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thing like this may happen with the Nationalists; who can tell? The only sure way to get the information is to wait and see.

"The sentence of the Court is that you be confined in the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston for a period of three years." Thus terminated the proceedings against W. R. Moffatt, ex-accountant in the Ontario Bank of this city. The severity of the sentence, which, however, is the lightest that could be inflicted under the act under which the offence was framed, was a surprise to many. But Moffatt's offence was not an ordinary one, and called for no ordinary punishment. As Mr. Justice McMahon remarked on sentencing the prisoner, "it was properly made a very severe offence much more severe than an ordinary larceny, because, when a person who had the control, as it were, of the funds of a bank as he had, who had the management of the whole business of the bank entrusted to him as he had, to whom the customers and stockholders and Directors of the bank were entitled to look as one who ought to be trusted, betrays these trusts, public confidence was lost in those who were placed in similar positions." A man in such a position suffers not alone in his iniquity. The whole fraternity of accountants throughout the land have to bear a burden which had not been theirs had Moffatt dealt honestly with his employers. Here as elsewhere, it is true that no man liveth unto himself. In this view of the matter the friends of the convicted man may congratulate themselves that the Court was so lenient in the case. It is to be hoped that the disgraceful fall of this young man, once trusted and respected, will prove a salutary lesson to those young men who show an inclination to live beyond their means. As the *Mail* properly remarks: "It is the first step which costs. Once a young fellow takes money that does not belong to him, with or without the intention of 'paying it back,' he usually persists in stealing until he is found out and sent to the penitentiary. There is no surer way of starting on the down grade than that which Moffatt seems to have adopted, namely, living beyond his means and trying to make something on the outside by speculating."

It will no doubt be a matter of surprise to any Canadians, whose feet have never trod other than Dominion soil, and who are thoroughly indigenous as to be Canadians second or third generation, to learn that there has yet been taken of this

of its inhabitants been raised. There are English, and French in the land. Evidently the force of

and the bill allowed to pass no one opposing. Surely such subordination of conscience to party dictation is sufficient to merit the disrespect and contempt of all right-minded men. To the independent, honest elector, the man who has felt the force of "I ought," it presents a problem most perplexing. Is it any wonder that the Montreal *Witness* should feel moved to express its indignation in the following strong terms at the supineness of men who can thus trifle with the convictions:

"This seems to be the history of the acquiescence of the English members in the passage of that notorious bill. Each and every man acted, or rather failed to act, because of partisan motives. Not one of them had sufficient independence of mind, or was conscientious enough, to oppose the bill without regard to party. * * * Three French members were willing to break away from their party leaders to oppose the Jesuits' bill, but no English member was willing to do so except Doctor Cameron, and he had not backbone enough to do so without apparent support."

Whatever may be said concerning the nature of the Jesuit Act, which is not now under discussion, the cowardice and subserviency of the men who swore to stand by what they conceived to be the best interests of the nation are deserving of the severest censure, the most unqualified condemnation. It is to be hoped that the independent electors of the constituencies concerned will show their disapprobation of such cowardice by relegating the recreants to the political oblivion they so richly deserve.

In the recent debate upon the School Bill, Mr. Meredith took the following positions in regard to the law which should regulate our Public and Separate Schools.

"That it is essential that the law of the province should expressly declare that every ratepayer is *prima facie* a Public school supporter, and that he can become a supporter of the Separate schools only by his own voluntary act; that there is no good reason why any citizen's religion should have aught to do with his appointment to a High school board; that no distinction should be made between the teachers of Public schools and those of Separate schools in the matter of their qualifications for their duties; and that Roman Catholic citizens should have the privilege, which Protestants enjoy, of electing their trustees. In short, that the law should recognize the fact that the Public school system is the system of the province; and while the constitution allows Roman Catholics to have a system of their own adapted in certain respects to meet their religious views, in all other respects that system should conform to the Public school system, and be in uniformity with it."

There can be no doubt that Mr. Meredith has correctly interpreted the intention of the framers of our constitution in the concessions made to our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens touching the question of Separate schools. It was never intended, for instance, that there should be one standard of qualification for the Public, and another for the Separate school, teachers. It may be all

some of the speakers contended, that the standard is as high as the other, that the work of the one set is as well qualified as the work of the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other;

and the other set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other;

and the other set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other;

and the other set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other; that the one set is as well qualified as the other;

strength of the popular affection for their late Chancellor, occurred in the streets of Berlin, one day last week. As the Prince was driving along the street on his way to visit the Emperor, one of the horses shied and became entangled in the traces. It was necessary to stop the carriage until the harness was rearranged. A crowd quickly gathered about the ex-Chancellor, and ladies threw him bouquets and kissed their hands to him. Prince Bismarck was so greatly affected that he shed tears. He shook hands with a number of those about his carriage, and his voice faltered as he thanked the people for their demonstration of affection. His passage through the streets was a veritable triumphal procession. The people wanted to unharness the horses and drag the carriage themselves. Those nearest the carriage thrust in their hands to grasp the hands of the Prince and it was with the utmost difficulty that a passage could be made through the crowd. Judging from the disposition which the great statesman has shown during his long term of office, it is safe to conclude that he finds in this manifestation of good will and tender feeling an immeasurably richer reward than the proffered dukedom, and an annuity which he does not need. To live in the affections of those whom one serves is a compensation which cannot be estimated in the currency of commerce. And such reward may be his, whoever serves.

There is a very general feeling at Ottawa that a more vigorous emigration policy should be adopted by the government. It is felt that a policy which has only given the North-West 12,000 English and foreign immigrants is altogether inadequate. Mr. Daly speaking from a Manitoba standpoint, declared that at least a million dollars should be expended annually in inducing immigrants to come here, while Mr. Davin, waxing eloquent and speaking with unusual frankness, pronounced the Ministers a cabinet of antiquaries, and demanded that they abandon the do-nothing policy in the matter of colonization, and adopt a reasonable and successful system. Mr. Davin says he has a fine immigration policy in his mind, but not being a responsible Minister he does not feel disposed to reveal it. How Mr. Davin can reconcile this hiding of his light under a bushel with the profession that he is laid upon the altar of his country's service is a conundrum which must be given up. Is he so ambitious for honor that he would not esteem the consciousness of having conferred an incalculable good upon his country reward sufficient for his great scheme? Come, Mr. Davin, show your public spirit, out with your policy, for do you not see that the man covetous of praise is twin brother to him who is covetous of self.

A new market for Canadian products and manufactures is within view. The Spanish Consul-General for Canada is now at Ottawa with instructions from his Government to endeavor to induce the Dominion Government to co-operate in establishing a direct trade between Spain and Canada. The Spanish Government has already taken steps to foster such a trade, and the Consul-General thinks if the Canadian Government would but reciprocate, a trade profitable to both countries could be at once secured. Among the Spanish products which the Consul-General thought it would be an advantage to obtain direct from Spain, were oranges, lemons, currants, raisins, olives, oil and preserves. There would also be a good market for the staple products of Canada in Spain, and he believed that with a fair share

of encouragement just now the Spanish Canadian trade could be so developed as to maintain a regular line of steamers between the two countries. Thus while our neighbors to the south are building high their tariff wall, with a view to preventing Canadians from placing their surplus products and manufactures upon the American markets, it is somewhat assuring that, however greatly they might desire it, they do not own the whole earth. Though Canadians may, and do regret, some of the tariff changes proposed at Washington, they are not disposed to grieve inordinately at the prospect. They are not dependent for their life upon the generosity of their cousins. If the United States will have no dealings with us others will not refuse. The fact is, that the excellence of our products, and the superior character of our manufactures are becoming so generally recognized, that Canada will not need to go abegging for customers to purchase her wares.

If the two meetings already held for the discussion of the Viaduct scheme can be relied upon as indications of the temper and feeling of the citizens touching the proposal, there can be no serious question that the preponderance of opinion throughout the city is in favor of the viaduct as the only means of securing to Toronto her expanded and valuable waterfront. With remarkable unanimity both the Shaftesbury Hall gathering which was decidedly representative, and the meeting of the electors of St. Paul's ward, have voted their approval of the scheme as the only solution yet offered that is consistent with the public requirements; have urged upon the municipal council the necessity for an early and explicit recognition of that fact, and a definite abandonment on their part of the only alternative solution presented to the public, viz., that of overhead bridges; and have protested against the expropriation for railway purposes of that important part of the water-front lying between York & Yonge Sts. That the matter will be settled without a struggle is too much to hope for. As the *Week* points out, the battle may have to be fought out at the foot of the Throne. But let the people show a determined and united front, unbroken by party or other influence, and the issue can hardly be doubtful.

The new government of Brazil is just now being confronted with a problem which will tax their ingenuity and resources to the utmost. Her freedmen long enslaved and never called upon to expend a thought upon the question of how to provide for their own sustenance having suddenly been set at liberty find themselves incapable of directing their energies so as to secure the necessities of life. The consequence is, that poverty amongst this class prevails to an alarming extent, and with the poverty there is associated no small amount of crime. Here is an extract from the letter of an intelligent Brazilian: "The freedmen are often in trouble from stealing the necessities of life. Many of them have been sent away from the coffee and sugar-cane plantations by their former owners, who were not in favor of emancipation, and Italians employed in their places. Naturally they congregate in the large cities, and not being well trained for the kind of labor that is required in the cities, many of them have a hard time. As pathetic a sight as ever I saw was a poor, old blind colored woman who was wandering about the streets, and when we asked her where she lived she said she was free, if she were a slave her master would take the pains to look her up, but now he did not care what became of her." Now it is evident that the task imposed

upon the new rulers involves relief of the present distress which they are contemplating by some such means as the establishment of soup kitchens; and the adaptation of such measures as will on the one hand teach these emancipated slaves how to use their hands, and on the other, will inspire them with the thought that they are capable of the higher enjoyments and nobler life which the best men and women of the white race have attained to. They must be given some knowledge of the world in which other people live, and must be impressed with their connection with the human race. Without this elevation of desires and tastes the education of their hands will be to little purpose. The first lessons," says Edward E. Hale, "to be learned by politicians, by reformers, or by other philanthropists in Brazil, is that education is more necessary for the relief of their social difficulties than any possible organization of alms-giving."

A joke, which costs a man \$250 is a luxury in which few persons can afford to indulge. Such, however, was the price paid by a young farmer in the vicinity of Brockville for the joke, as he seemed to consider it, of playing fast and loose with the affections of a young lady of his acquaintance, whose consent to marry he had secured. He appears to have disregarded the fact that we have a law which aims at discouraging the inconstancy of lovers, and which imposes a penalty upon those who say "will you?" to-day, and "good-bye forever," to-morrow. The lightness with which he treated the matter, as evidenced in his letter of farewell to the young woman, and in his peculiar manner while answering before the courts, was not shared in by the jury who tried his case, and who awarded the deserted young lady \$250 as a solatium for her wounded feelings. Not many will grieve with the young man over the result of the trial; nor would they if he had been mulcted for a much larger sum. No person with a heart can sympathize with such trifling with the affections of another.

From Elgin County comes news of the latest political movement, a new party to be known as the Farmers Rights Association. Now, without entering upon the discussion of the question, whether the farmer has grievances or not, a question upon which much might be said on both sides, it may be remarked that it is extremely unfortunate for any one class in the community to seek to promote their own interests irrespective of the claims of other citizens. Nothing but mischief can come from this arraying of class against class, and this limiting of the outlook and sympathies of the elector. The man who will look to the interests of one class only, or who is resolved to place their claims above all others, is not a fit person to make laws which all must obey and whose effects all must feel. Not more restricted views and narrow feelings, but wider outlook and universal sympathy is the need of the hour. Apart from this view of the subject, the rise of the organization strengthens the feeling that what with Canada's New Party, the Equal Rights Association, the Old Parties, and now the Farmers Rights Association, the man who cannot find a platform on which to stand must either be difficult to satisfy or must have uncommonly large feet.

"Newspapers and the Public" from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner in the April Forum will find many interested readers. In this article Mr. Warner sets for himself the task of answering the difficult question, "How does it happen that the newspapers are most sensational, most vulgar, most chaoticly conducted and precisely those which have the largest circulation?" He draws attention to the fact that in the old world this is not so; that in France the paper that has the largest circulation is *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, a small sheet containing a meager epitome of news, but rigidly decent and trustworthy; that in England no paper surpasses the *London Times*, which refuses to print anything it does not believe to be true, which respects the sanctity of private life, which gives fully and impartially the speeches of all political leaders, and whose law reports were so full and correct that they were cited and accepted in court as trustworthy evidence. Without conceding the point that the English and French are superior to the Americans in taste or morals he seems to find an answer to his question in several facts or circumstances. The ability to read which the common school so generally confers is to some extent an answer. Multitudes who can read have low tastes, and are incapable of discriminating between the elevating and the degrading. These must have journals suited to their taste. This, however, only partly answers the question and leaves untouched the fact that many readers of the sensational and vulgar journals are reputable people, who have a different standard for choosing the women with whom they associate, the friends with whom they are intimates, the 'set' in which they move, from that which guides in the selection of the daily newspaper they shall read." This inconsistency Mr. Warner accounts for in three ways. First, the American, owing to the rapid development of his country is always coming in contact with something new. In consequence he is restless, he has a habit of being in a hurry. What he wants he wants immediately, and he wants it compact, "handy," and, if it is information, to the point, and strong. Being himself in a hurry, he is pleased with the rattling touch-and-go manner of the sensational newspaper. What he reads he knows may not be true, but it is clever, it shows enterprise. When he sits down at home or in his club, he denounces the newspaper as sensational, not to be credited, lowering to the public taste and morals; and the next morning he buys the same newspaper.

Then again the American people like brightness, audacity, wit and what they call snap. Being credulous also they are apt to mistake a show for substance, to take the repeated pretense of enterprise for enterprise itself, and to think that the matter is most worthy of attention which is leaded and paragraphed and put before them with all the typographical emphasis of a display advertisement. Still again it is admitted that the American people like "personalities." The people whose names are printed profess to be shocked, and that they are disgusted with the prying vulgar newspaper that contains them; but they want to see the paper, and they run their eyes down the column in search of the names of their friends. Next week they look in the paper to see if their names are there, and if they are left out, is the paper as interesting and enterprising as it was before? It is exceedingly fortunate for Mr. Warner that he has not attempted to apologize for this diseased appetite of his fellow-countrymen, and that he has confined himself to an explanation of the fact. All the same the fact is to be deplored whether it can be accounted for or not. The outlook for the American nation is darkened in proportion to the prevalence and strength of this depraved taste. Such food as is served up in many American papers can have only one effect upon the intellectual and spiritual

nature of the readers, it must weaken the one and dull the moral perception and sensibility of the other.

Is it a case of disappointed ambition or an expression of genuine patriotism? That Mr. Colby should have been chosen and not Mr. Davin to act in the capacity of advisor of Her Gracious Majesty may possibly have something to do with the remarkable speech of the latter gentleman in the House at Ottawa the other day. That his righteous soul was vexed, is evident from the following passage taken from his speech:—"We have at the head of the Government a great manager of men, but in some respects not a statesman. We have one fine brain in the Administration, but after him at the present moment we have a Cabinet of antiques. I don't care how wide my statement is circulated, it must come out. We want a strong Government, and we can save two millions of dollars a year if we fall back on the true principle of putting capable men in office. It is a thing not to be stood any longer. It is unbearable. What have we got at the present moment? It is a government by Deputy Ministers. The heart of the Administration should be given to the formation of an immigration policy. You may say to me, What is your scheme? Well, I am not a Minister, and I am not going to peddle brains to a man who has none. We ought to have at the head of the Department of the Interior a genius and a man of resource. This country is not going to tolerate a Government with simply animal magnetism at its head and without any brains in the remainder of the body. They will have to go if they do not deal with this vital question of immigration." Some no doubt, who have no great love for the old Chieftain will be disposed to believe that the wrathly son of the prairies spake more truly than he thought. What means Sir John, "the fountain of animal magnetism," will take to chastise his recalcitrant followers cannot be predicted at present. Probably he will use a little of that magnetism of which he is declared to be so richly possessed.

At length the budget has been brought down to the House, and the suspense and anxiety which were said to exist in many business circles respecting the proposed tariff changes have been allayed. The changes have been numerous, nor so great as many were predicting. Nor are they of a nature to cause any serious derangement in the business of the country. Clothing, hats, umbrellas, etc., have had additional duties placed upon them, while the duties removed from trees, shrubs, fruits and vegetables by Sir Charles Tupper are replaced. The flour duty is increased from 50 cents to 75 cents per barrel, and, by way of quieting the Maritime Provinces, the corn meal and molasses duties are lessened. Seed corn for ensilage purposes is placed on the free list. Mining machinery of kinds not manufactured in Canada is to be placed on the free list for three years, and material for the construction of iron and steel vessels is freed from taxation. It will thus be seen that the millers did not agitate and petition in vain for an increase of duty. No doubt they are a happy set of fellows. And if they are so happy, why should they be so? It is a question which the people are entitled to ask. It is a question which any increase of duty can only give them a reason to be given them. The basis, the foundation of our civilization is not in the hands of a few men, but in the hands of the people. It is a question which the people are entitled to ask. It is a question which any increase of duty can only give them a reason to be given them. The basis, the foundation of our civilization is not in the hands of a few men, but in the hands of the people.

for the Province of New Brunswick, to \$807, while the remissions, \$20,777 in corn and meal, and \$15,402 in molasses, or 36,269 in all—something like 42 times the amounts of the increase. Evidently the maritime people have no reason to find fault with the new arrangement, which will also protect the western miller. It is a good deal where all parties feel they have been advantaged.

The estimates for the year do not vary much from those of last year, the figures for 1888-9 being \$38,601,294, while those of 1889-90 are put at \$39,200,000. After briefly discussing the various sources of income, Mr. Foster adds:

"I think I am warranted by the facts in saying we shall have for the year 1890-91:—Customs revenues, \$23,500,000; excise, \$7,000,000; miscellaneous, \$8,700,000; giving a total revenue of \$39,200,000. The estimates for the next year sum up \$30,035,445. Estimating a probable increase of \$664,559, there would be a probable expenditure of \$30,700,000. Deducting this from the estimated revenue, there would be for 1890-91, if these forecasts were realized, a surplus of \$2,500,000."

Referring to the net debt of the Dominion, this was stated to be on July 1, 1889, \$237,537,041, an increase of \$2,998,682. The speech of the Finance Minister breathed a cheerful spirit and took a hopeful view of the future of the country. Reviewing the twenty-one years since Confederation he pointed out that from a chaos of scattered provinces, the Dominion has daily advanced in the view of the world, and now stands self-contained and confident, wielding a sway over the large half of the English-speaking possessions of this continent. To-day after twenty-one years of existence, Canada stands with revenues fully meeting her expenditure. He repeated his caution of last year regarding the expenditure and national debt, and expressed his belief, that though Canada has had good warrant for assuming her present liabilities "for any further expenditure in this direction good reasons must be demanded and good reasons must be given." That all will agree with the Finance Minister in his statements regarding the satisfactory condition of the country is too much to expect. Indeed, the very opposite view has been expressed by Sir Richard Cartwright, who contends that the condition of our farmers and fishermen is such as to warrant the belief that we are within sight of a very great crisis. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between the two positions. That the country is satisfactorily prosperous can hardly be said to be the general feeling; but that we are about to be engulfed few do cordially believe. While there is room for improvement, there is no great occasion for alarm.

There is a cloud a good deal bigger than a man's hand hanging over the building trade of the city at present. It is difficult to say whether the influences that are at work, of its size, will continue to break forth in a violent manner, or whether the old agreement will hold for the past two years. For the past two years and Contractor's, Stonemasons, etc., have been in a state of... of their... in...

Truth's Contributors.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

Mrs. Mackenzie Remembered by Her Friends—Lady Macdonald Also not Forgotten—The New Banking Act—Royal Assent to Many Bills—Strange Developments in the Rykert Case—Hon. C. H. Tupper in a New Role.

The birthday of Mrs. Alexander Macdonald fell upon Saturday, March 22nd, and her friends of political introduction did not allow it to go by unmarked. The usual Liberal reception held on each Saturday evening was turned into a sort of birthday fete; and although the unexpected holiday taken by Parliament at this time lessened the attendance, the fete gained rather than lost by this winnowing of guests. Gifts were offered in the good old-fashioned style. Madame Laurier gave her fast friend a pretty, odorous handkerchief sachet. The Liberal ladies resident during the session at the Russell and the Grand Union hotels united in the purchase of a complete outfit for a five o'clock tea, including a dainty brass kettle, silver pots and jugs, and delicate chinaware. The ladies of the Windsor House put their congratulations in a fancy work basket trimmed with blue; while Liberal members expressed their well wishes with a purse. They distrusted their taste too much to venture on aught else. Mrs. Mackenzie is the centre of Liberal society at the Capital and has well earned her popularity. She is perhaps not so much the politician as Lady Macdonald, but she is more the hostess and—if you will forgive my homely words—the motherly-hearted friend.

Lady Macdonald, too, has been the recipient of the kind thoughts of her friends in costly gifts—though the natal day of Ireland rather than her own was the occasion. On the afternoon of St. Patrick's, a number of Irish conservatives appeared at "Ernstcliffe"—as they jocosely dubbed the Premier's residence—and with a complimentary address presented the Premier's good lady with a handsome vase of Vespasian ware. Again it may be said that Lady Macdonald has earned her popularity. Her woman's skill and wifely devotion has done more to keep the Conservative party cohesive and hence powerful than any other one force that might be named. Again and again as the house sits into the morning hours, she waits for her husband and lovingly prepares him for the night drive to his home. If the restless women of our new times covet power let them study the wife as dis-

is one more calculated public than the changes are sure are some that the bank that the govern-

Under the present law a bank is required to deposit with the government \$100,000 on starting and another \$100,000 two years later. It is now proposed that every bank shall deposit at once with the government \$250,000, the raising of which large sum will be a severe test of the bona fides of the company. Another clause makes all notes of Canadian banks at par in every part of the Dominion; and still another has the good intention of establishing an audit system, but, as Mr. Blake pointed out, no such legislation can very well force a good audit on the warm or sleepy Directors. The principal opposition of the bankers may be expected to be directed against the provision of an insurance fund for the guaranteeing of the notes of all banks, strong and weak. They will tell us that it is unfair to make one bank insure the notes of a rival; that the proposed fund will not be sufficient to avail much in the face of a serious crisis; and many other things calculated to create distrust in Mr. Foster's plan. But we can reply that we merely ask the banks to insure themselves; that if they think the amount too small, they may increase it, and that the provision is intended in the main to protect people who know little of banks or banking, and who cannot possibly know the financial state of every bank whose bills are offered them. The government delegates its power to issue bills and it is now only trying to keep that power from abuse.

The granting of royal assent to a number of bills midway in the session the other day attracted very few visitors. Chief Justice Ritchie came down in his scarlet robes and sat in massive dignity in the Speaker's chair in the Senate. He was accompanied by Stanley's big boy, Eddy, who stood sleepily by in his aide's pretty uniform. Mr. Chaplain, Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, read the list of bills to be assented to; when the Senate Clerk Langevin held them all up in his hand and announced to the assembled Parliament—the Black Rod had led over the Commons—that His excellencies representative had graciously allowed them to become law, but the Chief Justice said never a word. Silenced once more, we gave consent.

The Rykert case is the Committee on Privileges and Immunities showing some strange developments. Mr. Rykert's line of defence seems to be to prove that his published letters are not to be believed—he admits their genuineness but disputes the truthfulness of the writer. Such a course may exonerate the ministers but it cannot do much for Mr. Rykert. From the moment that Mr. Blake gave up Sir Richard's case against the government as a whole, and confined the question to the dignity of Parliament, the government have come briskly forward as the prosecutors and have put upon their quondam follower a role very much resembling that of a "scape goat." Mr. Rykert's defence is more calculated to every wandering shaft of lightning to his own person than to shield and that person, and I cannot help the member for Lincoln is not proving himself a schemer and the one that justice. Sir Rykert light above discovered, but and the country more or

disprove the truth of this charge. The Committee dealing with the matter is an able one from a legal standpoint. It includes Sir John Thompson, Edward Blake, Sir Hector Langevin, Mr. Laurier, Mr. Mills, and others of high standing in the House. Frequent sittings are promised and an early report before the rising of Parliament.

A good deal of polite "abuse at large" is being indulged in over the unostentatious character of Hon. C. H. Tupper's mission to Washington. He went there simply to teach the British ambassador a needed lesson in Canadian geography, to coach him as to local matters, and in no way to officially represent Canada. This, we are told, is a great and a crying grievance. Those who think it so forget for the moment that we are nothing but a British colony—that we have no more right to be represented at this Behring Sea conference than has Alaska, which is one of the states of the United States. Britain has shown unwonted favor in asking our opinion; and if we are not satisfied with this, let some one who possesses a little courage propose Canadian Independence. It is cowardly and childish to ride idly along in the imperial sleigh and then whine because the imperial driver does not ask us to take the reins and "show off" in passing through our neighbor's land. If we only had spunk enough to get out and walk, we might not have a sleigh of our own for some time but we would get more respect from ourselves as well as from others.

A. R. C.

Thirteen Pairs.

Ladies will be interested to hear of the thirteen pairs of garters ordered for the Princess Sophia of Prussia, the bride of the duke of Sparta, according to old Hohenzollern custom. These were not for wear, but for distribution as souvenirs of her marriage. In ruder times, and even in less exalted ranks of life, the bride's garter was and is a kind of requisite for the bridemaids, to be cut up and shared among them to bring each young lady good fortune. In Germany each bride of the Hohenzollerns gives a garter to be laid up in the museum in Berlin. The collection is beautiful and curious, some fifty or sixty in number from the homeliest in quality to the richest embroidery on silk and dazzling with jewels. The thirteenth pair of Princess Sophia's are of pale blue silk and clasped with large diamond buckles. These are the historical garters sent back to her own country after the ceremony. Of the remaining twelve it is understood that she gave one to the reigning sovereign, and the other eleven to the Greek nobles of high rank who attended the bridegroom to the altar. All the thirteen pairs of garters have gold buckles with the bride's initials in diamonds; but the blue and white, supposed to bring good fortune, which went to the museum, are the most beautiful and costly of the whole set.

Knowledge of God.

Many are saying now, "Shew us the father." But God is not a physical body to be seen as we see each other, and, indeed, we do not in any deep or real sense see each other with one's natural eyes, we see only the outer form, that which gives sense visibility to the soul. We know each other in the deepest sense as we know reason, and beauty, and the sentiments of the soul. And so it is only as we know ourselves as spirits that we can know God, and once knowing God as life, as truth, as love, and as power he is never far from us, there is always about us a holy presence, and within us a life divine. This is to know God, to feel that he is in the air we breathe, and the light falls upon the earth, he is in every truth and law of nature, in every cry of need, in every call of duty, in every cause of righteousness. Sin blinds the soul; shuts out the vision of the soul. Would we know God we must turn from every evil way and walk in every path of duty. The only way to talk with God is prayer.—(Dr. Thomas)

The House of Lords.

Only half the members of the Imperial House of Commons were in their places last week when Mr. Labouchere introduced his annual motion to abolish the House of Lords, and 137 voted in its favor to 201 against, a majority of but 64 against one of 160 last year. It is not known that the three estates constituting parliament, the lords spiritual, the peers, and the commons ever voted together as one assembly; but they met together until the time of Edward III., when they separated into two houses—the lords and the commons. The upper house was abolished during the commonwealth, after what is known as Pride's Purge, when the military party turned the conservative members out of the house of commons. During the protectorate there were four parliaments. The first, which met July 4, 1653, a little more than two months after the suppression of the Long Parliament, went out of business December 12th, after showing a disposition to meddle with matters that Cromwell, who summoned it, did not want its members to touch. The second met September 3, 1654; but was set aside also as not subservient enough. The third met September 17, 1656, and formed a new constitution. These three parliaments consisted of one house, but the first was unsatisfactory to Cromwell because it was too republican; in the second 150 republicans resigned rather than submit to his dictation; and about 100 known republicans were denied admission to the third. The fourth parliament, under the new constitution, consisted of two houses; but Cromwell dissolved it because the commons refused to recognize his mongrel house of peers. There is precedent, therefore, for a government in England without a house of lords, but it is a somewhat revolutionary and altogether an unfortunate precedent, so far as the assertion of democratic ideas goes.

The house of peers as now constituted consists of the whole peerage of England, and certain representative peers of Ireland and Scotland. There are in all 543 members, exclusive of 13 minors and 5 women who are peeresses in their own right. The membership is divided as follows: Princes of the blood, 4; archbishops, 2; dukes, 22; marquises, 20; earls, 114; viscounts, 23; bishops, 24; barons, 288; Scotch representative peers, 16; Irish representative peers, 28. Of these one representative Scottish peer and two representative Irish peers are also counted as peers of England. Of course, the house of peers is in theory a hereditary body, representing the ancient aristocracy; but a glance over the dates of the dignities of the members is something of a surprise. There are few titles that have any halo of antiquity about them. Only two of the dukes date back as far as the sixteenth century—only one of the marquises; only five of the earls; and only one of the viscounts. The oldest titles are among the barons but there are very few even of them that are reverently old. Of course some of the peers of the higher ranks have titles of a lower rank; but even with this allowance the house of peers is a pretty modern body. For instance, as the result of a hasty count, we find 219 of the 288 barons of England whose titles are of nineteenth century creation; 6 of the dukes; 13 of the marquises; 67 of the lords; 22 of the viscounts; and of course the bishops and archbishops do not sit in the house by virtue of birth.

A Good Woman's Tact.

Referring to tact, that rarest of possessions, a writer in the *Quill's Calendar*, tells this story: "The clergy have many funny things said about them, and it is not always easy for them to keep a straight face during their ordinary parochial calls. The writer was at one time engaged in making his first round of parish calls, when a good woman, whose tact was striking, chose as the topic of conversation the virtues of his predecessor. Of course she met a ready assent to all her assertions of the departed rector's saintliness, etc., and the wickedness of the congregation in not appreciating his virtues. At last she exclaimed, 'Well, if I do say it, this parish will never get as holy a man again.' Then suddenly grown conscious that she had said something wrong, she mended it by adding, 'I am glad, sir, that you are getting on so successfully. I don't think such a good man as Mr. — the right man for rector of this church.'

THE GREAT SEALING FLEET.

Off for the Northern Ice Floes.

How the Seal Hunters of Newfoundland Capture Their Prey—Sailing Among the Icebergs.

Once more the great sealing fleet has left the Newfoundland ports for the northern ice floes. They sailed from St. John's, Harbor Grace, and Carbonear—a few vessels from other small places—the sailing vessels leaving about the 10th of March, the steamers on the 15th. It was a fine sight to see half a dozen of those strong and stately ships, their decks crowded with cheering men, steaming out through the Narrows, in the face of the stiff gale. They were detained in port later than the sailing vessels, for the experience of past years has shown that a steamer will sometimes have half her cargo on board before the sailing vessel reaches the floe.

All these steamers were built on the Clyde and were thoroughly overhauled before starting on their expedition. They are chiefly owned by large Scotch houses having branches in St. John's. Since St. John's obtained her fine dry dock the largest ships can be overhauled on the island without crossing the Atlantic.

The quantity of provisions needed for the cruise for one of these steamers is large, as the crews will range from 200 to 300 hearty men. Scores of barrels of prime mess pork and beef are laid in, hundreds of bags of Hamburg bread, and butter and molasses, flour, meat, peas, and tea in proportionate quantity. There are bunks ranged along the side, tier above tier, to be used before the cargo comes in. But when the ship's hold is once full of seals the men are obliged to lie about wherever they can room, and are thankful for that.

And what strapping fellows those seal hunters are! As they stood about the wharves ready to go to

THEIR RESPECTIVE SHIPS.

each one with his spare clothes tied in a cotton handkerchief or stuffed into a large carpet bag, a long single-barreled sealing gun on the shoulders of some, and gaffs on the shoulders of all, they presented such a picture of sturdy, daring, and capable manhood as one seldom sees. Some of them wore heavy blue Guernsey shirts—"gauzy" is how they pronounce the word—some had jumpers on, all had sealskin boots, either smooth and tanned or inside of the raw skin and sewed at the foot like a moccasin. Three and four pairs of heavy woolen socks are worn inside the "skin" boots, and the hunter can go over the slipperiest ice and not fall or slip. In a sheath belted to the side is thrust a large knife, which the hunter uses for eating and for stripping the pelt off the seal.

Very often the chief point of departure, St. John's Harbor, is jammed with heavy ice when the fleet is ready to go, and then the crews swarm about the ice with heavy ice saws, hand-spikes, and axes. The people of the curious old town come down to look on and cheer the hunters, who reply till the echoes from the south side and Signal Hill are flung back and fill all the harbor.

But how pleasant it was to see the good nature with which they departed the other day, each crew going to their own ship! This, alas! is not a feature of the departures from that turbulent port, and for these regrettable reasons: From the north, and chiefly from such places there as Harbor Grace, Carbonear, and Brigus come Protestants, a large number of whom are Orangemen. From the west—that is, from St. Mary's and Placentia Bays—come Roman Catholics. The men scarcely ever, if they can help it, meet upon the same ship, so that one Captain has a Protestant crew and others a Catholic crew. The brawling of one drunken hunter may sometimes precipitate a riot.

It is not so long since in the midst of a yelling mass of enraged men, some armed with heavy pikes pointed with steel and others with guns loaded with buck shot, the calm, stern voice of a magistrate read their words, and every man could hear him:

"Our Sovereign Lady the Queen commands and commandeth all present immediately to disperse them and depart to their lawful habitations under the pains contained in the act made in the twenty seventh year of the reign of King George III. to prevent tumultuous risings and assemblies. God save the Queen!"

There was an awful pause for a few moments, and the inflamed mob was jammed between high buildings in a narrow street. The storekeepers had put up their heavy iron shutters, always

AN OMINOUS MOVEMENT

at sailing time in that part of the town. There were a few straggling shots fired, a few blows struck with the heavy gaffs, and when the crowd moved off to their ships some were taken away wounded and some were dead.

The cause of the affray was this: A Carbonear man hoisted upon a pole, which he carried, a flag representing the Pope lying on his back, and above him mounted on a horse William Prince of Orange. One of the horse's hoofs was on the Pope's neck. A St. Mary's man promptly leveled his gun and fired at the flag. In a few minutes the crowds swarmed ashore from their ships.

After these great iron-sheathed steamers, with their heavy steel cutwaters, get out from the Narrows they shape their course for the point where the Captain expects to find a "well-fished" floe. The expectations this year are good, for the veteran Captains saw that the great bodies of ice formed in Baffin's Bay and other regions must have started earlier this year than usual, and thus would bring the seals nearer, for the tendency of these floes, irrespective of prevailing winds, is to work southward each year. Most of the ships have doubtless reached ice by this time, and are making their way "inland," as pushing into the compact floe is sometimes called. Some of them will be heard from, returning with loads, in from three to four weeks.

The sailing vessels are chiefly owned by small and local concerns, and put out for the fields from every considerable port of the island. They are stanchly-built schooners, capable of standing rough buffets, but they often come to grief on the edge of the floe or in broken ice when the wind blows hard. The steamer can make two trips in the Spring, and often one of them returns with two loads, containing from 50,000 to 60,000 pelts, but the sailing vessel may consider herself fortunate if she can land one cargo in the Spring. This Spring the number of sailing vessels out is smaller than usual. I am informed that men care less and less each year for going in these vessels, preferring steamers. Many and many a wooden vessel gets

CAUGHT IN A FLOE

after going out, doesn't see a seal for the entire Spring, returning with a crew heavily in debt and broken spirited. A hunter, or "soiler" as he is invariably called by the coast people, gets in a sailing vessel "half his hand." That is to say, half the entire catch is divided evenly among the crew. The steamer's crew gets one-third of the entire catch.

Mid-March is a blustery time around this wild Newfoundland coast, but the fleet fearlessly plows its way through the stormy waters. Sometimes ice is sighted after the vessels are out for four or five days; but frequently they have to explore for it, sometimes shoreward and again in the open seas. But I have never heard in the history of the island that ice has been missed.

In one of the sturdiest of these iron ships the writer gained his own experience. The ship was just four days out, and had got well up on the eastern coast of Labrador. The Captain had theories as to where seals were to be found, and when the lookout, late on the fourth day, shouted, "Ice ahead," the Captain struck his knee and said, "I expected it; and 'tis well fished, too." He had reason to believe that no other ship had yet reached this floe.

The Captain said to the second officer, "We'll stick her into it a little to the port of the big fellow," meaning a very large berg that towered up almost into the clouds about two miles in from the edge of the floe. "It is going to be a bad night, and its coming sudden, too, so let us get her comfortable quick as possible."

Presently a great mass of black cloud began trooping over the sea and whitening the waves as it moved, soon it struck the ship and went whistling and shrieking through spars and rigging. You could not stand upon the deck without seizing hold of rope or rail, and the driving spray soon coated the vessel over with ice. As the sun set the ship was only a mile from the edge of the ice, and soon the great cubes of ice formed far up in the north were about as if they were so many wooden blocks. As the ship

wind and the roar of the sea a tumbling sound

RESEMBLING DISTANT THUNDER

could be heard. This was occasioned by the grinding of the ice cubes; while in the wan light over the cold, ghastly field could be noticed the rocking of some of the smaller bergs. The great one stood there stolidly and defiant of the storm that raved about it.

The Captain gave a few rapid but specific orders as the vessel came close to the floe. Strong as were her iron sides and heavy timbers there was just enough of danger in the entry in such a storm and darkness as to make every one hold his breath. Where the opening seemed widest the ship lunged forward, then she struck and quivered; then a great block was flung against her quarter and she quivered again. The tumult of wind, wave, and grinding ice was so great that conversation was impossible. But every man seemed to know his duty instinctively, the great vessel pushed her heavy cutwater in among the broken ice as if feeling her way along. Her railing was badly smashed, it is true, but no serious harm was done. Little by little she pushed and strained and groaned, sometimes she was motionless; again, as a great wave rolled under the floe and made an opening, the steel prow reached forward, and the Captain would continue to encourage her, saying at each piece of progress, "Well done! Well done!" as if she knew what he was saying. An hour found her safe from the storm, held fast in the embrace of the great ocean floe. Then the ship's company took supper and went to bed as if they had entered the safest and calmest harbor in all the world.

All night long, while the hunters slept, the ship was making her slow way further and further into the field. At the first break of dawn a score of men in the rigging were waiting for light to show them the surface of the floe.

"There they are," shouted the Captain, "plenty of them, too. Hurrah, my lads! this ice is well fished. They are all over; every place I turn my glass I can see them."

As the morning brightened out the seals could be seen with the naked eye, scattered here and there in little coveys and lying quite still.

HOW GLORIOUS THE SIGHT

was when the clear bright sun arose out of the distant east! Everywhere stretched a white gleaming field; the summits of the bergs sentineling the floe caught the sun first and fairly quivered and scintillated in flame. The side turned to the east was burning gold; the side away from the sun was a steel blue. Birds which make these icy peaks their home till they reach their breeding haunts further up the mountains and circled in swarms about the tops of the bergs. But when the sun rose the smooth ice level it sent a yellow fire, so numerous as you could not look at the surface of the floe.

It needs no order for the Captain to get the men out on the ice in the morning as this. Every man of them, except the regular crew, sallied forth, his gaff in his hand. The gaff is a weapon with a stout wooden handle and a steel spear and gripping contrivance at the end. This is the hunter's weapon of slaughter. He carries a coil of rope on his shoulder and his great knife in his belt.

He has no fear on this floe, for all the armies of the world and all their horses may rest upon it with safety. It consists of a vast agglomeration of "pans" or "cakes," frozen together and compact except when the floe begins to break up. Ocean ice always forms in this way, and never in great sheets, as on rivers and still water. The wintry ocean waves are forever in motion, which would break up large areas of thin ice. The bergs are regular ocean wanderers and get imprisoned by the flat ice, but they break away as the Spring advances. They have a fondness for the track of ocean ships. Of all other floating things they hate foggy weather, the most deadly enemy of ships.

The writer went on a great brawny hull, and the work was a broad ice pan five seals, all apparently sucking the other food in their be seen. They ride down in

land and the shores of the Canadian provinces.

They seldom make much effort to get away as you come up to them, but the hunters declare that

THERE IS A LOOK OF TERROR

in their soft, dark eyes, and they have, moreover, the firm belief that the seal sheds tears. Lifting his heavy gaff the hunter strikes the animal on the head, strikes every one of them in the group, then taking out his knife he strips off the pelt by opening the animal back and front down to the lean meat. The skin, which is gray, goes with the blubber or fat, the carcass is left on the ice. These pelts are left where they are till all the animals in a convenient radius have been secured. Then, tying several of the pelts together the hunter proceeds to collect them, putting them all together, and marking them with a miniature flag from his ship.

Here is the advantage of the steamer; she can work her way up, following the lead of the men from day to day picking up the pelts. The sailing vessel remains where she gets fast, and the hunters are obliged to drag their trophies for miles over the ice. They get lame at first from ice travel and they all get ice blind unless they wear green goggles, as they call that kind of glasses.

The seal is not the valuable fur animal from which ladies' jackets and muffs are obtained; he is known as a white-coat, and the fur is not in much request, being coarse and presenting a bristly appearance. In about a week the ship had over 20,000 pelts, worth about \$5 each, and in another fortnight had added nearly another 10,000. This filled her to the hatches, and the men slept about on the top of the cargo. Their clothes were saturated with seal oil and they smelled strongly of it.

There are hosts of sea birds on the floes, and some good sport can be had. The greenhorns looking for adventures would go after the huge stenmatopus, or hooded seal, but they usually left in much terror. Heavy seal shot has little effect on the "dog hood." He covers his head and lies defiantly on the ice before the hunter's gun. He is nearly as large as an ox.

A curiosity is the small white fox known as the ice fox. He comes out to feast on the carcasses left by the scalpers, but if there is any chance of an off storm, which would blow the floe off from land, he scampers shoreward. He is an excellent weather prophet.

The Two Types of Girls.

Take an English girl and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature and color. The American as a rule, is slender, fairer and slighter limbed, thinner featured and more vivacious and creature in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But were you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small; thin, high arched and tendinous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, fat and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an English and American foot and anyone can distinguish them with his eyes. The attachments as they are called, are more and more tendinous in the English.

Certainly there is a general appearance of the American. There is in the one as of a rose, a lily. Where the advantage over the English is a pleasure.

Men and Women.

The latest turnout of the German Emperor is an open carriage drawn by four white Hungarian stallions. Recently he set out to ride in it from Berlin to Potsdam, by mules, and it was expected that they would make it in about 100 minutes. They beat all expectations by doing it in 70.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is about to appoint woman commissioners to take testimony in the harems. They must possess a knowledge of law and of the Urdu, Persian, Arabic, and English languages. They will receive a handsome salary and a guarantee of employment for a term of years.

It was threatening and cloudy during the stay of the young Prince Albert Victor of Wales at Mandalay, and as soon as he had gone it rained torrents, whereupon the Burmese seers announced that it had been cloudy above "because the glory of the Prince outshone the sun, and at his departure the heavens wept."

M. Gounod, best known to the public as composer of Faust, but the author as well of a whole library of music, is a man of intense religious feeling. He has gradually become more and more ascetic in his habits, until he now lives almost the life of a hermit, and it is feared that he may deny himself the delight of further musical composition, as too worldly and self-indulgent an employment.

The German Emperor rises early, takes a light breakfast, and goes for a little exercise, after which he takes a second breakfast, this time of an omelette, ham and eggs, a mutton chop or a chicken. He dines at 1 1/2 on bouillon or broth, boiled meat with vegetables, followed by roast meat and pudding, and if there is company present an entree and an ice. His supper is of meat or fish and pudding. His favorite dishes are poulets sautes, with potatoes or baked fish, especially perch, pike, sole, or turbot.

Emperor William II. who has developed a mania for uniforms, has recently established a body guard to do duty before the apartments of the Empress in the palace, and to act as her escort on state occasions, whose uniforms consists, for palace duty, of a white Brandenburg coat with cherry-colored facings, and huge silver knots in black, white, and silver; a white waistcoat coming down low, white trousers, and "jack" boots. There is also a black velvet three-cornered hat, with cockade and feather in the Prussian colors. The escort uniform has the hat replaced by a helmet of polished steel, crested with a golden eagle.

Prince Albert Victor, during his visit to the Maharajah of Jeypore, was entertained by a performance, some of the features of which are thus described: "The elephants, on entering the open space, chased away, it is said, the thirty or forty spearmen who incited them to the combat, and thereupon they charged each other. After fighting with equal success for some time, they were separated by charges of gunpowder smoke directed to them. The royal party then went to a court, where the fights were carried on between pairs of quail, black bucks, hogs, deer, hares, and buffaloes. The fights were in excellent condition and especially the fights of the hares, which were particularly interesting."

Some time since the British Admiralty directed the detailing of engineer officers of the navy for recruiting service, hoping in this way to obtain a better class of stokers and artificers for the war ships. This duty was very new one to engineers, and so far as they met with little or no success. How noticeable with the room artificers—the only class of men entered the navy who had worked in the stokers have been royal marine

THE BRITISH NAVY.

Recent Trials of New Ships—New Contracts Entered into—A Pension for Sir William Palliser—The Channel Squadron to be Reinforced.

"The general mistake made," says Broad Arrow, "by those who complain of the trials of her Majesty's ships is to suppose that sea trials can be substituted for measured mile trials. Sea trials may be added to measured mile trials, but the latter must remain. You may use a Gunther's chain to measure the acreage of a field, but you cannot do away with the gun-metal standard yard laid up in the Exchequer. It is an absolute necessity that we should know the steaming capacity of every ship under condition, where error of every sort is reduced to a minimum, and no one has yet discovered any arrangement better than the measured mile for this purpose. So we must have the standard mile and standard weather, with standard stokers and standard coal, or we shall never know where we are in our measurements any more than the user of the Gunther's chain would know if there were not the standard yard to appeal to. The present Board of Admiralty has quite recognized that the standard yard is not the Gunther's chain. The measured mile trials are continued because they are the standards of appeal, but the four day's sea trial is introduced because short of that, we cannot get the qualities of the ship as a steamer. But if we had not the measured mile trials behind us, how could we separate the various causes of error which a sea trial must perforce include? It may be a true reform that engineers should not be accepted under, say, a four days' trial, but this would be not to establish the capacity of the engines and boilers, but to see that all things were capable of standing wear and tear for a fixed period. Mr. Bright's claim for a committee of practical engineers on the Barracouta is not based on any foundation, for, with an independent assessor and another independent representative of the Admiralty, the Coroner's jury ought to be quite able to come to satisfactory conclusions.

A British Parliamentary paper has been issued giving particulars of the contracts entered into by the Admiralty by virtue of the Naval Defense Act, 1889. Four first-class battle ships, each of 14,150 tons displacement and 13,000 horse power, to be named the Ramilies, Resolution, Revenge, and Royal Oak, have been ordered to be delivered complete by the contractors in May, 1893. The cost of the Ramilies and Royal Oak will be £740,566 each and of the Resolution and Revenge £715,686 each. There are also five first-class cruisers, each of 11,000 horse power, three of them having a displacement of 7,350 and two of 7,700 tons. The total cost of these vessels is £237,778 to £230,735, and two of them delivered in April, 1892, one in May, and one in September, 1892. The number of gunnery officers ordered is seventeen, and a post of a petty officer and with a displacement varying from 1,000 to 3,600 tons. The cost of these vessels is £152,355 to £150,000. The earliest delivery will be in December in the present year, and the latest in July, 1891.

An attempt is being made by the colleagues of the late Sir William Palliser to obtain Government provision for his family in recognition of his inventions in gunnery, for which it is said, no payment has ever been made by the British Government. At the present writing a most valuable invention of his in the form of the "Palliser patent screw bolts," with which the colossal armor plates are now being fixed to the new line of battle ships Renown, Repulse, Resolution, Revenge, Royal Sovereign, Hood, Royal Oak, and Ramilies.

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How noticeable with the room artificers—the only class of men entered the navy who had worked in the stokers have been royal marine

of the British Channel and it will

consist of four battle ships of the Admiral class and two belted cruisers. It is not known what ships will be detailed to this fleet, but the rumor that the Alexandra would be made flagship appears to be without foundation.

The cruiser Undaunted, Lord Charles Boscawen's new command, has recently been subjected to full speed trials prior to departure for the Mediterranean station. The machinery is reported to have developed 5,739 indicated horse power, against over 8,505 indicated horse power developed at her trials in the hands of the contractors. This was sufficient to drive the ship 17.1 knots. British engineers criticize this policy of driving ships, which they deem suicidal, claiming that in the case of the Undaunted forced draught gave but slight increase of speed, when under ordinary circumstances a speed of 17 knots could be maintained.

The damage done to the British battleship Trafalgar during the recent gunnery trials is to be made good by fitting additional supports to the deck beams. The defects are similar to those which developed in the Ajax when her guns were first tried. In firing the thirty-six pounder quick-firing guns of the Trafalgar, the trials showed the very great strain thrown on the mountings by the recoil, and it has been made evident that the various small ships fitted with these weapons will need much strengthening in the vicinity of the gun stands.

ROOM FOR ANOTHER.

The Avaricious Deacon and His Son-in-Law's Remarkable Dream.

In a certain town lived an old deacon who was noted for his grasping, avaricious disposition. He had several grown-up sons and a son-in-law—Dave—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, whose chief delight was in "working" the old man. One day when all hands were at work in the hay-field, the deacon stopped and leaning on his rake told the "boys" a story of a wonderful dream he had had, wherein he was transported to the realms of bliss, and wonderful indeed were the sights he had seen there. Dave listened, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, until the old gentleman finished his story, and then proceeded (as was his habit) to tell a bigger one. He also had had a wonderful dream, wherein he too had been transported to the heavenly land, and the glowing descriptions which he gave of that place discomfited the old man's by long odds. But suddenly Dave found himself out of that glorious place and standing before a pair of massive stone gates, above which was written, in characters of fire, the word "Hades." He knocked and was admitted, and calling a little imp asked to be shown the sights. His guide showed him two cells with their tortured inmates. "All at once," said Dave, "as we were walking along, we came to where there was a monstrous kettle, filled with a sulphurous liquid, boiling at a terrific rate, in which I noticed a great many queer looking black lumps and inquired what they were. 'Well, you see,' said the guide, 'there are a lot of these fellows who come down here who have such small souls that if we should put them in a cell we could never find them again, and so we have fixed this arrangement, and taking a ladle he fished out one of the lumps, cooled it with his breath and handed it to me to look at. It was of iron about the size of a goose egg with a hinge on one side and a lock upon the other, and a name written in the iron. 'Is it possible,' inquired, that any human being could have a soul small enough to occupy the hole which you tell me is inside of this, 'Oh, yes,' said the imp, 'where did you come from?' I told him and he went around to the other side and began fishing up the lumps and reading the names on them, and to my surprise, the names of several whom I had known, and finally wound up with the name of Deacon—, and the question: 'Did you know him?' 'Know him?' I replied; 'why, he was my father-in-law.' 'I know he was small, but it isn't possible that he was small enough to go into one of those things, is it?' 'Yes,' said the imp, 'He is all in there,' and was about to throw the egg back into the kettle, when suddenly he stopped, held it up to his eye, and exclaimed: 'Holy Moses! There's a room down in the cellar, and

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday night Joseph Murphy, without whose visit it would never do to allow the season to close, began a week's engagement. "Shaun Rhuo" was the attraction, and it was produced in a manner to win the applause of the large audience present. At the special Good Friday matinee, "The Donagh" will be produced. Emma Abbott will fill the week beginning Monday, April 7, with her Grand Opera Company, in a most attractive repertoire of eight operas. The announcement will be of special interest to the musically inclined portion of the city, as well as the amusement-loving public at large, for the reason that grand opera comes only at rare intervals. Reports agree that the management of Emma Abbott are this season producing opera on a scale never before attempted in the field of English opera.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The appearance at this theatre on Monday evening of Frank Mayo and his company in "Nordeck" was an event in the season's engagements. Frank Mayo is an actor of good ability, and in the character of "Nordeck" ample scope is given for his varied talents. Good Friday matinee and evening and Saturday matinee "Davy Crockett, an Idyl of the Backwoods," will be given.

Unclaimed Investments in British Consols.

One curious result of the recent conversion of British consols was the discovery of a large amount upon which interest was unclaimed, and some for the principal of which there were no owners at all. Out of 68,800 notices posted there were returned, through the Dead Letter Office, owing to defective addresses, 12,700, of which only about 1,200 admitted of being reposted to fresh addresses. Many of the letters so returned were marked "deceased," and from this and other sources the bank learned for the first time that hundreds of stockholders were dead. Many persons were reminded by the notices that they were owners of stock which they had been too careless to claim for years, while others were made aware, for the first time that they had money in the funds, and, in some instances, the stock in question, about which there was this agreeable surprise, amounted to as much as £1,000, with many back dividends accrued. The redemption operations were continued to the end of last September, and when they were concluded there remained at the Bank of England a sum of £7,846,755 due to stockholders, but unclaimed. This sum was credited to 10,900 accounts, which included more than forty holdings of over £10,000, the holding of one individual in consols and reduced three amounting together to £187,593. In addition there were unclaimed stocks in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners amounting to £576,366, so that the total amount of stock for which no owners could be found was £8,246,141.

Canada in Spain.

Doctor Leprahon, Spanish vice-consul in Montreal, has received a copy of La Andalusia Moderna, of Seville, containing an enthusiastic report of a lecture delivered in that city by Mr. Frechette, vice-consul at Quebec, on the importance of closer trade relations between Spain and Canada. In his lecture Mr. Frechette showed that Canada imported largely of articles such as are exported by Spain, but that Spain's contribution to the total Canadian importation of such products was only fifteen per cent., while it might be at least fifty per cent. The Spanish paper, commenting on the lecture, said: "The mere extract we have made of Mr. Frechette's lecture plainly proves the very great convenience that will result for the Andalusian producers and merchants, if a careful examination of what Mr. Frechette said. Our business men, taking account, ought to try to extend their trade to the advance of civilization demands. We heartily wish that Mr. Frechette's advice may prove fruitful, because, besides the increase of material progress, it brings with it more friendly relations between two great and friendly countries."

Tit-Bits.

He Loved Music—and His Money.

A street band stopped in front of a downtown hotel, and began to tune the instruments and get ready to play. The landlord wasn't in a good humor, and he sent a boy out to tell the musicians to move on.

"Stop," said a home-sick looking man in the office, "if there is anything on earth that we need it's more music on our streets. Let them play. I'd rather pay the whole price than to lose one note. I love music."

So the boy was recalled and the band began to play. They played everything in their repertoire, from "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," down to "McGinty." Then they stopped and began to move on the hotel.

"I guess they want you to pony up," said the landlord, addressing the home-sick man; "nobody else wanted any music."

"I—I must get my purse. Ask them to play 'Home, Sweet Home'" he said as he disappeared.

They played "Sweet Home" three times before the landlord told them that the man who was to pay them had gone after his purse.

Then they waited around until they were threatened with arrest for blocking up the sidewalk, when they left to look for the man who loved music.

Looking for Number Two.

Shoe-Dealer (to young widow, who was hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers)—"Are you looking for number two, ma'am?"

Young Widow (blushing)—"Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man?"

Her Regular He-oi.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—"Serena, shall I—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?"

Self-Possessed Bride (her third experience)—"It is my usual custom, William."

An Apt Comparison.

Pumpleton—"Positively, Graypick, there are quadrupeds much more intelligent than their masters."

Graypick—"Nonsense."

Pumpleton—"Oh, yes, it's a fact. There's that brown spaniel of mine, for example."

Graypick (after a moment's thought)—"Yes, that's so."

Sofa Versus Broom Drill.

Belle—"Can't you go to the broom drill this week, Carrie?"

Carrie—"No, I'm very much pressed for time this week."

Belle (maliciously)—"Yes, and I know what time it is, too."

Carrie—"What do you mean?"

Belle—"The time that you are pressed— from half-past eight until eleven."

In a Quandary.

The poet thought in his soul,
As he looked at the winter drear,
"I will write me a song of the cold and ice,

Of these darkest days of the year."
Yet ere he had written a verse
He heard a bluebird sing,

So he tore up his gloomier lay and said,
"I'll pen an ode to Spring."

He started with heart raised up,
For his love was blent with the theme,
But a storm of snow came out of the north
And banished his joy-born dream.

So there he stands and waits,
Tossed every side by doubts,
Until the weather concludes to say
What the hanged thing will turn out.

A Financial Move.

Mr. Isaacstein Repecca, go neighbor to and get changed a five dollar bill.

Mrs. Isaacstein—Vat for, meeb? Ve have plenty small changes dot house in.

Mr. Isaacstein—Dot vat I told you. Ho cash a leetle rattled from urinku g and may be he gave you a nuckle too much in dot change.

Taken Orders.

Mrs. Jones—And so your son left college and has taken orders.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, and I think he will now be successful in ministering to humanity.

"Has he entered the Episcopal Church?"

"Oh, no, he hasn't entered any church; he is a waiter in a restaurant."

What the Monagorio Will Be.

Among the animals which will, it is said, be shown in the zoological department of the great world's fair of 1892, are:

A white neck bare.

The lion of the occasion.

The tiger the boys fight.

The elephant it's hoped the fair won't prove.

The famous "horse on him."

The street car hog.

A gnu it all.

A requies cat.

A green seal.

And some five hundred other equal varieties in the annual Kingdom.

Lots of Love.

Well-Off—It isn't true that you're engaged to that cock-eyed, hair-lipped, broken-nosed Miss Real Estate, is it?

Hard-Up (cheerfully)—Yes; cards will be out in a week.

But you can never have any affection for such a scare-crow.

Rest assured that I will never marry her if I did not love her lots.

Where He Was Struck.

"Did the prisoner at the bar strike you in the altercation?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sar, boss," replied the Jusky prosecutor. "he bifled me rite behind de lef' year."

Eff' you'll jes' lean ober a little ways I kin sho' yo' de 'zact spot." The lawyer didn't lean.

A Distinction and a Difference.

Professor—What is the difference between knowledge and conceit?

Student—Knowledge is what we ourselves know; conceit is what the other fellows think they know.

.. Sure Sign of Spirit.

Spring is here, there's no denying; Balm' winds are hither being, And the chilling breath of winter for the present is all o'er.

Days of sunshine, birds and flowers Now, we know, will soon be ours,
For refrigerators greet us in the windows of the store.

Knew How She Felt.

"I feel ejected!" exclaimed Mrs. Fangle.

"You mean dejected," said her husband with a superior air of wisdom.

"No; I mean ejected. I feel put out, you know."

.. She Knew Her Mother.

"My dear child, what are you crying so for?"

"Oh, dear! My father has gone and lost me, and I know my mother will scold him so when he gets home!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Settling Scores.

Barly countryman, squaring off before dentist who has just extracted a tooth, after breaking it three times—Well, mister, you've made a mighty bungling job o' that, and I'm going to say to you what you just said to me.

Dentist (darned)—What's that?

Barly Countryman—Let's have it out.

His Loud Suit.

—And what do you think of my new suit, dear?

—I think it is very nice from what I see of it.—*Terre Haute Express.*

A Hint for Spring.

First hardy pioneers to raise
Their seeds from icy willows
And hint of coming sunny days—
Behold the pussy willows!

Ho Was Cross-Eyed.

"Is that dog of yours good for anything?" he asked of a saloon keeper on York street, as he motioned to a canine that lay behind the stove.

"Is he? You just lay your hand on my shoulder and utter a whoo."

The man did so, and the dog sprang up and bit his owner in the leg and gracefully retired.

"How do you account for that?" asked the inquirer, as a general laugh went round.

"Hang it, I had forgotten that he was cross-eyed!" was the reply. "I ought to have put my hand on your shoulder and yelled."

Full of Spirits.

Mr. Wildflower (timidly). "I hope you will excuse my behavior of last evening, Miss Jones, but I was so full of—of—"

Miss Jones (frigidly). "I have not the slightest curiosity to know what you were full of, Mr. Wildflower."

Mr. Wildflower (desperately). "But you misunderstand me. It was not alcohol I was full of, but spirits."

Miss Jones (contemptuously). "Spirits! pooh! another name for the same thing, sir!"

The Undertaker Ahead.

Brown—I learn that old man Takeadrop came out ahead in that ten dollar bet he made with Jenkins, the undertaker.

Jones—You are mistaken, it was Jenkins who came out ahead.

Brown—Why, didn't Takeadrop drink the half gallon of liquor in accordance with the terms of the wager?

Jones—Yes.

Brown—And didn't the undertaker hand over the ten dollars?

Jones—Yes, but Jenkins came out ahead nevertheless, for he got a hundred dollars for burying him.

From His Pen.

A Western editor met a well-educated farmer and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen.

The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9.75 for it.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

We Pause for a Reply.

How can they grow a pillow-slip
In the midst of a feather-bed,
And how can a horse fly over a whip
Or an ink stain on his head?

How can a wheel arrow anything,
And when does a butterfly?

Will the grass grow itself next spring?
We pause for a reply.

Does the apple-sauce go canyris-back,
Or the currant-jell out loud?

Does the raspberry-jam the hasty snack
While the peach-preserved the crowd?

And what will the homeless oyster-stow
When the seas have all gone dry?

These things concern both me (and) nu—
We pause for a reply.

Evolutions of the Typewriter.

She was so pretty and winsome, my new amanuensis,

That she cast a ray of sunshine over all the cares of trade.

And my answering letters was a matter now of great bliss;

For I felt a thrill of pleasure in dictating to this maid.

As I sought the office early, left the office very late,

My attention to my business was of surprise;

But the fact is I—*CHU*

the housemate, like me—*CHU*

And my mind as not, had—*CHU*

deed that then wise—*CHU*

So we were—*CHU*

she a bl—*CHU*

But I find that if their—*CHU*

ents ver groves—*CHU*

And though we—*CHU*

sometimes most—*CHU*

Still I seek the—*CHU*

very late—*CHU*

Worse and Worse.

Mr. Whitewings—Say, I hear you've been a callin' me a fool.

Uncle Pete—I didn't call yer a fool. I ain't no such a fool as ter say eberything I thinks.

Would Not Take the Risk.

"Is this a fire insurance office?"

Yes, sir; can we write you some insurance?"

"Perhaps you can. You see, my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday, and I'd like some protection."

One Thing Needful.

"These are my household gods," he said to her as he entered his bachelor apartment.

"But you lack something," she remarked.

"What?"

"A household goddess."

Ho Saw.

"Kin I do anything wid a pusson who calls me a thief?" he asked as he stopped a patrolman on Beaubien street.

"I am afraid not."

"But hain't dat agin my character?"

"Yes; but suppose you went to law, and the other party should come into court with the feathers?"

"What feathers?"

"Chicken."

"If'm! I see! I reckon I hadn't better pay any teshun to dat pusson's remarks. He don't dun amount to nuthin' anyhow."—*[Detroit Free Press.]*

The Ice Man on Top.

It was Arabella McGinty, the once proud coal-dealer's daughter. She sat lonely in the not too luxuriously furnished drawing room—the carpets had not been renewed for the past year—and thought of the time, just two years ago, when she had refused the hand of Reginald Smikes, the ice man's son.

Two years of mild winters had knocked her father out. Sales had been light and profits less than nothing. Arabella McGinty was now the daughter of a man worth about 2 per cent on the dollar. She mused on the time when, in the arrangement of wealth, she had refused the hand of Reginald because his father's income was a little less than that of her own parent. "He will never return," she said. "He cannot forgive me! Yet in my heart I loved him so!"

There were footsteps on the walk outside, a ring and footsteps in the hall. Reginald was ushered into the drawing-room by a red-headed servant girl who hadn't had a cent of pay for two months.

Arabella turned pale, then blushed and then turned pale again. She could not speak.

"I have come," said Reginald.

"Come, for what?" responded Arabella, regaining the power of speech.

"I have come to claim in marriage the hand you once refused me. But, understand me fully, I would not deceive you. The same cause which has made your father a pauper has broken my old man's back. The mild winters have cut off my ice supply just as they have cut off your coal. We are hard up to the situation."

Tears of purest anguish glistened in Arabella's eyes. She could not speak. She could be happy in the arms of a man who was his father's enemy.

Then came the answer. "We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

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"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

"We don't want any more of you."

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "Lippincott's Magazine."

CHAPTER I.

Derwent sat down on a stone bench and looked about him with a sense of satisfaction akin to delight. And it was indeed a delightful place into which he had wandered, - a place of broad avenues, shaded by immense trees, dividing pleasantries full of the most enchanting greenness, where feathery shrubs and banks of emerald sward, hedges of geranium and rose, and masses of Nile lilies, with wide green leaves and white, golden-hearted chalice of bloom, were all sparkling with diamond-drops from the water lately and lavishly showered upon them. The avenues, clean-swept as a palace floor, were also damp from the spray that had fallen over them, and their leaf-shaded vistas led from all directions to circular spaces, where fountains played in the midst of great basins, or groups of stately stood on pedestals of green grass sown with daisies. Overhead was a sky of sapphire, cloudless and exquisite, from which the sun poured golden light, but with the light no heat, - only such balmy warmth as may have reigned in the garden of Paradise; while the atmosphere was crisp, clear, stimulating, and full of a charm as impossible to describe as the aroma of a rose.

The young man who found himself for the first time in this lovely garden - the Alameda of the city of Mexico - had seen all of the world's most famous pleasure-grounds; but he said to himself, as he lay back in his shade-arched seat, that there was something here which pleased the eye and the fancy, wakened the imagination, and charmed the senses to a degree that no spot which he had ever seen could surpass. For the spell was the spell of Mexico herself, - Mexico, with her shadowy history of past empires and vanished races, her traditions of ancient splendor, her marvellous Conquest, her picturesque people, and her aspect of Europe, the Orient, and the New World blended in a whole of romantic interest and wonderful beauty. Something of all this seemed to Derwent expressed in the scene before him. In the tropical loveliness of the beautiful pleasure-ground and in the old-world grace and solidity of every object fashioned by the hand of man. From the stone bench on which he sat, with its high back and sculptured ends, that might have been taken from a classic picture, to the noble towers of the two great churches that look at each other across the Plaza de Morelos and of which he had a glimpse through one of the leafy avenues, all was suggestive of Europe in the days when craftsmen were artists, when men wrought with a beauty and a skill that the world of to-day can only feebly copy, and builded not only for themselves but for the generations that were to follow them. Yet to fancy himself even for a moment in a European city was impossible. If the Spaniard planted deep in the land of the Aztec his art, his laws, his language, and his faith, he was like other conquerors of whom the race to whom God had given the name of Cortez the young Aztec faces filling the streets, and the market-places, and the Indian that they might be passing down the street, - the letters around

her blue scarf passed, followed by a pair of prettily-dressed American or English girls, with the sunlight gleaming on their golden hair; a group of young officers with clanking swords made with their uniforms a bright effect of color; and a band of lovely children, attended by their Indian nurses, paused where a vendor of *stoles* had erected his stand, and broke into a chatter of sweet Spanish sounds.

This constantly-varying procession had been going on for some time, when a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with an aspect unmistakably American, advanced in a leisurely manner down one of the avenues, caught sight of the quiet figure in the flickering shadow, and quickened his pace as he approached it.

"Well met, Derwent!" he said. "I was on my way to the *Iturbide* to look you up. But I see you have found your way to the right place: only you are rather early." He glanced at his watch as he sat down. "Eleven o'clock: not so early as I thought. It will not be long now before all the world will be here."

"A good deal of the world seems to be here at present," said Derwent. "I have been watching for some time the remarkably varied character of the people passing."

"On, that can be seen at any time," answered the other. "But Sunday morning after mass the fashionable world has a dress parade in the Alameda. Everybody in Mexico - especially everybody who is anybody - comes here, and it is a very brilliant scene for an hour or two. There goes the first sign of it."

He indicated an Indian who trotted by with a dozen or two chairs skillfully bound together and arranged in a pyramid on his back. These he conveyed to the chief avenue leading from San Francisco Street into the heart of the park, where a woman removed them from his back and placed them in a line on the side of the avenue, putting a narrow strip of carpet before them. Others were engaged in the same manner on the opposite side; and soon two rows of chairs faced each other along the length of the beautiful shaded way.

"For *dance tables* you can have your choice of those," said the new-comer, "and find yourself in the society of the *elite* of Mexico, who naturally prefer paying for their seats to using those which the municipality provides. - Moreover, anybody who enters the park comes in by that side, so that one has an admirable opportunity for observing and criticising all one's acquaintances."

"But how do you observe?" said Derwent. "That would be a pleasant amusement. I prefer my present position, because it commands a number of different avenues, and I suppose that the most of those who come here will walk about, else there would be no object in sitting down to look at them."

The other laughed. "You are right," he said. "Everybody walks, for a time at least. Here comes the music the people will soon follow."

A group of men in uniform, carrying large brass instruments, passed by and mounted in single file the flight of steps leading to one of the picturesque music pavilions erected in different parts of the park. Derwent followed them with his gaze, observing how well the gold braid with which they were profusely decorated gleamed through the green foliage that surrounded the stand.

"Can you tell me how it is, Morell?" he said, half absently, "that those people have such an artistic genius, and know just how to give a touch of color and grace to every thing they do?"

"I am in the line of conundrums," said Morell. "I can give you a better answer if that these people are in all their transactions. They come here to do any thing that is the best part of their vocation. I think that I will leave the country. I am inquiringly. And, 'Has He knew an without a

not answer until he had placed it between his lips, lighted it behind the flap of the little box of wax tapers which every Mexican carries, and returned the box to his pocket. Then he said, "I have had letters this morning, and there is trouble about that mine."

"What! the one you have offered me?" "The same. The man who offered it to me and assured me that he had it in his hand, so to speak, now writes that there is trouble with its owners. They are wrangling among themselves; some don't want to sell at all; and so the matter stands."

"Indeed!" said Derwent. He was a little surprised, but quite cool. Partly by temperament, partly by cultivation of habit, he had an imperturbable self-possession which seldom failed, and often served him in situations where other men lost control of themselves and consequently of events. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I had better think no more about it, and take up something else."

"It is the best thing of which I know," said Morell; "and I don't anticipate failure in getting it; but it is the way of the people to make such obstacles and delays. Fernandez says that the matter will come right, but that we must have patience and use a little diplomacy. Confound them! I should like to use something much more forcible!"

Derwent did not reply immediately. He suspected that a little diplomacy was being used for his benefit; although Morell's irritation certainly seemed genuine. But he did not commit himself to any expression of such a suspicion. Time would show, he thought, how the matter stood; and meanwhile he would bear himself cautiously. A burst of music from the band near by filled the air at this moment and made a melodious accompaniment to his thoughts. Presently he said, with the same quietness, -

"And for how long a time will this patience and diplomacy be required?"

Morell shrugged his shoulders. "Who can say?" he answered. "There is no good in trying to force things with these people. They do not understand promptness in business, and when you try to press matters they take your haste for anxiety, and either double their price or hold back all the more. The diplomacy required is a policy of apparent indifference. Fernandez says that he will leave them severely alone for a time, and he believes that those who want to sell will make the others come to terms."

"But anything so indefinite as that does not suit me at all," said Derwent. "When I came here on your representation, I thought that you had property which you could put into my hands at once. If you have not, I must seek what I desire elsewhere."

"My dear fellow, you expect to be able to do business as it is done in the States. But the first lesson to be learned is that this is impossible. You must be patient if you wish to accomplish anything."

"Patience is a virtue in which I have never found myself deficient, - when it was required," said Derwent, calmly; "but there are times, as we all know, when it ceases to be a virtue. And one of these times is surely when people who own property do not want to sell it."

"But the fools do want to sell," replied Morell, growing a little excited in manner. "It is only their way of securing, if possible, a higher price."

"Be kind enough, then, to let them know, through your friend Senor Fernandez, that I have no intention of paying more than we have already agreed upon for that mine. If I find it all that it has been represented, I will give twenty thousand dollars for it, - not a centavo more."

"It is really a great deal more, you know," said Morell, in a confidential tone.

"I take it for granted that it is, and I hope to make much more out of it," returned the other coolly. "But that has been their price, and it is the largest amount that I am able to give. If they do not take it, I must, as I have said, look elsewhere for my investment. You can see that this is plain enough for even a Mexican to understand. And I shall be glad to know, as possible if it is worth while for them to stand and look at it or not. That is all."

It was now Morell's turn to be silent, as he smoked his pipe one or two glances at the face beside him. It was so pleasant that many people were coaxed along, with regard to the actor of which it was an indication.

who knew Geoffrey Derwent well were aware that under the sunny, debonaire charm of his manner and appearance there was a very resolute nature. Obstinate he was not, - for obstinacy is always allied with intellectual weakness; but when he had once seen clearly and resolved firmly he acted inflexibly. There were certain lines about his straight nose and well-cut mouth which would have made this evident at once to a physiognomist, and which struck Morell now as he glanced at the profile presented to him, - a handsome profile, that, with the perpendicular brow and firmly-rounded chin, would not have looked amiss on a bronze medal. It was only in profile that this expression was caught. The eyes dominate the face, and Derwent's gray eyes were full of the frank and pleasant good nature with which he regarded all the world unless specially roused to other sentiments; while one does not often see a more attractive smile than that which now and then made his white teeth gleam under the sweeping brown moustache.

Having uttered his ultimatum, he said nothing more; and indeed the scene before him was now striking enough to engage the attention of any one who saw it for the first time. The beautiful sylvan park had suddenly become a theatre on which the fashionable world was displaying itself in full force and with all its gayest plumes. Every seat was filled, all the chairs so carefully arranged along the avenue were occupied, and in every direction was a moving throng of promenaders; while two bands alternately flooded the air with melody. It is impossible to imagine anything more animated than the scene. The long vistas of shade, and masses of green turf and foliage, the sparkling fountains, the statues and great clumps of lilies, made a picturesque background for the figures that passed in well-bred throng among them, - graceful women in every variety of fashionable toilet, distinguished-looking men, and fairy-like children. It was the Champs-Élysées transferred to the tropics, with such color as only the tropics can give; while here and there through the brilliant crowd, brushing silken skirts and point-lace parasols, came men and women who might have stepped from an aboriginal forest, with their dark faces and lithe sinewy forms draped in *sarapes* or *rebocos*, - some passing with calm unconcern through the elegant throng, others offering here and there the bright-hued *dances* which they bore on trays.

"It is the most charming picture I have ever seen!" Derwent declared, as he watched the scene with eyes full of interest, while Morell kept up a running commentary of description concerning the chief personages who passed. Suddenly the young man broke in upon this with a quick exclamation. "What a beautiful woman!" he said. "Who is she?"

There were a number of women in sight, most of them with claims to beauty more or less pronounced, but Morell had no doubt to whom he alluded. Two ladies were passing at the moment, both wearing the charming Spanish costume, which no creation of Worth or Felix can rival in becomingness, and on the younger many eyes besides those of Derwent were fastened. She was indeed a beautiful creature, - her beauty being the supreme expression of the type of loveliness peculiar to her country. Soft brunette tints, delicate features, and dark eyes had been common enough in the faces that went by, but here was a face that fascinated by a distinction altogether its own. The complexion was like ivory in tint and texture, the features of exquisite delicacy had a certain fine nobility of outline which gave a lofty expression to the countenance, that was only redeemed from brightness by the sweetness of the lovely lips and the softness of the eyes, so large and dark and splendid that they would have sufficed to lift a plain face into beauty. Somewhat above the average height, her figure was moulded in faultless lines, and she walked with the unconscious grace which all Mexican women display, a proud dignity that seemed specially her own. Dressed simply but richly in black, with the lace mantilla draping her head, she passed among the throng as a stately young queen among her subjects.

"Of course you mean that lovely girl in black," said Morell. "She is the most beautiful woman in Mexico, and one of the richest, - Dona Zarifa Ormond Cardella."

"Ormond?" repeated Derwent. "Surely that is not a Spanish name?"

"No. Her father—lucky dog!—is an Irishman. The younger son of an Irish baronet, he married Senorita Cardella, an only child, and the heiress of a principality. Ormond, who had little besides good birth and good looks to recommend him when he secured, by sheer audacity, it is said, the lady and the fortune, has made himself very popular in Mexico by heartily adopting the country and managing his wife's estates admirably. He is a great swell when he comes to the capital; but he spends the larger part of his time on some one or other of his immense haciendas. His wife is dead, and Dona Zarza, whom you have just seen, is sole heiress of one of the greatest estates in Mexico."

"Fate has given her too much," said Derwent. "Such beauty, and the fortune of a princess!"

"But you must agree that the beauty and the fortune are well matched. She looks like a princess, besides being dowered with few princesses are. Be sure the men who hope to marry her would not have the least charm lessened," he added with a laugh.

"Some women should never marry," said Derwent, decidedly. "That girl is one of them. She looks too regal, too fine, to stoop to any man of ordinary mould; and men of extraordinary mould do not abound."

"Most of these in sight would differ with you," said Morell. "Did you ever know a man who thought himself of mould too ordinary for any woman to stoop to? Dona Zarifa has suitors and to spare; and, unless she is very unlike other women she would not dispense with one of them."

"Her looks are deceptive if she is not unlike other women," said Derwent. "I should like to glance into the future and see what she will make of the gifts fortune has showered on her so lavishly,—what part she will play in the world; but probably I should only be disappointed if I did."

"Not a doubt of it," said Morell. "A man is always disappointed when a woman whom he admires has the bad taste to marry another man. I have heard that Dona Zarifa will probably marry her kinsman Senor Cardella; that will restore the estates to the family. Now let me suggest that it is time for lunch, and that we had better go and secure a table at the Cafe Anglaise or the Concordia before the crowd comes in."

"Very well," said Derwent, rising. He was a strangely-strung, fastidious being, and the last item of information about the dark-eyed princess had taken from him the desire to linger for another glimpse of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Methodist Amen.

We were examining an order of service in a Calvinistic church the other day, remarks the editor of the Golden Rule, and after the usual order of singing, prayer, scripture reading, sermon and benediction, we saw the concluding direction—"A Methodist amen." If we interpreted the direction aright, it meant that all the people should join in a hearty and audible "amen" at the close of the service. We like that direction. Why should not all Christians make every prayer their own, at least to the extent of uttering an audible "so may it be" at the end? The lack of audible expression often, though not always, indicates a lack of silent participation in the prayer. Why should not every congregation, Calvinistic or Arminian, ritualistic or non-ritualistic, join in a hearty "amen" at the close of every prayer? Why should not every member of a Christian family, from grandfather to little Johnnie two-year-old, join in the "amen" when grace is said at the table, or when the morning and evening petitions are offered at family prayers? For the "Methodist amen" and make it also an Episcopal amen, a Presbyterian amen, a Baptist amen and a Congregational Amen—better than all, a Christian amen—a word which, without any appearance of affectation, all can use to show that they have followed the devotion, and made the service their own. By all means, let us have more of the "amen" in our public and family worship.

The French Government is taking vigorous measures to suppress the morphine habit by punishing the druggists who sell the drug to persons whom they know to be addicted to its use. One druggist who had been convicted of this offence in one district, and paid the penalty, has been refused a licence in another district, where he has opened a new shop.

The Poet's Corner

-For Truth

The Muse's Lament for McLachlin.

While dreaming o'er the dying flame At night when winds were howling by, The Muse in sable garment came And flashed on me her darksome eye, Parnassian Queen, from Grecian sky, What brings thee to Kanada's shore? "Alas!" she said, "our harp must die, McLachlin soon shall be no more!"

"Awake, my child, Kanada's lyre And teach these gusty winds to mourn, That heart of fond poetic fire Which soon alas must cease to burn. No more the jaunty Spring's return Shall re-renew that noble heart, For from the trunk the boughs are torn, His spirit and his clay must part.

"Pour forth for him my fondest strain, Congenial to the Muse's woe, His like shall never breathe again With song, the hills of Pine and Snow. For him Kanada's tears shall flow, For he it was who first unbound His harp upon her mountains' bow, And taught her breast to feel its sound.

"Niagara now may roll in vain, For who so well will sing her praise, When he shall render them again? Who wear so well the western lays, Who now will wake with tender lays Kanada's harp in silence hung, Who thrill the dusky Indian haze, Who sing again as he has sung?"

"Oh, youthful poet, hear from me The sorrow of this laden breast, My son, McLachlin, soon shall be Entombed, and laid in silent rest. Would that—as Time shall yet attest His life were equal to his fame; Then I had never wept distress, And Death for him had never came.

"But thou, alas! Kanada's pride, Amid the 'Mighty Dead' must lie, That honour lessens sorrow's tide But cannot glad the weeping eye. Dark was the day and dark the sky When to my heart the sorrow came, That Age would soon his voice deny, And marble boast his noble name.

"For many sons these eyes have wept, But seldom have they wept as now, For o'er their lacr of sorrow slept, And oft remorse has used the bow. But he to every crime a foe, Has no dishonor to distress; His soul is as the driven snow, His life and actions are no less."

She paused, then vanished from my sight Ah! mournful Mother, is it true, And must his spirit take its flight, And must we say a long adieu? Ah, yes!—but his his spirit's dew Has drawn from out Kanada's breast, A flower, whose graceful shape and hue Shall bloom when Morn awakes the west

East Toronto. A. E. STEWART

Going on an Strand.

A pound of tea at one and three, And a pot of raspberry jam, Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pears, And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way, And then I'm sure not to forget For if I chance to bring things wrong My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three, And a pot of raspberry jam, Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pears, And a pound of rashers of ham.

When the children play— I'll be having such jolly fun: I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do, As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three, A pot of—new-laid jam, Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pears, And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite, He thinks our self-grand, I declare;

I'd like to try to make it fly up sky high, Ever so much higher Than the old church spire, And then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea, A pot of new-laid jam, Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pears, And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now, here's the shop, outside I'll stop And run my orders through again. I haven't forgot—no ne'er a jot— It shows 'em pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea, A dozen of raspberry jam, A pot of eggs, with a dozen pears, And a rasher of new-laid jam.

Prologue Spoken Before the Tableaux of Mary Queen of Scots.

To-night shall History turn her pages back till we behold The court of Queen Mary with her maids in white and gold, With gems agleam and eyes aflame, and music that belauds Their beauty wreathed in fragrant flowers, the coronets of gods.

Her maids of honor, Scott, and Grey, and Snyder graced the throng, Meldrums, McLean and Leslie fair, of many a famous song;

And lofty courtiers lordly born, and marvelous of sheen, To magnify the majesty of Scotland's peerless Queen.

Her royal creature scintillant with stones of orient stain, The gorgeous cincture of the bride, in amplitude of train.

A crown of pearl and gold adorns her head of auburn shine. At her white neck a jacinth star, the emblem of her line.

But genius is her diadem as beauty is her dower; For these three kingdoms grasped the shield, and kings resigned their power.

The nations shoo!, the cohorts clashed, and crowns are smothered in blood Till Scotland's glory paled away in stone-bound Holyrood.

Her fatal gift of beauty roused fierce envy of her state— Alas, that o'er that glorious head should hang the sword of hate!

The scene is changed, on the black block her neck lies base and low And earth still feels the headman's stroke, And shudders at the blow

And hands still crown her brows with lays tho' Albyn's sons be dead; And History shall her to its heart till History's self shall die.

Morris. A. RAMSAY.

The Shallow Banks.

I watched him from afar with eyes That ached to see what perils lay Close set along the jagged way; What unsuspected ills might rise To lure his ambushed feet astray.

I knew that he must press the path Marked for each human soul alone; That he must meet the dangers strewn Unhelped; that love the utmost hath No charm against the tripping stone.

My lids were wet with anxious tears; He dreamed not of the pitfalls spread To trap his all-too-careless tread; His thought was of the buoyant years, So flushed with sunshine overhead.

I could but fold my hands, and plead That heavenly conscience, tender, sweet, Would choose safe passage for his feet, In his hour of straitest need, Guide where the devils crew.

But as I gazed aghast, Whose doubt like mine The prayer was heard, Just where the falls Starlight, we

And for a moment I felt the thrill, I felt the thrill, I bear the thrill, The thrill, the thrill

The light was gone, the vision flown, Comfort unearthly calmed my breast; My darling did not walk alone.

Where? Where are the school-mates who fished by the mill, Down by the river? Where are the sons who once haunted that "still"?

Gone, and forever. Where are you, Jim? Surely Jim is not dead, Down by the river? Where is that famous old musket he had? Gone, and forever.

Where are his chestnut trees, fruitful of nuts, Down by the river? Where the encampment of Ojibwa huts? Gone, and forever.

Where are the spicewood, the hard and the flag, Down by the river? Where that old scow we capsized on a snag? Gone, and forever.

A. RAMSAY.

The Sabbath Ohime.

Soil not thy plumage, gentle dove, With sublimary things— Till in the fount of light and love Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.

Shall nature from her couch arise, And rise for thee in vain? While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies, Such types of truth contain.

See—where the Son of Righteousness Unfolds the gates of day: Go—meet Him in His glorious dress, And quaff the orient ray!

There, where ten thousand seraphs stand, To crown the circling hours— Scar thou—and from that blissful land Bring down unfading flowers.

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood, Some spice of Gilead's balm, Some lily washed in Calvary's flood, Some branch from heavenly palm!

And let the drops from sparkling dew, From Sion's spring be shed, To form a fragrance fresh and new A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer, Nor fear to wend away; And let a glow of heavenly air Gild every earthly day!

Industries in Queensland.

During the year 1889 the output of gold has increased by over 50,000 oz. as compared with that of the previous year, the total being 737,800 oz. Of this amount 125,500 oz., 112,700 oz., and 51,000 oz. came from Rockhampton, Gympie, and Croydon respectively. During the past season 33,000 tons of sugar were produced in Queensland. This is very much less than might be produced in so suitable and extensive a soil as there is in that colony, but the difficulties as regards labour are no doubt a great drawback. In the northern districts land some of the farmers are forming themselves into a carrying on the manufacture of beef. An extract of the Queensland Review says: "A country where the people are old and the soil is so fertile is not only acceptable, but also profitable."

Since the... In... World choose safe passage for his feet, In his hour of straitest need, Guide where the devils crew.

But as I gazed aghast, Whose doubt like mine The prayer was heard, Just where the falls Starlight, we

And for a moment I felt the thrill, I felt the thrill, I bear the thrill, The thrill, the thrill

There's Teddy White flying his kite, He thinks our self-grand, I declare;

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

CHAPTER VI.

Hardy realized that his case was desperate. About all that was left for him to do was to be concluded was to die game. He remembered once having seen a rat let out a trap in the midst of a group of verriers. Now he knew what the feelings of that rat must have been. It was rather late in the day to be sorry for that rat, but he was sorry for it very.

While he meditated in this dismal fashion he heard the distant sound of horses galloping. As the sound grew louder he perceived that it came from two directions; then he heard clearly the splashing of hoofs in the water as a horse crossed the river and entered the town from the north, and a few moments later a man on horseback passed close by the station coming up the track from the south. Don Pedro rose and stretched himself.

"Glory to God!" he said, fervently. "We now can have something to eat."

But almost half an hour passed before Don Pedro was permitted to realize this pleasantly expressed longing. Then the sound of footsteps and voices was heard, and Barwood carrying a lantern, entered the station followed by a couple of Mexicans. With the arrival of this relief, Don Pedro and the two watchers were off like shots to their supper. Barwood took down his lantern, lighted the kerosene lamp on the table and seated himself beside it. He was clad in toll ranchero costume: tight fitting trousers, girdled with a red sash, and adorned with rows of silver buttons down the outside of the legs; wide brimmed sombrero; short boots and great spurs. In this dress, the illusion being assisted by his dark hair and beard and black eyes he looked so thoroughly Mexican that until he spoke Hardy did not recognize him.

"Now isn't it?" he said, with a grin. "An' it's as useful as its pretty. For th' little game that I'm goin' to play to-night I don't specially care to have any of my friends recognize me—an' I rather guess they won't. As a Mexican I should say that I was sold." He chuckled a little and then went on: "My friends here don't understand English, so we can speak right out, free an' comfortable. What sort of a time have you an' Don Pedro been havin'? Did he talk matters over with you any?"

"No," Hardy answered shortly. "He didn't."

"Well, I dun know as it makes much difference. I've given th' main fac's, an' that's all you need to make up your mind on. Have you got down to bedrock yet, or are you still searchin' around in th' gravel?"

"Time's pretty near up, you know."

"I guess I've got down to about as much bedrock as I'm likely to get to."

"Well?"

"You can begin your shooting whenever you please."

"Steady! Now, who's been shootin' you about shootin'? That's what Don Pedro, I s'pose. An' I'll bet you think of it, I believe I can get a few more of that sort of ammunition."

"I think you're right. You listen to me. I'll get you a job like that that'll run up a couple of hundred dollars at once."

"I'll take it, but I guess you'd better be sure you can make it." Hardy said, looking at the man.

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graph wires. An so maybe you've got hold of th' idea that there's somethin' up that's really worth talkin' about, eh?"

Hardy had not reached any such conclusion, and Barwood's words took him by surprise. In common with most men he regarded the taking of his life as the most important event that possibly could happen—forgetting that this is one of the cases in which the difference between the personal and impersonal standpoints marks also a difference between importance and triviality. He had regarded, therefore, the cutting of the wires, and Barwood's assumption of Mexican dress by ways of disguise, as natural measures of prudence, which so grave a matter as his prospective murder abundantly justified. Indeed, he had accepted the cutting of the wires as a sure sign that his murder had been irrevocably decided upon. But this presentment of the case from the standpoint of an impartial outsider, while it was sufficiently convincing and somewhat humiliating, was not enlightening. He looked puzzled.

"So you harn't tumbled to it?" Barwood went on. "Well, all I can say is, you're not quite as quick as I thought you was. Yes, s'ree, we've got somethin' on hand for to-night that really is worth talkin' about. It's a joy, it is. Why, man, there's two hundred thousand dollars in coined silver on th' up train to-night, an' we mean to have it! Now, how does that strike you?"

Hardy looked steadily at Barwood and made no answer. He was strongly disposed to believe that Barwood was lying.

"It's th' everlasting truth, Barwood went on, perceiving the look of doubt on Hardy's face, and answering it. "It's just th' solid, everlasting truth. We've been layin' for this haul for th' past two months, waitin' for enough of th' stuff to come along in one lump to make it worth while to strike for it. Now it's comin', an' we're goin' to get in our work."

"How are you going about it?" Hardy asked.

"Well, we've sort of hosed things down to the Barranca Grande. I forgot, you don't know nothin' about th' Barranca Grande, or where it is. It's a big barranca, six or seven kilometers down th' line. It's a hundred feet deep, I guess, in th' middle, an' there's a wooden trestle across it about four hundred feet long. It's on as Number Two went across this trestle, an' one of th' boys got a rock at th' trestle an' 's'bout in th' middle of good luck, as it was when they began. The company's been promisin' an' promisin' th' government for th' last six months they'd put in th' permanent bridge over th' barranca. I guess they'll go to work an' do it now."

"You mean that you've cut that trestle so that the passenger train will go down into the barranca?" Hardy's heart stopped beating as he asked his question, and even his lips became white. But he kept his voice steady, and in the dim light Barwood did not see the paleness of his face.

"In a general sort of way that's about the size of it," Barwood answered. "At first, we was just goin' to hold up th' train an' go through th' express car. I'd rather a done it that way, too. But I settled that that would be too risky. You see, th' trouble is, I can't more'n half trust these Greasers. If the folks on th' train tried to stand us off it's more'n likely th' Greasers'd just din' th' whole business an' skop out. They rears, that a Greaser is for th' most part. So that's settled to do th' job this way. I'll just altogether like it, but I guess you'd better be sure you can make it."

"I'll take it, but I guess you'd better be sure you can make it." Hardy said, looking at the man.

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"An' now that you know the whole business, Hardy," he went on, "will you will you not come in? I think it's pretty liberal in me to give you the chance, but th' fact of th' matter is I never can more'n half trust these Greasers, an' in a job of this size I want somebody along as I know I can rely on. There'll be about twenty of us in th' job, an' that'll make ten thousand dollars apiece when we come to divide up. Ten thousand dollars for one night's work strikes me as seem' about th' everlastingest biggest wage I've ever knowed a man to earn. Tell me, is it a go?"

In the indignation aroused by Barwood's cool presentment of this devilish project, and in his eager desire to prevent it, Hardy had lost sight completely of his own present danger and utter helplessness. His mind was working so actively, indeed, to find a means whereby he could upset this plan for train wrecking, robbery, and murder that he did not hear Barwood's question in conclusion, and did not reply to it. Evidently taking his silence for hesitation Barwood continued.

"Of course, I'm bound to tell you one or two things, though sech talk an't pleasant between friends—that if you don't come in things are about up with you. An' perhaps I'd better remind you of what I was sayin' about Mary. What you see in Mary, the Lord only knows, it's more'n I do. But since you do see somethin' in her, I tell you again I'll chuck her into th' bargain, along with that ten thousand dollars that is waitin' for you now in th' express car that at this minute is a-comin' up th' road. Don't be lashed on my account. I'm pretty well fixed, I guess, to get along without her. An' don't you forget that the money chance I'm givin' you an't th' kind that comes tar'nt in any man's lifetime—accordin' to my experience it's mighty seldom it comes o'net."

"Now, I'm goin' over to see that my Greasers have got things straight in their fool heads about what they've got to do. They're a dumb lot. Th' Alcalde's th' best of 'em— he's down to th' trestle now, bossin' things— but even he's more'n half a fool when he's sober, an' a good deal more'n half crazy when he's drunk. Let it be what a relief it'll be to have you around to help look after 'em."

"I'll be back in a little while, an' when I come I expect to find you gettin' your hat on ready to start. It's taken you sort of sudden, I see, an' that's the reason I'm not hurryin' you for an answer. But don't you forget what it is you're choosin' between, it's havin' Mary an' ten thousand dollars, or goin' by a pretty short cut to kingdom come."

With this volucosity Barwood departed, the two Mexicans remaining on guard just outside the door. In a moment he came back again.

"I forgot you had a supper," he said. "I'll send some over to you, you must be hungry, n' th'——" As he turned away he added with a grin "An' I'll fix things so's you won't be lonely while you're eatin' it, either."

As he passed the two Mexicans Hardy heard him say, "The Senor is composing his mind to join us. He's all right." He added something in a lower voice, of which Hardy caught only the words "Senora" and "keep out of the way." Then the sound of his footsteps died away as he walked toward the town. One of the Mexicans turned with a friendly nod toward the prisoner. "The Senor is very wise to join us," he said.

It was evident that a climax was approaching rapidly. Hardy's excitement was intense, but he did not lose his coolness. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, but he had them absolutely under control. For the accomplishment of such a piece of work as he perceived was cut out for him this was not a bad state to be in. His mind was in admirable condition to plan, and his bodily strength to execute was increased prodigiously. The fact that his situation already was desperate, made him absolutely indifferent to danger. The thought of the tremendous responsibility that rested upon him—for he alone could prevent, if possible, the murder gave him a firm foundation of moral purpose and high resolve. Under these conditions a strong, simple nature such as Hardy's was, rises readily to the plane of the heroic.

Before the sound of Barwood's footsteps had quite died away he had conceived the outlines of the only practicable plan for success that the circumstances of the case allowed. The best thing to be done, of course,

to get to the first station on the other side of the cut in the wires, and telegraph a warning to the advancing train. But this he had rejected as impossible. Supposing that he should be successful in breaking away from his guards—the first point to be gained in any event—it was clear from what Barwood had said about the work of destroying the trestle still being in progress that he could not hope to go down the line of the railroad without being discovered. That there was a trail parallel with the railroad was probable, but he did not know where to find it; and to try to work his way through the chaparral in the darkness—an undertaking of great difficulty even in broad daylight—was not even worth considering. His plan, therefore, was to go up the track, away from the scene of the intended wreck, to the first station beyond the cut in the wires, and thence telegraph for assistance. This was not a sure thing, like the other; but there was ground for strong hope that a force of men could be collected at the northern terminus, and run down by a fast engine to the Barranca Grande in time to scatter, or possibly capture, the wreckers, and give warning to the north-bound train. The next station north, Las Palomas, was twenty miles away. Three hours would be the shortest time in which he could make this distance on foot; and three hours would be a perilously large amount of time to take from the six hours intervening before the arrival of the up train at the broken trestle—and he still had to make his escape from his guards.

It was strong evidence in favor of Hardy's coolness that he decided not to begin operations until he had eaten the supper that Barwood had promised to send over to him. His excitement kept him from feeling hungry, notwithstanding his long fast, but he knew that he needed the strength that food would give for a fight for life with two Mexicans, followed by a twenty-mile dash on foot along so trying a course as a railway track, made a combination of arduous difficulties that he wisely decided had better not be assailed on an empty stomach. In the meantime, since his only chance of getting clear of his guards lay in taking them by surprise and so mastering them, he set himself to developing with them something in the nature of friendly relations. Fortunately, Barwood's too-assured statement that the Senor was composing his mind to take part in the robbery, made them quite ready to meet his amicable advances. They talked freely of the projected wreck, and with great satisfaction of their anticipated dollars. They even—thus exhibiting an amiable national characteristic—went so far as to express their sorrow for the passengers and train-hands destined to be wounded or killed. "Poor little ones! It is very sad!" they said.

While this pleasing conversation went on, Hardy was startled by hearing what seemed to be the sound of an approaching train. He raised his head and listened. One of the Mexicans noticed his motion and at the same time heard the noise. "Be not alarmed, Senor," he said reassuringly. "It is only the little car on which the Alcalde returns. A couple of minutes later a hand-car, with two men working the brake, appeared for a moment, as it passed through the ray of light that the lamp in the station shed across the track through the open door. The car stopped, and the men started toward the town, calling back, in answer to enquiries, that the work at the trestle was completed, and that everything was all right. Hardy's heart gave a bound as he saw the hand-car, if he could get away on that he could make the run to Las Palomas in less than two hours, and the salvation of the train would be secured.

"Here comes your supper, Senor," said one of the men. Roman and I will return. The Senor will not be disturbed at his feast. The men laughed a little, and to Hardy's surprise walked away through the darkness a considerable distance down the platform. And Hardy's far greater surprise, through the doorway, came Mary.

Hardy started forward. "You!" he exclaimed.

Mary's face grew red; and then, in the moment that they stood in silence, very faintly she said, speaking in a low voice, and with a sort of restraining solemnity. "He told me that the train was to be wrecked to-night. He told me that you

had agreed to help in it if—oh, John, I can't—"

She swayed from side to side, and seemed about to fall. Hardy put out his arms to support her, but she steadied herself, and motioned him away with a positive fierceness. "Don't touch me," she said, "don't dare to touch! He told me, John—he dared to tell me—that you had agreed to help if— if he would give you me!"

There was heroic grandeur in the tone of disdain in which Mary uttered these words. But in a moment this gave place to heart-breaking sorrow and entreaty, as she added, "Oh, John! John! for God's sake tell me that he lied—or else kill me! One or the other, John, one or the other—" she broke off into a moan.

It was not difficult for Hardy to see how Barwood—permitting his hopes to mould his convictions, and being quite incapable of understanding the revolt that it would stir up in Mary's soul—had been led into this false move.

He answered her with intense earnestness: "Mary, I swear to you before heaven that it is a most infernal lie."

For a moment she made no reply. Then she held out her hands to him. "Forgive me, John," she said. "I ought not to have believed that it even might be true. But after—after what you said to-day, and after all that I have seen and known in these past two years—oh, you don't know—it's enough to make me lose faith in everything. Thank God, though, it isn't true. Oh, thank God for that!"

She came close to him, and seemed to gather strength as he put his arm about her. As he drew her to him, soothing her, he heard the sound of a smothered laugh in the darkness outside. Then he remembered Barwood's whispered words to the men as he went away, and connected with them the withdrawal of the men when Mary appeared. He felt that he had an account to settle with those two Mexicans—and he hoped that he would be able to settle it very soon. Certainly, if the train was to be saved he had no time to lose.

"Mary," he said, "I want you to go into the inner room and shut the door. You won't be afraid alone in the dark in there for a little while, will you? And, Mary, suppose you—suppose you say your prayers in there. That sort of thing is not much in my line: but there's a good deal to pray for to-night, and I guess it won't do any harm."

"Yes, John," she answered. She spoke in a tone of simple obedience, as a child might have spoken. He led her to the doorway, gently pushed her inside, and closed the door after her.

She had brought a basket of food. He opened it, but he found eating hard work. He forced himself to swallow some bread and meat. Then, from a bottle of *mescal* that Barwood thoughtfully had put into the basket, he drank a good half-tumblerful at a draught. He felt the bracing effect of this potent liquor immediately. He was ready for his work now.

In one corner of the room was an iron tamping-bar belonging to the section gang. He put this within easy reach of his hand. Then he went to the door and called "Friends!" The two Mexicans came toward him.

"The Senior Barwood has sent me some *mescal*. Let us drink that and shall go well to-night."

The men grinned. He held out to the one called Ramon the bottle and to the other the glass. Ramon raised the bottle to pour; the other man held the glass carefully. This was Hardy's moment for action. In an instant the iron bar had risen like a flash and had fallen with a dull, crushing sound on Ramon's neck. He dropped like a log. The other man let the cup fall and started back, stumbling for his pistol. But before he had it free the bar had risen and fallen again, and he, too, went down. It was not as clean a stroke as the first one. The man groaned and made an effort to rise. Hardy sprang on his breast and riddled his hands tight in his throat. For a moment he struggled convulsively, then he grew quiet. Presently his arms fell limply by his side and his head motionless. To make the matter sure, Hardy retained his grasp for a couple of minutes more. Then, drawing a long breath, he let go his hold and stood upright. He looked at Ramon. There was nothing to fear from that quarter. Ramon was lying just where he had fallen. From the ugly way in which his head was broken, his strength was

broken. Beside him, lying unbroken and still half full, was the bottle of *mescal*.

Hardy felt faint and a little sick. He picked up the bottle of *mescal* and took another drink. This steadied him. When he had taken their pistols and cartridge belts he dragged the two men out from the room to the platform far enough from the doorway in the darkness to be out of range of Mary's eyes. Then he opened the door of the inner room and called to her. She was on her knees.

"You must be strong and brave, Mary," he said. "Our one chance of saving our own lives and of saving the train from being wrecked is to get up to Las Palomas on the hand-car. Come."

"But how can we, John? The men won't let us go."

"The men won't bother us," he answered grimly. "At least, not the ones left here to watch us. They are not keeping very good watch just now."

"John," she asked, in a low, horrified voice, "have you murdered them?"

"Never mind about the men," he said, speaking quickly. "Any court of justice in the land—even a Mexican court of justice—would have hung them. What we have to think about now is ourselves, or, if you don't care for yourself, think of the passengers on that train. Come, Mary; for God's sake, come! Every second that we lose here may make us too late."

He caught her by the wrist and dragged her through the outer room, across the platform, and down to where the hand-car was standing on the track. He saw her give a shuddering glance around and heard her sigh of relief. The skirt of her dress was touching one of the dead men as she gave this sigh, but the merciful darkness hid from her the sight what she had expected, and had so dreaded to see. Five minutes later she would not thus have been spared, for above the mountains already shone the glowing light of the rising moon.

"Remember," he whispered, "we are working to save innocent lives, which surely will be lost if we fail. Don't speak out loud. Use every bit of strength that you have. You understand how to work the car? It's like pumping: you work one end of the brake and I work the other. If you find yourself getting used up, you must sit down and rest, while I work the car alone. Now, before we start, drink this." He gave her a little *mescal*. She took it in entire obedience.

"I will try my best, John," she whispered.

"I am glad that you told me to pray."

"Stand out of the way of the brake. I'm going to push the car as far as the other side of the bridge. It will make less noise. Stand steady here we go."

They lost time this way, but the noise made by the car was very much lessened. If they could get across the bridge before their departure was discovered they would secure a fairly good start. If they could reach in safety the top of the long grade beyond the bridge—up which their progress necessarily would be slow they would be certain of getting safe away. From the top of the divide, as Hardy remembered, there was not a check in the down grade to Las Palomas, and a straight track all the way. On this part of the run if they ever got to it Mary would not have to work at all. He alone, easily, could send the car along at a rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. Once over the divide, therefore, the rescue of the train would be assured.

If anything should happen, Mary, Hardy said as he started the car, bending over toward her, "you'll remember that I did love you truly, won't you? And you'll forgive me for my wickedness and cruelty to you this afternoon."

Yes, John, dear indeed, yes. But please don't speak to me again until it is time for me to go to work. I'm praying, John.

As the car slowly passed down the line beyond the station platform Hardy saw the light of a lantern swinging in the hand of some one coming across from the town. The temptation to start the car rapidly down the grade was strong, but he restrained himself. Silence was more precious just then than speed. Then he suddenly realized that he had done a very stupid thing in the way that he had disposed of the bodies of the two Mexicans. All that he had thought of at the moment was hiding them from Mary. In the darkness, of course, she had not seen them, but if any one going on the platform with a lantern

would see them at once—to say nothing of the fact that in two or three minutes more the moon would rise. But he was a hundred yards away from the station by this time. The lantern was advancing rapidly. There was nothing for it but to keep on.

Hardy cursed his stupidity, as he doggedly pushed the car ahead of him slowly and softly. They passed the tank, looming up like some strange huge creature in the light that preceded the moonrise, and a minute later came to the bridge. Here was the greatest danger, for, no matter how gently he pushed the car, the rumbling of the wheels sounded loudly on the perfect stillness of the night. As they left the embankment and went out on the trestle the moon came up above the mountains with a bound—and a flood of brilliant light burst over all the land.

At the same instant came from the station the sound of shouts and cries. A moment later a dozen shots were fired, as the noise of the car wheels on the bridge told the direction in which to look for them, and the moonlight striking on Mary's gown actually showed their whereabouts. The balls went singing through the air close above their heads.

Hardy set his teeth hard as he jumped on the car and took his place at the brake. Mary grasped the other end of the bar.

"Now for it," he said. "Go!"

Another volley of balls whistled by them and above them as the car sprang forward; and stray shots followed them until they were a quarter of a mile or so on their way up the long grade. But it was wild shooting at a moving mark, and did no harm. Mary was very white, but she was putting strength into her work—she Hardy could tell by feeling the spring of the car forward as her end of the brakes went down. His own arms swung up and down with the steadiness of the walking beam of a steam-engine, and with the same strength and tirelessness. Between them they drove the car up the steep incline as though they were working it along a level grade. From the varying position of the flashes as the rifles were discharged they could tell that they were followed a little way. Then the shooting stopped, and they knew that pursuit on horseback was being organized. But they were cheered by the knowledge that the first point of danger was safely passed.

Hardy knew nothing of the trails, and so could not tell whether the pursuit would be directly along the track or would be by a short cut to head them off. In a pursuit along the track they would have a decided advantage, for horses would stand a good chance of stumbling on the cross-ties, and of breaking their own legs and their riders' necks at one or another of the many little bridges. Riding beside the track practically was impossible. The embankment rose directly from the track, and through the cuts the way was more or less blocked by fragments of rock. Pursuit, therefore, would be slow, and would give them the further advantage that their pursuers would be clearly in sight—in which case Hardy thought that he would be able to account for two or three of them before he was overtaken. On the other hand, if a trail ran parallel with the track, or cut across its curves, as was highly probable, they were liable at any moment until they had crossed the crest of the divide, to run into a volley of rifle-balls.

They could hear rattling but the clang of the brake as it rose and fell, and the loud rattle of the wheels. Mary stood up to her work in a way that filled Hardy with wonder. Her face was absolutely colorless, her eyes seemed to have grown larger, and sent out a strange light; her teeth were clenched; her long golden-brown hair had broken loose from its fastenings, and hung waving and shimmering around her like a glory; her light dress fluttered in the moonlight, stirred by the rapid motion and the strong currents of the night wind.

Never before had strength of mind been shown in any woman requiring less than a moment's rest. When the wheels over them she had this fierce struggle against time, with the car and the moonlight, she was keeping even with the brake, steady, strong, like of which a fort. He

superb exaltation of weakness to heroic strength. Never had he loved her as then.

As they swung along through the moonlight, in that vast solitude of night, it seemed to Hardy that they were a part of some wonderful tune partly played by the steady beating of the brakes and the rhythmic rattle of the wheels, partly sung in the buzzing and humming that was going on inside his own brain. Mary's white face shone in the moon light like polished marble, the moonlight danced and sparkled in her gold-brown, swaying hair, the strange light grew brighter and yet brighter in her eyes. He felt no sense of bodily effort in his work, he felt only in a vague, far away fashion, that he had any body at all. He was strongly conscious only of the throbbing tune that he was a part of; of the wonderful light that came from her eyes into his, and thence, sinking down into his heart, made his whole being go out to hers in a perfect ecstasy and passion of love.

Not a volley, but a single rifle shot and Mary, the gleaming light fading from her eyes, loosed her hold of the brake and, clutching at her breast, fell across the car. Another shot grazed Hardy's head, and a third lightly cut the flesh of his left arm. Before a fourth was fired his own pistol cracked, and brought the engagement to an end. The attack had come from a man standing on the edge of the low cut. When the ball from Hardy's pistol struck him, he staggered for a moment and then fell, forward and downward on the track. As he lay there, motionless, the moonlight struck full upon his upturned face it was Barwood. Urged by hate and anger, he had outribbled all the rest, and had headed them off at the last point where heading off was possible. The car had stopped on the crest of the divide.

Hardy stood for a moment with his pistol ready, in expectation of further assault. But none came. Then he turned to Mary, bending over her.

"You mustn't stop, John." Her words came very faint and brokenly. "You must go on and save the train. You can save it now."

Her hand still was pressed against her breast. Firm under where her hand rested, a dark stain was spreading that looked black in the moonlight. The tones of her voice, and the gasps with which she spoke, showed what bitter agony each word cost her.

"You must go on," she repeated. "But wait a minute, John. It won't be longer than that. Not longer than that."

Hardy groaned in utter misery of soul. He took her hand. Already it was dull. The black stain on her breast was spreading fast. In her cold hand she held his hand closely, and so looked up at him. The strange light was gone from her eyes now. In their place he saw another light, stronger for the moment than the fast gathering shadows of death, that told of a most tender and perfect love.

"Take me with you, John. I would not like to stay here all alone. Truly, I did love you, John."

"Oh, my God! Oh, my darling! This is more than I can bear!" Hardy cried, brokenly.

"Kiss me, John! I can't see you—must go to save them. Kiss me, John! I can't see you. Rambo how dark."

As Hardy kissed her, a shiver went over her, a moment half raised her head. Over the tender light of her eyes a dull film came.

With a last gasp she said to him, "I love you."

Her head fell back, and she died.

Hardy

sink; and some person caught me—and that is all I know."

"Who dost thou suppose saved thee, my own?" asked Lazarus tenderly, "And how thinkest thou such a deed was done?"

"Verily, I know not," answered Zahara, carelessly.

"But who brought thee from the wreck unto the shore, Zahara? It is a long space—two stadia at least, I think."

Zahara shook her head perplexedly. "Was it thou?"

"Alas, Zahara, I swam about a boat's length to thee. The waters beat me back. I could do no more for thee than thy silken sail."

"It is singular," said Zahara; "was it one of the slaves?"

"It was the King of Kings!" said Lazarus abruptly. Zahara lifted her large, warm eyes. They looked a little critically at him through the gloom. Was Lazarus subject to mania? Had the shipwreck disordered his intellect?

There was nothing less to do, and Lazarus told her the amazing facts. He expected them to overwhelm Zahara, perhaps to convert her to his own faith in the wonderful Rabbi. To his perplexity, Zahara received the story coolly.

"Thou madest some mistake, my love," she answered, "Thy fright and the darkness did deceive thee. Some of the slaves swam ashore with me."

"Impossible!" cried Lazarus, "He whom I named did walk the sea and carry thee, and lay thee at my feet and disappear. Sawest thou ever a slave do that?"

"Some of these fellows have wonderful art," said Zahara incredulously. "They do extraordinary things."

Zahara's beautiful face lifted to Lazarus bore the highbred, skeptical expression of the cultivated daughter. Lazarus was terribly pained by it for the moment. Then she smiled, and he kissed her and forgot it;—for the light of Capernaum gleamed through the night, suddenly, at a curve in the shore; and yonder was the villa, and they must part—who knew when? who knew how, to meet again?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Russia as a Colonizer.

Russia has long been trying to colonize the Amoor districts with her peasants from the interior provinces. Two thousand two hundred and forty colonists for this extremity of the empire were shipped there in the course of last Summer. The circumstances of their unfortunate voyage from Odessa to Vladivostock are remarkable. In August the Canton, a French steamer chartered by the Russian authorities, arrived in the Russian Pacific port with 964 colonists from the provinces of Poltava and Chernigoff. She started from Odessa with 1,027, but owing to bad arrangements and the horribly insanitary conditions on board, no fewer than 63 died during the voyage. So says the Eastern Review, a paper published in Siberia. Forty children of the party also died in Vladivostock, and many of the emigrants were anxious to return to European Russia.

Several years ago accusation was caused by the reported miseries of Russia exiles shipped from Odessa to the island of Saghalien. Russian colonists do not seem to fare much better. On the other hand, the Government appears to be doing something to improve the conveyance of prisoners to Siberia down the Volga, if we may judge from the fact that, in lieu of increasing the number of barges that are generally used, they have just purchased of an English firm here a steamer, which is being refitted for the accommodation of exiles on their way from Niimi-Novgorod.

A Jeweller's Superstition.

Nearly every jeweller lays down a rule never to credit anybody for a clock or watch or anything that keeps time. I don't know why this is and never heard any good reason assigned for it, but nevertheless it is a fact. And, moreover, we firmly believe that a watch or a clock that is brought to us for repairs or regulating will never keep good time if the owner does not pay cash for the job. You know we do a big credit business. I suppose jewellers do a larger credit business than any other class of merchants, and it no doubt seems surprising that we have a class of trade that is barred from the credit list on account of a superstition.

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.

A Division of Labor.

"Mary, there's something I want to talk to you about, but I fear I'll offend you, though I am sure no offence is intended."

"Why, aunt, you surely do not think I'd get offended at what you mean to be for my own good? I shall be only too glad to listen to any suggestions you care to make, for I apprehend that what you want to say relates to my household management. Now doesn't it, Aunt Sarah?"

"Yes, it does. You know I shall be going home next week. I can tell you what I wish to say so much easier than I can write it, and I must say it to ease my mind and my conscience. Tell me truly, do you think you manage your work so as to make it as easy for all as you can? You do think so? I don't. Now, let me explain. There's yourself, Kathie and Sue, three women, yet it seems to me you are always busy. For one thing, you are constantly running against each other. How? Why, haven't you noticed it? Now, this morning, for instance, Kathie went to strain the milk, and directly after you followed her, not knowing she was there, of course. I heard you say, 'Why, Kathie, I meant to tend to that.' Again, this morning, too, Sue had the dish-water all ready and stepped outdoors a minute; along came Kathie and began washing the dishes. When Sue came in she said, 'Now, Kathie, I'm going to do that; you do something else.' After awhile I heard Sue wondering if Kathie had made the beds. She went to see about it and found her just attending to that. Then I heard you wondering if any one had dusted the sitting-room. Yesterday, the bed-room work upstairs wasn't done all day, because each of you supposed the other had attended to it. Now, you don't notice this at all, but it is quickly noted by a visitor."

"Now, why not have a division of labor? You do a certain part and let each of the girls do a certain part. Why couldn't you attend to the milk and chickens and over-seeing, and let Kathie do the bed-room work and sweeping and dusting one week, while Sue does the kitchen work and cooking? Next week let them change, Sue doing Kathie's work, both helping in the laundry work. I notice, too, that you have no regular time for cleaning the lamps. Now (I'm advising you all alone from my own experience), why not let the girl who does the kitchen work take care of the lamps? Have her clean them immediately after breakfast, then, whatever occurs, the lamps are clean. At first, this may seem like a great deal of trouble, but when once you get into the habit of doing your work like this I'm quite sure you will like my plan best. You will find your household machinery running ever so much smoother. There will be no enquiry whether this or that has been done. No getting in each other's way."

"I'm a strong advocate of system in housework. In some houses it cannot all ways be carried out, but in yours it can. And you'll find it will pay, too. I had two daughters, and it was a long time before I adopted the plan I have advised for you. If I'd only known how much better it was for all I'd have thought it out long before. You see, this way gives both girls a chance to learn housework and cookery. There, girls, the lecture's over. Pass around the hat and give the poor woman a dime."

"Aunt Sarah, you've told me the very things I wanted to know, but I'm so diffident I was afraid and ashamed to ask you. It seems I ought to have thought of this way long ago, if not for myself, for the girls, but I never did, and perhaps never would have done so. I thank you, and I know Sue and Kathie do, too, if for nothing else, because Aunt Sarah said so."

"Indeed we do, mamma."

"Then I can learn to cook as well as Kathie, can't I, mamma?" said bright-eyed Sue. And she did.

ELZA RENAN.

Choice and Reliable Recipes.

SPICE CAKE.—One cupful of light brown sugar and half a cupful of butter beaten to

cream, the yolks of two eggs beaten, half a cupful of sour milk; next stir in half a cupful of sifted flour, a cupful of stoned raisins, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg. Next add the whites of two eggs well beaten, enough flour to thicken, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Stir well.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—Four cupfuls of light brown sugar, one and a half cupfuls of butter,—the butter and sugar creamed together,—six eggs, the yolks beaten separately and added next, two cupfuls of sweet milk. Sift and stir in slowly six and a half cupfuls of flour which has four and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted and mixed through it, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves and half a nutmeg, one pound of stoned raisins chopped fine, mix a little flour with them and stir into the batter. Slice a little citron into the cake, and lastly beat the whites of the six eggs to a stiff froth and stir in. If not stiff enough, add a little more flour. This will make two good sized loaves. Bake a trial cake in a teacup to see if the oven is of right temperature. Grease the tins well and then line the bottom with white paper, greased. Bake in a slow oven, and if the oven gets too hot on top, cover the cakes with a thin piece of brown paper. Try with a broom splint. It requires a longer time to bake a cake with fruit in than one without.

BREAD FRUIT CAKE.—Two cupfuls of very light bread dough, one cupful of light brown sugar, three eggs well beaten, half a cupful of butter, half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one and a half cupfuls of stoned raisins, chopped, two tablespoonfuls of jelly. After putting it in the tin, let it rise half an hour in a warm place before baking. First cream the butter and sugar together and mix with the dough.

COFFEE CAKE, WITH NO COFFEE IN IT.—One pint of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one egg beaten well and added. Mix with cold water to form a soft dough; grease a biscuit tin and pour into it; melt a tablespoonful of butter and pour over the dough, sprinkling a layer of white sugar over the top and a little ground cinnamon and bake. This is to be eaten warm for breakfast with coffee. Break instead of cutting it.

FRIED CAKES.—A recipe which is forty years old. Take a two-quart basin even full of flour, put it in a new pan and pour in the center two teacupfuls of sour cream, two cupfuls of buttermilk, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water, half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix with the hands until it is ready to roll out. Fry in a kettle of hot lard.—Good Housekeeping.

Recipes for Mutton.

ROAST MUTTON.—Take a leg of mutton, wipe with a damp cloth, rub with salt and pepper. Lay in a baking-pan, with a teacup of boiling water, set in a hot oven and baste frequently. Take up, and season the gravy with minced parsley, stir in grated cracker to thicken.

TO HARICOT MUTTON.—Take a choice piece and divide into chops, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and broil over live coals; make gravy, season, and add two small carrots, one turnip, one onion, a tablespoonful each of tomato, walnut and mushroom catsup, pour over the meat, and serve with green tomato pickles.

STUFFED LEG OF MUTTON.—Take a leg of mutton, cut down the underside and remove the bone, fill it with a dressing made of four ounces of suet, two of chopped ham, six ounces of stale bread, two eggs, one onion, a little thyme, sweet marjoram, parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper, sew up, lay in a pan and put in a hot oven, baste with butter, cook three hours. Serve with mint sauce.

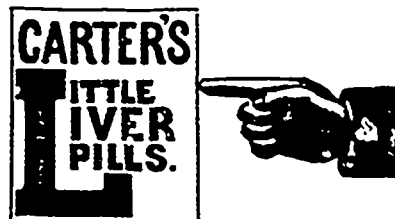
RAGOUT.—Brown four tablespoonfuls of flour, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teacup of boiling water, stir, cut up two pounds of mutton, add a spoonful of pepper and salt, a quart of water, let it drop in half a dozen carrots, eight potatoes. Simmer all together.

Was Ho a Despot?

In his published utterances, at least, William II. of Germany cordially acknowledges his own indebtedness and that of his imperial house to the great statesman who has just retired from the chancellorship after nineteen years' occupation. It is safe to say that Bismarck was the creator of the German empire. It was his bold, farseeing and aggressive policy that made the fusion of the German states in one compact nationality under the leadership of the king of Prussia a possibility and a fact. But it has long been clearly foreseen that Germany would outgrow Bismarck. He is essentially and unchangeably an absolutist. His aversion to parliaments has never been concealed. Conscious of his own transcendent powers as a ruler, he has been impatient of intermeddling on the part of constituencies and their representatives. Paternalism in government is the Bismarckian ideal. Intensely patriotic and cherishing a sincere fatherly interest in the happiness and welfare of Germany, though vigorous in administration, Bismarck would never have permitted the people anything like an influential voice in the affairs of their government. The young emperor, it is believed, entertains similar sentiments, but power is fresh in his hands, while the old chancellor had become weary of trying to sweep back the ever rising tide of modern thought and purpose. What Europe will be without Bismarck directing its councils it is difficult to conceive. But probably we shall not at present know, for it cannot be doubted that the retired statesman will still be consulted in all matters of the highest moment.

The Deepest Mine in the World.

It is at St. Andre du Poirier, France, and yearly produces 300,000 tons of coal. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2,952 feet deep and the other 3,083. The latter shaft is now being deepened and will soon touch the 4,000-foot level. A remarkable feature in this deep mine is the comparatively low temperature experienced, which seldom rises above 75° Fahrenheit. The gold and silver mines of the Pacific coast of our own country, at a depth of less than half that of the French coal mine, often have much difficulty in keeping the temperature low enough to admit of working. In some levels of the great Comstock lode the temperature rises as high as 120°.



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

Ache in the bowels.

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GRIZZLY AND BISONS FIGHT.

It Was a Battle to the Death, and There Was No Survivor.

The following story was told us by a stalwart Indian, who, having been among the French but breeds a good deal, had received from them the French name of Baptiste. He told us the story as we were huddled round a campfire in the dense forest on the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg, from which we and our dogs had been driven by a bitter blinding, blizzard storm. He said:

"One summer, long ago, I was with a large party of Indians. We were making a long journey over the rolling prairies, from one place to another. That we might have plenty of meat to eat, two of us were appointed to keep about two days' journey ahead of the company to hunt and to kill all the game we could.

The reason why we kept so far apart was because we had dogs and babies and women in our party, and you know they will all make much noise, so they would scare the animals far away.

"Well, we two hunters kept well ahead. Some days we had good luck and killed a great deal, and then other days we did not kill much. What we got we cached, so that the party could easily find it by the sign we gave them when they came along. Then we would push on, looking for more.

"In the rolling prairies the hills are like the great waves of the sea, only some of the hills are about a mile apart, with the valleys between. When we were coming to the top of one of these swells, or hills, we would creep up very carefully in the long grass and look over down in the valley on the other side. Sometimes we would see game to shoot and often there was nothing at all. When there was no sign of anything worth stopping to shoot, as we were after big game, having many months to feed, we would hurry across to the next hilltop and carefully look over into the next valley.

One day as we had passed several valleys and had seen nothing that was worth our stopping to shoot, we came to the top of a pretty large hill, and cautiously looked over. There was a sight that we shall never forget. Right down before us, within gunshot, was a very large grizzly bear and two big buffalo bulls. Well for us the wind was blowing from them. They were very angry looking and were preparing for a big fight. The buffaloes seemed to know the bear was an ugly customer and he looked as if he did not know how to manage the two of them at once.

"After a while both of the bulls suddenly lowered their heads and together they charged the bear. As they rushed at him he quickly arose upon his haunches, and as they closed in upon him, he seized one of them by the head and neck, with a sudden jerk, and so quickly broke his neck that he fell down as dead as a stone.

"The older buffalo, which had charged at the same time, gave the bear a fearful thrust with his sharp horns, one of which pierced him between his ribs, causing an ugly wound from which the blood soon began to flow. The bear, having killed the other buffalo, held of this one also, but he, the bear, thoughtfully wound, quickly out of his reach. He ran off a pace, but, as the bear did not come back again. There they went at each other, both very angry, they kept moving back and forth, the buffalo on the left side of the blood, and so, and at the foot of the hill.

"Then we thought: Now if we can only kill that wounded bear we will have plenty of meat for the whole camp for a good while. But, although we had our guns, we were none too anxious to begin the battle with such a bear as that one; so we crouched low and watched him. It was very fortunate that the wind, which was quite a breeze, blew as it did. He never seemed to suspect that other foes were near.

"After a while he went off a little distance and lay down in the long grass, which rose up so high around him that we could not see him. We waited long for him to get up, but as he did not, and we could not stay there all day, we prepared for a big fight with him. We put our knives where we could instantly draw them, and carefully examined our guns to see that they were all right. Then we began to crawl down carefully through the grass toward him.

"My! how our hearts did beat! and how every second we expected he would hear us, and the fight would begin for life or death.

"We got very close to him, although not near enough to see him. Then, as we heard no sound we made a little noise to attract his attention. And then we wanted him to get up, so we could have a better chance to shoot him. But he did not stir. So, with our fingers on the triggers of our guns, we called out: "Mr. Bear, here are enemies ready for another battle!" Still there was no stir, and so we got up and went to him and found him as dead as the buffaloes. So without firing a shot we had a great quantity of meat."

The recital of this story had brought the whole so vividly before Baptiste that he had become very much excited, and he finished with: "What would you not have given to have seen that battle? And what would I not give to see another like it?"

POISON FOR ARROW TIPS.

How the Plute Indians Prepared the Deadly Paste.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Smith of Whitewater for a very graphic account of the manner in which a Plute Indian prepared his deadly arrows. He gathered a dozen or more rattlesnake heads and put them in a spherical earthen vessel. With these he put half a pint of a species of large red ant that is found hereabouts. The bite of this ant is more poisonous than that of a bee. Upon these he poured a bit of water, and then sealed up with moist earth and a lid this vessel. He then dug a hole two feet deep into the ground, in which he built a roaring fire and put in some stones. When the interior of the hole and stones were red hot he made a place in the bottom for the earthen vessel and put it in. About it and upon it he put the coals and hot stones, and upon the top he built a fierce fire and kept it up for twenty-four hours. Then he dug out his vessel, and, standing off with a long pole, he disengaged the top and let the fumes escape. He insisted that had they struck his face it would have killed him. The mass left in the vessel was a dark brown paste.

To test the efficacy of his concoction, the Indian with his hunting knife made a cut in his bare leg, just below the ankle. Then taking a stick he dipped it into the poison and touched the descending blood at the angle. It immediately began to sizzle, as if it were cooking the blood, and the poison followed the blood right on up the leg, sizzling its way until the Indian scraped it off with the knife. He assured our informant that had he allowed it to reach the mouth of the wound he would have been a dead man.

What Man is Made Of.

Dr. Lancaster, a London physician and surgeon, recently analyzed a man and gave the results to his class in chemistry. The body operated upon weighed 154.4 pounds. The lecturer exhibited upon the platform 21.5 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, phosphorus and about one sodium, iron, potassium, etc. Besides this solid matter estimated that there foot of oxygen, weighing 32 cubic feet of hydrogens, and 52 cubic man's body. All of this is in the following: 1.5 pounds of lime, 2 pounds of iron and other

THE BIRTH OF AN ISLAND.

How a New Landmark Appeared on the Pacific Ocean.

About four and a half years ago the people on an island in the southern part of the Tonga group in the Pacific observed a terrible commotion far out at sea. It seemed to them that the waters were boiling, and that smoke was rising from the surface of the ocean. A little while before the waters near their shores had been agitated in an unaccountable manner, and big waves rolled in, although there was not much wind stirring. A few of the bravest among the people launched one of their sailboats and started toward the scene of disturbance. They had to at a considerable distance from the center of the commotion, but they were near enough to determine accurately the nature of the phenomenon before them.

A new Island was coming into view. One of the volcanic vents at the bottom of the sea had spread its molten rock and ashes over the ocean bed until the growing mass reached the surface. No longer impeded by the ponderous weight of water, the volcanic debris shot high into the air with a roar that was

HEARD FOR MANY MILES.

and was sifted over the growing mass. By far the larger part of it fell to one side of the crater through which the matter was finding vent. A very large part of the debris was nothing but ashes, and the prevailing wind carried nearly all of it to one side of the orifice. The eruption lasted for several days, and when it finally ceased a new Island had been added to the Tonga group, and it now bears the name of Falcon Island.

It was the old story, but one that has seldom had eyewitnesses to record it. In a similar manner the whole of Iceland was reared above the sea within a recent geological age by matter brought from the bowels of the earth. Hundreds of Islands, along the lines of volcanic action, stretching far across the Pacific, came to the light in exactly the same way as Falcon Island. This latest of the volcanic islands was the product of a very moderate eruption, and we can imagine what gigantic convulsions of nature attended the birth of many an island that is a hundred fold larger than the new little speck in the Tonga group.

Those islands, which were reared above the sea only by prodigious and probably long extended eruptions, are likely, even in these latter days, to be the scene of the most stupendous volcanic activity. The great eruption of Skaptar, a century ago, is believed to have covered a part of Iceland and the adjoining seas with a larger mass of lava than has poured from Vesuvius and Etna combined since the burial of Pompeii. It killed one-fifth of

THE POPULATION DESTROYED

the arable lands, and frightened the fish from the adjacent waters, so that for a long time the people were in danger of starvation. The volcanic vent that gave birth to little Falcon Island is right in line with the great chain of volcanic islands in the Malay Archipelago, where most of the stupendous eruptions of modern times have occurred. It was on Sinbowa, a little east of Java, that an explosion occurred sixty-eight years ago, audible for nearly 1,500 miles, and so completely burying a whole province that only twenty-six persons escaped in a population of twelve thousand.

In October of last year Mr. J. J. Lister visited Falcon Island, then four years old, and he has just reported the results of his observations to the Royal Geographical Society of London. The fine-grained dust or ashes, greenish gray in color, of which the island is composed, is very friable, and the waves,

DASHING AGAINST THE NEW

obstruction in their way, have torn off the edges and considerably reduced the island's area. The largest amount of material is gathered on one side of the crater through which the tide of debris poured; and there a cliff, 150 feet high, fronts the sea. Inland the cliff slopes gently down until it reaches the level of the tongue of land, about a mile in length and only ten to twelve feet above high tide, which forms the rest of the island. It is a bare, dark heap of ashes, which the ocean rollers are doing their best to bury out of sight beneath the sea. As Mr. Lister walked over the hillside there was a distinct odor of sulphur in the air, and the distant

parts of the island were seen through a thin, blue haze.

The explorer found that beneath the surface the mass was still very hot. At the surface the temperature was 77°; two feet below the surface the thermometer registered 85°, and six feet six inches below, it reached 100°. Notwithstanding these discouraging conditions, nature was beginning to put forth efforts to cover

THE UNSIGHTLY HEAP

with the luxuriant verdure of the South Sea Islands. Two coconut trees were struggling upward, but they did not look prosperous. Specimens of grass and two other plants were found, and stranded fruits were scattered here and there all ready to germinate if they had any encouragement.

The only living things the visitor saw were a bird and a small moth, but he found the burrows of some creature.

Unless the sea destroys Falcon Island before it has a chance, it is not difficult to foresee what will be its future. On this volcanic debris a host of marine animals and plants will find a resting place; coral reefs will spring from the shallow waters around it and form a breakwater against the waves; the seeds of coconuts and of many shore-loving plants will drift there on the tide; decaying vegetation will mix with the volcanic ashes to form alluvium, and another verdant island fit for the abode of man will exist in the southern seas.

BRIDGING BEHRING STRAITS.

An Under-taking That Might Be Feasible of Accomplishment.

The project of bridging Behring straits, which is said to be attracting some discussion in Russia, looks, to say the least, a trifle premature. An age, however, which contemplates spanning the British channel will not declare impossible, in the engineering sense, the ultimate construction of a highway between Siberia and Alaska. It is true that while the distance from the English to the French shores is only twenty-two or twenty-three miles the distance from the American to the Russian is between fifty and sixty. But this stretch is broken by the Diomedes islands, lying about midway in Behring straits, and well scattered. Three large, well-known, and inhabited islands of this group are so situated as to form convenient stations in a route from Cape Prince of Wales on our shore to East Cape on the Siberian. They are Fairway Rock, Krusenstern, or, as the people call it, Ingaliuk, and Ratmanoff, or Imaklit, and between the two latter passes the boundary line of the treaty of 1867. The distance of the first from the American shore is hardly a dozen miles, and that of the last from the Russian shore only about twice as much. There is also King of Ukiwok island, uninhabited, and a survey might disclose uninhabited rock capable of additionally breaking the distance for a bridge route. The depth even in the middle of the straits is said to be about thirty fathoms; and, altogether, barring the ice, the engineering problem might not be hopeless, provided there were anything whatever to suggest undertaking it.

Of course, nobody proposes to drop scores and hundreds of millions into such a project, with no returns, in this age of the world. Whoever should take the journey by water to Behring straits would not grudge the few hours expended in crossing. Perhaps during the twenty-first century, after Helper's backbone railroad has been built, with a spur running westward to the valley of the Yukon, the then flourishing populations of Siberia and Alaska may clamor for this method of local rapid transit between their shores.—A. J. Sme.

Some interesting laboratory experiments have been made on the effect of spraying a considerable part of the body surface of animals with cold water. So successful were these that the spray has now been applied for the purpose of reducing febrile temperature in human beings. In the case of a man suffering from phthisis, whose temperature was high, it was found that by spraying about a pint of water at between 60° and 70° Fahrenheit, over his body, the temperature fell to normal, and continued so for several hours. A similar method was satisfactorily adopted in the case of a girl with diphtheria. In the healthy human subject this spray lowered the temperature nearly 2°

BRITISH GOLD IN MEXICO.

Enormous Help to Bankers, Mines, and Railways.

The last report from the British Legation in Mexico contains statistics from a Mexican economic journal of the various companies formed in London, with their registered capital, for undertakings in Mexico. Of these there were 11 with £2,555,000 registered capital in 1886, 15 with £5,135,899 in 1887, 25 with £10,956,020 in 1888, and 26 with £14,313,370 up to Nov. 9, 1889, thus giving a total of 77 companies, with a total registered capital of £32,990,190.

This enormous sum has been invested in railways, lands, mines, public securities, banks &c., and constitutes (says Sir Francis Denys, the author of the report) a tremendous mortgage on the resources of the republic, rendering the maintenance of public order a matter of almost as much importance to Great Britain as to Mexico itself. On the railway system this country has a strong hold; the Mexican Railway is an English corporation, the control of the National Line is in English hands, the Inter-oceanic and Mexican Southern are also English companies; the Tehuantepec Railway is being constructed with British capital, and it is stated that the majority of the first mortgage bonds of the Central Railway have passed into English hands. A number of railway concessions in various parts of the country have been granted recently, and it is probable that the money for their construction will be sought in London.

The drainage of the valley of Mexico has been undertaken by British capitalists on security offered by the city of Mexico. The capital of the various mining companies registered in London during the first nine months of last year amounted to over a million sterling, and an English bank is about to be established in Mexico. It appears that American capital in Mexico, except that invested in mines, is being gradually withdrawn and replaced by British capital. Sir Francis Denys suggests that this is because the American insists on doing business his own way, and will not adapt himself to the slow and dilatory methods of the Mexican, partly also to the scope for capital in America itself, and partly to Mexico being close at hand and therefore not so attractive.

On the other hand, in Great Britain, Mexico, being one of the chief silver-producing countries, is regarded as a kind of El Dorado, while the distance is too great for people to go and judge for themselves of the soundness of their investments. "The unscrupulous promoter, therefore, has an admirable field for his operations in Mexico." And it appears probable that the London market will be flooded still more with all manner of Mexican schemes for extracting money from the British public; showers of concessions have been granted by the Government during the past two years for every sort of financial and industrial enterprise.

This leads Sir Francis Denys to recommend that every caution should be exercised before concessions are taken up second hand, or investments made in land companies in remote districts where there is no population, or perhaps no water; where the transport for produce is long and difficult, or where there are no local markets. Mines struggle under similar drawbacks, railways compete with existing lines, and so on in the case of many other enterprises. The securities offered for local, State, or municipal loans should also be scrutinized in view of the existing mode of taxation. At the same time, Mexico is undoubtedly advancing rapidly in material prosperity, the administration has a strong hold on public confidence, and, if caution and discrimination are exercised, there need be no fear on the part of the public abroad in embarking under the present Government in those mining, agricultural, or financial enterprises which offer reasonable prospects of success.

Charlemagne's Statue.

The many thousands of English people who visited Paris during the exhibition probably imagine that the really magnificent colossal statue of Charlemagne, which they must have noticed on the Paris Notre Dame, was the property of the town, but an unfortunate such is not the case. Its author, the late Louis Rochet, who consecrated ten years of his existence to the completion of

the work, offered to sell it at a very low price to the city, but all he could obtain from the Council was permission to place it where it now stands. A pedestal costing over 4,000 francs had to be provided. The work was executed, but has not yet been paid for. M. Mareadet, the contractor, after vainly seeking to obtain payment for the pedestal, is now taking legal proceedings for the sale both of the pedestal and of the statue, but he is hindered in his action by the founder, who, not having been paid for the bronze of the statue, puts in a prior claim. It is hoped the Municipal Council will smooth over all these difficulties by purchasing the statue, which is certainly a great ornament to the Paris. Though the municipal authorities are lavish in their expenditure in raising statues to more or less insignificant republican heroes, it is doubtful whether they will make up their minds to remember that in the time of Charlemagne republicanism had not yet come into existence, and that he was a liberal-minded monarch.

YOUNG HUGO'S LOSSES.

Money of His Grandfather That Sharpers Have.

I am sorry that Georges Hugo is letting his share of his grandfather's hard-earned fortune fall into the hands of sharpers. It was not good for the youth (who is now a young man) to feel the eyes of Paris converging on him the day of Victor Hugo's funeral, or, rather, apotheosis. There never was such an astounding street opera as that ceremony. Walking by himself and well apart from everybody else behind his grandfather's hearse, Georges shared his glory. He was a singularly handsome lad, and a hum of sympathy greeted him all the way from the Arch of Triumph to the Pantheon.

After that to be nobody! It was a hard trial. Georges thought of becoming somebody by adopting *abdication* and having "Viscount Hugo" on his card. The stepfather, Lockroy, is a man of wit and of sense, and ridiculed this ambition. Mme. Dubois, a very experienced person, into whose hands Georges fell, encouraged him to live "as a nobleman should." She showed a maternal interest in him, setting up to be his Lady Castlewood, and making him more impatient of home criticisms on his conduct and social ambition. He went to her for counsel and consolation, and was so verdant as to think her a Marquise of the ancient nobility.

Then she led him to the sharpers, who plumed him. The parquet does not seem to find anything in her conduct on which to base a prosecution. She was not bound, I suppose, to know that the gang to which she introduced the poet's grandson were what they were. At the same time it seems queer that Georges, soon after he came of age, should pay 30,000 francs for a fur-lined mantle, which one of them—Pasquier, the couturier—made for her. M. and Mme. Lockroy would bless their stars were young Hugo to commit some political misdemeanor which would lead to his being shut up in Clairvaux Prison. Incarceration there is, I am sure, a blessing in disguise to the Duc d'Orleans, who gave a deal of trouble to his illustrious parents before and since he came back from India. His cousin, Prince Henri de Chartres, also got into money lenders' hands, and was sent to expiate his folly in a long and arduous tour in Central Asia.—*Labouche.*

Struck by a Falling Star.

One of the most remarkable accidents recorded in history occurred near Marlborough House, London, England, recently. At about 5 o'clock p.m. a gentleman, a well-known public officer, was passing from St. James Park to Pall Mall when he suddenly received a violent blow on his right shoulder which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. He noted a cracking noise at the time, but had not the slightest idea of the cause of the shock he had experienced. Reaching home he disrobed and submitted to a critical examination, but nothing was discovered which in the least accounted for the great pain in both shoulder and arm. A servant sent to brush the gentleman's coat next morning discovered a scorched streak extending across the shoulder of the coat and down the back. The mysterious shock was explained: he had been struck by a meteor or falling star.

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

An immense flume, 4½ miles long, is to be built at Spokane. The pipe is to be made of steel and will be 22 inches in diameter.

Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory.

It is proposed to reduce cows' milk to a dry powder, as being better for transportation and superior to condensed milk. The idea originated in Switzerland.

French engineers propose ascending the Jungfrau by a succession of slanting roads, forming a zigzag to a height of some 12,000 feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain.

The Paris Academy is in receipt of information relating to prehistoric remains found in Southern France. Two skulls have recently been dug up bearing every evidence of belonging to the Aryan race, and some human bones that from their proportions must have belonged to a man 10 feet in height.

Experiments with the 26,000 candle power search lamps show that vessels three miles off can readily be detected, and that by throwing the light on the clouds, signaling is possible at a distance of fifty miles.

A very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented by which the hands of a clock set to a certain hour are made to complete an electric current connected with the kitchen stove so that the fire is started when the given hour arrives.

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

There has lately been a plague of locusts in the province of Gizeh, Egypt. In five days the authorities destroyed six tons of them. Exposure to the sun is said to be fatal to their eggs.

In London specimens of Mexican dry moss were shown before the Botanical Society that were green and flourishing, although they had been shut up for three months in a dry place. These plants are said to have the power of rolling up in a ball when dry and becoming apparently dead, only to bloom again, however, when exposed to moisture.

A singular case of "mind blindness" recently occurred, the subject being a man of eighty who had complained for a month of inability to find his way about, to tell his own position in a room, and to recognize objects, although his perception of light was scarcely impaired. Although he could not recognize objects by looking at them, he at once perceived and named them by means of tactile or auditory impressions from them.

Sending pictures by telegraph is one of the latest inventions. The salient points of the picture are established by a previously agreed upon system of co-ordinators, and the details are filled in by the descriptive words added.

A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, three suns were seen all in a row a little above the western horizon. The real sun, which was in the centre, shone with unwonted brilliancy, while from its supporters darted rays of prismatic colors.

The Angry Tree.

There is a species of acacia which is commonly called the angry tree. It reaches the height of eighty feet after a rapid growth, and somewhat resembles the century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out at Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil tightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is removed from one pot

PILES



to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions like quills on a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odor, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.

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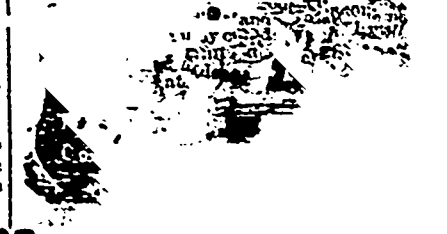
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OLD LYON'S INN.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

CHAPTER II.

At a sign from Miss Poining, after a moment of painful silence, Hester Gretworth dropped the curtain with a gesture of despair. As she turned towards me, I noticed that her lips were trembling and that tears glistened in her eyes.

"That picture," said Miss Poining, "is a portrait of my nephew, Reginald Gretworth—this young lady's brother. It was taken five years ago. He was a law-student at that time in Lyon's Inn. May I ask how long you have resided there?"

"Three years this autumn," was my reply. Then I added, "My rooms are No. 7."

"No. 7?" said Hester faintly. "Those are the very rooms which my brother occupied before he disappeared."

But Miss Poining finished the sentence: "Before he disappeared."

She then went on to inform me that the furniture, which I had purchased, had belonged to him. "Since then—for the last three years," added Miss Poining, "we have heard nothing of him. This letter, which you have been kind enough to bring us, is dated more than three years back. It contains no news: it only confirms all that we dreaded might be the reason for his disappearance. We are still in ignorance as to whether he is living or dead."

What answer could I make? I did not yet feel fully convinced that the incident of yesterday was more than a dream; and it is possible that Miss Poining, with some knowledge of the matter-of-fact legal mind, understood that no questioning would lead me to commit myself to any opinion without clearer identification. It was a strange coincidence: but that was no great consolation. I began to wish that I had burnt that mysterious letter before I had brought it to this quiet home; it seemed to have revived in the hearts of those two women such a deeply-rooted sorrow.

Miss Poining expressed a hope, when I rose to take my leave, that I would visit them again. I have little doubt in my own mind that I should have found some excuse for calling even had she said nothing; for Hester Gretworth had in this one short hour made a most pleasing impression upon me. No hint had been given me in Dean Street as to her brother's motive for his disappearance, but I soon learnt from a firm of lawyers with whom I was on intimate terms that there was a warrant out against a man named Reginald Poining Gretworth, who formerly occupied my rooms at No. 7 Lyon's Inn, on an accusation of forgery. Every one, they added, believed that he was dead.

Months went by; another autumn came round with its withered leaves and dull gusty weather. I had learnt to love Hester Gretworth as a man only can love once. I was no longer a briefless barrister; through industry and hard work I was gradually being recognized at the bar; and if I could only find a heart, there would be, I thought, a man imaginable. No obstacle could I cognize—lay in my path. Poining and I were the best of friends; and I loved for Hester ever

and I was a tacit subject which was explicit, sometimes concerning her care under

an excuse was on her lips for leaving the room.

"Miss Gretworth, why do you avoid me? If you only knew—but you must have guessed it long ago—how dear your presence is to me! I have so much to say to you, if you would only give me one word, one look, the right to speak."

She became greatly agitated, but she made no reply.

"Ever since I have known you," said I, "for a whole year, you have been most in my thoughts—never, indeed, absent from them. My greatest ambition while working, sometimes day and night, has been to make a home for you, one in which my only aim would be to bring you happiness. Hester, I love you—I can keep silent no longer. Will you be my wife?"

She stood at some little distance from me with clasped hands and head bent low. Looking up now, tearfully, despairingly into my face, she said: "I cannot; it can never be."

Had it not been for the look she unconsciously gave me—a look of overwhelming love while she spoke—her answer would have been more than I could have borne.

She continued in a crouched tone: "It grieves me deeply, more deeply than I can tell you, to be forced to give the least pain to one for whom I have such a very, very deep regard."—I opened my lips to question her; but she raised her hand entreatingly, and said: "I implore you, Mr. West, let me show you how impossible it is for me ever to be your wife. The name of Gretworth has been disgraced. Reginald, of whom we once had every reason to be proud, has brought this trouble upon us. I could not have believed it possible—nothing would induce me to believe it now—had he not as good as confessed his guilt in that conscience-stricken letter which you brought us a year ago. At any moment—my heart seems to stand still when I think of it—my brother may be arrested and brought to justice! Can you believe that I—knowing what dishonour is hanging over his head—would consent to throw a blot over your brilliant career? Let us try to forget—if it be possible—that we have ever—"

"Forget? Oh Hester, that can never be. Do not your words assure me that—more than I dared to hope—you love? There is no sacrifice—this of your brother's misfortune is none—that I would not gladly bear for your sake. Give me the right, dear Hester, to share this trouble with you. May you not some day need my aid? If your brother still lives, if he is ever found, will he not retain me for the defence? A man is innocent in the eyes of the law until the word 'Guilty' has been pronounced. Is there no gleam of hope?"

Tears came into Hester's eyes—tears of gratitude, more touching than words. But when I said, "Is there no gleam of hope?" she slowly shook her head.

We parted; and as long as I live, as long as my memory lasts, never shall I recall that parting without a sense of pain. I was too restless to return to Lyon's Inn; I walked like a raving madman through the city into the darkest and most deserted streets that could be found in the east of London; and I chose the river-side, where the wind would perhaps cool my heated brain.

But something presently happened—something that gave me new purpose. I was hurrying along in sight of the Thames, when a man ran swiftly past me. This man, upon whose face the light from the lamp happened to fall, reminded me strangely of my dream of a year ago. I turned in

to follow; I heard the footsteps, and a dark figure creeping along under the eaves of a large dockyard, where the eaves were far from brackets, were far from brackets. I kept this shadow, nothing else, persistently in view.

"Old Gretworth! Hope revived!" I shouted, and answered came back. The man, and at last it disappeared in the bridge, where I could see mournfully in the shadows were lying in

Night after night, following upon this incident, I wandered about the neighbourhood of Limehouse. It brought a certain relief to my restless spirit. I had begun to experience a faint hope that Hester's brother was still living; and if he could be found, a new light would be thrown upon the crime of which he was accused; for a careful investigation, which I made with the assistance of the firm lawyers who had a knowledge of the case, convinced me that Reginald Gretworth was more "sinned against than sinning." His sudden disappearance had awakened a strong suspicion of guilt; but nothing, positive concerning the forgery had been proved against him.

My visits to Dean Street had ceased. But I wrote to Miss Poining and asked her—if she saw no objection—to send this firm of lawyers a copy of that strange letter which I had found that eventful evening upon my hearth rug at Lyon's Inn.

Returning late to my rooms, after one of these barren midnight searches in the East end, I threw myself into my chair by the fire-side completely worn out. Again the rustling of the dead leaves outside, blown about by gusts of wind, sounded to my drowsy senses like some one crossing the courtyard; I fancied, in a dream, that I was following quick footsteps—the footsteps of Reginald Gretworth—through dark ways, where I groped along like one who is blind. And yet I had no fear of the darkness; for every moment the footsteps grew louder as I gained upon them; and at last they sounded so close that I sprang forward to grasp the runaway; and in the effort I started and awoke. Or was I still dreaming? On the opposite side of the hearth, in the old armchair sat the man with the pale face and black beard as I had seen him in my fancied dream a year ago. I could not speak or move; my limbs seemed to be paralysed and my tongue too. A strong inclination to express myself by word and action was there, but all volition had deserted me. The man now rose from his chair, as he had previously done. Meeting my glance, he held out towards me—not a letter this time—a rusty looking key. "Take it"—he spoke in a hoarse voice—"I will trouble you no more."

In an instant—at the first sound of his voice—my paralysis vanished. "What key is this?"

"The key to No. 7 Lyon's Inn."

"To my rooms?"

He nodded, and stepped towards the door.

"Stay!—Answer me one question. Are you Reginald Gretworth?"

His hand was on the latch. He looked at me with a searching glance and said: "What can that matter to you?"

"I will tell you. A year ago, you brought me a letter; you gave it to me in my sleep. I was so tired that I thought, at the time that I had dreamt it. The letter was addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho."

For a moment the man looked bewildered, as if he had half-forgotten the incident. But his face presently brightened, and he said: "I remember. In those days I was worried out of my life. It was like a dream to me. My name is Reginald Gretworth. What became of that letter?"

I told him; and then I related, in as few words as possible, how I had become a constant visitor at Miss Poining's house, and what grief his disappearance had occasioned.

He listened attentively to every word, and seemed much concerned; but I still observed a slightly bewildered look in his eyes. After glancing despairingly round the room, he said: "What could I do? An old schoolfellow—a man in a good position in the city—came and asked me to endorse a bill for five hundred pounds. I gave him my signature. A few weeks afterwards, my friend was pressed—owing to some irregularity which I could not get him to explain—to 'retire' the bill. He had not the money to meet it; and I could no more pay such a sum than he could. Learning from him that he must leave the country—I have no idea where he has gone—I also went abroad. It may be years," he added; "before I shall be able to settle this debt, and so—"

"Do you call it a debt?" said I, looking him keenly in the face. "I should call it by a far worse name than that."

He met my glance unflinchingly. "What would you call it?"

"A forgery."

A startled look came across his face—a look of blank amazement. He spoke scarcely

ly above a whisper: "I know nothing of this. Who is accused?"

In a low voice I answered him: "You." He gasped as though he had received a keen stab. Sinking down into a chair, he pressed his hands to his forehead and stared vacantly before him into space.

I stood looking at this man, the brother of the woman whom I dearly loved, and the thought crossed my mind: "What a weak character is this that I have got to deal with!" But I soon had reason to alter my opinion. Reginald Gretworth suddenly sprang up with an expression of purpose in his whole attitude. He was a changed man.

"I will stop," said he, "and face this affair. Had I known," he added, "that it was a case of forgery, I would never have left these rooms. This is indeed a grave accusation, and I will not rest until my innocence has been proved!"

I was overjoyed at his words. "Let me defend you," cried I. "You are not guilty; I am convinced of that. I have already gone deeply into the matter, and your presence was all that was needed in order to remove the suspicion which your disappearance had roused in everybody's mind."

He grasped my hand and said: "This is true friendship. What have I done to deserve it?"

Reginald Gretworth little knew. As soon as I had proved him innocent and had restored him to his place in society, would not Hester Gretworth consent to become my wife?

We sat down face to face under the shaded lamp and went thoroughly into the affair that very night; and during our conversation he explained to me how the letter to Miss Poining appeared so dusty and faded as it had done. He had placed it in the corner of an old cup-board in the hall outside, with the intention of returning for it. His latchkey—the rusty one which he had given me this evening—had been dropped into a hole under the staircase, and had remained there ready for use in case he should at any time find it possible to steal into his rooms at Lyon's Inn, as he had done on the night when he handed me the letter.

That letter, composed hurriedly, had been vaguely expressed. "I am concerned," he had written, "in the drawing-up of a bill for five hundred pounds—the man who asked me to endorse the draft is a scoundrel; but I am little better than he." And so it happened that even Hester had been led to believe that her brother was guilty.

The man who misled him was never brought to justice. But it was soon shown, to the satisfaction of every one concerned—by letters and other documents in Gretworth's hands—that he was unaware of any criminal action on the part of his schoolfellow. This individual had forged the name of a large City house, and in order to remove any possible suspicion as to whether the bill was genuine or not, he had asked his friend to endorse it. His object in raising the money was to restore credit at his banker's. Signs of suspicion on the part of the bill-brokers who had discounted the bill had alarmed him; and being unable to get the forged draft into his possession again without paying the amount—namely, five hundred pounds—he had quietly decamped.

Nearly twenty-five years ago! In a few months' time Hester and I hope to celebrate our silver wedding. Reginald Gretworth, under my guidance, had proved his innocence; and so I had won the hand of the woman who had already given me her heart.

Soon after our marriage, I remember, the notice to quit Lyon's Inn arrived. It was "coming down." And when I recall to mind its mouldering walls and cracking staircases, it is a surprise to me that the place had not "come down" of its own accord. Not a stone remains to indicate the precise locality of this ancient landmark of old London; but upon the site of old Lyon's Inn haunted no longer now—two theatres have been built, and the gloom has gone.

Are dramas that are played there now, sometimes wonder, as stirring as those which were played at various times in that old inn of Chancery?

(THE END.)

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"SENTRY GO!"

Many years ago I was serving as a captain in the One Hundred and Eleventh Regiment. At the period of my story we were quartered at a fortress of considerable size in the south of England.

In order that the circumstances of the adventure I am about to describe may be understood, I must explain, at the risk of being tedious, that the citadel of the fortress in which my regiment lay is defended by two circles of dry ditches, each about fifty feet wide. The side walls of these ditches, technically known as escarpments and counter-escarpments, are, as was usual in fortifications of that date, riveted with masonry and are perpendicular. The outer circle ditch is thirty feet deep, the bottom being paved with flagstones. The inner ditch is forty feet deep, and is similarly paved, so I need scarcely say that a fall from the edge would be almost certainly fatal.

The regular approach to the fortress is by a wide road of gradual ascent, so contrived as to be raked by fire from one or other of the bastions or outworks throughout its course. It crosses the ditches over drawbridges, protected by special works of great strength.

In time of war these drawbridges would be kept raised, and would only be lowered temporarily on urgent occasions. When raised, the fortress would be inaccessible from without, unless scaling ladders were used to cross the ditches. In time of peace, however, the drawbridges are rarely raised, a strong guard, nevertheless, being invariably posted over them.

For the convenience of the officers and certain of the residents in the citadel, there was a short cut which might be used. This was a footpath up the steep side of the cliff, through a strongly-guarded postern gate. The path led in zig-zag fashion up to the counterscarps of the ditches, which were crossed by light plank bridges, so designed as to be removable with great ease in a few minutes. None but officers quartered in the citadel, and a few persons with special permits signed by the officer commanding the garrison, were allowed to make use of this short cut, the soldiers and others who had occasion to visit the citadel, being restricted to the main approach.

At the time of which I write I had been newly promoted to the rank of captain, and Xerxes himself was not prouder of his vast army than I of my gallant little company. I was lucky as to the promotion, and my zeal had not been so damped by long years of subaltern life as to prevent my throwing myself heart and soul into the work of superintendence. I was ambitious to have my company recognized as the smartest in the regiment and was convinced of the hopelessness of success unless I could inspire my men with the same pride in the company that I had myself.

In order to succeed I felt sure that I should endeavor to become acquainted with the character and disposition of every member of the company; to gain their respect by strict attention to duty, and to earn their affection by constant sympathy and by affording such help in their amusements or their troubles as a captain frequently has it in his power to give. Since my appointment I had tried to work on this system, and though, of course, I had occasional disappointments, on the whole I had no reason to complain.

For an infantry captain I was tolerably well off, and being very fond of outdoor sports, I encouraged cricket and other games by presents of bats, balls and other materials and spent much of my time in cricket matches among the men. It was not long before I began to acquire considerable insight into the character of the men, and learned to distinguish my black sheep in case and in power.

Among the younger men of the company was a lad of the name of Adair Cameron. I had a horror of favoritism, the bad effects of which I had often seen, but it was impossible not to feel a strong interest in this young fellow. Clean and soldierlike in appearance, smart at drill, well set up and steady as a rock, he was a model of what a young soldier should be. A deadly bowler, he was one of the mainstays of our company's cricketing team, and, as matches were frequent, I saw much of him and nothing to find fault with. Although I carefully avoided taking undue notice of Cameron, the natural instinct which I think men have to find out their friends and their enemies made me aware that, while I liked him, he, on his side, was warmly attached to me.

One day a batch of recruits arrived at headquarters. The adjutant, being away on leave, had got me to do his duties for him, and I was busy all the afternoon directing the new arrivals into companies, and arranging for their rations and bedding.

About half an hour before mess I was sitting in my room in the citadel barracks, feeling rather tired, when I heard a knock at the door, and my color sergeant appeared. "Private Cameron wishes to know if he could speak to you, sir," said he, saluting.

"Certainly," I replied. "Tell him to come in at once."

Cameron entered, saluted, and stood silent, looking ill at ease.

"Well, Cameron, what is it?" I inquired.

"Please, sir, I wished to speak about something private."

"Well, what is it?" I asked again.

Cameron hesitated, and looked at the color sergeant, who looked straight to his front.

I knew it was not regular for an officer to confer with private soldiers without a non-commissioned officer being present, but I knew Cameron might be trusted thoroughly. I directed the color sergeant to wait in the passage, and, closing the door, I asked Cameron to tell me his story. The lad appeared to be in great distress, and hesitated a great deal before he spoke.

"It's my brother, sir! He's just come in with the batch of recruits."

With some difficulty he told me his tale, which was to the following effect:—

Private Cameron and a younger brother were the only children of an old widow living in the north of Scotland. The old woman could do little to support herself, and was mainly dependent on the labor of one son and such little help as Private Cameron could afford her from the savings of his pay. It seemed that some family quarrel had taken place between the widow and her youngest son, and that the latter in a moment of pique, had enlisted, but had when too late, relented. He had been drafted to the same regiment as his elder brother, whom he had acquainted with these facts on his arrival in barracks that day. Private Cameron told me, with deep emotion, that nothing could save his mother from the workhouse—an idea which seemed to fill him with shame and horror—unless his brother could be bought out of the service and sent back home.

As his brother had not been three months enlisted this could be effected by a payment of ten pounds; but such a sum was far beyond the means of either brother. Cameron, in despair, had come to me for help, hardly daring, as he told me, to hope that I could give it. He said he had been encouraged to seek my assistance by my constant kindness to him.

"I would pay you back, sir, I swear it to you," said the poor lad earnestly. "You can stop my pay every week, sir. I want next to nothing. I don't drink any, and I can easily get all I need to smoke, and the like o' that. I will pay you back, sir, indeed I will!"

Well, to cut my story short, after some reflection, and not a little musing as to whether in respect of discipline I was doing right, I agreed to let him have the money. I could well afford it. I liked the man, and had been touched by his sad story not a little.

"You should begin to save up your pay in the savings bank, Cameron," said I, as he thanked me earnestly.

I had not the least intention of repaying myself from his hard-earned savings, and quite looked upon the loan as a gift, but I judged it better not to say so expressly lest the easy manner of obtaining the money might do harm, while I thought it a good opportunity of encouraging frugal habits.

Cameron's gratitude was deep, and I could not help feeling that his expression of it was sincere and heartfelt.

As he was leaving the room he turned, looked me full in the face and said, "God bless you, sir, for your kindness to me! I shall not forget it! I will repay you, sir, so help me, God."

I was struck by the singular earnestness of the man, and when he left the room I said to myself,

"I may have done right or wrong, but that is a real good fellow, and I have got a friend, I verily believe."

I arranged matters next day. Cameron's brother was permitted to leave for his home almost immediately; my part in the transaction was not suspected, and in few weeks

the matter passed out of my mind. Cameron continued in his steady conduct, and each month I observed that he was putting a little sum to his credit in the regimental savings bank. I never, however, alluded to the occurrence again. About three months afterward I went away on short leave. I had accepted a yachting invitation from an acquaintance, and spent a very pleasant three weeks cruising among the channel islands.

I returned to D—late one night, and leaving my heavier baggage at a hotel in the town, I started up to the barracks with a small hand bag. I went slowly up the zig-zag path, through the postern gate, crossed the first or outer ditch, and was within a few yards of the inner one, when I was startled by a sudden challenge,—

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Officer!" I answered, feeling not a little surprised, for there used not to be a sentry over the plank bridge. It was rather dark and I could not see very distinctly. I advanced a pace or two when I was again halted.

"You can't pass here! Go back!" I heard, in sharp, distinct tones.

This meant a long round for me, which, so late at night, and carrying as I was a heavy bag, was very disagreeable.

"Not pass?" I exclaimed, peevishly.

"Why not? I am an officer quartered in the citadel!"

"You can't pass! Go back!" repeated the voice, hoarsely.

The tones seemed familiar, and rather irritated by the somewhat peremptory answer, I advanced another pace and saw close in front of me a sentry with his rifle at the port.

"Go back! Go back!" repeated the figure in the same hurried tones.

The night was not so dark but that I could make out the features of Private Adair Cameron. For one moment I thought of inquiring the reason of the road, which was usually open, being closed, but, on second thought, I reflected that it was scarcely judicious to enter into an altercation with a sentry whose orders were evidently stringent, so, very sulkily, I turned and began to retrace my steps. I had gone but a few yards when I heard behind me the cry of "Sentry go!" ring through the night air.

The sound lingered in my ears till the echoes from the gray ramparts died away in the still night air and all was once more profoundly silent. In a very good humor I found myself at last, hot and tired with my burden, in the passage leading to my quarters. The room occupied by my subaltern was next to mine; the door was open, and I heard voices within.

"Those infernal sappers are always at some game! They go and move a bridge for some silly reason or other, and never think of telling any one. I only heard about it ten minutes ago, and now I've got to go and post sentry over it, or some poor devil will break his neck to a moral!"

"You may save yourself the trouble, old boy!" I exclaimed, gayly, as I burst into the room. "The sentry's on already, and so I've saved my neck, and Evetts there won't get his company just yet."

The adjutant (for it was he that had been speaking) and Evetts, my subaltern, greeted me with all the boisterous welcome of old comrades.

"Glad to see you back, old chap!" said Hawes, the adjutant. "But what do you mean about the sentry being posted?"

"Why, over the ditch on the short cut, confound him!" I replied. "He made me go back the whole beastly round!"

"Over the bridge at the inner ditch," asked Hawes, with surprise.

"Yes!" I answered.

"But I haven't posted one yet!" said Hawes. "I was just going to see about doing it when you came in. For they've taken away the bridge."

"Well, dear boy, there he is, anyway!" I answered, laughing.

"But not one of our men?" asked Hawes, in tones of great surprise. "Surely not one of our men?"

"Yes!" I replied, still laughing. "One of our men. I ought to know him, too, for it was private Adair Cameron, of my company."

The two officers looked at each other. A curious expression came over their faces. After a pause my subaltern said slowly,—

"Private Adair Cameron died in the hospital last night!"

A Millionaire's Early Sweetheart.

On the subject of marriage a truthful and interesting story may be told of Mr. Armour's early life. He recently met in a business way, quite by accident, an old friend of his youth. After the greeting, which was the first for twenty years, he exclaimed at once to the gentleman: "I say, what has become of the girl who used to visit our shop? You remember her—that charming blonde, Miss Blank?" The old friend smiled and replied: "Oh, she's married and got a big family." "Whom did she marry?" demanded Mr. Armour. "She married a teamster named Bill Brown—you must remember him." "I do," said the millionaire. "What has become of him?" "Oh, he is teaming yet," was the reply. The gentleman who relates the incident afterwards observed to a friend: "What a little event may change the whole course of a girl's life! Armour was a butcher-boy then, and he loved that sprightly blonde, but Brown, the teamster, was a successful rival, and nearly broke Phil's heart by carrying her off. She probably thought that 'Bill' with his team could better provide for her than young 'Phil' with only his broad-ax, and so it came about that she is still the wife of a man with only a truck-wagon and a pair of old horses, while her other lover is a man of many millions."

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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 Elliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

Do not delay in getting relief for the folks. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why delay? let it suffer. The remedy is so near at hand.

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Are you paying more than these prices? 2 papers, 1,000 in paper, large heads, open 2c. a package; 36 sheets Note Paper, Toilet Paper, hooked and wrapped in world in beautiful chromo; Eddy's Matches, 9c.; a full line of Soaps retailed at lowest prices. Our catalogue and price list will be glad to see you.

JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

[Now First Published.]

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

CHAPTER X.

Holmes started to go to Cadogan Place to settle that important point referred to at the end of the last chapter. He had forgotten the business upon which he had sent Mr. Vizard until that gentleman met him at the door. Deliberating a moment as to whether he would not let Vizard's report stand over till next day, being at present of but secondary interest, he carelessly asked the agent if he had obtained any information.

"I have obtained all you want, Mr Holmes. There was no difficulty at all about it."

"I am just going out," said Holmes undecidedly; "perhaps you had better call in the morning—or I will spare your time by coming to your office."

"As you please, Mr. Holmes; a very few minutes will suffice."

"Is that so?—Come up to my room, then, and tell me."

Without removing his hat or gloves, Frank Holmes pointed to a chair for Mr. Vizard, and threw his leg over the back of another.

"This cheque, said the agent, proceeding in a dry methodical way, and reckoning off the points of his report on his fingers, "was paid in to the Anglo-Canadian Bank on Monday, June 12th, by a gentleman named John Henry Musgrave, and credited to the said Musgrave's account."

"Musgrave!" exclaimed Holmes in amazement—"John Henry Musgrave?"

"The same," said Vizard, glancing curiously in his face. "The money was drawn out this morning by the said John Henry Musgrave in a draft on Montreal. I went no further than this point. Have you any additional instructions?"

"Not just now—it was the name that struck me. I shall probably look you up tomorrow, Mr. Vizard.—Till then, good-bye, and many thanks."

He remembered now, as he went out into the Strand, that he owed the Musgraves a call, and indeed had promised Mrs. Musgrave that he would call. He had forgotten about it until Vizard recalled them by that curious and puzzling report concerning the cheque. It might possibly have been some other John Henry Musgrave; it could hardly have been the man Holmes dined with the evening before. He decided to call and take an opportunity of asking about it. He had no exalted opinion of Musgrave; and if the latter were really the recipient of the cheque it was doubtless an incident of a gambling transaction. But what, in this case, was the meaning of taking out the money that morning in the form of a draft on Montreal? If Musgrave and his wife were going to Canada, their decision was very sudden.

The entire interest of Holmes, however, in regard to that money was for the present centered on the possibility of Musgrave's going to the woman who received it from Faune.

So, at once made, the advertisement, intelligible as daylight, and the explanation of Faune's behaviour of the 10th of June, that he had to him.

"The Grand Hotel," he began, "all in it could be proved Friday the 9th at he kept the next day two secure nature."

man to discover, if he could, the steamer by which they had taken passage. He meant that a letter from himself, couched in no complimentary terms, should overtake Mr. Musgrave either at Queenstown or Moville.

Mary Clayton was lying on a couch, looking ill and anxious, when Holmes rang at the door. She sat up, seeming to recognise who it was, and that unbidden colour came to her face for an instant when often inspires new hope in a despairing lover. Of course in her case it was assignable to another cause; but her eyes were not so brave and steady when he met them now as when he saw her last.

"You are ill, Mary," he said at once, drawing a chair near to her and looking in her altered face with deep concern. "You ought to leave London and stay a while in some quiet seaside place or in the country. You would know all that was taking place as well as if you remained here."

"I will go away, Frank, as soon as I am sure," she answered gently. "I cannot go now."

"I wish you would."

"I am afraid, Frank," she said timidly—what a change from the earnestness of yesterday!—"that I have put a hard task upon you. Why should you do it, for me or for him? I have been thinking since I asked you, and I know I was wrong. You are too generous. If he did what he is charged with—you are the last that should be asked to defend him."

"But if he is innocent, Mary?" She started a little, and he added, "You recollect what I said? We must not hold any one guilty until he is proved so. Suppose that I had knowledge which satisfied me, morally, of Faune's guilt, would you wish me to still try to get him acquitted? (Guilty men, of course, are sometimes acquitted.)"

"Oh Frank!" she exclaimed, turning white and staring at him with fear. "Do you think he is guilty?"

"It is because this is not the time to think so, that I am doing what I can for him. To be honest, Mary, even at the risk of paining you, I am not able to form a decided opinion one way or the other yet. I am going him, for your sake, the benefit of the doubt."

"Thank you, Frank," she faintly replied, letting her head sink forward.

He was profoundly distressed, but thought he had said what was best. It was not, to his view a case for deception even temporarily.

"Matters have reached a critical point now," he continued, and any moment may bring forth evidence that will be decisive. The police have possession of the fatal message which brought Margaret Neale to the Park that night, but they are as yet unable to lay their hands on its source. It is only a question of time. But so far they have not actually traced it to Faune. Something else, however, has been discovered that may have an effect distinctly in his favour. You will not attach to it more importance than at present it is worth, if I tell you what it is."

She promised.

"It is known then, that Faune had an appointment not far from the scene of the murder, at half past nine that night. This would account for his leaving here so early. I am almost certain I know the man he had the appointment with, and that it related to a money matter."

That she heard this statement with keen interest need hardly be said, but as he spoke, there came at the same time a curious reflection which was very significant.

"Ask, Mary," Holmes said, as she sat silent, "if he made any reference to a meeting or engagement when he was last here?"

"I do not remember," he suddenly said he had thought it odd.

"The same reflection," she said, "Are you quite

sure," she asked, to his surprise, "that Mr. Faune had the appointment you refer to?"

"Quite sure; the singular thing is that he did not mention it, as an explanation of his leaving you so early."

"He did not mention it," she merely said.

It struck Frank Holmes that Miss Clayton knew something that she was holding back. As she kept silence about it, he could not question her.

After a pause, he made the inquiry which was the chief purpose of his call, and made it so casually that Miss Clayton did not suspect its import: "At what hour was Faune in the habit of leaving here?"

"As well as I recollect, about half past ten, when he dined with us."

"How odd that it should be that particular Saturday evening he went away so early. Do you recollect whether he dined with you the previous evening, Friday?"

"I recollect very well. Mr Faune was not here on Friday at all; he did not even call in the afternoon. He dined here on the Wednesday, and then papa asked him to come on Saturday—you know why," she added, colouring.

This statement threw the shadow of fell suspicion back on Faune again. The effect upon Holmes was depressing; he needed the stimulant of strong facts to keep him to his task. He had built a good deal on the hope that Faune had been at Cadogan Place that important Friday evening, and now it was clear he had not been there. Holmes felt no confidence prompting him to pursue the inquiry further and ascertain where the man had been that evening.

"There is a perplexing amount of uncertainty concerning that evening of the 10th of June," he said in a tired way. "It just comes to this, Mary, if Faune will not help himself in throwing light upon the points that are obscure, no one else can do much for him. I am very anxious, for your sake, to help him; but if he persists in keeping silent I must abandon the task."

"Are you going to see him?" she asked, a little startled.

"I suppose I must. I would rather not, of course. I will see his solicitor first; and if I then find it necessary, I will go on and see him. He must speak, or be left to his chances, which at present are not many."

He was surprised to see signs of agitation in the girl at this point. He had spoken strongly, but not more so than the case demanded.

"I really cannot do more than I am doing, Mary; I could not do more if Faune were my best friend."

"I know that, Frank.—It is something I had never meant to mention—that I suppose I must tell you. Even papa does not know."

"Do not speak of aught that will distress you, Mary."

She showed signs of great distress, and after a minute's silence, the flush left her face and she was very pale. "When I think she said, in a very low voice, and commanding herself with evident pain, "that he may have gone from here at night with the intent to murder his wife a few minutes later—oh Frank, it horrifies me, because he asked me to be his wife while you and papa were speaking down-stairs."

"What answer did you give him? Pardon me for asking, but everything is so important."

"I gave him no answer—I had no time to give an answer. I could not think what to say, when papa returned. Of course, there was nothing more, until Mr Faune went away after nine o'clock."

"That was very curious," the young man observed. Then he waited, thinking she had something further to communicate. Indeed, she seemed on the point of saying more for a minute or so; but she disappointed him.

He could not help suspecting that some fact remained untold, whether of importance or not it was of course impossible to conjecture, except on the presumption that if it were important, or had any bearing on the prisoner's case, Miss Clayton, at any pains to herself, would not conceal it.

Holmes had observed of Faune's going away without an answer to his proposal that it was "very curious." This was how it first struck him. He thought over it on his way back with other results. No man would, if he could help it, go away from a maiden without receiving an answer to such a momentous question. Even if he read con-

What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums"—the only fear being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose. But the directions are plain and should be strictly followed.

J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittenango, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will at all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in their action," is the concise testimony of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martinsville, Virginia.

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Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

sent in her face, he would have the words from her lips before he left her. What Faune read in Mary Clayton's face when he asked her to be his wife, and during the half hour he remained afterwards, was beside the question now. Holmes had it from her own lips that she would not have married Faune; but it was in the highest degree improbable that Faune was disposed to expect such an answer. Looks will not suffice for confident lovers, nor sometimes even words. The central fact was, that Faune, without waiting to receive a reply from Mary Clayton to his proposal, left the house more than an hour earlier than was usual.

Was the keeping of the appointment with Musgrave at half past nine sufficient to account for such extraordinary conduct? It was not. Let the business have been ever so urgent, it was not sufficient. Thus the net results of Holmes's visit to Miss Clayton pointed more and more decidedly to the fatal identity of Claude Faune and Julius Vernon.

Even while Holmes was coming to this conclusion he felt it to be very possible that the keen activity of Crockett and his colleagues might have riveted the last link in the chain of evidence by the discovery of the agency by which the message had been inserted in the newspaper. Still, though his view of Faune's case grew hourly gloomier, he was determined to keep his thoughts to himself, and to offer the prisoner's solicitor such material as he had. This consisted now only of the undoubted fact of the appointment with Musgrave, indicated by the advertisement to 'M' in Faune's own handwriting, and the transfer of the cheque. It would be for the prisoner and his solicitor to prove an alibi (if they could) between the hours of nine and ten at night on the 9th and 10th of June. Surely this was an obvious defence, and its absence would be a terrible admission of weakness.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Girls My Mother Knows.
My mother says a girl she knows
Whose face with love and kindness glows,
Who carries sunshine where she goes—
A darling human rose.
Another girl she knows, well, too,
Who frets at all she has to do;
With sulky face she scowls at you,
While anger clouds her eyes of blue.
And all the time 'tis plain to see,
From mother's laughing face, that she
Means one of those two girls for me—
Now, which, I wonder, can it be?

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AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY

Something About the Young Ladies Who Are Fighting the French Army in West Africa.

THE GIRLS WHO FORM THE BULWARK OF THE DAHOMAN THRONE - THEIR DRILLS AND THEIR CRUELTIES.

A Feminine Regiment That Marks With Cowry Shells the Roll of Men It has Tortured and Killed.

The French colonial forces are just now engaged in a smart little campaign in Dahomey, that mysterious African land concerning which so many strange stories have been published in the last quarter of a century.

As a natural consequence new accounts of the strange customs and appearance of the natives of Dahomey are reaching the outer world.

Dahomey has long been an almost completely sealed book, but now it is to be opened.

It is a kingdom of Africa, on the west or upper Guinea coast, between latitude 6 degrees and 8 degrees north. High mountain ranges hem it in on the north and northeast, and on the west it is bounded by Ashantee, and on the south by the Gulf of Benin.

Its area varies with the success of its despotic sovereigns in war, and its population is estimated at 660,000 to 800,000.

The country has been known to Europeans since the beginning of the seventeenth century, and there have been French, English, and Portuguese factories on the coast at intervals for 200 years.

The tactics of Dahomey's sovereigns have always been to begin trading with Europeans, then to fall upon and massacre them.

It is the destruction of two French "factories," or trading establishments, on the Dahomey coast which has brought about the present struggle.

The king of Dahomey, who is more ferocious and bestial than any of his predecessors, is not at all alarmed at the French invasions.

He has trotted out his male and female army, for he has warriors of both sexes, and has given them a good fight, taking some prisoners.

In the last battle, however, the French superior armament told heavily, and among the hundreds of dead picked up after a bayonet charge on the black army were many of the famous Amazons of Dahomey, the women warriors.

The king of Dahomey, it appears, compels all the marriageable girls in his kingdom to appear once a year before him.

He passes them in review, selecting some for his harem, others for his guards, still others for his favorite ministers and servants, and the ugly and scrawny ones he graciously allows to return to their parents.

He has about 4,000 wives in good years, and, in addition to these, he has in constant training a body-guard of female warriors, 1,800 or 2,000 in number.

These laborious and hardy young women belong to his household. They drill in private, and when they start out for practice a bell is rung in front of them. Every man who happens to be in their neighborhood is then expected to turn his unsatisfied gaze away; if he doesn't, and the king hears of it, he cuts him into small bits.

The composition of this feminine army is very curious. One-third of the Amazons may have been married, but two-thirds must always be maidens. The unchaste are punished by execution.

These women are said to be stronger and braver than the male soldiers of Dahomey. The reason probably is that men are kept in such a constant state of fear and subjection by their brutal monarch, who has entire control over their lives and liberties, that they are good for nothing. The women, being privileged characters, like the archers under Louis XI in France, are braver.

They are by no means beautiful and in combat are terribly cruel.

They take scalps from their enemies, as the Indians do, and on their return from the battle-fields they celebrate scalp-dances.

A large number of these Amazons are armed with old-fashioned muskets, and to the butts of these muskets they fasten cowryshells with coagulated blood, each shell indicating a man slain in war.

Those who have no muskets are armed with bows and arrows, swords and clubs, and around their waists they carry straw ropes, with which to bind their prisoners before they scalp or otherwise torture them.

These women dress in a rude uniform, composed of a sleeveless tunic of blue and white native cloth, terminating in a long fringe below the waist, and a skirt falling below the knees.

In a country where the chief executioner is the highest court official, and where executions are the greatest amusement of the populace, these ferocious Amazons are heroines and receive distinguished honors.

On the return of the Amazons from a successful raid or a battle against white invaders from the coast, sixty or seventy captives are killed "to carry news to the dead."

The bodies are left to be cleaned by the vultures, and the skulls are used later on for the adornment of the king's cottages.

The French captives who have fallen into the hands of the Amazons are likely to have a lively time.

If the Amazonian army is destroyed the power of Dahomey's ferocious monarch will be at an end, and a reign of bestial cruelty, which has lasted for several centuries, will be succeeded by a decent civilization. But the black Amazons will not give up without a terrible struggle.

Cost of Living in Hong-Kong.

Last April a commission was appointed by the Government of Hong Kong to consider the question of increasing the salaries of the colonial officials. It has now presented a report, which contains some interesting facts respecting the cost of living in a foreign settlement in the far East. It finds that in the last ten years the cost of living in Hong Kong has increased 20 per cent. for Europeans and 10 per cent. for Chinese, clothing being the only necessary which is cheaper now. Rent has increased from 100 to 150 per cent. for Europeans and 100 per cent. for Chinese houses, servants' wages have increased 10 to 15 per cent. Imported articles have risen in proportion to the fall in exchange, the cost of medical attendance has doubled, while the decreasing purchasing power of the dollar is severely felt by those who have families to maintain or educate at home. The commission therefore proposes that official salaries generally should be raised to an amount in current dollars equivalent to their original sterling value, taking the dollar at 4s. 3d., while non-European officials should receive an advance of 50 per cent. The report is signed by five leading merchants (one being Chinese) and the Chief Justice, who was the only official on the commission. In an appendix to the report the Commissioners lay it down that the superior English officials may reasonably expect—(1) to live in comfort; (2) to be able to go home when leave is due; (3) to marry at thirty; (4) to be in a position to send their children to England and educate them there; (5) to be able to insure their lives; and (6) to have sufficient to live in retirement, for which their pensions would in themselves be insufficient.

Fresh Flowers in Germany.

It appears that from the beginning of November, 1888, to the end of May, 1889, cut flowers to the value of over £142,773 were sent abroad from Cannes, of which the majority went to Berlin and other large towns in Germany. The art of arranging fresh flowers artistically is said to be most successfully practised by German lady florists, a large number of whom make a comfortable living by this employment. The trade has during the last few years been particularly flourishing, gifts of fresh flowers being very popular with all classes in Germany. Not only is every family festivity made the occasion of gifts of flowers, but the custom of bestowing bouquets or posies on the parting guest or friend is greatly increasing. The rich lady takes her magnificent baskets and fanciful bouquets into her carriage as she takes leave of her friends at the station, and the poor woman carries away her pot of suchia orignonette, wrapped in a piece of pink tissue paper and ornamented with a bit of ribbon.

DESIRES TO DIE IN BRAZIL.

Dom Pedro's Offer to Give up All Claims to the Throne.

A gentleman holding a Governmental position in Brazil and a close friend of Gen. da Fonseca, has just arrived in Paris from Brazil, bringing with him some interesting news. He said a letter, undoubtedly inspired by Dom Pedro, but signed by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, had been received by Gen. da Fonseca thanking him for the consideration he had shown the Emperor during the period of the revolution, which the writer states was the most trying in the life of the aged monarch.

The writer states that Dom Pedro fully appreciates the kindness and generosity of Gen. da Fonseca and regrets that circumstances over which he had no control compelled him to decline the offer of the 5,000 contos the new government, through its chief, made as a condition of his banishment. Further explaining the ex-Emperor's declination, the writer states that, although exiled, Dom Pedro could only with dignity accept the annuity the Constitution granted him: that to have accepted the 5,000 contos under the circumstances under which it was tendered would have compromised his dignity and cost him the esteem of his friends abroad.

"Dom Pedro," the letter continues, "is by no means bankrupt in spite of the heavy losses he has sustained by the change in Brazil. He has a large income from extensive investments abroad of long standing, which is more than sufficient to supply his present wants. Consequently, when it is stated that it is the desire of the Emperor to return to Brazil, not as a claimant, but as a humble citizen, where he could with contentment pass the remainder of his days among the people he so much loves, and to whose government he has sacrificed nearly a half century of his life, it is not because he needs anything of them other than a continuation of that esteem he has always enjoyed and sympathy in his declining years.

"He therefore hopes that the honored chief of the new Government will respect the desire of the ex-Emperor and use his influence to have an exception in the decree of banishment recently promulgated made in his favor that he may be free to return whenever he desires. In return for this kindness Dom Pedro would present all of his real property, except his home at Petropolis, to the State, and if the Brazilian people insist by actual demonstration, he would renounce all claims to the throne of Brazil and annul all hereditary claims thereafter. This is sufficient proof that the only wish the ex-Emperor has is to die in the land of his birth in the midst of his countrymen."

"While Gen. da Fonseca," says the gentleman who brings this news, "is disposed to treat the ex-Emperor with the greatest consideration and entertain a profound respect for his wishes, he is inclined to regard the letter as a device of his heirs, who deem it advisable to stoop to conquest. He will pay no attention to the appeal unless Dom Pedro makes his desire known over his own signature."

Italians in London

Now, the Italians are a gregarious people. They herd together in a country in which they find the language strange and the cookery stranger. Many of them settled near the West Kensington district after the exhibition of 1883 had closed, and when Barnum added "Nero" to his attractions the impresario found much of his raw material handy to Olympia. The contingent gradually increased till the neighborhood of Olympia has become a kind of suburban Italian Garden. The barrel organ business has found a new centre of activity, and art and music are brought together, as Melbury road knows to its cost.

A curious and interesting addition been made to the arts and sports exhibit at the Grosvenor gallery, in the shape of the "Silver Bells of London," presented to that borough, the twelfth by King William the Lion, and vice as a piece of challenge being a plate and the "Carlisle Bells," also mentioned, seem to point to the fact that days a bell was the custom for racing, whence the bore off the bell probably

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN SPAIN.

Progress Now Made and the Outlook For the Bill.

The Universal Suffrage bill has been pushed on so quickly of late in Congress that it seems probable it will be approved in the lower house before Easter and in the Senate before the summer recess in July. Both Conservatives and Dissident Liberals have ceased to obstruct the Reform bill, because they believe that if the Universal Suffrage bill and the budget for 1890-91 are voted this Summer Senator Sagasta will no longer have any plausible pretext for postponing the moment when a general election must take place. Now, both Conservatives and Dissident Liberals are convinced that the Queen Regent will not allow Senator Sagasta to preside over the Cabinet which will consult the country under the new electoral law, and both hope her Majesty will ask either Señor Canovas del Castillo or some Dissident Liberal statesman, or Gen. Martos or Marshal Martinez Campos to form a Government before that event takes place.

Senator Sagasta and the majority of the Liberals, Democrats, and Republicans, on the contrary, anticipate that Queen Christina will not only allow the present Parliament to last until its powers expire in May, 1891, but they affect to believe also that the Queen will naturally let the Liberal Party put into practice the electoral law and other democratic reforms that it has promoted during the last five years. In this country, where the elections are never sincere and public opinion powerless against the powers that be, it is, unfortunately, the Sovereign alone who must decide if the moment has arrived when it would be unadvisable to leave the cuts too long in the cold shade of Opposition.

CURE, CURE, CURE Dyspepsia and Diabetes BY DIETETICS.

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

The Ireland National Food Co., Ltd.

109 Cottingham Street and
134 to 148 Marlborough Ave., Toronto

CLUFF THE SHOP

FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE

Graphic Story of an Eye-Witness of a Conflagration in Northwestern Nebraska.

It Was Started by Camp-Fires Neglected by Campers, and Swept Over 200 Miles of Plains.

Battle of Three Men and a Few Women to Preserve Their Lives and Their Property from the Flames.

Fighting a prairie fire and resisting the attack of an army are very similar. In a city you are the attacking party and the fire holds the advantage...

The evening of Dec. 6 we noticed a bright red glow in the northwest. It looked to be beyond the Dismal, and, as the wind was blowing from the south, we did not think much about it.

About 9 in the evening we returned home and went to bed, but not to sleep. At 12 o'clock the wind changed into the north west and commenced to rise.

At 2 one of the young men looking out remarked that the fire was out. His father, at that jumped out of bed saying, "Why, boys, the fire is upon us."

At 3 the smoke ahead of it. We all got up and dressed as rapidly as possible, wet all the sacks in our possession, and prepared for the fight.

At 4 the head-fire appeared at the top of the hill. In less time than it has taken to get a head-fire in line with the house a fire of flame.

to heat, and such another sight I never expect to see, unless it be on the last great day.

Our barns and cattle were saved from a side-fire by one of the men lying down and rolling it out. The men saved a number of hay stacks, but the grain was too far away.

About 7 in the morning two of the men came in with beards and eyebrows singed and almost blinded by sand and smoke. The third was missing. He had become separated from the others in jumping a head-fire about four hours before the arrival of the others.

The ranches near us lost a great many horses and colts and some cattle, and the quantity of hay and grain burned was enormous. But one human life was lost—that of a woman who died from fire.

The Effect of Tight-Lacing.

The evil effects of tight-lacing have been discussed and demonstrated well-nigh ad nauseam, though the exhortations to reform have not, so far, received the amount of attention from the fair sex that their importance and the persistence of the reformers would warrant.

The following simple treatment has been found excellent for cold in the head. Put one spoonful of powdered camphor in a cone-shaped vessel filled with boiling water and covered with a cornucopia, the top of which is then torn off just enough to admit the nose and inhale the warm camphor vapor for ten to fifteen minutes.

It will cure that cold, has no equal, and is the people's remedy.

"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.

FIRST REWARDS.

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

SECOND REWARDS.

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

THIRD REWARDS.

- First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (6 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet \$5

FOURTH REWARDS.

- First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 41 pieces, specially imported, \$40
Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustavo Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$1
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2
Next one, Family Knitting Machine

FIFTH REWARDS.

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

SIXTH REWARDS.

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

SEVENTH REWARDS.

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

EIGHTH REWARDS.

- First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 41 pieces, specially made for TRUTH
Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, \$25
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth,

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Value. Includes items like '5 vols. \$15', 'Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, \$2', 'First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash', 'Next five, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7', 'Next eleven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7', 'Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols. \$20', 'Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3', 'First one, Fifty Dollars Cash', 'Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash', 'Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold \$15', 'Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45', 'Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, \$7', 'Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell', 'First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm', 'Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5', 'Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (6 pieces) \$40', 'Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3', 'Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15', 'Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet \$5', 'First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH', 'Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 41 pieces, specially imported, \$40', 'Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustavo Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$1', 'Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2', 'Next one, Family Knitting Machine', 'First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash', 'Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash', 'Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold \$15', 'Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60', 'Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2', 'Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1', 'First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm', 'Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5', 'Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service, (5 pieces) \$40', 'Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3', 'Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15', 'Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, \$2', 'First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold', 'Next seven, each a beautiful copy and copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7', 'Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash', 'Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3', 'Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1', 'First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 41 pieces, specially made for TRUTH', 'Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, \$25', 'Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth,

A few names of winners in previous competitions: E. Worth, 56 Markham St., Toronto, Ontario; R. Hart, Brantford, Ontario; Noel Marchall, manager Smith Coal Co., Toronto, Ontario; and L. G. G. Black, 41 East Ave. S., Hamilton, Ontario. George G. Pudgey, 119 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 other news, 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 towns, villages, 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 will be allowed for letters from distant points. About 135,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now. Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.

Our Young Folks.

THE TRIUMPH OF SONG.

The Story of a Toronto Street Singer.

Of all the days that's in the week, I dearly love but one day, And that's the day that comes betwixt A Saturday and Monday.

It was an old, old song. But the voice that sang it wasn't old by any means. It was fresh and clear and sweet and strong. And it came running out from the dirty, foul smelling alley, reminding one of a time when I heard a bird song come floating up from the dark hold of a ship.

Down the street, as if he were in a great hurry to get somewhere, came Professor Hale the man who taught the children of the rich people up town how to sing.

He looked tired and worried, as if the harmony of the day had jangled all out of tune. All at once he, too, heard the voice, and now it was singing:

'Tis then I dress up in my best And walk out with my Sally; She is the darling of my heart And she lives down in our alley.

The grave professor seemed suddenly to forget his hurry. He stopped stock still.

"By Jove, what a voice!" he ejaculated, as the tone sank to a plaintive, vibrating minor that thrilled through the murky atmosphere like a burst of sunshine. And then he went in pursuit of the voice.

It was quite appropriate that the voice should sing of someone who lived "down in our alley," for evidently both singer and audience were familiar with the location.

In a two wheeled huckster's cart which had been disabled and deserted, stood a little girl about 9 years old. She had on a red calico dress. It was pretty dirty, but apparently the little girl thought she was used up.

She had washed her face back as far as her ears, so that we could see that she was very pretty. Her skin was a clear olive. Her eyes were big and bright and brown. Her hair was almost the color of mahogany and hung in thick, tangled curls down below her waist.

She wore no stockings, but on her feet was a pair of blue satin boots, with tassels at the top and little pointed heels, such as the chorus girls in the opera wear.

She was standing with her head thrown back, her little hands clasped tight across her chest, singing with all her might. Around her were grouped about a dozen little gamins of the alley, who, if not appreciative listeners, were very enthusiastic ones.

When the professor appeared the entertainment stopped and the little singer looked as shy and confused as if she had been caught doing something naughty.

But the professor did not notice her confusion. He pushed his way right through the dirty, sticky little group and up to the side of the cart.

"What is your name," he asked, eagerly, "and where do you live?"

Shyly twisting her fingers into the folds of her red skirt, the little girl answered in a confused way:

"My name is Alice Flynn, and I live here," nodding her head toward a little alley.

"I thought you to sing?"

"I always knowed how," and the little one, with a side look at the professor, answered:

"I live with 'em was the professor."

"I want to see your grand old father."

"He's in the gay city of Paris, and for ten to fifteen years was all ablaze with this procedure."

"I got this dress from the ragman, too. Ain't it a daisy?"

In a very few minutes the little girls were chatting away as if they had known each other always, and then Professor Hale told his daughter to go and call her nurse. When she appeared he said:

"Mary, you may take this little girl up stairs and give her a bath, and dress her in some of Miss Kitty's clothes. To-morrow you may go out and see about getting her some clothes of her own, and you may fix up the little room next to yours for her to sleep in. She is going to stay with us for a while."

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that Alice had company. She heard the footstep and began.

"I think it's time ye was a gettin' home, you fool for nothin' little trollop; an' if ye ain't brought the price of a sup o' tay and a bit o' bacon it will be th' worse for ye."

"I've brought a gentleman with me," said Alice. "He wanted to come to see you, and here's a quarter for your tea and bacon. He gave it to me for bringin' him."

The old woman lifted her shaking head and looked at the Professor with watery, bloodshot eyes. The Professor didn't waste any words.

"Madam," he said, "this little girl has a wonderful voice. I want to take her home and teach her to sing. Are you willing she should go?"

"And what would I be doin' widout her?" whined the old woman; "and me wi' the rheumatiz that had I can't be putten' me foot to the floor."

"Well," said the professor, "here's a two dollar bill that I'll give you. And I'll send you that amount each week if you will let me have the little girl."

The old woman hesitated a little at first, thinking that perhaps the professor would increase his offer. But when she saw that he had no such intention she accepted, eagerly enough. And then the gentleman took Alice by the hand and led her away, while the grandmother sat mumbling over the crisp new bill, without so much as giving her a word of farewell.

The professor walked straight back to the street from which he came, hailed a street car, and with the little girl beside him started back up town.

Alice began to be frightened. She commenced to cry, and kept on crying even when the car stopped, and the professor led her up to the front of a beautiful house looking right off on the park.

She still cried and begged him to let her go back to her miserable alley and her wretched old grandmother. She didn't feel any better when she got inside of the hall and stood on the soft carpet, among the pretty, lightwome flowers. You see she wasn't used to it.

She had never known any home but the miserable cellar, nor any friends but the little wretched old woman and the dirty little gamins, and she felt afraid and out of place.

The professor stepped to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Come down here, Kitty, I want you." And Kitty came, a beautiful little yellow haired fairy, all in ribbons and lace, who cried, as she ran down stairs:

"Oh, papa, where did you get that little girl?"

"I found her down in our alley," answered the professor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"How do you do, little girl?" said Kitty.

"What pretty hair you've got" and, oh, my! what lovely boots! Where did you get them?"

Alice was all right now. She wasn't afraid any more, and she answered very promptly and confidentially.

"I brought 'em of the ragman for five cents, and I got this dress from the ragman, too. Ain't it a daisy?"

In a very few minutes the little girls were chatting away as if they had known each other always, and then Professor Hale told his daughter to go and call her nurse. When she appeared he said:

"Mary, you may take this little girl up stairs and give her a bath, and dress her in some of Miss Kitty's clothes. To-morrow you may go out and see about getting her some clothes of her own, and you may fix up the little room next to yours for her to sleep in. She is going to stay with us for a while."

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girl of the alley, Alice Flynn. It was a darling thing to bring her out in the gay capital before all the critics, but Professor Hale was a man who dared. He proved that when he first took charge of Alice.

At last it was time for her to appear. She came forward almost as timidly as she first entered the great house in Toronto.

The hundreds of people, the dazzling lights, the sudden burst of applause, and the hush of expectation which followed it were all so confusing that Alice was bewildered.

Her first impulse was to turn and run, but then she remembered what Professor Hale had said to her:

"I am looking forward to the greatest triumph of my life to-night. You must not disappoint me."

He was standing in the flies now, breathlessly watching her, and Alice said to herself, desperately, "I must not fail."

And she did not. Her voice trembled a little at first and the people looked at each other significantly.

And then—but who could describe that song? When she ceased the great audience sat silent and in tears.

Then from a thousand lips came the "Bravo! bravo! Call her back! Encore! encore!"

When Alice came forward the second time she found herself confronted by a barricade of roses, which her enthusiastic audience had piled in front of the foot-light.

She never knew what made her do it. She hadn't thought of the old song for years. But it came to her now, and, without any assistance from the orchestra, she sang:

Of all the days that's in the week, I dearly love but one day, And that's the day that comes betwixt A Saturday and Monday.

The air was still quivering with the homely pathos of her pathetic minor key when, from the pit, there came a startled cry of "Fire! the wings are on fire!"

Of course there was a stampede. Some one sprang from the right of the stage and seized Alice's arm.

"Come this way. There's a solid wall of fire on the other side. It started in the green-room and crept round to the stage."

"But Mr. Hale is there," said Alice, fearfully.

"Well, he'll have to stay there, then," said the man. "Somebody caught at him now. He still attempted to drag Alice away."

"But some one must get at him. I will not go and leave him here."

"I tell you it is madness," cried the man. "It's sure death to go near that side."

"Then I'll stay and die with him," said Alice, firmly.

Then, with a presence of mind that was wonderful, she ran to the dressing room, seized a long woollen cloak, on which she emptied the contents of the silver ice pitcher, and, wrapping herself in it, she plunged straight through the wall of fire.

Mr. Hale was not where she thought. She ran along through the blinding, stifling smoke, but could not find him. The man who tried to hold her back stood in the center of the stage, dazed.

Some one ran up and seized him by the shoulders, shaking him in a frightened voice: "Where is she? Where is Alice?"

It was Professor Hale. He had escaped from the other side.

Dumb with astonishment and terror the man pointed toward the flies, which were now a mass of flames.

"Why did you let her go in there?"

"She thought you were there and she went to save you," was the answer.

The professor, before the other could prevent him, sprang in after her.

An instant later he dragged her out on the stage. Showers of water began to play over the flames, and soon the two men were able to make their way to the street, carrying Alice with them.

In spite of the long cloak the fire had dealt cruelly with her. For several minutes she showed no signs of life. Then the professor eyes and made an effort to lift her head.

The professor raised her up tenderly in his arms. She looked into his eyes pleadingly for a moment and then a mist seemed to gather. She lifted her right hand with a pathetic little gesture and faintly, tremulously, but sweet and plaintive as ever came the strain:

"And she lives down in our alley."

That was all.

A tablespoonful of kerosene in a locker of clothes will greatly facilitate the rapping.

Practical Housewifery.

Black walnut or any wood finished in oil may be kept bright by polishing with kerosene.

Pour a teaspoonful of kerosene into each quart of boiled starch, for a gloss; it will also prevent irons sticking to thin goods.

Eggs are said to become unwholesome when kept in refrigerators, a fungus forming which is easily found by the microscope, although it is noticeable to the taste. This fungus constitutes a danger when we consider how many eggs are consumed by all classes of society, and people of delicate constitutions ought to be particularly careful that they eat fresh and not kept eggs.

To cleanse ribbon, place it on a flat surface and with a small brush apply tepid soapy water to both sides. When thoroughly cleansed rinse with the brush. Dry it with a towel. Don't rub or iron. In this way your ribbon will look nice and new. This is especially excellent for satin fabric.

Experiments made by Dr. Vasilieff of St. Petersburg show that the boiling of milk is not without its disadvantage. The experiments were conducted on six young men, three of whom received boiled and three natural milk. Dr. Vasilieff's conclusion was that, as regards nutritiousness, boiled milk represents a decidedly inferior dietetic article as compared with raw milk.

In mixing your mustard, care should be taken that the water has been boiling and allowed to cool. Hot water destroys the flavor, and cold water is liable to cause the mustard to ferment. In mixing mustard for the table, only a little at a time should be made; stir well until the mass becomes smooth and oily. A little salt and sugar should be added.

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

Coffee and tea pots will become very much discolored inside in a very short time. To prevent this about every two weeks put into them a teaspoonful of soda—common table soda—and fill them about two-thirds full of water and let boil two hours. Wash and rinse well before using. In this way they will always be sweet and clean.

Advertisement for Dr. Cassell's Food, Nervous Debility, and other ailments. Includes text: 'NERVOUS DEBILITY', 'Dr. Cassell's Food', '208 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.' and decorative borders.

No More Bald Heads!

Seven Sutherland Sisters, Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner, Seven Falls.

Cannabis Sativa Indian Consumption Remedy!

THOUSANDS are being healed and cured in their testimonials as to its virtues. D. N. TAYLOR & Co., Ltd. 120 York St., Toronto, Ont.

Wringer Repairing a Specialty, W. C. SHOREY, Manufacturer and Dealer in CLOTHES WRINGERS

MANLEY CARPET SWEEPERS, etc. 284 Parliament St., Toronto, Ont.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There were 40,321 physicians in the Japanese empire at the beginning of the year.

Sarah Bernhardt's tiger has died at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, of the influenza.

An extraordinary amount of snow fell on the Italian and Swiss Alps during December, January, and February.

Christine Nilsson is to come out of her retirement to sing at the farewell concert of Sims Reeves in London in June.

Dr. Rankin, a surgeon at Muncy, is said to be using hypnotism successfully as a substitute for chloroform in his practice.

The new avenues and streets opened in Rome and Naples bear the names of Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini.

At a shooting party of five guns recently given by Count Weisseburg, the bag consisted of 2,268 hares and 219 pheasants, shot on one day.

The Shah has commissioned his Ambassador at Berlin to engage engineers and workmen to go to Persia to put up gas works in the larger cities.

Bears have become so thick in the mountains of Isere, bordering on Savoy, in France, that the inhabitants have organized bear drives, but these have so far been unsuccessful.

The combined manoeuvres of the German fleet and the Ninth Army Corps in April, in presence of the Emperor, will last three days, and will probably represent a landing from the Island of Alsen.

Ernest Renan, the French philosopher, indulges in a hobby of not riding in vehicles of any kind, preferring to walk, although his health is feeble, and a stout cane is necessary to support him.

The heaviest gun in the world has just been finished by Krupp for the Russian Government. It weighs 135 tons, is 40 feet long, and is 6 1/2 feet diameter in the widest part. It will have a range of 11 miles.

There were seventy-five suicides (fifty-three men, twelve women, seven girls between 16 and 18, and three children under 10) in Berlin during January being the largest number ever recorded there in a single month.

The Bulgarian Government proposes to adopt the Gregorian calendar instead of the old style Greek calendar still used in Russia and some two weeks out of agreement with the rest of the world.

Several French Generals have been "disciplined" by M. de Freycinet on account of violent public speeches, in which they impeached his fairness in overlooking them for promotion, and bluntly called him an ignoramus in military matters.

An exhibition of toys is about to be opened in St. Petersburg. It is intended to illustrate the history of toys from the earliest ages. Particular attention is to be given to Asiatic toys, which are said to be marvels of taste and fine workmanship.

The Almanach de Gotha is over a century and a quarter old. When it was first issued, among its collection of sovereignties written up, there were only three republics, Switzerland, San Marino, and Andorra, while today, out of its total of fifty-eight States mentioned, twenty-six are republics.

French society women have invented, to bridge the gap between luncheon and 5 o'clock tea, an entertainment which they call the "3 o'clock," and at which distinguished singers and actors are welcomed as guests without being expected to sing or act.

They are telling in Vienna of a female member of the family of a diplomat who, at a recent gathering, asked the Papal Nuncio to let her look at the diamond cross he wore on his neck, and then placing it around her own neck went to see the effect in a mirror before she returned it.

Count Andrássy had a splendid nerve at the card table, and when he played at all called for very high stakes. He once played three rubbers of whist with the late Count Darn, Prince Peter Scherwaloff and Baron Kolisch—all first rate whist players—for 2,000 franc points and 10,000 francs on the rub.

Brigands and Turkish troops came together recently at a place near Elanona, a little to the north of the Greek frontier, and

although the troops conquered, it was not until they lost over twenty men, while of the brigands only six were killed and two captured, and two made their escape entirely.

Thirty-seven French soldiers under command of a Captain, a Lieutenant, and a sub-Lieutenant, are said to have marched from their barracks at Vannes to a railroad station twelve miles distant in one hour and fifty minutes to salute a General whose train was to stop at the station. Not a man fell out on the march.

Emperor William II. sent to be placed on the grave of his grandfather, on the recent anniversary of the latter's death, a wreath of violets. Several hundred other persons in Germany had the same idea and by evening the grave was covered with violets, which had come, some of them, from distant parts of the empire.

The Eiffel Tower, which has been closed since the Exposition, is about to be reopened. It has been over-hauled and refitted as to its platforms and other accommodations for the public, the restaurant service has been re-organized, and the elevators have been tested, until it is sure that the cold weather does not effect them injuriously.

It is rumored in high quarters at St. Petersburg that great changes are about to take place in the administration of the imperial court, as the expenses during recent years have been much too large, despite efforts to economize. The reserve capital of this department, which in 1881 was \$4,000,000, has been spent.

Emperor William still retains the French cooks that ruled the kitchen of the imperial palace under his late grandfather, but he positively refuses to allow their French bills of fare to be put before him. The cooks draw up the day's list of dishes under their French names, and these are translated into German for his Majesty's table.

A young woman in Bergerac, France, sent a dress to be altered and forgot to remove from its pocket a very confidential letter. The dressmaker found it, and instead of returning it, communicated its contents to several neighborhood gossips. The girl's guardian has obtained a verdict compelling the dressmaker to return the letter and pay \$60 damages and the costs.

In the larger cities of northern Italy cooperative societies have recently started stores and dwellings for the benefit of working people, and they are meeting with extraordinary success. The stores give good staff at cost, and the dwellings, though small and extremely cheap, are yet very comfortable, and supplied with modern conveniences, yards, and flowers in profusion.

Paris officers going to seize the goods of a woman against whom a judgment had been obtained found her lying apparently dead and prepared for burial in her room. They were about to retire when one of them could not resist the temptation to punch the plump arm of the woman. The supposed corpse promptly sat up on the bed and gave the impertinent officer a regular dressing down before she remembered that she was dead to her creditors if not to the world. The execution was made at once, and the goods sold.

It is declared by a recent traveller that the people of Naples no longer deserve the reputation of being the laziest on earth. "I have spoken," he says, "with architects, engineers, and other employers of labor, who all testify to the willingness of the Neapolitan to work. It is, moreover, self-evident in the hundred different street industries which supply half the population with a means of livelihood. The Neapolitan laborer and artisan are not only willing, but they work well, with intelligence, being more tractable than the Frenchman and not so slow of understanding as the German."

Attention is being called to the fact that the peak of Teneriffe at dawn casts upon the ocean a shadow that at first appears to be flat upon the surface, but gradually seems to rise up until it is perpendicular, and stands apparently a reproduction in black of the real mountain which beside it is white and glowing in the sunlight. The scientific explanation of the phenomenon is that the shadow at first is really flat upon the water, but that, as the heat of the rising sun causes a vapor to rise from the ocean, the shadow gradually becomes cast against the bank of fog instead of upon the water, and really is straight up in the air.

At the Dog's Grotto, one of the curiosities

maintained near Rojo Italy, there is a cave the lower part of which is said to be filled with deadly gas, so that while a man can walk about unharmed a dog breathing the lower air is asphyxiated. To prove it they have a dog called Columba that is taken into the cave whenever a visitor appears and that, after a short time, seems overcome by the alleged gas and has to be carried out and resuscitated in the fresh air. The dog is so well trained that whenever she sees a stranger approaching she gets up and trots off to the cave to get her asphyxiation. This happens many times a day, but the dog seems none the worse for it.

In some excavations on the Colian Hill have been found the ruins of an edifice which Signor Lanciani considers to have formed part of a residence belonging to the Roman Dendrofori worshippers of Cybele. The part opened consists of a rectangular hall two and a half metres in length and three metres in width, paved with white mosaic. From an inscription on the walls one learns that this hall served as a passage to the Hillarian basilica. On another inscription one reads that the basilica was built during Hadrian's reign. There have also been found a terra cotta lamp, the handle a figure representing Minerva with her wings stretched out, and a second lamp, on which is a crouching Venus.

It is calculated to upset popular notions of the Sahara to learn that within the northern edge of the desert zone, south of Algeria, a big rainfall has turned the valleys into lakes and the wadies into torrents, inundating the oases of Wargla and Tuggurt, threatening the town of Laghouat with overflow, and melting many of the clay Saharan houses into shapeless earth heaps. The same thing has occurred before, and the oldest inhabitants recall the great wetness of 1833. This is the region known as the Algerian Sahara. It is not many years since a great scheme for turning the Sahara into a vast inland sea was discussed for months. It was some time before it was discovered that the obstacle in the way of this beautiful project would be that the Sahara, as far as we know, lies wholly above the sea level.

At St. Malo, France, a few days ago, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, many perfectly reputable and sober inhabitants saw three suns all in a row a little above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time. The central one, which was the genuine article, shone with unwonted brilliancy, while from its supporters darted rays of all the prismatic clora. At the same moment a rainbow made its appearance at some little distance, but upside down, with its convex side toward the horizon. The phenomenon, which lasted some time, was witnessed by a number of the inhabitants as well by the passengers on board the steamer Alliance, which arrived from Jersey at nightfall. It was noticed by some of the passengers. Not long ago a phenomenon of a similar kind was witnessed at another port in the northwest of France.

Among recent explorers who have paid their way themselves the expedition of the Italian traveller Borelli is the most noteworthy. The important discoveries he has made north and southwest of Shoa, now a part of Menelik's Abyssinian empire, kept him in Africa over five years, and during all his wanderings he paid every expense out of his own pocket. He is the only white traveller who has yet visited a considerable extent of country in that part of Africa, and one of his discoveries was that the Omo River does not run into the Indian Ocean, but flows inland to the salt Rudolph Lake. Exploring is usually very expensive work, but now and then a traveller bears all the financial burden himself. Leigh Smith made a big hole in his fortune by his three trips to Franz Josef Land. Copo Whitehouse depended on his own check book to pay for his explorations and surveys in the Paian ocean. Kraus's long trip in West Africa taken almost without makers are complaining for them because he which to make. Holub earned as a went into his first in Africa, and Arno small equipment for traps ever made in a.

Dead Sea. Between 1570 and Now at the older th

dealt by two American scholars of the highest character. First of these may be mentioned Dr. Philip Schaff, a professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at New York, who published his travels in 1877. In a high degree he united the scientific with the religious spirit, but the trait which made him especially fit for dealing with this subject was his straightforward German honesty. He tells the simple truth regarding the pillar of salt, so far as its physical origin and characteristics are concerned, and leaves his readers to draw the natural inference as to its relations to the myth. With the fate of Dr. Robertson Smith in Scotland and Dr. Woodrow in South Carolina before him—both recently driven from their professorships for truth telling—Dr. Schaff deserves honor for telling as much as he does. Similar in effect, and even more bold in statement, were the "Travels" of the Rev. Henry Osborne, published in 1878.

Then came out, little by little, the truth regarding the Dead Sea myths, and especially the salt pillar at Usdum; but the final truth remained to be told, and now one of the purest men and truest divines of this century told it. Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, visiting the country and thoroughly exploring it allowed that the physical features of the Dead Sea and its shores suggested the myths and legends, and he sums up the whole as follows. "A great mass of legends and exaggeration, partly the result of the old belief that the cities were buried under the Dead Sea has been gradually removed in recent years."

Conceit.

There is one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools an overwise man is the worst. You may cause idiots to philosophise; you may coax donkeys to forego thistles; but don't think of ever driving common sense into the head of a conceited person.

DON'T GIVE UP THE BATTLE

Relief at Last.

Clifford, Ont., Jan. 13th, 1890.

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

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Endorsed by the best authorities in the world

A Few of Our Distinguished

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—Widow of the late Sir Charles Lytton, G.C.B., Canada's High Commissioner. — Mrs. Ross L.L.S. Minister of Education, Toronto. — Mr. J. M. Stewart, Esq.—Director Music, Toronto. — Mr. J. M. Stewart, Esq.—Specialist, Toronto. — Professor J. M. Stewart, Esq.—Toronto. — Mr. J. M. Stewart, Esq.—Toronto.

BRITISH NEWS.

Col. North, "the nitrate king," is going to run for Parliament, it is said.

Ever since the influenza there has been a remarkable increase in the number of wills filed in London.

Tennyson still occasionally smokes the pipe, which has always been his favorite style of using the weed.

An English firm is about to bring out a collection of what Mr. Barnum considers his brightest and freshest stories.

An exhibition of a thousand different sorts of horse-shoes, including some made by the ancient Romans, is now going on in London.

An Irish farmer was so anxious that his attempt at suicide should succeed that before jumping into a bog he tied his legs together.

English literary papers have so much to print about Browning now that they get it all together and put it under the head, "Browningiana."

The English public is trying to get an act of Parliament to compel the railroad companies to provide proper restaurant accommodations at their stations.

London is troubled over its water supply and is looking about for a corporation rich enough and willing enough to build an aqueduct from the Malvern Hills.

An English weekly paper has crossed the Rubicon, and will hereafter be sold for a half penny. People are already beginning to talk of the possibility of a farthing paper.

The English War Office has been compelled to secure firing rights over five thousand yards at all their ranges on account of the great range of the new rifle adopted for the infantry.

The London World hears that Gen. Boulenger does not intend to remain much longer in exile in Jersey, and is making arrangements to take another house in London during the season.

A prize of \$500 has been offered by the British Sunday School Union for the best tale on gambling, "to be drawn as far as possible from actual life," and "to vividly depict the evils of gambling."

Mrs. Langtry paid all the members of her company full salary for the month during which they were idle owing to the postponement on account of her illness of her opening at the St. James in London.

English customs officers the other day discovered 20,000 cigars secreted aboard a troop ship ready to be smuggled ashore at the first convenient opportunity, and did not succeed in tracing the ownership of them.

The prisoners in the jail at Mooltan, India, celebrated their New Year's by cutting off the nose of their jailer. It was from this same jail that several prisoners recently escaped, but soon came back voluntarily.

The insignia of the British order of the Bath, which has heretofore been made of gold, is to be of silver-gilt hereafter, and instead of being made by a jeweller, they will be turned out on contract at so much the score by a Birmingham firm.

Miss "the human cannon ball" has been placed on a committee of the British Parliament the subject of child acrobats, the new law being before it a bill for the prohibition of such performers. She is said to give a very good speech.

and two actors were during a rehearsal at new days ago by the giving upon which their parts to stand, and she broke her legs.

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bound over to keep the peace upon the complaint of an old woman whom they threatened to kill because they believed that she had bewitched their cattle. One of them testified under oath that he really believed in witchcraft.

The London Spectator in its last issue formally apologizes to Michael Davitt for having said that he was sentenced to penal servitude for "his share in a political murder," when Davitt was really sentenced for "treason felony." Mr. Davitt has sued the paper for libel.

There are to-day royal and imperial orders in the world, with a prodigious assortment of collars, crosses, stars, and other fancy insignia, laid up for the tickling of human ambition. The oldest is St. Andrew's order, first instituted in England in 787, disused afterward, and reestablished in 1540.

There is a Home of Rest for Horses in London, regularly incorporated and with a Lord for its President. It is said to have been very successful in a small way, and now is trying to get \$25,000 endowment with which to buy and maintain a farm for the benefit of aged and decrepit horses.

John Markham, an Irish land bailiff, who had been boycotted for ten years, and was constantly guarded by the police while he lived, died a few days ago, and the guard being relaxed a little, some persons unknown stole his body and made away with it so effectually that it has not since been found.

The London Times, which has for some time been managed jointly by the two sons of John Walter, is now in charge of a new manager, Moberly Bell, who was formerly the representative of the Times at Cairo, and has been credited with having forced the English Government to the bombardment of Alexandria.

In Dorchester, England, a bounty of 8 cents per dozen is offered for old sparrows, 4 cents per dozen for young ones, and a cent and a half per dozen for eggs. The sparrows have grown so numerous all through Dorsetshire that in some places they are said to destroy half the crops, while in villages they ruin the gardens and even strip the thatch from buildings.

A large curtain or coverlet made of linen and wool discovered at Akhmym, in Upper Egypt, is now exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. From the likeness of its ornamentation to that of hangings shown in a wall mosaic at Ravenna representing a corridor in Justinian's palace, it is generally accepted as a work of the sixteenth century. It is about ten feet by six wide.

An engraving by T. Landseer of Sir Edwin Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" was sold at a recent sale in London for \$550 to a fellow who looked like a countryman, but who led experienced collectors out of the field. Nobody found out who he was, and it was concluded that he was simply some rural man with a little money in his pocket who had taken a fancy to the picture and bought it to humor a whim.

Bishop Ridley, who recently arrived in London from his district in Vancouver's Island, brought to the Queen a gift of \$100 from the chief of the tribe among whom he had been at work. The chief offered it in such a way that the Bishop could not refuse it without giving him dire offence, but he is as afraid to offer it to the Queen as he would have been to refuse to take it from the chief, and can't make up his mind what to do with it.

D Morris, the assistant director of the New Gardens, London, claims to have discovered the way to raise sugar cane from seed instead of from cuttings, which has been the former method, and expects to realize great results from the crossing of breeds and the improving of the stock as well as from the cheapening of cane raising. The seeds he discovered by the aid of a microscope.

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calling "Help!" in a voice that sounded down in the drain. The police summoned laborers, who made a thorough exploration of the drain without discovering the source of the cries, and the excitement became so intense that a cordon of police had to be formed to keep people away from the place. The ventriloquist being forced back with the rest of the crowd, the cries ceased and the excitement was over.

ical. He kept his business to himself, and even his wife knew little or nothing of his affairs. He is undoubtedly the first hangman that ever figured in the list of bankrupts, and his lack in business ventures outside of his professional engagements may have a tendency to weaken the popular faith in the good fortune that a hangman's rope, or a portion of it, is sure to bring to its happy possessor. But, after all, it may be that Marwood sold all his ropes and kept not one piece for himself. If this should turn out to be the truth, it will furnish a startling warning to all other hangmen.

The estate of Marwood, the famous English hangman, is in bankruptcy. It appears by his books that his business, although very active, was by no means in a flourishing condition at the time of his death. Marwood was a shoemaker by trade. In Horn-castle, Lincolnshire, where he lived, the people believed that he was wealthy, and they were surprised to learn that he died insolvent. His profits in hemp were considerable, but he was a speculator, and was not at all fortunate. In his books there appears an item of £25 against the city of Dublin, the balance due for the hanging of the murderers of Burke and Cavendish. Outside of his passion for speculations Marwood was close and econom-

The Girl Who Helps Her Mother.

There are girls who paint and girls who play
And girls who dance with grace,
And girls who steal our hearts away
With charms of form and face.
But there's a girl whom I respect
Much more than any other,
And as a wife I shall select
The girl who helps her mother.

Although it may be out of style,
She grants her mother's wishes,
Nor does she idle all the while
Her ma is washing dishes.
She has a kindly, loving way
For parent, sister, brother,
She proves a blessing every day,
The girl who helps her mother.

She may not read the latest trash
Nor sigh for a flirtation,
She may not care to make a smash
Nor pine for a sensation.
Such lives as hers with grace abound
And love for one another,
She scatters sunshine all around—
The girl who helps her mother.

Butter and Margarine Factories.

The number of butter factories on the Danish system is rapidly increasing in Friesland. In many villages, where already one factory existed, a second one is being erected, mainly by small companies or wealthy dairy farmers. In this system the milk is collected from various farms around the factory, where it is tested and mixed together. The butter produced is also combined with butters made in the neighbourhood, and thus equality in make and grade is constantly assured. Meanwhile, the new Margarine Act has not stopped or even impeded the important industry of butter substitutes, which extends in every direction. The quantity of margarine manufactured last year in Holland is by far the largest ever produced in this country. A new factory has just been started by a company in Rotterdam with a capital of £100,000.

"How."

The word "How" is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass—North, East, West and South. To all points of the compass let the good news go that for deranged liver, nervous headache, constipation, impaired blood, nausea, and many other disturbances of the system that make men morose, there is a remedy. Thousands testify that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles. Small but potent, one a dose.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

Yokes and guimpees of velvet go with velvet sleeves.

Invested a Dollar and Realized a Million.

Brown and his friend Perkins were talking about investments.

"Once I invested \$1,000 in real estate," said Perkins, "and doubled it in less than six months. That was the best investment I ever made. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"I've done better than that," said Brown. "Two years ago I was told by all my friends that I was going into consumption, and I thought they were right about it. I had a dry, hacking cough, no appetite, and sleep came by fits and starts, and seemed to do me no good, and often there was a dull, heavy pain in my chest. I kept growing weaker and weaker, and at last night-sweats set in. I thought it was all up with me then. I had consulted two doctors and taken quarts of their medicine, and received no benefit from it. One day I happened to read something about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I made up my mind to give it a trial, but I didn't expect it would help me. I invested a dollar in a bottle of it, and it helped me from the first dose. It helped and it cured me, and when I compare my present good health with the miserable health of two years ago I think I am safe in saying that my investment was a much better one than yours. You can't reckon health by any measure of dollars and cents; if you could I should say that I had realized at least a million from my \$1.00 investment." The "Golden Medical Discovery" is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended or money paid for it will be refunded.

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

Friction Clutch Pulley and Cut off Coupling a specialty. New Patent, complete satisfaction guaranteed. Address Waterous Engine Works Co., Brantford. Mention this paper.

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

All Men,

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

\$10.00 A DAY. J. L. JONES WOODENWARE TORONTO

Wasteful Economy in the Kitchen.

"Many a young wife," said a motherly woman the other day, "would find the wheels of her household moving much more smoothly if she would spend a little less money on the furnishing of her drawing-room and devote it, instead, to supplying her kitchen with labor-saving appliances and plenty of utensils. Economy in kitchen utensils may easily be pushed too far, and if there is another place where a woman may be more readily excused than another for extravagance it is just there.

"To have to stop in the middle of making a dessert in order to clean a saucepan or a kettle in which the soup had been prepared, because you have not another, is folly when soup kettles can be had for twenty-five cents each. To have your kitchen knives of such poor metal that they will not stay sharp, or to let a good knife remain dull because you think you cannot afford to spend ten cents to have it sharpened, is a real waste of strength out of all proportion to the saving. To have nothing by which you can measure your ingredients accurately, because it costs more to buy a set of weights or a graduated glass measure than to trust to guess-work and an old teacup, has spoiled many a good dish that cost just as much and brought humiliation on many a good cook. To scrape your porridge pot with a spoon because you will not buy a patent pot-scraper for twelve cents wears out ten spoons to one pot-scraper, and the hired girl invariably selects your best spoon for that purpose. Sifting the coal ashes is such a dirty business as it is usually performed and the servant kicks against it so vigorously that the most economical housekeeper soon abandons it in despair. A patent ash-sifter that allows no dust to escape and preserves all the half-burned coal will pay for itself in one winter and last five. A cheap refrigerator can be had for one-third the cost of a good one of the same size, but if you buy it your ice-bill will be twice as large.

"There is hardly anything in the kitchen of which there are not two varieties, the cheap and the dear, and the result of the use of either is generally its exact opposite in actual cash. But in comfort to one's self and to one's husband and children, a saving of time, temper, brain worry and back-ache, they repay their own cost many times over every week."

Electric Currents of the Skin.

An interesting study has been lately made by Herr Tarchenoff of electric currents in the skin from mental excitation. Unpolarizable clay electrodes, connected with a delicate galvanometer, were applied to various parts—hands, fingers, feet, toes, nose, ear and back, and, after compensation of any currents which occurred during rest, the effects of mental stimulation were noted. Light tickling with a brush causes, after a few seconds' period of latency, a gradually increasing strong deflection. Hot water has a like effect, cold or the pain from a needle-prick a less. Sound, light, taste and smell stimuli act similarly. If the eyes have been closed some time, mere opening of them causes a considerable deflection from the skin of the hand. It is remarkable that these skin currents also arise when the sensations are merely imagined. Mental effort produces currents varying with its amount. If a person is in tense expectation the galvanometer mirror makes irregular oscillations. In all the experiments it appeared that, with equal nerve excitation, the strength of the skin currents depended on the degree to which the part of the skin bearing the electrodes was furnished with sweat-glands.

Wisconsin has been agitated by a "Bible in the Schools" question. There appear to be no official regulations on the subject, but some of the teachers were in the habit of daily reading the Bible to their pupils, and to this some parents objected. The Supreme Court of the State has decided, in an action brought against a District School Board, that the reading of the Bible in the Public Schools is unconstitutional. The Court bases its decision on the ground that the Bible contains many doctrinal passages, and that, therefore, the reading of it, although without comment on the part of the teacher, constitutes sectarian instruction. It holds, however, that such text books as are founded on the fundamental teachings of the Bible, or which may contain extracts therefrom, may be used in the schools.

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Palatable as Milk.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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

CANCER and Tumor Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. G. H. McMichael, M.D., No. 23 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Wanted a Partner. For \$2,000 cash I will sell a one-quarter interest in an old-established, profitable city business. This is a rare chance. Investigation invited. References exchanged. Principals only. For particulars address: P.O. Box 265, Toronto P.O., Ont.

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

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See that the Coy's name is stamped on the Soap and on the Wrappers. Beware of Imitations.

Borrowers MONEY Large Loans and Church Loans at very low rates and smaller sums at 5, 6 & 7 per cent according to security.

INVESTORS Toronto business and home property yielding 7, 8 and 10 per cent to investors and 5 per cent to SPECULATORS.

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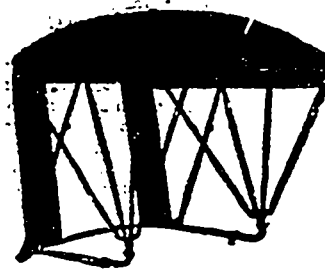
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MRS. SNOBALL, Toronto.
The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced. Send for circular. **S. COLLIGAN, Prop., 4 Adelaide St. West.**

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. **MEYER'S RADICAL CURE.** I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. I want you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 126 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

THE BEST & CHEAPEST

ING IN

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CONS.

TO THE EDITOR: Above named disease. By the I shall be glad to send two & see if they will cure. M.C., 126 West Adelaide Street.

THE LOST TRAIN.

How a Company of Emigrants were Decoyed into the Indian Country—A Misunderstanding Saves the Lives of the Party.

What was for several years known as the Lost Train made its start from Council Bluffs and struck for the Platte River in Nebraska, and followed it west. It consisted of seventeen wagons and sixty people, twenty-four of these being full-grown men and boys capable of handling a rifle and standing guard. The Captain was an Illinois farmer and pioneer, and as he had his wife and two children along no one could doubt that he would do his best to pull us through. I had a wagon loaded with clothing, powder, lead, and firearms in the train, valued at over \$5,000, and I was greatly pleased, when we finally made our start, to find our train made up of men whose looks indicated that they could be relied upon if a pinch came. Nearly every man had two rifles, intending to sell one in California, and many of them had revolvers and pistols as well as rifles. We had been out six days, and had not yet seen an Indian, when, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, a white man came riding into our train from the west, closely pursued by a dozen Indians. They hung about us for an hour or so, yelling and firing at long range, and then rode away. The stranger gave his name as Comstock. He was dressed like a scout and hunter, and he claimed to belong to a train of seven wagons which had entered the Territory from a point about

TWENTY MILES BELOW

the Bluffs. This train was, he thought, about thirty miles ahead of us. He had left camp two days before to look for a valuable saddle horse which had stampeded, had lost his way, and the Indians had run him for ten or twelve miles. He expressed great thankfulness at reaching a haven of safety, and at once began to offer his advice. We were adding many miles and days to our journey, he said, by following the river. By heading more to the northwest we should, after forty miles' travel, strike a valley which extended almost to Pike's Peak. Grass, water, and fuel were plenty, and he had been over it three times without seeing an Indian.

In those days the map makers knew little of the great West, and what they did locate was as apt to be wrong as right. None of us had ever heard of such a valley, but it might exist for all that. Most of us were opposed to making any change in our route, but here the Captain proved his inefficiency. The story of this valley charmed him, and Comstock piled it on until it was finally decided to change the route. Four of us held out until the others decided to go on without us. It would have been folly for us to think of splitting off, weak-handed as we were, and so we gave in. The change of route was made on the morning of the eighth day. We struck away from the river

OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE.

and made a good twenty-five miles that day. We got no water at noon, but at night camped beside a creek. I don't say that I suspected Comstock of any evil, for I believed his escape from the Indians was genuine. I did think it queer that he talked so much for a man who was so anxious to break out, and that he was so anxious to break out without regular route. While he avoided my eyes, he had rebelled, he cultivated, they soon came to take

new days we found very rough water either at noon, or day we found water at Comstock led

it was my love.

for ten to fifteen days, quite as this procedure, and that could be called from generally sufficient.

"Say, you don't think there is anything wrong, do you?" Before I could reply he was called away, and Comstock took care that I should not get at him again. We started off again in the morning, and found no water until noon. Then it was brackish, filthy stuff in a pond. The route was rough and difficult, and the pasturage was so scant that our animals were beginning to suffer and grow weak. Comstock kept talking about the valley to cheer the men up, but as night came and we seemed to have got no nearer several of the Captain's party began to

GIVE VENT TO SUSPICION.

Comstock argued, protested and entreated, promising that we should see grass up to our knees by midforenoon next day, and all talk was thus quieted. That night a storm set in and it rained as if it meant to float us away. Rain did not cease until noon next day, but sometime during the night the fellow Comstock deserted us, and we soon found he had taken the axle-pins from every wagon. Then everybody was ready to believe he was a decoy who had led us away from the route to be overpowered and slaughtered. We were one whole day replacing the pins, and were in momentary expectation of an attack, but not an Indian was sighted. Next morning we headed to the southwest, and were six days getting to the overland trail again, and during all this time we did not sight a redskin. As all of us believed that Comstock had an understanding with the Indians, we could not make out why they did not show up. Twelve years later an Indian told me all about it. We were right in suspecting Comstock. He was a renegade and living with a tribe. The plan to join a train and decoy it was his own, and the only reason he failed to wipe us out was because the 250 redskins backing him were waiting for us in another locality, there being a misunderstanding between them.

A Pretty Love Story About Henry Gladstone.

A correspondent writes.—You will perhaps remember that a short time ago I gave you the particulars of the wedding of Mr. Henry Gladstone, son of the ex-Premier and Miss Maud Rendel. The story of the wooing has just transpired. It seems that the two met last summer at Possillipo, the young lady's father having at that picturesque little hamlet on the Gulf of Naples a lovely villa. One beautiful evening the two were in the garden overlooking the water upon which the moonlight hung like a misty gauze: the scene was one of poetic loveliness—young Gladstone felt that there never could be a fairer spot or better moment for the confession of his love, so he declared himself to his innamorata with a fervor which the picturesqueness of the surroundings enhanced, if it did not inspire. Instead of answering him, the pretty girl covered her face with her hands and fled precipitately into the villa. Of course this astounded the young lover: he could not understand it at all; should he interpret the maiden's conduct as a rejection? If so, it were better for him to leave Possillipo at once. But no, his Scotch instincts came to his rescue; he had done the proper thing properly—he would bide his time. Next morning after breakfast, which his idol did not appear, he sought the garden and mandered gloomily therein, wondering what tactics he ought to pursue. Suddenly heard Miss Maud call to him, and turning he beheld that young girl advancing. She put both her hands in his and said, with charming frankness. "I would not answer you last night fearing you were under the influence of the insidious summer evening and almost magical scene, and that it was not your heart that spoke, so I would hear in daytime if you love me, and, if this is so, will tell you that I am willing to give you my love."

She is Still a Slave.

Lee County, Ga., has an individual who does not know that freedom dawned upon them all started to leave, who is deaf and cannot talk but made to understand it, and it out to this day, and his imitation.

HE DRANK THE MEDICINE.

Curious Manner in Which a French Burglar Was Captured.

A correspondent in Paris gives the following incident in connection with the la grippe epidemic:—During the recent epidemic of influenza I have found cause to congratulate myself on the difference between the taste and preparation of the medicines we used to be forced to take of yore and those that are got up for invalids nowadays. I contrast with amazement the nauseous draughts and powders that used to make the misery of my childhood whenever I was ill, with the delicate syrups, the cachets and capsules and tabletoids, that now make medicine-taking, if not actually pleasant, always a very comfortable process. There was a most comical illustration of this fact afforded by the adventures of a burglar the other day out at Bois-Colompe, which is one of those pretty suburban towns that encircle Paris with a girdle of genius. X—, who is one of the minor functionaries in the Ministry of Marine, possesses a charming villa in that town wherein he resides all the year round, going in to his office early in the morning and returning just in time for his 7 o'clock dinner.

One day he had given permission to his servants to go to a wedding, so the house was left unprotected during the whole day. One of the band which has been systematically plundering the unguarded country seats of the Parisians in these suburban towns got wind of this fact, contrived to force an entrance into the villa and ransacked it at his leisure in every part. He got together quite a mass of plunder, consisting of forks, spoons, jewelry, some rouleaux of coin, a few valuable antique miniatures, &c. These he packed neatly in a basket, and having finished his explorations in the dining-room he decided upon taking some refreshment. He spilled a bottle of appetizing aspect on the sideboard. The cork was drawn and a wineglass stood invitingly beside it. He sniffed at the bottle, and concluded from the odor that it must contain curacao. So he indulged in a glassful, and then went to examine the drawing-room, when he found several articles that pleased his fancy. Returning to the dining-room to place them in the basket, he took a second glass of liquor, and before he had completed his arrangements he was seized with a sudden and irresistible fit of sleepiness. He stretched himself out on the sofa to take a nap, with his basket of plunder beside him, and there the proprietor of the villa found him on his return home late in the evening. X— immediately summoned the police and the man was taken into custody. But it was found impossible to arouse him so he was taken off to the station-house still sound asleep. The tempting liquor which he had imbibed so freely was a potion prepared at the apothecary's for M. X—, who was suffering from the influenza, and it contained, among other ingredients, a large proportion of opium.

Dr. Peters' Fate.

In a letter from Emin Pasha, which has reached Berlin, he says he has met an Arab who declares that Dr. Peters, the leader of the German relief expedition, was murdered, and he saw his body. This is the last of a long series of rumors, but there is really not a particle of authentic evidence as yet that Peters has been killed.

The facts about his expedition, briefly stated, are that he started on July 26 last with twenty-five Somali soldiers and 10 porters to ascend the Tana River on his way from the Indian Ocean to Albert Nyanza. All went as far as Mass, about 150 miles up the crooked stream. In the next thirty-two miles to Oda Borurawa the expedition nearly came to grief, Peters having failed to provide himself with food before entering a famine-stricken district. He was well treated at this place, but had a fight with Galla natives over some of their slaves whom he had hired as porters. The last letter from him was dated at this place, nearly 200 miles up the river, on Oct. 8, and he was about to pursue his journey. Five weeks later Capt. Rust was within a few miles of Oda Borurawa, and heard no reports of disaster to the Peters party, though rumors in plenty were current on the coast about this time. His friends have no reason as yet to abandon hope that he is all right.

OF ANGES OF DEATH IN WAR.

At Solferino it Took an Average of 4,200 Bullets to Kill Each Man.

No doubt many newspaper readers have seen the statement that it takes a man's weight of lead to kill him in battle, and they may have considered it to be merely a rhetorical hyperbole, suggested by the fact that comparatively few out of the whole number of shots fired in heat of battle take effect.

Marshal Saxe, says an exchange, first made the assertion which forms the base of the above, when he said it would take 125 pounds of lead and thirty-three pounds of powder to put each of the enemy in the long trench. Wild and visionary as this may seem, it appears that there was more truth than poetry in the remark. With all the improvements which have been made in the art of war since the days of Saxe, Cassendi, the French savant, proves that the great marshal's philosophical remark still holds good.

At the battle of Solferino, according to Cassendi's carefully deduced calculations, a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy, shows that 700 bullets were expended for each man wounded, and 4,200 for each man killed. The average weight of the ball used was thirty grains, therefore it must have taken at least 126 kilograms or 277 pounds of lead for each man killed.

Yet Solferino was a most important and bloody battle. In the Franco-Prussian war the slaughter caused by the needle gun among the French soldiers shows how much superior that gun is to the Austrian carbine; yet with that deadly weapon 1,300 shots were fired for every soldier destroyed in the enemy's ranks. Verily there was good foundation for Bogert's ungrammatical remark: "War is awful, but the noise is awfuller."

A new explanation of short-sightedness comes from Breslau, Germany. Dr. Forster, the director of the Ophthalmic University there, declares that in 300 cases that he has studied, the pressure of tight collars upon the muscles of the neck has so disturbed the circulation of the blood as to affect the eye sight.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALINER

DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALINER

DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALINER

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ELECTRICITY.

Its Latest Applications to the Uses of Man.

Perhaps no better illustration of the promptitude with which first-class talent receives recognition in this country can be given than the case of Nikola Tesla, the now celebrated young electrician, whose name came suddenly into prominence from the publication of his work on alternate-current motors. His native place was Smiljan, Lika, in the border regions of Dalmatia and Montenegro, touching Austria. His father was a clergyman of the Greek Church, and he himself was also destined to be a clergyman, but the fates and his own tastes ruled it otherwise. He graduated at Carlstadt in 1873. Afterward carrying on his studies at Gratz and at Prague under circumstances of considerable difficulty, taking a place eventually as assistant in the Government telegraph department at \$5 a week to keep himself going. In 1881 he went to Paris, and afterward to Strasbourg. Then he crossed to America, where he applied himself with indefatigable vigor and in due course his celebrated motor appeared. Mr. Tesla speaks at least half a dozen languages. He is 33 years of age.

It seems that the Paris telephone authorities have to protect their telephonists from the "impatience and anger" of subscribers. The penalty for an offence is the cancelling of the offender's subscription and repayment of the money. This would appear to be somewhat detrimental to the reputation of the French, who are generally regarded as the polite nation par excellence and, assuming human nature to be very much the same everywhere, the only inference to be drawn is that the ladies in State employment over there are excessively exasperating.

The English turret ship Magdala has been making some very successful experiments in ship lighting in the harbor of Bombay. This vessel has on board two search-lights of 25,000-candle power, and by them shipping can be discovered between two and three miles off on the darkest night. By throwing the light against the sky messages can be telegraphed to ships fifty miles off.

An explosive signaling apparatus has been fitted up at the Bell Rock lighthouse, off the English coast. The lighthouse is supplied with two large bells, which are rung in foggy weather. It was thought, however, that a fog signal could be advantageously added, both on account of its report and the flash of the explosion. The fog signal, which will be fired by an electric spark, is now ready for the series of experiments which will be made with it. It is expected that it will be in full operation in the course of a month, and that during foggy weather it will be fired every ten or fifteen minutes. It is the first explosive signal which has been introduced in the lighthouse service in Scotland.

The recent wintry storm has given the first real test of the power of electricity to contend with the snow, and the result has been most gratifying to electricians. A correspondent in Boston gives the results of his observations there. He says that although the horse cars had four horses attached to them they had a hard time laboring through the drifts and heavy snow, and crawled along at a snail's pace, even where the tracks were cleared by the snow ploughs. While the poor horses tugged and strained, the electric cars glided along with a scarcely noticeable diminution of speed and even where the snow on the tracks was even up with the pans under the motors, the cars went on as if no such thing as snow was known, the little rail ploughs cleaning the way in front of the wheels readily and well.

Electricity has stepped in mercifully to alleviate the miseries of the early riser on dark mornings. An arrangement has been devised by which a connection is made between the room clock and the stove. The clock indicator is set over night to any required hour, and when the hour hand reaches that time in the morning an electric connection is established with the stove, which is then lighted by an electric spark. The sleeper in the mean time is not disturbed. As the temperature of the room rises, however, it is indicated by a small thermostat, and when it has reached a point of summer like comfort an alarm is sounded. The sleeper, of course, is awakened, but the act of jumping out of bed has now no terrors for him, and the morning ablutions are performed without a shudder.

A. N. Vernetto is said to have discovered

the secret of painless dentistry without the use of ordinary anæsthetics and the accompanying danger. His method consists in applying the end of a metallic wire in communication with a battery to the nerve, the effect of which is to produce a momentary anæsthesia, when the tooth is extracted. A writer in the electrical journal which makes mention of this discovery states that he has tried the experiment upon himself, and that he can now appreciate the spirit in which Lord Derby wrote to an English wine merchant who had sent him some port wine, which, he said, was an admirable specific for gout: "Lord Derby begs to inform Mr. — that he has tried the port wine and prefers the gout."

Some interesting experiments have been made in Toulon to ascertain the accuracy of aim when the electric light is used for night attacks. A large gun was mounted on a revolving platform, which also carried an electric projector. The mark to be hit was a mile distant, and the only light was that of the projector. It was found that the gun could be discharged with as great rapidity and precision as was attained in daylight.

It is said electric launches will supersede steam launches on the River Thames in a few years. At present there are between twenty and thirty electric launches on the upper Thames.

Attention has been directed recently to the serious injury inflicted on submarine cables by the attacks of various forms of boring molluscs. At a meeting of the Zoological Society Capt. D. Wilson-Barker exhibited some specimens of the teredo and also some pieces of cable on which it had been exercising itself. It was observed that the teredoes must have penetrated between the sheathing wires when in the embryo state, thus planting themselves on the jute, into which they afterward bored. The jute is tanned by a special process before it is laid on the core, and it is remarkable that these molluscs should be able to bore through this tough material impregnated with a chemical solution, and then scoop out pieces from the gutta-percha core. Strange to say, too, minute holes were found in the valves of the teredoes, showing the presence of some other boring mollusc, which apparently fed on the teredo.

An English electrician has been directing his attention to the purification of sea water and other fluids by electricity. He has made careful application of this principle also to wines and brandies. He finds that it has the effect of softening the asperities of some wines by removing the predominant bitartrate of potash, and in the case of the spirit distilled in imitation of French brandy the improvement to be derived from the process is remarkable. In one experiment two gallons of the very worst English brandy (a most crucial test), were kept electrified for three weeks; at the end of that time the spirit was drawn off infinitely improved—indeed, clear to the eye and soft to the taste. This process has also been applied with excellent results to the arresting of fermentation in cider. In the course of these investigations the antiseptic properties of electrified water were displayed in a very remarkable manner. Pieces of meat and the skins of animals in a state of putridity were immersed in electrified water, and in a short time rendered inodorous.

Worth Reading.

More than 170,000 miles of telephonic wire are in operation in the United States, over which 1,025,000 messages are sent daily.

When on the railroad cars traveling, take a seat in the center of a middle car. It is the safest and most comfortable.

The last report of the State Board of Charities shows that New York state is caring for 67,781 invalids, paupers and delinquents, at an expense of over \$570,000 a year.

A German physician has devised an instrument in the shape of a bent tube, that may be lengthened or shortened at will, by which he claims that it is possible to measure the keenness of the sense of smell.

In Northern Africa has lately been discovered a river that has worn a bed through the rock 300 feet deep, and then makes a perpendicular leap 650 feet, while all around are deep, yawning chasms and gigantic peaks.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication. THE CASTOR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

DR. J. C. CHANNING'S BLOOD PURIFIER. MOST EFFECTUAL HEALTH RESTORER AND BLOOD PURIFIER. WILL CURE SKIN DISEASES, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALTRHEUM, HUMOURS &c. WILL RENEW THE SYSTEM. Sarsaparilla.

On Turning New Leaves. Turning new leaves is not always attended with the happy results we so often read of. The boy who was poking around after hickory nuts, unheedful of the sign Beware Of The Bulb, would have been a large man to-day, with whiskers, had he not been ambitious to turn over new leaves. He turned leaf after leaf, each revealing such hidden treasure that he got excited and let his thoughts wander. He didn't know for many days what planted him over in the middle of the adjoining cornfield. His friends knew it was the "bulb." There are other instances. A man traveling in a far country received an important letter from home. He read two pages and chuckled with uncontrollable merriment. He was the happiest man on earth. "I'm a fat proud, happy father. Before he could go clean into his neck with a new leaf and read: them: three bouncing girls, living splendidly." A small boy listened to a teacher's remarks on the bulb leaves that she complimented. He hoped he would profit. He went to his seat and new leaves of vulgar trash himself: "I'll take it class catch up," but who to explain his case at class work. The rest of the afternoon that night after another boy tree, well out towards the end of a slender limb. He was turning leaf after leaf in search of fruit pretty well picked beforehand. He was about to come down, "but first," said he, "I'll turn over one more new leaf." He reached away out beyond any former attempt, and with the tip end of his finger nail managed to turn one more leaf. Nothing but his grandfather's grind-stone prevented his falling to the ground. He struck that, and felt the shock for many a day. These are but a few of the many instances that go to prove, what has often been said, that the best of rules have their snakes. Bickie's Anti-Consumption is a combination of several most powerful pulmonary cleansers, and is the best of the...

Health Department.

Wheat Meal Versus White Flour.

To attain a condition of perfect health certain requirements must be fully met. This fundamental declaration is imperative, and the disobeying of the law is constantly showing itself in a diversity of ailments.

The various forms of machinery that are used in our manufactories receive constant attention. Only the kinds of oil are applied that have the best lubricating power, and as a result, the machinery runs smoothly and even noiselessly. The human machine *per contra* is constantly getting out of order, the nerves, bones and muscles are imperfectly supplied with the proper pabulum, and as a consequence, we have disturbances manifesting themselves in the shape of disordered health. The blood cries out when its victim cringes with neuralgic pains, for better sustenance, but the cry is generally in vain,—the same food is supplied *ad nauseam*. Why should men heed the laws that govern the inanimate, and not pay due attention to the living organism. Perhaps we find the key to this heedlessness in the words of that great stoic philosopher Seneca, who wrote eighteen hundred years ago: "There is nothing against which we ought to be more on guard, than like a flock, following the crowd of those who have preceded us,—going as we do, not where we ought to go, but where men have walked before."

Draper in his physiology likens the body to the flame of a candle,—it is constantly being fed and is constantly burning away. The quality of the light will wholly depend on the material supplied. In the same way, to attain a robust, vigorous, and healthy condition, mankind must take as food only that sort which contains those ingredients that are essential. Too much of one kind or too little of another, disturbs the equilibrium. Bread has been called the staff of life, and yet this figure of speech, in view of the kind of bread that most persons eat, is a decided misnomer. The ordinary white flour, which forms the basis of so much food that is eaten, is principally a starch compound, and contains only three of the fifteen elements that go to compose the body, namely, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

To prove that white flour does not meet the requirements of the body, Magendie fed it wholly to a number of dogs; and at the end of forty days they died. Others to whom he gave the wheat meal, at the end of this time were in first-class condition. More than half of the children under twelve years of age have decayed teeth, owing to the insufficient supply of the required mineral ingredients, and this deficiency is caused as a rule by eating white bread. Dyspepsia, constipation, loss of nerve power, and many other diseases are produced by improper feeding. Sulphur is required for growth of the hair, yet white flour does not contain a trace; the phosphates are also notably lacking, and as these substances are absolutely necessary in the animal economy, then arguing *a priori*, the use of bread as ordinarily prepared should be interdicted.

When flour is made of the whole grain of the wheat, we have an article of food which contains all the elements that the body requires for its support; and this flour should be used in preference to the false "white loaf"; they led by the canons of science, and what should be the touch-stone, the eye of the un-

and entirely subordinate to the health of body which the exercise has secured. To exercise for strength alone, and to estimate it as the chief aim is an inexcusable blunder. There is no necessary physiological, casual relation between strength and health. Indeed it is a notorious fact that professional athletes are often defective in some bodily organ, and they generally die early in life from either heart or lung trouble. Developing certain sets of muscles to the exclusion of others makes the muscular system unsymmetrical, and interferes with the equable distribution of the general blood supply. Inordinate development of muscular power calls for unnatural activity from the central vital organs, and thus it frequently occurs that under the strain of some special effort the heart or lungs fail, and death results.

The Cure of Consumption.

The Boston Herald recently mentioned the case of the father of a highly respected Boston physician who, at a somewhat late stage of consumption, when so weak as to be hardly able to walk, took his horse and chaise, and with a friend as a companion, journeyed from place to place for several weeks, and returned practically cured.

What was the secret of that cure? Clearly not medical drugs. Yet it is just these that the consumptive generally relies on almost exclusively, taking the prescription daily in his cushioned chair, until he is lifted to his bed, to wear out the little remnant of his life.

From first to last his medicines have merely, or mainly, made him feel more comfortable, while the disease has steadily progressed to the fatal end.

In the case of the wiser man mentioned above, pure air was the chief element of cure; and the pure air was kept pure, for, while his own breathing tended to infect it, he was constantly leaving the infection behind him. To the consumptive pure air is always the first requisite, and the main value of winter resorts is in their allowing the patient to spend so large a part of his time out of doors.

A distinguished physician once said that if he were attacked with consumption, he would build a shed to his house and sleep in it. Thus, through the free circulation, he would avoid the constant re-breathing of his own infected breath.

But in the case under consideration, the breathing of pure air was not the only advantage of the course pursued. The man's daily travel gave him a gentle exercise suited to his condition. Disease can be thrown off only by the activity of the various life-processes—digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, and the many chemical and vital changes.

Now it is an established fact that a certain amount of physical exercise is essential to such activity of the vital processes. In the case of the sick, it is especially essential, since the system must be daily ridding itself of morbid matter, and be making unwonted draughts on its recuperative power.

In some cases a horse's back would be better than the chaise; but the exercise must be suited to the particular case. It must never be fatiguing.

Another element of the cure was the change of scene. It is a great help to have the mind diverted from one's symptoms, and pleasantly taken up with new surroundings, as far as possible removed from ordinary business cares and the accustomed routine of thought.

But consumption is a disease which specially demands aid in keeping up a feeble appetite. The invalid must be enabled to eat a liberal supply of easily digested food, and the above conditions all tend to serve him in this respect.

for twenty-four hours. The room should be left open for another twenty-four hours and then thoroughly cleansed, the furniture washed with disinfectant solution, the walls newly kalsomined or papered, and the wood-work covered with fresh paint.

The room should be prepared previously by having every crack about doors and windows tightly pasted or stopped up. The object of using water is that the heat of the kettle will cause evaporation and send moisture out into the room; for, the spores being very tenacious of life, dry sulphur fumes are not sufficient to kill them all. In the dry state the product is simply oxide of sulphur, but when water is added we have sulphurous acid, which is powerful enough to kill all the spores as well as the germs.

The Domestic Doctor.

Ordinary sticking plaster is an excellent remedy for corns. It keeps the surface soft, and prevents that rubbing which is the immediate cause of corns.

Dr. Flint says: "I have never known a dyspeptic to recover vigorous health who undertook to live after a strictly regulated diet, and I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

Good Housekeeping gives us the following cough remedy: Pour one and a half pints of water on a ten cent package of boneset. Let it steep by the fire ten or fifteen minutes, then strain it. Sweeten it with two and a half coffee cupsful of loaf sugar, then add half a pint of Jamaica rum and bottle it. Dose a child with one teaspoonful before each meal; adult, a sherry glassful.

The *Scientific American* gives the following cure: At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child, make the room close, then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire, so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass out. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.

Typhoid fever infects the atmosphere, it never rises de novo. The causes of the disease, in order of their frequency, are as follows: First, infected water; second, infected milk; third, infected ice; fourth, digital infection; fifth, infected meat. Dr. Edson states that with the observations of the ordinary obvious precautions suggested by these conclusions, the disease should not exist.

"When the spring-time comes," we usually find ourselves drowsy and exhausted, owing to the impure and sluggish state of the blood. To remedy this trouble, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful, yet safe and economical, blood-purifier in existence.

"Did n't Know" it was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

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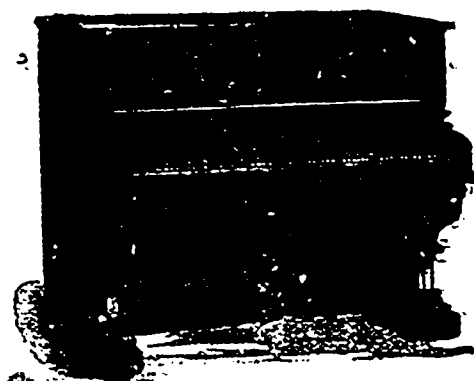
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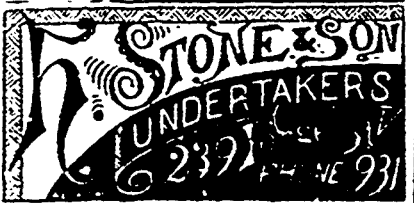
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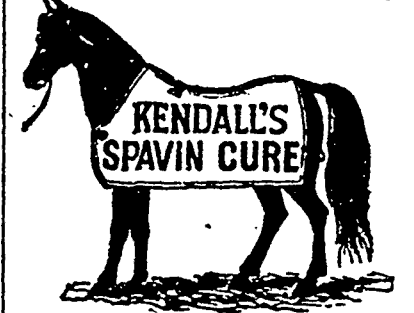
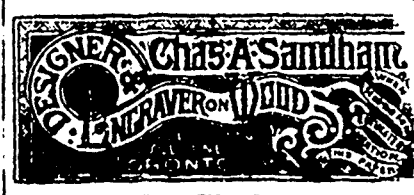
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