

A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER XV.—"WHAT IS TO BECOME OF ME?"

Holcroft's reference to a constable and arrest, though scarcely intended to be more than a vague threat, had the effect of clearing the air like a clap of thunder. Jane had never lost her senses, such as she possessed, and Mrs. Wiggins recovered hers sufficiently to apologize to the farmer when he came down to breakfast. "But that Mumpson's awfully haggard, master, as ye know yourself, h'm a-thinkin'. Yud ye jis tell a body vat she 'ere han 'ow h'm to get hon vith'er. Hif h'm to take me horders from 'er hid'ruther go back to the poor-us."

"You are to take your orders from me and no one else. All I ask is that you go on quietly with your work and pay no attention to her. You know well enough that I can't have such goings on. I want you to let Jane help you and learn how to do every thing as far as she can. Mrs. Mumpson can do the mending and ironing, I suppose. At any rate, I won't have any more quarrelling and uproar. I'm a quiet man and intend to have a quiet house. You and Jane can get along very well in the kitchen, and you say you understand the dairy work."

"Vell, hi does, han noo hi've got me horders h'll go right along."

Mrs. Mumpson was like one who had been rudely shaken out of a dream, and she appeared to have sense enough to realize that she couldn't assume so much at first as she anticipated. She received from Jane a cup of coffee, and said, feebly, "I can partake of no more after the recent trying events."

For some hours she was a little dazed, but her mind was of too light weight to be long cast down. Jane rehearsed Holcroft's words, described his manner, and sought with much insistence to show her mother that she must drop her nonsense at once. "I can see it in his eye," said the girl, "that he won't stand much more. If yer don't come down and keep yer hands busy and yer tongue still, well tramp. As to his marrying you, bah! he'd jes' as soon marry Mrs. Wiggins."

This was awful prose, but Mrs. Mumpson was too bewildered and discouraged for a time to dispute it, and the household fell into a somewhat regular routine. The widow appeared at her meals with the air of a meek and suffering martyr; Holcroft was exceedingly brief in his replies to her questions and paid no heed to her remarks.

After supper and his evening work, he went directly to his room. Every day, however, he secretly chafed, with ever-increasing discontent, over this tormenting presence in his house. The mending and such work as she attempted was so wretchedly performed that it would better have been left undone. She was also recovering her garrulousness, and mistook his toleration and her immunity in the parlor for proof of a growing consideration.

"He knows that my hands were never made for such coarse, menial tasks as that Viggins does," she thought, as she darned one of his stockings in a way that would render it almost impossible for him to put his foot into it again. "The events of last Monday morning were unfortunate, unforeseen, unprecedented. I was unprepared for such vulgar, barbarous, unheard-of proceedings—taken off my feet, as it were; but now that he's had time to think it all over he sees that I am not a common woman like Viggins."—Mrs. Mumpson would have suffered much rather than have accorded her enemy the prefix of Mrs.,—"who is only fit to be among pots and kettles. He leaves me in the parlor as if a refined apartment became me and I became it. Time and my influence will mellow, soften, elevate, develop, and at last awaken a desire for my society, then yearnings. My first error was in not giving myself time to make a proper impression. He will soon begin to yield like the earth without. First 't is hard and frosty, then it is cold and muddy, if I may permit myself so disagreeable an illustration. Now he is becoming mellow, and soon every word I utter will be like good seed in good ground. How aptly it all fits. I have only to be patient."

She was finally left almost to utter idleness, for Jane and Mrs. Wiggins gradually took from the incompetent hands even in the light tasks which she had attempted. She made no protest, regarding all as another proof that Holcroft was beginning to recognize her superiority and unfitness for menial tasks. She would maintain, however, her character as the caretaker and ostentatiously inspected every thing; she also tried to make as much noise in fastening up the dwelling at night as if she were barricading a castle. Holcroft would listen grimly, well aware that no house had been entered in Oakville during his memory.

He had taken an early occasion to say at the table that he wished no one to enter his room except Jane, and that he would not permit any infringement of this rule. Mrs. Mumpson's feelings had been hurt at first by this order, but she soon satisfied herself that it had been meant for Mrs. Wiggins's benefit and not her own. She found, however, that Jane interpreted it literally. "If either of you set foot in that room I'll tell him," she said flatly. "I've had my orders and I'm a goin' to obey. There's to be no more rummagin'. If you'll give me the keys I'll put things back in order ag'in."

"Well, I won't give you the keys. I'm the proper person to put things in order if you did not replace them properly. You are just making an excuse to rummage yourself. My motive for inspecting is very different from yours."

"Shouldn't wonder if you was sorry some day," the girl had remarked, and so the matter had dropped and been forgotten.

Holcroft solaced himself with the fact that Jane and Mrs. Wiggins served his meals regularly and looked after the dairy with better care than he had received since his wife died. "If I had only those two in the house I could get along first-rate," he thought. "After the three months are up I'll try to make such an arrangement. I'd pay the mother and send her off now, but if I did, Lemuel Weeks would put her up to a lawsuit."

April days brought the longed-for ploughing and planting, and the farmer was so busy and absorbed in his work that Mrs. Mumpson had less and less place in his thoughts, even as a thorn in the flesh. One bright afternoon, however, chaos came again unexpectedly. Mrs. Wiggins did not suggest a volatile creature, yet such, alas! she

was. She apparently exhaled and was lost, leaving no trace. The circumstances of her disappearance permit of a very matter-of-fact and not very creditable explanation. On the day in question she prepared an unusually good dinner, and the farmer had enjoyed it in spite of Mrs. Mumpson's presence and desultory remarks. The morning had been fine and he had made progress in his early spring work. Mrs. Wiggins felt that her hour and opportunity had come. Following him to the door, she said in a low tone and yet with a decisive accent, as if she was claiming a right, "Master, hi'd thank ye for me two weeks' wages."

He unsuspectingly and unhesitatingly gave it to her, thinking, "That's the way with such people. They want to be paid often and be sure of their money. She'll work all the better for having it."

Mrs. Wiggins knew the hour when the stage passed the house; she had made up a bundle without a very close regard to *metem or tum*, and was ready to flit. The chance speedily came.

The "caretaker" was rocking in the parlor and would disdain to look, while Jane had gone out to help plant some early potatoes on a warm hillside. The coast was clear. Seeing the stage coming, the old woman waddled down the lane at a remarkable pace, paid her fare to town, and the Holcroft kitchen knew her no more. That she found the "friend" she had wished to see on her way out to the farm, and that this friend brought her quickly under Tom Watterly's care again, goes without saying.

As the shadows lengthened and the robins became tuneless, Holcroft said, "You've done well, Jane. Thank you. Now you can go back to the house."

The child soon returned in breathless haste to the field where the farmer was covering the potato pieces she had dropped, and cried, "Mrs. Wiggins's gone."

Like a flash, the woman's motive in asking for her wages occurred to him, but he started for the house to assure himself of the truth. "Perhaps she's in the cellar, he said, remembering the cider barrel, "or else she's out for a walk."

"No, she ain't," persisted Jane. "I've looked everywhere and all over the barn, and she ain't nowhere. Mother hain't seen her, nuther."

With dreary misgivings, Holcroft remembered that he no longer had a practical ally in the old Englishwoman, and he felt that a new breaking up was coming. He looked wistfully at Jane, and thought, "I could get along with that child if the mother was away. But that can't be; she'd visit here indefinitely if Jane stayed."

When Mrs. Mumpson learned from Jane of Mrs. Wiggins's disappearance, she was thrown into a state of strong excitement. She felt that her hour and opportunity might be near also, and she began to rock very fast. "What else could he expect of such a female?" she soliloquized. "I've no doubt but she's taken things, too. He'll now learn my value and what it is to have a caretaker who will never desert him."

Spirits and courage rose with the emergency; her thoughts hurried her along like a dry leaf caught in a March gale. "Yes," she murmured, "the time has come for me to act, to dare, to show him in his desperate need and hour of desertion what might be, may be, must be. He will now see clearly the difference between these peculiar females who come and go, and a respectable woman and a mother who can be depended upon—one who will never steal away like a thief in the night."

She saw Holcroft approaching the house with Jane; she heard him ascend to Mrs. Wiggins's room, then return to the kitchen and ejaculate, "Yes, she's gone, sure enough."

"Now, act," murmured the widow, and she rushed towards the farmer with clasped hands, and cried with emotion, "Yes, she's gone; but I'm not gone. You are not deserted. Jane will minister to you; I will be the caretaker, and our home will be all the happier because that monstrous creature is absent. Dear Mr. Holcroft, don't be so blind to your own interests and happiness, don't remain undeveloped. Every thing is wrong here if you would but see it. You are lonely and desolate. Moth and rust have entered, things in unopened drawers and closets are moulding and going to waste. Yield to true female influence and—"

Holcroft had been rendered speechless at first by this onslaught, but the reference to unopened drawers and closets awakened a sudden suspicion. Had she dared to touch what had belonged to his wife? "What!" he exclaimed sharply, interrupting her; then with an expression of disgust and anger, he passed her swiftly and went to his room. A moment later came the stern summons, "Jane, come here."

"Now you'll see what'll come of that rummagin'," whimpered Jane. You ain't got no sense at all to go at him so. He's jes' goin' to put us right out," and she went up stairs as if to execution.

"Have I failed?" gasped Mrs. Mumpson, and retreating to the chair, she rocked nervously.

"Jane," said Holcroft, in hot anger, "my wife's things have been pulled out of her bureau and stuffed back again as if they were no better than dishcloths. Who did it?"

The child now began to cry aloud.

"There, there," he said, with intense irritation, "I can't trust you either."

"I hain't—touched 'em—since you told me—told me—not to do things on the sly," the girl sobbed, brokenly; but he closed the door upon her, and did not hear.

He could have forgiven her almost any thing but this. Since she only had been permitted to take care of his room, he naturally thought that she committed the sacrilege, and her manner had confirmed this impression. Of course the mother had been present and probably had assisted; but he had expected nothing better of her.

He took the things out, folded and smoothed them as carefully as he could with his heavy hands and clumsy fingers. His gentle, almost reverent touch was in strange contrast with his flushed, angry face and gleaming eyes. "This is the worst that's happened yet," he muttered. "O Lemuel Weeks, it's well you are not here now, or we might both have cause to be sorry. It was you who put these prying, and for all I know, thieving creatures into my house, and it was as mean a trick as ever one man played on another. You and this precious cousin of

Yours thought you could bring about a marriage; you put her up to her ridiculous antics. Faugh! the very thought of it all makes me sick."

"O mother, what shall I do?" Jane cried, rushing into the parlor and throwing her self on the floor, "he's goin' to put us right out."

"He can't put me out before the three months are up," quavered the widow.

"Yes, he can. We've been a rummagin' where we'd no bizness to be. He's small enough to do any thing; he jes' looks awful; I'm afraid of him."

"Jane," said her mother, plaintively, "I feel indisposed. I think I'll retire."

"Yes, that's the way with you," sobbed the child. "You got me into the scrape and now you retire."

Mrs. Mumpson's confidence in herself and her schemes was terribly shaken. "I must act very discreetly. I must be alone that I may think over these untoward events. Mr. Holcroft has been so warped by the past female influences of his life that there's no counting on his action. He taxes me sorely," she explained, and then ascended the stairs.

"Oh! oh!" moaned the child, as she writhed on the floor, "Mother ain't got no sense at all. What is goin' to become of me? I'd rather hang about his barn than go back to cousin Lemuel's or any other cousin's."

Spurred by one hope, she at last sprang up and went to the kitchen. It was already growing dark, and she lighted the lamp, kindled the fire, and began getting supper with breathless energy.

As far as he could discover, Holcroft was satisfied that nothing had been taken. In this respect he was right. Mrs. Mumpson's curiosity and covetousness were boundless, but she would not steal. There are few who do not draw the line somewhere.

Having tried to put the articles back as they were before, he locked them up, and went hastily down and out, feeling that he must regain his self-control and decide upon his future action at once. "I will then carry out my purposes in a way that will give the Weeks tribe no chance to make trouble."

As he passed the kitchen windows he saw Jane rushing about as if possessed, and he stopped to watch her. It soon became evident that she was trying to get his supper. His heart relented at once in spite of himself. "The poor, wronged child!" he muttered. "Why should I be so hard on her for doing what she's been brought up to do? Well, well, it's too bad to send her away, but I can't help it. I'd lose my own reason if the mother was here much longer, and if I kept Jane, her idiotic mother would stay in spite of me. If she didn't, there'd be endless talk and lawsuits, too, like enough, about separating parent and child. Jane's too young and little, anyway, to be here alone and do the work. But I'm sorry for her, I declare I am, and I wish I could do something to give her a chance in the world. If my wife was only living we'd take and bring her up, disagreeable and homely as she is; but there's no use of my trying to do a-y thing alone. I fear, after all, that I shall have to give up the old place and go, I don't know where. What is to become of her?"

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Mumpson's VICISSITUDES.

Having completed her preparations for supper, Jane stole timidly up to Holcroft's room to summon him. Her first rap on his door was scarcely audible, then she ventured to knock louder and finally to call him, but there was no response. Full of vague dread she went to her mother's room and said, "He won't answer me; he's so awful mad that I don't know what he'll do."

"I think he has left his apartment," her mother moaned from the bed.

"Why couldn't yer tell me so before?" cried Jane. "What yer gone to bed for? If you'd only show some sense and try to do what he brought you her for, like enough he'd keep us yet."

"My heart's too crushed, Jane—"

"Oh, bother, bother!" and the child rushed away. She looked into the dark parlor and called, "Mr. Holcroft!" Then she appeared in the kitchen again, the picture of uncouth distress and perplexity. A moment later she opened the door and darted towards the barn.

"What do you wish, Jane?" said Holcroft, emerging from a shadowy corner and recalling her.

"Sup—supper's—ready," sobbed the child.

He came in and sat down at the table, considerably appearing not to notice her until she had a chance to recover composure. She vigorously used the sleeves of both arms in drying her eyes, then stole in and found a seat in a dusky corner.

"Why don't you come to supper?" he asked quietly.

"Don't want any."

"You had better take some up to your mother."

"She oughtn't to have any."

"That doesn't make any difference. I want you to take up something to her, and then come down and eat your supper like a sensible girl."

"I ain't been sensible, nor mother nuther."

"Do as I say, Jane." The child obeyed, but she couldn't swallow any thing but a little coffee.

Holcroft was in a quandary. He had not the gift of speaking soothing yet meaningless words, and was too honest to raise false hopes. He was therefore almost as silent and embarrassed as Jane herself. To the girl's furtive scrutiny, he did not seem hardened against her, and she at last ventured, "Say, I didn't touch them drawers after you told me not to do any thing on the sly."

"When were they opened? Tell me the truth, Jane."

"Mother opened them the first day you left us alone. I told her you wouldn't like it, but she said she was housekeeper; she said how it was her duty to inspect every thing. I wanted to inspect too. We was jest rummagin'—that's what it was. After the things were all pulled out, mother got the rocker and wouldn't do any thing. It was gettin' late, and I was frightened and poked 'em back in a hurry. Mother wanted to rummage ag'in the other day and I wouldn't let her; so she wouldn't let me have the keys, so I could fix 'em up."

"But the keys were in my pocket, Jane."

"Mother has a lot of keys. I've told you jes' how it all was."

"Nothing was taken away?"

"No. Mother ain't got sense, but she never takes things. I nuther 'cept when I'm hungry. Never took any thing here. Say, are you goin' to send us away?"

"I fear I shall have to, Jane. I'm sorry for you, for I believe you would try to do the best you could if given a chance, and I can see you never had a chance."

"No," said the child, blinking hard to keep the tears out of her eyes. "I ain't had no teachin'. I've jes' kinder growed along with the farm hands and rough boys. Them that didn't hate me teased me. Say, couldn't I stay in your barn and sleep in the hay?"

Holcroft was sorely perplexed and pushed away his half-eaten supper. He knew himself what it was to be friendless and lonely, and his heart softened towards this worse than motherless child.

"Jane," he said, kindly, "I'm just as sorry for you as I can be, but you don't know the difficulties in the way of what you wish and I fear I can't make you understand them. Indeed, it would not be best to tell you all of them. If I could keep you at all, you should stay in the house, and I'd be kind to you, but it can't be. I may not stay here myself. My future course is very uncertain. There's no use of my trying to go on as I have. Perhaps some day I can do something for you, and if I can, I will. I will pay your mother her three months' wages in full in the morning, and then I want you both to get your things into your trunk, and I'll take you to your cousin Lemuel's."

Driven almost to desperation, Jane suggested the only scheme she could think of. "If you stayed here and I run away and came back, wouldn't you keep me? I work all day and all night jes' for the sake of stayin'."

"No, Jane," said Holcroft, firmly, "you'd make me no end of trouble if you did that. If you'll be a good girl and learn how to do things, I'll try to find you a place among kind people some day when you're older and can act for yourself."

"You're afraid 'f's here mothered come a-visitin'," said the girl, keenly.

"You're too young to understand half the trouble that might follow. My plans are too uncertain for me to tangle myself up. You and your mother must go away at once, so I can do what I must do before it's too late in the season. Here's a couple of dollars which you can keep for yourself," and he went up to his room, feeling that he could not witness the child's distress any longer.

He fought hard against despondency and tried to face the actual condition of his affairs. "I might have known," he thought, "that things would have turned out somewhat as they have, with such women in the house, and I don't see much chance of getting better ones. I've been so bent on staying and going on as I used to that I've just shut my eyes to the facts." He got out an old account book and pored over it a long time. The entries therein were blind enough, but at last he concluded, "It's plain that I've lost money on the dairy ever since my wife died, and the prospects now are worse than ever. That Weeks tribe will set the whole town talking against me and it will be just about impossible to get a decent woman to come here. I might as well have an auction and sell all the cows but one, at once. After that, if I find I can't make out living alone, I'll put the place in better order and sell or rent. I can get my own meals after a fashion, and old Jonathan Johnson's wife will do my washing and mending. It's time it was done better than it has been, for some of my clothes make me look like a scarecrow. I believe Jonathan will come with his cross dog and stay here too, when I must be away. Well, well, it's a hard lot for a man; but I'd be about as bad off, and a hundred fold more lonely, if I went anywhere else. I can only feel my way along and live a day at a time. I'll learn what can be done and what can't be. One thing is clear; I can't go on with this Mrs. Mumpson in the house a day longer. She makes me creep and crawl all over, and the first thing I know I shall be swearing like a bloody pirate unless I get rid of her. If she wasn't such a hopeless idiot I'd let her stay for the sake of Jane, but 'twon't pay her good wages to make my life a burden a day longer," and with like self-communings he spent the evening until the habit of early drowsiness overcame him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Great Secret Out.

Society Girl—"Engaged to Mr. De Lovel Dear me! How do you young widows manage to step right in among us young girls and carry off our nicest beaux?"

Young Widow—"Well, in the first place, if we really like a man we don't act as if we hated the very sight of him."

"You don't?"

"No, and if he forgets himself and happens to touch our hands, we don't jump as if he were a reptile and look as if we thought he ought to go right off and hang himself. Don't you think you had better adopt our plan?"

"I guess I'll have to. My plan 's too hard work, anyhow."

Sensation After Amputation.

Another curious case of apparent sensation in a member of the body after it had been amputated comes from Florida. George W. Clay's arm was amputated, put in a box and buried. Soon afterward he began to complain that the fingers of the buried hand were cramped and that there was sand between them. His physician and his sister had the box dug up and opened, and found the fingers cramped and the sand between, just as George had said. They arranged the arm properly and reburied it. Clay said that while they were gone he felt an awful pain in the amputated arm, and then came a sensation of great relief, and there was no longer the old cramped sensation in the hand.

The Emperor William of Germany is the tallest monarch, being just six feet. The deposed King of Bavaria was the "shortest," being in debt several million dollars.

Reports from the Montana ranges are conflicting, but there seems to be no doubt that the loss has been unusually large. Cattle growers in some instances are inclined to admit that the worst stories are true, but they are controverted by others who insist that all such reports are circulated for speculative purposes. The land boomers deny everything and insist that fewer cattle have died than ever before, but they are confounded by the very exaggeration of their assumption that a herd of cattle can get through an ordinary Montana winter without much loss. Just compare the Canadian ranches with those of Montana before deciding on emigrating to what Americans are pleased to term the sunny side of the line but which in reality is the stormy side.

Spooner's Copperine.

Perhaps you don't know what Spooner's Copperine is. Perhaps you think it is a new cure for rheumatism, or a temperance drink, or a comforter for teething children, or a patent affair for keeping your feet dry, or turning your pedal extremities into galvanic batteries capable of melting the gold around your store teeth with magnetic currents. Well Spooner's Copperine is nothing of the kind, it is a purely non fibrous, anti-friction metal, for use by engineers in fitting axle boxes. The great difficulty in all machinery is to keep the axles from heating. Brass, bronze, and babbit metal are used, but all have more or less friction which engenders heat, and if there is one thing in this life that amuses an engineer it is a hot box. It is not necessary to be an engineer to be acquainted with the peculiar merits of a hot box, but there is nothing will make an engineer so fully appreciate the beauties of a humble, lowly Christian spirit as to have an axle everlasting tearing itself to pieces, in a red hot passion of fury. Now Copperine is a metal patented by Mr. Spooner, of Port Hope, which cannot by any means be induced to a glow of warmth. Its coldness would give the chills to charity. To fill a box with it, is like a visit from your wife's most estimable mama, the axle has to hustle for all it is worth to keep from freezing. This metal is now being put up in handsomely stenciled wooden packages suitable for counter display, and no hardware store claiming to rank above a tin pot concern can be without a stock. The Georgian Bay Consolidated Lumber Co., the Rathburn Co., the Wm. Hamilton and Peter Hamilton Co's., of Peterboro, and others without number, speak of Copperine in the highest terms. In fact engineers from Quebec to New Westminster yearn for Copperine, and Mr. Spooner is rapidly developing a business of large proportions. For heavy journal bearings, crank pins, steam boats, saw mills, roller grist mills, planing mills, and in all good machine work, Copperine can be strongly recommended. The metal can be shipped from Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and from the patentee, Mr. Spooner, Port Hope.—*Bobcaygeon Independent*.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway have undertaken to construct 750 miles of new line this season. This will carry the road into Fort Benton, Great Falls and Helena, Montana, opening one of the finest sections of the Territory. The headquarters of the construction department have been established at the new town of Minot, Dakota, which grew so rapidly last season. Minot is situated at the second crossing of the Mouse River, 118 miles west from Devil's Lake and 527 from St. Paul. The extensions to be made this season by the railway company will give employment to upwards of five thousand men and three thousand teams, with their drivers. This will afford excellent opportunities for settlers going into North Dakota, after making their selection of location and doing their spring work, to obtain employment whilst the crop is maturing.

The mistake the fat woman makes is going too heavily into draperies and "wing-like" wraps.

LOOK TO YOUR FLOCKS.

For destroying ticks and vermin on sheep, cattle and horses, Leicestershire Tick and Vermin Destroyer is well worth the price, yes, double the price. It was first used in England with wonderful success, and has now been introduced into Canada, and is sold at 30 and 60 cents a box; one small box is sufficient to treat 20 sheep. It is used as a wash. Full directions accompany each box. Sold by druggists, G. C. Briggs & Sons, Hamilton, Ont., and C. M. Briggs & Bro., Buffalo, N. Y. Agents.

Some young men wear white ottoman silk vests fastened with gold or silver buttons.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Bloating, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and other attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

Many upper crust families would like to hire French maids who are deaf and dumb.

Heart Disease.

The symptoms of which are "Faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats, strong, rapid and irregular. The second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, &c." Can be cured "in many of the first stages." Send 6c in stamps for pamphlet and full particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Canada.

A good many rich Americans do not receive their military titles until they reach Europe.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 808 King Street West Toronto, Canada.

The tendency in novel writing nowadays is to introduce the supernatural in large doses.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

THE MICROSCOPE AS A TEST OF METALS.—Dr. P. H. Dudley recently described to the American Institute of Mining Engineers two cast-iron car-wheels which a chemical examination had shown to be almost precisely the same in composition, but one of which was good, while the other was nearly worthless, for its purpose. From this, it appears that the value of articles of iron and steel is largely dependent on other conditions than that of mere chemical composition. Mr. F. L. Garrison has found the microscope a very useful test for determining the qualities of metals through the revelations which it affords of the arrangement of their particles and their structure.

It is curious how many ways are fallen upon to combine fun, and sometimes very questionable fun, with some things more or less remotely connected with church life and work. The decent religious people of Edinburgh have lately been scandalized by a mock trial for "breach of promise," having been got up among the young people in some Congregational Mutual Improvement Society, and actually gone through with at least in one instance in a church or lecture room. They had the whole paraphernalia of a trial,—judge, jury, lawyers, plaintiff, defendant, and all the rest of it. Anything in worse taste could not well be thought of. Yet have we on this side of the water not sometimes as questionable church exhibitions as even that?