A LITTLE MIXED.

M Lon Mayne stood before the tall dress ing glass, brushing out her black hair.
Dosia Lorn was tucked away like a
kitten in a big blue-velvet easy-chair,
and sobbing in a gentle subdued way. Lou turned and looked at her once

with the brush elevated, as it she had more than half a mind to fling it at her.

"Upon my word, Dosta," she said,

"you are the greatest idiot I know of the said, What are the greatest idios I know off what are you crying about? Surely not because that old Aunt Thingummy of yours is dead? Why, you never saw her in your life?

That was not her name at all. It was Thwing."
"Worse still!" muttered Lou. The wender she died."

"You ought not to be disrespectful to the dead, at any rate." "I'm not. It's you the disrespect is by. You are so fearfully absurd, Dosia."
"What when she left all the money

to Hurst and me?"
Oh, is that what you are crying shout? Well, really!"
"No, of course not. You know it is not no."
"Will he? Why?"
"Will he? Why?"

" I've got got to marry Hurstmon, Lou gave: utterance stora sprolonged gon know!" "You see," walled Dosla, "the money is left to us on condition that we marry

each other." " And you mean to give up the man you love for that old woman's money?
"You know," murmured Dosia plaintwely, "that the wishes of the dead bught to be respected."

Rubbish !" exclaimed Lou-Marry Hurst, will sho?" she was say to herself, in mingled agony and wonder how he feels about his legacy? A little later, Lou Mayne was saun-tering down the street in all the glery tering down the street in a scarlet-winged a new winter toilet, a scarlet-winged toque perched above her jetty braids, and mischief smiling from her eyes. & Not far away she met Hurst Nucl. you!" he exclaimed eagerly. "I was that going to your house to ask you "And I am very glad to have met you," interposed Lou. "I wanted to congratulate you." "Indeed? What about?"

" On your approaching marriage. " You mean my Aunt Thwing's legacy? Now does Dosia take it?" "Like a little lamb," returned Lou

comurely, "Sheds a few natural tears to poor Roy's memory, but declares bereelf ready for the sacrifice." Burst laughed again, and then "There's to be a big sleigh-ride toin my new outter?" What will Dosla say?"

"Dosia? Roy Poyntz will take care Lou shook her head very gravely. "She wouldn't think of going with atm now. She intends to break with Boy, and marry you,"

Indeed!" laughed Hurst, "but it takes two to make a bargain. You'll go with me tonight, Lough from arched her dark brows in affected

MOFFOF. " Bother Dosia!" was the disrespectful response, "You will go, won't you? There's going to be lots of fun." " Perhaps," smiled Lon, and swept on-She'll come, my darling," he mur-

period, "I almost know she loves me; but to-night I'll put my late to frontest."

The moon had not yet risen when the deighing party set forth.
As young Nucl drew up before the

house in which Lou Mayne and Dosia



Forn both Hved, Roy Poyntz was just whind him; and the two girls came ant together, both so muffled and veiled That in the obscurity one could hardly

he tood from the other. "I never should have known it was you, only for your hat," said Hurst, as tucked his freight carefully away proong the furry robes, with a smiling plance of recognition at her scarlet-

winged toque. " "It's all right," whispered Lon Mayne, an she stepped into Roy Poyntz's cutter, of changed hats with Dosia; she thinks Forst wanted her to ride with him, and he thinks he has got me."

falurst had two horses, a Hvely span, two, but he managed to drive them with the hand, the other to gently insinuate to estate about the little muffled shape bedroult, and bending his tall head, murmred in the tenderest accents :

""Darling! You know already that I love homething between a gasp and a sob Muret's arm tightened, and he drew FERRIN Bearer.

"WHI you be my wife, dear one?" He saked, just as the other folks came up, making such a racket that he could not smed der reply.

Me must have been satisfied as to purport, or he would scarcely have scanned her so fondly to him, and at a convenient turn in the road, pushed up a corner of her veil to print a kiss on the

The sleigh-ride was to culminate in They were very merry in the ballroom on after-all but Dosia Lorn, whose had a white drawn look and a quiver

the mouth. Don Mayne had never looked so levely, and Roy Poyntz, having bowed world, devoted himself so pointedly wiss Mayne, that Hurst Nucl could

get a word with her.
bore it cheerfully for a wile, thed by the recollection of the sweetasseries failed presently to console for

such utter banishment from the light of Lou's smile. Was Lou, after all, only the coquette so many deemed her? "What ails Dosia Lorn?" someone

"Hush!" said Lou. "Don't you know that her Aunt Thwing is dead? Dosia heard, and gave her head a toss, "You ought to be ashamed of your-self, Lou Mayne," she whispered pres-

ently; "I never saw such a firt in my let"
"Why, Dosia! and only because I'm trying to comfort poor Roy for your shameful treatment of him." "He's very easily comforted," pouted



the girl; "and there's Hurst, too. How can rou treat him so?"
"Mr. Nuel? Oh, he's your look out now."
"He hates me as bad as I do him, and I know it!" said Dosia. "If he

She paused, blushing: furiously, and then whispered : "He made love to me dreadfully, though on the road. He did, Lou! Would you have believed he was so

mercenary? 5 Lou laughed. "You're rather well matched in that respect, aren't you?" Does-does Roy seem to mind much?"

questioned Dosia timidly.
"Oh, no! He'll get over it easily enough, said Lou lightly. "You needn't worry about him." "He hasn't asked me to dance with him once this evening," said Dosia in

a grieved tone. " Of course not." Do you suppose he wants to dance with you, now you're engaged to someone else?"
"I don't see why not!"
"When are you and Mr. Nucl going to

be married?" pursued Lou.
"I don't know," said Dosia. "I wish you'd stop.' "Stop what?" innocently. "Plaguing me about Hurst, I don't

want him, and I don't want my Aunt Thwing's money. He's welcome to "Oh, indeed!" said Lou, looking much amused, "Well, perhaps you had bet-

ter tell him so. "I would if I thought Roy would make it up with me." "I don't know about that," returned Lou sternly, "Rather doubtful, I should think,"

Who should come sauntering up but handse me Roy himself.
"Our dance, Lou," he said quite gayly, and familiarly offering his arm.

And then as they strolled away, he nodded coolly to Dosia, with:
"Not dancing, Miss Lorn? Shall I sent you a partner?"

"No!" Dosia answered shortly. Then, knowing she was going to ery in spite of herself, she ran into a little waiting-room off the ballroom, Hurst Nucl was there, staring gloomily at his boots, and wondering about Lou.

"Hello, Dosia!" he exclaimed, "Cry-She went straight up to him, lifting the presty tear-arenched face, like a

flower dipped in dew. "Please, Hurst," she cried piteously, "you have Aunt Thwing's money, and I know it wasn't right to let you go on so in the cutter to-night, and kiss me and all; but, please, I don't want to

A light began to break on Hurst. "Was it you or Lou Mayne I brought here to-night?" he demanded abruptly. "Me, of course, Lou said you wanted to talk over Aunt Thwing's will

"Aunt Thwing's will!" began Hurst excitedly. "If I don't settle with Miss Lou for this! Excuse me, Dosia; I never dreamed it was you. I thought it was Lou all the time. She has got

the joke on us pretty bad." With a peremptoriness that Lou for once never thought of resisting, he transferred her hand from Roy's arm to his own, and led her to a spot where a friendly curtain screened them from

the general gaze. A pretty trick you played me!" he an. "The least you can do now," he went on, "is to ride home with me, and settle it. Will you?"

Lou's eyes were downcast, the dark saucy face covered with delicious blushes, and her red lips twitching nervously.
"But what will Mr. Poyntz say?"

"He and Dosia will be glad of the exchange, and you know it. Will you "Perhaps," laughed Lou, as she slipped



lear-drenched face.

away from him. But she rode home with him, and Dosia with Roy.

There was a double wedding about three months afterwards. Aunt Thwing's legacy proved to be a delusion. The poor old wo

delusion. The poor oil woman nather money enough to keep herself. Her brain was a little cracked, and she had a fashion of stealing away every now and then to a lawyer, and getting him to draw her will, devising imaginary legacies to whomever she happened to think of at the time. as his own. hink of at the time.

JOHN HALLET'S SECRET ~ I.

The air was clear and dry on the hill, although the mists of an autumn twilight were settling down on the busy little town in the valley below. Mr. Hailet had been an invalid for the last week or two; not ill enough to cause

had a shrewd, sensible son, both able and willing to take his place. Henry threw himself into the breach manfully, and had even slept in town for several nights, that he might sit later at

any alarm, yet not well enough to go to

the city as usual; and thankful that he

his books, and begin earlier. The mother would have preferred to stay and watch for her boy's coming; but Mr. Hallet was calling, and she went to him. He was surveying a doomed honeysuckle. "We planted it the year Henry was

born," he reminded his wife. "I suppose you think that would be a reason for letting it stand?"

Mrs. Hallet smiled as she replied:
"Nar, John; it is not I who give away

The words were no sooner spoken than she wished she had not uttered them, for a frown contracted her husband's brow, and he saised his eyes involuntarily to where a couple of windows were nearly hidden by the passion flower.

In the room those windows should have lighted, John Hallet's father had spent the closing years of his life. An accident rendered him incapable of leaving it, and when he expired, his wife soon followed him to the grave.

From the day of the funeral not a creature was allowed to enter this room but old Lisbeth, the trusty German who had drifted into the household of the Hallets in her youth. A shout from the children proclaimed

that Henry had come. His first look was for his mother. After she had satisfied herself that he did not appear to be any the worse for the confinement and hard work of the week, she was content to stand quietly by while business matters were discussed. She could have fancied that Henry was rather restless under the questioning to which he was subjected.

But at last Mr. Hallet appeared satisfied, and he would have led the way indoors, but now, in eager haste, the young man poured forth the tidings he had been burning to tell.

"Such news for you, father! Mother dear, what do you think has happened? Aunt Mary sent for me the other evening -you will say that that is not a very uncommon occurrence," and Henry and Mrs. Hallet interchanged amused smiles, for Miss Mary Hailet was one of the fussiest of maiden ladies. "She sent for me that she might introduce me to some new relations from over the sea. You had a brother, papa, who died not long after my grandfather?"

Mr. Hallet did not immediately reply. Yes, he had had a half-brother, whose restless disposition had induced him to demand his portion and sail away with it to America. After many wanderings he had settled in Canada and married.

Pride had induced him to be silent respecting the mistakes he had made, the misfortunes that had befallen him; but just before the death of the elder Mr. Hallet, a rumor reached England that the Canadian farm did not pay, and its owner was struggling with sickness as well as an unfavorable season. Offers of hell were sent, but they were declined those offers were repeated to Ton. Hallet's widow, and again, but more grate-

fully, refused. Since that time, long years ago, no intercourse had been kept up between the families; what, ther, did

Henry mean? "It was to my uncle Tom's elder daughters Aunt Mary introduced me. They are tall, bright, handsome girls, merry and frank and unaffected, yet quite as lady-like as my sisters Eva and Emma. They have led a busy life, working with their mother to free the farm of its encumbrances. Their labors have been successful; they are prespering at last; and so they have felt themselves justified in taking a trip to England, to make acquaintance with their kindred." And crossed the Atlantic alone!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Hallet. "Oh, no, they came under the wing of a friend, the elderly lady who took them to Aunt Mary's. They have fascinated her, and—"Henry turned to his silent father, "and I think—I am sure you will like your nieces, sir-they are

charming girls." But Mr. Hallet put out his hands, crying hoarsely: "Keep them away from me! I will not have them here!

And so saying, he went quickly into the house, whither his wife would have followed if her son had not detained her. "Mother, what does this mean?" he asked. "Is my father worse? Is it possible that he knows what he is saying? He never had any quarrel with Uncle Tom, did he? Then what could have

made him speak so strangely?" "I do not know; perhaps a sudden spasm. I must go to him." "Ah, yes, go, and beg of him to ex-plain himself, for they are coming here, these cousins of mine. I told them in your name and my father's, that they would be welcome; and so I thought they would. How can I meet them

again? how tell them-And then, groaning in his impatience and alarm, Henry hurried his mother in.

11. On Monday morning Mr. Hallet pro-nounced himself able to go to business. They would have pitied him had they known what a Sunday he had spent, shutting himself away from his family because every questioning look they turned upon him seemed to pierce his heart and lay bare that which he hid

within it. Yes, the upright, honorable John Hailet had a secret that he had buried so deep down as to be sometimes forgotten, until a chance word or recollection would bring it back to his memory. He had a trouble of which no one knew anything but old Lisbeth, and even she did not suspect its nature.

In all honesty of purpose she had told him, as he stood by his mother's coffin, that Madam's dearest wish had been to

see her absent son Tom. "I think she had a message for him," Lisbeth added—"a written one. I know that just before your good father died, she was talking to him of Master Tom; and I heard her say she was sure he would come back if he could come to the

"Did she wish my father to will this house to him?" asked John Hallet.
"I think so," Lisbeth replied. "I know he gave the dear mistress a paper that she cried over after he was gone; but I do not know what she did with it."
The paper had never been found.
At first John Hallet's feelings with re-

gard to it had been of angry surprise. He was the elder brother, and had always resided at the Copse. With the aproba-tion of his parents he had broug his bride here, and his children were born under the roof he had come to look upon

He did not deliberately scheme to wrong his brother, but he never made any search for the paper of which Lisbeth had spoken.

And so years had rolled on without anyone disputing with John Hallett his possession of the home so dear to him. Lisbeth made no further allusion to the paper. She knew that Master Tom was dead, and was not aware that it might have been of importance to his widow

and offspring.

And now, after all this lapse of time,
Hallet's dead the children of John Hallet's dead brother had come to England. For what could it be, he asked agitatedly, but to claim their own? John Hallet started for town oppressed with a new fear. Lisbeth might have

found the paper, and, suspecting him of foul play, posted it to Canada. How he got through the day no one knew, for Henry pleaded a headache

and stayed at home.

The disappointed youth would not risk

and relatives. encountering his newly found relatives, while he was unable to account to them for his father's extraordinary refusal to receive them at the Copse.

Mrs. Hallet's sympathies were with her son, but she was too dutiful a wife to say so, and seeing that she avoided him, Henry carried a book into the shrubberies, shunning the eyes of his elder sisters, who, for lack of any other reason for his depression, decided that he must have fallen in love.

And so he had. Already his heart had gone out to bright, capable, brown-haired

At last he went indoors to find his mother. He hurried to the morningroom and had entered it from the garden, before he became sware that the maid was ushering in some visitors. It was too late to retreat, they were actually in the room, Nell and Min gazin, around them with shy pleasure, and Miss Mary Hallet, her broad face beaming with smiles as she caught hold of her sister-in-law's hands, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"My dearest Jennie, I have brought these dear girls to spend a few days with you-poor Tom's daughters." Mr. Hallet by a great effort composed himself sufficiently to meet his guests: but if his lips were pale and he turned away from them to shade his eyes with

his hand, they saw nothing suspicious On the contrary, their conviction that he was thinking of their father, of whom this gray-haired, stately gentleman was the living image, drew them towards him. They hovered near his chair, they left off speaking when they heard his voice, and, when complaining of fatigue, he rose to go to his room, moved by the same impulse, both girls ran forward to put their arms about his necks and hold

up their fair young faces for a goodnight kiss.
It was plain that he had been mistaken whe he fancied they had come to wrest his home from him, but he was none the happier for the knowledge. He tried to appear calm and cheerful, to respond to the affection with which his nieces were disposed to regard him; but when they talked-as they did freelytrials and struggles they and their mother had gone through before and after their bereavement, his heart fainted within him, and his remorse would be-

come overpowering.

John Hallet would fain have made atonement. He thrust into Neil's hand a re of notes; but it was promptly re-

No, he was not to be allowed to gloze his conscience by this kind of compensa-

tion. Neither was it any use protesting that the very act of leaving the Copse away from him-the eldest son vas unfair specially as Tom's portion nad been justly meted out to him at his own desire. As long as Tom's daughters were in his house, keeping alive the old recollections, how could he be at peace

with himself? Four days elapsed—anxious ones to Henry and his mother, who watched Mr. Hallet's changing moods, but hesitated to speak of them even to each other-yet very pleasant ones to the young Canadians. Attributing to their uncle's ill-health the shadow they saw on his brow, and the troubled looks his wife and son would interchange, they were always gentle and sympathetic. It was the only check on their enjoy

ment of their visit to their English relations. Aunt Mary, in spite of her fid-get ays, was a lovable old lady. Mrs. was very motherly; and as for Henry, ah, Nell would sigh whenever she reminded herself how soon their stay in England would draw to a close. One morning the sisters were on their

way to the garden, when they saw Lisbeth in the act of unlocking the door of the ciosed chamber. They passed into it with her. Elizabeth opened a tall press and shook out before them the folds of their grand-

mother's wedding gown. As she described her mistress Nell saw that from the pocket of the dress a morsel of the bridal handkerchief was peeping. To get a better view of the fine old lace that bordered it, she drew it out,

and with it came a folded paper.
"Ah!" cried Lisbeth, "it is the one my good master gave to her before he died. She must have gone to the press and slipped it into the pocket of this dress, instead of her ordinary one; they hung together then. Take it, young ladies L believe, nay, but I am sure, it

concerns your father. Mr. Hallet was just sitting down to breakfast when Nell and Min came to his

side with the paper.
. We have not opened it, dear uncle; it is you who should read it to us. Perhaps it was to let my father know that his parents had quite forgiven him for leaving them. He used to say he had not acted well when he deserted But John Hallet pushed the paper

from him. "The hand of God is in this," groaned. "Read for yourselves, and se my soul of the burden that hes

heavily upon it. Lisbeth told me there was such a paper in existence, but my search for it was a half-hearted one. I valued my home more than what is right, but if I am to lose it I will bear the loss without murmuring, for I have had greater mercies bestowed on me Mrs. Hallet drew nearer, and laid her

cheek against her husband's, while Min read the lines the paper contained: "I have thought over your wish, dear wife; it is hard to say you nay; but I cannot let compassion for Tom make me unjust to his brother. Do you know that if John had not toiled early and late at the time of that terrible crisis, we must have been ruined?" So the Copse was the property of John

Hallet after all. Neil and Min went back to Canada at the appointed time, but they did not fuse the useful gifts their u to their baggage, for they saw that he would be a happier man if allowed to take the place of the father they had lost. Henry will follow them in the spring to fetch home his bride.

and the second of the second

BEHIND THE SCENES. e Means Employed to Produce T cal Tempesta, Thunder and Ligh Baby Cries, Fires, Moonlight, storms, Etc., Etc.

Your correspondent's wish to elicit some information as to how effects are produced on the stage, in aid of the dialogue and assisting to hold the mirror up to nature, was favored by an actor of his acquaintance.

THE CRYING INFANT. Preliminary talk led up to the discussion of the baby as an "element" in the

domestic drama. "How is it, Mr. Fortescue, that you are able to charm the ladies of the audience with such an exact imitation of the inevitable baby?"
"Nothing can be easier, my dear sir,

than to provide a good imitation of that endearing article." "The baby cry is merely a tube with a hole or two in it, like those of a flute, " How?"

and a small bag at the end opposite the mouthpiece. "The whole thing while in use is covered by the hand of the 'super,' who blows into it like a child blows into a

"By means of the bag at the opposite end, which, of course, is made to con



much or little air at the pleasure of the operator, he can prolong the cry. After a little practice with this instrument the ordinary 'super' becomes an eminently successful cry-baby."

"That is all then; but, to jump from a little thing to a great one, I am one of those people who share the terrors of the theatrical tempest."

"What do you say to a storm at sea?" A STORM AT SEA.

"Just the thing. Tell me as much about it as you can." "I'll try. The first requisite to the production of a first rate storm at sea is the sea-cloth, which, I need not say, is appropriately painted. This cloth is shaken as long as the storm lasts, from the different entrances on the stage. "If four on each side, twice four being

eight, eight 'supers' have the job on "Is this way of producing an agitated ocean the only one? "I ask the question, because not long

ago, a paragraph was running here, there and everywhere in the newspapers, which contained an alleged account of the production of great waves by the exert 1 of small boys kicking about under the sea-cloth."

"Don't you believe that. Why the poor little chaps would have been suffocated by combined heat and dust."

BEANS AND STORMS. "But the pelting rain?" "An effect easily produced, and in several ways. Beans are a valuable

element in theatrical rain. "These are shaken in a large box on the interior bottom of which are iron 'cleats,' so that the beans trip on them and make the natural sound of rain. "Frequently beans are used in another

way than this, being poured from one barrel into another. When a company is on the road, the readlest way to make rain is to get a couple of barrels and a few gallons of beans from the nearest grocery. "Sometimes, if far from Boston, you know, out West for example, corn is used instead of beans, but beans are

"I think I have heard that shot is used in the production of rain." "Yes; you are right this time. It is

rolled down a kind of trough or spout of wood, placed at the suitable angle." THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

"Suppose we assist the storm with a little thunder and lightning."
"With pleasure. The proper way to produce lightning on the stage—I do not say that no easier but less effective plan is practicable—but the right way is, by means of a vessel which is among

the properties of most theatres." The scribe was shown a funnel-shaped tin-box, with a mouthpiece reaching out in a straight line from the bottom, the tube communicating with the inside.

Its top was closed, but was perforated



pretty liberally. In the center of the top was a a cup with a wick in it.

"At the druggists," said my friend, "can
be bought an inflammable powder, which we theatrical people call 'Lycopodium.' When a coming tempest is to be embel-lished with lightning, a quantity of the powder is placed in the bottom tin box.

"The little cup or lamp on the box top, is filled with alcohol, in which is placed a wick.
"The wick is lighted; the 'super'

blows through the tube, the inflammable powder is blown through the perforations in the top of the catches fire and consumes in lash which is lightning itself, so far as its

appearance goes.
"You have noticed," continued my informant, "how exactly the awful crack which succeeds the flash of lightning, is imitated on the stage." "I have, and wondered how it was

THUNDER AND ITS REVERBERATIONS. "A large piece of sheet-iron, having a handle at its lower end, is suspended

behind the scenes. "The well-accustomed 'super' seizes the handle and reminds devout people of the crack of doom, when he shakes the iron by its aid.

"To keep up the natural sound of thunder, immediately succeeding the crack which follows the flash of light. ning, large wooden balls are rolled down a common wooden 'chute,' in which are catches at intervals, to trip and hinder the balls and vary the noises of their descent

"By these ways, you see, both ex. plosive and rolling thunder are successfully imitated."

CONFLAGRATIONS.

"I should be obliged to you for information with regard to the manner in which conflagrations are shown on the stage. Sometimes there appears to be the danger of an actual fire in these very exact representations. Is there not reason to apprehend trouble in this

way?" "Not the slightest, with ordinary care, "You probably know that the scenery used in showing a building on fire is strung around with wires in different places. Upon the wire is twisted cotton saturated with alcohol, which is ignited. Red fire can be bought of most druggists, and is burned as long and in as large a quantity as may be proper. EXPLOSIONS.

"You have noticed how circumstantial, so to speak, a theatrical explosion is. "I will tell you how it is done in as

few words as I can. "The explosion and its effects are caused by igniting a mixture of pulverized charcoal, sawdust and gunpowder by means of a torch.

With the explosion of the powder, the sawdust and the charcoal are thrown up; and, as you say, what with burning aleohol everywhere on the stage, and as much red fire as is necessary, with a noisy explosion and its scattering debris, the combined effect is apt to scare the public, more or less."

MOON AND MOONSHINE. ". How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!" "I see what you are aiming at.

"I wonder sometimes how the primi-tive style of theatrical production in Shakspere's time admitted of giving the proper effect to his lines. We, indeed, fall short, as a rule, of what may be called mechanical faithfulness to the master even now, but, com-

ing back to your suggestion, we can manage to give Lorenzo and Jessica a very "I remember to have seen moonlight most cleverly imitated in some represen-

tations I have attended." "Yes, and by quite simple means, as you may Judge for yourself. "The form of the moon is cut in the scene making it a full, waxing or aning orb, as may be preferred. After the space has been cut out, it is covered with some kind of woven material of the

proper tint, which will permit the light of a lamp or candle to pass through it, with ut showing the means of illumination iself.

"When you were a boy did you ever amuse yourself making a noise by rapidly moving a split, flat piece of wood backwards and forwards in the air?"

"'Many's the time and oft."



ied the idea and principle of that used in producing the 'sough' of the theatre." "Something a little more elaborate

than that, I suppose?"
"Very little more so, I assure you; but decidedly tempestuous efforts are

produced another way, involving the use of a machine." "What's the machine like?" "It has a handle like a grindstonedon't rise; we need not leave the stove to see it—and turns after the same plan. The body which is turned in the frame is a cylinder-shaped thing made of lathes. Over this is thrown a piece of silk or satin which the 'super' holds down with his foot on one side, but it is quite short on the other and loose.

"When, therefore, the operator turns the handle of the machine, the piece of cloth loosely thrown over the cylinder. makes, in connection with the lathes and hollow form of the body of the machine, a sufficiently near approach to the efforts of old Boreas himself."

SNOWSTORMS, ETC.

"As I was about to say, my good sir, I dislike to detain you longer, but other mechanical aids to the 'elegant entertainments of the theater may occur to

"Yes. A row of strong-lunged 'supers' make the best possible imitation of bloodhounds in full cry." "But to make a snowstorm may not be so easy

"Tis, in fact, a great deal easier. A man gets into the 'flies,' and throws down torn paper in sufficient quantity. "I ought to add that the snow-covered appearance presented by people passing over the stage is not due to the falling paper, but to corn-meal smeared on their clothing before they enter. "You have heard in the theatre an imitation of the sound of wheels. This is made by rolling a round counter weight of appropriate size on a wooden surface."

MeVictoria Ward FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1886,

soldier's Last Souve are marching, brother, marching lile's heavy open gate, the dark eternal portal to

battlements of Fate; Thear a lov'd voice calling, or familiar tread ke from out the dusky casement

chambers of the dead. are nearer, brother, nearer to armory of life, ere we'll lay the lance and swore broken in the deadly strile; ere we'll "ground" our "arms, ther, as our Captain used to say

en the clear note of the bugle the closing of the day. are nearer, brother, nearer deadly foe to-night; around us comrades falling, s in the ghastly fight;

but one lone treasure, broth it rests against my heart, the sembiance of my mother, s ly kept by "mystic art." is dearer, brother, dearer far the on earth could be;

it unto me ! ke it, brother, keep it sacred best words of all he said, he went to join his comrades army of the dead. -W. A. Sherwood, in T

mber well the even'g when sh

Barron and the Com tion. fr. Barron is pushing his canva reat deal of energy, but unfort him with very little judgmen s particular he expected his trie. percetion and tact as he felt eagh the riding. He seems

idea how he is regarded by the while it is well known the ing member of the establishments to the dissenter oner that will thoroughly ex and show the use he is nety to obtain a seat in the ons should not forget that nationality and the isrn to t h the rank and file of the Pa ation-national prejudice us bigotry is the central wing and controling force will and to that they will are, every principle of right watage, but that of money. rantage, but that of money. will be the first time in the country they have honor th with what they deemed ar

eretic. The question may I not this portion of the re wknown as the Patent port Mr. Wood and was he inswer certainly he was, and by did, but after all it id pro quo that do momised they baulke en that was assured ister to the sexton i uted the captain. Mr. htful experience with the we can tell exactly what i wit harassed him, and we him from political into . Wood never had any co combination only as he pa d the receipt in his pocket. m him all that he had to to get, and when he was

akrupt they gave him a co was to be known no more Mr. Wood being disposed tion set up a man of their cially begotten with all the pure breed and faith up are the spoils of political is delectable specimen of the faith has done nothing constituents and cover i icule, or perhaps open the lent and thinking p ty to the true situation an reliance can be placed in hial for treachery and basel ther opportunity to betr Barron is just now on the tical ruin, he cannot hope e Mr. Wood did, another libe death on one side and other. Now is the tin der his ways and apply hi dom, for the Delilah he is urt to, will have him im before he is aware of it profess a great deal of rega after all it is but the

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lataster all what real tonly a convert to the ne in, and why should others in carefully brought up in all it is second nature to the lefor him. It is habits, I auroundings are all opposing a liberal. It is said bority that he does not eye hority that he does not even his friends, only so far a vincial politics is concerned, Dominion he is with Sir Jo maniform he is with Sir Jo
martive as ever. The poman has placed himself in is of
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ing capture the McClennan ing capture the McClennan in the rotes of his personal who are conservatives but Mr. Cameron. T only reality about it is the of such stuff as d this will not the air to tun WOLK | Mr.

interest with the bination, has we injury of the part town, and we the odium the their disgraceful their disgraceful an interest. interest in ads he has, anty gerry me