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PERSONALS.

King Milan is said to have the largest foot of any man in Europe. It is planted pretty deeply in Bulgarian clay.

Jesse Grant denies with emphasis the rumors in regard to Mrs. Sartoris and the alleged unhappiness in her domestic life.

Albani recently sang before Queen Victoria, and had the choice between an India shawl and one of Her Majesty's published works as a souvenir. Of course she took the book.

Dr. Dio Lewis says "that wearing large, thick heavy boots and blue hand-knit stockings will improve a woman's complexion." We fear it will require more than this to kill the sale of face lotions and complexion powders.

Elder L. R. Hurst, grandfather of the noted Miss Lulu Hurst, the electric girl, predicts the end of the world in 1932. He declares that the next year will witness symptoms of the coming event, after which startling developments will follow rapidly, such as the moon turning to blood, the sun withholding its light and a general derangement of things.

The Czar of Russia and Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria had a fine time at Gastein. The bills for the entertainment of the Emperors and their suites have been sent in, and amount to $200,000. The wine merchant's bill enumerates 1,500 bottles of old Rhine wines, 2,500 bottles of various French vintages, 3,000 bottles of champagne and 1,000 bottles of liquors.

An engine driver on a Saxon railway has just retired from a service of forty years, during which he has traveled on his locomotive, without a single accident, a distance of 253,347 miles, equal to forty-seven journeys around the earth.

The footmen who wait solely upon the Queen of Sweden and her daughter wear a very quaint uniform, consisting of tunic, petticoat and breeches edged with gold lace. Their attire includes a wonderful headdress, consisting of a kind of embroidered skull-cap from which arises three ostrich feathers, none of which is less than three feet high.

Report comes from Turin of the death, aged 77 years, of Father Giacomo, the friend of Cavour. For years he was the dispenser of that statesman's charities, and when the Count lay dying the priest went to receive his last confession and administer the last sacraments. It was his privilege then to have addressed to him the statesman's last words in this world: "Brother, a free church is a free State."

Charles Heber Clark (Max Adler), lately converted, has some of the old man left in him still. He managed to raise a lively shindy in the Church Congress at New Haven and enjoyed the fun as much as the man in one of his own stories who, after submitting to a transfusion of goat's blood, got a globule in his brain at church and bucked the sexton up into the pulpit.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox was born in 1850, and is said to be below medium height, spare in chest and shoulders, but with shapely arms and hands. Her eyes are hazel, with a peculiar amber tint, approaching yellow. Their color has once been poetically defined as old gold. A prominent chin imparts an attenuated aspect to her features. Her complexion is pale, with a transient bloom that appears on the cheeks under the stimulus of any mental excitement. Her hair is of that texture and shade of brown that is the unerring indication of a refined nature. In phrenological development the imaginative qualities are strikingly prominent.

Col. Higginson writes to a Boston newspaper that the "shock" caused in Boston by Matthew Arnold's lecture on Emerson related, in the opinion of many persons, not so much to the subject of the lecture as the author. He recalls an anecdote of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, who, while in Paris, was invited to hear Voltaire read an essay on Shakespeare, in which he attempted to show that the great poet was not a great poet. When Voltaire had finished reading the hope was expressed by some one present that the essay had not caused her pain. "Why should it pain me?" she said calmly, "I have not the honor to be one of the friends of M. de Voltaire."

Indian Summer.

There is nothing that happens with such unfailing regularity about which there is more dispute than our Indian summer. What is it, when is it, and why is it, are questions that are discussed as often as it comes. The causes of our Indian summer are not very hard to find. During the summer the earth becomes heated to the depth of several feet. About the time of the accurrence of the autumnal equinox there are atmospheric changes in the northern hemisphere that result in storms of cold rain and often snow. When these rains cease, and the weather becomes settled, the surface of the earth has been cooled by them, but it at once begins to bring the heat from the ground below to the surface where it is radiated and the water rapidly evaporated, which gives the atmosphere its peculiar blue, hazy appearance. The escaping heat of the ground, added to that of the sun, causes the warm, pleasant weather of the Indian summer.

From what has been said this delightful season may be expected any time after September. It comes earlier in the east than the west. There it is expected in October, while here it usually does not come until November, and it is generally of longer duration in the interior than on the coast, mainly because there is less wind in the interior, and the heat is radiated more slowly and retained in the air. In 1869 our Indian summer lasted until the middle of December, and every one will remember the long season of warm, dry weather that seemed almost providentially to follow the Chicago fire in 1871. In 1874 it lasted until the day before thanksgiving and wound up with the most boisterous snowstorm of the winter.

Boycotting with a Vengeance.

One of the most extraordinary contests between two classes of people in the same country is now in progress in Ireland, accompanied by the usual exhibitions of burning animosity conspicuous in the contentions of that warm hearted and mercurial people. Cablegrams say that the government finds the task of fighting this boycotting with the police to be a most formidable and vexatious strain upon the resources for the preservation of the peace of the country. This is easily conceivable when it is understood that families who have taken land from which former tenants had been evicted find it not only impossible to work it, but even to obtain the necessaries of life from the shopkeepers of the vicinage.

One of the oddest forms which this system of boycotting has assumed is the refusal of the Cattle Dealers' association of Munster to ship cattle to England in the vessels of the Cork steamship company, unless the company refuses to ship cattle boycotted by the National league. In fact, the demand is that no cattle be shipped unless the shipper can produce a certificate of league membership.

One curious part of this procedure is that several stockholders of the company are land leaguers, and that a majority of them are liberals in politics. This gives color to the change on their part that the cattle dealers are only making these demands in the interest of monopoly.

Another curious circumstance in this melancholy contention is that the boycotters are indirectly working against the interest of cattle raisers in the country, for the reason that if the cattle are not shipped the values of those remaining in the country must largely decline.

"Where did the prophet Elias go?" asked a Texas Sunday school teacher. "He went into the desert." "What was Elias while he was in the wilderness?" "I dunno what he was while he was in the desert, unless he was a deserter," replied the hopeful pupil.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"It is certainly so. There can be no doubt about it. All these accursed locusts who settle down in Egypt become our masters. They bring with them, too, their own laws, in order that they may violate ours," grunted Toulba Pasha, to which Suleiman Bey added with an oath:

"No doubt about it, and what is worse, they not only start business here unasked, but they claim indemnities when they fail therein, indemnities which our weak-minded ruler always seems ready to pay."

"Raising the taxes of our poor until they either cheat the collectors and get the bastinado on being detected, or else pay and starve. People such as these make very good rebels, for there is nothing to make them loyal," said Toulba.

"Should Allah call upon me to reign over them I will make them loyal, for the fellah, like a dog, would lay down his very life for a kind master. By the Prophet, would that he knew better what it was to have one," said the war minister proudly, and Toulba Pasha at once made answer:

"That is because he has so many masters. There are twenty foreign consuls in Egypt, and each is a petty prince. They are above all Egypt. Their watches regulate even the sun. Let a Feringhee do what wrong he will, yet his consul will protect him from the consequences, whilst the Egyptian is twice injured by the seeking of redress."

"That is true, for his case is tried, not by his own laws, but by those of the man who has injured him, which of course there is no understanding, so that in seeking to recover his stolen coat the chances are that he looses all the rest of his apparel," said Suleiman Bey.

"By Allah and the Prophet, where is the use of discussing these matters further? Can we count the sands of the desert or the seashore? No, no, but we can try to save ourselves from being buried beneath them, nevertheless My friends, we must lose no time in teaching through trusty but secret emissaries the population of our great cities the wrongs and injustices which they suffer and how they can best rid themselves of them. I, Ahmed Arabi, of Orabi, proclaim myself the friend of the downtrodden and the oppressed, and as being ready to lay down my life in their cause. Should they elect me as their champion my battle cry will be 'Egypt for the Egyptians and down with the European control.' You, my friends, I am well aware, are with me hand and glove, whilst the allies that we can number without are already more numerous than all the following of the Khedive. Go, then, and sow in silence in order that we reap amidst the pean of victory."

So spoke the war minister. Toulba Pasha made answer: "A victory that has been vouched for by the unlying tongue of prophecy, for has it not been foretold that the great leader who shall restore Mohammedanism to its golden glory shall be called Ahmed, and is not thy name Ahmed? And has not the time in which this deed will be wrought been fixed for the thirteenth century of the Hegira? And do we not enter upon that century in the course of a few weeks?"

"Inshallah, be it as God wills," replied the war minister devoutly; and then he added: "You may tell that prophecy unto the people likewise, for if Allah speaks through his prophet and I am the person who is alluded to, I dare not, even if I would, refuse to obey the behest of the Most High. So go away, and lose no time in sowing the good seed, yet be careful that it falls not upon stony ground, where the birds of the air will see and devour it. With this counsel I dismiss you, my brothers, and also with the parting assurances that as I soar you will soar, therefore remember that Allah blesses the birds that remember their own nests."

Perhaps this warning was not altogether unheeded; but be that as it may, the trio parted with mutual expressions of fidelity and esteem.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HANGING AND THE ROASTING OF A PIG.

Yet another week has passed away and a European opera company is playing "The Sorcerer" at the Cairo Theatre to crowded houses.

Another case of dancing, singing and fiddling on the brink of chaos, though to be sure nobody guesses how close chaos is at hand, for the sowers of revolution have performed their labor in darkness and in silence, and no one perceives as yet the strong crop of knife, dagger and scimitar blades mingled with countless bayonet points that is springing up all around.

But very soon a shower of blood drops will be needed to replenish that crop and make it grow the quicker and bear fruit in due season, and then as Feringhee blood will give it the strongest nourishment these dancers, singers and revelers will be aroused from their pleasant vision of ease, luxury and amusement at the cost of the Egyptian, as though by a thunder clap.

So for the present the Frank hotels are crowded, and the European quarter of the city is as bright and cheerful as any aristocratic suburb in Paris, London or New York, and only in the labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and valleys, where the upper stories of the flat-roofed houses on either side nod towards each other, where the occupants of the highest rooms of all can easily shake hands across the tortuous winding thoroughfares from their respective verandahs and balconies, are the seethings of hatred and discontent allowed even to swell into a murmur, and that murmur is quickly suppressed.

And yet are there a sufficiency of signs and omens to give timely warning of what is shortly about to happen to those who are engaged in the headlong pursuit of wealth and pleasure, did not those occupations engross their entire and undivided attention. Can it be possible that the Europeans, as a class, do not notice the hatred with which the native population have begun to regard them—the flashing of the eyes, the curling of the lips, the sound of the spitting on the ground after they have passed by?

'Tis true that one or two consuls have lodged complaints of not being saluted by Egyptian sentries when in official uniform on their way to and from the palace, but the remissness on the soldiers' part has been set down to opium instead of impertinence, and has been either overlooked or forgotten. 'Tis true, also, that many Europeans have observed that the masses pay far more deference to the war minister, Arabi Pasha, when he drives or rides abroad than they do to his highness the Khedive, but they consider the reason for this to lie in the pasha's austere piety and boundless generosity, two qualities for which he has long been famed, and their confidence in the Joint Control.

With this obliquity of vision all around, who shall particularly blame Mr. Trezarr, the rich English banker, for allowing his comely wife and lovely daughter to attend the Opera House even unaccompanied by himself? He had arrived at that time of life when an easy chair and a newspaper, taken in conjunction with a prime cigar and a bottle of iced Chateau Lafitted, proved a fund of enjoyment much greater than even a ballet, far less an opera, could have afforded him. So, after bidding his womankind an impatient farewell, for he was in the middle of a leading article in a fortnight old Times, he had his armchair moved out into the garden, where he might watch in a kind of drowsy enjoyment the gorgeous setting of the blood-red Egyptian sun, from within a little summer house that was almost buried beneath fragrant jasmine, and in front of which a drooping date tree gently waved its clusters of crimson and golden fruit, the sunlight causing them to resemble huge precious stones.

"Assuredly his lot had fallen in pleasant places," the rich man thought to himself, and he saw not Lazarus afar off in his little mud hut thatched with straw, with its sole furniture of a mat and two pitchers, eating his evening meal of coarse maize bread, whilst he gazes half savagely and half despairingly at the tiny copper coins that to the value of the thirteenth part of a dollar represent a day's labor of sixteen hours in the burning sun, yet out of which the tax gatherer will seize at least a quarter in order that rich Europeans may be feted at the Khedive's nominal, out of these poor starved wretches' real, expense.

But while we are thus moralizing, the handsome two-horsed chariot containing our lovely heroine and her mother is dashing along the Choubrah road towards the city, with coachman and footman in irreproachable liveries, en route to the Opera House, near the Rue de Moscow.

Nellie is not looking her best, for her color and spirits seem to have alike forsaken her. The fact is, she is fretting about Frank Donelly, whom she has only seen once since the fete at the Gizereh Palace, now an event of the, to her, long ago; and on that solitary occasion he had met with so cool a reception from her parents that he had ever since held himself aloof.

The young officer was the last man in the world to stir up a daughter to needlessly rebel against those to whom she rightly owed obedience, and as it had seemed to him very evident that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Trezarr would ever sanction his marrying her, he had made up his mind that both for Nellie's sake and his own it would be better did he try to forget her, and by zealously keeping out of her way, help her to forget him in like manner.

But Nellie, far from giving him credit for kindly and unselfish motives, had made up her mind that he had surrendered her far too easily; and then jealousy, of course, crept into her heart to make her still more uncomfortable, and she began to believe that after all he must have learned to care much more for the Egyptian lady whose life he had saved than he had ever done for herself.

There is not one girl in a hundred who would not torture herself in a very similar manner under the same circumstances, and certainly Nellie had some excuse for doing so, since when her lover had called at Mount Carmel on that one solitary occasion which we have mentioned, he had never as much as asked her for an answer to the question which he had propounded with such fervor in the illumined palace gardens the night before—namely, whether she would marry him without her parents' consent.

In plain truth, the young dragoon had had no time to do so, for he had wasted a precious five minutes in the usual greetings, and then the mother had come into the room and directly afterwards the father and had not left him alone with Nellie for a single instant hereafter, and when half an hour later he had received his cool congé from the severe paterfamilias, who had followed him outside the drawing room door in order to be as coldly impertinent as he could make himself consonant with what he considered to be good breeding, Frank had tried to persuade himself that he was glad he had not been allowed time to ask what he had called expressly to ask, since he had been forced by their conduct to the conclusion that there was less of Christian forgiveness and the milk of human kindness in Nellie's parents' constitutions than he had before supposed.

"And if they persisted in not forgiving her she would mope and fret, and instead of making her happy I should only make her wretched, on which account I shall sacrifice my own happiness for hers without further struggle," had been Frank's final resolve; but he would have been able to carry it out better if he had at once retired from the scene of action, instead of which, with a strange, yet natural, inconsistency, he still lingered on in Cairo, though there was not the slightest necessity for doing so, his health having by this time been quite re-established.

Though the young dragoon had resolved to give Nellie up, he could not tear himself wholly away from her; that was the true state of the case. He still had no small degree of comfort in gazing at her afar off, and even in looking at the windows of the house in which she dwelt if he had been unable to catch a view of her fair self for a few days. He also derived some degree of satisfaction, though it was certainly allied with still more of uneasiness, in the suspicion (which he was one of the very few to entertain) that a time of peril and danger was near at hand in which he might be able to render her or hers some great essential service which would create a revolution in their sentiments toward him and lead up to as happy a climax as any recorded in a novel.

But Nellie has no such hopes or comforts to buoy her up, and her sorrow is all the harder to bear because her pride forces her to assume a gaiety of disposition which she is far from feeling, and in the artificial sustaining of which she is constantly breaking down.

In the dark depths of the carriage, however, she makes no attempt to sustain the part which she has set herself to act, but giving way to her real feelings suffers the great crystal tears to escape from her beautiful violet eyes.

And now the carriage has entered Cairo proper, through the great Gate of Victory, and rolling along the no longer level causeway presently reaches the opening to that unsavory and evil reputationed locality, the Quartier du Crocodile.

Here the glare of flames and a shrill hubbub of cries and laughter frightened the horses and caused both ladies to glance out of the carriage window, when they beheld the strange, and to them as yet unmeaning, spectacle of some street gamins, actively aided by a few children, of large growth, hanging a large pig that was dressed like a Christian over a fire to roast, taking good care, however, not to touch it with their hands.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE CROCODILE QUARTER AND AT THE THEATRE.

Yes, it was a comical sight enough when not viewed as a suggestive one, and there was nothing in it of cruelty to cause a shudder, for the pig was dead, and from the serene expression of its porcine countenance he died (for one of its race) happily.

A stiff shirt collar and a high black satin stock concealed very probably the gap in the throat which had let the steel in and the life out, while his capacious paunch was covered with an immaculate white waistcoat, and his little short front legs dangled inside the sleeves of a black cloth coat, whose lappels were thrown well back.

As for his hinder legs (and it is to be presumed his tail included), they were tucked inside a pair of black cloth trousers that were a mile too long for them, whilst somehow or other an eyeglass was fixed in front of one closed optic, and what had been once a jaunty Paris high-crowned silk hat (though now disfigured by many a dent) was fastened (stuck a little on one side) atop of the huge lop-eared head, which also hung a little on one side, owing to the manner in which the brute was hung.

As the coachman was reducing his fractious horses to obedience, a crowd of the young street roughs, the majority of them nearly naked and more than half of them possessing but one eye (for ophthalmies is a terrible scourge in Egypt, and many parents also cut out the pupils of their children's eyes, so that they may escape when grown up the horrors of military service) surrounded the carriage, loudly demanding baksheesh, for in Egypt alms are demanded as a right instead of asked for as a favor.

Mrs. Trezarr, however, who knew that both pig and clothes must have been stolen from Europeans, and had a vague and misty idea that the whole show was meant as an insult to the whole population, would not part with a single paistre, whilst Nellie, whose perceptions were keener, was too terrified even to feel for her purse. Happily, at this juncture, the horses condescended to spring forward in the right direction, which, however, they did with such suddenness that one importunate young beggar was knocked down and trod under their hoofs, whilst the wheels of the carriage passed over the toes of a second, extracting from the sufferers a chorus of howls, mingled with oaths and execrations in gutteral Arabic.

Then a shower of stones was thrown, and one, smashing a window, struck Nellie's creamy-hued right shoulder with a force that caused it to tingle and its fair possessor to cry out in alarm:

"Oh, let us return home, mamma, or we shall be murdered."

"No, my dear. The danger is behind us now, and were we to return we should have to pass it again. Besides, to be afraid of the wretched natives would be very bad form, and to show our fear might be imprudent in addition. Mobs do strange things even at home, sometimes, so you must not be afraid. I wonder what could have been the meaning of the show?"

"What could it mean, mamma, except that the fanatics would like to serve our entire race as they were serving its representative?"

"The representative of our race a pig? I don't follow you, my dear."

"Oh, mamma, don't the natives hate us in part because we are swine eaters, and therefore do they not coup'e us with the to them unclean animal which we make our food? Was not the bitterest scandal that they could concoct about the Khedive the tale that his European favorites had taught him to like ham? Should he lose his crown and our lives a pig will be at the bottom of it. I feel sure that it was in the bloody Indian mutiny when the false rumor that the Mohammedan sowar's carcine cartridges had been greased with hog's lard led to the shedding of whole rivers of Christian gore."

"Nellie, you are a little fool, and may depend upon it that instead of being intended as an insult to the Christians, that dressed-up animal was merely a kind of Mohammedan Guy Faux. It's a pity that their scruples will prevent them from eating the animal after it is roasted, and it's a pity if they've stolen it from a poor man instead of a rich one, and if you want a third regret from me it is that our carriage windows are broken."

"Mamma, tell me if my shoulder is cut."

"No, my dear, I don't see a mark. If you were hit 'tis fortunate that the stone was not a sharp one, for the bruise will not show until to-morrow. Here we are at the theatre, so do call up a smile, my dear."

Nellie essayed the task, and in part succeeded, for the bright lamps, the flaunting play bills and the richly carpeted and lighted interior of the dress circle entrance looked so homelike and European that they seemed to breathe an assurance of safety.

The footman, descending from the box, threw open the carriage door and assisted his ladies to alight, and a minute or two later they were in the company of a score of other elegantly dressed Christian woman in the sumptuously filled up cloak room, whose silvery laughter and anticipation of coming enjoyment caused Mrs. Trezarr at all events to forget the outward occurrence that had happened during their drive thither.

The house when they entered it looked particularly bright, for the performance that evening was under royal (that is to say, Khedival) patronage, so that the centre of the dress circle (the heat of the climate forbidding the construction of close, stuffy boxes) was brilliant with rich uniforms, gold lace and glittering jeweled orders.

Prince Tewfik was seated in a golden chair of state, and around him stood a goodly array of pashas, beys and effendis, mingled with many an embroidered coated European consul, and here and there an English, French, Austrian, German or Italian officer in the uniform of his corps and country.

To the right and the left of this gay assemblage sat many a comely dame or lovely maiden, attended by father, husband, brother or lover, all clad in sombre black, for they had been in uniform or official dress they must, by court etiquette, have gone over to swell the resplendent group who encircled the Khedive, amongst whom were Ahmed Arabi Pasha, the war minister, and Captain Frank Donelly, the latter clad in the brilliant scarlet and gold of the British cavalry service, for he had been dining with Sir Edward Malet, the consul-general, and afterwards, rather against his will, been induced to accompany him hither.

He was no longer sorry that he had come when he beheld Nellie Trezarr and her mother enter the circle, and it was not long ere the young lady saw him likewise and wondered that he did not come over to her, rather despising him in her heart, in that she fancied he was afraid of her mother, and all unconscious that court etiquette prevented his quitting the Khedival party.

There was one present who read her thoughts and rejoiced in her mistake and evident chagrin, and he was Ahmed Arabi Pasha, who, far from having given up all hopes of making her his, had firmly resolved that his she should be directly the patiently for the hour should arrive, when kismet or destiny should make him the master and ruler of Egypt and of all that it contained, though he had almost determined, more than once that as a punishment for her treating his offer of marriage with so much disdain, he would no longer make her his wife, but merely one of the many beautiful slaves of his harem.

But the swarthy war minister's was not the only malevolent gaze that was fixed upon poor Nellie, for from behind the gilded lattice work that concealed the ladies of the Khedival harem from the view of the entire audience, whilst it permitted them to see house and stage alike, a pair of large, black, glorious eyes, soft as velvet, yet sharp as steel, were fixed alternately upon our heroine and her two admirers, taking fierce cognizance of the expressions of each, whilst the fire of fiercest hate was kindled in the heart of their possessor as she discovered that the rival was beloved by both.

The excellence of the music was as powerless to attract her attention as the rich dresses of the performers or the beauty of the mise-en-scene. A quarter of an hour ago she had longed for the spectacle, but now she had eyes for nothing but the objects of her love and hate, and she would have given her very life to have been able to plunge a stiletto up to its very hilt in the white breast of her fairer and younger rival, and to watch her die with greatest agony first. Nor let these vengeful feelings on her part be wondered at, for Eastern blood is naturally hot and vengeful, and a life of idleness and seclusion is apt to increase and foster all that is evil in a nature that is never given to the study of aught that is good.

Despite the great heat of the night in the narrow streets, the interior of the theatre was kept deliciously cool by the continual fluttering of enormous punkas, worked by machinery. There was a free circulation of air to everywhere, and the lamps in the auditorium were not numerous enough to generate much heat of themselves; whilst below, in place of the European arrangement of pit and stalls, was marble pavement, with a foudtain in the centre that threw spray instead of water, which, instead of falling, seemed to dissolve into the atmosphere and tend to cool and moisten it.

The habitants of this part of the house had to move about with bare or stockinged or feltsoled feet, so that no noise should disturb those who sat above, but the lowest classes amongst the audience were accomodated as with us in the topmost circle or gallery, and these celestials, like our own, were not always silent or well mannered, and had on the European portion of the spectators it so secure in their self-conceit they might have noted many things to cause them feem more than uneasiness.

mBut neither the marked disapprobation of eve comic incantation scene which many of the baser class of spectators seemed to regard as an insulting burlesque on their own belief in the supernatural, or the growls and ejaculations that greeted each appearance of the British grenadier officer who is one of the leading characters in the opera, were regarded or noticed, and at the termination of the performance the audience began to disperse, the fashionable portion at all events well pleased with the amusement that had been afforded them, and Nellie Trezarr alone received any indication of danger in the future.

The warning came in the shape of a piece of rather thick writing paper folded in two, which was suddenly pushed into her white kid gloved hand by a huge and bare one as black as ebony from behind, but when she looked round she could give no guess as to its owner, so with a thrill she opened the paper and read in delicately traced characters: "The dove who hovers near the eagle's nest should beware its claws and beak."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Desolare Spot.

Isle Royal, where the ill-fated Algoma was lost, is the largest island in Lake Superior, and lying about forty-five miles south of Port Arthur. It is wholly American territory. Like other islands in the great inland sea, it is rugged and rocky in character. It contains several mining locations of more or less value, and is a favorite resort for travellers in search of amethysts and agates. On a clear day it can be seen very easily with the naked eye from Port Arthur. The course taken by the C. P. R. steamer, which runs direct from Sault Ste. Marie to Port Arthur, passes close to the north-eastern extremity of the island. Its length northeast and southwest is about 45 miles, and its greatest breadth nine miles. Beyond a few fishing huts and mining camps it has little in the way of human habitations, and it has no permanent population. Copper veins have been discovered on the island, which must have been worked by a race of people now unknown and extinct. Here are to be found open cuttings more than a mile in length, and connected by tunnels or drifts, which were timbered with beams now broken and decayed. The tools with which this pre-historic people worked, are still to be found scattered about the scenes of their long neglected labors. Stone hammers, copper knives and other tools have been found in these old workings in great abundance. The stone hammers ranged in weight from ten to thirty pounds. The copper tools were found to have been tempered by fire. At least one generation of forest trees has grown over workings made by this now forgotten people. There is a cluster of rocky islets located at the northeastern extremity of Isle Royal, some of which are mere reefs of solid rock scarcely rising above the surface of the water. For a steamer to run into one of these rocky labyrinths when there was a sea on would be swift and certain destruction, which could hardly be unattended with loss of life, for right beside these reefs and islets there is often found from ten to twenty fathoms of water. As far as can be learned at present it would seem that this was the fate of the Algoma.

Wreckless engineering is what is wanted on railroads and steamboats.

Mystery is another name for our ignorance; if we were omniscient, all would be plain.

Girls, a delicate way of giving a young man a hint that he is acting too fresh is to treat him to pretzels.

At Acworth, Ga., a few days ago, two persons, about to enter into the bonds of matrimony stood on a tombstone to be wedded.

At the recent opening of a new addition to the London Temperance Hospital—an establishment started to test the question as to the value of alcohol in the treatment of disease—it was stated that in only three out of upward of 3,000 cases last year had alcohol been used. In these three cases no sensible benefit had resulted, while the average mortality in the hospital since 1873 had been but five per cent. The number of patients treated since the commencement was 22,500.

The example of Lady Grenville Gordon, who, under the pseudonym of "Llerre," a short time ago opened a milliner's shop in May Fair, London—where it is said the Princess of Wales bought goods to the value of $500—has fired the ambition of other ladies to go and do likewise. A late student of Girton, adopting for business purposes the name of Mme. Isabel, has now become partner in a well-known bonnet shop in Wigmore street. A leading motive in these English ladies in taking up millinery as a career, next to the laudable aim of earning money thereby, is to lead English fashions to be more independent of Continental inspiration, working after designs better adapted to English habits of life and climate, and also more in harmony with the laws of picturesqueness.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Choice Recipes.

SQUASH BISCUIT.—One and one-half cups of boiled and sifted squash, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of scalded milk, one spoonful of shortening, salt, and one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a spoonful of cold water, and mix in flour till stiff enough to mold. Raise over night, mold, and cut them out in biscuit, raise an hour and bake.

PRESERVED CITRON MELON.—Cut the melon in strips, remove the soft pulp containing the seeds, and peel the pieces. Boil in a liberal quantity of water containing an ounce of alum to every gallon of water; when tender, drain. Prepare a syrup, using a pound of sugar, half a pint of water, and two sliced lemons to every pound of melon; when the syrup is clear add the citron-melon; let it boil once, then put into jars while hot.

RAISED BROWN BREAD.—Put one quart of yellow Indian meal in an earthen bowl, pour over it sufficient boiling water to entirely moisten it, and let it cool to blood heat; when it is cool mix with it one quart of rye-meal, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of home-made yeast or half a cupful of baker's yeast, one teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a little water, and sufficient lukewarm water to make a soft paste; after thoroughly mixing these ingredients put the dough into a buttered earthen or thick iron pan, smooth it on top with a wooden spoon wet in cold water, cover it with a folded towel, and set it in a moderately warm place to rise; when the surface begins to crack open put it into a moderate oven, with another pan turned over it, for four hours; or steam it five hours, and then dry the crust in the oven.

LIGHT SUET PUDDING.—To half a pound of flour allow a quarter of a pound of suet, weighed after it has been very finely chopped and freed from every particle of skin or fiber. Add a pinch of salt, mix thoroughly, moistening with as much cold water added gradually as will bring it to about the same consistency as bread before it is baked. Wring a perfectly clean cloth out in water as nearly boiling as may be, and flour well over the moistened cloth. Form the pudding into a long shape, like a jam roll. Fold the cloth round it, tie the ends firmly, remembering in both these processes that it must not be bound up too tightly. A certain amount of room is necessary to allow it to swell or the pudding would be heavy. With a needle and thread catch the cloth together along the side. Have ready a saucepan full of boiling water, drop the pudding into it, put on the lid, and let it keep boiling for about an hour or an hour and a half. When done, turn it out for a minute onto a clean, folded cloth to drain, cut off the ends, and serve it in a flat dish with a little sifted sugar over the top.

Hints.

The juice of the common milkweed will generally cure warts on the hands or face. It is an inexplicable and painless application, and much preferable to cutting the excrescences out, which will not always extirpate them. It will probably serve the same purpose on the teats of cows, where warts often come and cause much inconvenience in milking.

Hard waters are to be preferred to soft waters in the teapot, as the hard waters dissolve less of the tannin of the leaves.

After tea has been steeped in boiling water for three minutes a large proportion of the valuable constituents are extracted.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain-pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

Plaster of paris ornaments may be cleansed by covering them with a thick layer of starch, letting it dry thoroughly, and brushing with a stiff brush.

A room crowded to discomfort with furniture and ornaments, no matter how costly, is never restful and homelike, and always suggestive of the shop or the museum.

A dark and gloomy room may be brightened by placing ebonized shelves over the doors and windows, grouping scarlet, yellow or gilded fans upon the walls, and placing pretty bric-a-brac and vases in positions where they will be brought into relief by a cheerful background.

A correspondent of the Fruit Recorder says he has boiled leaves and stems of tomato plants until the juice is all extracted, and finds the liquor deadly to caterpillars, lice, and many other enemies of vegetation. It does not injure the growth of the plants, and its odor remains for a long time to disgust insect marauders.

A good hair restorative is a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and castor oil. If the combined quantity is four ounces, add to it two drachms of camphorides and a few drops of any perfume.

Colored hose that stain the feet should be thus treated: Put them into a pail of boiling hot clear water, let them stand until cool, rub them out by hand, and put into hot salt water. When cool, rinse from that thoroughly, wring dry, and hang out smoothly in the shade to dry. Black cotton goods of all kinds are benefited by the same treatment the first time they are washed, using the usual method of washing with soap after scalding.

The oftener carpets are shaken, the better they last, as the particles of dirt and sand which collect upon them grind the threads. Sweeping them also wears them.

In putting down stair-carpets, housekeepers should be careful to tack a piece of folded paper or soft cloth over the edge of each step. It saves the carpet from wearing out.

All descriptions of woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as cleansed immersed in cold water and hung up to dry. Housekeepers well know how difficult it is to have flannels and other woolen goods properly washed, so that they will not be ruinously shrunk.

Use spirits of turpentine to remove grease spots from clothes. It dissolves the grease, and then soap and water more easily removes it. Grease may be removed from undyed woolen also by a solution of pearlash.

Lime spots may be entirely removed by strong vinegar. The vinegar neutralizes the lime, but does not generally affect the color of the cloth. Dark cloth, the color of which has been completely destroyed in large spots, has thus had its original color entirely restored.

At last a Cunard steamship has been lost at sea. The Sidon, on a voyage from Liverpool to Constantinople, struck on a rock off Malpica Oct. 27, and was totally wrecked. Four persons were lost.

The consumption of fish in Great Britain has considerably increased (as shown by transportation statistics) since the great Fisheries Exhibition of 1883.

The custom of kissing babies is being justly censured these days. It is cowardly to kiss the poor little helpless things. We'd rather take somebody of our size.

"I'll join you presently," as the minister remarked to the young couple just as he started for the key to the church door.

It is a Maine husband who has dubbed his wife "Crystal," because she is always "on the watch."

HERE AND THERE.

A church at Terre Haute has been built in just sixteen days from the time the stone was laid. It is "very beautiful, finished in native woods, with windows of sapphire and ruby glass."

The *Lancet* states that a German observer has found that cows milked three times a day gives much more milk than when milked twice only, and that the proportion of fat is the same in both cases.

An attempt to punish an unruly boy in a Holyoke, Mass., school last week, brought on such a general fight that the police had to be called in to quell it, and the teacher and two pupils were marched off to the station house.

The Portland (Me.) Board of Health will place an officer on the Grand Trunk train, who will go out as far as Danville Junction and examine all passengers and baggage coming from Montreal, using a system of checks to prevent persons getting through.

In Germany the inspection of pigs for trichinæ is more thorough than is generally supposed. The *Medicinische Wochenschrift* state that in one year there were established in Prussia 20,636 official inspecting stations. Out of 4,000,000 of the animals examined, 2,000 were trichinous.

The Germans have nearly stamped out small-pox. In the years 1870-1874 the number of deaths from the disease per 100,000 inhabitants in London, Paris, Vienna, Prague, and St. Petersburg was 101.05. In Berlin, Breslau, Hamburg, Munich, and Dresden during the same period it was but 1.44.

The painted rock of Santa Barbara county, Cal., is 150 feet high, and upon it are many color paintings in a good state of preservation that are thought to be the work of Indians. There are two caves in this giant rock, one at its base and another some sixty feet up, and in each of these are pictures of animals.

The French Government would like to give the army the privilege of wearing beards, but feels the necessity of first consulting several high milltary authorities, as the opinions on the subject are contradictory. Meanwhile the press falls back on history, and finds that the conquerors of all ages were about equally divided between the shorn and the unshorn.

The French lady doctors have carried the day. Henceforth the female medical students will be *mesdemoiselles les internes*, and as such they will be admitted to hospitals on the same terms as their male colleagues. Sixty aspirants to the M. D. degree are at present rejoicing in the victory, among them a young negress, who is said to be one of most zealous students in Paris.

"Adirondack" Murray began a octuring tour at St. Johnbury, Vt., the other night, and after he had finished his discourse lectured his audience because a local newspaper had called his life a wasted one. He said he had graduated from the ministry, and for six years had studied to fit himself for another kind of work; and that, instead of having "dropped down and out from among forceful men," he proposed soon to appear in a quite opposite character.

There is in the extreme north of Utah a magnificent subterranean reservoir of first-class soda water, bubbling and effervescing out of the ground in such quantities that all America might be suplied. In the extreme south, on the road to Orderville, is an exquisite circular lakelet that is always just full to the brim with water as clear and as green as beryl. And wherever the water overflows the lake's edge it encrusts with a fine coating of limestone, so that the brim is growing higher and higher with imperceptible but certain growth of a coral reef, and in the course of generations the lake will become a concreted basin.

The cave out of which Gen. Israel Putnam dragged the wolf is seldom visited, because it is in a stony mountainous forest in a remote corner of Connecticut. A picnic party this summer made the tedious trip, which involved several miles of rough walking. There are pictures in primers of Putnam entering the cave erect, with a blazing torch held above his head. The hole is really so small that it can only be explored on hands and knees, and an adult cannot turn round in it. The length is 360 feet, and tradition says that he followed the beast to the further end, shot him between the eyes by their own glow, and was drawn out with him by means of a rope.

Not many years ago the late Lord Strathnairn was staying in a country house in Yorkshire. Among the guests in the smoking room one night were some young cavalry officers, who were narrating tales of various skylarking adventure in which they had lately been engaged. The veteran took himself off to bed, and, his room being overhead, they shortly after heard the furniture in that apartment being moved about. The next morning some one alluded to this at breakfast. "Ha, ha!" said Lord S., "I was not going to let you youngsters say you had 'drawn' a Field Marshal, so I put the chest of drawers against the door." He was over seventy at the time.

Turned Away.

"Well, yes, I can spare you a dime, I guess," he said as he produced the coin and handed it to an old man, whom any officer might arrest on sight as a vagrant.

"What made you do that?" queried a bystander, when the mendicant had passed on. "Don't you know that every cent given to that class is an encouragement to vice?"

"Wait a bit till you hear my story. I was only a boy when I first left England. Like some other boys I got into a bit of trouble with the law, and as a matter of fact, I ran away. Father was terribly put out with me, and the last words he spoke were to disown me. I wrote several letters home after reaching this country, but never a one was replied to and I finally decided to paddle my own canoe and make the best of it. Ten years after my arrival here, and when living in Chicago, I stood in front of a theater one bitter cold night, and an old man came up and began to tell me a pitiful story. I was waiting and looking for a party who was to meet me, and therefore paid little attention to the beggar. I did not even give him a square look in the face. He turned from me to another with his story and I heard him say:

"I am hungry and penniless. For God's sake have compassion on a poor old man!"

"You go away or I'll have you arrested!" was the