

MARGERY AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

(CONTINUED.)

She glanced towards the sleigh in which Ella Martyn was comfortably seated but turned away and walked to the second one when she found to her dismay every seat was occupied. May Grahame was in the first and seeing Margery looking for a seat she called her and made a place beside her and Ella Martyn. Madame Whitney came out about this time and pointed out the seat for Margery. So there was nothing for her to do but clamber in beside her enemy.

"It will be a cold day when I speak to her," she whispered to May.

"It's rather a cold day to-day, so be careful," said Ella, who had heard the whisper.

"I spoke to May, not to you," retorted Margery.

"Ha! Ha! I didn't say the day was cold?" Ella went on in an irritating tone.

"I wish I had never come to this place to be tormented by you," cried Margery.

"You're always teasing me and have been ever since I came, and I'm sorry I ever did come." Then she added in a quieter tone, "May, please change places."

"All right, I'm willing," she replied.

But in doing so they partly pulled the buffalo robe off of Ella Martyn.

"Oh, for goodness sake, keep still," she said crossly.

"Do be quiet, Ella," said May.

For a wonder she said nothing back, and the rest of the ride was taken in silence.

In a very short time the station is reached and they are just in time, for they are no sooner out of the sleighs than the train comes puffing in, and they have barely time to bid those left behind goodbye and seat themselves in the train when they are whirled away and the five forsaken girls turn again to the sleigh nearest them and they are hurried in under the warm, cosy robes and driven away rapidly through the snow.

Margery got into one corner and put the buffalo robe over her head. She thought one of the girls whispered, "I believe Margery is crying."

She stayed right there, however, and did not move till Alice Lea said,

"What's the matter, Margie?"

"Nothing, only I dislike to see the others going home and I have to stay here and"—She could say no more, but hid her face again and they were soon at the school. Margery went to her room and stayed there for over an hour, when Madame came to call her to tea. It was rather a solemn meal that evening and rather a silent face that Margery brought to the table. But after tea she recovered her spirits sufficiently to laugh and talk with the rest so that they thought, "after all, I think Margery doesn't care as much as she made out."

But she did, however, and it took a good amount of coaxing on the part of the others to get her to join them one day when they went skating. She consented to go at last and they were soon en route for a pond about a mile distant. They caught sight of an old dilapidated looking structure which must once have been a mill and there was at once a general rush to find out more about it.

What they did see, however, was that a new mill had been built right beside the other and that quite a large pond was there too.

"This must be the pond," said Margery.

"Yes, this is the very one we intended to come to," said May Grahame, who had been there before.

"And now let's see who can have their skates on first."

"Wait, girls, I see some rather rough looking boys over there and perhaps we ought not to stay for Madame might not like it."

"Oh, nonsense, Alice," cried Margery.

"What's the use of being so prudish? I'm sure we needn't go near them and we can have a good time if we try. I, for one, am going to stay, for I'm just dying for a skate. So, good-bye, I've mine on." And away she flew before any one could stop her.

On, on she went with breathless speed. Now dodging the numerous stumps which abound in almost any pond you can find and then skipping over rough spots in the ice. On, till the girls behind her seemed mere specks against the snowy bank.

Then she pauses as she sees the ice grow thinner at every move she makes. And to add to her confusion she sees a tall boy coming swiftly behind her.

"I wonder what brings him here," she thought, as she made a vain attempt to find a firmer footing.

"Don't go any farther!" he called, for the ice isn't safe.

"Indeed, I've found that out already, for I've come too far now, I'm afraid I can't get back without breaking through the ice," cried poor Margery, now at her wits' end to know what to do.

"Perhaps you had better skim over as fast as you get there, and you may be all right," said he. "I'm afraid to move a bit farther for fear the ice will break. I shouldn't be surprised if it parted in a minute or two, for it looks like it now. Hurry."

"Oh, I'm so afraid to start," said Margery.

"But I suppose I might as well first as last," and she struck out right and left, while the ice cracked beneath her feet and made her speed on more swiftly.

Suddenly a loud report startled her and she looked up just in time to see a curly head disappear beneath the dark line of water which was quickly growing wider and wider. In a second a ghastly face appeared above the edge of the ice, and two numb hands clutched at the frail support which crumbled away at every grasp of the boy in the water. Margery went as near to the edge as she dared, and said, "Hold on as long as you can, and I will bring help."

And she darted away in another direction, when suddenly the thought occurred to her that she might be able to help him out herself. Then she turned and skated back, meanwhile untying the heavy woolen cloud which she had worn around her neck. When she got near enough, she threw one end out to the almost perishing boy, who quickly grasped it, but could hardly hold it, for his hands were so weak.

Margery made a little groove in the ice, in which she planted her skate, and grasping the scarf firmly, gave a strong pull. Not strong enough, however, for it served only to move him the least bit out of the water and drop him back again.

She pulled again, and this time she heard the ice break as his body came in contact with it. Then, with almost superhuman strength, she brought him partly up on the ice. She rested for a moment, then another strong pull and he was out of the freezing water. She then wrung the water from the end of the scarf which the boy had held an-

wrapped it around him, then led the way, for he was too weak to skate for himself.

They soon were met by all the girls whom Margery had left behind, and before she got near them May Grahame called out: "Where in the world have you been, Margie? Here, we've been hunting all over for you. And—why, gracious, what have you got there?"

"Wait a minute, and you'll see for yourself," Margery answered.

"Oh, it's a boy, and he looks half-drowned, too!" exclaimed May. "What can have happened, Margie?"

"Don't ask me now. Wait until we get him home, and then I'll tell you. Some one help me, please."

May immediately volunteered to help, and the two sharing the weight, made holding him up much easier work, than it had been for one. The girls all wrapped their clouds around him, and 'twas not long till they were on land. When they took off his skates he could walk all right, and after a walk of nearly a mile they reached his home on the outskirts of the town.

You may be sure that it was not long before he was wrapped in warm blankets and everything done that could add to his comfort.

But the sick boy did not forget who had saved him and he said,

"Mother, did you thank those girls for me and one in particular. The one with brown eyes and hair, for she saved me. I think they called her Margie or Margery or something like that."

"Yes, Harry, and I asked them to come and see me during the holidays. I didn't say to see you, for fear they might not come," replied his mother.

Harry, as she called herself, smiled faintly and relapsed into silence. Just a week from that day Alice and Margery came. Not to see the mother, but to see her son for he had been constantly in Margery's mind ever since that eventful day. It seemed so strange that she should save a boy from drowning when he had come to save her.

"And I was awfully afraid that I'd never be able to get him up on the ice," she remarked to May a few days later. "I wouldn't want to go through that day again for a good bit."

"I don't suppose you will be called upon to do so for a while," May answered, "so let us drop the subject."

As I said before, Margery and Alice Lea went again to "Harry's" home. Margery carried a good sized basket in her hand which she guarded very carefully, and Alice had a parcel of something wrapped in a good deal of paper which she too carried very carefully. When they reached the house they were ushered in by a tidy little servant who told them that "Missus was just gone over to the Simmonses but would be back in a minute or two and if they would be pleased to step into the drawing-room she would tell the Missus they were there."

So they went into the richly furnished drawing room and seated themselves to await the coming of Harry's mother.

"I would like very much to know what her name is, Mrs. Somebody, I suppose," said Margery. "It is rather queer to be visiting a person whose name you don't know." But we'll know it some day, I suppose.

At this moment a conversation was going on out in the hall.

"Come, Mina, with me, you mustn't go in there till mamma comes. She wouldn't like it, I know."

"Yes, Teddy, I will go, I want to see ze ladies. Mamma won't care if I does, you tme, too, wiz me."

Then the patter of small feet on the floor was heard and in a moment a little figure in white appeared at the door. She had the sweetest blue eyes, the curliest golden hair and the loveliest baby face Margery had ever seen. She went right over to Margery and put two chubby hands into her lap.

"Who are you, dear," Margery asked.

"Mina," the little maiden answered fearlessly.

"What else?"

"Mina-a-a, I don't know."

A voice from the doorway said, "I'll tell you. It's Mina Merton."

Margery looked up and saw a boy of about eight, leaning against the door.

"You are Mina's brother, aren't you," asked Alice.

"Yeth, he's Teddy," said Mina.

"Oh, you darling," cried Margery, "you're the dearest little youngster I ever saw." Then she caught her up in her arms and gave her a good hug. Just then Mrs. Merton appeared on the scene, and Mina flew to her mother, and left her new found friend.

She welcomed the girls cordially, and after a few minutes' pleasant chat, she took them into the cheerful dining room where Harry Merton sat in a large easy chair before the bright fire in the grate. He looked pale still, for before his cold bath he had never been very strong, and afterwards he was weaker than ever. But it was not so hard for him to speak as it had been on their first meeting and he did not spare his thanks to Margery.

Margery blushed furiously and begged him not to say anything about that unfortunate affair.

"Well, I don't call it an 'unfortunate affair' at all, for I might never have met either of you," he persisted, and to silence him, Margery brought forward her basket and lifted the cover, and out jumped the very kitten which she had plucked up from the road when coming to Madame Whitney's school.

"Ah, kitten, you don't like to be shut up tight like that, do you?" said Margery, catching it up in her arms and landing it in Harry Merton's lap. "This is for you, if you will have it. It's the only thing I can offer you. And I'm so sorry you fell in on my account. I'm very glad you're getting well so fast."

"Oh, indeed, I've hardly been sick at all, except having a cold and being a little weak," Harry answered.

Alice had by this time uncovered her bundle and brought to view a lovely bunch of hot house flowers, roses, geraniums, chrysanthemums, pinks and all sorts of beautiful leaves with them. This she laid in Harry's lap when the kitten immediately pounced upon it and it had to be quickly pulled away out of the reach of her claws.

Harry could not express his thanks enough, and both Margery and Alice told him not to say anything about thanks to them.

During the rest of the holidays they saw Harry Merton often and grew to like him more and more as time went on, and I think you will not be surprised when I tell you that Harry and Margery are now in a cosy little home of their own, and the kitten that

was a kitten then but now is a venerable old cat sleeps contentedly on the soft rug before the fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Merton both think it was rather a happy than an unfortunate thing which brought them together. What do you think about it?

[THE END.]

AS SWIFT AS THE TELEGRAPH.

A System by which Mails Can Be Transported at Lightning Speed.

A correspondent writes to the "Manufacturers' Record" from Laurel, Md., as follows:

"The Baltimore Automatic Transit Company is conducting a series of experiments which the officers of the company believe will bring about a revolution in the transportation of express, mail, and lighter freight. The company has constructed here a circular track, two miles in circuit, upon which its experiments are conducted.

The system of propulsion is much the same as the ordinary electric railway. The Edison dynamo and the Sprague motor are employed. The overhead rail is the main feature in the system, a double-flanged wheel on the car and motor catching upon it when the train is in motion. The idea is to have stations at twenty five miles or more apart supplied with dynamos of sufficient power to furnish electric force enough to drive the train for a round trip. The company have been working for over a year past getting the experimental plant ready, and have made several trials of the system, which, tentatively, were quite satisfactory, a surprising speed being attained. The projectors of this enterprise expect to work such a revolution in the carrying of mails and packages that one may sit down to breakfast in Atlanta or Chicago and read Baltimore or New York papers of the same morning. The practicability of the scheme has been passed upon by Prof. W. C. Rowland of the Johns Hopkins University and Thomas A. Edison, the latter of whom is said to have declared it to be the greatest conception since the telegraph."

Fashion Notes.

Russet red shades will be fashionable both for the sea-side and the river. Some of these costumes are made of striped flannel, with soft blouses of white crepe. Very jaunty also are the summer wool jackets, which turn back with Directorate revers, and do not fasten but may be drawn well over the chest.

The Boulanger hat is a broad-brimmed structure of straw, and a broad band of ribbon which falls in two long ends, is wound round it. On one side of a recent model was a bunch of carnations with a long trailing garland of "graines d'épinard," or spinach, gone to seed, in imitation of the General's epaulets.

Travelling gowns are made in very simple but stylish ways in checked cheviot, large-plaided all-wool French cashmere, silk serges, mohair, and soft, fine clothes in grey and dull-blue shades. There is also a kind of shot brilliantine or mohair very much used, shading from blue to grey, grey to russet, olive to old rose, and other harmonizing variations.

The figured linen, batiste, and cambric shirtwaist worn last year, and those boxed and made of plain linen or cambric, finished with brier-stitching at all the edges, will be in high favour again next season. This is a neat, dainty, and stylish fashion for negligé toilets for the morning, and therefore likely to survive till autumn. Russet red, cream white, and old-rose flannel will also be used for Garibaldi and smoked or finely pleated yoke waists, these being especially adapted for the chilly days that invariably appear in midsummer.

The new spring mantles ought to satisfy the most fastidious tastes, both as to shape and garniture. A novel appearance is given to some of the neutral silk peleries by the employment of a new sort of bead embroidery. This is worked in masses, pendants, and fringes, with fine beads looking as if shaded in grey, the effect being given by transparent crystal beads, silver white on the outside, but jet black inside. Peau de soie, trimmed with crape overlaid with dull-jet embroideries and black silk, is used for mourning jackets, and some elegant models or young ladies have pointed pelerine leaves of the crape, with plume ends of lark net edged with fringe.

Toques and capotes are still very small, yet large enough for the milliners to show their taste and skill in arranging novelties in trimming. An amazing change has certainly taken place in the height of our head-gear, and graceful, natural, and very becoming styles are everywhere seen, though many pronounced shapes are still visible. It is pleasant to know that the bizarre colours worn last year are generally avoided this spring. Most women are also well aware that it is always rather hazardous to choose the fashions introduced very early in the season, for they generally show exaggerations of some kind that either vanish altogether, or are toned down after a short duration.—N. Y. Post.

Telltale Polly.

A lady living in the far West has a parrot whose powers of mimicry are really wonderful. It will frequently repeat whole sentences in the exot tone of the speaker, although it can rarely be induced to utter the same sentence twice.

One day when the parrot's mistress was very busy, and did not care to see callers, she happened to look out of the window and saw an acquaintance approaching the house.

"There comes Mrs. B.—I Dear, dear!" she said, in a tone of impatience.

A moment later Mrs. B.—was ushered in, and on the instant Polly exclaimed, with a remarkable imitation of her mistress's tone and emphasis, "There comes Mrs. B.—I Dear, dear!"

Blushing with confusion, the embarrassed hostess innocently made matters worse by saying, hastily:

"Oh, please excuse Polly, Mrs. B.—. You know what a way she has of repeating everything I say!"

A truck collided with a street car in New York the other day. The car was considerably smashed in the collision, and its passengers miraculously escaped injury. Among them were several ladies. "Women of nerve," a local paper calls them, because they remained in the street car while all the men ran. The ruling passion to keep possession of the seats was strong even in the midst of danger.

The Gil and the Ring.

"Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct to ward her newly acquired engagement ring?" So asks a writer in the Washington (D.C.) Press, who goes on:—It feels so strange upon her hand that she cannot refrain from examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night she dreams that it has fallen into a stream, and awakes, clutching the finger to assure herself that the precious pledge is still secure.

Then, the following day, she wears it only secret, taking care to transfer it to her pocket at table and when in the company of intimates, but place her among strangers or casual acquaintances who cannot be inquisitive, and how bravely will she flout the token before their eyes as one who should say:—

"I may not be the loveliest creature in the world, but you will observe that I get there all the same."

Gradually it assumes its place in her daily life, and her blushes grow less violent with each succeeding explanation of its significance and each extravagant description of its donor's attributes. But before it finally becomes a part of herself, as it were, she must, of course, leave it a dozen times at least upon the washstand, and suffer in consequence a dozen violent attacks of palpitation of the heart until it is recovered.

To Keep a Trim Figure.

Women who wish to preserve the slimmest and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back, with the shoulder blades held in their proper places, and the definite curving in of the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic English women. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures, and the fine poise of their heads.

The same aristocratic carriage is within the reach of any American girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only the question of a few years of eternal vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself, and sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her and she never afterwards loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well strung and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and the hips, so common in women over 30, and which it is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going upstairs, which most women do, bent forward, with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent, slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.—(Mabel Jenness.)

Precocity of the Modern Youth.

"It appears to me," said another man in the party, "that the youngsters nowadays go ahead much faster than they did when I was young. Now, for instance, the other day I overheard my small son call his little sister a 'chippy.' I reproved him for so doing, when he answered, 'All boys is kids and all girls is chippies,' as though wondering at my ignorance of the current vernacular. When I awoke the other morning I found the boy wide awake in his crib beside the bed. As I turned to look at him he saw that my eyes were open, and he said to me: 'Pa, I've got a new one for you.' Of course, I naturally expressed a desire to hear it. Raising himself up on one elbow he looked me square in the face and recited this:

"A big bull pup with a curled up tail,
A very small boy with a big tin pail;
They tried this scheme, but it would not do,
And they buried the boy where the daisies grow."

"Well, of course," I howled. "If I had ever had the nerve to spring such an epic on my father when I was his age I would have been obliged to stand up to my meals for a week. It only goes to show the precocity of the youth of the present day."

Under Pressure.

She—"No, sir, it is impossible. I am sorry indeed, but I can never marry you." He—"And yet the encouragement you gave me last night in the walk!"—She—"Oh, that mustn't be counted; what I said was under pressure, so to speak."

On the Road to Fame.

"Johnny," said the father, severely, "are you still reading that history?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, you drop it pretty quick, and hustle out with your base ball bat and go to practicing. If you ain't careful you never will get to be famous."

Not a Success.

Bella—"Did you put that piece of wedding cake under your pillow last night?"

Emma—"No, I ate it."

Bella—"Did you dream of your future husband?"

Emma—"For Heaven's sake, don't suggest it! The person I saw would have sent cold shivers down the spine of a dime museum collection."—(Burlington Free Press.)

Couldn't Answer For It.

A lady customer, after taking an unreasonably long time to inspect "our spring novelties," returns once more to the very first material that the patient shopman has unrolled. "It is this one is quite the fashion," she begins, when the young man interrupts her. "Mon Dieu, madam, it was quite the very latest fashion when you first looked at it; but really, I couldn't answer for it now."—(Paris Figaro.)

The Gulf Between.

New York Swell—"Who is that gray-haired old man that everybody in the room is making such a fuss over?" Quiet Citizen—"That is Major Halfaleague, one of the survivors of the famous six hundred of Balaklava. Haven't you met him yet, De Yude?"

I shall be pleased to introduce you." New York Swell (triglydy)—"Thank you, no. You forget I am one of the four hundred!"

EXILED ON THE PACIFIC.

Castaways on the Ocean. Their Surprising Adventures.

It has been suggested that on some of the hundreds of uninhabited Pacific islands there are castaway Robinson Crusoes waiting for a sail and living on the bounties of which nature is usually so lavish in those regions. One of these castaways, a sailor named Jorgensen, was found fifteen months ago on the little speck known as Midway Island, where he had been abandoned by his shipmates, who looked upon him as a desperate and dangerous person. There he was living without human companionship, 1,300 miles northwest of Honolulu, on the eastern edge of that vast expanse known as the Aton Archipelago, not one of whose little islands is known to be inhabited. The sailors who found Jorgensen there

WERE CASTAWAYS.

themselves from the wrecked bark *Wandering Minstrel*. On this little rock they lived for fourteen months, faring poorly on sea birds and fish, until finally a boat they sent out in October last took the news of their distress to Honolulu, and early last month a schooner released them from their island prison.

Some wonderful boat journeys are made over the Pacific's waste of waters, journeys that would usually be impossible on the more tumultuous Atlantic. Two men and a Chinese boy manned the little boat that took the news of the *Wandering Minstrel's* mishap 1,300 miles to Honolulu. William Marston, who is at the head of the little colony of Palmerston Island, journeyed alone over 1,000 miles from Tahiti in a small sailboat. When his isolation grew irksome he stopped in the Hervey group,

TOOK A NATIVE WIFE.

and went gayly on his way to the island that has since been his home. The news of the wreck of the *Henry James* on a coral reef was carried by five men last year in a row-boat 1,400 miles to Samoa. Some years ago two Englishmen named Baker and Reid married Samoan girls and took them in a little sailboat 1,500 miles to Sunday Island, where for years they were the only inhabitants. Two foolishly men left Samoa in an open boat some years ago to go to New Zealand, about 5,000 miles away. They fared very well until they got out of water, and, putting into "Mausoleum Island" for a fresh supply, one of them was drowned in the surf and the other was held a prisoner by the natives until his release was purchased by a passing schooner. The voyagers had travelled 500 miles.

Many white men are voluntary exiles among the natives of little islands, where they dry copra to be shipped about once a year on schooners which replenish their stores. We hear now and then also of sailors who have

ABANDONED CIVILIZATION,

married a large assortment of native women, and become very important persons in a limited area. It is not difficult to believe that many a story of adventure and misfortune in the Pacific never reaches us, and that while every year brings its wonderful records of the rescue of shipwrecked sailors, other castaways on island that were perhaps never seen before by civilized men, are living on, eager but unable to escape, repeating the experience of Selkirk and of DeFoe's amous hero.

The Labor Commission Report.

The report of the royal labor commission has just been issued. Wages in Canada, it avers, are generally higher than at any previous time, while the hours of labor have been somewhat reduced. The necessities of life are also lower. Testimony does not sustain the belief that serious immorality exists in Canadian factories in which operatives of both sexes are employed. It is in evidence that sailing vessels navigating inland waters frequently undertake voyages under circumstances which imperil the lives of the crews. The darkest pages in the testimony are those recording the beating and imprisonment of children employed in factories. The commissioners hope that those barbarous practices may be removed, and such treatment made a penal offense. The system of fining was found to prevail very largely, and is condemned. The commissioners recommend the selection of a holiday, to be known as Labor day. As regards immigration, they do not favor pecuniary assistance being extended. They recommend strict medical examination at ports of landing; that persons likely to become objects of charity and those having incurable diseases should be forbidden to land, and that importations of foreign labor under contract be forbidden; also that convict labor be simply utilized for government purposes. The establishment of a labor bureau is recommended. Boards of arbitration to settle strikes are suggested. The report has a plea for a nine-hour system. In conclusion it says that the interests of the working people will be promoted if all matters relating to them be placed under the administration of one of the ministers of the crown. A minority report is also published, but its main difference to that of the majority is little more than technical, or, we are half inclined to suspect, of a politically local character.

Duty on Railway Cars.

There is something exquisitely absurd in the proposition now being urged upon the United States Treasury Department to enforce the collection of a duty on Canadian railway cars every time they cross the border to the sacred soil of the United States. It is believed to be started by Senator McMillan of Michigan, a patriot who is engaged in the manufacture of railway cars himself, and who is consequently in a position to feel keenly the necessity of applying the letter of the law with the greatest strictness. It would only remain, if this scheme be carried out, for the Dominion Government to impose a like duty upon American cars entering Canada, and then we should have the edifying spectacle of a transshipment of every pound of freight going either way between the two countries. As a method of "protecting" the industries of the respective nations, this is logical. There is no limit to such protection short of reduction to the process of barter and the state of nature.

An Unfeeling Brute.

Mrs. Magruder—"God Heavens, George, just hear twat woman next door yell! Do you suppose her husband beats her?"

Mr. Magruder—"I'm not sure, Maria, whether he does or not, but if he doesn't he ought to. A woman with a voice like that ought to be killed outright."