedish artisans who have agreed to start with him in May next for Victoria Nyanza. A few years ago such an expedition would certainly have involved tragical consequences, and its prospects to-day are by no means brilliant. The project, however, is not quite so foolhardy as it would have been before white men knew as much as they do now about the best means of keeping their health. It would have been regarded as impossible a few years ago for Stanley to safely lead five white men across Africa, as he has just done, or for missionaries to be thriving like Mackay, on Victoria Nyanza after a dozen years' residence. But, after all, these Swedish workmen would be better off at home.

Turn table bottom upwards and pour water on them. Keep the space filled and they will not shrink and fall to pieces, if kept in the woodshed or any convenient place for use. Try it.

J. A. SAMPSON'S SEED, Raisins and Fruit Catalogue for the coming season has just been received. It is a beautifully gotten up catalogue, and contains full descriptions of all leading varieties, as well as Standard Novelties in Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Reliable Seeds has always been the watchword of the Messrs. J. A. SAMPSON, whose Seed and Horticultural Warehouses are situated on King Street, and consist of two spacious buildings, Nos. 147, 149, 151 King Street east, fitted up exclusively for their business. Special business, where all orders entrusted to the firm receive the most careful attention. Farmers, Market Gardeners, Amateurs will serve their own interests, sending their orders to the above firm catalogue, we notice, is mailed to all applicants. In conclusion we say, "Send for it," and buy your seeds from J. A. SAMPSON, and then receive the best at the lowest prices.

BRITISH NEWS

An English railway company has set apart a special fund from which to reward acts of bravery on the part of its employees.

Typhoid fever in India is becoming so widespread that it is as much feared as cholera, and a Government commission has been appointed to investigate it.

The Birmingham Post alleges that an English firm has secured a large quantity of mummified cats from the Egyptian tombs, and is to grind them up for use in the manufacture of fertilizers.

The record of salmon catching in English waters the past season shows a falling off in size and number from previous years. There were many catches, however, of fish weighing from forty to sixty pounds.

In the British navy, in 1888, the sick list included 957 men out of every thousand in the service, and that was the best showing the navy had made since 1856. The death rate was 5.71 to the thousand.

The English Government is transporting young trees by the wholesale from Scotland to the Isle of Man, where Greeda Mountain is being thickly planted with them as an experiment with practical forestry on a large scale.

The grip had a queer effect on James Lane, a Portsmouth cabman, who became delirious while suffering from an attack of it, rushed out into the street, and after running over a mile dropped dead, the sudden exposure causing acute pneumonia.

The stationery of the committee getting up the American banquet to Straley in London has for crest a solid black spot, shaped like Africa, with a faint white line across it, showing Stanley's route from the mouth of the Congo to Zambiar.

It took thirty years to get the British Museum opened at night, the original parliamentary report in favor of the opening having been made that long ago. The same recommendation made at the same time as to the National Gallery is still to be carried out.

The chief Clerk in a Liverpool court has been arrested upon the charges of systematically stealing stamps from documents passing through his hands to be put on the revenue file. The matter has been going on for many years, and the profits to the Clerk have been enormous.

Arthur Knight, a young English workman with a fancy for sparring, put on the gloves with a friend a few days ago, and after a little light hitting, fell insensible in a fit and died in a short time. But it is said that epilepsy and not sparring was the cause of his death.

Hendrick Lamston went to a fancy ball in London in the costume of a prince, and became so imbued with the spirit of the character that early in the morning he was found by the police knocking at the doors of Buckingham Palace, demanding admittance. After being locked up a while he recovered his sanity.

A new crime has developed at Manchester. It is called "scuttling" and consists in a party of young men and girls lying in wait for obnoxious fellow workmen or for "scabs," and hustling, teasing, and kicking them upon the public streets. It has got so common that the magistrates have indicated severe sentences upon several girls and young men, for the purpose of breaking it up.

The scheme for sending out an Antarctic expedition under Prof. Nordenskiöld, will, it is said, be carried out in the summer of 1891. The expedition will be undertaken as the joint enterprise of Baron Oscar Dickson of Gothenberg, the Antarctic Expedition Committee of the Royal Society of Victoria, and the Royal Geographical Society of Australia.

At the last half-yearly meeting of the London Dock Companies it was reported that the recent strikes had not only brought on a decrease of wages to the workmen, but had resulted in making them less efficient, so that men now had to be hired to do the work that six did before. The increase in the cost of labor for the last half-year in the dock was half of 1889 and the hundred thousand.

The Clerk of an Edinburgh court has just been sentenced to imprisonment for abstracting from the records of the court, papers relating to a case of a century or so ago and peddling them out among antiquarians and curiosity dealers. It has been discovered that many other documents of the same sort are missing, and it is supposed that this species of theft has been extensively practiced by other court officers.

The Consul-General in London has reported to his Government that the berries of the maqui plant, a small evergreen indigenous in Chili, where it grows wild along the mountain streams, are being used extensively for the coloring of wines in Europe. In the three years ending in 1887 the imports to Europe increased from 26,532 kilograms to 431,382 kilograms. France alone taking 315,774 kilograms in 1887.

The directors of the De-Jagers Company in the Kimberley (South Africa) mines gave a Christmas picnic to their three thousand employees at which were eaten 1,200 fowls, 400 turkeys, 150 geese, 100 hams, 1,000 pounds of mutton, roast, and boiled beef, and 1,800 pigeons, veal and ham, and chicken and ham pies, washed down with 5,000 bottles of English and German beer, 100 cases of champagne, 200 cases of claret, and 100 cases of Burgundy, besides brandy and whisky.

In 1857 William Parker, a Liverpool sailor, aged 26, accompanied by his young wife and two children, took passage on the packet ship William and Mary, bound for Montreal. A short time after the vessel left the Mersey, Parker, who was on the spar deck leaning over the rail, lost his balance and tumbled into the sea. Parker was swept astern and given up for lost. The widow continued her voyage, finally settling down in the vicinity of Montreal, and soon finding an admirer, married again. The second marriage was disturbed the other day by the sudden appearance of Parker, who, it seems, had been picked up by a Portuguese merchantman bound for South America, and arriving in that country, resolved to seek his fortune before joining his family.

A Modern Romance of the East.

A Greek merchant of Alexandria in Egypt, who made a great deal of money, unable to return personally to his country, but intent upon choosing a Grecian maiden for his wife, writes to his correspondent in Corinth at the bottom of his usual business letter: "Finally I request you to remit me, by returning steamer, a young lady who might feel inclined to become my wife. She need not be in possession of any money, with which I am sufficiently liberally, but a good reputation, of the age of 24 or 25, a respectable family, good looks, health and temper, and middle-sized figure. If the lady will bring me the enclosed note with your kind acceptance you may feel assured that I shall honor the same and make the leaver my wife.

Although somewhat astonished at this singular order of his Alexandria correspondent, the merchant of Corinth, as a good business man, thought best to fill it like any other received from so reliable a customer, and to send the merchandise demanded at a short notice. Having found a lady possessing the required qualities, and willing to transmit with the accepted check of her unknown countryman her hand and heart, the Corinthian took her aboard the next steamer going to the country of the Pharaohs. At the same time he notified his friend by telegraph of the previous shipment.

As soon as the boat anchored in the harbor of Alexandria the matrimonial Greek boarded it to hear himself called by name and see a pretty young lass stepping up to him, saying: "I have a check signed by you and hope you will kindly honor it." "Never yet a note of mine has gone to protest," replied the laughing groom, "and I shall not permit this to happen to the one you hold. I shall be happy if in compensation you will honor me with your hand."

A fortnight later the note was redeemed and the groom a happy husband.

How to use a Broom Skillfully.

Few women know how to handle a broom properly, although many sweep more or less every day of their lives.

Always draw your broom by leaning the handle a little forward. Why? Because a broom in that position will take the dirt along more easily; it will sweep cleaner and not wear out the carpet so fast. By constantly leaning the broom in the hand while sweeping it will wear off evenly, and it will be a pleasure to work with it. When through with the broom, hang it

on a nail by a string or wire, then it will not run down sideways, like old shoes.

One broom always lasts me one year for good work; after that it scrubs porches, cleans barns or hen-houses. In fact, it is an every-day affair after the year is out, but even then it is not a bad broom.

Most sweepers thrust their brooms forward, with the handle inclined backward; this position breaks the broom very much, flits the dirt up from the floor, thus raising more dust and wears out the carpet or paint on the floor much more than if it were drawn gently along in a sliding position.

A Paris court has just refused to break the wills of Baron and Baroness de Martens, the latter an American who, after having spent some time in lunatic asylums, became spiritualists, and falling under the influence of a notorious medium and her son left them all their property. The next of kin charged the medium with undue influence and with having poisoned the testator.

A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the stricture of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

P. T. Barnum is a great advertiser. Even his speeches have a certain ring to them.

The Coming Comet

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery" inscribed upon it in bold characters. Whether or not this comet and high compliment will be verified, remains to be seen, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful vegetable compound, and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health giving properties for imparting vigor and life to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors, and consumption, or any scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists.

Even the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a higher purpose.

All Men

young, old, or middle aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess of 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, emaciation, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensations about the scrotum, watering of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, lachrymation, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with dark circles, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wastes in consequence. Those who through above committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send for address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 20 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, semiconscious palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 20 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Effigies of Kings.
In a secluded spot in Westminster Abbey, in careful keeping, are preserved some of the effigies of our Kings and Queens that, according to old custom, formed part of the pageantry of their State funerals. Some of the very oldest, perhaps of Plantagenet times, are stripped of their robes; but some others that are not much more than two hundred years old are still invested with the antique clothing with which they were made to represent the forms of the royal dead to their sorrowing lieges. As a realization of history, teeming as our ancient churches are with testimony, these relics must be regarded with surpassing interest. They are memorials of seasons in which the land was stricken with a great awe, and no man knew what the day might bring forth.

Woman's Work.
There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she be suffering from distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.
A. P. 491.

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Wanted a Partner.
For \$2,000 cash I will sell a one-quarter interest in an old-established, profitable city business. This is a rare chance. Investigation invited. References exchanged. Principals only. For particulars address:
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YOUR NAME on this Pen and Special Stamp, with bottle of Ink and case, 2c. \$1
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WHEN TIRED AND USED UP!

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And Prove Its Strength-Giving Properties.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS BRIDGE.

Stepping Stones Across the Current of the Great St. Lawrence.

A dispatch from Ottawa in the N. Y. Herald says: While our masters and yours are busily erecting custom houses along the borders between Canada and the United States, with a view of lessening the intercourse between two commonwealths, the perverse inhabitants thereof are busily engaged in overcoming whatever obstacles nature presents to that intercourse. It is with that object in view that the Thousand Islands bridge project has been submitted to the Canadian Parliament, and its projectors will in due course ask incorporation from the United States Congress.

The proposed bridge will extend from some point between Rockport and Gananoque on the Canadian side of the river, and between Alexandria Bay and Clayton on the American side. The river at that point is thickly studded with little rocky pineclad outcroppings of the Laurentian mountains.

"On these stepping stones," said Mr. H. C. Carter, one of the projectors, "our bridge will walk over to the American side of the river. The double is and known as Wellesley Island will be used as much as possible and whenever there are navigable channels there will be a swinging span in the bridge. The height above high water mark will be fifteen feet or more. Of course our plans will have to be approved by the engineers of both governments. Our railway and bridge will be the favorite means of reaching the hundreds of summer resorts that are scattered up and down the Thousand Islands. Of course, our plans are not complete yet, as we can do nothing until we are sure of incorporation by the governments of both countries.

"The longest span is the part that swings," added Mr. Carter.

"Will there not be enormous engineering difficulties to overcome?" I asked.

"Our engineers assure us there will be nothing but the ordinary difficulties encountered in bridging a great river.

"But there is the great width. Isn't the river about two miles wide at that point?"

"The river is very wide," said Mr. Carter, "with a smile, but if you look at the map you will find that just at the spot where we intend to construct our bridge the large island known as Wellesley Island almost fills up the bed of old St. Lawrence. Then there are smaller islands in the channels that can also be utilized."

"Well does this large island that you speak of dam up the river and cause the water to run very rapidly there?"

"We are informed that the waterfall there does not exceed four miles an hour. There will be a great many sections of the ledge, but we do not anticipate any preliminary engineering difficulties."

A WINTER RESORT IN THE DESERT.

Invalids. Going to the Edge of the Sahara for Thermal Baths and a Change of Air.

The latest novelty in North Africa is a winter resort at Biskra, which is in the southern part of Algeria, on the edge of the Sahara desert. Until recently Biskra was nothing but a barren waste, but by means of artesian wells, it has been turned into a garden spot, and 110,000 palm trees, yielding a large crop of dates, are now flourishing there. It is found that the thermal waters, brought from 2,000 to 2,500 feet beneath the surface, are efficacious for certain classes of invalids, and that the dry, warm climate is also beneficial to many who find it necessary to spend the Northern winter.

The railroad south from Philippeville, on the Mediterranean coast, has now been extended to Biskra about 185 miles. It is a picturesque road, running a large part of the way through mountain ranges, and the journey is made in a few hours. A very large establishment has just been built there, including a hotel, a casino and a bathing house which is built over an artesian well. As a pleasure and drive from the settlement, the hotel is now being connected with an avenue of palm trees with the little oasis of Beni-Mera, whose borders are constantly being enlarged by the vivifying influence of subterranean waters.

"I am something of a wit myself, at times," said a stout man to a wag. "Just as a leight man has an occasional dull period," was the reply.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM ABLE TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Inevitable Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT! ST. JOHN'S 1/100 MILK. Scott's Emulsion is only in FAIR form for Wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

Good Agents WANTED. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and terms. Address: MEYERS BROS., 27 Church St., Toronto.

Ladies try OLIVE BRANCH the best remedy known for all female complaints. Sample free. J. THORNTON, 2 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Can.

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Cancer and Tumor Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. G. H. McAllister, M.D., No. 61 Niagara street, Buffalo, N.Y.

\$10.00 A DAY. - Easy and responsible work for men and women. Address T. K. SCOTT, 4 Adelaide Street West, 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 failing powers and builds up the system of those suffering from wasting disease. Price \$1 per bottle. Address: Ottoman Medicine Co., Mail Building, Toronto.

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 Wrapper. Beware of Imitations.

THE BEST AND REST PLACE to America to buy Good and Medical Testimonials. Mole, etc. Address: W. H. LEE, ROYCE & CO., 124 Toronto Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. THE PIONEER CANADIAN LINE and will in the future regard to the provision made for the safety and comfort of its customers. Weekly sailings between Liverpool, Glasgow and the St. Lawrence, and fortnightly service from London during summer months. Mail Steamers run between Liverpool and Toronto via Halifax during winter. Glasgow steamers sail thrice weekly to Boston and Philadelphia, calling at Irish ports and Halifax en route. For rates of passage and other information apply to H. H. BAKER, 10 King and George Sts., Toronto, H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal or to the local agents in your vicinity.

There is a place for every one in the world and all of it, according to the program. A place is the burning question.

POND'S EXTRACT THE LADIES' FRIEND. THE PAIN DESTROYER. THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOAGES OF ALL KINDS. Used Internally & Externally. Price 50c, \$1, \$1.75. POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

ENCRAVING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATIVE ADVERTISING PURPOSES. J. L. JONES, WOOD ENGRAVER, 10, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA. Ronald Firo Engine Works, Brussels. To Willie Alexander, Toronto. Dear Sir: - Myself and family have all been using St. Leon Mineral Water. Think it is a delightful sanitary beverage. I have great faith in its general efficiency. For the stomach, or, indeed, when in any way feeling out of sorts, a few glasses of St. Leon is our stand-by. I. D. RONALD

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED TO THE EDITOR: - Please inform your readers that I am a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. BLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Confederation Life ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation. Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy. THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH Provides an INCOME in old age, and is a good INVESTMENT. Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums. Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured. Profits so allocated are absolute and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances. Participating Policy holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years have actually received 100 per cent. of the profits so earned. W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Curo I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so, I have for me now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infalible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: - H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 105 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

ALL STYLES AND DESCRIPTIONS BOILERS. Having Special Facilities for boiler work we are prepared to tender for anything in that line - Tanks, Barrels, etc. AUTOMATIC ENGINE, new design, economical and regular speed guaranteed. Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd., Brantford, Canada.

Health Department.

Treatment of La Grippe.

From the descriptions of others and from our own observations, we are not able to discover that there is any essential difference between the so-called Russian disease, "la grippe," and the ordinary influenza which has frequently prevailed in various parts of this country in an epidemic form.

Treatment.—At the outset of the disease, give the patient a hot blanket pack, which is administered by wrapping closely in a woolen blanket wrung out of water as hot as can be borne.

Preventing Consumption.

Old ideas respecting the heredity of consumption are now pretty generally discarded, although it is still conceded that a tendency to the disease may be transmitted by heredity.

A Nebraska farmer in some way contracted the disease, perhaps by eating diseased meat. In the course of the disease he was cared for by his wife, who also had the care of a large family of children.

enlargement of glands about the neck and other tuberculous maladies. The following are the rules referred to, which we hope will be committed to memory by every reader of this journal:—

It should be impressed upon consumptive patients, and other persons living with them, that the sputum (that which is coughed up) is dangerous and must be properly disposed of.

The sputum should be received in a spit-cup or spitoon containing a little water or disinfecting fluid, and must never be spit upon floors or carpets, or received in handkerchiefs.

It occasionally it is necessary to have handkerchiefs or cloths soiled with the sputum, they should be boiled as soon as possible, and before drying.

The spitoon should be of such shape that the sputum may easily fall into the water without soiling the inside of the vessel. For patients not able to sit up, a small spit-cup with a handle should be used.

Spit-cups and spitoons should be emptied and cleaned often with boiling water and soap. When the house has a drainage system, the contents may be poured down the water-closet or slop-hopper; when it has not, they should be buried in ground which will not be turned up soon.

The sputum should not be thrown out upon the surface of the ground near inhabited places, nor on manure heaps, nor where animals may get it, nor where it may soil animal food.

Boxes filled with sand or sawdust should not be used. Cheap wooden and pasteboard spit-cups are now on the market, one of which may be burned daily or oftener with its contents, as a convenient way of disposing of the sputa.

The floors, wood-work, and furniture of rooms in which consumptive patients stay should be wiped with a damp cloth, not dusted in the usual way.

The patient's clothing should be kept by itself, and thoroughly boiled at the washing.

The patient should be made to understand that in neglecting these measures he is imperiling his friends, and at the same time diminishing very much his own chances of recovery, by re-infecting himself with the inhalation of his own dried and pulverized sputum.

After a death from this disease has occurred, the patient's room, clothing, and bed should be disinfected. For this purpose, boil all bed and personal clothing, or disinfect them when practicable in a steam disinfecter; wash furniture, work-work, walls, and floors with carbolic acid, and thoroughly expose rooms to light and air.

If raw milk is used as food, especially if it is to be given to children, an assurance should be had that the cows which produce it are perfectly healthy and subjected to healthful treatment.

When there is any doubt as to the health of the cows, the milk should be boiled before use.

Thorough cooking will remove all danger of tuberculosis through the medium of the meat-supply.

Tuberculous mothers, and those inclined to consumption, should never nurse their babies.

By observing the rules which are expressed and suggested in the foregoing, the principal if not all danger of infection may be avoided.

The open-air treatment of consumptives and those who are threatened with tuberculous disease, has given much better results than any other. Particularly in Germany, and to some extent in this country, such treatment has been systematized in "sanitaria" for consumptives.

"PECTORIA" has no equal as a remedy for coughs and colds. Try a bottle and cure that cough. 25 cents a bottle.

THE WINNERS

TRUTH COMPETITION

No. 10.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named below. The prizes may be obtained on application personally or by mail at this office.

(Continued from last week.)

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Frank M Parsons, St. John, N. B. Next Five, each a Ladies Fine Gold Watch, 1 Mrs Jno Chalmers, Owen Sound; 2 Jas Smith, Unionville; 3 Isaac Barkey, Mongolia; 4 C F Barker, St. Leonards Hill, Edinboro Scotland; 5 Mabel Barker, St Leonards Hill, Edinboro. Next Fifteen, each a Ladies Solid Gold Gem Ring, 1 T H Follott, Parry Sound; 2 Janet Gilmore, Moose Jaw N. W. T.; 3 W H Adams, Winnipeg Man; 4 Maggie Macey, Vancouver B. C.; 5 E D Carle, Lacolle P. Que.; 6 Emma Gouch, London; 7 Clara Gouch, London; 8 E D Gouch, London; 9 Minnie M Palmer, Ottawa; 10 C A Brown, Ottawa; 11 George Barnes, Pt St Charles Que.; 12 A Howell, Winnipeg Man; 13 C R Howell, Winnipeg Man; 14 C Stuart, Portage La Prairie Man; 15 Frederick J Slatter, Jarvis. Next Forty One each an imitation Steel engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, 1 Mrs Clara Makey, Nellies Corner, Mainham; 2 Robt McEwen, Preston; 3 W F Fullerton, 21 N. Road Spring Ridge Victoria, B. C.; 4 Jas H. Guthrie, Veave River; 5 Jas. P. Webber, South Bar Sydney C. B.; 6 Mr. J. K. Ames, Applegate Mich.; 7 Phillip Shierwell, Clover Bar, N. W. T.; 8 W. Shier, Valentyne; 9 Robt. Neil Thornyhurst; 10 Bella Thompson, Grand River Melbongalla P. E. I.; 11 W. M. Meason, Chapeleau; 12 Mrs Thos. Laub, Onstic; Max Leitch, Berthier en haut Que; 14 Mrs Jas Reynolds, Jacksonport Wis; 15 Mrs. J. S. Dreway, Warkworth; 16 Jno. Taylor, Killarney Man; 17 A. E. Gage, 1728 Washington Ave. St. Louis Mo; 18 Jas. McMillan, Sagrave; 19 Jno. Mote Dunville; 20 J. A. Musgrave, cor. Bank and Nepean Sts. Ottawa; 21 S. Livingston Dresden; 22 Mrs V. M. Ballantyne, Brandon Man; 23 Mrs G. Langstaff, Thornhill; 24 J. H. Ballock, Tilsonburg; 25 Wm. Bayner, Brantford; 26 Wm Templeman, 55 & 57 Yates St Victoria B. C.; 27 Mrs F. G. Wheeler, 335 Vermont St Buffalo N. Y.; 28 J. L. Charles, Glencoe; 29 Mrs R. Parsons, Brampton; 30 Mrs (Jas) Flintoff, Newmarket; 31 Mrs Jno Gamble, Byng; 32 C. H. Cuplake, Oshawa; 33 Mrs J. Peillar, Little Britain; 34 A. B. Cookshank, Barrie; 35 M. Morrison, Poplar Park Man; 36 Mrs T. R. Taylor, Prescott; 37 Edith Bell, Campbellford; 38 Robt K. Michall, Aldergrove B. C.; 39 Mrs J. S. Cook, W. Gravenhurst; 40 Rebecca J. Sill Lethbridge N. W. T.; 41 Emily McArthur, Sharon Ontario.

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First One, Twenty Dollars in gold. Bella Carlisle, Brandon Man. Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book. 1 Adr C Munn, 801 Talbot St London; 2 Mrs W S Jones, 60 Exchange St Buffalo N. Y.; 3 Sam'l Francis, Thornhill; 4 Lizzie Moore, Port Perry; 5 Geo Newlove, Yorkton; 6 Geo B Martin, Lancaster; 7 Mrs Jno Drum, Poplar Point Man. Next eleven, each five dollars cash. 1 Frank Brown, Simcoe; 2 Mrs H Reynolds, Milestown; 3 Mrs Thos Dandie, Streetsville; 4 C Kerry, Eden Grove; 5 Mrs W Bell, Ingersoll; 6 Carrie Foulds, Port Huron; 7 Arthur Jones, Brantford; 8 Morley Jones, Brantford; 9 C Marston, Windsor; 10 D M Kane, Windsor; 11 G H Partners, Victoria B. C. Next Seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring.—1 J H Burrows, Cleveland Ohio; 2 Elizabeth Drury, Crowhill; 3 Geo Levagood, Woodstock; 4 A P Combes, Riverside Cal; 5 Annie Doe, 34 Palace St London; 6 M C Moyer, 145 S Buffalo St Buffalo N. Y.; 7 W L Sternberg, 21 McGill College Ave Montreal; 8 Lizzie L Lindsay, 217 Theodora St Ottawa; 9 Mrs J P Moore, Windsor Mills Que; 10 Annie Carlton, 307 Somerset St Ottawa; 11 Helen Mitchell, 167 Laval Ave Montreal; 12 Jno A Watt, Lanark; 13 E. Shepherd, 318 Stewart St Ottawa; 14 Thos Box, Baillieboro; 15 Mrs Wm Farmer, 1909 Niagara St Buffalo N. Y.; 16 Mrs S M Pool, 54 Plymouth Ave Buffalo N. Y.; 17 Jas Leslie, Owen Sound. Next Twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing." 1 Mrs B McGuire, jr Orangeville; 2 W S Goodhugh, Montreal; 3 Mrs A Kelly, May Mich; 4 Chas T Coeking, 9 Taunkig Japan; 5 Mrs A J Clark, Cattaraugus N. Y.; 6 Mrs C D Coney, Kennedy N. Y.; 7 Jas Smetton, Niagara Falls; 8 G Trusler, Strathroy; 9 W M Paterson, 79 Mansfield St Montreal; 10 L Chamberlain, Nelson; 11 A W G Mon, Deer Park; 12 Charlie Balh, G. Mich; 13 W H B Athelstone, 213 Bagg St, Montreal; 14 Geo H McLeod, Brighton Junction Que; 15 Mrs A S Fox, Oshawa; 16 Sam'l Dinamore, Granton; 17 Mrs T R Coogan, Chatham; 18 A A Anderson, Sundridge; 19 M Smith, Lambeth; 20 Mrs J McQuarrie, 114 Amherst St, Buffalo, N. Y.; 21 G W Henry, Treasurer's Office C. R. R. Montreal; 22 Clara Heatus, 6 Ross St, Auburn, N. Y.; 23 Mrs M S Cleur, Washburn, Ill; 24 Ida M Frederick, Campbellford; 25 Richd. T. Biggar, Langley Prairie, B. C.; 26 Lena Malloy, 178 Macdounell Ave, Parkdale; 27 Mrs Fred Driver, Richmond St Que; 28 Mrs R G Cavanagh, Shelby, Mich; 29 Rachina Robertson, Strathroy.

NOTICE TO PRIZE-WINNERS.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble.

A suit is in litigation in Lyons. It belongs originally to Saint Jean women revered by Jansenists because he had protested against the Bull Unigenitus. It came after his death into the possession of an ancient family by whom it was handed down, until recently an unworthy man sold it to a local dealer in Lure a town, who, in turn, disposed of it for \$200 to a woman who already chanced to own the lower part of the same suit. The broker who brought a customer to the dealer rejected the latter's offer of \$500 commission and has sued for more.

The old reliable photographers Messrs Edy Bros. at 22 Yonge street, are already securing the attention of the public by the quality of their work. A visit to their fine studio is a pleasure; none should miss it.

Switzer forces for The Soc low near one-fiftet "orene electric h nights w lands of The ha the gum upon an \$300,000 The lan are to be steel and colors nai In the of Turin, tripled, sulerable The his in Freibu assembles 1476, has The H off niplor of Colum \$50,000 subject. Leo XI nals to i studies o tory to u subject. The Fr brate th establishi in an ext Lyons, at The R planned, be begun pleted it world in In Picc engaged deep hol immense of the R A mo late P brother, subscribe their gr The has just and com tions, p apital an The S new um specting It is set shall be Every French; the Gen in arms, aside fr and gen At th tenor w at the r quate re to this i his cont The l show th metres, toan it i the err gulation: The s struck describ in the t about l are alm A Ri gunpre pleave ment u the ma ventor In V tabelle When tattle, with a

FOREIGN NEWS.

Switzerland has called out all her armed forces for campaign exercises this year.

The Socialist party of Germany numbers now nearly a million adherents, not quite one-fiftieth of the empire's population.

Florence and Capua have just established electric lights in their streets, and the first nights were celebrated with ambulating bands of music.

The heaviest taxpayer in Prussia is Krupp, the gunmaker, who is assessed this year upon an income of \$1,400,000, an increase of \$300,000 over 1889.

The lances with which the German cavalry are to be armed are to have shafts of hollow steel and to carry small flags in the Prussian colors nailed near the head.

In the last thirty years the population of Turin, the first capital of Italy, has tripled, and the city has become a considerable manufacturing centre.

The historic lime tree at Munchenwyler, in Freiburg, under which the Swiss Federals assembled before the battle of Murten, in 1476, has been uprooted by a storm.

The Italian Foreign Office has broken off diplomatic relations with the republic of Columbia until a claimed indemnity of \$50,000 be paid to an outraged Italian subject.

Leo XIII. is reported by the Roman journals to be engaged in making extensive studies on the Socialist question, preparatory to issuing an encyclical letter on the subject.

The French Government proposes to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the Republic, on Sept. 4 in an extraordinary style at Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles.

The Russian Government has ordered the planned great railway line across Siberia to be begun in May. When the line is completed it is estimated that the tour of the world in fifty days will be feasible.

In Piedmont, while a peasant was lately engaged digging the soil, he discovered a deep hole, in which were found buried an immense collection of copper and bronze coins of the Roman republic and empire.

A monument is to be erected to the late Prince Amadeus, King Humbert's brother, at Florence, the citizens having subscribed the money therefor to attest their gratitude to the Savoy dynasty.

The Minister of the Interior at Rome has just ordered a committee to investigate and compare the police uniforms of all nations, preliminary to a choice for the municipal and rural police throughout Italy.

The Sultan of Turkey has decided to put new uniforms on his troops, and is now inspecting different styles of military dress. It is settled that in summer the uniform shall be white like that of the Russian army.

European military critics assert that the French army could be mobilized as soon as the German, though the latter's equipment in arms and supplies would be a superior, aside from the question of fighting qualities and generalship.

At the opera house in Piacenza, Italy, a tenor was howled down by the official clique at the instigation of the manager. Inadequate receipts induced the manager to resort to this measure as the only way of breaking his contract with the singer.

The latest maps of the Austrian empire show that its area is 3,247.12 square kilometres, or quite a good-sized country, larger than it has been made out by previous maps. The error came about through incorrect triangulation in the Hungarian survey.

The chimney sweepers of Vienna have struck for an increase of wages. They are described as the most wretchedly paid men in the town. Their monthly pay has been about 14 florins, or 26 shillings, and they are almost entirely dependent on time.

A Russian inventor has a new smokeless gunpowder, said to exceed in power any explosive yet invented for guns. The Government is constructing immense new works for the manufacture of the powder, and the inventor has been taken into the service.

In Vienna, four workmen found a bottle labelled rum, and drank the contents. When too late it was discovered that the bottle, instead of containing spirit, was filled with nitro-glycerine. One of the men died

immediately, and the others are in a hopeless condition.

Upon the death of the Italian prince Amadeus, the lottery offices in Vienna were besieged with tickets bearing the number 47, which, according to the lottery dictionary, signifies "death of a prince;" 47 came out and the players won several millions of florins from the imperial treasury.

The Central Shoe Blacking Institute has opened its doors in Berlin. It undertakes to clean boots and shoes for its clients as often as required between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. for monthly payments at the rate of fifty cents a month for men and thirty-five cents for women. Half rates are given when several members of one family subscribe.

The recently published statistics of the Imperial German Post Office Department show that in 1888 there were 18,508 Post Offices in Germany, with 10,016 telegraph offices, and 92,288 officials of all grades; 2,226,807,459 pieces of mail were handled, 22,125,167 telegrams were sent. The money orders of all offices in the country amounted to 1,068,962,416 marks.

Don Pedro lately went to Cannes to inspect its military fortifications, and entrance was at first refused by the sentinel at the gate; but when the soldier learned who he was the bayonet was lifted and he was allowed to pass in. Afterward the sentinel was severely punished by the commanding officer on the ground that the French republic did not recognize ex-emperors, and cared to have no monarchs prowling about its forts.

A Government officer in whom the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia placed such high confidence as to permit him to have all the handling of funds raised by voluntary subscription for the erection of a large church on the spot where the late Emperor was assassinated, has mismanaged the trust to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars, and the Grand Duke and one of his brothers have made the amount good from their private purses.

A Cossack officer named Pyertzoff is taking a horse-back ride from Belovetchensk on the River Amoor, in eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5,300 miles. He goes quite alone on an ordinary cavalry horse and carrying his provisions with him. He started in November, and when last seen by a party of merchants near Irkutsk, was in good health and spirits, and had made about a quarter of the distance. He expects to reach St. Petersburg in April. It will be the longest ride on record.

The performers in an Algiers theatre, which closed its doors while the influenza raged, sued their manager because he deducted the time thus lost from their salaries, claiming that they were willing to play right on. The manager claimed that the influenza was an act of Providence, and that however able the actors may have been to play the public was incapacitated from attending, and the closing of the theatre was thus necessary through no fault of his. The Court sustained this view of the matter.

Henri Tourville, the hero of a cause celebre, has just died at Gratz, in the Karlan prison. He murdered his wife by pitching her down a precipice in the Orler Mountains. He pretended that the affair was an accident, and was allowed to return to England, of which country he was a naturalized citizen. Subsequently damaging evidence was discovered against him, and after a great legal contest he was finally surrendered to the Austrian authorities in 1876, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The police of Grenoble, France, have a mystery on hand in the case of a grovemaker named Peyrinet, a woman named Juliette Gabet, in whose house he lived, and another woman, Madame Raymond, a friend of Gabet, all three having been found dead with bullets through their brains and a revolver tightly clenched in Gabet's hand. In spite of this revolver, the indications are that either the two women were first killed by the man, who then committed suicide, or that the whole three were murdered by thieves.

The German fleet consists at present of 22 large armored vessels, 15 armored vessels intended for the defence of coasts, eight ocean going frigates intended for long voyages and naval instruction, particularly for cadets, 10 crushing corvettes capable of being equipped in war time to prey on the enemy's commerce, 4 cruisers and 3 launches with guns specially constructed for the colonial possessions of Germany, 7 despatch

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boats attaining a high rate of speed, 10 training ships, 3 yachts, and 60 torpedo boats. The Paris police traced an Italian criminal named Fausti to a certain tenement house on the Rue de Tournelles, but failed to find their man in the apartments where he had been staying. As they were leaving they met a man on the stairs, whom they arrested on suspicion. He protested that he was an honest citizen, living on the floor below the one the police had visited, and that he was about at that hour of the morning because he had got up from bed to go and get the milk for the breakfast coffee. The police let him go to the rooms that he said were his, and there found some other man in bed with a sleeping woman. The honest citizen went into paroxysms of rage, which were fairly rivalled by the wife when she awakened and found a man whom she called a stranger in the bed. It was finally discovered that the honest citizen was honest and so was the woman, while the strange man was the criminal, who had slipped out of his own rooms when he heard the detectives coming, and, creeping down the stairs and chancing to find the honest citizen's door left open by him when he went out after the milk, had sought refuge there.

Russia has demanded of the Government of Bulgaria the payment of 3,000,000 roubles arrears of money due on account of the Russian occupation during 1878 and 1879. The demand is in part related to the consolidation and quieting government of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. By the treaty of Berlin, July, 1878, it was provided that Russia, whose armies had just conquered for these countries their freedom from the Ottoman domination, should maintain a military occupation of Eastern Roumelia for nine months. The object of this was to guarantee the tranquility of the country, it being apprehended that between the Turkish authorities left in partial control and the long oppressed population, inspired by their partial freedom, there would be murderous conflicts if the conquering armies were withdrawn before the respective elements had accustomed themselves to their new relations. As is usual in such cases, the expense of maintaining the troops was to be assessed upon the province. Russia has never pressed this debt but demands the arrears now, apparently under a sense of irritation.

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RUSSIA'S BRUTAL CRUELTY.

The Latest Story of Horror in Siberia.

Provided with a cable dispatch of introduction from George Kenham, the celebrated Siberian traveller, the London agent of the Associated Press, called this morning on Sergius Stepiak, the well-known writer upon Russian political and social conditions. Mr. Stepiak was asked whether he could give any information in regard to the outrage in the political prison at Kara, in Eastern Siberia, rumors about which had recently reached the public press by way of the Russian colony in Paris.

Mr. Stepiak replied that the reports already published give only a hint of the horrible tragedy enacted at Kara. Perfectly trustworthy information, he said, had been received in cipher letters that have succeeded in getting through to Paris and London from Eastern Siberia. These letters, which are nothing but meagre scraps of paper, tell the story of the recent horror only in its main outlines. But one who knows about Siberian prison life does not need a circumstantial recital to understand the cruelty of discipline and

THE MOUNT OF SUFFERING

of which this horror was the culmination. The full details of the dreadful story cannot be long now in reaching the Western world. Coming so soon after the publicity given to the Yakutsk atrocity, Mr. Stepiak thinks it can hardly fail to deepen the sense of horror already felt by the civilized world at Russia's treatment of political offenders.

The facts so far as received are as follows: Mme. Sigida did not commit suicide, as the earliest reports stated. She died from the effect of the cruel flogging to which she was subjected. The flogging took place Wednesday, Nov. 6. It was continued till under the brutal blows, the unhappy victim lost consciousness and lay as one dead. The poor woman never revived from the terrible shock, but continued to grow weaker and weaker until Friday, when death came to her relief.

The news of her shocking official murder produced widespread dismay and anguish among her fellow-prisoners, and three of them, unable longer to bear their wretched fate, committed suicide by taking poison. How they obtained the poison is not known, but probably they had long had it in their possession and were keeping it as a last resort. The names of the women were Marie Kaluzhnaya, Marya Paoloono Karalefskaya, and Nadezhda Simisitskaya, and these facts are learned in regard to them:

Marie Kaluzhnaya was arrested in 1881, being then a girl of eighteen, on a charge of disloyalty. Her father was a merchant at Odessa. During her imprisonment, every means was tried in vain to extort from her a confession implicating her friends. At last Col. Katanski, a gendarme officer, brought to her a skillfully forged statement purporting to be the confession of her fellow-conspirator. And promising immunity

IF SHE CONFESSED

Marie fell into the trap, confessed, and her confession was used against her friends, who were sentenced to penal servitude. When she learned that they had made no confession, she had been convicted on her testimony alone, she procured a revolver, and, Aug. 21, called upon Col. Katanski and fired at him, wounding him slightly in one ear. For this attempted assassination she was condemned by court-martial at Odessa, Sep. 10, 1884, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

Marya Paoloono Karalefskaya was a married lady, about thirty-five years of age, daughter of a well-known landed proprietor in the south of Russia, Paul Vorontsof, and sister of Basil Vorontsof, one of the best-known political economists in Russia. She joined a secret circle, which was surprised and captured by the police in February, 1870, and sentenced to thirteen years' penal servitude, with exile to Siberia for life and deprivation of all civil rights. Her husband, though not present, was sent by administrative process a thousand miles from the mines to which she was sent. The separation drove her insane, and she was put in a straight jacket. In 1881 she was allowed to join her husband, in the hope of restoring her reason. She recovered, but a new Government separated them again, and she was transferred to the Kara mines.

Nadezhda Simisitskaya was thirty-three years of age, and a student in a woman's college.

She was sentenced to the Kara mines for fifteen years, with penal servitude.

Soon after the suicide of the three women a brother of Marie Kaluzhnaya, also a political prisoner, died suddenly. It is not definitely known as yet whether he, too, died by poison, or whether his death was the result of overpowering grief on learning of the death of his sister.

Another exile, named Bobokoy, committed suicide rather than submit to the cruel humiliation and suffering of a flogging. Bobokoy was a university student, and took part in some public demonstration of the students which was displeasing to the authorities. He was thereupon ordered to make his abode at Pinega, a small village in the Province of Archangel, the northernmost of European Russia. From there he attempted to make his escape, and for this heinous offense he was exiled to the mines of Eastern Siberia.

The flogging of Mme. Sigida occurred under orders issued by Lieut. Gen. Barron Korff, the Governor General of the Province of the Amour, in which the Kara prison is situated. These orders directed that the secret edict of March, 1888, signed by Galkine-Vraski, Director General of Prisons for the empire, should be unflinchingly enforced. This edict was to the effect that political convicts should be treated by prison officials in precisely the same manner as criminals condemned for common law offenses. Political prisoners were thus made liable to flogging for breaches of prison discipline. In what particular way Mme. Sigida had transgressed the prison rules is not clearly explained. But flogging a sensitive and cultured woman to death for any lack of conformity to prison regulations, Mr. Stepiak thought, would impress the Western World with profound horror.

The political prisoners at Kara, Mr. Stepiak said, had in some way learned that the political exiles imprisoned at Saghalin had been subjected to cruel flogging. They were constantly in dread of torture similar to that inflicted upon Mme. Sigida.

Mr. Stepiak was asked whether he thought the Czar, in view of the fact that these exceptional horrors at Kara had been made public, would interfere to mitigate the severity of the prison discipline in the case of political convicts. He replied that he thought it not unlikely that the publication of the facts would force the superior officials of Russia to take some notice of the affair. But he said, the flogging and all the other brutalities were entirely due to the direct orders of the Central Government at St. Petersburg, namely, the edict of March, 1888. The ministry of the Interior was, therefore, directly responsible for the renewal of corporal punishment of political prisoners, which had been suspended in 1877, after Trepoif ordered Bogoluboff to be flogged.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

Those who lag after others in sinning are in danger of following them in suffering.

Happiness lies concealed in our duties, which, when fulfilled, gives it forth as the opening rose gives forth fragrance.

Life to be worthy of a rational being must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past.

There are two sorts of content. One is connected with exertion the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virtue; the other a vice.

The next best thing to being happy oneself is to be able to make others so, perhaps that may be the sort of happiness they have in the next world.

There is no true happiness outside of love and self-sacrifice, or rather outside of love; for it includes the other. That is gold, and all the rest is gilt.

The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

Some say the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."

NEWS FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Capitals of Honduras and Costa Rica to Be Joined to the Pacific by Rail.

It seems that both Honduras and Costa Rica are determined to have railroads from their capitals down to the Pacific coast. The Honduras Government has decreed to concede to Pablo Mendieta and Louis Gaubert the right of preference to construct a railroad from Tegucigalpa to the port of San Lorenzo. In order that Messrs. Mendieta and Gaubert may exercise this right, the Government is to present an outline of its requirements, and the concessionaries are to place a legal representative at Tegucigalpa. The enterprise is French.

President Bogran has decreed that in commemoration of the recent signing of the Pact of the Central American Union in Salvador, the Governors of the various departments of Honduras shall cause to be constructed a park or promenade ground at the capital of every department not already possessing one.

Dou Ramon Milence, a well-known Tegucigalpan, has obtained the exclusive right to manufacture ice in that department, and will soon establish a large ice manufactory.

Nicaragua continues divided in regard to the union. The non-unionists count upon a valuable ally in Costa Rica under the administration of Senor Rodriguez. Had Esquivel been elected there would have been no holding back from the federation. Many anticipate strong resistance in Nicaragua, finally, however to be overcome with force.

The Costarricense, who left their own country on the defeat of Don Ascension Esquivel, are still contented to remain in Guatemala. It is not thought that Don Ascension will return very soon, and his friends and followers are glad to remain with him.

He Saw the Wrestler.

There was once a Scotch farmer famed for his strength, who was often challenged by people from a distance who had heard of his reputation. One day there arrived from London Lord D., a well-known amateur pugilist. He found the Scot working in a field. "Friend," said his lordship, after first tying his horse to a tree, "I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." Without a word the farmer seized him round the middle, pitched him over the hedge, and resumed his work. His lordship slowly gathered himself together, whereupon the farmer said, "Well, have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied Lord D., "but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse."

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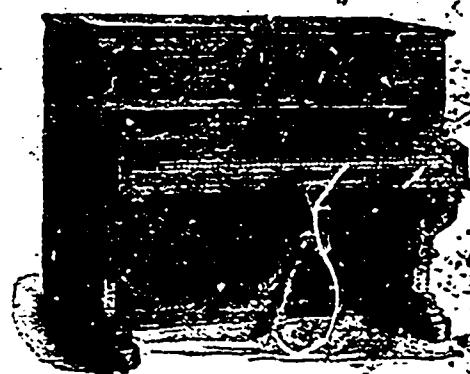
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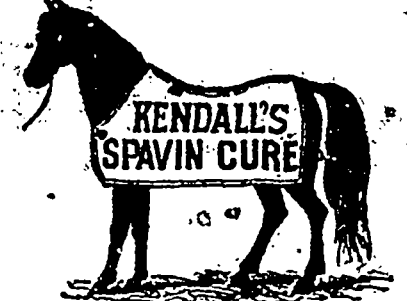


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