

THE AUCTION SALE.

The flavor of a daisy stem is somewhat sweet, but a bitter thought chewed with it can strangely alter the taste. A man was chewing a daisy stem as he lay on the young grass in Crumple Horn meadow; at the same time he chewed an exceeding bitter thought, and the flavor of the thought was the stronger of the two, and the flavor of the daisy stem became entirely nauseous.

The daisy stem was the man's own property, the meadow itself was his own property, and from the spot on which he lay he could look down upon the valley in which lay his house and sundry other lands. All this was his own; it had been his father's before him—the father whom he had come so near to cursing during the last few desperate weeks; it had been his own for two months and a half; it would be his own for a few hours longer. The whole of his childhood he had lived here on this land; during holidays from school he had desired no better change; he knew where the blackbirds built their nests each Spring; he knew the shaded river pools where the trout grew fat and dainty for his harvest; even now above his head spread that glorious sycamore, so excellent for the making of whistles; that bright green field on the opposite hill was the spot on which he had brought death to his first partridge, and came near bringing the same to his second cousin; down on the pleasure grounds which lay before his home had he whiled away numerous Summer evenings, striving to instil a knowledge of cricket into the hearts and brains of village youths of sportive nature; verily, the roots of his affection spread thickly and struck deeply in these few acres of the soil.

As the man lay there the morning sun became more fierce, scorching the dew of the greenness; and down by the house on the valley below he could see little knots of men and women assembling; he could see them occasionally gesticulating ponderously, and he set his teeth as he imagined the words which they were saying. Then by degrees these knots of men and women turned and sauntered and entered this home; and he could picture them, in his imagination, striding with dusty decorating boots across his halls, into his rooms, and over every inch of his fair birthplace. He took his watch from his pocket and laid it on the grass beside him, and his eyes narrowed as he lay and watched, and waited for more pain.

At length from his resting place he could note the murmur of voices grow fainter; there remained no single figure on the terrace; the crowd had disappeared, and for a while there was a hush. Then from the big clock in the courtyard clanged the strokes of noon, and the sounds came up to the man as calmly and relentlessly as they had always done. That had ever seemed a heartless clock to him; in his infancy it had clanged him from his play and sent him to his sleep, when play was happiness without alloy, and sleep were wanton waste of moments, in boyhood it had brought disgrace upon him countless times, sounding its unhesitating knell when two fields and a dishevelled person lay between himself and punctuality; in manhood he had learned to scorn it, but its excellence had wearied him and humbled him as a persistent and accusing conscience.

Now, as the last stroke of noon clanged out and reverberated on the warm, still air, in the place of the murmur of many voices came the strident tones of one, and the sharp raps of an auctioneer's hammer struck on the man's heart, and there was a stab as of a knife in every blow. As he lay there he could again picture the gaping, slow-minded crowd fingering, prying, calculating, with no idea but the obtaining of something more than the worth of their money. His mother's room came first upon the catalogue. What bustling squire would possess the bed in which he himself had first drawn breath? What cautious, moth detecting housewife would yield her trumpy shillings for the chair in which his mother had breathed her last. The man uttered no sound, but his hands were tightly gripped as he lay and thought of it.

Through the dainty sitting rooms, through the stately guest chambers, through the old nurseries and schoolroom, he followed on with his imagination. Then to the handsome dining hall, where his father had so often held his revels and violated prudence; to the study—save the name—where that father had gambled away his patrimony and broken his wife's brave heart; to the drawing-rooms—scenes of past orgies and a dead magnificence. The man in Crumple Horn meadow could follow them always as he glanced at his watch and chewed his daisy stem.

The hours wore on; that cursed clock in the courtyard told them out with never a moment's mercy. The loathly, fulsome voice of the auctioneer as he perpetrated his professional victimizations, the rapping of the hammer of office, and the occasional murmur of the purchasers, came up, borne on the breeze, to the ears of the owner as he lay upon his land. For an hour or so longer the meadow was his own; the stables were to go before the estate, and the man looked at his watch again and loosened his lips for a moment as he waited for the next act.

It soon came. There was a trampling of many footsteps, a sound of tongues, long repressed, set loose again, and a stream of beings—men, women and children—came forth from the man's home, heated and excited with the entertainment, and made their way toward the stable yard.

The man raised himself upon his elbow as he followed the scene with his eyes, and a certain unreasonable fury rose within him against those brutes who were doing what he wished them to do, who were giving gold in return for his possessions, to the end that he might go forth an honest man. Then followed the auctioneer at the tail of the crowd, talking to a familiar company as one having wisdom and authority, then they also would their way toward the stable yard and prepared themselves to enjoy more pleasure.

And when the auctioneer had selected his position, when the purchasers—and

otherwise—had settled themselves more or less in pose of ease or eagerness, when the man in the meadow lay gazing with hunted eyes and a bloodless countenance on the scene in the valley below, there was left farth before them all a glorious chestnut mare with a white starred forehead, and for while there was a silence.

Then the mare tossed her head and lifted high her hoofs as she stood before them all on approbation. The groom who held her halter laid his arm caressingly across her neck, and she turned her quick eyes on him and snuzzled his shoulder with her nose. And then she threw her head high and free and whinnied long and loud.

That whinny tore at the heart of a man in Crumple Horn meadow; he drew his breath in quickly, his eyelids pricked with tears which should not fall, he struck the daisy turf one blow with his clenched fist.

"Curse!" he said. Then he rose and turned his back upon it all, and walked away forever.

EVERY TOWN HAS—

- A liar.
- A sponger.
- A smart Aleck.
- A blatherskite.
- Its richest man.
- Some pretty girls.
- A girl who giggles.
- A weather prophet.
- A neighborhood feud.
- Half a dozen lunatics.
- A woman who rattles.
- A justice of the peace.
- A man-who-knows-it-all.
- More loafers than it needs.
- Men who see every dog-fight.
- A boy who cuts up in church.
- A few meddling old women.
- A "thing" that stares at women.
- A stock law that is not enforced.
- A widower who is too gay for his age.
- Some men who make remarks about women.
- A preacher who thinks he ought to run the town.
- A few who know how to run the affairs of the country.
- A grown young man who laughs every time he says anything.
- A girl who goes to the post-office every time the mail comes in.
- A legion of smart Alecks who can tell the editor how to run his paper.
- Scores of men with the caboose of their trousers worn smooth as glass.
- A man who grins when you talk and laughs out loud after he has said something.

PROF. KLOTZ AT VICTORIA.

Seven Thousand Miles of Coast Explored During the Season Just Closed. A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says: Prof. Klotz, chief astronomer of the Interior Department, with three Canadian-Alaska boundary commission parties under his immediate direction, returned from the north by the steamer Mystery which was made the floating headquarters during the season. Their territory was from Portland canal to Juneau. Past this point westward Mr. Ogilvie had charge. The work is now practically completed in the long district from the canal to cape Spencer, Mr. Klotz's parties having covered over 7,000 miles of coast this year, surveying upwards of 20,000 square miles, and taking 2,000 odd photos. The only block of work now unfinished is that in the neighborhood of Mount St. Elias, which does not present features of especial difficulty. Mr. Ogilvie, in whose section it is, cannot complete his labors this year, returning home as soon as his survey is made to Letuya bay. The American party were engaged all season in Linn canal determining the relative position of St. Elias with the coast line. The country explored by the Canadians this season contains considerable good timber, indications of mineral wealth, little fishing and no agricultural land. Prof. King, boundary commissioner, is expected to arrive here shortly and all the chiefs of the staff will then return to Ottawa to enter upon the extension of the season's notes.

Cause of the Ingrowing Toe-nail.

Most authorities state that the ingrowing toe-nail is due to the pressure of tightly fitting boots. Dionis, however, has observed this disease in unshod monks and Binaud in bedridden tuberculous patients. Poucet, of Lyons, has shown that persons of lymphatic temperament, in whom the big toe is thick and the corresponding nail flat and small, are particularly subject to ingrowing of the nail. But the disease is frequently seen in the robust in whom the great toe has been deviated from its normal direction by narrow-pointed boots. In these cases, however, M. Regnault ascribes the morbid condition of the nail to injury, such as a blow, combined with want of personal attention, which allows the culture in the groove of ordinary pyogenic microbes. Interrogation of the sufferer will often bring to light the occurrence of a contusion of the nail, followed in a few days by suppuration at the external groove. Taken in time, these cases are easily treated by means of carbolic foot-baths and antiseptic dressings.

Mexico's Unlucky day.

Tuesday is the unlucky day in Mexico. If you were born on Tuesday never admit it. You probably have been a disaster all your life, but people will firmly believe that you are an unlucky dog and have the evil eye into the bargain if you find that a Tuesday was honored with your birth. I know a man who started on a Tuesday with money to pay off the hands in a factory near the city and went instead to Acapulco, where he took the Panama steamer. The board of directors of the manufacturing company passed a resolution affirming their undying faith in his honesty and attributed his error to having started for the mill on Tuesday.

FALL FUN.

"Why do you cook your pastry in such unattractive shapes?" "The doctor said I must eat only plain food."

Mrs. Squib—"Do you still think this new hat too big, dear?" Mr. Squib—"No'm not now. I've been comparing it with the bill."

"I wish your mother were also my mother," said he, looking at her tenderly. "All right," she said, "I will be a sister to you."

"She is a great favorite with the male sex." "Yes." "Why doesn't she marry?" "Her numerous engagements prevent her." Possible purchaser—"Now, is this mule perfectly gentle?" Uncle Moss—"Well, sah, I nebba knowed him to bite anybody yet."

"Can I see you apart for a moment?" "You mean alone, don't you?" "Yes a loan—that's it, exactly. I want to borrow five."

Banks—"Here is a queer fashion item. It says baggy-kneed trousers are coming to the front." Rivers—"Where else could they come?"

Daughter (weeping)—"Oh, papa, to-day I enter already on my thirteenth year. Father—"Calm yourself, child—it won't last long."

"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why he is not more than 20 years old." "That is so; but his jokes are veterans all the same."

She—I don't see you with Miss Gotrox any more. Have you and she had a misunderstanding?" He—"No; an understanding. She rejected me."

"What! haven't you named the baby yet?" Mamma—"No." Can't find anything good enough?" Mamma—"N—no; can't find out which uncle is the richest."

Fat man—"Phew! How do you account for this unexpected hot wave?" Weather prophet—"I think it must be on account of my buying a fall overcoat and a heavy derby."

Ethel—"He was very attentive to me. I wonder if he knew that I have money?" Clarissa—"You say he was very attentive to you?" Ethel—"Yes." Clarissa—"Then he knows it."

Physician—"You must avoid all excitement, avoid beer or wine entirely, and drink only water." "But, doctor the idea of drinking water excites me more than anything else."

Good-bye, mosquito, soon we'll find your days are o'er. You were—claim not to be maligned—A frightful bore.

"What's the matter with Jennings, Harlow?" "Oh, some mental trouble. He suffers from a complete loss of memory." "Suffers? Jove! he's in great luck, considering his past."

We swelter, mop and fan. And growl because 'tis hot; Then when 'tis cool we grumble, too, And wish that it was not.

"Look here," said the proprietor of the luncheon establishment, "this coin has a hole in it." "Well," replied Meandering Mike, "so had the doughnut ye sold me." And he strode haughtily on.

Patient—"Can you tell me, doctor, the cause of baldness?" Physician—"Nothing easier, sir. It is due to the falling out of the hair. Will you pay now, or shall I put it down to your account?"

Voice from doorway—"Mary, what are you doing out there?" Mary—"I'm looking at the moon." Voice from the doorway—"Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half-past 11."

Day—"If I were in your place, I wouldn't paint that house white; I'd paint it brown." Weeks—"If you were in my place, you'd probably be so mad that you'd paint it red, just to spite the people who gave you advice about it."

Miss Bellefield—"Mr. Spatters is a good sportsman." Miss Bloomfield—"Is he? He never shoots anything." Miss Bellefield—"That is why I call him good. I think it is real wicked to kill innocent animals and birds."

"Hallo, yellow! You are looking as bright as a dollar." "I'm feeling as bright as one, too." "You must have been taking a long vacation." "On the contrary, I haven't taken any; that's why I'm looking and feeling so well."

Mrs. Youngma—"And so, my darling got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise." Old Bachelor (one of the judges)—"Yes madam, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot."

His mother (after the sudden change)—"Jamie, dear, go and bring in some kindling. We'll have to make a fire." Jamie (grumblingly complying)—"You had me hunting the ice wagon all day yesterday. Seems to me you're awful hard to suit."

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?" "Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."

Mr. Sharpe—"I can't pay you for three or four weeks yet. I lost a lot of money this month in speculation." "You don't say! Whose was it?"

Enjoyment of Ill-Health.



Doctor—"I told you plainly that you should rub the brandy that I ordered for you about your stomach, and now you have drunk it."

Patient—"Yes, but you see, doctor, I have never in my life cared much for externals."

An Autumn Scene.

The sky was gray with the sullen, sodden grayness of fall. The river moved sluggish and lifeless between its high banks. The leaves were turning, but not into glorious, glossy reds and yellows. They were sere and brown and sickly in their decline. The wind whirled them furiously about the place that afternoon. The lawn, already scorched into a dull, hard color by the beating of the summer sun, was half covered with the dry leaves. The big house on the hill looked deserted.

Up and down the walk, littered with dead leaves, she walked. Her eyes were sombre as the scene, but in their depths was a sort of wild regret. Her delicate lips were pressed tightly together as one who found memories too bitter for her. She was wrapped about in a gray cloak, and there was a sort of fierce resignation in her attitude. She seemed like a woman living over again a beautiful past in a miserable present—a past of green lawns and roses and blue skies, white, gleaming sails, leaping waters and glad companionship in the gray, dull present. At last her lips parted.

"Oh, good heavens!" she murmured, "Why doesn't papa send me money enough to pay my board and let me get away from here?"

Three Terrible Disasters.

A monument has recently been unveiled at Springhill, N. S., erected in commemoration of the disaster of February, 1891. In that catastrophe 123 miners lost their lives, and the monument has been erected to their memory by the Provincial Workman's Association. In the mining history of the country three terrible disasters are recorded. In 1873, at Drummond, 65 miners lost their lives. The bodies were unrecognizable, and were buried in one common grave. At the Albion disaster in 1883 50 were killed, and none of the bodies were ever recovered from the ruins of the explosion. The Springhill catastrophe was the worst in the history of the Dominion. The bodies were all recovered, identified and buried in separate graves. The statue which commemorates the disaster is of a miner in working costume, with lamp and pick, ready to descend into the mine. The names of the 125 victims are engraved on the pedestal.

A Ghastly Story.

At a meeting of the London Missionary Society at Leeds, the Rev. J. Chalmers, of New Guinea, told a rather ghastly story. He remembered, he said, one day when sitting on the doorstep of his hut, his wife being a short distance from him, an old native came up. Knowing that the old gentleman had been at a cannibal feast, which was being held in the neighborhood, Mr. Chalmers asked him what he wanted. The native intimated that he had brought a present for "his daughter," as he styled Mrs. Chalmers and forthwith placed on the ground a small coconut basket, and asked Mrs. Chalmers to open it. At Mr. Chalmers' request, however, the native himself opened the basket and presented it to Mrs. Chalmers, and it was found to contain the breast of a man. Mr. Chalmers prevailed upon him to take back the remains. Before the old native died he became a member of the Christian church, and remained so up to his death.

Physicians' Duration of life.

One of the most curious statistical records that has been compiled this century, is that by Dr. Salzmann, of Essling, Wurtemberg, on the average duration of life among physicians. He found, on going over the ancient records of the kingdom, that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life among that class was but 36.5 years; in the seventeenth century, 45.8; in the eighteenth 49.8 and at the present time they reach the favorable average of 56.7. It appears from the footnotes to the above, that this very great increase in longevity is due to the disappearance of the "black pest," the introduction of vaccination and the great diminution in the numbers of typhus epidemics, three classes of diseases which formerly decimated the medical practitioners.

An Average Man.

Doctor—"Your husband does not appear to be getting any better, but I think the trouble is mental or emotional, rather than physical. Isn't he worrying about something?"

Mrs. Blank—"Let-me-see. Why, of course he is, poor dear.—I never thought of it. He is probably worrying over the fact that he is missing three square meals a day."

The Old Man's Advice.

He—"If you don't intend to break your engagement with me, why do you allow young Richmann to make you such valuable presents?"

She—"My father advised me to accept them."

"He did? Why?"

"He said that if I married you they might come handy on rent days."

How it Will Be.

Mrs. Mecke—"You were on a jury with eleven men, I believe?"

Mrs. Ginger—"Yes."

Mrs. M.—"Did you find any trouble in agreeing with them?"

Mrs. G.—"I didn't agree with them; they agreed with me."

Remedies not Wanted.

Bobby—"There's a man down at the corner sellin' something to cure every sort of ache or pain. Let's tell mamma about it."

Johnny—"No, don't. She'll be stoppin' our school headaches with it."

Rival Belles.

He—"Have you met Miss Richgirl?"

She—"Once or twice."

He—"Pretty sharp, isn't she?"

She—"I should say so. One has to keep away from her elbows."

British and Foreign.

Congressman Wilson, of tariff fame, is to be banqueted next Thursday by the London Chamber of Commerce.

Edgehill, the scene of the first battle between King Charles I. and his Parliament, is soon to be sold at auction.

Omsk, in Siberia, has just been connected with St. Petersburg by the completion of the first 500 miles of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

In one month 25,000 copies of Hall Caine's "The Manxman" have been sold in England, a sale unequalled by any novel since "Lothair."

Odessa lately celebrated the centenary of its foundation. In a hundred years it has grown to be a city of 330,000 inhabitants and the great port of the Black Sea.

A bust of Herod the Great, believed to be authentic, was recently discovered at Jerusalem. It was bought by the Russian Government for the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg.

Inland revenue officers lately seized an issue of the Million containing an illustrated article on postage stamps by Harold Frederick, in which the old penny stamp was reproduced by engraving.

Every passenger landed in a French port, from a steam vessel coming from a European port by a decree just issued, is to pay a tax of fifty centimes (ten cents); from any other part of the world he pays a franc.

Twenty-seven million francs has already been spent on the great Church of the Sacred Heart at Mont-martre, and the building is far from complete. The money has been raised entirely by voluntary contributions.

Colonial forces throughout the empire, including India and Canada, are, by a recent order of the War Office, to receive medals for long service, meritorious service, and distinguished conduct, on the same terms as the regular troops.

Twenty-five miles of the Congo railroad, forming the first section between Matango and Kenge, are now completed. The work has cost \$100,000 a mile. The line will be ninety-three miles long in all, and will connect the immense waterways above the falls with the sea.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows at Chattanooga, Tenn., on Thursday, it was decided to admit to the Order through the Rebekah lodge all Oddfellow's wives and daughters and all white women more than eighteen years of age who believe in the Ruler of the Universe.

The recent reprieve of a condemned murderer at Rudolstadt in Germany has brought out the fact that Duke George of Saxe-Meiningen, the organizer of the celebrated "Meiningen" troupe, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign has never allowed a death sentence to be carried out.

Safa-el-Bahr, "Joy of the Sea," is the name of the Khedive of Egypt's new steam yacht, built for him on the Clyde. It is a handsome boat of 700 tons and 1,100 horsepower, fitted up with all comforts and modern improvements. On the trial trip it made a little over fourteen knots an hour.

In Hungary the Prince Primato has warned his clergy to confine themselves to their calling and leave politics alone. He considers it essential to reestablish a good understanding between Church and State, and declares that in ecclesiastical matters he has not taken a single step without the previous sanction of the Pope.

France proposes to have a general exhibition of sports in connection with the Exposition of 1900. The Bois de Vincennes will be set aside for them. The Minister of Commerce has appointed a commission to draw up a general programme, which is to include fencing, shooting, gymnastics, military exercises, boxing, athletics, cycling, and ballooning.

British sailors discharged in foreign ports are protected against land sharks by a recent arrangement made by the Board of Trade. On the arrival of a vessel an agent of the Board appears, who finds out what men wish to return home and the sum due them; he then provides them with money for travelling expenses and warrants of the board for the rest of their wages, payable in England.

A silver box was recently found at Aulbonne, in Switzerland, containing the heart of Abraham Duquesne, the great Admiral of Louis XIV, after whom the first settlement at Pittsburg was named, and who was the only Protestant allowed to remain unmolested in France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His sons, who were banished, had placed the heart in the church of Aulbonne, from which it is to be sent soon to Dieppe, Duquesne's birthplace.

At Cempuis, in France, M. Robin, the director of an orphan asylum, was recently discharged for carrying out peculiar ideas in the management of the institution. He believes in coeducation, and threw boys and girls together at their meals, and at work and play. He carefully kept all religious instruction from them, but taught them that war was a crime, and that it was right to avoid military service. This led the Government to interfere with the experiment.

In the convention just made between Great Britain and China to settle the Burmese boundary Great Britain gives up her claim to the greater part of the Shan States, China agreeing to cede no part of the territory to any other nation without the former's consent. For six years Chinese products, except salt, will be admitted free of duty into Burmah, Chinese vessels being allowed the free navigation of the Irrawaddy, while British manufactures and Burmese produce, except rice sent by land, are to be admitted into the Chinese empire on the same terms.

The monuments to Emperor William I. and Empress Augusta, recently consecrated in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, are in a chapel adjoining the one in which Queen Louise is buried. The statues of white Carrara marble are recumbent: the old Emperor lies bareheaded in the uniform of the First Regiment of Guards, with the imperial cloak of ermine round his shoulders and in his hand the sword of state, with laurel leaves wound round the hilt. The Empress wears a diadem and a veil of lace, most delicately carved; she holds a crucifix in her hands, and passion flowers are scattered over the folds of her dress. At the door of the hall stands an archangel with a flaming sword. The sculptor Prof. si Eucke.