TRUTH

TORONTO, CANADA

CONTENTS.

March 8th, 1890.

A Weekly Magazine of Current Literature

$3.00 per Year 10c per Copy

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

HOFLAND'S

STEAM LAUNDRY,

435 Queen Street West, Toronto

Two doors East of Spadina Avenue.

Best work in the West End guaranteed. Parcels sent for and delivered.

Thomson, Henderson Bell,

BARRISTERS, Solicitors, etc. Offices: Bank of British North America Buildings, 4 Wellington st. E., Toronto, Canada. Registered cable address, "Thenson, Toronto.

D. E. Thompson. Geo. Bell.
David Henderson. Walter Macdonald

R. JORDAN,

PLUMBER,

STEAM - AND - GAS - FITTER,

BELL HANGING, ETC.

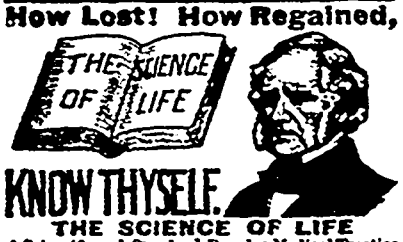
☞ Estimates Furnished.

631 Yonge-st.

TELEPHONE 3359.

THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH VITALITY!

How Lost! How Regained,



KNOW THYSELF.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY — UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation. Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation.

Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price only $1.00 by mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially by mail or in person, at the office of the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all letters or letters for advice should be addressed.

CANCER CURED

Without the aid of Knife or Plaster. Positively no pain. A purely vegetable treatment which removes cancer, tumor and scrofula. For particulars and circular address DR. ABBOTT M. MASON, CHATHAM, N.Y.

The Home Savings & Loan Co., Ltd.

OFFICE—No. 72 Church St., Toronto.

$500,000 to Loan on Mortgage. Small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THE PEOPLE'S GROCERY.

Choice Groceries, Tea and Coffee a specialty. Butter and Eggs received daily. *Oysters and Fish in season.* Dealer in Crockery, Flour and Feed and Coal and Wood. Orders attended to and goods delivered promptly. Country orders will be carefully packed and shipped C.O.D. Telephone 262. Note address, Samuel Sanders, Grocer and Provision Dealer, 537 and 539 Bloor street and 277 Borden street, Toronto. Robt. Murray, Manager.

Watson, Thorne, Smoke & Masten,

Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Toronto.

Offices: York Chambers, 9 Toronto street.

GEO. H. WATSON. HORACE THORNE. C. A. MASTEN. SAM'L C. SMOKE. J. M. CLARK.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.

EXAMINATIONS—Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 238 McCaul-st., Toronto.

BIG

Package of Story Papers, Story Book and magazines. Only 5 cents silver, post-paid.

A. W. KINNEY, YARMOUTH, N.S.

LOOK! LOOK!

1000

Statements	$2.00
Bill Heads	2.00
Note Heads	2.00
Envelopes	2.00
Business Cards	2.00
Letter Heads	3.00
Delivery Books	2.50
Shipping Tags	1.50

Orders of 3000, $5; 5000, $7.50.

Maxwell Johnston & Co., Job Printers,

122 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Those wishing to keep their copies of TRUTH in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG, PLAIN BINDER,

For 75 Cents, postage prepaid.

These Binders have been made expressly for TRUTH and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete.

Address,

S. FRANK WILSON,
TRUTH, Toronto.

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY,

43 ELM STREET.

W. D. PALSER, - Proprietor.

All kinds of Laundry work well and promptly executed. Parcels sent for and returned to any part of the city. Telephone 1580.

Brass Signs, Door Plates,

RUBBER STAMPS.

ADDRESS,

C. A. SCADDING,

4 Adelaide Street East, (Upstairs)

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

THE TORONTO PARISIAN HAND LAUNDRY

104 QUEEN ST. EAST.

The above having changed hands, the business premises are now fitted up with additional and improved appliances, and are conducted under the best possible management. Prompt attention will be given to the calling for and the delivery of all articles entrusted to my care, and reparation will be readily made for mistakes or losses.

All Handwork & no injurious chemicals used

D. MUNRO, PROPRIETOR.

WINDT'S

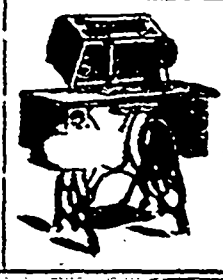
Hack, Coupe,

Boarding - & Livery

STABLES.

Telephone 818.

8 AND 10 DUKE ST., TORONTO.



N. WAGSTAFF,

General Agent for the

RAYMOND SEWING MACHINES.

General Repairing done by practical machinists

Needles, Oils and Attachments.

158 Queen St. E.

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters,

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequaled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure both pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by the use of B. B. B. Passing on to graver not prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, tumors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will affect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above-named diseases, on application to FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

"HARRIS" BUYS LEDGER,

Letter and Book Paper.

27 & 29 William St., Toronto, Ont

TELEPHONE 1729.

Nervous Debility

Sciatica, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Indigestion Rheumatism and all Nervous diseases are Immediately relieved and Permanently cured by NORMAN'S ELECTRO CURATIVE BELTS, which are warranted to be the best in the world. Consultation and catalogue free. Batteries, Suspensories, Shoulder Braces, and Crutches kept in stock.

A. NORMAN,

QUEEN STREET, EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

SEEDS

SIMMERS' SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1890

Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 120 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, and tells all about the BEST GARDEN, FARM and FLOWER Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. *Valuable New Seeds on Garden Topics.* It describes Rare Novelties in VEGETABLES and FLOWERS of real value, which cannot be excelled elsewhere. Send address on postal for the most complete Catalogue published to

J. A. SIMMERS, SEEDSMAN

147, 149 & 151 King Street East. - - TORONTO, ONT.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Pills

Purify the Blood, correct all disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH KIDNEYS & BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to Health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incident to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

☞ Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment 533 OXFORD STREET (Late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

78 to 81 Adelaide St. W.,

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

The ONLY Company in the Dominion Making a SPECIALTY of the Ready-Print Business.

Country Publishers Save 33 1-3 Per Cent. by getting their Half-Prints from us.

Estimates Furnished on Application.

Special Transportation Rates with Express and Railway Companies.

TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR. TORONTO, ONT, MARCH 8, 1890. NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 492.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

An article in the February *Forum* on "Moral Aspects of College Life," by C. K. Adams, President of Cornell University, will be read with interest and satisfaction by those parents who, while desirous of educating their sons, are harassed with a fear that the moral atmosphere of the modern college is unhealthy and injurious. In opening up his paper Mr. Adams calls attention to a fact often overlooked, that in College, as elsewhere, the sober, industrious, and orderly go their uniform way without attracting attention, while "profligacy and idleness have a marvelous knack of getting themselves reported. If the great business of a university is not industrious and steady work of a profitable kind the doors of the institution might as well be closed. But this kind of work attracts no attention. It blows no horns and rings no bells. Like all great forces, it is apt to move on quietly and silently. But if at any moment a single indiscretion occurs not only the community but, perhaps, even the country at large is filled with noise." To condemn the whole because of the escapades of a few evil doers who find their way to the college halls is exceedingly unjust. As to the main question of the paper, viz., Are the conditions generally found in colleges such as naturally promote morality, i. e., are they such as to strengthen the moral impulses on the one hand, or weaken the forces tending to immorality on the other, Mr Adams unhesitatingly answers in the affirmative. Pestulating the forces which "which make for righteousness" and correctness of life to be religious conviction, conclusions of philosophy, public opinion, and wholesome example, he maintains that in respect to each the College has the advantage when compared with the general community. In his own university at Cornell they have a Christian Association, housed in an elegant and commodious building, which counts a membership of more than 500, a little short of one half of the entire body of students. And this is not an exceptional state of things, but the rule among the undenominational or secular colleges of the country

Speaking of public opinion as it exists in colleges, Mr. Adams acknowledges that the ethical ideas of students are somewhat peculiar to students themselves, but adds; "The judgment of students may sometimes be faulty; but their impulses, their desires, their purposes, their moral tone, will almost always be found to be correct. I do not hesitate a moment to avow my belief that, as an almost invariable rule, what may be called public opinion among students, is not only strong, but is also clean and wholesome. It approves and it denounces with more discrimination and with more energy than does public opinion in the society at large." So too, in the matter of example the student is held to have the advantage over his brother in the street or in the shop. "Let outsiders say what what they will, every college man knows that the great mass of students are earnestly devoted to the work of preparing themselves for the duties of life. There may be colleges where this is not the rule, but I believe they are exceedingly few, and I know of none. Students generally have a strong and manly purpose, and it would be a slander to intimate that as a rule they are not straightforward, downright, and truthful."

Turning from a consideration of the forces which give an uplift to character, President Adams discusses the things which aim at weakening the subjective physical forces which tend to immorality. He points out that there is a certain vitality in strong, lusty natures that study does not exhaust, that looks for some escape in the exercise of the physical powers. Here he appears as the friend of the gymnasium and the college green. So thoroughly convinced is he of the moral advantage of physical exercise that he would make attendence upon the gymnasium obligatory for the first two years of the college course. But while a friend of all out door games which call for bodily exercise, he is especially partial to the popular game of foot-ball. This game, it is contended, not only calls for the most active, the most instantaneous exercise of intellectual discrimination but it also demands the most complete subordination of the individual will to the good of the whole. The necessity of self-restraint is as imperative as the necessity of prompt action. To every participant in this game there came moments of tremendous temptation. But it comes under circumstances that help him to resist. He is waging battle, not in silence and alone but in the presence of spectators and an umpire who demand fair play. If he allows his opponents to ruffle his temper, he is subject to disgrace. If he yields he knows that he may be sent off the field by the umpire. To hold one's self with perfect self restraint under severe temptation and provocation, is one of the greatest of moral achievements, and any game which tends unmistakably to develop such ability cannot be regarded as destitute of moral power."

That sixty per cent. of the students attending the Toronto Medical College are pledged total abstainers is a fact in which the friends of temperance may well rejoice. In no direction is the change of sentiment on this question more marked than in the different opinion entertained by the medical fraternity now, as compared with a quarter of a century ago. Now the testimony of those, who of all men are the best qualified to judge of the effects of alcohol upon the human system, is overwhelmingly in favor of the practice of total abstinence Nor can this fact fail to influence the rising generation, provided they are made acquainted with it. If the doctors, whom the boys regard as oracles in matters pertaining to the body, pronounce against alcoholic beverages they will be led to view these drinks with grave distrust. In this circumstance lies one of the greatest advantages of temperance instruction in schools. Temperance people have reason to be encouraged by the progress their cause is making Let there be no slackening of effort along the line of moral suasion.

They have a summary way of dealing with strikers in Russia, where a strike is regarded as a revolt and so treated by the authorities. About a month ago a crowd of employees in behalf of a number of their fellow workmen who had been dismissed, surrounded the managers and demanded that the usual number of hands should be employed. The police were called in and quickly settled the matter. During the night fifty of the ringleaders were quietly spirited away, no one knew whither or how. By and by it leaked out that the fifty poor fellows had been hurried off to the salt mines of Cracow, where they were scourged, starved and ill-used till they imitated the example of Mrs. Sigida and sought death as a refuge from tyranny After the disclosures of the Siberian outrages the public are not surprised to hear of any atrocity however barbarous or cruel. Russia well deserves her name—"The Bear."

For a bad man to be confronted with the results of his misdeeds is often very disconcerting and embarrassing. Thus a trio of Mormon missionaries found it in London, England, the other day. They had come to Great Britain to carry on their work of proselyting and persuading innocent young women to emigrate to America and were holding a meeting in East London for that purpose. For a while the missionaries were listened to with attention, but presently a member of the Anti-Mormon League appeared on the scene to offer opposition to the Latter Day Saints. He reminded the crowd that not very long ago a young woman, one of their own number, who had been induced to emigrate by Mormon missionaries, had returned to her mother's home shoeless and starving, with two little children, having tramped the whole distance from Liverpool. He concluded by producing the young woman in question and asking if they wanted more of their sisters to be served as she had been. This excited the crowd, who groaned and hooted. Mud and other refuse were thrown at the unlucky Mormons, who had their clothing torn, hats knocked in, and were otherwise maltreated by the outraged citizens. In view of the speaking facts they had before them one can hardly blame those people for the rough handling they gave these wolves in sheep's clothing. Their sin at any rate, even though they did violate the letter of British law, was only venal.

Look on this picture and then on that. The other day a Haldimand Tory writing to the *Empire* concerning the recent election in that county says:

"There is no little amusement here over the accounts sent to the Toronto *Globe* charging the Conservatives with all sorts of corruption. The truth is, there was never a quieter, more orderly or fairer election run in all the long history of Haldimand, and the reports sent to the Grit press to the contrary are sent only for the purpose of accounting for the terribly crushing defeat of the Grit party. Last year by the most villainous of means Dr. Montague was defeated by a very small majority, and the tactics resorted to then damaged Colter very much in the contest just closed. In every way possible to the riding promises had been broken, Grits of large [illegible] voters. [illegible] horse, did I? [illegible] those to [illegible] said no more [illegible] open [illegible] the same game would not work, though it was well and faithfully tried."

From the same place and concerning the same election a Grit correspondent to the *Globe* affirms that:

"The falling off in the vote for Mr. Colter was due solely to bribery, and the amount of money spent by the Conservatives was incredible. In the Indian Reserve the corruption during the day was most barefaced. The polling took place in a private house. Within ten yards of this was a small log shop provided with lock and key, the latter being in the custody of the Conservatives. Into this Col. Tisdale, M.P., would take an Indian voter, lock the door and try and persuade him to vote for Mr. Montague. If he failed, Mr. Moir, of St. Mary's would take the Indian under his care and interview him in the shop, first locking the door. It would be passing strange if these arguments did not succeed. Then R. W. Mutchmoor and other Tory workers took Indian voters to the barn to persuade them. About noon there was a great lull in the voting. Dr. Montague and his friends could not get an Indian to vote, and it was soon discovered that there was something wrong. A council of war was held and the Doctor started for Hagersville in great haste and soon returned with Robert Birmingham, who inspired them all with vitality, and voting was soon resumed in earnest. Then the scenes began to be ludicrous. Dr. Montage and one of his workers would go out into the yard and find an Indian who had been duly persuaded, and take him by the arms and fairly carry him to the poll."

It is difficult for anyone to contemplate this two-fold picture without arriving at the conclusion that, either the writers are poets, to whom exceptional license is granted in the use of figurative language, or, that the descendants of Ananias are not yet an extinct generation.

A horrible fatality occurred at Colbourg the other evening, whereby one Dan Herald, the builder of the famous Rice Lake canoes, came to his death beneath the wheels. At the time of the accident he was sitting upon the track about a quarter of a mile east of the station, and did not notice the approach of the train which effected his death. One word explains the whole—WHISKEY. It appears that Herald had been drinking during the day and in the attempt to go from one hotel to another he lost his way, turned down the track, and after walking a [illegible] hundred yards sat down on a cattle guard, which position he was when the [illegible] him. It is the same old story [illegible] did it.

The fact of color blindness has [illegible] recognized, the cause is still [illegible] Sherwood, a member of the [illegible] the Canadian Institute [illegible] theory, which he thinks [illegible] merit of being "[illegible] color blindness is [illegible] internal causes [illegible]

students are robed in black gowns, often seem to him like white sepulchres with dark spirits hovering round. Here the reform suggested is, that the professors should wear purple or terra cotta colored gowns, and the students vause green. The eye of the professor would rest with pleasure upon the field of color before him, and the student would easily discern the robes of the professor. The walls should be painted with such colors as would lend a soft effect to the eye, and would afford an illustration of the most prevailing tints of nature. How much truth, if any, there in this theory can be conclusively settled only by actual experiment. It is certainly plausible, and may yet be found to have something in it.

There are two things which will make it extremely difficult for the authorities at Washington to go back on the position they have all along been contending for—the natural reluctance or unwillingness to confess one's self in the wrong, and the enormous value of the fishery to the U. S. exchequer. How valuable these fisheries really are may be inferred from the license fees which sealing companies are willing to pay for the privilege of fishing. It is reported that for the exclusive right to take fur seals upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George for the term of twenty years from May 1, 1890, the American Fishing & Trading Company, of San Francisco, offered to pay the Government $305,000 per annum, and in addition $4.12 for each skin and 25 cents for each gallon of seal oil. Another Company made an offer which would realise an annual revenue to the Goverment of $875,000, and still another expressed their willingness to pay a rate 10 per cent. higher than that offered by any other bidder.

In the *Chautauquan* for February occurs a little story the interest of which centres in the fact, that its evident design is to furnish a pronounciation test rather than to minister delight to its readers. It is skilfully arranged, and introduces a considerable number of words frequently mispronounced by public speakers and others. Following is the test, with which no doubt many of TRUTH's readers will find it interesting to test their accomplishment in this direction: Odyssey, apparatus, acorns, been, bellows, pencil, lade, vagaries, repartee, harassed, tirade, demonstrative, vehement, peremptorily, bronchitis, canine, Christianity, enervate, exhaust, quadrille, European, exquisite, plebeian, romance, bustle, gondola, eclat, buoyant, [illegible]pela, bouquet, equipoise, halcyon, obliger, combatant, lethargic, lenient, dew, [illegible]e, finances, gallows, finale, grenadine, [illegible]d, extant, Odeon.

[illegible]nchise Act has once more escaped [illegible]hough not without the loss of [illegible]r friends, who on this occasion [illegible]epeal. The motion of Dr. Wil[illegible] repealed and the provin[illegible]d to, called forth an ani[illegible]pecially on the part of [illegible]ct. Nothing strikingly [illegible] old arguments of [illegible] being principally [illegible]f Mr. Mills, who [illegible] the fran[illegible]ised [illegible]ral [illegible]

to be so unpopular among those who support it in Parliament that no one will stand up for its defence in private And yet though no charge of dishonesty in the preparation of the provincial lists is preferred, and though none are found to contend that the Federal Act gives a wider franchise than the laws of some of the provinces, "party exigencies" demand that the burdensome act shall be continued.

The young Pretender who appeared at a moment so unexpected and importune is giving the French government more trouble than was at first anticipated or thought possible. Scarcely had his trial been concluded and his sentence imposed, when President Carnot proposed to pardon him, on condition that he leave the country forthwith. Subsequent events, however, have induced the president to alter his purpose. Many deputies have individually expressed their opinion against any act of clemency, which they say would almost certainly precipitate a Cabinet crisis. To satisfy this element the Government has confined the offending Duke in the prison at Clairvaux where he will occupy the cell formerly occupied by Prince Krapotkine, the Russian agitator, though it is doubtful whether this circumstance will render his confinement any more tolerable or pleasant. It is rumored that the Government, in order to placate the Duke's sympathizers and escape the charge of persecution, will connive at the escape of their distinguished prisoner. Gaolers will be ordered to feign sleep and sentries to prove conveniently blind that thus the bird may flee. Of course this will be apt to enrage the more violent of those who insist upon the infliction of the penalty, but in such a case it will be difficult to fasten the blame upon the real offenders, and so the Government are likely to escape without any great loss of prestige, while at the same time they will be relieved of their undesirable prisoner.

From a temperance standpoint the new License Bill introduced by the Provincial Secretary, and discussed at considerable length in the Legislature one day last week contains some modifications which are certain to be regarded as amendments indeed. Among the most important changes are (a) The provision relating to the granting of licenses. The bill reads:—"In the case of an application for a tavern or shop license by a person who is not, at the time of making such application, a licensee under this Act or as to premises which are not then licensed, the petition must be accompanied by a certificate signed by a majority of the electors entitled to vote at elections for the Legislative Assembly in the polling subdivision in which the premises sought to be licensed are situated, and the said majority must include at least one-third of the said electors who are at the time of such application residents within the said polling subdivision."

Thus it will be seen that the work of getting up a petition in put upon those electors who desire the license, instead of, as formerly, upon those who are opposed to it. (b) The provision restoring an old piece of temperance legislation which was considered superfluous and therefore omitted at the time of the consolidation of the Municipal and liquor license acts. The provision runs as follows:—

"The Council of every township, city, town and incorporated village may pass by-[illegible] for prohibiting the sale by retail of spiri[illegible] fermented or other manufactured [illegible] tavern, inn or other house [illegible]tainment, and for pro[illegible] thereof, in shops [illegible]es of public ea[illegible] by law, be[illegible] only [illegible]

lity in the manner provided by the sections in that behalf of the Municipal Act; provided further that nothing in this section contained shall be construted into an exercise of jurisdiction by the Legislature of the Province of Ontario beyond the revival of the provisions of this section, which were in force at the date of the passing of the British North America Act, and which subsequent legislation of this Province purported to repeal."

Now that the Scott Act is really a dead letter so far as Ontario is concerned this gives to the communities named in the bill, the right, to say whether the liquor traffic shall exist in their midst. It is practically a Local Option law. Other provisions which temperance people must regard as advances are, the raising of the age of minors from 16 to 18 years, the abolition of bars on steamboats, &c. In the discussion of the bill objection was taken by Mr. Meredith to the method of appointing the License commissioners. These he would have appointed by the County Councils instead of by the Local government as at present. This, from a temperance point of view, would certainly be a retrograde movement. The Attorney General made no mistake when he affirmed that the Temperance people did not desire the change. They will thank their representatives if they "let good enough alone."

Let no one suppose from the blanket appearance which the report of their voluminous speeches gives to the daily papers, that our law-makers at the Capital never allow their minds to turn away for one brief moment from the momentous questions which affect the nation's weal. They have their diversions as well as other hard-wrought men, and sometimes the fun breaks one when they little expect it. An instance of this kind occurred the other day when Sir Richard Cartwright asked Sir John Macdonald if he had received from his son in Winnipeg the expected letter in reference to the Rykert matter. Sir John replied, "I received the letter, but it is evidently not intended to be laid upon the table. He uses somewhat unparliamentary language. I have sent for—for—" "A revised version," suggested Sir Richard. "Yes," said Sir John. "I asked him to say what he has to say in Parliamentary language." It is needless to add that for a few moments the tension was relieved and the House indulged in a hearty laugh. Nor is there any reason why it should be otherwise. While the country expects that those who are entrusted with such grave responsibilities will act with a conscientious regard to its best interests, it does not proscribe all recreation and enjoyment on the part of its representatives, remembering the adage, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest of men."

Mr. Justice Ferguson who presided in the Court of Chancery last week when the case of Smart v. Smart was up for trial seems to have been in a similar situation to that of the American preacher who found no trouble in arousing his righteous indignation on suitable occasions, but experienced considerable difficulty in keeping his indignation righteous. Thoroughly exasperated by the horrible and filthy accusations which Smart made against his wife, with whom he was contending for the custody of their three children, his lordship in rendering judgment was led to pour out the vials of his wrath in a most vigorous fashion. He complained of the poverty of the English language as not furnishing expletives sufficiently strong and comprehensive for the occasion; refused to characterize the man's conduct as beastly, feeling that this would be a false and foul slander upon the brute creation; expressed his surprise at discovering that the world contained such a man either in barbarous or civilized life; and declared himself at a loss to comprehend how it happens "that a man brought up and educated as the prisoner must have been, has such a character as he, apparently without compunction or shame, demonstrates that he possesses." This is said to be the most terrible scarifying over given a prisoner by a Canadian judge in rendering judgment. That it was well deserved, few who are familiar with the circumstances of the trial will deny; the universal feeling being, it served him right. Nor will the pure-minded citizens fail to derive satisfaction and assurance from the incident, which illustrates the high sense of honor, right and justice that is possessed by those who occupy the chief places in our judicial system. In the purity and excellence of her judiciary, Canada ranks second to no other nation.

Emigration from Ontario to the N. W. has already begun. A farmer's excursion to Manitoba comprising ten cars of stock and four coaches of passengers left the Union Station one evening last week. The C. P. R agent at this port says he expects a large number of excursionists this spring for whose accommodation trains will run every Tuesday night until well on in May. This movement will probably be furthered to some extent by the representations of the Rev. L. Gaetz, well and favorably known in Ontario and Quebec, at present in Ottawa engaged in forming a colony in Red Deer district, some 80 miles north of Calgary. In his address before the Agriculture and Colonization Committee he pointed out the resources of the district, the fertility of the soil, the capabilities for wheat raising and the existence of large quantities of coal. He disclaimed connection with any Colonization company and intimated that he had no land to sell. No doubt he would profit by the enlargement of the Colony, which numbers at present 250 souls, and this fact may have had some influence in leading him to Ottawa at this juncture, thought is possible that the higher aim of acquainting others of the means of making a comfortable livelihood may have had something to do with his present mission. At least this might be expected of one who so eloquently and persuasively preached the Gospel of good will, and the brotherhood of man.

On the principle of tit for tat the Alien Labor bill of Mr. Taylor, of Leeds, which aims at prohibiting the importation and migration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in Canada, has considerable justification. Whatever may have been the real object of the authorities at Washington in passing the U. S. "Alien Contract Labor Law," and the more charitable incline to the opinion that the law was aimed at undesirable immigrants, from across the ocean and not at Canadians, the fact is indisputable, that the law has been so interpreted as to include Canadians within the scope of its provisions. And right vigorously has the law been enforced, especially along the Canadian frontier. In the discussion upon Mr. Taylor's bill last week, several instances were related by members in which the most extreme interpretation had been placed upon the law by our neighbors. Men in the employ of the G.T.R. Company who worked in the States but lived on the Canadian side of the line, were obliged to cross over or lose their situation; while the Company was liable to a fine of $1,000 for every man who lived in Canada and worked across the border. Two instances at least have occurred where Cana-

dian ministers were not allowed to accept calls extended to them by American congregations who desired their services. Only last week the management of Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lewisburg, Pa., were informed by acting secretary Batcheler, that the Canadian clergyman called by them is regarded as an "alien." within the meaning of the Alien Contract Labor Law. Now it must be confessed that such conduct is irritating and annoying to the last degree, and goes far to excuse the vigor with which the unneighborly system is assailed and denounced. Nevertheless the considerations of expediency and right must not be lost sight of in dealing with a matter so important. As Sir John Macdonald pointed out, "there is this difference between Canada and the United States: The United States do not want any more people there, and we do, and there is a very nice difference between the two countries." The question therefore resolves itself into this; whether to invite immigration in this way by patiently submitting to such unneighborly treatement, we do not pay too dear a price in the loss of national dignity and influence. We cannot afford to submit to such an extent as to produce the impression that we either have no sense of independence or are afraid to try the experiment of existing upon our own resources as an independent nation. Then as to our rights in the matter, we undoubtedly have the constitutional right to say whether we shall adopt a policy of retaliation or not. The moral right, however, which nations that would abide must respect, is another thing. If the United States has acted in such a manner as to violate the great ethical principles that should govern nations in the intercourse with one another, it is not a sufficient reason for Canada that she should follow the bad example. Rather our duty is by a strict adherence to the principles of truth and righteousness to reprove the grasping selfishness, the irritating unneighborliness of our big and erring cousin. History, if it teaches anything at all, teaches that like as with individuals so with nations, their sin will surely find them out.

On the 23rd ult., the day before Congress voted on the site of the World's Fair, which it is proposed to hold in 1892, the funny man of the New York *Press* felt moved to set forth in pictorial form, by no means complimentary to the western competitors in the struggle, what would take place when the matter was finally decided. Chicago and St. Louis, the one represented by a huge hog walking on its hind legs and grasping with a front foot one handle of an empty grip sack, the other represented by a typical son of Erin holding the other handle of the bag, are pictured as starting out on a long walk home, feeling sick and utterly disgruntled. Could this joker have foreseen the developments of the next twenty-four hours he perhaps would have entertained his friends with a very different product of his vigorous imagination. It will now be in order for Chicago to return the compliment, and to taunt her funny neighbor, reminding him of the wise proverb, he seems to have so unfortunately overlooked, "He laughs best who laughs last." With the results of the contest Canada has reason to be well satisfied. Though in one sense it is no concern of ours how the matter was settled, in another sense we are deeply interested in the affair. Should the big ideas that have been expressed be carried out, and no doubt an earnest effort will be made to realize them, the exposition of 1892 will far eclipse anything the world has ever seen. It is proposed to make it worthy of the important event it commemorates, the discovery by Columbus of this New World, as well as to give the visiting nations an idea of the wealth and resources, the energy and enterprise, the ambition and genius of the great American Republic. Tens of thousands of Europeans will doubtless be attracted to these shores to witness the exhibition, while all the leading countries of Europe will be interested in having their products, natural and artificial, fully represented. This will bring no inconsiderable amount of traffic to the railroads and lines of steamboats on the great lakes, a traffic of which Canada, owing to her geographical position may expect to receive some share. Moreover as the line of travel from New York and all points north, is more direct through Canada than by the routes south of the lakes, we may reasonably expect that many visitors from Great Britain and the Continent of Europe will not fail to embrace the opportunity of seeing for themselves what manner of people we Canadians are and what kind of country we possess. Great misapprehension still exists in many quarters (though the idea is being gradually corrected) concerning Canada, its inhabitants and resources. We shall hope to secure a little advertising which will tend to remove the false impression that ours is a land of perpetual frost and snow, inhabited by a people little more than half civilized. In view therefore of the possible advantages to ourselves of the present arrangements, Canadians will hope that no unexpected event or influence may arise to prevent the Chicago bill from being ratified by the Senate at Washington, a stage through which it must yet pass ere the matter is finally settled.

The suggestion of Sir John Macdonald in reference to the negotiations now pending in Washington re the Behring sea and fishery disputes is without doubt founded in reason. When questioned in the House concerning the matter, he replied that the negotiations now going on between Sir Julian Pauncefote and Hon. Mr. Blaine in the presence of Hon. Mr. Tupper, the Canadian Minister, are of a private nature and cannot, without incurring the risk of rendering all their efforts nugatory, be made public at the present stage. It is the dictate of wisdom for Canadians to possess their souls in patience until the terms of the agreement are declared, when no doubt, ample opportunity will be afforded the Parliament of Canada to express an opinion upon the proposed basis of settlement before it is finally ratified by the high contracting powers. All so-called "semi-official" reports concerning the nature of the negotiations had better be accepted with the proverbial grain of salt. Such for instance is the report of the *Globe's* Washington correspondent, who, under date of Feb. 2[illegible]h, announced that he has "learned semi-officially that Sir Julian Pauncefote concedes the right of the United States to the mare clausum theory, but holds that inasmuch as the Behring Sea was never officially proclaimed a close sea by the United States until now, therefore, the United States should indemnify the Canadian sealers for losses sustained through seizures made before the official proclamation. Mr Blaine admits this point to be well taken, and is quite willing that the extent of damage shall be settled by arbitration." This monstrous concession is incredible. It is a clear surrender of the whole case so far as the Behring Sea is concerned, and grants the contention of Secretary Blaine, who is opposed by every reputable authority on international law, and every jurist in both Europe and America. The "semi" must be detached from the qualifying words before such a report can be accepted. Meantime Canadians will await with intensest interest the result of the present proceedings.

The Berne labor council is declared off and Switzerland has intimated her willingness to take part in the German conference. All the powers named by the Emperor have given in their acceptance, viz, Switzerland, Belgium, France, England. The press dispatch announces that the official programme of the International Labor Conference has been issued. The subjects to be discussed are the regulation of mine work, with reference to the prohibition of the labor of women and children underground; the shortening of the shifts in particularly unhealthy mines; the ensuring of a regular output of coal, by subjecting the working of the mines to international rules; the regulation of Sunday labor, and also the regulation of the labor of children and females. But while the subjects to be discussed appeal with tremendous force to the humane feelings it is clear that if the Conference goes no further, or at least, if Germany herself goes no further in seeking to settle the labor difficulties which at present give the Socialist movement its power, so far as the Fatherland is concerned the Conference will not have accomplished a very great deal. Indeed, to outsiders it is a puzzle which increases in perplexity the longer it is contemplated, how the labor difficulties of that country can be satisfactorily arranged while the present oppressive military system exists. The curse of Germany, as of all the great European nations, is her immense standing army which takes from industrial and productive pursuits so many hundreds of thousands of her strongest and most capable men. So long as she resolves to keep up her great military establishment, so long will the backs of her poorer subjects be bowed down under the oppressive load. For the kindness of his heart the Kaiser is to be commended; for his statesman-like grasp of the situation and the best means of relief, the public praise must be withheld until his plans shall have demonstrated their efficiency under actual trial.

Now that our mysterious visitor, la grippe, has about ceased from his deadly work among us, the results of his visitation in the city may be approximately estimated. According to the official mortuary record the deaths for last December were only about one per thousand of the population, while according to the same authority the deaths for the month of January last, amounted to 1¾ per thousand, the difference being attributed in large degree to the unwelcome visitor. And yet, though the increase of deaths in Toronto is so marked, the city's record is more favorable than that of many other places in the Dominion, notably Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, in the former of which the deaths were 3 per thousand and in the latter, over 4. During 1889 the ratio of deaths per 1,000 of population did not reach 15. In January last, when la grippe and pulmonary affections were prevalent, it was only 1.74, while in Montreal it was 3. All of which goes to show that Toronto is not a bad place to live in.

The death of John Jacob Astor, New York's richest citizen, revives some interesting facts connected with the history of this noted family during the last 100 years. The story reads like a romance, and justifies the familiar adage, "truth is stranger than fiction." Emigrating to this country in 1784, the founder of the Astor fortunes, and grandfather of his lately deceased namesake, was induced through the accounts given to him by a German trapper whom he met en route, to try his fortunes in dealing in furs. At first he tramped through the forests on foot carrying on his back his pack of gewgaws and trifles which he exchanged with the Indians for their furs. These he [illegible] England and to the easter[illegible] tries. Thence he [illegible] horse, did [illegible] ese silks, and eastern wares, which he is said to have sold at such prices as to reap a thousand per cent. and more upon the original investments. All his ventures were crowned with success, so that at his death he left a fortune estimated at $20,000,000. This came into the hands of his son Wm. B. Astor, who, by adopting a policy of buying up real estate and selling not, multiplied his inheritance at least sevenfold. Two thirds of his immense fortune passed over to his son John Jacob, just deceased. The Astor fortune is now variously estimated at from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000. Concerning the character of him over whose body the freshly turned sod has just been laid, a biographer thus writes:

"Mr. Astor was an ideal landlord, who never expected the tenant to make those repairs which health or comfort required, and which too many landlords refuse to make until the long suffering tenant deserts them and no other tenants can be fooled into replacing him. The success of such management, as shown by the vast increase of his estate under it, shows his policy to have been worldly wise; but that fact does not alter the humanitarian value of the example he leaves to other landlords, except perhaps to increase that value by making the example more likely to be followed. Mr. Astor was an investor and an improver rather than a speculator in and a locker up of land against improvement, and in this respect, as in his policy toward tenants, he followed a course that benefitted the city at large and the stability of the existing social order as well as himself."

The irrepressible Labouchere is at present resticating for a week. Last Friday he refused to withdraw a statement he made in the House, to the effect that he could not believe Lord Salisbury's [illegible] in reference to the Cleveland-street [illegible]. For this breach of parliamentary usage he was suspended by a vote of 177 to 96. As can be imagined this action has set the friends of Mr. Labouchere talking and writing. He himself is likely to make capital out of it in prosecuting the present campaign, representing himself as a martyr to the partizanship of the Tory Speaker and Deputy Speaker in the effort to expose abuses in high life. Whatever use may be made of the circumstance in this way it is nevertheless exceedingly unfortunate for the cause of public morals that the incident should have occurred. The public are not particularly interested in knowing Mr. Labouchere's opinion of Lord Salisbury's veracity, but they are exceedingly interested in arriving at the truth concerning these scandalous rumors connected with Cleveland St. And the scene of Friday is not calculated to render the task of ferreting out the truth any more simple or easy.

A social monster, formerly a resident of Hartford, Conn., has lately increased her notoriety by figuring once again in the Chicago divorce court. Her first marriage was with one Wm. H. Jennings. Quarrels arose in the household, and Jennings finally went to Texas. During his absence Mrs. Jennings ran away with J. Henry Langley, a Boston broker, and came to Chicago. Meantime, however, she had brought suit in Hartford for divorce from her husband. She had not been in Chicago [illegible] days before she jilted the Boston [illegible] transferred her affections [illegible] W. C. Asay, one of the most [illegible] members of the local bar. [illegible] told the woman that divorces [illegible] procured more readily in [illegible] Hartford. He was himself [illegible] a divorce case, and when [illegible] from his marital vows [illegible] Mrs Jennings's action [illegible] He got his client a decree [illegible] the women went East [illegible] lawyer broken [illegible] Mrs. Jennings [illegible] were [illegible] the [illegible] to take. One of [illegible] and [illegible] are strictly [illegible] he gave [illegible] but by their [illegible] to use them. [illegible] ditie[illegible] going. Sold every[illegible] bin[illegible]

Truth's Contributors.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

Reflections on the Dual Language Debate—The Separate School Question—A Sensation Pending in the Senate—Sir John Refuses a Charter to a Railway Through "Crow's Nest" Pass—Tariff Matters—A Story Told of a Nationalist—Canadian Divorce Court—A Plea for Making it Accessible to Poor as Well as Rich.

The towering fact to be seen in the adoption of Sir John Thompson's amendment to the McCarthy bill, is the length and power of the Conservative party whip. All through the debate the greatest signs of disunion and want of harmony were in the Conservative camp. The Liberals were by no means united, but there seemed to be between them a kind of *modus vivendi* that was in sharp contrast with the wide and hostile gaps that yawned in the ministerial ranks. The Tory Bleus bolted with Chapleau at their head before the Nationalists had spoken, or Mr. Beausoleil (a Rouge Nationalist) had even mooted his stalwart amendment. The Ontario Conservatives stood with the bulk of the Ontario Liberals, and positively would not irritate their constituents farther by a vote that looked like another bending to French Catholic domination. This was before the party whip cracked at the final caucus on the Friday morning of the vote. (It may be said in passing, that Chapleau had in the meantime resigned the leadership of the Bleu bolt to Sir Hector, and taken his accustomed place at the whip stock.) On Friday night the effect of the caucus was seen when practically the entire Conservative party except the leaders of the agitation voted for the Thompson compromise, Bleus, Orangemen and all. Even Clarke Wallace, Cockburn and Davin, the father of the other amendment, took their place in line. Among the Liberals there was no such unanimity, the leaders accepted the compromise, but the followers voted as they pleased. Either their whip is not so effective or it was laid on with a lighter and more Liberal hand.

Now that the dual language problem has been solved after the manner of the indolent school boy who allows himself a free evening with the comforting assurance that he will copy some other fellow's "sums" in the morning, the most eager question in the lobbies is:

"Will Mr. McCarthy move in the Separate Schools matter this session?"

The *Mail* says that he will.

Mr. McCarthy at the time of writing has said nothing, though all doubt may easily have been set at rest before these lines are [illegible]. The Separate School problem is the [illegible]t in Canadian politics. The abolition [illegible] schools will severely test the [illegible] of Confederation—it will lead to [illegible]on of the Protestant minority of [illegible] when it is raised it should be [illegible] most careful and sober con[illegible]d with a sure[illegible] that the whole [illegible]e is steadily behind the [illegible] writing the above I am [illegible] the intention of Col. [illegible]ndment to supply a [illegible]nperial Parliament to [illegible]th full control of the [illegible]tion [illegible]day, I [illegible] you know, are appointed by the government and in certain localities, where the Roman Catholics predominate, they employ Catholic teachers for one of the so-called public schools. The Catholic children flock to this school and it is really managed as a church school. There are public schools in my town where nuns are the sole teachers and Catholics the only attendants."

The people of Ontario must remember that by repealing the Separate School Act they have not driven the Roman Catholic church out of politics, either provincial or municipal.

A burlesque in which a star actor will be in earnest is promised Parliament. Senator McInnis, an enthusiastic Scotchman, has given notice that he will ask that his native language—the musical Gaelic—be made an official language. If it is reached in the Senate, it will wake up whatever humor there is in the red chamber.

At the railway committee the other morning, Sir John Macdonald announced a course of government policy that will bring to him the commendation of the country. The Galt railway company was asking for power to run their line through Crow's Nest Pass—a Pass that, with our present knowledge, looks like by far the most important gate-way to British Columbia. Sir John stated that, until more was known of that region, the government would grant a monopoly of that Pass to no person or company. This is presumably taken in the public interest, and it will probably occur to the logical mind of the Premier that it would be equally in the public interest if the government would refuse to grant a monopoly over any newly discovered coal mines or other natural values. This is written with a proper fear of Goldwin Smith before my eyes who has a happy way of dismissing new theories with a wave of his rhetorical hand.

The opposition are now engaged in placarding certain tariff victories over the ministry. At the opening of the session it became evident that the government would be compelled to yield certain points in the tariff on which they had been persistently assailed by the Liberals; and forthwith the Liberals have hastened to place on record once more their policy on these matters that it might be the more evident that they had compelled the retreat of the government. As those tariff changes will not be announced until the budget speech, the conservative members find themselves in the position of voting now against propositions that it is almost certain in a few days they will be called upon to support. Two of these expected Liberal triumphs are the abolition of the rebate of the duty on corn to distillers and the abolition of all duty on corn—the latter, indeed, including the former.

A very good story is told at the expense of a prominent Nationalist member. Discussing the McCarthy bill with a French pressman, he said with impressive earnestness:

"I tell you if McCarthy were to have his own way, he would kill—he would butcher the French Canadians in the North West."

"Oh! not so bad as that," protested the pressman, endeavoring to soothe the fierce anger of his friend.

"Not so bad as that!" vociferated the Nationalist member, "not so bad as that! Why, [illegible], didn't they burn Joan of [illegible]

[illegible]tee of the Senate is [illegible]ed doors. The Senators that compose this committee are virtually the divorce court of Canada. All divorce cases are referred to it as all private bills are referred to appropriate committees, and before it is brought all the evidence upon which the demand for divorce is founded. It is because of the inevitable machinery of Parliament an expensive court to reach, and British democracy is hardly satisfied with a court that sits with closed doors. In my humble opinion, the causes for which divorce will be granted should be made as few as possible, then rigidly fixed; and, this done, access to the divorce court made as cheap and easy as possible. Divorce should be granted in every case, rich or poor, where it is right; and in no case, rich or poor, where it is wrong.

A. R. C.

The French Pretender.

The Duke of Orleans, who was recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment for violating the law of banishment from France, remains behind the bars, but it is understood that as soon as public opinion has had time to subside, President Carnot will release His Royal Highness and have him quietly conducted to the frontier. Meantime Mr. Henry Labouchere has paid a visit to the duke, who is only 21, and thus describes him: "The hope of the house of France is a cross between a little fool and a smart young officer of a crack regiment without any idea beyond those subjects which are discussed at mess. He is tall, of fresh complexion, has neat features, and could not fail as an ensign trooping colors to steal away the hearts of nursery maids and romantic young ladies, if they were not physiognomists enough to see that the eyes are harsh, unpleasant and dull, and that although he has lost the pudding contour which made him an ugly boy, the domination of stomach over mind is still shown in his cheeks. His light-brown hair, of a dull shade, is parted, masher-like, in the middle, and is slightly curled. As to dress, it was irreproachable and carefully careless. I could trace a resemblance in the cut of his features to the late Duke of Orleans, but the countenance was not his, and betrayed a mind on very small pattern, a good deal of vanity, and a temper more irascible than sunny. The eyes, to which I venture to recur, are small, triangular and wanting in fine expression, and, too close set, gave a mean character to the face."

Of the duke's near friend the Duke de Luynes, Mr. Labouchere says: "This nobleman is saved by a clear, fair skin and a good-natured laugh from being the exact image of our Darwinian forefathers. I never saw a clearer case of reversion to a far back ancestral type. This duke's mouth reaches from ear to ear, and his loose lips refuse on any account to cover up the nether teeth and gums. His forehead slopes back from his brow at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Republicans and Semites have no reason to fear the ducal party. The Duke of Luynes, though now fairly well stricken in years and corpulent, continues to dress as a masher, and wears his grizzle hair parted in the middle, while marks of curling irons on the top part court attention."

Upright Men in Downright Earnest.

"We need, nowadays," exclaims Spurgeon, the great English preacher, "upright men in downright earnest, who say what they mean, and mean what they say. Cheating in trade, cheating in religion, cheating in talk, must not be put up with any longer. Old Father Honesty is the man for our money. None of your painting and gilding, give us the real thing. There would be a great fall in sheepskins if all the wolves were stripped; but stripped they ought to be, the rascals! Let each one of us begin to mend the world by putting off every bit of sham that we may have had about us. Off with the trumpery finery of pretense. Show the smock-frock, or the fustian jacket, and the clump boots, and don't be ashamed."

If you carry a watch wind it in the morning when you get up, not at night when you go to bed. The fullest tension of the spring should be upon the movement while you are up and about. This will save frequent regulation of the time-piece.

LIGHTED BY GAS FROM WOOD.

A Canadian Town That Utilizes the Waste Product of Her Saw Mills.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Sun* thus describes the process of manufacturing gas from wood by which the darkness at Deseronto is relieved:—

One day last week a stranger came to town and said that over in Canada he had seen a whole town, Deseronto, that was illuminated by gas made by distilling wood instead of coal. The facts as he related them are interesting.

The gas plant consists of a series of cast-iron cylinder placed like boilers in a brick furnace. Near one end of each cylinder is a big hopper. The hoppers are kept filled with sawdust brought from a bin by an endless screw that works in a wooden trough. From the hopper the sawdust is conducted by other screws through iron pipes into the retort. There it is taken by another screw and pushed along to the rear end. Because of the heat of the retort all of the volatile matters in the sawdust are driven off, and the wood becomes charcoal, when it is ready to be discharged through a pipe at the rear of the retort.

The gas passes through pipes from the top of the retort to purifiers, such as are used in common coal-using gas works. Lime is the chief constituent of the purifiers. It comes out with an odor not very much like that from bituminous coal. It smells more like smoke from an outdoor fire than anything else.

The town of Deseronto consumes about 20,000 cubic feet of gas a day. To produce this requires the distilling of two tons of dry sawdust. A cord of hard wood furnishes sufficient fuel to do the work. One man is employed to keep the fires going and do the heavier work, and one stout boy is required to assist him. The sawdust costs nothing but transportation from the mills.

Tests of the lights of ordinary gas burners show that the gas is from 12 to 15 candle power, varying with the sort of wood distilled. Oily woods give the higher power, of course.

"It is commonly supposed," said the man from whom these facts were obtained, "that wood is inferior to coal as a gas producer. But out of 100 pounds of coal they get 65 pounds of coke, while from 100 pounds of dry wood they get but 20 pounds of charcoal. They get, therefore, only 35 pounds of volatile matter from the coal to 80 from the wood. There is a coal tar produced from the wood, as well as from the coal. It is burned as fuel in Deseronto, but it could be worked over into many sorts of products. But the chief advantage of the sawdust plant is in the small amount of manual labor required. There is no other plant of the size in the world that is run by a man and a boy. The gas does not cost to exceed 40 cents a thousand feet, I am told."

No Fashionable God.

We find the following lines in the *Merchant Traveller*. They contain more truth than poetry:

A fashionable woman
In a fashionable pew;
A fashionable bonnet
Of a fashionable hue;
A fashionable mantle
And a fashionable gown;
A fashionable Christian
In a fashionable town;
A fashionable prayer book
And a fashionable choir;
A fashionable chapel
With a fashionable spire;
A fashionable preacher
With a fashionable speech;
A fashionable sermon
With a fashionable reach;
A fashionable welcome
At the fashionable door;
A fashionable penny
For the fashionable poor;
A fashionable heaven
And a fashionable hell;
A fashionable Bible
For this fashionable belle;
A fashionable kneeling
And a fashionable nod;
A fashionable everything;
But no fashionable God.

Health Department.

Boxing The Ears.

There is a certain class of cases that from time to time come under the aurist's care, in which the serious, offensive and at times even fatal results of that pernicious and objectionable form of correction or amusement, boxing the ears, are forcibly illustrated; and from what has lately come to my notice I cannot but think that this is another item in the bill of indictment against the present cram and over-pressure system in vogue at our schools.

THE STOMACH AND EDUCATION.

A poor, scrofulous-looking child, perhaps not normally too bright, from general ill-health and not infrequent semi-starvation (for it often happens that from the morning breakfast of dry bread and tea to the evening meal of the same luxurious and nourishing materials these poor little atoms of humanity have to go without food) is rendered on some occasions incapable of fixing the attention or in any way mastering the most ordinary of tasks, which he would quickly learn another day, when perhaps an extra meal or a rather more sumptuous breakfast is the moving power. The teacher, annoyed that the child is not going to pass the standard examination, and attributing to obstinacy and wilful inattention that which is due really to physical inability, has recourse to the book or pointer, should he have them in his hand; or employs the palm, should it be empty; with what result? Certainly not increasing the pupil's aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and most likely ruining the child's future career by rendering him deaf, or objectionable from a fœtid discharge, if he does not contribute to his early death; for it is especially in these cases of half-starved, scrofulous, or phthisically disposed children that a membrane ruptured or inflamed from a box on the ear is liable to run into a state of chronic suppuration, with the consequences to be presently described. Rupture of the drum-head from boxing the ears occurs, I am sure, much more often than is generally supposed, for not infrequently, when these children come for treatment for the "running from the ear," the original cause of the disease is forgotten, and only remembered on strict cross-examination; while in the strong, healthy boy at one of our public schools, well fed, and with a good constitution, living in purer air, and with plenty of health-giving exercise, should the membrane be ruptured from this cause, it frequently heals at once, with little or no pain; or the pain, if great, only lasts for a short time, and no further notice is taken of it though some loss of hearing power may exist, and the seeds be sown of further ear mischief in the future. When the ears are boxed it is, I presume, generally supposed, if any consideration is given at all, that the auricles are the only parts that suffer. No thought is given to the fact that a great concussion of the air in the external auditory meatus is caused when the entrance is suddenly occluded, as by a blow with the palm of the hand. This concussion forces the drum-head suddenly backwards, and thus, notwithstanding the great resisting power of the tympanic membrane (Guiber's experiments on a drum-head which had been in spirit showed that it took a column of mercury 143 ctms. high to break it), rupture will at times occur, and this is more especially the case when the blow has taken the recipient unawares. When a rent has thus been produced a more or less acute inflammation of the drum-head sets in, causing pain, which at times is most severe. This inflammation and pain will quickly disappear, and the rupture heal, if prompt and proper treatment employed; and at times, as I stated above, it may cure itself without any treatment at all.

RESULT OF NEGLECTED TREATMENT.

But, on the other hand, if neglected, the inflammation may spread to the tympanic cavity, and a chronic suppuration, with deafness and its other attendant miseries and fatal results, ensue. Thus adhesive bands may be thrown across the tympanum, tightly binding down the membrane; mastoid disease may be set up, caries and necrosis may attack the temporal bone in any of its component parts, the brain and its membranes may become implicated, and meningitis, cerebral and cerebellar or subdural abscesses, epilepsy, or insanity may [illegible] Facial paralysis may occur and become permanent. The large blood-vessels may become affected, producing phlebitis and thrombosis of the lateral sinus, and so causing metastatic abscesses in the lungs, liver, or kidney, from small pieces of the clot, breaking off and being carried into the circulation, blocking the small vessels. Or an ulcerative process may ensue, extending to the large vessels, which may become eroded, and fatal hæmorrhage result. Pyæmia may also be caused by the absorption of putrid material. The more serious and fatal of the above have a greater tendency to develop should a chronic suppuration exist at the time the blow is received; for although this condition might go on for years without producing fatal consequences, the extra stimulus of the acute attack brought on by the blow is enough to start any one of those intra cranial complications which have such disastrous endings.

With such a formidable list of evils looming on the horizon every one must acknowledge that the old proverb, "prevention is better than cure," particularly applies to these cases; but should a hasty temper get the better of discretion, and in an unguarded moment the mischief be done, no time must be lost, and the ear should be seen as soon as possible by a competent medical man; I lay great stress on the competent—or, as an old teacher of mine used to say when he wished to emphasise anything, "Put forty-five scratches under it" and mean a man who has practically studied diseases of the ear; for even in these enlightened days, when the knowledge of aural surgery is increasing by leaps and bounds, medical men in large practice and most competent in in other branches of the profession are still to be found who know nothing whatever of the simplest forms of ear trouble, and who even advise their patients to do nothing to stop a discharge from that organ, saying that it was salutary rather than otherwise—a doctrine Du Verney disputed over 200 years ago.—W. R. H. Stewart, Aural Surgeon, Great Northern Central Hospital, London.

The Domestic Doctor.

Brighten the eyes by bathing them in cold water, and always press them toward the nose when drying.

It is worthy of reiteration that milk heated to as high a temperature as it can be drunk or sipped, above 100° but not to the boiling point, is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of over great exertion, bodily or mental. To most people who like milk, it does not taste so good hot, but that is a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful, and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhilaration which alcohol never does.—*Good Housekeeping.*

For diphtheritic sore throat, use the following. One teaspoonful of flour of sulphur dissolved in a wine glass of cold water Put the sulphur into the glass first and pour on a very little water, add together with the finger, than fill the glass with water. Sulphur will not mix with water easily and it is necessary to use the finger in place of a spoon. Gargle the throat well with this mixture, allowing some to be swallowed. Repeat every three or four hours until the white spots disappear. If the throat is too sore to permit a gargle to be used, let some one take dry sulphur in a quill and blow it into the throat of the patient.

Cripples are so common a sight in everyday life, says Dr. J. B. Bissell, in *Babyhood*, that unless our attention is arrested by an aggravated case, we pass them daily with hardly more than a sympathetic look. Yet, our feelings would surely be aroused if we realized that most of these cases are due to the neglect of some one who had charge of them in their early years. A fair amount of care and consideration (after proper instruction, perhaps), on the part of mother or nurse of these maimed ones in their infancy, would, in all probability, have made the difference between a human being capable of earning a living and a useful and happy member of society, and a miserable, decrepit, defenseless creature, dependent upon the community for its livelihood and upon charity for existence. The greater number of deformities begin in infancy and childhood. The most important of all the varieties of lameness, because of its frequency and because of the serious and even fatal results which often follow it, is that belonging to disease of the hip joint. It comes on gradually, without apparent cause, getting better or entirely disappearing at times, to return again later, and in a more marked form each time, but lulling the victim and its relatives into a sense of false security, until it is too late. In this common bone inflammation, the earlier it is discovered, the greater are the chances of recovery without abscess or deformity. A moderate amount of knowledge on this subject would have taught the mother that at the first suspicions of trouble in walking, the child ought to have been placed under the observation of some one competent to judge of the condition and the necessity of treating it.

AN INFIDEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

The Extraordinary Last Moments of a Vienna University Professor.

A most remarkable deathbed scene took place in Vienna three weeks ago. The hero of it was a young professor at the University there. He was a man of great brilliancy and learning. His lectures concerning the inner life of the soul were famous among the students, who attended them in crowds. He was regarded by his fellow professors in the philosophical faculty as the coming man in the department of psychology. Socially, also, he was a man of considerable prominence. He had married into a wealthy family, and took every opportunity to get for his wife and three children all the pleasure which the gay Austrian capital affords. At the theatre, on the promenade, and at the great court balls he was one of the most familiar figures.

Four years ago he fell ill of an incurable disease, and his physician warned him that only a radical change from his gay mode of life could hinder for a short time the progress of the malady. The young professor answered quietly that he would die as a philosopher should die, without an effort to defer his last day. He ate, drank, studied, lectured and danced exactly as he did before the doctor warned him. A few weeks ago he lay down on his deathbed. He read the same books and talked of the same frivolous amusements as usual up to one evening about three weeks ago. At 8 o'clock the doctor then told him that he would die within a few hours. The young professor discussed many topics, entirely foreign to the subject of his fast-approaching death, with his wife till midnight.

"I feel well, very well," he said to her finally, "so well that I would like to drink a bottle of champagne with you before I go. Kiss me—for I may go while you are away—and then have the wine put on ice." His wife obeyed. A few minutes later he took the bottle from the servant's hand, poured out wine for his wife and himself, emptied his glass to her health, flung it to the floor, and dropped back on his pillow, dead.

The Vienna dailies, which have a constitutional prejudice against printing the full name of any man of high social standing, mention the hero of this strange scene only as Herr Prof. P—. He was an infidel.

Married in Haste.

A German engine-driver had plighted his troth to a young lady whose parents would not hear of the engagement. The lovers concerted a scheme for the attainment of their wishes. It was arranged that she should accompany her parents on a holiday trip, and, during the journey, she left the carriage under some pretext or other, and made her way to the engine where her sweetheart was waiting for her. The driver at once backed the train into a siding, uncoupled the engine, and the lovers, together with the stoker, ran on at full speed to the next station, where a clergyman, who had been duly notified, married the pair, and the new couple returned as quickly as they had come, to the spot where the impatient travellers had been shunted. The engine was again coupled to the train which proceeded on its way as if nothing had happened. Meantime the news spread like wildfire among the passengers, they congratulated the parents on the happy event, and the latter wisely decided to pocket their feelings and look pleasant.

Wholesale dry goods [illegible] Southern trade is increasi[illegible] horse, did I [illegible] rival that of the We[illegible] said no more.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It is for youth to acquire; for age to apply.

There is nothing at all in life except what we put there.

Conventionality always gets to the front in these miserable days.

I love men, not because they are men, but because they are not women.

The peasantry feel no patriotic hatred that belongs to the upper class alone.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome to the character.

The heart of youth is reached through the senses; the senses of age through the heart.

Roguery is thought by some to be cunning and laughable; it is neither; it is devilish.

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

And be the stern, sad truth spoken, that the breach which guilt has once made into the human soul is never in this mortal state repaired.

The unfaithful woman, if she be known for such by the person concerned, is only unfaithful; if she thought faithful she is perfidious.

Take all reasonable advantage of that which the present may offer you. It is the only time which is really ours. Yesterday is buried forever. To-morrow we may never see.

If we could throw ourselves away, like broken china, every time we think we have spoiled ourselves and all our story, the backyards of creation would be full of broken flinders of us.

Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition that of manhood; and successful avarice that of old age. These three attack us through life; and it is our duty to stand our guard.

Love—that vast excess of reason, the stern and virile pleasure of great souls—and enjoyment—the vulgar happiness sold in the streets—are two aspects of the same thing. The woman who can satisfy these two cravings of man's double nature, is as rare in her sex as the great general, the great writer, the great artist, the great inventor is among a people. The man of superiority, equally with the common man, feels the need of the ideal and of the material pleasure both; they all seek the mysterious hermaphradite, ther are being who comes to them as a general thing in two volumes.

Talking at Table.

There is no end to the modes of conducting table talk as a means of child education, says the "Sunday School Times; and there is no end to the influence of table talk in this direction, however conducted. Indeed, it may be said with truth that table talk is quite as likely to be influential as a means of child training when the parents have no thought of using it to this end, as when they seek to use it accordingly. At every family table there is sure to be talking; and the talk that is heard at the family table is sure to have its part in a child's training, whether the parents wish it to be so or not.

There are fathers whose table talk is chiefly in criticism of the mother's method in managing the household. There are mothers who are more given to asking where on [illegible] their children learned to talk and act as [illegible] do, than to enquiring in what part of [illegible] earth the most important archæological [illegible] coveries are just now in progress. And [illegible] are still more fathers and mothers [illegible] table talk is wholly between themselves [illegible] cept as they turn aside occasionally [illegible] sharply to their little ones: "[illegible] you keep still, children, while [illegible] and mother are talking?" A[illegible] has its influence on children [illegible] to have less respect for [illegible] less interest in the home [illegible] place for satisfying [illegible] It is potent, ev[illegible]

THE FORTH BRIDGE

Completion of the Gigantic Structure Across the Firth of Forth, Scotland.

A Bridge 1 5/8 Miles in Length—Opened by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

BY ONE OF THE ASSISTANT ENGINEERS.

The briefest glance at the map of Scotland abundantly evidences the *raison d'etre* of the gigantic structure across the Firth of Forth, whose successful completion has just marked so important an era in the annals of engineering.

Various projects had from time to time been mooted for the bridging of the Firth, but were one by one abandoned. In 1881, however, the North British, Great Northern, North-Eastern, and Midland Railway Companies, being anxious to attain direct communication to the north of Scotland, which should enable them to compete with the west coast companies for this traffic on equal if not more favourable terms, instructed their respective consulting engineers, Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G. late Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Barlow, to report on the matter. On the 4th May 1881 these engineers submitted a joint Report, the result of prolonged consultations, unanimously agreeing that the steel cantilever Bridge designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr. B. Baker fulfilled all the necessary conditions, and was the least expensive and most suitable design for bridging the Firth of Forth. The Forth Bridge Railway Company accordingly appointed Sir John Fowler and Mr B. Baker as engineers for the undertaking; and by the close of 1882 the contract was let to the combined firm of Messrs Tancred, Arrol, & Co., who forthwith commenced active operations.

Before passing to the building of the structure and the many points of interest therewith connected, we propose briefly to deal with the principle of the cantilever and the general features of the Bridge itself.

The word "cantilever," which denotes a bracket, is becoming rapidly popularised. In the Forth Bridge, the brackets are double, being placed back to back and fastened together. No better illustration of the cantilever principle can be given than that of Mr. Baker's 'human cantilever'—namely, two men sitting on chairs, with extended arms, and supporting the same by grasping sticks butting against the chairs. In the Forth Bridge the chairs must be imagined to be placed a third of a mile apart, and the men's heads to be three hundred and sixty feet above the ground. Their arms are represented by huge steel lattice members, and the sticks or props by steel tubes twelve feet in diameter and one inch and a quarter thick.

No novelty is claimed for a cantilever system. It is, as a matter of fact, a prehistoric arrangement, as illustrated in the stone corbel and lintel combinations found in the earliest Egyptian and Indian temples.

Passing on to the leading dimensions of the Forth Bridge, the total length of the structure is 8296 feet, or nearly 1⅝ miles; and there are two spans of 1710 feet, two of 680 feet, fifteen approach viaduct spans of 168 feet, four granite arches of 57 feet span on the south shore; with three arches of similar construction and 25 feet span at the corresponding northern abutment. A clear roadway of 150 feet at high-water spring tides is allowed. The extreme height of the structure is 361 feet above high-water, the extreme depth of the foundations being 90 feet below the same level.

The main masonry piers, three in number, stand respectively on the south shore, on the rock of Inchgarvie (an island fortuitously situated midway between the two deep channels) and on the Fife shore, consist each of four masonry columns of concrete faced with granite, and 49 feet at the top by 36 feet high; founded on solid rock, as in the case of the northern Inchgarvie piers, or on concrete, as in the [illegible] Inchgarvie and the [illegible] shore. [illegible] of the [illegible] and may be [illegible] have been [illegible] in the [illegible] alty.

Upwards of 21,000 tons of cement, 707,000 cubic feet of granite, and 117,000 cubic feet of masonry and concrete were employed in the foundations and piers; whilst no less than one million cubic feet of timber were used for temporary purposes.

Whilst the foundation and masonry had been proceeding, steady progress had been maintained in workshops in preparing the materials for the cantilevers. Visitors to South Queensferry will recall to mind the admirable equipment of the workshops and girder-yards and the interesting methods of dealing with the steel plates and bars. It is beyond the limits of the space at our disposal to deal with the plant employed in manipulation of the girder-work in any detail; suffice it merely to point out that from the eight hundred ton hydraulic bending-press, employed for bending the plates forming the tubes, down to the smallest tool, the latest and most approved machinery was adopted, a large quantity of it being specially designed for the work. The drill-roads with their admirable plant will be recollected, where the various members were fitted together, drilled, and then taken down, to be subsequently re-erected *in situ*.

It is unnecessary to do more than mention the numerous offices, stores, dwelling-houses, &c., located for the work. The requirements and organization of a vast staff of men numbering at one time over four thousand for the carrying out of such an undertaking will be readily apparent to our readers.

The erection of the so-called vertical tubes over the main piers formed the first stage after the completion of the bed-plates and skew-backs. These columns are twelve feet in diameter and three hundred and forty three feet high. They were built to a height of about thirty feet by means of ordinary cranes supported on timber staging. The remainder of their erection was performed from a platform, which, elevated by means of hydraulic lifting presses working inside the columns, was carried up with them. The platform, which was raised about sixteen feet at a lift, carried with it all necessary cranes, rivet furnaces, &c., in addition to shelters for the men. Access to the platform was gained by means of cages, similar to those employed in mines, and actuated in a like manner by winding-engines; all material, &c., being similarly wound up to the platform ready for erection.

The riveting of the work was performed by specially designed machines, worked by hydraulic power: the rivets, of which there are no fewer than eight millions in the entire structure, being heated in furnaces burning refuse oil, a novelty which has proved so successful that its use is now largely adopted.

The erection of the vertical columns being completed in some six months, the top member connecting them was duly built into position on the platform, now resting on the summit of the columns. Meanwhile, the bottom members, formed of tubes varying in diameter from twelve feet to five feet, were carried out on either side by means of a crane secured to a movable groundwork, which travelling along the tube itself followed up the erection. The top members and the upper portions of the struts and ties were erected by means of special cranes travelling along the top members themselves.

The material, already fitted, drilled, and in some cases also partially riveted up in the workshops on shore, was brought in steam barges to the ends of the cantilevers, and by means of the cranes already enumerated, speedily transferred to their final position in the structure.

Various methods were proposed for the erection of the 350 feet central span joining the arms of the cantilevers; that finally adopted being to build it out from each end, cantilever fashion, with the requisite temporary supports, until a junction in the middle was effected. The southern central girder was closed on October 10, 1889; that over the northern channel on the 7th November following.

The 54,000 tons of steel employed in the Forth Bridge is that known as mild steel, and was made on the open hearth or Siemens-Martin process. Two qualities were employed, one to resist tensile and compressive strains; having strength respectively of thirty to thirty-three, and thirty-four to thirty-seven tons per square inch in tension. Under the combined circumstances of [illegible] conditions for the stability [illegible] maximum rolling load, [illegible] hurricane, the strain will never exceed seven and a half tons per square inch, and in some parts considerably less, it will readily be perceived how ample is the margin of safety allowed.

The changes resulting from variations of temperature have of necessity to be allowed for, and in so large a structure they are considerable—an inch for every hundred feet being arranged for in expansion and contraction, the space over the whole length of the structure gives for this purpose no less than seven feet. For each pier and cantilever, with art of the connected girder which it has to carry, eighteen inches of play have been designed.

The surface of the bridge requiring to be kept painted is no less than twenty acres; whilst the rivets employed if laid end to end would cover about 380 miles in length; and the plates used in the construction would extend a distance of over forty-four miles.

The structure was tested by the engineers on the 21st January of this year by placing on the centre of the two 1700 feet main spans, two trains, each made up of fifty loaded coal-waggons, and three of the heaviest engines and tenders; the total load thus massed upon the span being the enormous weight of 1800 tons, or more than double that which the bridge will ever in practice be called to sustain. The results attained were most satisfactory in every respect, and in exact accordance with the calculations of the engineers. Three days later, the first passenger train was driven across the structure by the Marchioness of Tweeddale. The formal opening ceremony took place on the 4th of March and was performed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The approach lines in connection with the Forth Bridge are rapidly nearing completion, and consist of lines between Winchburgh and Dalmeny—giving direct access to the Bridge from Glasgow—and between the Bridge and Edinburgh. On the north side, Inverkeithing is being directly connected with the Bridge, and Burntisland with Inverkeithing. Various shorter lines and widenings are being carried out, and then Glenfarg Railway is being pushed forward to completion.

In conclusion, we may add that the Forth Bridge and the approach lines will, it is confidently anticipated, reduce the journey from Edinburgh to Perth or Dundee from two and a half hours to little more than one hour. In the same manner the run from Edinburgh to Aberdeen should be made in three and a half hours instead of four and a half or five; and that to Inverness in six and a half instead of eight hours; whilst on the journey from London to the north of Scotland a saving of an hour or an hour and a half may be anticipated.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Saved by Good Looks.

It is rarely, indeed, that a man's life is preserved by his beauty, for it is a quality more likely to lose than to save, but it was the case with Lord Ponsonby. He told me the anecdote himself as far as the risk of life which he ran, but he left others to inform me the cause of his rescue. He was not twenty when he passed through Paris in 1791. War was not declared, but there was a strong feeling against England. At that time the lamps were hung across the streets—hence the cry "A la lanterne!" When any unhappy victim was taken, the process of hanging him was a very simple one. Lord Ponsonby, walking in the Rue St. Honoré, was so unfortunate as to fall in with the mob, who seized him with the cry "Voila un agent de Pitt! un sacre Anglais a la lanterne!" The lamp was taken down, the cords placed round his neck, and he was actually hanging in the air, when the women, who played such a prominent part throughout the revolution, rushed forward and cut the cords. "C'est un trop joli garcon pour etre pendu!" was the cry. He fell on the pavement and was immediately carried off by his protectors and carefully tended. All these circumstances, I repeat, with the exception of the cause of the interference of the women, were told me by Lord Ponsonby, and he proceeded to give an account of his sensations on returning consciousness.

The new ginghams and zephyrs come in new and novel, fancy as well as clan tartans and in stripes and broche figures on stripes and plain grounds.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"The Twelve Temptations," with its train loads of scenery and appliances, created a decided sensation on Monday evening at this theatre. There was a *big house, a big play, and a big time* generally. "The Twelve Temptations" is certainly one of the most elaborate spectacular dramas now on the boards. The scenery is beautiful and startling, and each act seems to surpass the other in the wonderful mechanical effects. The piece will be on all week, and if the attendance on Monday evening can be taken as any evidence, standing room will be at a *premium the rest of the* week. Next week the McDowall company.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The laughable and highly ludicrous comedy of "Mrs. Partington," began a week's engagement on Monday evening. A good time was spent by those who witnessed the opening *performance*, and it will have a successful run.

Two London Notables.

Alma Tadema is, perhaps, the most swell artist in London. He lives in princely style, is much courted, and is quite chummy with the Prince of Wales. He is not so very prepossessing in his appearance, in fact, he looks quite like the prosperous tradesman. But he is exceedingly swell, and is correspondingly *proud of his social position. They* tell a good story abut Tadema's experience with Elihu Vedder. The latter is a thoroughly rough-and-tumble character, careless as to dress, indifferent to usages and traditions, wholly insensible to the nice requirements of society—a bohemian to a degree. At one time he visited the Tademas, and the *morning after his arrival* at their house Mrs. Tadema was awakened by a rule knocking at her chamber door. Much alarmed, she aroused her husband, who demanded in fierce tones what was wanted. It was Vedder who was at the door, and he answered in a voice loud *enough to be heard all through* the house: "I say, Tadema, old chap, where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"

You can, perhaps, fancy the horror that this blatant inquiry produced upon the sensitive, the finical Tadema, the boon companion to the Prince of Wales.

Whom to Choose.

In choosing a partner for life, Midland people say, as a preventive against unhappy marriages, "Better wed over the mixen than over the moor," which is equivalent to saying, marry one whom you have known for life. Ovid's advice is "If you wish to marry suitably, marry your equal," which our mother-tongue has paraphrased thus "Tak' a cat o' your ain kind, and it'll no scrat ye." *One thing bear in mind.* "A hairy man is a happy man, but a hairy wife is a witch."

Briefly, you can not do better than listen to Fuller, "Choose the daughter of a good mother." But, whatever be your choice, always remember that woman was made out of a rib from the side of Adam—not out of his head to top him—not out of his feet to be trampled under him—but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be loved. And the ladies on their part will recollect that

> To change the name and not the letter,
> Is to change for the worse and not for the better.

Society Ladies' Folly.

The five society ladies who do the pretty dance atween scenes in "Cinderella," in London, are swells of the first water "The five swagger ladies," they are called here. Consumed with vanity, the prepossessing paranoiacs paid £100 each for the privilege of participating in the pantomime. The muslins, the laces, and the diamonds they wear are marvels of beauty. Of course they are highly popular with the rest of the company, *for the* reason that they disburse their wealth lavishly. While the piece was in rehearsal these silly women provided elegant luncheons for their associates every day, and there was champagne by the case after each night's performance. One of these curious paranoiacs has an annuity of £30,000!

Tit-Bits.

The Fate of Sermons.

"Did you see anything personally applicable in the parson's sermon this morni. g?"

"No, but I thought it gave some of my neighbors a pretty hard rap."

A Fair Player.

"Does your gambling friend play fair?"

"I should say he does! He is always broke."

A Severe Test.

"You should do something to test your husband's love."

"I have."

"What?"

"I let him read one of his love letters, written to me five years ago."

Hard to Please.

"Look here," said a subscriber as he walked into the office, "I want you to stop my paper."

"What's the reason?"

There ain't enough news in it. Too much opinions, and that sort of thing."

In about half an hour another subscriber made his appearance.

"I've concluded to stop my paper," said he.

"You have?"

"Yes sir.

"I'm tired of reading about accidents and suicides, and such things. What I want is good solid opinions about people in general."

A Hard Question.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "can anybody hear with their mouth?"

"No, child, I don't think they can," replied the ungrammatical mother.

"Then, mamma, what made Mr. Jones tell sister he wanted to tell her *something*, and put his lips to her mouth, instead of her ears?"

The mother didn't question Johnny, but turned her attention to Mr. Jones, and that worthy made it all right by the proper explanations.

Puzzles the Doctors.

"Strange about Brown.'

"Why?"

"He never tastes water and yet he has a crick in his back."

A Valuable Possession.

Visitor (for argument)—Now what are your evidences of wealth?

Farmer—Well, for one thing, I've got a farm that can carry two mortgages—one for $8,000 and the other for $3,000.

Too Much Cold Tea.

"Why is it that your friend always ends his bouts in such a hurrah?"

"Can't imagine, unless it's because he indulges to freely in the cup that cheers."

A Rising Musician.

A young man had sat at the piano one evening and bored the majority of the guests for two hours, and one man was bold enough to ask who he was.

"Why, sir," was the indignant answer, "that's Mr. Allegro, a rising young musician of our city."

"Oh, is he?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Well, I don't believe it, for I'll swear I've been waiting here all the evening to see him rise, and he has kept right there at that poor, helpless piano if he was nailed to the stool and clinched.

Examination of Recruits.

"Can you show any cause of incapacity for the service?"

"Oh! yes: I am a rope-maker."

"Well, but I fail to see how that can interfere."

"It is this way; you know I am in the habit of walking backwards, and I have been told that a good soldier ought never to do that."—*Le National.*

What He Didn't Believe In.

She (sentimentally)—"I often think that the world is ful' of unsung songs."

He (practically)—"What's the use of them if we never hear them?"

She—"Ah! we can feel them. There is a song in the flower, in the flying cloud, the—"

He—"Well, the world may be full of unsung songs, but I am going to take care that it is not full of unkissed k'sses."

Let the curtain be drawn.

A Forty-Dollar Joke.

If a prominent physician over in the northwest hasn't got even with one practical joker then it doesn't lie in the telling. The physician lives in a very modern establishment. Not only is there a special night bell, but a speaking tube connects the doorsteps with the head of his bed. The practical joker has had fun with this. He has been coming along about 1.30 a. m. and standing on the opposite corner and laughing until his sides ached thinking how funny he was and what a good time he was having. Then he would cross over and ring the night bell and howl up the speaking tube as if a whole regiment of mothers-in-law on the next block had ten-minute cholera and were dying by the wagon load. And the poor, tired doctor would rouse out of his first sweet sleep and "hello" down the tube. Then the funny man would say;

"Does Dr. J——live here?"

"Yes."

"Have you lived here long?"

"For twenty years. Who are you? What the blazes do you want?"

"Jest want to know why you don't move. That's all. Ta! ta!"

And then the funny man bounces down into the street and scoots home, where he laughs for half an hour straight.

He didn't laugh half so much the other night. The doctor was loaded for him. He knew that laugh and that yell and he stuck a funnel in the tube and poured in two quarts of aquafortis, Stafford's indelible ink, liquid lye and a few chemical whiffs of torment. It gurgled and gurgled for one second and then struck Dofunny in the mug just as he opened his mouth for another howl. It came with a thirty foot fall and a ten pound pressure to the square inch.

He swallowed a pint before he could get his mouth shut and the impromptu hose played all over his face and silk hat and shirt front and dress suit. It was a roof-raiser and curled him like a cockroach on a hot shovel.

It will cost the doctor $40 for plumbing, but he grins every time he thinks of it.—[Washington Post.

Recent Events.

A young man—and not on the Niger—
Went out for a fight with the tiger;
'Twixt the turn and the chip
There is many a slip:
And the health is still good of the tiger.

He thought a love note he'd indite'er,
And he did it all on a type-writer.
It was rather too cold;
He was jilted and sold,
And he put his foot through the typewriter.

He'd a rolling and beautiful oi,
Had a Little Lord Fauntleroy boy,
Till he happened to meet
A bad kid on the street,
And now closed is that beautiful oi.

The Leading Inducement.

"What are the inducements for getting one's life insured on the Tenton plan?" asked Mrs. Dusenberry. She meant to say Tontine.

"The leading inducement, probably," replied her husband, as he repressed a smile, "is that you get your beer for nothing."

The Umbrella Question.

A traveller, calling at a hotel, left his umbrella in the stand with a label attached, on which was written in bold characters, "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow with his fist of the force of 250 pounds. Coming back in ten minutes."

Having accomplished his errand, he went to look for his umbrella, but found in its place a card inscribed as follows "This card belongs to a man who can run fifteen miles an hour. Isn't coming back."—*Elbeurien.*

Receiving a Week's Instructions.

Mrs. James Fussbudge (about to leave home for a week and saying good-by to James at railroad depot)—"Let me see, only three minutes until train time. I was so afraid we'd be left. Have I told you about everything? You'll not forget to close the pantry window every night?"

Mr. James Fussbudge (anxious for train to arrive)—"Yes, dear."

"And put it up every day?"

"Yes, yes."

"And don't forget about watering my plants."

"No, I won't."

"And you'll look after Dicky and cover his cage cold nights?"

"Oh, yes; of course. There's the train. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear—remember about locking the basement door at night. Don't trust it to Bridget."

"No—good-by."

"Good-by, dear; write every day, and—oh, don't forget to turn off the water at night if it should turn real cold."

"No, no; I'll not forget. Good-bye."

"Good-by. You know you forgot it one cold night last Winter—good-by, dear and the plumber's bill—good-by—was so big, and—good-by."

"Good-by, Mary."

"Good-by; mind what I said about—"

"Yes, yes."

"About the—good-by."

"Good-by."

Frantic fluttering of handerchiefs and bobbing of heads, and final shriek on part of Mrs. F., who says:

"Re-mem-ber—go-o—db—y!"

His Opportunity.

We quarreled o'er a wishing bone?
Just when I thought I'd won me,
My fondest wish, I found the fact
Of winning had undone me.

My little lady rose in wrath:
Her silken train she swished it,
As she snapped out, "I've lost my wish?
I wish I'd never wished it?

"You chose the best side of the bone,
Oh yes, you did, the longest!
And then, the way you pulled! O fie,
For shame, when you were strongest?

"You men are horrid, hateful things,
I know you meant to cheat me!"
And then my little lady looked
Quite mad enough to eat me.

"I hope to heaven you'll never get
The wish that you were wishing?"
And spitefully, adown the hall,
That silken train went swishing.

And then I swore I hoped so, too,
Since Satan's self was in her:
I hoped I wouldn't win, since I'd
But wished that I might win her?

Ah, warily and well, for that
I'd waited long, had I fished!
She melted, as she murmured, "Why,
You wretch, that's just what I wished?"

A Burnt Child Dreads The Fire.

Jawkins—I wonder why old Guffy never married? He looks so melancholy when the conversation turns on woman that I am afraid there is some sad romance connected with his youth.

Hogg—So there is; he got nipped so badly in a breach of promise case that he could never look at a woman since.

Female Diplomacy.

Mr. Gowing—May I escort you home, Miss Cumming?

Miss Cumming—I promised ma I would not allow any one to walk home with me; but here comes a car.

She Evidently Knew.

Jones' wife was not a very bright woman, but she sometimes said things which were worthy of a wit. One day after doing or saying something silly, her husband snapped out;

"Well, you are a little the worst I ever saw."

"Why, what's the matter now? Have I done anything wrong?"

"I should say so. You don't know the difference between a horse and a donkey, I don't believe."

"I didn't say you were a horse, did I?" she replied meekly, and [illegible] said no more.

He Objects to It.

"I see the price of meat has gone up," said a travelling man to his wife.

"Has it?"

"Yes; and as a man with judicious sporting instincts, I object to it."

"To what?"

"Playing for such high steaks."

The Consciousness of Doing Good.

Contentment serene in the bosom abides,
And he sings in the midst of his labor
Who cleans off the snow past the line that divides
His sidewalk from that of his neighbor.

The Animal She Would Like to Have Him Be.

He—"What sort of an animal would you prefer to be, Miss Northcote,—that is, if you had to be an animal?"

She—"Oh, I don't know, I am sure. But I know what sort of an animal I would like to have you be!"

He (curiously)—"What?"

She—"A weasel."

She—"A weasel!—and pray why?"

He—"Don't you remember the old nursery rhyme. 'Pop goes the weasel?'"

A Matter of Economy.

"Wait a moment outside, Maria. I've got to step in here."

"You ought to have more regard for appearances, John, than to stop at a drug store on the way to church."

(Fiercely) "It isn't a question of appearances, Maria, it's a question of economy. I've got to buy a cigar or two and get some small change or else throw this twenty-five cent piece in the contribution box. Do you think I'm a Jay Gould?"

The Paternal View.

Daughter—"Pa, Mr. Slim and I were discussing which was the preferable, 'He will go,' or 'he shall go.' What do you say?"

Pa (looking at his watch) "As it is 11 30 o'clock I should say 'He must go' was the correct expression.

Social Hypocrisy.

He—"My dear madam, allow me to express my gratitude for your kind invitation." (Aside: What an infernal bore this is.)

She—"I am delighted to see you once more, my dear doctor. I was afraid you might be prevented from coming by business." (Aside: The old fool. He never declines an invitation. was hoping he would stay away.)

He—"I am afraid, my dear madam, that I trespass on your hospitality." (Aside: If her husband wasn't rich and sickly, six policemen couldn't shove me into this house.)

She—"But doctor, you know you are heartily welcome. I hope you are well." (Aside: I wonder how long he is going to keep this up? He looks weak on his pins.)

He—"I am well. There is no necessity for asking after your health. You are getting younger and more rosy every year." (Aside: It is really surprising how an old hag can rejuvenate herself with red paint and cotton batting.)

She—"Oh, you flatterer!" (Aside. I'll say this much for him: he knows a pretty woman when he sees her.)

He—"I never flatter. You know that." (Aside: In my business a man must lie sore[illegible]

She—"I'll see you again at the sup[illegible] table. (Aside. Perhaps he will take the hint and go.)

He—"I shall be only too happy." (Aside: I'd give ten dollars if I could sneak [illegible] and go to the club.)—[Texas Siftings.

How it Happened.

A.—You are so modest I [illegible] you ever came to propose to you[illegible]

B.—That was very simple [illegible] ing, and she said nothi[illegible] brought on another. [illegible]

[Now First Published]

JOSHUA.

A STORY OF THE EXODUS

BY GEORG EBERS.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

The wanderers came nearer and nearer, and several of the young fighting-men hastened forward to meet them. They were no longer the jubilant host who had joined triumphantly in Miriam's hymn of praise; no, they came slowly, mournfully and deviously towards the mountain's foot. They had to climb the pass from the steepest side; and how the bearers groaned, and the women and children wailed; how bitterly the drivers cursed as they urged the beasts up the narrow, precipitous path, and how hoarse were the voices of the men, parched with thirst, as they set their shoulders to a cart to help the brutes that pulled it!

These hordes, who, but a few days since, had so thankfully hailed the saving mercy of the Lord, looked, to Joshua's eyes, like a beaten army. The way by which they had travelled from their last resting-place, the camp by the Red Sea, had been rough and waterless; and to a people who had grown up in the fertile plain of Lower Egypt, it had been severe indeed and full of horrors. It had led them into the heart of the barren highlands; and at every step their eyes, wont to gaze on wide and luxuriantly green pastures, had fallen on narrow gorges and a naked wilderness. After passing the entrance to the Baba valley, as they made their way along it through the desert of Sin, they had seen nothing but ravines hemmed in by cliffs. A high mountain of the hue of death towered in awful blackness above the red-brown crags close at hand and the rocks had seemed to the wanderers like monstrous piles raised by human hands: the layers of square blocks built up at equal distances stood open to the sky, and it might have been fancied that the giant workmen, whose hands had aided the Architect of the world, had been dismissed before finishing their task, which in this solitude need fear no prying eye, and which seemed not intended to be the dwelling of any living creature. Walls of granite, brown and grey, rose on each side of the path, and in the sand which covered it lay heaps of fragments of red porphyry and coal black stones, looking as if they had been broken by the hammer, or like chips of slag cast out from the smelting furnace. Strangely-shaped masses of gleaming green rock enclosed small cauldron-shaped valleys of the higher ground, which opened endlessly one out of another. The mounting path cut them across, and many a time, as the pilgrims entered one of these circular gorges, the fear came upon them that the cliff beyond would compel them to return. Their own plaints and murmurs had been heard, but presently the gap had come in sight through which they reached another rocky amphitheatre.

On first quitting the encampment by the Red Sea they had frequently passed clumps of acacia, and patches of a fragrant desert-herb which the beasts had eaten with relish: but the farther they went into the stony wilderness the dearer and better was the friendly soil, and at last the eye vainly sought a tree or a green thing.

At Elim they had found sweet wells and the shade of palms, and at the encampment by the Red Sea there had been well-filled tanks, but in the desert of Sin they had found no waters to quench their thirst with, and by midday it seemed as though the noonsun's heat had cut off all shade from them. Black for in these wildernesses and before the eye nothing was scorching, there was no shelter anywhere [illegible] The last of the water [illegible] with them had been [illegible] and beast at their last [illegible] the heat [illegible] with [illegible] deep edge, be[illegible] thirst. Then [illegible] discontent and [illegible] the Israelites. [illegible] Moses [illegible] of [illegible] parched throats were too dry for any loud utterance of complaint and cursing.

Old Nun's messengers, and the youths sent to meet them by Ephraim and Hur, had already announced to them that the smaller party had won a victory and set Joshua and the rest of the prisoners free; but their exhaustion was so complete that even these glad tidings had affected them but little, and brought no more than a faint smile to the men's bearded lips, or a transient gleam of extinct brightness to the women's dark eyes. Miriam even, with Milcah, had remained with her tribe, and had not, as was her wont, called the women together to return thanks to the Almighty.

Reuben, the husband of her melancholy young companion, whose dread of disappointment would not even now allow her to indulge in her new born hope, was a silent, uncommunicative man, and the first messenger did not know for certain whether he were among the prisoners who had been rescued. Milcah, nevertheless, became greatly excited, and when Miriam desired her to have patience and be still, she ran from one to another of her companions and besieged them with questions. And since they could give her no information as to the fate of him she loved and had lost, she broke into loud wails and fled back to her prophetess. From her, indeed, she got small comfort, for Miriam, looking forward to hailing her husband as conqueror, and receiving the friend of her childhood rescued and safe, had fallen into a brooding and anxious mood; it seemed as though some heavy burthen weighed on her soul.

As soon as he learnt that the attack on the mines had proved successful and that Joshua was free, Moses had quitted the host of the Hebrews. He had been told that the Amalekites, a warlike race inhabiting the oasis at the foot of Mount Sinai, were making ready to hinder the advance of the exiles across their palmy and fertile island in the desert. He had therefore set out with a handful of picked men, to make his way across the range and reconnoitre the enemy, purposing to rejoin the Israelites between Alush and Rephidim, which lie in the valley next before the coast.

Alodah, the chief of the tribe of Benjamin, with Hur and Nun, on their return from the mines, as the heads of the tribes of Judah and Ephraim, were to fill his place and that of his companions.

Now, as the multitude came nearer to the pass they must climb, Hur and some of the freed men went forward to meet them, especially, outstripping the rest, Reuben, namely, Milcah's husband. And she on her part had recognized him from afar, as she sped down the hillside, and, in spite of Miriam's remonstrance, hurried forward as far as to the midst of the tribe of Simeon, which marched ahead of their own. And there, the sight of their meeting had uplifted many a dejected soul; and when at length, clinging closely together, they hastened back to Miriam, as the prophetess gazed into her little friend's face she thought a miracle had been wrought, for the paleness had been transformed to a blooming and glowing rose. And her eyes, which for so long she had scarcely ever opened but for some request or brief reply now were never still, for how much she wanted to know, how much she had to ask her taciturn husband, who had suffered such terrible things! They, even a comely and joyful couple, and to them their path lay not over bare rocks and parched desert tracks, but through a land of spring flowers where brooks murmured and birds sang.

And Miriam, who had done her utmost to cheer the pining girl, rejoiced at the sight of their happiness.

Soon, however, every gleam of glad sympathy faded from her face; for while Reuben and Milcah walked on winged feet, scarce deigning to tread the soil of the desert, she marched on with bowed head weighed down by the thought that she herself was alone to blame if no such happiness as theirs was in prospect for her at this hour. She told her [illegible] and made a great sacrifice, pleasing in the eyes of the Lord and worthy of great reward, in refusing to hearken to the voice of her heart; but nevertheless she could not help remembering the Egyptian woman who had forbidden her to account herself as one of those who truly loved Joshua, and who herself had died so young for her love's sake.

She, Miriam, was alive; she had killed the most ardent desires of her heart; duty forbade her now to think with ardent longing of the man who lingered on the mountain top, devoted wholly to the cause of his people and to the God of his fathers, a free and noble soul, the future leader perhaps of her nation's armies, and, if Moses would have it so, the first and most influential among the Hebrews next to himself but lost, forever lost, to her. If only on that fateful night she had followed the leading of her woman's heart and not that imperious call which placed her above all other women, he would long since have clasped her in his arms as Reuben held his poor, weak Milcah, now so rich in joy and renewed strength.

What thoughts were these! She must drive them down to the deepest recesses of her heart and destroy them utterly; for her it was sin to long so passionately to see him again, and she wished that her husband were by her side to protect her against herself and the forbidden emotions of this dreadful hour. Hur, the prince of the tribe of Judah, was her husband; not the Egyptian Captain, the rescued captive. What could she henceforth have to do with this son of Epinrar whom she had cast off once for all? Why should she now be aggrieved that he did not hasten to meet her; why should she cherish in secret a foolish hope that it was some important duty which withheld him on the mountain?

She scarcely saw or heard what was going on around her, and it was Milcah's cry of glad gratitude which warned her of Hur's approach. He had waved her a greeting from afar; but he was alone, without Joshua; and the fact that this was a pang to her may, that it went to her heart, enraged her against herself. She held her elderly husband in true esteem and it was with no effort that she welcomed him with affection. He replied to her greeting with heartfelt warmth; and when she pointed to the reunited pair and lauded him as a conqueror and the deliverer of Reuben and his many fellow-victims, he frankly confessed that the praise was not to him but to Joshua, whom she herself had called in the name of the Lord to be the Captain of the army of Israel.

At this she turned pale, and, though the pathway steeply upwards, she pressed her husband with urgent questions. When she learnt that Joshua was resting on the ridge with his father and the young fighting-men, and drinking wine, and that Hur had pledged himself to withdraw if Moses should appoint Joshua to be captain of the host, her knit brows darkened below her lofty brow, and with stern severity she replied:

"You are my lord, and it ill-beseems me to resist your will, even when you so far forget what is due to your wife as to give way to the man who once dared to lift his eyes to her."

Hur eagerly broke in:

"But henceforth you are as a stranger to him: and even if I should give you a bill of divorce he would no longer woo you."

"Indeed!" said she with a forced smile. "And is it to him that you owe this announcement?"

"He has devoted himself body and soul to the welfare of the people and renounces the love of woman," replied Hur.

But she exclaimed: "Renunciation is easy when desire could bring nothing in its train but repetition and disgrace. It is not he, who in our day of greatest need sought help of the Egyptian not he, but you who ought to be captain over the fighting-men of Israel you alone who led the Hebrews to their first victory at the stone house of Succoth, and whom the Lord Himself by His servant Moses charged to lead the fighting-men of Israel!"

At this Hur looked in some uneasiness at this woman for whom a base but ardent love had glowed up to him, and seeing her bosom heave and her cheeks flush red, he knew not whether to ascribe it to the fatigue of climbing or the lofty ambition of her aspiring soul, which she had now transferred to the person of her husband.

He was, indeed, glad to think that she cared so much more for him than for the younger and more heroic man whose return caused him some anxiety; still, he had grown grey in the stern fulfilment of duty, and what he thought it right to do no man could hinder his doing. To the wife of his youth, whom he had buried many years since, his merest sign had been a command, and from Miriam he had as yet met with no contradiction. That Joshua was the most fit to command the fighting-men was beyond a doubt, and he replied, panting somewhat, for he, too, found the ascent hard: "Your high esteem honors and pleases me; but although Moses and the elders have promoted me, you must remember the Heap at Succoth, and my vow. I bear it in mind and shall abide by it."

She looked aside and said no more till they had reached the top.

The victorious youths hailed them from the summit with loud acclamations. The joy of meeting, the provisions they had won from the foe, and the good drink which was sparingly measured out to revive those who most needed it, raised the fallen courage of the exhausted wanderers, and the thirsty multitude shortened their rest on the ridge to reach Dophka all the sooner. They had heard from Joshua that they would find there not only some ruined tanks but also a hidden spring of whose existence he had been informed by the driver of the gang of prisoners.

Then way now lay down hill. Haste is the watchword when thirsty souls know that wells are within reach; and soon after sunset they arrived in the valley of turquois mines, where they encamped at the foot of the hill on which the now ruined stronghold and store-houses of Dophka had lately stood. The well, hidden in a grove of acacia sacred to Hathor, was very soon discovered. Fires were quickly lighted. The wavering hearts, which in the desert of Sin had sunk almost to despair, now swelled again with the love of life, with hope and thankful trust. The fine acacia trees indeed were felled to open a way to the spring whose refreshing waters worked the wondrous change.

Joshua and Miriam had met on the ridge, but had only had time for a brief greeting. Here, in the camp, they were thrown together once more.

It was already late, for the elders had held long counsel as to the measures to be taken for an unexpected attack on the Amalekites. Nun and Joshua had joined the assembly. The primeval and reverend old man's son had been gladly welcomed, and his counsel, that they should form a vanguard of the younger men and a reserve of the old warriors, was readily agreed to; they were also to send small parties of picked men to spy out the enemy. Joshua found himself in fact entrusted with everything appertaining to the conduct and safety of a considerable army. God Himself had chosen him to be their captain, and Moses, by leaving him that warning word to be "steadfast and strong," had confirmed him in the office. Hur, likewise, who as yet held the post, was ready to resign it to him; and of a surety that man would keep his word, although he had not yet declared his purpose before the elders. At any rate Joshua was treated as though he were indeed the captain, and he felt himself their leader.

After the assembly of the elders had broken up, Hur had desired Joshua to accompany him to his tent, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; and the warrior had consented, for indeed he desired to speak fully to Miriam. He would fain prove to her in her husband's presence that he had found the path which she had so zealously pointed out to him.

The tenderest passions of a Hebrew must be dumb in the presence of another man's wife. Miriam must know full well that he had nothing more to ask of her. Indeed, he had entirely ceased, even in his hours of solitude, to care or long for her. He confessed to himself that she was a grand and queenly woman, but now he felt a chill at the thought of that lofty dignity.

Nay, all her doings appeared to him now in a new light. When she greeted him on the hill-top with a cold smile he had felt convinced that henceforth they were strangers indeed; and as they sat by the blazing fire in front of the elders' tent, where they now met again, this feeling grew stronger and stronger.

Miriam had long since parted from Reuben and his Milcah, and during her solitary waiting many thoughts had crossed through her brain of what she would now make this man feel: the man to whom in an hour of strong excitement she opened the depths of her soul.

[illegible] are always most prone to be angry

with those to whom we have done a wrong, and a woman holds the gift of her love as so great and precious that even the man she afterwards rejects is to think of her with gratitude for ever after. And Joshua had boasted that he had ceased to care for her whom he had once ardently desired, and who had confessed her love for him—yea, even if she were offered to him. Aye, and he had proved his words, for he had been content to wait with the others instead of coming to meet her.

At last he came, and with him her husband who was so ready to make way for him. But she was still here to keep her eyes open in behalf of the too generous Hur.

The older man, to whose fate she had linked her own, and whose faithful devotion touched her deeply, should not be supplanted by any other man in the high place he filled by right; he must cling to it, if only because she did not choose to be the wife of any man who could not assert himself as the foremost of the Hebrews after her own brothers.

Never had this much-venerated woman, who for her part believed, too, in her own gift of prophecy, felt so bitter, so sore and indignant. She did not own it to herself, but it was as though the hatred which Moses had fixed in her soul against the Egyptians, and which no longer had an outlet, needed some fresh object, and was now turned against the only man she had ever loved. But a true woman can make a show of friendship in word and demeanor to any one, excepting those she scorns, and Miriam received her belated guest with haughty but gracious condescension, and begged him to give her further details as to his captivity and release. But she called him by his old name of Hosea, and when he perceived that this was evidently intentional, he asked her whether she had forgotten that it was she herself who, as the messenger of the Most High, had bidden him henceforth to call himself Joshua. To this she replied—and her features assumed a sharper gravity of expression—that her memory was good, but that she would fain forget the time he [illegible] to. He himself had rejected the [illegible] bestowed on him by the Lord, inasmuch as he had preferred to seek the favor of the Egyptian king rather than the help promised him by God. She, faithful to her old habits, should continue to call him Hosea.

The simple-hearted soldier was not prepared for such a hostile tone; however, he preserved a fittingly calm demeanor, and replied with composure that he would hardly give her the opportunity of calling him by any name. Those who were his friends found no difficulty in learning to call him Joshua.

To this Miriam answered that she likewise would be willing to do so if her husband agreed and he himself insisted on it, for a man's name was lost as a garment. With others and dignities it was another matter.

When Joshua then declared that he had always believed that it was God Himself who had called him by the voice of his prophetess herself, to be the captain of the hosts of Israel, and that he conceded to no man, save only to Moses, the right to dispute him of that office, Hur agreed with him and offered him his hand.

At this Miriam threw off the self-control she had hitherto preserved, and exclaimed with vehement defiance:

"In this I am not of your mind. You evaded the call of the Most High. Can you deny it? And inasmuch as the Almighty found you at Pharaoh's footstool, instead of at the head of His people, He deprived you of the office to which He had raised you. He, Himself, the Mightiest of Captains, commanded the wind and wave, and they swallowed up the enemy. I sang a hymn of praise to the Lord, and the people joined in my thanksgiving. And on the same day God called another man than you to be chief of the Hebrew host, and he, as you know, is my husband. And although Hur indeed has never learnt the arts of war, yet the Lord surely guides his arm, and who is it that giveth the victory but the Lord Almighty? My husband, I tell you once again, my husband alone is the captain, and though to his errors and generosity he forgets it, yet he will assert his right to his office when he remembers whose hand it was that chose him; and I, his wife, lift up my voice to bring it to his mind."

On this Joshua turned to [illegible] an end to this unpleasant discussion. But Hur, very wroth at his wife's interference between men, held him fast, assuring him that he should abide by his renunciation. The wind might blow away a woman's words of displeasure; it must rest with Moses to declare whom the Lord had chosen to be captain of His people.

As he spoke Hur looked in his wife's face with stern dignity, as warning her to reflect; and this seemed to have had the desired effect. Miriam turned first pale and then deep scarlet, and she, too, detained their guest as though she desired to make amends, beckoning him with a trembling hand to come closer to her.

"Yet one thing I must say," she began with a deep breath, "that you may not misunderstand me. I call every man my friend who devotes himself to the cause of Israel, and Hur has told me how much you purpose to sacrifice to our people. It was your confidence in Pharaoh's clemency which came between us, and I grieve how to value your deep and decisive breach with the Egyptians. Still, I only truly understood the greatness of your deed when I learnt that it was not only life-long habit, but another and stronger tie that bound you to the foe."

"What is the aim of such a speech?" Joshua broke in, feeling quite sure that she was laying some fresh arrow to the bowstring intended to wound him. But she paid no heed to the interruption, and went on with a defiant sparkle in her eye which belied the moderation of her tongue:

"After the guidance of the Lord had saved us from the foe, the sea cast upon shore the fairest woman we had seen for many a day. I bound up the wounds inflicted on her by a Hebrew women, and she then confessed that she was full of love for you, and with her dying breath spoke of you as the idol of her heart."

At this Joshua, deeply incensed, exclaimed:

"If this were all the truth, O wife of Hur, then my father would have told me an untruth. For, as I learnt from him, it was in the presence of those only who love me that the hapless woman made the last confession; not before you. And she was wise to mistrust your presence, for you would never have understood her.

He saw a suspicious smile play on Miriam's lips but he heeded it not and went on: "Your wit is—oh, ten times keener than that poor child's ever was. But in your heart, which once was open to such great things, there is no room for love. It will grow old and cease to beat before it has learned what love is! Yea, in spite of your flashing eyes I tell you this: you are indeed more than a woman; you are a prophetess, and I cannot boast of such grace. I am no more than a man, and understand the use of the sword better than looking into futurity, and nevertheless I can foretell one thing: you will cherish the hatred of me which burns in your soul. You will even light up the flame in your husband's heart and strive to fan it with the utmost zeal, and I know why! The fiery ambition which possesses you will not suffer you to be happy as the wife of a man who must stand second to any other. You refuse to call me by the name you yourself gave me. But if hatred and pride do not altogether choke the one feeling which unites us, namely, our love of our people, the day will come when of your own free will you will approach me and call me Joshua, unbidden, out of the fullness of your heart."

With these words he bowed his head in brief farewell to Miriam and her husband, and disappeared in the darkness.

Hur looked after him gloomily and spoke not a word till the footsteps of their departing guest had died away in the silence of the night. Till this hour he had always looked up to his wife with tender admiration, but now the wrath he had restrained with difficulty knew no bounds. With two long strides he came close to her; she was even paler than he, as she stood gazing into the fire like one distraught. His voice had lost its rich metallic ring, and sounded harsh and thin as he said: "I was so told as to woo a maiden who believed herself nearer to God than other women, and now she is more she makes me repeat of my ambiet."

"Repeat?" She paused with white lips, and she looked up at him, a defiant glance sparkled in her black eyes. He seized her hand with so firm a grip that it hurt her, and went on as he had begun: "Yea, you make me repeat of it. Shame on me if I suffer this hour of degradation to be followed by such another."

She tried to wrench her hand free but he would not surrender it and went on: "I wooed and won you to be the pride of my house. I believed I was sowing honor, I have reaped dishonor—for what deeper disgrace may befall a man than that the wife should have the mastery and dare to wound the heart of his friend, whom hospitality should protect, with hostile words. A woman, such as you are not, a simple, right minded wife, who could look back on her husband's past life and think not merely of how he may gain promotion because she desires to share his greatness—such a wife would not need to be reminded that Hur, the man who is your husband, has earned dignities and honors enough in the course of a long life to be able to lay down some portion of them without losing by it. Not he who is chief in command, but he who does most from self-sacrificing love of his nature, is the greatest in Jehovah's sight. You crave to stand aloof and be honored by the crowd as the chosen handmaid of God. I no not forbid it so long as you do not forget what your duty as a wife and mistress requires of you. To me, indeed, you also owe love, for you promised to love me on the day when we were wed; howbeit, the human heart can only give what it has to give: and Joshua is right when he says that the love which glows and gives warmth is far from your cold soul."

He turned his back on her and withdrew into the darkness of the tent; she remained standing by the fire, the flickering blaze lighting up her beautiful pallid features. She set her teeth tightly and clenched her hands over her heaving bosom as she gazed after her husband. He had stood before her in the consciousness of his dignity, grey-haired, tall and reverend, a worthy and princely leader of the people. Each of his words had pierced her heart like a spear thrust. The power of truth had weighed his speech, and had held up a mirror to Miriam which showed her an image from which she started in horror. Now she longed to hasten after him and beseech him to give her again the love with which he had hitherto surrounded her: she, alone in the world, had gratefully acknowledged that she felt that she could fully return the precious boon, for she longed, ah, how ardently, to hear one kind and forgiving word from his lips. Her own heart seemed to her as a cornfield blighted by malignant mildew; withered, dried up and ruined, where all had been so fresh and blossoming.

Her thoughts flew to the rich arable of Goshen which, after bearing the richest crops, remained hard and parched till the river rose to soften it again, and bring the seed laid in its bosom to life and verdure. Thus was it with her; but she had cast the ripening ears into the fire, and wilfully built up a dam between the beneficent stream and the dry land.

But there was yet time. She knew, indeed, that in one thing he was unjust, that she was a woman like any other, and capable of devoting herself with passionate ardor to the man she loved. It depended only on her to prove this to him and bring him to her arms. Just now, to be sure, he had a right to regard her as husband unfeeling, for there, where love was wont to bloom, a bitter spring had risen which poisoned all it touched.

Was this the revenge taken by her heart whose ardent desires she had so heroically smothered?

God had scorned her most precious offering, it was impossible to doubt the fact. His presence no longer uplifted her soul in visions of glory, and she could hardly call herself His prophetess any longer. This sacrifice had led her, who was truthful, to falsehood; conscious of always desiring the right, she had hitherto lived at peace with herself; now she suffered tortures of unrest. Since that momentous step, nothing she cared for had smiled on her, who had been so full of hope. She who had never seen the woman for whom she need make way, had been sent from the presence of a poor dying stranger. She had always felt kindly to every one who loved her race and the sacred cause of her people, and now she had insulted one of the best and noblest champions with bitter wrath. The poorest serf's wife could win the husband who loved her to a closer union, and she had only estranged hers.

She had come to this hearth seeking only shelter from the cold, but she had found unexpected warmth, and his generosity and love had fallen on her aching soul like ice. He could not, indeed, give her back what she had lost, her [illegible] was a welcome [illegible] late. And [illegible] of a tender emotion; still, she must have love to live, and no sacrifice would be too great to win his back again.

But pride was no less a condition of her existence, and each time she made up her mind to humble herself and open her heart to her husband, a fear of degradation checked her; and there she stood, as though spell bound, till the brands at her feet fell over and died out, and darkness surrounded her.

Then a strange fear fell upon her.

Two bats, which had come forth from the mines to flutter around the fire, flew close to her face with a ghostly stir. Everything prompted her to retire to the tent, to go back to her husband; and with sudden decision she went into the spacious room, lighted by a lamp. But Hur was not there, and a slave girl who met her told her that he had said he would remain with his son and grandson till it was time to depart.

A sense of bitter woe fell upon her: she lay down to rest, more desolate and ashamed than she had ever felt since her childhood.

A few hours later the camp was astir, and when, in the gray light of dawn, her husband entered the tent with a brief greeting, her pride once more uplifted its head and her reply was cold and demure.

He was not alone; his son Uri followed him in. He looked graver, too, than usual, for the men of Judah had assembled at an early hour and besought him not to surrender the captaincy in favor of a man of another tribe than theirs.

This had come upon him as a surprise. He could only refer them to Moses, and the hope that their leader's decision might be given against himself grew keener as his young wife's resolute glance again roused his spirit to opposition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

About Small Bills.

It is the most astonishing thing in the whole matter of every-day business methodiness how lightly the small accounts weigh on the conscience of some people. You might suppose that the more humble and poor the person is who sends in the little account while he waits at the door, or while she timidly stands at the top of the back stairs, the more quickly would the indebted and honest employer make haste to settle it. Nothing of the kind; there seems to be in human nature an almost aversion to pay seventy five cents or to hand out a dollar and a quarter for these scrimpy little bills. The laundress, hoarsely answering you into her shawl that the children are down with colds, but that she is pretty well herself, is told to "just leave it until next week."

"Leaving it" means, too often, nothing to meet with a wait. But what do you care about that? She must have a fire, or how could she do the washing, and as you know she is not cold. Yet the delay in getting even your trifle of pay means scant meals for a week and the children, still with unmended shoes, sent out to get milk or bread or kindling on credit in the next rain. The breaking of one miser's dam for this trait of holding on to little sums is scarcely, it is not penurious, or anything but merely dishonesty; the breaking of one chink in the stored up funds would set countless rivulets flowing. The stately mind of lower people who pay their bills of fifty or hundreds of dollars quite promptly, and are satisfied so [illegible] while they keep on owing fifty or [illegible] five cents in answer to other [illegible] curious study.

There are great [illegible] where the boy, or the carpenter's son, or the [illegible] from the small [illegible] calling to office for that [illegible] treated by the [illegible] take your time to all [illegible] he had come to steal [illegible] the whole town are [illegible] the pleasure with which [illegible] bring [illegible] the humble [illegible] not to say [illegible] vocals of "to take. [illegible] and they are strictly [illegible] down from [illegible] his body [illegible] change [illegible]

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

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER VI.

Leaving Mrs. Burton at her tea, grateful, and wondering at the ways of Providence as exemplified in the success which had unexpectedly crowned her husband's excellent purposes, let us follow Mr. Frank Holmes to his lodgings in the neighbourhood of Adelphi. He was too disquieted in mind to call on Mr. Clayton, who he knew would be anxious to see him. Indeed, he found that Mr. Clayton had called at his rooms during the evening, leaving his card with a request pencilled on the back to come to Cadogan Place. Holmes decided not to go, his judgment was deeply disturbed, and an interview with Mr. Clayton and his daughter could avail but little. He resolved to wait till after the magisterial investigation next day.

Walking out in the Strand after dark to enjoy a smoke in the cool of the streets, he discovered that the late editions of the evening papers were making a sensation out of the fatal suspicion that Faune was the dead woman's husband. The remainder of the case was not neglected, although as yet no names were mentioned. A "banker's daughter was referred to as the object to obtain which the victim's removal was necessary. Holmes purchased four of the evening papers: they all, in a variety of forms, had got hold of the same story. He thought of poor Mary Clayton, and tearing the accursed sheets in pieces, flung them in the gutter.

Turning round by the *Grand Hotel* with a view to seeking the comparative quiet of the Embankment for an hour's thinking, he was suddenly arrested by a heavy hand grasping his shoulder from behind. Wheeling sharply, he confronted a stoutish florid man, with closely cropped straw-coloured beard and moustache. Holmes regarded him closely for a moment, and then laughed. "Why, Musgrave, who would have thought of meeting you? Where have you come from?"

"From anywhere you like to name, Frank. A few years away from Rugby do change a fellow, don't they?—more especially when he has been abroad."

"So you have been abroad?"

"Abroad? Very much so. But I am staying here: come in and have a chat, if you are not specially engaged."

"No: I am not," answered Holmes, and they went into the hotel and descended to the smoking-room. On their way down, Musgrave incidentally informed his old schoolfellow that he had only just returned to England from Texas, where he had been trying the ranching business. "And I have just arrived in time to find one of our old boys in a sad mess," he added, as they sat down and ordered whisky-and-seltzer. "Do you remember, Frank, the licking you gave me on his account that day at Rugby?"

"I do. He was too delicate a lad to be knocked about by a big bully like yourself." Musgrave laughed. "There wasn't an over fellow in the school, I verily believe, who would have let Faune fasten himself to him as you did, Frank. I admit I acted the coward; but I detested the whining little beak. See what he has come to now!"

There was a sufficient ingredient of truth in speech to make it secretly very galling to Frank Holmes; but he passed it by, and directed the conversation for half an hour into reminiscences of old school days. Turning from these, he gathered from him, after a brief and unsatisfactory story, that he had experimented as a planter, a coffee-grower in Manitoba, and what knew the world in a few words with him amounted to absolute failure. He [illegible] of Holmes, that

are comfortless places, and they are expensive."

"I'm looking for a house up Kensington way," said Musgrave.

"A house? Are you married, then?" Holmes asked in surprise.

"Haven't I told you so?" replied Musgrave, looking somewhat confused. "Yes, I am married."

"Long?"

"No, not very long. Come, have another whisky-and-seltzer."

"Thanks, no more, Musgrave."

Holmes thought his friend's manner in regard to his marriage a little curious, but unwilling to pry into the man's private relations and indeed feeling very little interest in him or them, he put on his hat. Musgrave, with a look of hesitation and embarrassment, accompanied him up the steps to the vestibule and then stopping suddenly, said: "Just wait a bit, will you? I'd like to introduce you to my wife, if she can see you just now."

"Thank you, Musgrave. But it is late. I will call again, if you permit me."

Again Musgrave looked doubtfully, but he decided against the proposal. "If you won't mind waiting a minute while I go up?" he said.

Holmes answered, "Not at all," though he would have preferred foregoing the introduction just then. Besides, there was an indefinable something in Musgrave's manner which seemed to indicate that all was not "right." Perhaps Mrs Musgrave had a temper; and some women of that character are not partial to their husband's former friends.

He waited, and it was a quarter of an hour before Musgrave returned. "Come along," he said. "Lucy is pleased to have the opportunity of knowing you.—She is absorbed in this murder, you know," he added in a whisper, as the "lift" carried them upwards, "that she can think or talk of nothing else. She has never been in England before, and believes London must be a terrible place. I can't disabuse her of the notion; perhaps you could."

The first conclusion Holmes formed on being introduced to the tall and very beautiful and dark-featured woman, was that she was not of English blood; no Englishwoman ever possessed such eyes. Her accent was foreign, and she spoke English with ever so slight a difficulty. But she was very charming and voluble, and pleased to see her husband's former schoolfellow. And when Musgrave, laughing, alluded to the great fight which they had had on account of Claude Faune, she insisted on his describing it to her minutely; and this led to the topic of the murder.

"You must be so sorry now, Mr Holmes, to have ever befriended him," she said. "He was so cruel! to kill his poor young wife in order to marry another one!"

"That is not proved yet, Mrs Musgrave."

"But the newspapers," she said, indicating several that were lying about on the chairs and on the carpet.

"Oh, the newspapers," he replied, laughing. "It is not the newspapers which try men's guilt or innocence in England, but judges and juries."

"Do you think it possible Faune is innocent?" Musgrave asked.

"Of course it is possible. Very little is known against him yet. If his disappearance can be otherwise accounted for, the present evidence against him will not be of much value."

"Why, Holmes, the papers say—"

"Pardon me, Musgrave." He stopped abruptly for a moment, struck by the dark, intent look of the lady's eyes, fixed upon him while he was speaking to her husband. "Pardon me, Musgrave, but at the present moment I know, by chance, more of the evidence already gathered against Faune than all the newspapers in London put together. If they fail to prove that he was the dead woman's husband, and if his flight from his lodgings can be explained without connection with the murder, they can do [illegible] anything

about the evidence, not expressing an opinion upon his probable guilt or innocence."

"Are there many murders done in London and never found out?" the lady asked.

"No, Mrs. Musgrave; very, very few. Sooner or later, like the drowned, they come to the surface."

"Yet they say—my husband says—that once the murderer has been hanged, or cannot be found, the public forget all about the murder."

"So they do; a great many new interests arise every day. But the police do not forget."

"Well," said Musgrave, "I suppose Faune has either funds or friends to fee lawyers for his defence? If not, though I did detest him, yet, for the sake of old Rugby, I would stand the expense myself."

"That is good of you, Musgrave. But I daresay his defence will be duly provided for.—I am delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs. Musgrave," he said, rising to go. The lady rose and gave him her hand—a cold hand, so different from Mary Clayton's. But she added a smile that was very bright, as I a kind wish to know him better, and then Holmes followed her husband from the room. Now, it happened that there was a mirror near the door, and Holmes chanced for an instant to catch, reflected in it, the same dark, intent look which had struck him in the middle of a sentence a few minutes previously. He thought it curious. Carelessly revolving it in his mind afterwards, he concluded that perhaps there was something in his manner—something, maybe, in his apparent advocacy of the case of a presumably condemned man which interested her foreign mind as odd.

"I know what you are thinking," said Musgrave as they descended. "My wife is not English."

"Of course not. But she is very charming; I congratulate you."

"Call again soon. It is curious, you are the only Englishman, except myself, she has appeared yet to like. Do call again."

"Thanks.—Good-night, Musgrave."

Holmes drew a deep breath of relief when he reached the street. The atmosphere of that room upstairs possessed some singular stifling influence. Perhaps, although the night was warm, Mrs. Musgrave's cold foreign blood required the windows to be closed. Holmes wondered how Musgrave, fallen into flesh, was able to bear it.

Frank Holmes wandered back to his lodgings, having promptly made up his mind not to call on Mrs. Musgrave again, and this, it must be admitted, with not any very intelligible reason, and it was a relief to him to turn from the thought of that woman to the sweet image of Mary Clayton, summoned up by a letter lying on his table addressed in her familiar hand.

"You made a mistake, Musgrave," he said half aloud as he flung himself in an easy-chair. "She is beautiful, and perhaps accomplished, and all that, but she's not English! She can never sympathise with you or you with her. I don't think you are much in love with her, either; perhaps admiration is enough for her nature. That, no man can deny her."

Dismissing Mrs. Musgrave from his thoughts, he delicately opened Mary Clayton's letter and read it with deep concern.

"Dear Frank," she wrote, "pray come to see me to-morrow. I am in great anxiety. Papa called to look for you this evening, but you were not at home. I know you will wish to be at the police court, but come to me immediately after it is over. Papa says that a terrible discovery has been made—he has told me, but I cannot realise it—it is so dreadful to think that she was really his wife! Yours sincerely,

MARY CLAYTON."

It was too late, or he would have gone at once. If any fresh discovery had been made, tending evidently to fix the guilt on Claude Faune, the worst was come, and he lay awake all night thinking of Claude Faune and Julius Vernon.

Next morning Frank Holmes eagerly examined the papers one after another, whilst they were yet damp from the press, and was disappointed and perplexed to find not a word in any of them indicating a discovery such as that mentioned in Mary Clayton's note. Surely, if such a momentous discovery had been made, the press would have had intelligence of it. The silence of the newspapers had the effect of determining him to go to Cadogan place without waiting for the police court investigation. He went early, taking little note of the hour, and arrived there at half-past eight o'clock. Miss Clayton, whose daily habit it was to have a gallop in the Park before breakfast, was not yet down; but her father was in his study with the morning paper.

"I am glad you have come, Frank. There isn't a word about it in the paper, I see."

"About what, Mr. Clayton?"

"Mary has told you?"

"She mentioned something—a discovery—in her note last evening. But it cannot be true. The papers, as you see, know nothing of it."

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," said the banker—"quite true. They found a parcel of her old letters in his rooms."

Frank Holmes, silenced with astonishment, walked to the window, and stood gazing out in the square. He was mentally reviewing the past years, and all he knew and had seen of Claude Faune up to the time of the latter's departure for India, but he could not recollect a single sign pointing to such a probability as his marriage. Still disposed to be doubtful as to the possibility of deception so perfect, he said at length: "Now, Mr. Clayton, what strikes me is this. Assuming Faune to have been her husband and to have committed that crime, could he have been fool enough to go away and leave such terrible evidence behind? It is almost incredible."

"So are many things, fatal to their safety, which the most astute and cool-headed criminals often do or leave undone. You know that, Frank, better than most men. But it does not appear in the present case that Faune was forgetting the letters, because they were found on the floor behind one of his trunks. He had evidently taken them out, and they had fallen there, and then, going away, he probably had the impression that they were in his pocket. A man in such circumstances has so many things on his mind."

"There is no doubt concerning the authenticity of the letters?"

"None that I know of. They will doubtless be produced to-day."

Holmes paced to and fro for a few minutes in anxious thought before he touched upon the anxiety which was heaviest on his mind. "You won't mind my mentioning it, Mr Clayton? You must be aware how this house will become connected with the case."

"I know it," said the banker, reddening with indignation. "They have been here to obtain the evidence. It is bad evidence, as far as it goes, for Faune, but if he killed that girl, I shall be grateful to have a share in convicting him!" The banker's energy was startling.

"Yes," answered Holmes, "but there is your daughter, Mr. Clayton. That is the worst of it. I could almost wish a guilty man to escape, in order to spare her. It will be dreadful for Mary."

"Why did you ever bring him into my house, man?" demanded Clayton almost fiercely. "It was ill for yourself—ill for me and my child—fatal for that innocent girl, the hour he first entered my door!"

That was all true. Holmes attempted no defence, desired to attempt none. For introducing the man to them he was responsible, and with a heavy heart he admitted it.

"But I am wronging you, Frank," added Mr. Clayton presently. "I was to blame myself. I thought him such a nice fellow; you know what I thought of him when I consented to give him my daughter. I can't understand it at all, now. Yes, as you say, it will be dreadful for poor Mary."

The young man's heart was very full after this speech, and it was with an effort he restrained the words that learned for utterance. What did Mr. Clayton mean by "dreadful for poor Mary?" Was it merely the distress of being put in a witness-box to admit her relations with the murderer to expose herself as the cause of unfortunate Margaret Neale's death? Was there anything more? Holmes wondered what she had said to himself when she declared that no girl would marry a false friend—but he knew from bitter experience the powers of that false friend, and troubled with the fear that Mary Clayton had learned to love the man before she was driven to despise him. This was the sad trouble to Frank Holmes's heart. If they were so—it was truly a fatal hour for all of them when Claude Faune first entered the house in Cadogan Place.

When Holmes saw Mary Clayton presently and noted her anxious and fearful look he bitterly reproached himself as the cause of her suffering. By his infatuation for

Faune he had prepared the way for him "if the girl's heart before she had ever seen him. He had fool! defended the man's faults and sung his praises, as though his sole and determined purpose had been to enable Faune to win an easy victory over her affection. Claude Faune was not the man to fail to profit by his advantages; and what had happened had only come to pass in time to save Mary Clayton from a more deplorable fate than the misfortune of loving the man.

After breakfast Mr Clayton left them alone, and Frank Holmes, in pity for her distress and embarrassment, crushed his own feelings down and spoke to her like a friend like a brother. He did it so honestly, that the mere tone of his voice threw her into tears.

"It is very distressing," he said, gravely and gently, holding her hand in his own as they sat together on a couch, "but it can not be avoided now. But I will try if it cannot be so managed that you need not appear in the court. It is impossible You will let me speak freely, Mary?"

"Oh yes yes, it is a relief to me say everything, Frank, there is nobody like you" How honestly and sorrowfully she looked in his eyes as she said these words.

"It is impossible, he went on, "to avoid the evidence of motive; it is too important to the prosecution. He had spoken of it freely, to his landlady, and no doubt to others. I know he presumed further than he had a right, he said, observing her about to speak, "but that will count for nothing. He had your father's consent, and had no reason to restrain his vanity from thinking he would have your own. We cannot help it now; it must be faced. But I will try if the thing cannot be got through without bringing you forward in person. It may not be necessary; your father may be sufficient."

But he perceived directly that he had not struck the right note. It brought no response to her face. She soon set him right.

"I have not been thinking of that, Frank," she said, speaking slowly, as if following a painful train of thought. Whatever shame there is, would not be much lessened by letting me remain at home. It is good and kind of you, indeed; but it is not that. Have I—been—the cause—of Margaret Neale's murder?"

What a question to answer! His first impulse was to shrink from it. Then he exclaimed: "No! How can you imagine anything so dreadful!

"You spoke of their establishing 'motive,' just now, as too important to be avoided. Will it not mean that I was the motive—the cause of the deed?

"But you have your own pure consciousness of innocence, Mary! Surely you will not distress yourself with the misery of such a morbid feeling?"

"Can I help it? she replied, looking up. "Can you, Frank, help reproaching yourself, however innocent your motives were, for having brought him here at the first?

The argument was unanswerable, and it drove him to take another ground, which at once revealed to him the attitude of her thought and feeling in the matter, and led to his adopting a course which was fraught with startling and most unlooked-for consequences.

"We are talking, Mary, on the assumption that Faune is guilty of murdering his wife. We have no right to do so; he is as yet an untried man.

"Ah! she exclaimed quickly, "that is it—that is it! If he were acquitted, I should care nothing! What would this trial matter to me then? Oh, if he should only be acquitted, Frank, I would kiss the feet of the judge and jury who told him he was innocent! She hid her face on the back of the couch and sobbed.

Poor Frank Holmes! It was hard on him—very, very hard; but he must rally up all his strength to meet the circumstance and that was put upon it. "Mary, I said, standing up and softly touching her with his hand, "whether he is innocent or guilty is at present known only to God. But it is our duty to regard every man as innocent until it is otherwise proven. There, you know what I mean. I will do all that lies in my power.

She rose slowly, with a long sobbing cry, and stood before him, looking as if she were unable to comprehend his meaning. But when the full light of it flowed into her mind she moved forward, and putting her arms round his neck, kissed him.

Frank she said solemnly Frank Holmes there is another man who [illegible] the world. Forgive me, forgive me; I do not deserve it from you! Her hands were still, unconsciously, on his neck, and as his heart was too strained to allow him to speak, he bent down and put his lips to her forehead and went away.

His heart was sorely strained; but a long and vigorous walk round Hyde Park steadied him. And that walk brought him, as his walks had of late almost unconsciously done, to the spot where Margaret Neale's body had been found. Here, reflecting, that idea which had struck him on the same spot before, and which had since lain in abeyance in his mind, flashed upon him again with renewed force.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What is a Christian?

Professor Drummond, in an address at the opening the other day of the new Institute for the Stirling Young Men's Christian Association, said:—Young men were learning to respect, more perhaps than ever young men did, the word "Christian." Time was when it was synonymous with cant and unreality, and strained feeling and sanctimoniousness. That day was not quite past yet, but it was passing. He heard this definition the other day of a Christian man by a cynic—"A Christian man is a man whose great aim in life is a selfish desire to save his own soul, who, in order to do that, goes regularly to church, and whose supreme hope is to get to heaven when he dies." That reminded one of Huxley's examination paper in which the question was put—"What is a lobster?" One student replied that a lobster was a red fish which moved backwards. The examiner noted that this was a very good answer, but for three things. In the first place a lobster was not a fish, second, it was not red; and third, it did not move backwards. If there was anything that a Christian was not, it was one who had a selfish desire to save his own soul. The one thing which Christianity tried to extirpate from a man's nature was selfishness, even though it be the losing of his own soul. Christianity, as we understood it from Christ, appealed to the generous side of a young man's nature, and not to the selfish side. In the new version of the New Testament the word "soul was always translated in this connection by the word "life." This was a revolution in popular theology and it would make a revolution in every Young Men's Christian Association in the country when it came to be seen that a man's Christianity did not consist in merely saving his own soul, but in sanctifying and purifying the lives of his fellow-men. They were told in the New Testament that Christianity was leaven, and "leaven" came from the same root word as lever, meaning that which raised up, which elevated; and a Christian young man was a man who raised up or elevated the life of those round about him. They were also told it was salt, and salt was that which saved from corruption. What was it that saved the life of a place like Stirling from being utterly rotten but the Christian elements which were in it? Matthew Arnold had said, "Show me ten square miles in any part of the world outside Christianity where the life of man and the purity of woman are safe, and I will give Christianity up." In no part of the world was there any such ten square miles outside Christianity. Christian men were the salt of the earth in the most literal sense. They, and they alone, kept a community like this from corruption.

Thoughts on Denominationalism.

The subject of denominationalism is being discussed in the religious journals. Denominationalism is all right, provided it be kept within the limits of charity. A generous rivalry does no harm—the rivalry of faith and good works. Moreover, each denomination sets forth in a distinctive way some more or less essential features of the truth. No one has it all, but each types some phase which is needful to the symmetry of truth. It is only by correlating and dovetailing together the representative denominations, that we get the whole truth. Truth is a wheel of which the respective denominations are the spokes. One spoke doesn't make a wheel it takes all. But the trouble is that the various spokes are apt to forget their mutual dependence, and to act upon each one as being the entire wheel.

The slot machine to test your weight is [illegible] of the weights of the world.

Vocation.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men." Col. iii. 23.

When the edge of manhood has been reached it becomes a serious thing to every young man to decide what pursuit in life he will follow. He sees many occupations in which men are employed and the question arises, which of these am I to enter? Consider for a moment what a vocation is. It is not merely an occupation or employment. The word is derived from the Latin "vocare," which means "to call." A vocation, therefore, is a calling, and where there is a calling there must be a caller someone whose voice is heard inviting the young man to do this or that particular thing. This caller is God. Thus it will be seen that every true vocation is a divine calling. The office of the Christian minister is often spoken of as the "sacred calling." But all true callings are sacred because it is God's voice that calls men into them. In the development of God's plan for the world he needs all kinds of work men. The development could not go on otherwise, and just as he solemnly calls some men to preach, so he solemnly calls others to be merchants and others to be physicians and others to be mechanics and so on, for the progress and health and uplifting of humanity through various avenues. Men must make money for the spread of the kingdom as well as preach its gospel. The man who has truly heard God's voice calling him into what are termed secular occupations will recognize his responsibility no less than the conscientious minister. This does not mean, however, that every man engaged in any pursuit has listened to God's voice and has recognized his vocation. The text teaches this principle 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men.' God is to be the object upon which your activities are to culminate Whether you are to be a merchant, mechanic or professional man, you are to do what you do, not for your sake nor for men's sake but 'unto the Lord.' Listening to God's voice your calling is sure to be a holy vocation. If you recognize this fact you will no longer feel you are merely trying to earn a living. You will feel that you are one of the wheels in God's machinery whereby the world at last is to be saved. Life is a cheap thing to him who merely has a occupation. It is a divine thing to him who has a vocation.

"The first thing to know, therefore, is how to choose. How shall you distinguish the voice of God from the voices of self-interest or desire? First by the scripture. You cannot find the voice of God calling you to any occupation which the Bible would not sanction. You must take any occupation to the scriptures and ascertain whether or not it is contrary to divine principle. Then talent is a natural index to vocation. Talent is a gift of God and therefore a voice of God. Ordinarily, where the natural talents are prominent in any direction, that is what God would have you do. If several talents are possessed of different character, such as the talent for oratory and the talent for mechanics, I should say the talent whose exercise should allow the largest opportunity for usefulness would indicate the choice. Beyond this lie providential circumstances These are sometimes of such a nature as to absolutely bar the way to a calling which seemed pleasant to our thoughts. Or, again, they may open the way in a manner so surprising as to leave us in no doubt that God has planned the way The providences by which we are surrounded in this life are strong evidences of the divine choice for us. A sanctified inclination is another thing. If you have absolutely given your way into the Lord's hands, if you have sought his direction and are perfectly willing to accept what he sends, then under such circumstances your own inclination ought to count for a good deal. Sometimes, however, we feel that we would like to do what our judgment tells us it would be foolish or wrong to do. Judgment must always take precedence to mere inclination The question yet remains How is success to be won in the vocation when chosen? Just as in any occupation, by diligence. God may call a man into a certain work and he may hear God's voice and enter that vocation, yet he need not think he will succeed in it unless he applies all diligence to it God does not [illegible] naturally make [illegible] people successful. Sometimes men of brilliant talents, who are in the right place too, fail just here [illegible] diligence and the talents and [illegible] Put nothing. We may all depend on [illegible] that if we will commit our way [illegible] Lord he will direct [illegible]

In a Tiger's Jaws.

Russian hunters are said to look upon a combat single-handed with a bear as only *an ordinary experience. It is doubtful,* however, if many instances of a man attacking a tiger, armed with a sword only, can be vouched for, but Colonel Seaton relates the following:

One morning, just as we were leaving the parade ground, a man came rushing up breathless, looking as scared as if his life were in danger.

"Get your guns, men," he said in terror, "there is a tiger in the hollow by the fakir's hut and no one dares go by!"

This was an *intimation not to be slighted,* so in all haste we got our guns and two elephants and hurried to the spot, where, in truth, a terrible scene presented itself. The tiger, bleeding from a cut in the head, was on the edge of the hollow, growling fiercely, with a man mangled and apparently dead lying beneath his paws. The unfortunate man was the fakir's son, a fine swordsman and first-rate wrestler, one of the champions of his regiment. He had come home only that morning.

Some people who went to draw water at the well had disturbed the tiger and on his rising they fled in terror. The brave but rash soldier, who happened to be near at the moment, on learning the cause of the commotion, immediately advanced to attack the tiger, and with his sword gave him a tremendous cut over the head, which, however, did not materially injure the powerful brute. The tiger rushed at the man, stripped the arm down to the elbow and, dashing him to the ground, held him beneath his paws.

When we came up we were at first at a loss how to act, for the man was as much exposed to our fire as the tiger. However, it was not a time for lengthened consideration—we fired and a lucky shot finished the animal.

[Now First Published]

"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

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

AND REV. HERBERT D. WARD

CHAPTER IX.

It was dew fall at Bethany. In the house of Rachel the widow and Baruch the blind man excitement reigned. A great event had happened.

Without the porch, panting with weariness, low upon a litter, lay a little maiden, pale and frail, but peaceful as no well maiden ever is. Ariella had been brought over to visit Rachel, her neighbor. She was to remain until the morrow. Malachi and Baruch, with the help of a slave, had borne the girl thither, and the same hands would return her before another sunset to her father's house. Malachi had grumbled over the job, which he held to be an unnecessary tax upon a man's time and attention; but Hagaar had said:

"Verily, you will never put yourself to a better use. Give the girl her way." For Baruch had dealt privately with Hagaar, and urged the matter, taking no denial. And Hagaar and Malachi had returned to their own dwelling; and Ariella lay upon the litter without the house of Rachel, begging not to be carried within till she must needs sleep; for Ariella drank the air of Heaven as an Arab dying of thirst in the desert drinks from the gourd held to his stiffening lips.

On the way from the house of her father to the home of Rachel, Ariella had suffered acutely; every step of the bearers jarring the litter diffused agony through the poor girl's body; but she had not said so. At every glimpse of the living world she had evinced the keenest delight. It was:

"Oh, father, the light! The light of the sun on the fields! How broad a thing is an afternoon!"

"Baruch, I see a hill of tulips; they run up and down; they are red, like torch bearers at a race.

"Mother, give me your hand. Lift my head a little that I may look unto Jerusalem.

"The Temple shineth like the rising of the day. In the Temple is the Ark. In the Ark God dwelleth. The people go up; go up like prayer into the heart of Jehovah. Would that I could see the Temple! The brow of Olivet liffeth between."

Ariella lay now upon the litter, herself as mute as an exhausted prayer; the excitement of the day had sunk into its reaction; the thrill of joy had fallen into the grip of pain. The invalid's hopeless consciousness of suffering returned like the fall of night. Ariella's face became pinched with anguish; the lines about her mouth deepened like those in the face of an old woman—she was but 26.

"Leave me to myself, she panted. "Leave me, Rachel. Leave me, Baruch. Weariness overcomes me, for the exertion hath been great. Do not watch me—nay, I shall the better endure alone."

"But *Baruch* cannot see thee," protested matter-of-fact Rachel.

"Baruch watcheth the closer, for that," gasped Ariella. Baruch's sensitive face flushed; he rose without a word and left her guest. Rachel soon followed him as the sick girl bade her; and Ariella had her sometimes the only one left to the she was alone with her agony.

litter had been set down in a cool space in front of the house of "an something green," Ariella had but it was too late in the season to parched grass green. Behind her looked quiet and home-like; of Rachel's single candle paved court and dull white in the doorway, a silent, like a man who was patient and the darkness shadows Holmes, their gether. If Baruch spoke was one of unquestioning the dead womanity. Ariella started under on his lodged up, frightened and panting, direction ve dark,

"Be calm, Ariella," said Baruch, quietly, "He of whom I spoke to thee, is here."

"You arranged this, Baruch?—you planned to bring me here—and told me not!" There was a touch of reproach in the girl's tone. She had fallen so thoroughly into Baruch's loving plot that her first sense of being deluded almost overpowered any other consciousness.

"What I have done, I have done," said Baruch firmly. "It becometh thee not to distrust me, Ariella. It is not in thy power to distrust *Him*."

Baruch pointed at the commanding figure of their visitor, who, during this delay, had stood both silent and still. The three made a singular group:—the blind man leant forward, eager, trembling, his whole body straining as if to see; the sick girl panting on the litter; and the solemn figure, mute as fate, before them.

It was now so dark that Ariella could not even see the familiar face of Baruch, bent so near and turned so tenderly toward her. Of the stranger she could perceive absolutely nothing except the outline of a grand form; the manliest, the most authoritative, she thought, that she had ever beheld. The face of the man was wrapped in the darkness of the summer night. Ariella struggled for a sight of it, but it was dim before her as the will of God.

Rachel had now come out of the house, and finding the three fallen upon an utter silence, joined them herself without a word. She stood behind the olive-tree for a moment, unseen; then advanced and knelt beside the litter, very near Ariella. Rachel quite understood what was going forward, for Baruch had confided in her. And Rachel was one of those who trusted in the Nazarene.

He seemed almost as if he were indefinitely strengthened by the presence of this common place woman; as if she had added faith or the material of power to the situation. He moved nearer to the litter and broke the oppressive silence; but it was only to ask a simple question:

"Is this the mother of the maiden?"

"Nay, Lord," replied Rachel, "she is my guest and the friend of my afflicted son. Baruch said that thou wouldst heal her." Had it been a little less dark they could have seen that the Nazarene smiled slightly, as a man does who hears from children the prattle of knowledge already his own. But his smile was as invisible to these agitated people as the sun that had set behind Mount Olivet. The most powerful personality in Judea presented himself to these three souls only in the form of a voice.

But what a voice! Ariella's nature rang with it. It was as strong as the winds. It was as sweet as love. It ran as deep as the sea. It commanded the heart as Heaven commands the earth; but it appealed to the sensibility as if one's regard were a precious thing.

"*Ariella!*" said the Nazarene. He spake as never a man spake to the sick or to the well. Ariella felt herself drawn upwards, soul and body, to the utterance of her name by those invisible lips. It was as if the very waves of ether, set in motion by his voice, encompassed her; as the waves of the sea encompass a sinking person who struggles upon them if so be he may swim for his life. She felt herself lifted upon the sound; it buoyed her; she had a singular sensation as if she began to float upon it.

"Yea, Lord," breathed Ariella. She upturned her face to him through the dark. Poor little wan, pinched face! how feebly it moved. Ariella was in terrible pain. The excitement and exertion of the day, culminating in this agitating interview, had almost overborne her. Despite herself a low moan came from her lips. At the sound the blind man fell upon his knees beside his mother. Jesus and the sick girl remained, the two undisturbed actors in the touching scene. Low, sweet, serene, and commanding, came the accents of the Nazarene. Ariella perceived that he did not inquire concerning her faith in God his Father; and in himself, the heavenly Father's son; in his sympathy with human misery; and his power to heal the diseases of men; and he spoke to her also of his relation to her own peculiar suffering. He said these things in words so few that Ariella knew not how it was he said them; but she was aware of these thoughts, and of his desire to understand her own state of feeling toward himself. Above all else, she was aware of the searching, scorching necessity that she speak the very truth all it that should sound discourteous or distrustful toward the Stranger, who, overwrought and overworked, had traveled to Bethany at the end of the hot day's toil, to serve an unknown sick girl, if he might or could. It even occurred to Ariella that he was not *sure* that he *could* heal her; and that his effort was worth something more for this very reason.

"Lord," said Ariella, "how can any heal me? I have been sick so long!"

The Nazarene made no answer. He had advanced and now stood close beside the litter; he stretched his hand out and motioned to Ariella through the dark that she put hers within it.

"Nine years!" said Ariella, "I have lain upon my bed for nine whole years. I suffer very much. It is great pain. People do not know about pain. It tires them to understand it. I try not to trouble people—but I am not a patient girl. I get worn out sometimes, Lord, I am so tired—tired out! tired out!" Ariella began to sob quietly.

"Lord, my *faith* has grown sick—like all the rest of me! How *can* I be healed?"

"Lord," said the blind man, still upon his knees, "*my* faith in thee is whole; it is sound enough to give life to the maiden though she did lie in the tomb."

"Baruch! *Baruch*!" cried Ariella. The blind man was distressed. He thought she should have cried: "Lord! Lord!" But Jesus only smiled thereat, in the darkness, no one being able to see the smile.

"Ariella," said Baruch, "give to him that asketh thee the touch of thy hand and the power of thy trust."

Ariella obeyed without a word. The cool, strong grasp of the Nazarene closed over her hot, little fingers. Immediately there came to Ariella the sensation of floating of which she had thought before. Her fancy about the Dead Sea recurred to her. But upon the enfeebled girl there fell the consciousness of one who is buoyed upon the sea of life. Forgotten vigor struck upon her body, and ran like fire through her veins.

The Nazarene while he held her hand had stood with head bowed low upon his breast; like a man sunken in thought or prayer too deep to admit of any lesser consciousness. Now he lifted his face, and solemnly spoke to her:

"Maiden! I say unto thee, Arise! Behold, I say unto thee, Arise, and walk!"

A piteous cry fell from Ariella's lips. Afterward she said that the pain which shot through her whole body was a thing too dreadful to speak of; the virulence of years of physical disorder seemed to be in it; it was as if her disease had a spirit, and a spite, and revenged itself by wrenching her as it yielded to the mysterious power of the healer.

Baruch, at the sound of her anguish, sprang forward and would have caught her; but Jesus motioned him back.

"Go into yonder door of the house," said the Nazarene, "and behind it thou shalt find a tall jug standing upon the floor. Bring it hither to me."

Ariella arose from her litter at these words. She stood upon her feet and tottered.

"Go," repeated the Nazarene. And Ariella went. She walked from the olive tree into the door of Rachel's house, alone, unaided, and firmly. Rachel and Baruch stood breathless. They dared not follow her. They could see her slight figure, wrapped in its little careless invalid dress, swaying before the faint light of Rachel's candle, the solitary home-light. Ariella stooped and lifted the jug. It was a heavy jug containing water. The sick girl lifted it upon her head, and came back across the dark space, walking steadily. The two observers watched her in silence. The third leaned his blind face forward touchingly. Baruch fancied that the breath of the Nazarene came a little quickly; but he was not sure. His own violently beating heart almost drowned his consciousness of every other fact.

Ariella returned. She walked up to the

Nazarene with a firm step. She removed the jug from her head with one hand and laid it at his feet.

Then, without a word, she herself dropped there; she fell upon her knees; she bowed her face; she laid her lips to the travel stained feet of the Healer, and pressed them with awe to her cheek.

"*Lord*," said Ariella, "*Lord, forgive me.* I am healed because of Thee. Lord, I have been sick so *long*! . . . Teach me how to be well."

Rachel was sobbing under the olive-tree. But Baruch fell upon his knees beside Ariella. He trembled with joy.

"Master!" he cried. He put out his blind hands in the dark and groped for Jesus. *But the space which* had held that figure of mercy and of command was empty. The Nazarene had vanished.

Ariella arose from her knees and without a word walked into the house. She moved like a person intoxicated with joy. Rachael picked up the jug; she and Baruch followed Ariella, silent too.

The empty litter remained under the olive-tree.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mummified Cats.

Upon the authority of a writer in the *London* "Daily Telegraph," we learn that a consignment of nineteen and a half tons of mummified cats from Beni Hassan, Central Egypt, has just reached Liverpool, being perhaps the most curious cargo that has ever been carried across the seas. There are in the parcel the remains of about 180,000 grimalkins, and they are *in process of examination* at the city Museum. The public will be *curious to learn the history* of this strange find, and as so far told it is as romantic as a page of Rider Haggard. The "harmless, necessary cat," so by Shakespere styled in "The Merchant of Venice," was as familiar in ancient Egypt as in modern England, though in the times long past the tabby played a more honoured part, being trained, as the wall paintings show, *for fowling purposes. The feline* mausoleum, as we hear, was discovered by an *Egyptian peasant* engaged in the pursuit of husbandry, who one day fell unwarily into a pit that he had not digged. The incident attracted attention, when it was found that the excavation was in reality a large subterranean cave—a sepulchre of cats, every one of which had separately been embalmed and laid out in rows, like the bodies in the fabled caverns of Kor. *The date of this extraordinary interment* is fixed by Egyptologists at two thousand years B. C. It is a well-known fact that in ancient Egypt the cat was held in reverence, and there long has been a tradition that a cemetery devoted specially to the interment of the species existed on the east bank of the Nile. The locality has now been fixed, and it is about one hundred miles distant from Cairo. From this graveyard enormous quantities of remains have been dug out. *Part of the store* was sold to local farmers for purposes of fertilization, *and, as we are informed*, other lots found there way to an Alexandrian merchant, thence by the steamers Pharos and Thebes to Liverpool, where the stock was knocked down at £2 13s 9d per ton to a manure merchant. It is added that the auction was only known to the trade, and that the broker knocked the lot down with one of the cat's heads for a hammer. There is not in all history the record of *so singular* a sale, and it is more marvelous still that after the lapse *of so many centuries the superstitions* of an ancient race should be made the manure for the bread of the latter days.

Henry E. Searle, the champion sculler, was worth $40,000 when he died, made in two years. Honest sculling pays.

During the hunting with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds in England on February 8 a remarkable incident occurred. The meet was at Broughall Smithy, a fox was found at Hinton, and a very fine run followed. When the hounds were in full cry on a farm near the Wyches, a young man got on the back of a bull and joined in the chase for *fully an hour, to the no small astonishment* and amusement of those present, and the way in which he cleared the fences was marvellous. Needless to say "Billy" was neither saddled nor bridled, and the youth, who seemed to have an agreeable "mount," kept his seat the whole time and was undoubtedly the hero of the day.

The Home.

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

Some Hints About Bedrooms.

The care of a bedroom is sometimes neglected because of the apparent simplicity of the work. The style in which it is usually accomplished is known to every one.

The coverings are thrown back over the foot of the bed, permitting them to drag on the dusty floor, and the window is left open five or ten minutes—a length of time popularly considered quite sufficient to air the room.

The bedmaker may possibly turn the mattress, but in seven cases out of ten the bedclothes are spread up without going through this form, and tucked in snugly at the sides and foot to prevent the fresh air getting in or the stale air escaping.

The right way of performing this work is not so difficult that one need shrink from it. The coverings should first be stripped back over two chairs set at the foot of the bed. The mattresses should then be doubled, so the air may get to all parts of it, and left so for from half an hour to an hour. In very severe winter weather the time may be lessened. Each piece of bedclothing should be well shaken before it is restored to its place, and the pillows beaten and patted into shape. The white spread, that should have been removed at bedtime the night before and neatly folded, is now fresh and smooth. If pillow-shams are not used the creased night-slips may be exchanged for fresh day cases, and the former laid aside until needed in the evening.

The bed is not all that needs close care in the sleeping-room. The dusting is far more important than many people suspect. Accumulations of fluff and dust form a favorite nesting place for disease germs and unsavory smells. On this account many ornaments are not to be commended in a bed-chamber. The bits of drapery, the brackets, the gay Japanese fans, the photographs, and the pieces of bric-a-brac that are admirable in other parts of the house are out of place here. Whatever furniture there is should be carefully wiped off each day with a soft cloth, and this shaken out of the window.

The room should receive a thorough sweeping at least once a week, and at this time every article in it should be moved, and no nook nor corner left unbrushed. If there are curtains at the windows they should be well shaken that no dust may linger in their folds.

The receptacles for waste water should be washed out every day and scalded three times a week. In hot weather the scalding should take place every day, and the utensils be sunned if possible. Wash-cloths should be wrung out in boiling water every other day. Without this they soon become offensive. Shoes and other articles should not be left lying about the room to gather dust and look untidy. Soiled clothes should never be left in a sleeping-room. They contaminate the atmosphere.

When all these precautions are closely followed there will be no trouble with the close, unpleasant odor that one finds often in even handsome and apparently well kept bedrooms. Such malodors are not only disagreeable, but positively unwholesome, especially for delicate persons and children.

Laundry Hints.

Buttermilk will remove tar spots sometimes. Rinse in soapy water.

A paste of soft soap and starch will take stains out of bed ticking. Spread it on the spots, and when dry scrape it off and wash with a damp sponge.

To remove grease stains from silk hats use turpentine and then alcohol.

To iron a silk hat: Holding the hat in the left hand, pass a warm iron quickly around, following the lay of the nap.

To clean silk: the garment must be first ripped and brushed. Spread on a flat board an old blanket, covered with an old sheet; then sponge the silk on both sides, rubbing any dirty spots particularly with this mixture one half cup of gall, one half cup of ammonia, and one half pint of tepid soft water. Roll the silk on a stick—an old broom handle will do—being careful that no wrinkles are left on it. Let it dry without ironing. Woolen goods may be treated in the same manner.

All fancy hosiery should be put into a strong solution of salt and cold water before wearing, well saturated, and dried without wringing, either in the shade or in a warm room.

To clean coats: Take of ammonia two ounces, soap one ounce, soft water one quart and a teaspoonful of saltpeter; shake well and let the mixture stand a few days. Pour enough on a coat to cover the grease spots; rub well; wash off with clean cold water.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water, rubbed on with a stiff brush, is used to renovate old clothes. It is said to leave no smell.

Some Tested Recipes.

FRIED APPLES.—Remove the core from four or five large apples; cut them into thin slices and fry until soft, and brown in plenty of hot lard; co[illegible] with sugar and serve hot. This makes a nice relish for lunch or supper.

OYSTER SANDWICHES.—Take large stewing oysters, pound them in a mortar (having previously cut off their beards) with a little cayenne and lemon juice. Spread this mixture on thin slices of brown bread and butter, cut into rounds the size of a silver dollar.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Chop the lobster very fine, and mix with pepper, salt and bread crumbs; season well with celery salt and moisten with melted butter; make into cakes, dip them in beaten eggs, then in cracker or bread crumbs, and fry brown in butter or lard. Croquettes may also be made of cold fish, poultry or veal.

MINCED BEEFSTEAK ON TOAST.—A favorite and without doubt the best way to use cold beefsteak is to mince it finely and to put it to stewing for fifteen minutes, with quite a little water. If the beef has not been all dried up by pounding and overcooking the first day, add to the gravy a good sized lump of butter, a small onion, and a teaspoonful of vinegar or catsup, and serve it smoking hot on nicely browned toast.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE.—Soak the crumbs of a French roll in milk, squeeze it out, beat it up till quite light, then beat in two ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, and the well beaten yolks of five eggs. When well mixed, add three ounces of grated chocolate and the well whiaked whites of the eggs. Beat till light, pour the mixture into a small buttered tin, and put it at once in a brisk oven. Do not open the oven door for at least ten minutes.

SYLLABUB.—One quart of rich sweet cream, one tumbler of wine, one lemon juice and rind, and sugar to your taste. Sweeten the quart of cream and pour into it a large tumblerful of the best Sherry or Madeira wine; whip until the cream is stiff. Now add the grated rind of a fresh lemon and the juice, which must be strained. Beat the cream somewhat longer, and you may then fill the glasses. Use pure sweet cream, good wine, and a fresh lemon, and when sweetening the cream put in a little more sugar than needed on account of the lemon juice to be added.

FROSTED LEMON PIE.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of brown sugar, the yelks of two eggs, one half cup of cold water, and two tablespoonfuls of flour or cornstarch. Line the plate with paste and fill. When baked, frost with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and brown lightly in the oven.

DRIED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One pint of dried apples cut, one-half pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one tablespoonful of butter or lard. Use flour sufficient to make into small biscuits, and drop into boiling water and boil quickly till the apples are done. Cut the apples into small bits with scissors, and soak in warm water before making. Eat with cream sauce flavored with nutmeg.

IRISH STEW.—Cut two pounds of the neck of mutton into small pieces, put it into a kettle with one onion sliced and a bunch of pot herbs nicely dressed. Simmer gently for one hour, then add two tablespoonfuls of rice, simmer ten minutes, add two [illegible] cut into dice, and while they are [illegible] minutes longer make your dumplings. Put a pint of flour into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of salt and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, moisten this with about a gill of milk; the dough must be soft. Form it lightly into balls, drop them on top of the stew, cover the kettle, boil ten minutes, season, and serve.

ALMOND PUDDING.—Blanch one ounce of bitter and one-quarter pound of sweet almonds and pound them to a paste in a mortar; add a few drops of rose-water while pounding. Stir one-quarter pound of butter and one-quarter pound of sugar to a cream. Beat well the whites of six eggs; stir the almonds and beaten eggs alternately into the butter and sugar. Line a pie dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Sprinkle with sugar and serve.

OATMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—To a pint of cold oatmeal mush, stir in about half a cup hot water (use only enough to moisten it and beat smooth), add three eggs, beaten light add cold milk to make a thin batter, one teaspoon of baking powder, one half cup of flour; if they break add more flour. Bake on a griddle.

The Mackenzie tartan is so popular that it is frequently seen, combined with velvet, at teas and receptions.

New cheviots have dotted stripes and stripes of broken lines in clustered effects. Then there are tartan and striped cheviots in all the clan tartan and new fancy French tartan combinations.

MILLINERY.

MILLINERY.

Figs. 82--92 show that large shaped hats will vie with small, close-fitting designs that are appropriate for every season, clime, and almost all ages. Black straw shapes and black trimmings on colored straw hats will be very stylish for spring wear. The novelty in trimmings will be the genuine Tartan ribbons, showing the combinations of red, blue, or green so dear to every son and daughter of Scotia.

All of the chief clans are represented in these new ribbons, which run in Nos. 16, 24 and 40 for trimming, as wider ribbons will be used. The novelty plaids show fanciful combinations in blocked or plain grounds crossed generally with hair-lines of pale yellow or red. Silk ribbons having satin edges are now seemingly a standard style, and always neat in appearance.

Gauze ribbons will be worn for summer and dressy hats and bonnets, and they are shown in the lightest of tints in stripes, plain and brocaded, mixed with satin, silk, fine cordings, or entirely of gauze. Thin fabrics by the yard, as gauze, crepe de Chine, etc., will be very dressy. Hat scarfs for misses and children are in both Tartan and novelty plaids, and fully five inches wide.

Double-faced satin ribbons are brought to the fore again, and being cheaper in price, will probably "take;" certainly no ribbon manufactured makes a handsomer or more lasting bow. This style is of one color, striped, plaided, or the two faces are of different colors or shades. Tips, long feathers, wings, aigrettes, and many fancy tips will be in style.

The black tone remains prominent, and many fancy black ribbons are made to supply this desired combination. Lavender, dome blue, Eiffel and copper red, paille, cream, bright golden brown, silvery gray, Edison blue, grayish and bluish greens, and old-rose are the predicted colors for the fast-approaching season. Black, gold, and silver lace will be stylishly mixed in with gauze for the tiny dress bonnets.

No. 1 of the illustrations is of a favorite design, turned up more in the back than the front, with the trimming from the back in long loops over the crown, starting from a bunch of ostrich tips.

No. 2 has a point in front and closely rolled sides, with the ribbon arranged in loops over the crown, a rosette in the back, and quill feathers.

No. 3 has an air of jauntiness becoming to a young face. The wire frame is covered with a quilling of crepe, and the low crown consists of loops of ribbon meeting under a shaded bunch of velvet currants.

No. 4 represents a brown straw hat for a girl of eight to twelve years, trimmed with red, brown and yellow pompons, and loops of brown and yellow ribbon inside of the front of the brim.

No. 5 is a spring-like poke of fancy straw faced with a pleated ruche, and gathered fullness of China crepe, with bows and strings of silk and satin-striped ribbon, and a small bunch of poppies, grasses, and daizies.

No. 6 illustrates a toque bonnet of black velvet fulled up in irregular folds for a crown, with gold lace for the brim, yellow pompon and velvet strings.

No. 7 foreshadows the coming of spring in showing a wide, straight front to the brim and a closely curled back faced with velvet. The outside is trimmed with velvet poppies, a fan of black lace, and loops of striped double-faced satin ribbon.

No. 8 is of the Bolero shape, with rolled brim, flat crown, bunch of tricolored pompons, bow and band of velvet ribbon.

No. 9 shows a neat little bonnet of black straw, with a peak filled in with velvet, strings and Alsatian bow of the same, and aigrette of black.

No. 10 is trimmed with one long plume, three tips, an aigrette and ribbon loops, the latter appearing on the left side, where the brim is not as widely rolled as it is in front and on the right side.

For a youthful wearer, a lovely little model of a capote consists of a round crown of apricot, vieille-rose, or green velvet, drawn round a small open centre of black jet, and edged above and below with the same, the front being composed of black lace and narrow black ribbon. A pretty spring bonnet is of dead-leaf velvet, mingled with pale maize, the close shape being long behind and edged with a wide gold and silver trimming. The same [illegible] looks well in various combinations of color, two pretty examples respectively being dark green and seal-brown, relieved by one subtle touch of old-gold, and brownish coral with moss-green. Cloth bonnets will be much worn again.

The prettiest bonnet or hat for theatre wear is a kind of small toque without a crown, and consists of a twist of yellow, pink, or blue crepe, worked in gold, ornamented in front with a handsome curved aigrette rising out of a velvet bow. The hair is worn frizzed, and comes out at the top and all round. The toque is a head-dress; strings can be added or not, according to fancy. Some capotes are made in the shape of a child's cap, of either dark or light velvet; pale blue is rather in vogue just now in Paris, with beads and gold embroidery, and aigrettes to match; others are entirely composed of gold filigree open-work, with a small bow and a rosette of ribbon in front.

An artistic hat is made of golden brown velvet, with brim diminishing toward the back, low crown, having an Alsation bow in front; full crown caught up at the back with a bow of satin ribbon; African owl, with black eyes and black velvet feather aigrette over the entire crown from back to front. An attractive French bonnet has an open brim of pale old-rose felt, embroidered with black jet, and filled in with puffed black velvet, protruding beyond it, to match the round puffed crown of black velvet gathered in the centre. An aigrette of lophophore feathers and pale rose osprey adorns it in front, while the strings are of black velvet.

There is nothing more elegant in millinery or costume than black Chantilly or Brussels lace when well arranged and perchance contrasted with a vivid color in velvet or silk. A good example of this is a low-crowned hat of red velvet, with its wide brim crumpled closely up all round with an artistic apparent carelessness, which makes the front somewhat higher than the back, and veiled both inside and out with frillings and pleatings of fine black lace, and with a small black bird, with one long, shaft-like tail feather, accentuating by its glossy plumage the cloudy darkness of the lace. A most bewitching apology for a bonnet, suggesting a Spanish mantilla, is a coronal of red satin, the open crown draped with a black lace veil, which forms the strings, the folds of the lace at the back of the head being caught together by a high jet comb.

A stylish bonnet of bronze open-work cloth has the crown embroidered in chenille and silk; folded velvet brim, with full velvet knot in front; pale blue and bronze satin bows at the side; pale yellow wing, with two humming-birds arranged in the centre, and flanked on the right side by a gold-colored satin bow; satin strings from the back, fastened to the brim by bronze bird with wings.

The Spanish or Bolero hats will be stylish in black straw faced with black and trimmed with rosettes of velvet ribbon or crepe, and pompons of red or yellow, or both colors. The trimming reaches from the top of the crown down the left of the brim similar to Fig. No. 8, illustrated in this article. Such a hat is supposed to correspond with any gown.

The latest "fad" in hats is to make a toque of small brimmed shape entirely of satin or plaid ribbon, except the facing of velvet, of which it requires six yards, at 55 cents to 75 cents a yard; not a wing or ornament is seen besides the ribbon in long folds, erect bows and knots. Such a hat is stylish and youthful, and costs from $5.50 to $7.00.

Lord Tennyson and the Local Preacher.

In an article on Lord Tennyson, the poet Laureate who is at this moment lying on what may be his death-bed, in the February *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, the Rev. Henry Smith says:—"Sunday morning, December 26, 1886, will not soon be forgotten by ministers and local preachers who had to take appointments in distant places on the Isle of Wight. It was one of the wildest mornings imaginable. One veteran local preacher while pressing on against wind and rain, fell down dead within a short distance of Freshwater Wesleyan Chapel. Lord Tennyson came upon the scene in a few minutes with his friend Professor Ralston. The kindly interest taken by the Laureate in the widow and friends of the honored local preacher will never be forgotten. The letter of sympathy contained expressions of the poet's p[illegible] as to the honour and blessedness of being engaged in so glorious a work as that of the Wesleyan local preacher. He was much impressed with the circumstance that the preacher's notes indicated that the sermon that morning was to have been of a specially gladsome character. Lord Tennyson wrote:—"I cannot but look upon his death as a happy one: sudden, painless, while he was on his way to his chapel to render thanks and praise to his Maker. Our liturgy prays against sudden death; but I myself could pray for such a sudden death as Isaac Porter's."

The Comfort of Plainness.

Give men of women minds big enough, and they will not thing of and the world will not worry itself about their faces, though they may be as plain as Charlotte Cushman, as rugged as Ralph Waldo Emerson, as ugly as George Eliot. Poor, little misshapen Pope said: "The mind's the standard of the man," and the world said "Amen!" He had the mind. It is useless arguing with a young girl that beauty is not a blessing. It is in her nature to want to be pleasing and admired. She sees roses loved and worn because they are beautiful, and she would be of them and with them in the rose-leaf longing times of her Spring in the world. Homely girls have sat up nights to cry and, thinking of fairer faces that have been more courted because fairer, have fallen asleep on pillows wet with tears that have come from kindly eyes and dropped from homely cheeks in sympathy. Tell them that beauty is only skin deep, and that it brings unhappiness, and they will still sob: "Give me the beauty." It is like telling a poor, tired, overworked man that "great wealth only brings misery." He will still wish to take the chances on a little wealth. But all the same there is lots of comfort for the homely. They can be good and wise and, having much time away from their mirrors and their flatterers, can think and do great things. Let a woman speak. One writing for the *Ladies' Home Journal* says: "In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but one or two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical prefection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by they have acquired, through the force, the sweetness or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and consequently their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame."

Marriage a Failure.

Lawyer—So you want to get a divorce from your husband?

Woman—That's what I want.

Lawyer—You knew him long before you married him—why did you marry him?

Woman—You see wherever I went he was always standing around in my way, so at last I married him just to get rid of him.

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. FRANK WILSON, 59 to 63 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

A SMUGGLER'S SECRET.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

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

CHAPTER XX.

A servant from the house crossed the road as we came to the gate.

"Sir Henry has come home, miss, and has sent me to find you," he said.

Ethel kissed Psyche, promising to see her again and often, and left us. We returned to the garden.

Psyche was unusually quiet. The objects which before had excited her interest were passed over unnoticed.

"I am tired," she said, "I have talked so much. I want to feel that you have come back to me again."

We sat down in the garden seat, and nestling against my arm she said:

"Tell me about that other one, and let me only listen."

That was a pleasant subject to talk about, and I told all I knew about Ethel, letting my tongue run on thoughtlessly and with a lover's enthusiasm—forgetting that Psyche loved me and was neither a child nor an elf, but had a woman's heart and a woman's susceptibility.

For a long time she listened sitting as quiet as a mouse; then she took her hand from my arm and drew herself away from me a little distance. I checked myself abruptly, seeing that I had awakened her jealousy and pained her by my folly. It might be only the jealousy of a child, but I saw by the expression of her downcast face that she suffered; and now it occurred to me whether, having gone so far, I ought not to go farther and prepare her for the separation that must come if I married Ethel. She knew nothing of my hopes in that direction, for marriage was a subject I had studiously avoided; yet I felt that she ought to know. But before I could make up my mind to undertake the cruel task, she had come back to my side again, and was nestling her cheek against my shoulder.

"Do not tell me any more about her," she murmured. "It gives me a pain here," pressing her hand upon her breast, "and makes me feel as if you were no more my brother. I cannot bear to hear that she is so much to you, because it makes me think that I must be nothing, and I feel as if sharp knives were running into me. But though you have known her so long you have never lived in the same cave with her, and she has never worked with you scraping the sand away with her hands and fighting to get away from the water when it came in and stopped the hole, and after all you are not her brother as you are mine, are you dear?"

"No, that is true, Psyche," and thinking that perhaps Ethel might never be mine I resolved to be silent about it for the present.

"You will teach me to dance and sing," Psyche continued, coaxingly, "not a foolish song like mine, but one with words, like those you sing; and you will buy me something to wear on my head, like hers, and teach me to wear my hair so that it may not be seen."

"Yes, Psyche, all in good time."

"Yes, all in good time, dear," she echoed. "She called me 'dear'; it's a pretty word, isn't it?"

There was a tear running down her white neck, but her voice quivered with joy in a reconciliation and spring of hope.

It was about two hours after the departure of Ethel. Psyche and I were at the bottom of the garden (where she had discovered a worm, and was marvelling over the creature) "who carried a star with him," when we were startled by hearing a knock at the front door. It was a feeble knock, yet enough in the night silence. It was eleven o'clock. Who would call at such hour? Clearly no one to see me. My suspicion pointed to a [illegible] Peter, who on some pretext came to assure himself as to my [illegible]

[illegible] the house, I said [illegible] "I [illegible] Stay [illegible] You

I went up to the house and, passing by the side, peered cautiously out into the front garden. A man was standing by the door in the full light of the moon, it was Sir Henry Duncan.

He came towards me holding out his hand when I showed myself.

I was too surprised to speak, but I took his hand. It was moist and cold, and trembled palpably as he put it into mine. For a moment he was silent; then he spoke in a quick unsteady voice.

"It is not the first time I have had to apologise to you, Mr. Thorne," he said; "you know my weakness too well to require an explanation. A weak man, a weak man, led by uncontrollable impulses into action that leads to mortification and regret. My daughter—Ethel—has told me a story so strange—he hesitated, passed his hand over his brow, and then clasped the lattice—"so strange that it would pass belief if it were not supported by something you told me when we last met the story of a young girl. His voice sank so low that the last word was hardly audible. "Can I sit down, I feel faint."

I led him into the back garden, and as he sank in the rustic seat his eyes wandered in every direction.

"A feeble heart—the slightest emotion upsets me," you have seen that in the past."

I offered to fetch some water, knowing that he never drank anything stronger. He declined, still looking from side to side furtively.

"I am better. It is gone," he said, though his voice belied him. "I was saying, Mr. Thorne, I came to apologise to you. When you told me of having found a fortune I scouted it as the statement of a madman. Now that I know that you have been confined in those caves, and what has happened there, anything is possible. I know something of the history of those caves—the landslip that closed them and so on. I intended after hearing the strange story from Ethel to call upon you to-morrow, but I found it impossible to rest with this—this on my mind."

It seemed to me that here was much ado about nothing; but his character had always been so incomprehensible to me that I was scarcely surprised by this unnecessary act of self humiliation.

"I had another motive in coming here," he pursued after a pause, "From what Ethel told me I thought that possibly I might be able to render you some assistance."

"Assistance?" I said, questioningly.

"Perhaps the version of the story that Ethel told me, and which she, I believe, learnt from the poor girl who calls herself Psyche, is misleading. May I ask you to tell me what really has happened?"

He spoke less coherently than I have written with frequent hesitations and corrections, being still under the influence of powerful emotion.

I saw no reason for withholding the facts from him, and I told him briefly how I had found Psyche, and how we had escaped. He did not interrupt my narrative with a word, but sat with his eyes set on me as if he were transfixed. Only when I dwelt on the awful solitude of the caves, the dark prison in which Psyche had passed her youth, he drew his handkerchief out as if to wipe his face and, forgetting his purpose, sat fingering it, as the dying finger the sheets of their deathbed.

"And did she preserve her reason in this living death?" he asked uneasily when I ceased to speak.

"Yes. She is like one who is beginning to live, that is all."

At that moment he started to his feet. Psyche was on the lawn, her figure revealed by the light dress against the dark ever green. She stood motionless, looking at him for a minute, and then, with a cry of fear [illegible] never heard before from her, she [illegible] side for protection, looking across me [illegible] him with [illegible] "You don't know [illegible] looking [illegible] less terrif[illegible]

"Was it you who put your arm through the hedge with a knife to cut me?" she asked.

"What does she mean?" he asked, speaking to me quickly in French.

I could not tell.

"No, no" said Psyche in a calmer tone, "it was not you. Your hand is white and thin, and long, that was like the roots of the hedge."

"Do you understand?" Sir Henry asked me in a low tone of pity that showed he doubted her sanity. I answered him in French as he spoke to me that Psyche might not comprehend:

"Yes, I understand it well enough," said I. "I know that hand which she compares with the roots of the hedge. He knows she is here, and passed along on the other side of the hedge not three hours ago."

"He, who?" he asked sharply.

"Old Peter."

He started as if he had been struck; and as if the blow had roused his courage, he said to Psyche with a firmness of voice and manner contrasting strangely with his previous nervous utterance.

"That hand shall not frighten you again, my child." Then to me as he turned to leave the garden, he added, "I will return when I have got that wretch out of the way."

We heard him passing between the corn and the outside of the garden hedge. Trying to conceal my uneasiness I waited anxiously for the result. Old Peter I knew was not one to be frightened away by the rustling corn; he would wait down there, knife in hand, for whoever might come. If I had heard a death cry from Sir Henry it would have been no more than I expected. No such cry came; yet I fancied I heard old Peter's growling voice. Half an hour passed and Sir Henry had not returned.

When I proposed to Psyche that we should go and look at the glowworm she assented at once.

"You are not afraid now?" I asked.

She laughed.

"I could never fear anything when you are with me," she said.

We were at the bottom of the garden when I heard the sound of a shot, sounding as if it came from the park.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERPLEXITY.

Sir Henry did not return that night as he had promised. I could not conceive of old Peter carrying such a contemptibly insufficient weapon as a modern revolver, otherwise I should have feared that the shot I heard had been fired by him, and that Sir Henry was hit. I attributed the shot rather to poachers in Sir Henry's preserves, and his absence to the pursuit of them. All doubts as to his safety were removed by his coming over to the cottage the following morning soon after Psyche had gone up to her room for the day.

He was quite self possessed; his manner, indeed, was almost apathetic as he gave me his hand and then dropped into the seat on the lawn. The only trace of that agitation which had unmanned him the previous night was in the haggered, worn, and old expression of his face; he looked like a gambler who has played long and lost all.

"There was a shot in the park last night," he began; you may have heard it. I thought my daughter might be alarmed, and went in. Quite as well, you will say, seeing that I was not more fit to be at large than a maniac. She knew what was the matter with me—and brought me round as only she can." Then after a pause, he continued "One of these days, Mr Thorne, you may know the value of my daughter Ethel, then should you be threatened with the loss of her you will understand my feeling. Fancy if a man came insolently to you and said he loved your wife and meant to take her from you if he could, how you would feel towards that man; and if in addition to that your wife admitted the possibility of being taken from you, how you would feel towards the world."

"You are speaking now of the love of a man for his wife."

"Well, sir" he returned sharply, "may not the love of a father for his daughter be as deep and strong as that of a husband for his wife. The love I bore her mother is centered in my daughter—all the love of my heart."

He turned his back upon me for a moment, then glancing round the garden he asked:

"Where is she—that other unloved soul?"

I explained how she slept during the day, being unable to endure the light after living so long in darkness.

"Twelve years without light or love," he said, visibly moved; "A month would kill me. She loves you, Ethel tells me."

"That is only natural, as she knows no one but me."

"It never occurred to you that she might be your wife?"

"How could it occur to me, loving your daughter as I do?"

He knitted his brows as he buried his face in his hands, his elbows resting on his knee. Raising his head after a minute's silence, he said:

"It isn't right that the girl should live here with you. I am not speaking from any conventional consideration of propriety, but with regard to the girl's future. You are strengthening the tie of affection, which presently is to be snapped. You ought to weaken it, that when the shock comes it may not break her heart.

"I hope to find her family or friends, until then she must stay with me."

"Not necessarily" he said, his eyes brightening. "Let her come to us. Ethel is deeply interested in her. Let her dangerous affection for you be replaced by love for a sister."

"With all my heart, I can wish Psyche no greater happiness that to live with your daughter."

"It would be a healthier life for her," he continued with growing excitement. "She would get to know the world she is to live in." We could take her abroad while you are looking for her friends."

He looked eagerly into my eyes as he made this proposition. There was a wonderful expression of his face, apathy had changed to keen interest. It was still a gambler's face, but it wore the look of one who sees his way to retrieve a fortune by plucking a pigeon. For the first time a doubt of his honesty rose in my mind. I believe he saw it, for his eye quailed before mine, and he rose muttering something in a deep self deprecatory tone that I could not catch.

He paced across the lawn with his head bent, and when he returned the evil look was gone from his face. As he seated himself again beside me, he said:

"It wouldn't do, Thorne. I understand and sympathise with the girl's feelings more than you can believe. She must not lose you at once like that. What have you done towards finding her family?"

I told him of the advertisement I had inserted, and the answer I had received.

"You had no other answer?" he asked.

"No."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Advertise again—if I find no further notice taken of the last. There may be a letter at the Post Office now. I shall go over presently to see."

"Yes, it's unlikely. Some sharp lawyer may see his way to making money through it. The man who got rid of the child would be only too glad, one may suppose to claim and put her out of the way more securely. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes. I am not certain that I have not already played into the hands of that man or his agents."

"I daresay you have," he replied calmly, "at any rate you see the danger of advertising in that way. It won'd be far safer to put the affair into the hands of a good solicitor; do you know one?"

"Only your solicitor, Mr. Andrews, of Bonport."

"A good man, but not at all suited to an investigation of this kind. You had better leave it to me. I will see Andrews and ask him who is the best man in the profession to employ if you like."

I accepted the offer at once.

"Then you will take no further steps at present?"

"I shall be very happy to leave it entirely in your hands."

"Good."

He seemed pleased with my renewed confidence in him. He was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, looking on the ground. After a moment's pause, without raising his head, he said:

"Someone will be going up from the house to Towerbridge in the course of the morning, shall he inquire at the Post Office if there is any letter for you?"

I assented to this, giving him the name to which answers were to be addressed.

"Very well, that is settled," he said, drawing a long breath and rising to his feet. "Let us walk. There is something else I want to say to you."

We walked up and down the lawn. After a couple of turns he said:

"You told me you had found some sort of treasure in those caves. What do you value it at?"

"Roughly, I think about ten thousand pounds.

"More or less. The ground in which the caves are, and the cottage on the cliff are your freehold."

"Yes."

If I give you a cheque for twenty thousand pounds will you let me have the freehold and full possession of all that is to be found in the caves. Remember, you may have found but part of the treasure."

"You are welcome to the rest."

"Then that is a bargain, and I may have possession as soon as I choose after paying."

"Certainly."

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Because your offer seems too generous."

"It is not generous. I want those caves and would have paid twice as much to get them."

"My grandfather inhabits the cottage," I said.

"I know he does. He may live there as long as he pleases. I will arrange with him."

We took another turn in silence, for his strange contradictory manner bewildered me. Opposite the wicket he stopped.

"That is all I have to say now," he said, "come over this evening. That cheque shall be ready for you. Bring Psyche with you. There is no time to lose."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Broche silks, woolen, zephyrs, and ginghams come in novel shades of color and bold combinations.

The old reliable photographers, Messrs. Edy 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.

Johnny (looking over his spelling lessons) —"Mamma, what is the meaning of the words retching and wretched?" Mamma (whose husband is just throwing up the effects of an all night spree) —"Your father is retching now, Johnny, while I am wretched."

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

Street gowns grow more and more quiet and Puritanical in effect. The reverse is seen in the house gowns of all kinds for dinners, teas, at home in the afternoons or evenings.

If you are bilious, use Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If you are Dyspeptic, use Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If you have Indigestion, use Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large bottles at 50 cents.

Barred, plaided, checked, and striped mohairs and alpacas come in all the color combinations seen in the wool tartans and zephyrs of this spring.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A hotel is to be erected, it is alleged, at the foot of the Great Pyramid.

It is said that the French Government has got to a pass where it will soon have to borrow largely.

The universities of Italy are complained of for the inferior grade of education to which they allot diplomas.

The Bishop of Verdun has undertaken to raise a million francs for the erection at Vaucouleurs of a splendid monument to Joan of Arc.

The German Government has decided to connect Berlin with the Baltic by means of a ship canal. The work will be commenced in a few months.

The management of the Court Theatre at Vienna has decreed that hereafter no women who are over 45 years old shall be engaged for the ballet.

The Austrian court has just gone out of mourning for Prince Rudolf, having refrained from all entertainments and social enjoyment of every sort for a full year.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Russian physician Dr. Rapchinski, announces that he has discovered that diptheria is easily curable by inoculation of erysipelas.

All the Czech women's associations are about to address a monster petition to the Austrian Reichsrath in favor of the admission of women students to the University.

Princess Victoria, the sister of the Emperor William, will hereafter live most of the time out of Germany, having an allowance of $50,000 a year for that purpose from her brother.

Germany has been much astonished at learning that every single one of her ships is antiquated, and that in fact every ship the country has was old when it was on the stocks.

There is a new Eiffel Tower on the banks of the Neva, near St. Petersburg, constructed entirely of 10,000 blocks of ice, with restaurants, observation platforms, and other attractions. It is 150 feet high.

It is rumored that the first volume of Bismarck's unpublished correspondence, extending from 1862 to 1880, is about to be issued, and that the second volume will appear soon after the first.

The theme of the Japanese national anthem as recently rendered into English is: "Oh, that the reign of our Emperor might continue for thousands and thousands of years—until oyster shells become rocks."

It is said that the Pope has addressed a letter to the Shah of Persia, thanking him for the protection and liberty accorded Catholics of that country, and forwarding him the insignia of the Order of Pius IX.

Prince Albert of Monaco is said to intend to devote the $150,000 per year that he gets from the gamblers to the completion of the Cathedral and other public improvements. He is very wealthy himself and has an enormously rich wife.

It is reported from Berlin that the total subscriptions for the Ottoman Anatolian Five per Cent. Gold Obligations Railway Loan of one million sterling in London and Germany amount to £3,150,000, or more than thrice the sum wanted.

A French woman whose name is Gabrielle Bonpard, but who is not related in any way to the heroine of the sensational Gouffe murder case, has applied to the courts for leave to change her name on account of the unpleasant notice her present one attracts.

Scientific farming in Italy is to be undertaken this year by a company owning a capital of $20,000,000. If the operations prove successful the wooden plough, pulled by oxen, that has held the field since an era before the Roman Cesars, will probably have to go.

Switzerland proposes to hold at Lausanne in June a fair that will present specimens of all known alimentary substances, taking in breads, confectioneries, pastries, cooked dishes, vegetables, groceries, preserves, chocolates and so on through all that the human stomach knows.

The various branches of one of the most distinguished Russian families are about to get together at Moscow to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of their attachment to the imperial service. The family includes the Korsakoffs, the Rymsky Korsakoffs and the Doundoukoff-Korsakoffs.

The astronomers at the Paris Observatory are in trouble over the projected building of a railroad near their establishment. They say that the earth tremblings caused by passing trains will make their observations useless. They will try to have the Government order a change of the route.

Belgian farmers have become alarmed at the way in which the frogs are being exterminated by French pothunters, and have petitioned the King to forbid killing frogs during certain months of the year, as is done with other game. The farmers regard the frogs as valuable slug and insect destroyers.

Because the Prophet Mohammed has been represented upon a Paris stage the Mohammedans of some of the Indian provinces have been forbidden to attend theatrical performances of any nature whatever under penalty of heavy fines for the first two offences and excommunication for the third.

Lack of work is so keenly and generally felt in the towns and provinces of Italy that the prefects and royal Governors are issuing vigorous proclamations calling upon all owners of property to scrape up some kind of employment for the unoccupied, who are literally penniless and at the door of starvation.

Monthly police reports of foreign visitors in the hotels and boarding houses are made at Paris. On Feb. 1 the official number was 27,503, a slight decrease from the preceding month, but with slight variations, the number remains about the same for each month, excluding August and September, the dull season.

The gambling spirits of Paris are dodging the gaming laws with a marble board dotted with shallow holes numbered like those on a bagatelle board. The board is laid in the angle of a billiard table and the balls are rolled over it by hand, winning or losing according to the hole in which they stop. They call it "baraque."

An Italian journal announces the invention of another new gunpowder. The inventors are Baschieri and Bellagni of Bologna, who have named their invention Acupiria. It is granulated, pale yellow in color, and said to be impervious to damp. It was used by some of the Italian competitors at the Monte Carlo matches.

The Stadschouwburg, an old Amsterdam theatre, has been standing over 100 years. It is built of wood entirely, and has not visible in its interior a single supporting pillar, the galleries seem hung upon the walls, and when the audience goes out the rafters can be heard creaking as they are relieved from the weight that has been hanging from them.

The German War Office has issued a general order that in future no officer is to be served before dinner at a military club with more than one small glass of spirit or liquor and absinthe is absolutely prohibited. It has hitherto been the practice of officers to stimulate their appetites for the heavy early dinner by libations of kummel or kirsch, cognac or gin.

Walter Robinson, the famous cricketer, a member of the All England Eleven, attempted suicide by taking strychnine a few days ago, but was saved by prompt medical attendance, and released upon promising the Court that he would not do it again. It is said that his habits have ruined him, although only a year ago he was one of the finest cricket players in the world.

The Belgian authorities have discovered that the royal palace at Brussels is absolutely devoid of any appliances to prevent its sharing the fate of that at Laeken in case of fire. There is not even an alarm bell, call pipe, or telephone available, and most of the wood work is rotten. All the valuable pictures have been taken to the ground floor to facilitate their removal in the case of necessity.

During the past year it is officially computed that 10,000 persons have emigrated from the Government of Vilna, Russia, chiefly to America. This wholesale emigration has had an unsettling effect upon the Russian peasants of the same province, who without the necessary means are emulating the example of their richer neighbors. The authorities are interfering to stop the emigration.

The rag ball at Vienna at the close of the carnival season was a great success and netted $9,000 for the poor of the city. The highest members of the local aristocracy in costly caricatures of ragged costumes danced at the ball, grand ladies assisted as beggars, there were ragged quadrilles of honor, three imperial archdukes figured as scavengers, and military officers, disguised as blind beggars, danced a can-can.

The Prussian Landtag has been considering the overcrowded condition of the Prussian schools and the pressing need of more teachers. The lack of teachers has caused a tremendous increase in the size of the classes and a corresponding deterioration in the amount of instruction received by each child. In the last ten years 1,500,000 Prussian children have been taught in classes of 70 to 100, and 600,000 in classes of 100 to 150. In 1886 almost 15,000 children had no teachers.

During the last year Signor Crispi authorized payments to the amount of nearly half a million francs to Italian newspapers friendly to the Government and himself personally. Of this sum 225,000 francs went to newspapers in Rome, 80,000 francs to the Neapolitian press, 60,000 francs to newspapers at Milan, 50,000 francs to Ministerial organs at Turin, 25,000 to Venice, and 20,000 francs to Florence. The balance was spent on the Sicilian press and individual correspondents.

The German Cavalry are to be armed with lances, the shafts of which are to be constructed of hollow steel. Although they will be made as light as possible, it remains somewhat doubtful whether their weight will not materially increase the amount each horse has already to carry, and whether these new lances will be as handy as the old ones of bamboo. The lances will have small flags in Prussian colors nailed to them near the head.

A French millionaire named Ramoulding, spending the winter at Nice, a few weeks ago ordered a coffin of a special pattern, and purchased ground in a cemetery upon which he had a vault built under his personal supervision with room for three coffins. "I want room enough to be quite at ease," he said to a friend who asked him why he made it so large. When all was done he shot himself dead in his room at the hotel, after having made a will leaving all his money to the widows and orphans of men killed in the recent explosions in the mines at St. Etienne.

The latest thing in women's clubs is the Ladies' Rifle Club in Bermuda, which is vigorously supported and well attended. The governor's wife is the president, and is herself no mean performer with the rifle, while the club numbers nearly seventy members. The range is limited to 100 yards, and astonishingly good practice is accomplished, considering the short time the new pastime has been in vogue. So much enthusiasm has been aroused by the monthly prize contests that people have established private ranges, and it is quite as customary to see young ladies start out with their rifles to a garden party as with tennis rackets.

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

CHAPTER III.

Hardy walked back through the blazing heat to the station and, after taking a look at his revolver to see that it was in good working order and that all the chambers were loaded, settled himself with a pipe to await Barwood's coming.

This was the time of day when the sun was most powerful and when all nature seemed to be crushed into stillness by the heavy weight of heat. Not a sign of animal life anywhere was to be seen. The doors of the *adobe* houses were shut tight, and within them, in coolness and darkness, their owners lay slumbering. The very dogs had betaken themselves to such shelter from the sun as they could find in the chapparral or beneath the bluff, and were slumbering too. The pine boards of the station sent out a resinous smell. The iron of the railway was blistering hot. Not a breath of air stirred. Over the great plain hung a hummering haze made up of the direct and reflected rays of heat. But there was promise of coolness later on, for over on the foot hills little whirlwinds of dust, *remolinos*, already were beginning to form—the advance guard of the fresh, cool wind that would sweep down from the mountains when the setting of the sun should bring to an end the long, hot day.

Hardy did not notice the heat. He was thinking of Mary, and great sorrow for her had taken possession of his heart. Misery she certainly had brought into his life; but nothing in comparison with the misery that had come into her own. It was bad enough, he thought, that she should have been married to Barwood at his best whatever that might have been—but that she should be tied to Barwood now seemed altogether horrible. As the picture of the Mexican girl standing in the doorway came before his mind he ground out a curse between his teeth. And the worst of it was that he did not see what he could do—unless he shot Barwood off-hand—to make her case better. She was right, he preceived, in warning him not to fall to wrangling with her husband. This was a matter in which half way measures would be worse than useless. Between the extremes of killing Barwood and of keeping up a show of friendly relations with him there was no safe course. Much as there was tempting about the more radical of these lines of conduct, he decides' that for the present Mary's interests would be best served by not adopting it. For some reason that he did not at all understand Barwood evidently was disposed to avoid a rupture with him: all that was necessary, therefore, was that he should hold himself well in hand and not make one until he could make one that would be decisive and final. The wisdom of present temporizing was enforced, further, by the fact that until he could see Mary alone and talk freely with her he could not arrange any certain plan for her relief. Yes, he must wait.

While he was working the matter over in his mind he sat on the one chair that the stationed possessed, tipping back on its hind legs, his hands clasped behind his head, smoking slowly. It an absent, half-seeing way his eyes ranged over the group of *adobe* houses, the great sunny plain beyond, the gray-blue mountains which formed the horizon on the east. It was odd he thought, that all his wanderings should have ended in bringing him to the very woman whom he [illegible] tried to get furthest away from. He [illegible] back in his mind the chain of accidents, [illegible] trifling most of them, which had moved [illegible] place to place in Arizona and New [illegible], and which finally had led him to [illegible] little town of Santa Maria, where [illegible] was. Was there such a thing as Fate? [illegible]ought.

[illegible] while he saw Barwood come out [illegible] the *adobe* houses—not his own [illegible] toward the station. Hardy mov[illegible] the other door. He did not [illegible] know that he had seen him [illegible]. My sus[illegible] house.

[illegible]d Peter, whom?" Barwood asked [illegible] come to assure [illegible] for the present. [illegible] I do [illegible] "I [illegible] be when I [illegible] take it [illegible] me [illegible] says—th[illegible] "Yes [illegible] lookin' out [illegible] less [illegible]

"No, things are all right. I'll get along; much obliged."

Barwood seated himself on an empty nail-keg—the one other piece of furniture, excepting the table on which was placed the telegraph instrument that the station possessed—and rolled a cigarito. He did this deftly, and Hardy noticed that the thumb and forefinger of his right hand were as yellow from smoke as a Mexican's. He drew a paper box of double-head wax matches from his pocket, struck one, lighted his cigarito, carefully returned the unused end of the match to the box, and then smoked for a while in silence. At last he said, looking away from Hardy as he spoke, and shifting his legs a little uneasily: "I guess, Mr. Hardy, you an' me'd better have a talk."

"Yes," Hardy answered, "maybe we had."

"About—about Mary, you know. Mary tells me that you really are the man she shook, back in the States. I sized it up that way, you know, on sight. I guess she played it pretty low down on you."

"Never mind about that. It's all over. It was over three years ago. I was a good deal of a fool myself about that time. I ought to have begun by asking her if she was free."

"Excuse me, she ought to have begun by tellin' you that she had another man on her string. I'd better tell you just how things between me an' Mary begun. You see, I was fireman to th' hoistin' engine out at Sugar Notch—at Wilkeslarre, you know—an' Mary was livin' with her step-mother an' just beginnin' t' teach school. I guess she had a mean time of it at home. Her father was dead, an' from what I saw of her step-mother I didn't take much stock in her. She was a tough one, an no mistake. So Mary was more n glad t' take up with me. I guess she did love me—I loved her, I know. So I told her I'd go West an make some money: an just then she got that teachin' job down town, an was able t' get away from her step-mother. So things sort of suited all round. So I come out to Fort Worth an got a pretty good job as engineer—I'd learned pretty well how to run an engine—an' things in gen'ral looked promism.

"Well, Mary kep' writin' reg'lar, tellin' me she was all right, an makin' fun of th' boys bein' in love with her. She used t' write a good deal about you, sayin' you was like a brother to her. Then her letters began t' get sort of queer; an' then, all of a sudden, I got one askin' me if I'd marry her right off if she'd come out t' me. I struck my boss for more pay, an' got it, an' wrote back I would an' glad to.

"So out she came, an we got married. She looked miserable, an' said she'd been sick. Somehow she wasn't like herself, an' didn't get along very well. She sort of moped, like as if she had th' toothache, an' was kind of high-strung an' offish, as if I wasn't good enough for her. Things got sort of worse, an' worse, an now an' then I'd go off with th' boys an' try t' forget what a cussed mean time I was havin' at home. She didn't like that, an' was downright ugly when I'd come home a little sewed up. At last she told me I was a drunken brute an she was sorry she'd married me, 'specially as she could a' got a better man. She meant you, I guess. Well, we didn't have a pleasant time that day, for I just got mad an' talked square up to her. After that things was a good deal worse. I took t' goin' with th' boys more'n ever, an' pretty soon I found myself fired out of my job. Mary said she'd been expectin' it: an' I told her that th' one most t' blame for 't was herself an' that was just th everlastin truth.

"Well, we pulled out of Forth Worth, an I braced up an' I got another job down in San Anton that was. Then it was pretty much th same thing over again. Then we went up to Waco, an then across to Harrison, an' then down t' Palestine, an to Houston, an' to Galveston. I had good jobs in ev'ry one of them towns, an' I got fired out of 'em all. An' at last I got this job here, where you can see for yourself what a [illegible] mean job this looks like, an' can [illegible] mind why Mary must a' been pretty cold weather [illegible]

later—it's turned out better than I sized it up to. For one thing, there ain't any boys here for me t' tear 'round with, an' when I get set up on *mescal* there ain't anybody t' report me—an' it don't make no difference t' anybody, either, 's long as I keep my tank full.

"Now, that's th' whole business. I wanted t' talk things out square with you, an' I've done it. Maybe now you know what kind of a life Mary's led me you're not as sorry as you was that when we both was snapping at her she hung fire with you an went off with me.

"What I want t' say now is: I'm ready t' try t' make things as good as I can for you here, but I want you t' play square with me. If I happen t' get up sometimes, don't you run yourself into a shootin' match—for that's what it'll come to, an' d— d quick, too—by reportin' me; an' don't you believe th' whole of th' pack of lies about me that Mary's loaded up with, an' is goin' t' fire off at you as soon as she gets th' chance. Let's fix things up t' run along easy this way, an' after a while, when I know you better, mabe I can show you some things about Santa Maria that'll make you think 'tain't as bad as it looks. It ain't always in th' best lookin' places that there's th' most money to be made. What do you say? Is it a go?"

Hardy's pipe was out. He lighted it and smoked a while before answering.

"I don't see that you and I need have any row in particular," he said at last. "I won't make any promises until I look around a little and see how things are. But you needn't worry about my reporting you as long as you keep your tank full and don't let anything get wrong with the pump. If you don't do your work I'll report you, dead sure; and if you come around after shooting matches I'll give you all you want, and some to spare. About the size of it is, that unless you make a row there won't be one. Does that suit you?"

"Y-e-s," Barwood answered, "that's fair enough t' start with. I guess you an' me'll get along unless Mary won't let us. I'll do my part, any way. Now, I must go down t' th' pump. Th' 4 10, the freight, 'll be here pretty soon. There's some ore comin' down t' day from San Gabriel, but it don't go up on th' freight. It goes up in th' express car to-night. This bit of shaftin' goes on th' freight. Here's the way book. An' just tell Sanders, will you, t' tell Ward t' send down my spare connectin'-rod. Tell him there'll be th' devil t' pay here at th' pump some day if he don't send it."

Hardy stood at the door of the station and watched Barwood as he walked up the track to the tank, and so beyond it down into the valley of the stream. Presently the steady throbbing of the pump sounded through the hot stillness. Hardy's mind was so full of other things that it did not occur to him that since the tank was full there was no reason for keeping the pump going. He seated himself again on the rickety chair and smoked slowly. What Barwood had told, and he did not doubt that in a general way Barwood had spoken the truth, enabled him to pretty clearly what had happened: how Mary, stung by anger, and no doubt also stirred by the thought that she had not treated her first lover fairly, had urged the hasty marriage as a sort of reparation, and in the hope that such decisive action would bring her calmness and rest. And he could see how the same weakness of nature that had brought her into such false relations with himself, and that had hurried her into this atonement, had prevented her from accepting as final the finality that she herself had brought about. Barwood certainly had a good deal to answer for: but Hardy was forced to the conviction that Mary was largely responsible for the condition that Barwood was reduced to, and, consequently, for her own unhappiness. It was curious, he thought, that this woman should have succeeded through sheer folly in wrecking the lives of two men.

Yet even in the face of the fact that Mary had mainly herself to blame for the evil fate that had overtaken her, his pity for her was most keenly aroused. In his otherwise frank talk Barwood had not touched upon, the Mexican girl—the cruelest wrong that Mary had suffered. Hardy had refrained from forcing the talk in this direction, for he doubted his ability, should this subject be touched upon to control his rage and he was firmly determined to stave off a crisis until he could act coolly for Mary's good. That a crisis must come, and must soon, he fully realized. The situation was altogether too volcanic to be lasting; and the chances seemed to be strongly in favor of its finding an appropriately energetic culmination. That there would be some shooting in it struck Hardy as highly probable, and he found this probability soothing. He let his hand drop to his hip pocket and wondered who would come out on top. He was inclined to believe that it would be himself.

The arrival of the up train cut short his reverie. A little while after it had gone up the line two wagons, loaded with bags of ore from the mine at San Gabriel, came slowly across to the station. The teamsters leisurely unharnessed their mules and drove them down to the stream for water, hobbled them, and then in the same leisurely fashion, set about preparing their own supper and making themselves comfortable for the night. The head of the outfit was an American, who walked into the station and smoked a friendly pipe with the new station-master, while this work was going on.

"Glad to see somebody here who looks like a white man," he said. "What's gone with Barwood? Fired out?"

"No, he's at the pump. I've got the station, and general charge."

"Pity the company didn't bounce him clean. He's a bad lot."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, if you've got general charge, and are going to stay here, you'll find out all about him before long, so I needn't tell you. But keep your eyes open, and look out 'specially for his Greaser friends. They all stand in with him, and he stands in with them. He's got the Alcalde's sister for a sort of extra wife, I b'lieve, and things are pretty rotten generally. Don't you trust any of 'em; and keep your gun where you can get at it easy all the time. Just come from the States?"

"No—at least only from Texas."

"Oh, that all? I was in hopes you was fresh from the States and had some news. A man gets sort of homesick for news from the States down in these ungodly parts. I'm a Pennsylvanian myself, born in Lancaster. What part are you from?"

"I'm Pennsylvanian, too—born in Wilkeslarre."

"The h l you say! Why, d—n it, shake! That's too good for anything. Drink, won't you?" and the teamster energetically shook Hardy's hand, and then extracted the beer bottle that protruded

conspicuously from his coat pocket, and tendered it with a hearty good-will. "It's only *mescal*," he said, apologetically. "You can't buy anything fit to drink down here without paying more'n your life's worth for it. But for *mescal* this ain't bad." And, to do him justice, when his turn at the bottle came, he backed his opinion in an eminently practical way.

"So you're a Wilkesbarre man, eh? Barwood comes from there too. Did you know him at home?"

"No; I only lived in Wilkesbarre while I was a boy. I lived down the river a way. I never laid eyes on Barwood until I saw him here to-day."

"Well, I reckon you haven't missed much. I don't mind telling you—now I find we come from the same old State, you and me—that he's about the d—dst dirtiest dog that ever I've come across. He's rung in with the Greasers, and I guess counts himself more Greaser now than white man: if he don't he ought to, for that's what he is. Maybe you don't know that this is about the worst smugglin' hole there is on the whole frontier? Well, it is. Barwood's gone into smugglin' deep. He and the Alcalde boss things between 'em, I reckon, and do a big business. They're in the horse and cattle line, too—running off stock from one side of the river and sellin' it on the other, you know. And unless I'm a good deal further out than I'm apt to be, that party that raided the Las Animas ranch last month—when old Don Manuel Salazar and one of his sons was killed in cold blood, and all the stock stampeded and everything about the place worth stealin' cleaned out—came right from here, and Barwood was along with it.

"Now you know about how things stand and what you've got to look out for. I judge you to be, from your looks, a man that can take pretty good care of himself; and I just tell you that to keep up your end in this hell-hole of a Santa Maria you need to be that kind! Don't you take no chances at all. Keep your gun ready, and keep your eyes all around you all the time. And best thing you can do is to give up your job. There's not enough money in running this station to pay for the all-day and all-night oneasiness that you've taken a contrac' for—to say nothin' of findin' yourself some morning' laid out stiff, with knife-holes all over you, and mebbe t of your head blown off. You're a white man, and you come from Pennsylvania, and you're a big sight too good to be killed off by Greasers. So just you take my advice, and quit."

"Well, I don't calculate on being here long," Hardy answered. "I took the job for a month, though, and I guess I'll manage to stick it out. I've lived around in some hard places in my time, and I've managed so far, you see, to keep my hair. I'm much obliged to you, all the same, for what you've told me. Sometimes you can manage better when you know just how things stand. What's your mine up at San Gabriel amount to? How does your ore mill-run? And what sort of a streak have you got?"

And then they drifted off into mining talk, and the teamster expatiated with a pardonable pride upon the brilliant prospects—which seemed to be rather at odds with the present condition—of the San Gabriel mine.

At six o'clock Hardy locked up the station and walked over to Barwood's house to supper. Half laughing at himself while he did it, he made as much of a toilet as the circumstances of the case would permit. His resources were limited, but he felt rather pleased with the result. His trousers were outside of his boots instead of being tucked into them; he wore a coat; a black silk handkerchief was knotted under the rolling collar of his flannel shirt; his hands and face were as clean as soap and water could make them, and his crisp black hair was brushed to a degree of preternatural smoothness. And there came over him as he thus groomed himself, that he might be pleasing in Mary's eyes, something of the old-time feeling that had possessed him as he made himself ready, in his Sunday best, for those Sunday walks during that happy summer that seemed now so very, very long ago. How bright, how fresh, she had looked, he thought; how free she had been from sorrow and from care. And then the sharp contrast between her carelessly glad past life and the life that she now was living—here among smugglers, thieves, murderers, very likely, with even her right of ownership in her scoundrel of a husband openly defied—struck him with the force of a physical blow. For a moment the purpose came into his mind of bringing on a shooting match with Barwood right away, and so in some sort righting this great wrong. He gave a long sigh as his reason reasserted itself, and compelled him to admit that he must wait.

The cool winds had begun to come down from the mountains, and Santa Maria was aroused from its hot lethargy. As Hardy walked through the town the doors of the *adobe* houses stood open; men lounged, smoking, in the doorways—hard cases they looked, for the most part; women were bending over little fires, preparing the evening meal; children frisked about and encouraged the fights among the dogs; herds of goats came up slowly from the river, to be penned for the night in the corrals, wagging their heads sagely, as the custom of goats is. There was an air of calm, of pastoral simplicity, about the town that Hardy was keen-witted enough to recognize was in rather droll contrast with its real character.

He found Barwood seated in front of his house, on a chair tipped back against the wall, smoking one of his favorite cigaritos.

"Take a seat an' set down," he said, pointing to a soap-box standing on end on the other side of the doorway. "Supper 'll be ready in a minute or two, I guess. This is th' time o' day that Santa Maria's fit to live in—at least, as fit t' live in as such a hole can be at any time. I see th' San Gabriel outfit's got down. When you send their stuff off on th' night train, make 'em load it themselves, an' be devilish careful that th' receipt you give 'em an' th' waybill agree. They're a careless lot, an' like as not they'll have a receipt made out for more bags than they've sent down. It 'u'd be just like 'em. There's Mary callin'. Let's go in."

Hardy noticed, as he entered the room, that it had a neater air than at dinner-time. The change in Mary's appearance was still more striking. She had put on a print gown, fresh and cool-looking; there was a bow of blue ribbon at her neck and another in her beautiful hair—arranged in the pretty way that he remembered so well: her eyes had lost their tired look and shone brightly, and in her cheeks was a delicate color. She was almost her old self again. As Hardy caught sight of her he could not repress a start of surprise. If he had felt an hour before only that his love for her was not dead, he felt now that it was most vigorously alive. She came forward and shook hands with him. There was something very thrilling in the touch of her warm hand.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Hardy," she said. "It seems quite like old times."

"I'm sorry you didn't let me know we was havin' a party," Barwood struck in before Hardy could answer. "I'd 'a' put on a dress suit an' had my hair curled. You both look so fine that I don't know whether I'd better set to table with you. Maybe I'd better go an' get somethin' t' eat where the folks ain't so all-fired dressed up. I guess I wouldn't have t' go a great way t' find a welcome, neither."

The tone in which this was said, and the under-meaning of the words—which Hardy did not understand for a moment—heightened the color on Mary's cheeks and drove the light from her eyes.

"I—I'm sorry, Will," she said, "I didn't know you'd mind. You used to like me in this dress. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I did; but it was a good while ago," Barwood answered, dryly. "But I'll eat my supper, all th' same, even if I ain't dressed up in store clothes. Set down, Mr. Hardy. Don't mind my way of makin' fun. We don't go in much for fixin' up down here, an' seein' you an' Mary—specially Mary—singin' so much style sort of got away with me. Looks as if Mary'd got up a reg'lar party supper, too, which is a way of celebratin' this joyous occasion that I tie to, for sure. So let's sail in an' have good time."

But the celebration of the joyous occasion was not a success. Mary had been doing her best all the afternoon to foster a foolish fancy that she was back in the Wyoming Valley and that Hardy was comi[illegible] to supper with her at 'Squire Ban[illegible]bo's, as he used to in the old times. She had made a sponge cake and had stewed some *tunas*, with a flavoring of lemon juice, to take the place of his favorite apple sauce. And over her cooking, and the thought of who the cooking was for, she had grown so light-hearted that the darkness of the present for a little space was conquered by the light of the past. All this light went out as her husband spoke; his threat to go for his supper where he would find a welcome brought the darkness of the present down upon her again like a pall.

As Hardy, less quickly, comprehended the meaning of this threat and the prodigious insolence of it, his hands clinched and he set his teeth hard. For him also the past had come again at sight of Mary, fresh and beautiful, looking as she had looked when he gave her the love that now he knew never had been recalled. The sudden forcing home upon him by her husband's words of what her present state was; the outrageous insult that those words almost openly conveyed, very nearly mastered his power of self-control. But he did control himself, and the relief in violence that he so eagerly longed for being impossible, he fell into a sullen rage.

Having precipitated this condition of affairs, Barwood got over his grumpiness and was extraordinarily cheerful. But for Mary and Hardy the supper was a meal of wormwood, and over it seemed to hang visibly the shadow of death. Hardy was determined to force a crisis quickly. Mary only felt vaguely that a crisis must come. And in the same way the one knew and the other insinctively felt that when it did come death certainly would come with it. It was not in human nature that conditions such as those they were living in could work out to anything but a tragedy.

At last the supper was ended. Barwood cheerfully asked Hardy to stay and smoke a pipe; but he answered that he was tired, and would go over to the station and turn in at once, so as to get some solid sleep before the night train came up the line.

As they rose from the table Mary said, quickly, the sound of her voice being lost in the scraping of the chairs upon the clay floor, "I must speak to you."

He nodded, to show that he understood, and then he went away.

Hardy was in far too excited a state of mind and body to carry out his avowed intention of turning in and sleeping until the night train should arrive. He opened both doors of the station, and the window of the little inner room, so that the cool night wind might range freely through the building and carry off the heat accumulated in the pine boards. While this process was going on he brought the chair outside on the platform and seated himself there.

It is not surprising that he could not sleep. In the past few hours he had lived over again in his thoughts the portion of his life that had stirred him most deeply; he had found himself being drawn into the entanglement out of which he saw no clear way save that of killing the man who was the main cause of it; and he had been startled by the quickening in his heart of a love that he had thought was dead forever.

The revival of his love for Mary was a genuine surprise to Hardy, but he was not supposed to resent it nor to crush it down. On the contrary he gave it every encouragement. He had a better right to her, he argued, than that possessed by her brute of a husband. It, as seemed extremely probable, he should end by shooting Barwood, then everything would go smoothly and he would be able to comfort himself with the reflection that he had saved a sheriff or a vigilant committee the trouble of a hanging match. If Barwood should succeed in getting away without being shot, then he thought of Mary's delicate, fair skin and red little mouth well then he would have her just the same. And he would deserve to have her, for he would be true to her and tender, and would do his best to make her forget the bitter sorrow she had en[illegible] He felt that from the standpoint of p[illegible] sentiment on the frontier he had abstr[illegible] right [illegible] justice [illegible] side—and b[illegible] moment [illegible] in and [illegible]

Evolution of Beauty.

All people agree that beauty lies in health and proper vigorous proportion, to speak roughly, and yet women as fragile as thistle-down, and consumed with a wasting disease, have at times a beauty more potent than the rosiest maiden. Helen the daughter of the gods, was most divinely tall and fair and Cleopatra was "little and black" it is said, and kingdoms were thrown away for both of them. There is one thing very certain: The amount of beauty in the world has increased enormously since the days of Helen and the Serpent of Old Nile. Men do not leave their homes and fight for ten years for even the most radiant beauty to-day; nor do the great conquerors think the world well lost for any modern smile. In the days of Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was very probably far more rare than now. Women in all but the wealthiest classes were ill-protected from the discomforts that destroy beauty and harden and coarsen feminine loveliness. They did heavy manual labor, were poorly fed or protected from wind and weather, and, like the peasants of many of the Latin nations to-day, while they may have had a certain beaute du diable in the first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died and left them ugly servants and beasts of burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who possessed the true beauty that age cannot wither nor custom stale, men went mad after her, fought to possess her, and possessing her thought the world but a bubble in comparison. Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly at work improving the type, and the survival of the fittest, age by age lifted up the general plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women no longer trudged with heavy burdens through rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands, and their feet grew delicate and lightly arched. The richer wives resigned the coarser labors to their servants, and used their fingers only to spin delicate threads, to make rich needlework, to knit, to thrum the strings of mandolin and lute, to curl the silken tresses of their infants and smooth the brows and bind the wounds of their lovers and warriors. The palms grew like Desdemona's, moist and tender, the nails, no longer broken with coarse labor, gleamed like the delicate, transparent nacre of a shell. The skin, protected from the sun and wind, grew fair and clear as rose leaves, the lips ruddy and soft. Their hair, carefully washed and tended, wound itself into vine-like curls, and took the smooth gleam of silk. Sufficient food gave rounded contours, long hours of soft slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of their eyes, and the movements of dance and gay motion made their limbs slender and supple, and at last the modern beauty was evolved.

Her Majesty's Turtle.

Among the delicacies which graced Queen Victoria's table at Christmas was a turtle 100 years of age, which had been brought from the Ascension Island a week previously by the Government cruiser Wye. So thoroughly did her Majesty enjoy the soup produced from the fat of the reptile that the Wye has just been despatched to Ascension—a distance of many thousand miles—for a further supply of turtles. It is not every one who is thus able to make use of a man-of-war for the purpose of gratifying an inordinate craving for turtle soup.

A JUST IMPEDIMENT.

"I really think that I, Eva Hamilton, am the unhappiest girl in existence. I am engaged to marry a great stupid awkward creature who I have known for less than a month, and detest as if I had known him all my life; while Fred—you know you met Fred last summer—is staying in the same house, and can hardly speak a word to me, such is the devotion of my odious *fiancé*."

The foregoing extract from a letter to a girl friend represents the condition in which I found myself not very long, after my nineteenth birthday. As I now look back on what happened long ago, I wonder how it was that Gilbert Darien, "my odious *fiancé*," managed to put up with my ill-temper and evident dislike for his company, not to mention my incessant flirtation for I'm afraid I did flirt—with Fred.

Poor Gilbert! He certainly was awkward—one of those big men who cannot move without upsetting something, whether it be a valuable china vase or your equanimity; with a heavy colourless face, and nothing characteristic about him save the difficulty he always experienced in disposing of his hands, which is not, however, uncommon amongst men. To these shortcomings must be added his method of breathing: it was stentorous, and could be heard at a distance of twenty yards. But I oughtn't to abuse it, seeing that it often gave us warning in our stolen interviews of his approach, and became ultimately the means of my release from him.

I was not much over nineteen when one day my father addressed me at breakfast: "Eva, Mrs. Darien wants us to go there on the 5th." This apparently innocent remark nearly annihilated me. The long-expected blow had fallen at last. Shortly after his return from India, my father, who was little better than a stranger to me, had thrown out certain ominous hints as to the expediency of my getting married and then one fine day informed me outright that it was his one wish to see me happily wedded to the son of his old friend Darien. I was not unnaturally aghast. Not to mention a "prior attachment," I had never seen Gilbert. How could I marry an utter stranger? How could I throw over Fred because he had only four hundred pounds a year, while his unknown rival had four thousand? I had no mother to confide in, and had not the courage to confess all to my respected parent, who had returned from India a broken-down invalid, whose one object in life was, as he informed me some twenty times a day, to see me happily married to the son of his old friend. "Happily married, forsooth, to a man one detests," I bitterly exclaimed, perhaps rather unfairly, as I had never seen Gilbert, who, for aught I knew, might have been an Adonis as well as a future Crœsus, though from my father's significant silence as to his personal appearance, I had my doubts.

At all events one thing was certain, and that was that I was not going to give up Fred; and with this resolution I sat down and wrote a long letter to him, in which I set forth my woes. When I received Fred's answer, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Dariens were not strangers to him, as he had stayed with them as a friend of a younger brother of Gilbert's. "There is something," he wrote, "fishy about Gilbert. The fellow never leaves home, and is about as ill bred a hippopotamus as I ever had met. The idea of your marrying him!" And here followed a long diatribe on my father and on what he called the "cussedness" of things in general, and his financial affairs in particular. However, there was a [illegible] of comfort at the end of his letter, [illegible] was contained in the information [illegible] would fish for an invitation to [illegible] Hall while we were there.

[illegible] was excited by the mystery [illegible] "fishy" about the man whom [illegible] chosen to be my future hus[illegible]. My suspicions [illegible] to fits of madness? [illegible] Peter, [illegible] dipso or anything else [illegible] to assure [illegible] madness? I determined [illegible] my father, and that, even [illegible] ask.

[illegible] in eliciting [illegible] worse at his discovery. "I'll tell you. You [illegible] that Gilbert was [illegible] I wo[illegible] to roost last night. [illegible] The fright! I [illegible] when [illegible] my room my candle blew [illegible] anywhere: [illegible] room, glad of [illegible] side of it, [illegible] he keeps a fellow out of it as if it were a Bluebeard's cupboard, with dead wives all hanging about. There was one there; so I walked straight in, saw a luminous box of matches, struck a light, and looked round. The walls were all padded!" Fred paused in triumph.

"Is that all?" I cried.

"All indeed! Why, don't you see? It's as clear as daylight. He's subject to fits, and throws himself all over the place, and the walls are padded so that he shan't hurt himself."

Fred's argument seemed plausible enough; and if his conjecture was correct, here was a splendid manner of convincing my father of the impossibility of my marriage with Gilbert.

"Why, it's a clear case of just cause and impediment," cried Fred. "Even four thousand pounds per annum can't make up for those fits. Why, he might bite you in one of them, and give you hydrophobia, and then there'd be the fat in the fire with a vengeance."

But if he was subject to fits, why had he never had them during the time we had been in the house? He had never failed, as we knew to our cost, to put in an appearance in what happened to be going on each day, and usually behaved, as Fred reluctantly allowed, "like a Christian." Finally, in our ignorance of matters medical in general and fits in particular, we decided that he only had them by night, and that this was the reason why he never slept away from home.

After much consideration, we determined with reluctance that the only way to discover the true state of affairs was for Fred to conceal himself in Gilbert's room and find out if our conjecture was correct.

I scarcely slept a wink on the night on which Fred had settled to put his project into execution, expecting every minute to hear piercing shrieks from the remote quarter of the house in which they slept. However, nothing occurred to disturb me; and meeting Fred before breakfast, as we had arranged, in the garden, I overwhelmed him with a flood of questions. "Did he frighten you much? How did you manage to hide? Is he very violent? Does he foam at the mouth?"

After a tantalising and, to me, inexplicable fit of laughter, Fred told me what had happened. "I managed to hide myself in a wardrobe in his room, and, after what seemed a fearful time, Gilbert came up and began to undress. Good heavens! You should see the way that fellow ogles himself in the glass; why, he's [illegible] as you—as a girl I mean. Well, I was in an awful funk that he'd open the wardrobe, but he didn't; and at last he got into bed without having shown the slightest symptom of having a fit. I can tell you I was disappointed, and determined to wait till he was asleep, and then leave the room. I must have dozed off, for suddenly I woke with a fearful start, at what I thought was a clap of thunder, about an inch from my ear. In three seconds I had found out the secret of the padded walls: he snores like a steam worked fog-horn!"

. . . . . .

Fred was right. This was the horrible seamy side to the silver lining of four thousand pounds a year.

We had a certain delicacy about informing my father of the one failing of his dearest friend's son, so we had recourse to stratagem. We managed to contrive that Gilbert and my father should be boxed up together for a ten-mile drive home from a ball in the neighbouring county.

We left Darien Hall the next day.

"I assure you, my dear, that young fellow cracked the carriage window, not to mention the drum of my ear, with his snoring. I could not think of your marrying such a man. His poor father never did such a thing."

Nearly Buried Alive.

A striking case of suspended animation comes from Sand Bay, in the township of Lansdowne. Mr. Robert Cook, a young man, was a short time ago attacked with "la grippe." He grew rapidly worse, until the attending physician consulted another and finally he was pronounced dead by both medical men. His eyes were closed, and the usual preparations for burial were being made when the supposed corpse turned over on his side. To the astonishment of those present he was able, in a very short time, to take some liquid nourishment, and is now in a fair way to recover.

Around the House.

February is a good month for farmers' wives to work up their carpet and rug rags. The Farm and Home gives directions for making both a carpet and rug different from any we have seen.

Always make a rag carpet hit or miss. Some of the costliest velvet carpets are woven hit or miss, and they are beautiful. Use a little taste in choosing colors, save time, hard work and money (the cost of weaving is less), and do away with the striped nuisances. A beautiful hit or miss is made by selecting pieces that will take brown colors of different shades, color with cutch (or other brown dye if preferred) and avoid using very long pieces of any one shade in sewing. Try it. You cannot but be pleased with such a carpet. The "wood colors" and darker shades in it harmonize finely, and the effect is very pleasing. Short bits of black could undoubtedly be mixed in to advantage; and if you want a border, make it of black, red, brown and yellow mostly, with a good deal of black on the outside so as to shade down to the brown of the center. But you will be wise not to make a border, for the carpet is neat enough without it and the extra trouble and expense do not pay.

To make a sofa rug which costs nothing but the work, collect all the soft woolen rags of all colors, and as much turkey red and waste twine as you can find about the house; cut the rags a little finer than carpet rags; saw two yard-sticks apart lengthwise, to make four yard-sticks; have ready a piece of old bed-ticking one yard wide and two and one-quarter yards long, with the stripes running across to guide the work. Now take three strips of different colored rags and wind each stick full; as fast as one rag is used up lap in another of different color. When you have reached the end, thread a button-needle with twine and sew the rags in long stitches along the edge of the stick. Place the stick, with this sewed edge down, on the first stripe at the edge of the ticking, and sew the ticking to the rags on the stick,—the two sewings being on the same edge of the stick. Place the second stick next the first, the third next the second, the fourth next the third, etc., sewing the ticking firmly to the sewed edge of each stick. Next, place the work on the table, and with a sharp knife cut the rags along the unsewed edge of the first three sticks, leaving the fourth for a guide. Recover the three sticks with rags, as before and repeat until the ticking is filled. This will give you a beautiful soft rug, like tufted work, with the colors beautifully blended.

One way to save time for the busy housekeeper is to have the week's supply of potatoes washed on Saturday, when the children are out of school. One lady we know used to have her thirteen-year old boy put them in a wash tub under the pump out doors, unless the weather was severe, pump water on them and stir them well with an old, long-handled brush. After putting them through two waters he took them into the kitchen and the lady washed them clean, selected the smoothest ones of uniform size for baking, put them in a clean basket, and those to be pared for boiling in another basket. Some who have tried this method think it a great improvement on the old way.

The iron tower which London is preparing to build is going to outdo anything in the line of towers of ancient or modern times. A premium of twenty five hundred dollars is offered for the best design, and a number of foreign engineers have entered the lists of competitors. The site for this loftiest of buildings, (it is to be fifteen hundred feet), has not yet been decided on. The promoters of the project will naturally choose the highest ground, and they are casting longing eyes upon the upper part of Regent's Park and even Princess Hill. A necessity for its success is that it shall be located within easy distance of the Metropolitan railway. That the underground railways of London thrive upon shows has been demonstrated by the fact that Barnum while in London turned the decreasing traffic of the district line into an average increase of twenty-five hundred dollars a week. It is expected that the designs for the tower will be ready by the middle of next month.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, $3.00 per year. $1.00 for three months. Advertising rates—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, $1.00 per line; three months, $2.50 per line; six months, $4 per line; twelve months, $7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance and all payments of arrearages is made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters. All postmasters are required to register letters when requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 16 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, $1 per year, 10 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

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

Plaids or tartans are being already made up on the bias for spring suits.

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, Maxwell, Ont.

The visiting head gear for married women is the small capote and the toque, with strings and without.

THOUSANDS testify to the remarkable cures that have been effected by the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and all Blood Diseases readily yield to its searching and penetrating properties

Many of the new dressing gowns for dinner and reception wear are made to fasten in the back.

Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 30.—Address, DR. NICHOLSON, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

Tartans are combined admirably with velveteen in children's spring garments.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, *Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator*, nothing equals it Procure a bottle and take it home.

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Linen collars and cuffs are no longer worn, and the attempt to revive them has utterly failed.

Differences of opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally

A Vandyke border on one selvage, finished with a fringe, is a novelty in fancy nun's veilings.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescenses, as many have testified who have tried it.

The combination of white with yellow, or white and gold, is much favored for evening dress.

NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY will cure any disease having its origin in malaria; the poison is promptly eradicated, and the system built up by its wonderful tonic principles.

The spring trade of wholesale dry goods houses have opened already, with a good outlook.

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.

The new nun's veilings come with borders and sometimes fringes on one selvage.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

The Douglas tartan is popular for theater toilets, particularly matinees.

SKIN DISEASES disfigure the face and are a source of much annoyance. To thoroughly cleanse the system, purifying the blood is the only way to get rid of the trouble, and Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is just the medicine to use.

The fancy tartans come in silk for visiting gowns.

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how different would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature. It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for the frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. The medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

The new mohairs and alpacas are more lustrous than those of last spring, and they come in all the new colors that are seen in other spring fabrics.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through Rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until recommended to try *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition,

No. 25.

A Wonderful List of Rewards Arranged in an Equitable Manner.

SEND NOW!! DON'T DELAY!!!

The twenty-fifth competition opens more popular than ever There are few dissatisfied competitors; some would not be pleased if they were to get a piano every time. 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 as *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, DEEP, HIGH, WIDE.

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

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Fine Upright Piano	$500
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $50	$150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	$250
Next three, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) $50	$150
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dicken's Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	$420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England	$250
Nex five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, $5	90
Next One Very Fine Toned Upright Piano	$650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing"	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols, $20	480
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	$20
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book.	49
Next eleven, five dollars cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the one hundred dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$100
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a Superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated $15.	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60	420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, $7	133
Next one an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm	$500
Next eleven each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	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 one, Twenty Dollars in cash	$20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29
Next five, an elegant 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, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth 5 vols, $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, $5	90

For those who are too late for (year's) the above rewards the following seconds of hole offered, as far as [illegible] To the sender of the last correct [illegible] received [illegible] JOURNAL [illegible] 50

Throat and Lung Diseases Cured by Medicated Air.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER, of New York and Chicago, the founder of this practice, in association with his brother, Dr. James Hunter, has established a branch for Canada, at 75 Bay Street, Toronto, where all forms of throat and lung disease are treated as successfully as in New York or London.

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

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

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

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

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

Surah silks will be returned to favor for spring toilets.

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 diarrhœa 25c a bottle.

earlier, will be given number one of these consolation 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 $60	
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, $7	135
Next, One Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn	60
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols, $20	480
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm	$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design	
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr Naphey's Medical Book, $2	
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	

Each person competing must send One [illegible] with their answers for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged [illegible] and is in every way equal at this [illegible] the publications issued for ladies [illegible] cent. You, therefore, pay nothing [illegible] privilege of competing for [illegible] will find the JOURNAL worth [illegible] leaving the rewards out of [illegible] ly. The Bible study necessary [illegible] answers to the questions will [illegible] and may be of great benefit to you [illegible]

The distribution will [illegible] interested parties and the [illegible] the order letters [illegible] office. Over [illegible] wards in previous competitions [illegible] Editor LADIES' JOURNAL [illegible]

JOH[illegible]
D[illegible]
Cinch[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

I Can't, I Won't, and I Will.

Three little boys in a rollicking mood
  Out in the snow at play:
Their hearts are light, for the sun is bright,
  On this glorious winter day
Three little boys with shouts of glee
  Slide down a snowy hill
And the names of the rollicking little boys
  Are "I Can't," "I Won't," and "I Will."

But play must cease, and warning voice
  Calls out from the open door.
"Come, boys, here's a task for your nimble hands,
  We must have it done by four."
"I Will" speeds away at the mother's command
  With a cheerful and sunny face,
And "I Can't" follows on with murmur and groan
  At a weary and lagging pace.

But "I Won't," with a dark and angry frown
  Goes sauntering down the street,
And sullenly idles the time away
  Till he thinks his task complete.
At school, "I Will" learns his lessons all well,
  And is seldom absent or late;
"Can't" finds the lessons all too hard
  "I Won't" hates book and slate.

So the seasons come and the seasons go,
  In their never ceasing race,
And each little boy, now a stalwart man,
  In the busy world finds his place.
"I Will," with a courage undaunted, toils,
  And with high and resolute aim,
And the world is better because he lives,
  And he gains both honor and fame.

"I Can't" finds life an up-hill road;
  He faints in adversity,
And spends his life unloved and unknown,
  In hopeless poverty.
"I Won't" opposes all projects and plans,
  And scoffs at what others have wrought
And so in his selfish, lifeless wrappod,
  He dies and is soon forgot.

A Dog Wins a Decoration.

"Who brought that dog here? Send him back at once."

So spoke, in his deepest and sternest tones, old Colonel Eugene Nourmont, as he rode out of the French fort at Biskra, in the Sahara desert, at the head of a strong body of irregulars, cavalry which had been sent to check the raids of a hostile Arab tribe.

"He is my dog, Colonel," answered the junior captain, young Alphonse de Picardon, glancing apologetically at the small white poodle that was close at his horse's heels; "and I hope you will not object to his going with us, for it would break his heart to be left behind."

"And what a pity it would break," growled the Colonel, "if the brute begins barking just as we're going to take the Arabs by surprise, and warns them of our coming."

"It is not for me to contradict you Colonel," said the young officer, respectfully "but, with your permission, I can soon show you that there is no fear of that." Then he turned to the dog and said, sternly: "Jacquot, silence à la mort."

Then, at a sign from the Captain, several of the men began to shout, clap their hands and make noise enough to set an ordinary dog barking furiously, but Jacquot never uttered a sound.

"Very well," said the Colonel at length, "[illegible] may go," but remember, Captain de Picardon, that I shall hold you responsible for his behavior."

[illegible] captain saluted and fell into [illegible] not a word, and off rode the [illegible] work riding over stony ridges [illegible] through the blistering [illegible] glare, while the shot, [illegible] at each step, [illegible] every breath [illegible] desert was left behind, [illegible] weary, weary interminable [illegible], but still there [illegible] or of any living [illegible] vulture, which [illegible] a hint upon the [illegible]. The sol[illegible] to murmur [illegible] keeping pace with them stopped short, snuffed the air uneasily and then began to run restlessly backward and forward, uttering a low anxious whine.

"Do you think he scents the enemy?" whispered Colonel Nourmont to Captain de Picardon.

"I'll stake my life that he does," replied the Captain. "I've never yet found him wrong. There must be some hollow here that we can't see. Here, Morel, Barbot, hold fast to each other while I climb on to your shoulders."

And then, supported by the two burly troopers, he raised himself high enough to make out a dry watercourse a few hundred yards ahead, in the hollow of which a large number of men might easily be hidden.

"Aha!" cried the Colonel, when he heard this, "they want to catch us in an ambush, do they? Not so fast, my fine fellows! Half a dozen of you dismount, lads, and unsling your carbines, move forward about fifty paces, and then fire."

The crash of the volley rolled like thunder along the silent desert, while the Colonel roared, in Arabic,

"Come out, you dogs? We see you plainly."

The effect was magical. Up started, as if rising through the earth, a swarm of savage faces and wild figures, while the flash and crackle of the answering volley followed as thunder follows lightning; but the Arabs, firing hastily and almost at random, only wounded two men.

"Now," thundered the Colonel, "upon them before they can reload."

Down swept the French upon their enemies like a whirlwind, and in a moment were hand to hand with them. The Arabs fought like tigers, but training and discipline soon began to tell, and the battle was over (as one of the French troopers regretfully observed) "almost before one had time to enjoy it."

But, when the Arabs began to scatter and fly, the Colonel (whose blood was fairly up) dashed off in pursuit of them so recklessly that he was soon left almost alone, seeing which three of the enemy faced round and attacked him.

Captain de Picardon, who was famous as the best swordsman in the regiment, came dashing up, barely in time to cut down one of Nourmont's assailants, while the Colonel himself disposed of another, but the third man was just about to stab de Picardon in the back when his dog flew at the Arab's throat and clutched it with such hearty energy that the man fell to the ground, bleeding and half strangled.

"Form in line!" shouted Colonel Nourmont when the fight was over and all the wounded had been brought in. "My children, you have done well, and I thank you. To-morrow you shall be reported for good service to the commander-in-chief himself, and he will not forget you, but I have one acknowledgment to make before that. Captain de Picardon, bring forward your dog."

The four footed scout was at once produced, and, when set down in front of the Colonel, he stood up on his hind legs and made a military salute with his fore paw, to the unbounded delight of the soldiers.

"A soldier who knows his duty so well," said the Colonel, with a grim smile, "must not go unrecompensed, and thus I reward his services."

So saying he detached from his own uniform the cross of the Legion of Honor and hung it around the dog's neck amid thundering cheers from the assembled troopers, who declared with one voice that this decoration had been fairly won by their "dog soldier."

Aunt Nerv's Mistake.

Belle Colman's Aunt Nerv was more like a cousin than an aunt. And a very dear cousin at that. Minerva Fresno was only two years older than Belle Colman, so that it seemed strange to hear voluble Belle, when she was three years old, calling another tot, who really seemed very little older, "Aunt Nerva." And yet that was the way Belle Colman always addressed Minerva Fresno.

Grandpa Fresno lived in Walnut Valley, eight miles [illegible] his son-in-law, Jonathan Colman, [illegible] two little maidens, aunt and niece, [illegible] at least two visits yearly to [illegible]. Grandpa Fresno's farm was [illegible] dairy farm, on the side of the [illegible] and the great [illegible] hill of [illegible] at Mr. Colman's there was the large lake and the turnpike to occupy their time and talents. When they were apart they longed and talked of the time when they should see each other; when together, they played very hard and constantly, so as not to think of the parting time; and when they came to separate, their tears and lamentations made a scene doleful to behold.

Now Belle was supposed to be giddy, while Nerv was a quiet, steady girl. Belle's impulsive headlong ways made her many a true friend and bitter enemy; Nerv's placid nature gained her very few warm friends, but she had no enemies. Belle threw herself into the enjoyment of the passing moment with abandon; or vehemently detested anything in the passing moment that made it unenjoyable. It was hard to get an opinion out of Nerv, and she rarely scolded or praised.

These two girls, so very different, were bosom friends until the eldest was sixteen and the youngest fourteen years of age. At this time Mr. Colman removed from his farm to town, and opened a store. This threw Belle into gay company, and with her impulsive nature it is not strange that she soon got a reputation for being volatile, and yet she was a good-hearted girl, true to her friends, anxious to know and do the right, but scorning to take the trouble to undeceive those who judged her wrongfully.

The first time Nerv visited her in town, a coolness sprang up between them because Nerv made the mistake of thinking Belle "stuck up," and Belle made the mistake of allowing Nerv to think so. It is unnecessary to repeat the thousand and one little things that sundered them more and more. I will hasten to the pleasant task of relating how they "made up."

About two years after Belle had gone to town she visited Nerv. Upon her arrival at Walnut Valley, Grandma Fresno said: "Bella, dear, I'm awful glad you're come. Vina is down sick and I must go and nurse her. Nerv is not well, and the hired girl left last week. I wish you would stay right here and manage things until I get back."

"I'll do so, Grandma, with the understanding that you are to ask no questions about how much cream I use on my strawberries, when you get back."

"Now, Belle, you know I always want you to have all the cream your berries will stand."

"That's true, Grandma, I was just teasing you. Go on to Aunt Vina; I'll run this machine all right."

And so big-hearted Grandma Fresno fussed away three miles to see her sick daughter, leaving Nerv and Belle to cook for Grandpa, Ross, Jim and Joe, milk seven cows and make the butter. The sweeping, bed making, etc., made the task of keeping house no sinecure, but Belle was in earnest, and when Grandma was fairly away, she said:

"Well, Aunt Nerva, what shall I do?"

"I'm afraid you'll spoil your hands, Belle, with housework. You'd better take your crochet and stay in the sitting room."

"Crochet! Bless you, I can crochet in Necks. If you are more anxious about my hands than I am, I'll go pick some strawberries," and away she went.

Nerv dragged through the preparation of dinner, which the men, fresh from the fields, swallowed with relish. They were soon back at their work, but Nerv could not go on with her work. She was sick. Belle saw it and said:

"Now Aunt Nerva, you must lie down, while I do up the dinner things." Nerv was obliged to give up and was soon tucked in bed.

"I've been chilling for some time past, and to-day is my chill day. I believe the ague is coming on now."

"Well, I'll go into the kitchen. Call me if you need me," and soon Belle's electrical movements were making the dishes rattle. She was fair-skinned and looked delicate, but was naturally robust. Her white able hands seized the work with no uncertain grip. Her quick, almost unerring judgment guided her by the short cut to the perfection of each task, and in a few moments she closed the door on a clean kitchen, and hurried into Aunt Nerv's room.

"How are you now, aunt Nerva?"

"The chill has passed and the fever is on me."

"You will soon be better then." But no, in a few moments Nerv said:

"I'm shaking again."

"What!" said Bella, springing up. Sha[illegible] amined the sick girl a moment, and then [illegible] muttering, "It's a congestion," started toward the kitchen. On her way she seized four bricks, and, arrived in the kitchen placed them in the oven. Then filling the stove with wood, she took off two of the lids, replacing them with kettles, into which she poured water. Hurrying to the sick room she placed the stove lids at the patient's feet; then gave her a cup of ginger tea. She now called the men from the field, started one for the doctor, and with Grandpa, worked with the sick girl until the doctor came. She did all the evening's work while Nerv was delirious. When the doctor left at midnight, Grandpa asked him if it would be best to send for Grandma.

"No, I would leave her where she is. Vina needs careful nursing. Belle will take care of Nerv, and she'll be all right in four or five days."

Well, Grandma did not get home for six days. During all that time Belle nursed Nerv, did the housework, milked the seven cows, churned every day, washed and ironed once, and met Grandma with a smiling welcome saying: "Grandma, I never had so much fun in my life. Aunt Nerva has been sick and I've had the whole thing to myself, bossed the men around shamefully. They're awful glad you've returned."

A week later, when Belle had to go home, Nerv folded her in a long embrace and said: "My dear girl, I never hated to see you go as badly as I do this time. Just to think what a big mistake I made. I thought you were stuck up, and you are as common as my old shoe."

Only a Dog.

Finding Francesca full of tears, I said,
"Tell me the trouble."—"Oh, my dog is dead!"
Child,"—I began to say, but checked my thought,—
"A better dog can easily be bought."
For no—what animal could him replace?
Those loving eyes! That fond, confiding face!
Those dear, dumb touches! Therefore I was dumb.
From word of mine could any comfort come?
A bitter sorrow 'tis to lose a brute
Friend, dog or horse, for grief must then be mute,
So many smile to see the rivers shed
Of tears for one poor speechless creature dead.
When parents die there's many a word to say—
Kind words consoling—one can always pray;
When children die 't is natural to tell
Their mother, "Certainly, with them 't is well:
But, for a dog, 't was all the life he had,
Since death is end of dogs, or good or bad.
This was his world; he was contented here.
Imagined nothing better, naught more dear
Than his young mistress, sought no brighter sphere;
Having no sin, asked not to be forgiven,
Never guessed at God, nor ever dreamed of heaven.
Now he has passed away, so much of love
Goes from our life, without one hope above!
When a dog dies there's nothing to be said,
But—kiss me, darling—dear old Smiler's dead.

T. W. PARSONS.

INSTANT DEATH BY POISON.

A Tiny Indian Serpent Whose Bite Kills Within Three or Four Seconds.

HOW SAVAGE PEOPLE SLAY THEIR FOES.

Arrows Tipped with a Fatal Drug Deadly Weapons in the South Sea Island.

There is in India a little serpent only a few inches long, called echys carinata which is so horribly venomous that its bite is capable of causing death in two or three seconds. Not a single case is known of recovery from the bite of echys, where the snake has struck its victim on the bare flesh, without any fabric intervening; but in most instances the sufferer has been paralyzed with intense agony almost instantaneously, the blood has coagulated in the veins, and a spasm of the heart has terminated existence almost before any remedy could be even attempted. In British India alone, it is shown by carefully collected statistics that more than 2,000 persons are destroyed annually by wild beasts, including snakes, and more than four fifths of the casualties are attributed to the latter. It is well-known, too, that snakes are employed by the natives to a terrible extent for purposes of secret murder. A deadly serpent, such as the echys, or the more notorious, but really less formidable, cobra, is so confined in a hollow bamboo cane that its head just barely protrudes at the end, and the assassin, carrying this diabolical weapon, which looks like a harmless walking staff, on his hand approaches his enemy quite unsuspected and touching him unawares with the end of the staff causes the snake to plunge its lethal fangs into his defenseless flesh. His victim is found dead, perhaps, on his couch or divan, or in a chair at table, or seated in some lovely secluded garden, where

HIS TREACHEROUS FOE

and he may have retired together to enjoy the shade and the perfume. His death is set down to sunstroke or fever, or any other of the sudden diseases that are common in that country; and in accordance with the local custom his body is hurriedly reduced to ashes, or consigned to the public receptacle for the dead, before any inquiry can be made.

A friend of mine who occupied an important consular post at Singapore had a narrow escape from death like this. He had a Malay house steward who alone had access to his bedroom. This man was apparently most devoted to him, but the wife of one of the under-servants having complained that the steward had offered her an affront, the consul had severely reprimanded him and forbidden him to speak to the woman again on pain of dismissal. The next morning my friend, who was an exceedingly early riser, left his couch at the first rays of dawn and went as usual to the marble tank in a recess from his bedroom, where he always began his toilet with a shower bath. He was on the point of stepping into the tank, when his attention was attracted by something glittering in the half daylight. He stepped back and drew aside the latter, admitting the full light of morning. There, in the marble basin, where in another moment he would have placed his bare feet, lay coiled up an echys, with head erect, prepared to spring. He summoned the steward, but he was nowhere to be found, and he was never heard of again. The other servants killed the snake, which had undoubtedly been placed there by the steward from a motive of revenge.

In parts of South America, notably in the little-known country at the sources of the Amazon, the natives have a preparation called wourali, or woorari, which is one of the most deadly poisons known. They use it for poisoning the tips of the tiny darts which they propel from a blow-pipe with the mouth to kill birds, or even small animals, and the effect is generally fatal. The bird or beast or man for the matter, though not a ferocious people, sometimes employ woorali for killing one another—because almost immediately paralyzed or overcome with drowsiness, the slightest

PRICK OF A POISONED DART

being sufficient to produce these symptoms, and either dies with great muscular convulsion or else is killed by some other weapon as soon as reduced to helplessness by the poison. Scientific men are at a loss to discover the secret of wourali. They cannot even agree as to whether it is an animal, a vegetable, or a mineral poison. The celebrated English naturalist, Frank Buckland, took a deep interest in this question, and after many laborious and very perilous experiments came to the conclusion that the main ingredient of wourali was snake poison, but there were other ingredients intensifying or preserving the snake poison, the nature of which he could not determine. Sir Robert Schomburg, an English savant of very high standing, made a special journey to the Amazon country to investigate the origin of wourali. After infinite pains and adventures he ascertained that all the wourali that is made comes from a very limited area, where it is prepared with the most impenetrable mystery by a priestly caste among a particular tribe of natives, who sell it for an exorbitant price to other tribes. He spent months in the endeavor to get into the confidence of these subtle chemists, who were powerfully impressed by his own acquaintance with the secrets of nature; but all in vain. They could neither be outwitted nor cajoled. Schomburg, however, obtained from them a quantity of the poison perfectly fresh, and found that it was extraordinarily deadly in that state. After careful analysis and innumerable experiments he satisfied himself that it was a purely vegetable poison, an extract from the beans or seed of a tropical plant, strychnos toxifera, of which he obtained specimens, mingled with some inert medium for convenience of transport.

This theory, however, has been seriously shaken, if not actually demolished, by its being shown that wourali is entirely an external poison. That is to say, operates slowly by being introduced into the blood from outside, and has no effect if taken into the system through the stomach. Birds and animals which are killed by darts poisoned with wourali are perfectly wholesome to eat, and

THE AMAZON NATIVES

get all their food that way. Strychnos toxifera, which is neither more nor less than strychnine, on the contrary, is entirely an internal poison. It is not at all injurious if introduced into the blood from outside, but if taken into the stomach it produces muscular paralysis and death in a few seconds. Thus the secret of wourali is undiscovered.

I come now to the deadliest poison of all, taking into account its durability, or rather indestructibility, as well as its fatal effect. Every human being carries about a great quantity of the material for making this poison without knowing it; and it is often made and applied, with deadly results, quite unconsciously. It consists of the fluids of the human body, which, under certain morbid conditions, produce the most virulent poison known. The frightful disease called blood-poisoning is caused by some particle of this substance getting into the healthy blood, and curdling and inflaming it, so that it no longer serves its vital purpose. Many a doctor has lost his life by the mere prick of a needle which he had wetted with this poison in sewing up a wound. Now, how the savages of the Pacific islands came to know of the existence of this natural poison if, I may call it so, cannot be explained, for they have not even the rudiments of medical science. But that they have been only too familiar with it from time immemorial is certain. It is a curious fact that the farther you go from the equator the less dangerous the savages are, while the nearer you approach the equator the more you need to be on your guard against barbarous practices, which seem not only inhuman, but antihuman. The use of poisoned weapons is almost entirely confined to the inhabitants of those exquisitely beautiful groups of islands which lie under the equator or within a few degrees north or south of it. These people, such as the Solomon islanders or the Santa Cruz islanders, some of whom are among the finest physical specimens of mankind, are

THE MOST MERCILESS SAVAGES

on earth. They spend their whole life in bloodshed and are not only cannibals, but addicted to the vice [illegible] the main if not the only weapon [illegible]. They have spears and arrows pointed and barbed with sharp bone or wood hardened in the fire and every one of these is poisoned so that the least graze, scarcely enough to draw blood, is fatal. Commodore Goodenough, commanding the British squadron in those seas, died in indescribable torment from a wound so slight that it was not believed at first he had been touched at all, and more deaths have occurred among the sailors and traders from this cause than any other. A bundle of arrows from the Solomon island was sent to England many years ago and deposited with other curiosities in a museum at Colchester. A gentleman visiting the museum foolishly handled these weapons, and, feeling the point of one of the arrows, inflicted a prick like that of a pin. He died of it in raving agony three days afterward. The symptoms are invariably those of tetanus, or lockjaw, a malady for which no remedy has ever been discovered.

Where do these savages get this atrocious poison and what does it consist of? They get it from their own flesh and blood, and it consists of nothing but the fluids of the human body. When they want a supply of poisoned weapons they take a number of corpses after a battle, or they kill a number of prisoners expressly, and having left the bodies to putrefy

IN THE BURNING EQUATORIAL SUN

for some days they stick them full of spear and arrow heads, which they leave there for weeks or months, or until the bodies are entirely dried up. That is the whole process. When these spears and arrows are drawn out they are imperishably steeped in poison as deadly as that of echys carinata or wourali—a poison absolutely destructive of the life of every creature whose blood it touches.

The possession of the secret of poisoning by means of putrefied animal fluids, by the most degraded of the human family, is all the more remarkable because the most advanced men of science have only recently discovered the explanation of the phenomena produced by poison. The putrefaction of the animal fluids itself brings into existence a multitude of microscopic living organisms, germs of microbes, as they are now called; and it is the introduction and infinite multiplication of these in the healthy blood that produce paralysis and death. I have seen a man-of-war's man, a magnificent specimen of vigorous redundant manhood, wounded so slightly by a poisoned arrow that he himself laughed at it, and scarcely any abrasion was visible, yet reduced before sundown to utter helplessness, and consigned to the deep by his horror-stricken shipmates before another day had passed.

Literary and Art Notes.

William McGeorge, Jr., writes about "Western Mortgages," in Lippincott's Magazine for March. He first indicates what constitutes a safe mortgage, and then goes on to show the safety and value of Western mortgages, and the benefits that have accrued from them. "A Hint to Novelists," by the well known English novelist, W. H. Stacpoole, points out in an amusing manner how old material might be worked up into new books. Anne H. Wharton has an interesting paper on "The Brownings in Italy," and Felix L. Oswald has a brief article upon "Weather Prophets."

The March St. Nicholas begins with an exciting adventure, "On a Mountain Trail," told by Henry Perry Robinson. Two miners fight a pack of ravenous wolves with dynamite, blowing the brutes into what the boys call "smithereens." Mr. Taber illustrates the story with vigor. A delightful story is "Jack's Cure," by Susan Curtis Redfield. Jack runs away from home, and having been forced to take a place as "maid of all work" soon concludes, as Dorothy's nursery song reminds him, that there is "no place like home." W. A. Rogers has drawn the excellent illustrations to this story.

The Paris *Figaro* recently gave the first announcement in France that Alphonse Daudet's new Tartarin serial "Port-Tarascon" is to be published in an English translation exclusively in *Harper's Magazine*, before it appears in its original form in France. The *Figaro* looks upon this as a most significant event for the future of French and American literary relations; and as if to [illegible] how this unique enterprise was [illegible] its readers that *Harper's* [illegible] the same standing and influence [illegible] America as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in France—with this difference, that the American [illegible] counts a hundred thousand more [illegible] year of [illegible]

The March *Magazine of* [illegible] is a sparkling number. [illegible] field of information, and its budget of varied and delightful reading is a particularly valuable addition to both current and historic literature. We are favored with a chapter "Celebrating the Birth of William Bradford," by Thomas Bradford Drew, of Plymouth, taking us backward to the first settlement in New England; then we find some charming personal memories from the pen of Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, writing from Italy on "Sir John Bowering and American Slavery." The twenty-third volume of this unique periodical, now half issued, promises to eclipse in practical interest the whole series thus far. Price, $5 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, N.Y.

In *The Forum* for March Senator Henry L. Dawes writes a review of the first year of President Harrison's administration to show that the Republican party is keeping its promises to the people, and that the present administration is in every way worthy of the past history of the party. He enters into detail to show what the policy laid down by President Harrison is, and he pays his respects to the criticisms of the Democratic press. Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard, from a non-partisan point of view, considers the progress thus far made by civil-service reform and the hindrances that lie in the way of reformers. He measures the real progress by the approval of the people, and points out why it is that there has been no popular demand for it. Judge A. W. Tourgee reviews the *post-bellum* amendments to the Constitution as they bear upon the right of suffrage, to determine whether or not the Southern States could, under the law as it now stands, disfranchise the Negro population if they chose. We have not space to enumerate all the good things in this number. Suffice it to say it is equal if not ahead of any previous issue.

"The danger of an ignorant person in seizing an electric wire carrying a strong current is as great as that to which a person ignorant of the ways of snakes would be subjected if he undertook to take the place of the skilled observer . . . accustomed to put his arm into a tall jar containing rattlesnakes and take them out." This extract will show the general drift of an article on Dangers from Electricity by John Trowbridge, which appears in the *Atlantic* for March. The opening article of the number, however, is a paper upon the "Trial, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno" by William R. Thayer; this is followed by a paper by Charles Worcester Clark on Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con." George Parsons Lathrop shows us "The Value of the Corner," and there is an admirable paper called "Loitering through the Paris Exposition," which tells, among many other things, of all the concerts given at the cafés of the Exposition by the various nationalities—Gypsies, Javanese, Hungarians, and many more. The whole paper is full of interesting sidelights on this great fair.

The most striking pictures which have appeared in the Joseph Jefferson Autobiography accompany the present (March) instalment. The frontispiece is a full length portrait of Jefferson as *Dr. Pangloss*, there being six large portraits, in various characters, including another view of *Dr. Pangloss*, a picture of Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard*, as *Newman Noggs*, *Caleb Plummer*, and as *Salem Scudder*. A portrait of Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*, and one of Laura Keene, are also given. Jefferson tells for the first time, from his point of view, of the great success of "Our American Cousin," in which he created the famous character of *Asa Trenchard*, and Mr. Sothern that of *Lord Dundreary*. Three very timely and important subjects are treated in the March *Century* by specialists. The first is the subject of Municipal Government, Dr. Albert Shaw describing the workings of the local government of Glasgow, one of the most model cities in this respect. The [illegible] Irrigation is treated in the first [illegible] of three articles by Professor [illegible] Director of the United States [illegible] Survey. This paper is entitled "[illegible] rigable lands of the Arid [illegible]," the third great subject is discussed [illegible] by Professor [illegible] "The Method of Revelation" [illegible] closing one in his series [illegible] This same number of the [illegible] editorials on "[illegible] Our Sins Against [illegible] Extension." The [illegible] Wilfred Campbell [illegible]

CURIOUS BIBLES.

A List of Strange Errors That Have Crept into Various Translations.

Although the greatest care has been taken to make the various editions of the Bible perfect translations, still errors have been overlooked from time to time, and have given rise to various names by which the edition containing the errors has become known. *The following* list of these curious Bibles is extracted from an article in the *Leisure Hour* by W. Wright, D D.

THE BREECHES BIBLE.

"Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together and made themselves Breeches," Gen. iii. 7. Printed in 1560.

THE BUG BIBLE.

"So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any Bugges by nighte, nor for the arrow that fyeth by day." Ps. xci. 5. Printed in 1561.

THE TREACLE BIBLE.

"Is there not treacle at Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Jer. viii. 22. Printed in 1568.

THE ROSIN BIBLE.

"Is there no rosin in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Jer. viii. 22. Printed in 1609.

THE PLACE-MAKER'S BIBLE.

"Blessed are the place makers: for they shall be called the children of God." Mat. v. 9. Printed in 1561-2.

THE VINEGAR BIBLE.

"*The Parable of the Vinegar,*" instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," appears in the chapter-heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717.

THE WICKED BIBLE.

This extraordinary name has been given to an edition of the authorized Bible, printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out of the Seventh Commandment, and William Killerne, writing in 1659, says that, owing to the zeal of Dr. Usher, the printer was fined £2,000 or £3,000.

THE EARS TO EAR BIBLE.

"Who hath ears to ear, let him hear." Matthew xiii. 43. Printed in 1810.

THE STANDING-FISH BIBLE.

"And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it," etc. Ezek. xlvii. 10. Printed in 1860.

THE DISCHARGE BIBLE.

"I discharge thee before God." I. Tim. v. 21. Printed in 1806.

THE WIFE-HATER BIBLE.

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father . . . yea, and his own wife also," etc. Luke xiv. 26. *Printed in 1810.*

REBEKAH'S-CAMELS BIBLE.

"And Rebekah arose, and her camels." Genesis xxiv. 61. Printed in 1823.

TO-REMAIN BIBLE.

"Persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now." Gal. iv. 29.

This typographical error, which was perpetuated in the first 8vo Bible printed for the Bible Society, takes its chief importance from the curious circumstances under which it arose. A 12mo Bible was [illegible] printed at Cambridge in 1805, and [illegible] reader being in doubt as to whether [illegible] should remove a comma, applied [illegible] for advice, and the reply pencilled on [illegible] "to remain," was transferred to [illegible] text and repeated in the [illegible] 8vo edition of 1805-6, and [illegible] 12mo edition of 1812.

[illegible] Yourself To Prayer.

[illegible] wise with [illegible] prayers the [illegible] flaming [illegible], the little [illegible] Whatever affects you [illegible] altered tone, an[illegible] Wrong, around, a deniel[illegible] you cannot disc[illegible] and send it up [illegible] make to win [illegible] Her way by [illegible] then, and then at last [illegible] angel seizes fast [illegible] book; mad with pain,

Death of the Stag.

A stately stag comes down to drink
Beside the mountain lakelet's brink;
Around him towering to the skies
The brown Sierras sharply rise.
This is the haunt of silence; here
Dwells loneliness akin to fear,
And as the stag with agile tread
Crosses that ragged lava bed,
The careful putting of his feet
But makes the stillness more complete.
What means this utter dearth of sounds?
Are these the happy hunting grounds?
Now gracefully the neck of him,
So beautiful, so sleek, so slim,
Bends bowlike, till at last he sips
The crystal tide with velvet lips.
One moment, and the spell is past!
His antlered head on high is cast;
His thin red nostrils sniff the air,
As though it said to him "Beware!"
A moment thus, and then a quick
And nervous sound, a warning "click"—
The four hard hoofs together met
Sharp as a Spanish castanet.
Away! away! at every spring
A shower of pebbles round him ring
He falls, rolls over now again
Is rattling down the rocky glen.
Gone like a flash, and silence now
Sifts down from cliff and mountain brow.
The silence grows. What ailed the stag?
No grizzly looms against yon crag.
Grim, clumsy, ponderous and gaunt:
Here is no mountain lion's haunt;
No city hunter and his hound
This rocky fastness yet has found.
Ah, none of these! And yet the deer
Had sudden cause for direst fear,
For yonder, up the rough ravine,
A runner comes, brown, lithe and lean;
A perfect athlete, trained as one
Who in Olympic games would run
Stark naked, save for sandals tied
Beneath his feet, thin strips of hide.
Unarmed, save that his fingers clasp
A long, keen knife in lony grasp.
Gods, what a runner! Deep of chest,
And all his muscles at their best.
See how above the skin they rise,
As every move their temper tries!
How free his action! Slightly bent,
His eyes upon the ground intent,
He moves along with easy swing,
A Mercury who needs no wing:
Yet, not too fast, but more as one
Who wins the race before 'tis run.
This is the primal hunter, this
The man whose weapons never miss—
The runner of New Mexico,
Cliff-dwelling Candelario.
His half-starved dog before him goes,
Leading the way with faithful nose.
The stag is doomed, for never back
Turns Candelario from the track.
All day through canyon dark and deep,
Through mountain passes, rugged, steep,
Up walls of rock more wild and sheer
Than ever climb Swiss mountaineer;
And over plains of scrub mesquite
He follows with untiring feet.
He sleeps upon the trail at night
And starts again at grayest light.
But one such other hunter's name
In all this world is known to fame,
Or e'er was shaped of human breath,
And such a one, I ween, is Death.
He follows so each mortal wight,
So camps upon the trail at night,
Sure that his game, if slow or fast,
Must weary of the flight at last.
Three days are gone since first began
That race between the deer and man.
A noble course, and nobly run!
The better animal has won,
And now the stag, tired, hungry, weak,
His hair no longer smooth and slick,
But trickling sweat and dusted gray,
Stands gamely waiting, brought to bay
His antlered head is bended low,
And near the ground swings to and fro;
His eyes, though shot with streaks of gore,
Flame fierce defiance all the more.
Not long he waits, for soon there glides
Into the opening where he hides
A naked runner, brown and lean,
Clutching a knife, long, wicked, keen.
Then each the other quickly spies,
And first they wage a war of eyes.
The hunter, bending at the hips,
With twitching hands and parted lips,
Glides watchfully around and round
[illegible] stag that turns, but holds his ground,
[illegible] waiting, though heart-sick feels
[illegible] snapping at his heels
[illegible] then, and then at last
[illegible] angrel seizes fast
[illegible] hock; mad with pain,
The forest monarch leaps in vain;
He leaps, he stamps, he turns his head—
Swift as a shaft from bowstring sped,
The swarthy hunter forward springs,
His left hand to an antler clings,
His right the gleaming weapon wields.
The stag sways to and fro, he yields,
He slowly shrinks to earth, his gore
Smokes on the ground, and all is o'er!
And all is o'er, but who would check
The Indian's joy, as on the neck
Kneeling, he swings his knife on high,
And wakes the hills with one wild cry?

—[GEORGE HORTON.

Fashions in Jewelry.

Fashion makes certain wise laws for the wearing of jewelry. People who break these laws and assume too much are at once showing ignorance and lack of that fine taste which is at the heart of everything which fashion dictates. You may have rings innumerable—as many as the famous being who adorned her fingers and toes with them—but that is no reason why you need look like a heathen goddess, or as if you were anxious to let all the world see at one time just how many golden circlets you possessed.

You who have the beauty of youth do not need to wear jewelry—a little ring if you will, a modest brooch and, perhaps, a bangle on your wrist, but not an armoured with them. There is nothing more vulgar than to have thirteen bangles, as has one girl I know, who triumphantly points to them and tells of their being given each by a different admirer. Every time she announces this fact she falls thirteen degrees lower in the mind of the listener, and yet, although she is quick-witted and a nice girl, she doesn't seem to comprehend that in exacting tribute from her men friends she is in a way selling her smiles. Don't wear a ring on your forefinger, and don't believe, because a few actresses and women, who think being odd is being individual, wear rings on their thumbs, that it is a proper thing for you to do.

A Pug of Brains.

My dog is a pug, writes Mary H. Barford to the London *Spectator*. He is a very choice specimen of his kind, and was given to me by the late Dr. Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, who was a great connoisseur in dogs. He is devotedly attached to my baby, and always accompanies me in my morning visit to the nursery. On one occasion the child (who is just as fond of him as he is of her) was very ill, and for three weeks was unconscious. As soon as this was the case, the dog ceased to go near the nursery as if by instinct he knew he would not be noticed.

Mr Walters, from Reading, was attending the baby, and the dog soon got to know the time he paid his visits. He would watch him upstairs, and when he came down listen most attentively to his report. At length the child was pronounced out of danger. The very next morning up went Master "Sam," made his way straight to the child's cot, and stood on his hind legs to be caressed.

Although she had taken no notice of anyone for some time, she seemed to know the dog, and tried to move her hand toward him to be licked. He quite understood the action, licked the little hand lovingly, and then trotted contentedly away. After this he went up to see her regularly, as he had been accustomed to do.

Spring millinery will be profusely ornate with gold and silver and other metallic braids, embroideries and ornaments.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a time no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, the place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

The new crepes de chine come in lovely evening shades and pure white, [illegible] figures, dots, stars, wheels, and [illegible] embroidered on their surfaces.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

Even poplins come in fancy plaids and clan tartans.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates, must be free from nervous debility and Female Weakness. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women, it is unequaled.

Plaid ribbons are in fashionable favor.

TRAGEDY ON A STEAMSHIP.

A Female Cabin Passenger Takes a Dose of Laudanum and Dies.

Mrs. Ida Ward, of Leicester, England, a cabin passenger on board the American Line steamer British Princess, captian Freeth, which arrived at Philadelphia the other day, committed suicide on the way over and was buried at sea.

When the British Princess left Liverpool she had about 106 steerage passengers and one cabin passenger—an English woman whose name appeared on the passenger list as Mrs. Ida Ward. Even if she had not been the only saloon passenger aboard the attention of Captain Freeth and his officers would have been drawn towards their solitary table companion, as Mrs. Ward was a woman who would have attracted notice aboard a crowded transatlantic liner.

She was young, about twenty-five years old, handsome and highly accomplished, speaking several languages and was a finished musician. The intonations of her voice and intimate knowledge of all the conventionalities of society strengthened the belief that she was a woman belonging to a cultured and refined circle of society. She was extremely reticent about herself. But she told Capt. Freeth that she was from Leicester, and that her husband lived there, and that she was on her way to Cincinnati, O., to study to become a professional nurse.

From several other remarks the officers decided that her domestic relations were not happy, and the evident depression and mental anxiety under which she appeared to suffer confirmed their opinion. Mrs. Ward suffered greatly from sea-sickness, which tended to still further depress her and Capt. Freeth grew anxious about her condition.

On the morning of the 11th of the month the stewardess knocked at Mrs. Ward's state room, and receiving no answer opened the door and found her lying in her bunk in a nearly comatose condition.

One glance at the unconscious woman told the doctor that she had taken laudanum, and he at once administered the regular antidotes. She was walked up and down the deck and the stomach pump was brought into use, but despite all their efforts she died a few hours after she was first discovered.

That same day she was buried at sea in the presence of the crew and steerage passengers, Capt. Freeth reading the Church of England burial services over her body before it was consigned to the ocean's bed.

No communication or letter of any kind was found to show what reason drove her to her death. It is possible that the unfortunate woman did the deed in contemplation before she came aboard the Princess, as three bottles of laudanum, two full and one empty, were found in her state room.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

They had Only One Revolver and Took Turns in Firing.

The new mining town of Elkins, W. Va., was the scene of a remarkable duel on Sunday night. A coal miner named James Nee, and a carpenter named Archer, went on a drunk together, and going to a saloon kept by Mrs. Wise, they drove the woman out of doors and wrecked the place. About the time they had completed the ruin the two men quarreled, and they concluded to fight a duel over the wreck of the bar. They had one revolver, and decided they would take turn about in shooting at one another. They agreed on fifteen feet, nearly the length of the room, as the distance.

Archer got the first shot, and his bullet ploughed a groove along Nee's scalp. He then gave up the pistol to Nee and he fired at Archer and missed. Archer then took a second shot and missed and handed the revolver over to Nee. This time Nee took better aim and shot Archer through the hand. Before any more shots could be fired outsiders interfered and took the revolver away.

A Very Clear Case.

"And how do you feel, my dear, this morning?" asked a sympathizing physician of a lady prostrated by "la grippe." "I feel as if a freight train had run over me," was the reply. "Do you ache in your bones?" "Ache in my bones—yes I do, and I think the number of bones in the human body has been greatly underestimated."

THE FUTURE BATTLE-SHIP.

Probable Appearance of the Coming Monarch of Naval Warfare.

Admiral Sir George Elliot and several other members of the British marine have been indulging in some interesting speculations as to what the battle ship of the future will be like. The consensus of the opinion seems to indicate that the coming sea monster will be a floating fortress, having among other qualifications: Limited displacement, 14,000 tons seaworthiness, including strength of structure of hull and machinery and adequate accommodation for the crew; guns and armor, handiness, coal endurance, a speed of fourteen knots, and light draught of water. Seaworthiness, of course, must occupy the top place, and next to seaworthiness must come fighting power. And it is on the important question, "What constitutes fighting power in a battle-ship?" that opinions differ. Fighting power is made up of three elements—speed, defensive power, and offensive power; and speed ranks with, but before, the other two.

The ideal battle-ship will be faster than any hostile battle-ship. Only excessive speed can, in ordinary circumstances, enable her to force an action. Only excessive speed can enable her to decline a disadvantageous combat. Without speed a battle ship, no matter how heavily armed and how thickly armored she may be, is liable to be obliged to act always on the defensive, and to be reduced to the defensive in a naval war is to be already more than half beaten.

THE ELEMENT OF SPEED,

therefore, must be taken to include the sub-element of coal endurance. Eight thousand knots, at the economical speed, whatever it may be, is probably sufficient coal endurance for any British battle-ship, but the amount ought not to be much less in a ship of the first class.

Next among the fighting qualifications of a battle-ship ranks defensive power; that is to say, its armor. The ideal ship must not be so built that a projectile, without touching her armor, may be capable of putting her out of action. She must therefore have a continuous belt at the water-line, and she must, moreover, have a protective deck over her vital parts and thick armor over at least her more important guns. In addition, she must of course, be divided into numerous water-tight compartments. Give her great offensive power, but it will avail her little if she can be put out of action or be deprived of her stability by the bursting in a vulnerable place of a six-inch shell. The arrangement is paradoxical, but it is really just. A prize-fighter does not hit hard. He needs toughness, wind and endurance, and without these he may be beaten by a man of very inferior strength of arm. Offensive power means good guns and heavy ones, a powerful ram, quick firing and machine guns, and torpedoes, combined with ability to use them. But it is impossible to feel by any means sure that such extremely heavy weapons as 111 ton breech-loaders are needed even on board first-class battle-ships.

IN THE LONG CONTEST

between guns and armor, guns have won. If that is to say the circumstances be favorable to the gun we can undertake to put a projectile through any armor that has been manufactured. Theoretically any armor may be pierced in action. But in practice it is very seldom that there is a possibility of dealing anything like a direct blow at a long range. The more oblique the direction of the blow the less penetrative will be the power of the projectile, and when the line of fire [illegible] a very obtuse angle with the plane of [illegible] armor, a comparatively thin plate will be [illegible] to divert a very heavy missile.

[illegible] battle-ship of the future must attain [illegible] merely a paper speed of [illegible] without any forced draught. [illegible] have engines which will drive a [illegible] ship at that speed. It must be [illegible] steel in order to carry [illegible] and sufficient coal for 8,000 [illegible] knots, and at the same time to [illegible] belt of greater line armor [illegible] tolerable [illegible] road, which shall [illegible] than two thirds of its breadth [illegible] at load-draught, and [illegible] a maximum thickness of [illegible] thickness of 12 inches [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] up to [illegible] [illegible] Max [illegible] God [illegible]

must be a horizontal armored deck extending the

WHOLE LENGTH OF THE SHIP

and so placed as to be immediately above the belt. Above the citadel the chief armament of the vessel must be placed in one or two turrets clad in 22-inch armor. Barbettes afford no proper protection to the guns. These turrets, if there be two, must give a clear all-round fire. If there be but one turret it must have a clear sweep forward from about two points abaft the beam, and must be supplemented by a lighter battery, which must be placed aft, and must be protected by at least six inches of armor. In addition, all decks above batteries must be armored; all tubes for the conveyance of projectiles and ammunition from the magazines to the batteries must, if necessary, have special protection; and there must be as many water tight compartments as possible. Quick firing and machine guns should be protected by curved steel shields not less than two inches thick; and the whole of the thick armor should be compound, and of course, of the best obtainable strength. Forward, the armor should be brought down below the extreme point of the ram in order to support the bows of the ship. Aft, it might advantageously be carried up to a height sufficient to protect the ship from a raking fire from astern. Such a vessel would be more powerful than any battle-ship now afloat. Not only would she be intrinsically strong; she would, which is quite as important, command something very like the absolute confidence of her officers and crew, and this is more than any recent battle-ship does.

Seen From The Train—Bokhara.

When the train, after traversing the oasis for ten miles from the modern town, pulls up at the station of Bairam Ali, in the midst of an absolute wilderness of crumbling brick and clay the spectacle of walls, towers, ramparts, and domes, stretching in bewildering confusion to the horizon, reminds us that we are in the centre of bygone greatness. Here, within a short distance of each other, and covering an area of several square miles, in which there is scarcely a yard without some remains of the past, or with a single perfect relic, are to be seen the ruins of at least three cities that have been born and flourished and have died.

In these solitudes, moreover, the traveler may realize in all its sweeps the mingled gloom and grandeur of Central Asian scenery.

Throughout the still night the fire-horse, as the natives have sometimes christened it, races onward, panting audibly, gutturally, and shaking a mane of sparks and smoke. Itself and its riders are all alone. No token or sound of life greets eye or ear, no outline redeems the level sameness of the dim horizon; no shadows fall upon the [illegible] ing plain. The moon shines with dreary coldness from the hollow dome, and a profound and tearful solitude seems to brood over the desert. The returning sunlight scarcely disputes the impression of sadness, of desolate and hopeless decay, of a continent and life sunk in a mortal swoon. The traveler feels like a wanderer at night in some desecrated graveyard, amid crumbling tombstones and half-obliterated mounds. A cemetery, not of hundreds of years, but thousands, not of families or tribes, but of nations and empires, lies outspread around him, and ever and anon, in falling tower and shattered arch, he stumbles upon some poor unearthed skeleton of the past.

Do Not Worry.

About the hardest of achievements is to live without fret and worry in the midst of uncertainty. A business man doesn't know how this vital venture is going to turn out. A housewife is placed in such circumstances that her position to-morrow is utterly unforeseeable. What shall be done? Let to-morrow alone! Attend to the nearest duties. Above all don't chafe. You will need all your vitality, perhaps, all your courage, to meet those dreaded contingencies. But nothing wastes vitality, nothing depletes courage, like apprehension. Provide, if you can. If you can't, go on calmly in the round of present occupation. Tackle to-morrow when it becomes to-day. Don't cross the bridge till you come to it. This is what Christ meant when he said: "Take therefore, no (unbelieving) thought of the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious (revised edition) for itself. Sufficient unto [illegible] evil thereof."

THE WINNERS

TRUTH COMPETITION

No. 19.

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. The questions were: Where in the Bible are the three following words first found: 1, FISH; 2, FLESH; 3, FOWL. Answers: 1, Fish, Genesis, first chapter and twenty-sixth verse. 2, Flesh, Genesis, second chapter and twenty-first verse. 3, Fowl, Genesis, first chapter and twentieth verse. If there is no province given after a name and place it is to be understood that Ontario is meant. We make this explanation to avoid repetition.

(Continued from last week).

FOURTEENTH REWARDS

First One, an Elegant Upright Piano, Lizzie K Barr, Three Rivers Que. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet. 1 S S Downing Fenagh Vale; 2 Minnie Platt, Phelpston; 3 R Maundrell, Orillia; 4 Miss Claus, Niagara; 5 Clara Rutherford, Plattsville; 6 C S Smith, Tilsonburg; 7 Mrs Jno Tonson, Scarboro Jct; 8 E A Moffatt, Raglan; 9 Alma A Wilson, 346 Charlotte St St John N B; 10 S A Shaver, 58 Wilbrod St Ottawa; 11 Jas Morris, Walkerton. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces.) 1 Frank Eaton, Truro N S; 2 L Hennings, Burlington; 3 James Latimer, Point Edward; 4 Thos Hanley, Amherstburg; 5 Arthur Williams, Brandon Man. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch. 1 Mrs J K Halls, Hepworth; 2 Jno L Clayles, Glencoe; 3 Thos Arthur, New Glasgow N S; 4 Eliza J English, Fenelon Falls; 5 Arthur McGregor, Glencoe; 6 Mrs I McQuibban, Harriston; 7 A Kemp, Forest; 8 Jas Johnston, Port Arthur; 9 Mary J Gibson, Oliver; 10 Mrs Hy Ferguson, River Desert Que; 11 Mrs M M Scaly, Owasco N Y.

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First seven, elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces. 1 Mrs W H Farteiny, Silverwater; 2 David Miller, Owen Sound; 3 L M Abel, Colton Cal; 4 Mary Smith, Stratford; 5 Mrs F Ballard, West Toronto Jct; 7 Jno Flint, Islington. Second five, each a Fine China Tea Service of 65 pieces. 1 Geo Thompson, Meaford; 2 Harriet McCallum, Duncrief; 3 Libbie Mowry, Sherwood Mich; 4 Geo A Bock, Berlin; 5 A M Dancey, Fort Erie. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols. 1 Jno Freeman, Buffalo N Dak; 2 Jno H Christie, Little Bra's Dor C B; 3 Theresa Parfitt Delaware; 4 Jno Jackson, Scarboro; 5 Geo Simpson, 18 Porter St Elgin Ill; 6 Lilly Hollinger, Hanover; 7 Ed Christie, Little Bra's Dor C B; 8 Mrs Riches, 105 Huron St City; 9 Geo Patterson, Orangeville; 10 Mrs M McLeod, Vanleek Hill; 11 Mrs A Gatzke, Plattsville; 12 Mrs Wm Wisema, Kerkton; 13 Maggie Arnold, Port Arthur; 14 Jos Burkinshaw Sandy Sta Utah; 15 M Coulter, Richards Landing; 16 Mrs Kingsmill, The Bungalow Walkerton; 17 Wm Merrill, Norway. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume Walter Scott's Poems. 1 Chas T Cocking, 6 Tsukiji Pokoyo Japan; 2 Pa Trumporer, Picton; 3 H W Swartz, 15 Tsukiji Lokoyo Japan; 4 W Harris, Uxbridge London W Eng; 5 Grace Knowles, 27 Herkimer St Ham; 6 W Jno White, 9 Tsukiji Tokoyo Japan; 7 H F Prien, San Diego Cal; 8 Ida J Emery 26 Howard St Haverhill Mass; 9 Mrs A Gregory, Lyonshall Man; 10 Miss Plant, N Sydney C B; 11 T Singleton, Port Hope; 12 A White, Great Fall Montana; 13 Chas Wilcox, Butterfield Man; 14 Mrs Hattie Pool, Berlin Mich; 15 Geo R Thompson, Prince Albert N W T; 16 Hugh Mullin, Woobland Pa; 17 F J Schweigert Newfane N Y; 18 Alice Craig, Paris. Next 25 each a well bound copy of Dr Naphey's Medical Book. 1 A Ogden, 79 Grange Ave City; 2 Mrs M T Graves, Bloomington Ill; 3 W H Greeley, Plympton Man; 4 Matilda Kesby, Brechin; 5 J B Flint, Chatham, 6 Mrs A Pentland, Dungannon, 7 Mrs Jas Russell, Longlaketon N W T; 8 Mrs G G Baker, Lemonville; 9 T Reid San Louis Obispo Cal; 10 Mrs Thos Parker, Dalton N Y, 11 Mr. D McPherson, Arthur; 12 Aggie McHattie Beaverton; 13 Saml Cowan, Elgar; 14 Thos B[illegible] onto; 15 Alex G Fraser, S Side Boulardine N S; 16 Mrs S H Barrett, Port Royal; 17 Robt-Allen jr, Scotch Line; 18 Minnie Agnew, Colborne St Kingston; 19 Chas G Clark, Sault Ste Marie Mich; 20 Mrs Geo Whitfield, Nanaimo B C; 21 Mrs Jas Young, Renfrew; 22 Jno Cunningham, Peterboro; 23 Arthur Coxley, Perth; 24 Mrs P McCarthy, Brandon Man; 25 M Donavan, Delaware.

NOTICE TO PRIZE-WINNERS.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1, Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, $1,00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1,00.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

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

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

FIRST REWARDS.

First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm $500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, $40 280
Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7 105
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30 300
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols, $20 580
Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3 150

SECOND REWARDS.

First one, Fifty Dollars Cash 50
Next ten, each Five Dollars 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 movement, $45 315
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, $7 133
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell 21

THIRD REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm 500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, $5 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40 200
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book $3 75
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15 165
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet $5 150

FOURTH REWARDS.

First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH 350
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 8 pieces, specially imported, $40 200
Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, $10 170
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, $2 36
Next one, Family Knitting Machine 50

FIFTH REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash 100
Next five, each Ten Dollars 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 movement, $60 420
Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, $2 38
Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, $1 11

SIXTH REWARDS.

First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm 500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, $5 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service, (3 pieces) $40 200
Next twenty-five, each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, $3 75
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15 165
Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, $2 60

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold 20
Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7 49
Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash 55
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3 51
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1 29

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for TRUTH 350
Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $25 250
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's Works, bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15 255
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, $2 36
Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress 150

NINTH REWARDS.

First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash 25
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7 49
Next eleven, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30 330
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 twenty-five, each a copy "War in the Soudan," $2 50

TENTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano $650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movements, $50 250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7 105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair $2 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3 87
Next twenty-five, each a very fine Pair German Silver Sugar Tongs, $2 50

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash $100
Next five, $10 in cash 50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold $15 225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, $60 420
Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Farm Treasury, $2 38

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosewood Case. 500
Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3 45
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7 105
Next Forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book $10 290

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

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

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm $300
Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia $5 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40 200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Valuable Book, $2 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15 165

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for TRUTH, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England 350
Second five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported by TRUTH, $40 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's Works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15 75
Next eighteen, each a World's Encyclopedia, $2 36

A few names of winners in previous competitions, E. Worth, 593 Markham St., Toronto, Piano; R. Hext, Brantford, Piano; Noel Marchell, manager Smith Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot; Geo. Black, 41 East Ave. S., Hamilton, Piano; Caroline Pudsey, 112 Berkeley St., Toronto, $50 cash, besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing.

TRUTH contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for father's reading. Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers, Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys. Copyrighted Stories and Serial Tales for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number in cities, where given, and post office addresses for town, village, and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order the letters arrive in TRUTH office. Fifteen days after the 31st July is allowed for letters from distant points. About 130,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now. Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 23 to 31 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.

BRITISH NEWS.

The British House of Commons is now lighted by electric light for the first time.

It is said that the marriage of another daughter of the Prince of Wales has been arranged, and that it will be publicly announced in April.

A Swiss newspaper announces that the grand prize of the Paris Exposition lottery has been won by an English young lady who is an art student at Geneva.

Scotchmen banqueting in London are now entertained with music of real northern bagpipes played into a phonograph and sent down to London by express.

The success of the pastel exhibitions at Grosvenor Gallery has led to the formation of the Society of British Pastelists, of which Sir Coutts Lindsay is President.

It is proposed to make Mr. Stanley a life member of the Savage Club in London, a distinction that he will share with only the Prince of Wales and a few others.

A bill has been introduced to enable English peers to abandon their places in the House of Lords if they wish and be elected to the House of Commons if they can.

The English criminal authorities are seriously discussing the advisability of adopting the French system of identifying criminals by anthropometrical measurements.

London is talking about a public subscription for the relief of the many English clerks who have lost their places in Portugal through the anti-English agitation there.

It is said that the English authorities are still in pursuit of Jack the Ripper, and that one of the best known of their detective inspectors devotes his whole time to the case.

Waterloo House, in London, that has long stood vacant, is to be changed into a grand hotel and to be called "The President," presumably to catch American travellers.

The revenue of Cape Colony for the six months which ended in December last was £2,480,198. The increase of a quarter of a million was chiefly from Customs and railways.

In the villages of Northamptonshire a fund has been started from which to pay fourpence per dozen for the heads of sparrows, whose damage to the crops has become unbearable.

The last time Stanley lectured at Birmingham he received fifteen guineas for his fee. This time the Birmingham lecture manager offers 300 guineas, and is afraid he can't get him at that.

Steam surface cars, or dummies, are used by the street railroad companies of Birmingham, and last year they carried 19,000,000 passengers with only two fatal and forty-one minor accidents.

It having come out that most of the survivors of Balaklava are now paupers, a great benefit performance is being arranged in London, for the purpose of getting them out of the workhouses.

J. Williams, a well-known amateur boxer in London, was knocked out in the third round of a contest at a club the other night, and remained unconscious until the next morning, when he died.

During the last seven years the land under [illegible] village in Victoria, Australia, has increased by 1,000,000 acres, and the ratable value of [illegible] country lands has increased from £35,000,[illegible] to 295,000,000 sterling.

[illegible] large English railway company has in[illegible] its pay roll between nine and ten [illegible] to mounds per year, because it believes [illegible] cattle-shipping increased traffic of the line justifies [illegible] payment of higher wages to the [illegible]

[illegible] appearance of a mouse on the English House of Commons a few [illegible] the dignity of the eminent [illegible] and led to a little panic [illegible] necessary to drop business for a [illegible]

[illegible] ification of English [illegible] counterfeiting has gone [illegible] ring [illegible] last few years [illegible] and that [illegible] it isn't safe to [illegible]

[illegible] Mon [illegible] God [illegible]

The British military authorities announce as the subject for the prize essay of the United Service Institution for 1890—"The tactical operations of the future as affected by the introduction of magazine rifles and machine and quick firing guns and smokeless powder."

The service bullet for the new English magazine rifle is, it is said, to be a compound soldered bullet, one advantage of which is diminished friction, and consequent less heating of the barrel, experiments showing this to be ten degrees less after twelve rounds had been fired.

Dr. Roger Williams of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, has found that out of 12,383 cases in which chloroform had there been used during the past ten years, ten had resulted fatally, while there had been only three deaths out of 12,581 cases in which ether had been used.

Monuments have now been completed over the burial places of the English, French, and Italian troops killed in the Crimea during the war of 1854-5. Russia's memorials over her fallen soldiers in the same plains are on a grander scale, as she continues to hold the fort, Sebastopol.

Somewhere in the West Indies an Englishman claims to have discovered what he calls the "whistling tree." It has, he says, a peculiarly shaped leaf and split pods opened, the motion of the breeze through which causes a peculiar whistling sound that can be heard at a great distance.

There is a movement in England to better the condition of the barmaids by including them within the provisions of the act regarding working women in factories. It is said that now they have to work 100 hours a week, and get but from $1.25 to $1.75, with cheap board and poor lodging.

The London Gaslight and Coke Company has figured out that the additional expense entailed by the increased wages of the workingmen will amount to $550,000 per year, and are preparing to introduce the system of mixing water gas with the ordinary gas to make up for this increased expense.

A second consignment of nine tons of mummified cats from the great Egyptian cat cemetery has been sold at auction at Liverpool. The bulk of it brought £5 18s. 6d. per ton, but some single pieces went for fancy prices, such as 40s. 0d. for a head and 5s. 0d. for a perfect body without the head.

The Prince of Wales is patron of a combination fair and military athletic exhibition which is to be held in May for the purpose of establishing at the posts of the British army, clubs to be known as Soldiers' Institutes, which, it is believed, will greatly improve the social condition of the rank and file.

The Southwestern Railroad of England has given up its battle against the tipping system, and ordered down from its stations placards that announced that employees were forbidden to accept tips. In spite of the placards, the porters are said to have made an average of as much as their regular pay from tips.

English stoats and weasels are being exported to New Zealand from England in large numbers to kill off the rabbits, and the rats, which have been food for the stoats and weasels in England, are increasing enormously in some districts. There is talk of a movement to prevent the exportation of any more rat destroyers.

The Eighth Hussars of the British army have a gazelle for "child of the regiment." It accompanies the regiment everywhere, and is an especially conspicuous figure on the Sunday church parade, when it accompanies the band, leading the line with a stately tread, apparently imitated from that of the drum major.

The liquor bill at the Lewisham Union, a workhouse near London, last year was: Ale and porter, 47,760 pints; wine, 84 bottles; gin, 136 bottles; brandy, 963 bottles; mineral waters, 6,192 bottles. Some carping critics intimate that there must have been fraud about it; others insist that the drink capacity of the average workhouse official fully accounts for the consumption.

The London papers say that the contract of the English Government with Lieut. Zalinski is not for the purchase of pneumatic guns, but for the right for the Government to make the guns itself, and use them in the army and navy. Work on the guns has [illegible] begun at the Woolwich arsenal. [illegible] made at once.

[illegible] just one brass band in the Salvation Army. It was composed of a father and his son. Since then 8,550 other bands have been formed. They have been mostly recruited from the taproom (says the *War Cry*), and have sought out the theory and practice of music for themselves. A few days since a deputation of the Army bandsmen paid a visit to Mrs. Booth. The men were addressed by the "General's," dying wife, and the scene was a most affecting one.

The latest fad in England is for the collection of the Victoria crosses given by the military authorities to soldiers for especial acts of bravery. The fact that such collections were being made came out through the indignation of the holder of one, who received a letter asking him what he would sell it for, and saying that the writer had already secured several. The man, like the good Englishman he was, sat right down and wrote to the "Times" all about it.

The rabbit-proof fences erected by New South Wales and Queensland will, when the one at present being erected on the South Australian boundary line has been completed, be 887 miles in length. It is estimated that the one in course of erection will cost about £30,000. This fence starts from the Murray at Chowilla, and runs to the northeast corner of this colony, a distance of 346 miles. The completion of the scheme being carried out by the two Governments will embrace 887 miles of fencing, of which 627 miles will have been erected by New South Wales and 260 by Queensland.

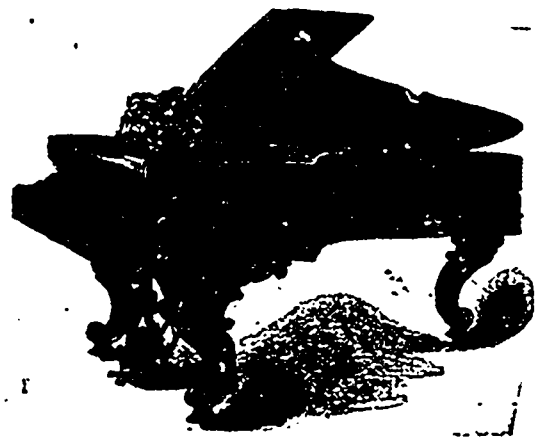
The Highbury Place Strict Baptist Church in London admitted to membership without regular immersion a lady afflicted with deformity, which made it almost impossible for her to undergo the ceremony of immersion. For this the church was expelled from the organization of Strict Baptist Churches, and after a long fight, the congregation and elders have just acknowledged their mistake in "having been too ready to accept the plea of impossibility," and the matter has been settled by the immersion of the lady seated in a specially constructed chair and wearing a dress specially designed for the occasion. Upon this the church has been restored to membership.

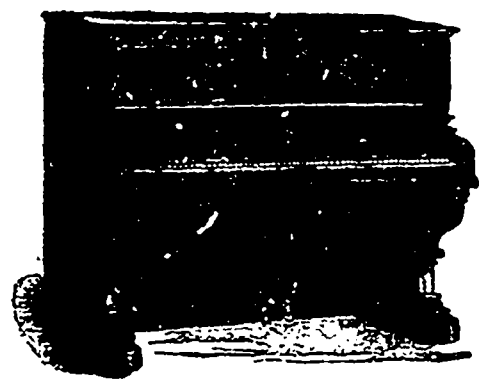
The One Journey.

"When I was a young man," says the late Sir James Simpson, "there lived a man in our neighborhood who was universally reported to be uncommonly liberal in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of he made an invariable rule to give good measure—over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his advantage. Now mark the answer of this man: 'God Almighty has given me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this, young friend—*but one journey through this world!*

Heintzman&Co

--PIANO-FORTE--





MANUFACTURERS.

Send For Illustrated Catalogue

Factory
West Toronto Junction

Wareroo
115, 115½ and 117

DRUGGISTS,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

C. C. C.

Best remedy for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness.
Tuft's Asmaline, sure and positive cure for Asthma and Bronchitis.
Elcoderma, sure cure for Chapped Hands, etc.
Save Drugs, 20 per cent. cheaper by buying from us. Write us for particulars.

R. O. SNIDER & CO.

St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

NOTICE.

The business of the late

V. P. HUMPHREY,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

Is being carried on by his widow, at the old stand,

309 Yonge Street. Telephone 1414.

No connection with any other business of the same name.

W. H. STONE,

UNDERTAKER,

YONGE 349 STREET

Opp Elm Street. Telephone 932.

JAS. COX & SON,

83 Yonge Street,

Pastry Cooks and Confectioners.

Wedding Cakes made to Order.

SOUP, BEEF STEAK AND POTATOES Everyday. Oysters in Every Style.

WM. MUNRO & SON,

Builders and Contractors.

Doors, Sash and Blinds

TELEPHONE 1511.

69 Adelaide St. W., and 12 & 14 Pearl St.

The Accident Ins. Co.

OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE

HOME COMPANY.

Medland & Jones, - Gen'l Agents

MAIL BUILDING, cor. King and Bay Sts., Toronto, Ont. Telephone No. 1067.

Dye Works

Gentlemen's Winter Suits and Overcoats, Ladies' Dresses, Ulsters, Jackets, etc., cleaned or dyed first class, also Ostrich Feathers, and Kid Gloves, etc.,

AT

A. JAMES,

153 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Frank J. Stowe, Dentist,

111 Church Street, Toronto.

My new invention Teeth inserted removable without plates. **Numerous Testimonials.**

G. ADAMS & SON,

DENTISTS,

Entrance on Elm St.

J. ADAMS, D.D.S., L.D.S.

Trowern,

Jewellery Manufac'er

—AND—

WATCHMAKER,

REMOVED TO

113 KING ST. WEST.

4 Doors East of Rossin House.

BABY.

BABY can be kept quiet and comfortable by wearing around its little neck one of **Norman's ELECTRIC TEETHING NECKLACES.** They are better than all the soothing syrup in Christendom. They give no shocks and are comfortable. Price 50c. Sold by all druggists. Ask for them and no other.

SOLID GOLD PLATED.

To introduce our Watches, Jewelry &c., &c., for 60 days we will send the finest imitation gold plated Ring to any address on receipt of 22 cents in postage stamps. We will also send free our illustrated catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, and to stand acid test, and is only offered at 25 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. Order immediately and get a $2.00 Ring for 25 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 37 & 39 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

TAR & TOLU

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS HOARSENESS — FOR COUGHS AND COLDS — PNEUMONIA WHOOPING COUGH.

25 CENTS — 25 CENTS

Fine Singing Canaries !

Fancy Birds, Parrots,

BRASS CAGES FROM 90 CENTS

W. R. MANGER,

268 Yonge St., Opp. Trinity Sq.

R. G. TROTTER,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

14 CARLTON ST., - TORONTO.

Four doors east of Yonge—opposite the Methodist Church. Night calls attended to. Tel. 3368.

R. FIELDING,

276 Queen St. West,

Receives all new

Book and Sheet Music

As soon as published. Weekly arrivals from England and the States. Latest issues **"I Went With Him," "Mia Bella," "Lights and Shadows."**

DYEING

LADIES' DRESSES DYED OR CLEANED WITHOUT BEING TAKEN TO PIECES.

Gentlemen's Clothing Dyed, Cleaned and neatly pressed.

Ostrich Feathers Curled, Cleaned or Dyed Kid Gloves and Boots Cleaned or Dyed.

PERTH STEAM DYE WORKS,

329 Yonge Street, Toronto

DRESS CUTTING.

THE NEW

Tailor System

(Late Prof. Moody.)

The System Of the Day

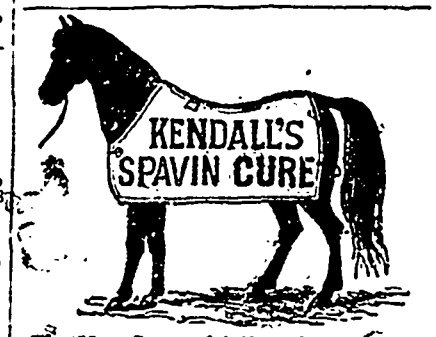
Drafts direct on material without paper or patterns. Covers the entire range of work, easy to learn, can be taught thoroughly by mail. Large inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.

J. & A. CARTER,

PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS, ETC.,

372 Yonge St., Toronto.

Beware of models and machines.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.

ELKWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GUERNEY, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BAYLE WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

M. DWAN,

—DEALER IN—

COAL,

COKE AND WOOD.

OFFICE AND YARD:

78 Queen Street East, Toronto Ont.

TELEPHONE 512.

W. CURRAN

THE HATTER

Silk and Felt Hats made to order. Your old Hat blocked while you wait. Military and Society work a specialty.

23 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

DRESSMAKER'S

MADE SIMPLE BY

MISS CHUBB

GENERAL AGENT.

Perfect Fitting Specialty. Dresses and Mantles cut and fitted. Waists, Linings cut for 25c. CORSETS MADE TO ORDER. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Basque Bazar and other Adjustable Wire Dress Forms for draping. 393½ YONGE STREET. Just South of College. Agents wanted

---

Canaries GERMAN Canaries

GEO. HOPE & SONS, Importers of and Dealers in FOREIGN and NATIVE

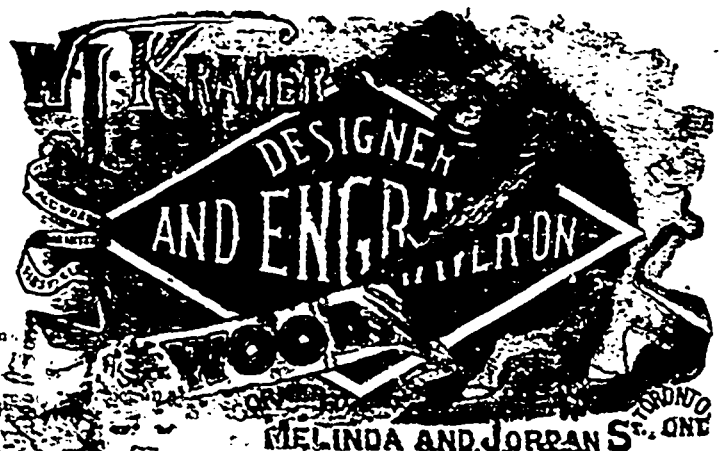
Singing

Birds !

Fancy Birds, Talking Parrots, Bird Cages, and Appliances of all kinds, at Lowest Prices. Birds and Animals stuffed and mounted to order at reasonable rates. Also Finest and Best Selected Bird Seeds of all kinds a Specialty

At the Native and Foreign **BIRD STORE,** 6 Queen St., E., Toronto

---



Have your **UMBRELLA RE-COVERED** while you wait with our Silk that will not cut

EAST'S 336 Yonge St. TORONTO

TELEPHONE 1178.