

If you were a strike a happy medium... "Yes, sir," said Brown, "if there is one...

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FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882.

NO. 15.

PERSONAL.

Princess Victoria, wife of the Crown Prince Frederick William, has been safely delivered of a son.

HOW I MARRIED HIM.

The Confession of a Young Lady.

EDITED BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Dignity is a valuable quality, especially in a governess. But there are limits to the most highly trained endurance. I bounded out into the balcony, and there on the terrace smoking a cigar I met my lost stranger in the streets of Sandwick.

He recognized me, on his side, the instant I appeared. "Oh, Lord!" he cried in tones of horror, and ran round the corner of the terrace as if my eyes had been mad bulls in close pursuit of him. By this time I was a direct person in emergencies. Another woman might have controlled herself. I burst into his laughter. Freddie and the girls joined me.

"There is no use of talking," said I. "I have no time to waste. Every time I move I move I'll never get again; but such neighbors as I get in with—soon's that they grow worse and worse."

A vicar's compliment: A young curate having preached before his vicar for the first time, asked the clerk to read the service which passage in his sermon he thought the best, to which the vicar made reply: "Your passage from the vestry to the pulpit was very fine; but commend me to that from the pulpit to the vestry for downright heartiness."

High Art: Artist—There is the barn, with the pigeon on it. The barn you see, is supposed to be half-a-mile away. "Visitor—"But there are the pigeon's feet. You can see them distinctly."

A Rochester clergyman called the other day to administer consolation to a dying man. Going into the presence of the dying man, he took him by the hand, and after giving it a reassuring squeeze, said: "My dear friend, shall I meet you in Heaven?"

A couple of tramps struck town the past week, coming from opposite directions, whereupon the following dialogue ensued: First tramp—"Which way did you come from?" Second—"Second!" Via the railroad tracks.

It has been an intensely cold spring in Austria and the Tyrol, and 30 to 50 per cent loss is feared to Austrian and Hungarian wine districts.

The deaths in France in 1880 were 875,337, and the marriages 279,635. Compared with 1879 this shows a decrease of 3,471 in marriages, with an increase of 18,455 in deaths.

The uses to which paper is applicable are almost unlimited. Paper pulp, treated with chloride of zinc and subjected to pressure, forms a substance resembling iron wire.

Marcellus's claim to Eugene's palace rests on the municipality having granted the land, the Napoleons, built and maintained the palace, which is not claimed by Marcellus without due authorization.

The work of widening the famous Magdalen Bridge, at Oxford, England, is advanced in progress. The widening of the bridge will be about twenty feet on what is known as the Botanical Gardens side, so that the side facing southwest, in which lies the chief beauty of the structure, will remain unimpaired.

Can you keep a secret, Miss Morris?

Of course you can! The person is Miss Morris.

(Miss Melbury was a dark woman. It could not be because I am a fair woman myself.)

In my brief experience of Mrs. Fosdyke, I had thus far seen the more constrained and formal side of her character.

Thus far we had been walking on. We now stopped, as if by common consent, and looked at one another.

In my brief experience of Mrs. Fosdyke, I had thus far seen the more constrained and formal side of her character. Without being aware of my own success, I had won the mother's heart in winning the good-will of her children.

"I have a dinner party to-day," she said, "and I have not seen the housekeeper for some time. Make yourself comfortable, Miss Morris, and join us in the drawing-room after dinner."

CHAPTER V.

I wore my best dress; and, in all my life before, I never took such pains with my hair. Nobody will be foolish enough, I hope, to suppose that I did this on Mr. Sax's account.

She gave me a look, as I modestly placed myself in a corner, which amply rewarded me for the time spent on my toilet.

"What sort of sensation is it?" he asked, "when you shake hands with a man whom you hate?"

"I really can't tell you," I answered innocently. "I have never done such a thing."

"You wouldn't lunch with me at Sandwick," he protested; "and, after the humbly apology on my part, you won't forgive me for what I did this morning."

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in the solitude of my own room, treated with eau-de-colonne and water, and quite forgotten afterward in the absorbing employment of education. My favorite pupil, Freddie, had been up earlier than the rest of us, breathing the morning air in the fruit-garden. He had seen Mr. Sax, and had asked when he was coming back again.

In the meanwhile, we, in the school-room, had the prospect before us of a dull time in an empty house. The remaining guests were to go away at the end of the week, their hostess being engaged to pay a visit to some old friends in Scotland.

During the next three or four days, though I was often alone with Mrs. Fosdyke, she never said one word on the subject of Mr. Sax. Once or twice I caught her looking at me with that unobtrusively significant smile of hers. Miss Melbury was equally unpleasantry in another way.

The letter dropped from my hand. I looked at it with a little enameled curl. It is for me to say what I felt. Think of all that I owed to him, and remember how lonely my lot would have been if I gave up my holiday; it was only the truth to tell them that I was not well.

How long an interval passed before I could call to mind that I had only read the first lines of the letter, I am not able to say.

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An English Work-House.

Since the time when Mr. Carlyle in his "Model Prisons" expressed his envy of the comfort and leisure—the freedom from taxes and both—the to be found in the London prison, something has been done in training prisoners to work.

CHAPTER VII.

The will had been proved, and I was informed that the document was in course of preparation, when Mrs. Fosdyke returned from her visit to Scotland.

I felt myself blushing. I had been thinking of my conduct to Mr. Sax—and I was heartily ashamed of it, too.

Consult your own sense of propriety," she said. "Was the poor man to blame for not being rich enough to say no when a lady asked him to turn over her music? Could he help it, if the same lady persisted in flirting with him? He ran away from her the next morning. Did you deserve to be told why he left? Certainly not—after the vixenish manner in which you landed the bedroom candle to Miss Melbury. You foolish girl! Do you think I couldn't see that you were in love with him? Thank Heaven, he's too poor to marry you, and take you away from my children, for some time to come. There will be a long marriage engagement, even if he is magnanimous enough to forgive you. Shall I ask Miss Melbury to come back with you?"

She took pity on me and sat down to write to Mr. Sax, and I was informed that the document was in course of preparation, when Mrs. Fosdyke returned from her visit to Scotland.

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The Development of the Senses.

In the fifth century before Christ, Democritus declared that the senses of sight, hearing, smell and taste were merely modifications of the sense of touch.

Strange to say, all that modern science has accomplished in embryology and zoology tends to confirm this theory. A minority of the sense of touch, Aristotle was right in his opinion. But, if the animal with its one sense is to become higher, there must be a division of labor; there is too much work for one sense to do properly, and by a quantitative increase of its primitive sense it is to become qualitatively different in parts, and this qualitative difference is the difference which we notice between the sense of touch and the other senses of the higher animals; it has come about by an accumulation of the sense of touch.

The waves of air which fall on the body of this protozoan as heat are capable of a higher rendering, they will signify more than heat to the proper organ for perceiving them; they will give the sensations of light and color. The simplest eyes are merely pigment-spots in the skin, they merely distinguish heat from cold and light from darkness; but later, by the formation of a lens and sensitive membrane, the external world is revealed in its variety. As an example, see the "Popular Science Monthly" for May.

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