# THE THREAD OF LIFE

#### AND SHADE. SUNSHINE

CHAPTER XXII.-HOLY MATRIMONY.

The way of the transgressor went easy for a while with Hugh Massinger. His sands ran smoother than he could bimself have expected. His two chief bugbears faded away by degrees before the strong light of facts into pure nonentity. Relf did not know that Elsie Challoner lay dead and buried in a lonely grave at Orfordness; and Winifred Meysey was not left a ward in Chancery, or otherwise inconver i meed and strictly tied up in her plans for marrying him. On the contrary, the affairs of the deceased were arranged exactly as Hugh bimself would have wished them to be ordered. The will in particular was a perfect gem Hugh could have thrown his arms round the blumsless attorney who drew it up; Mr. Meysey app. iated sole executrix and guardian of the infant; the estate and Hall bequesthed absolutely and without re maiader to 'Vinifred in person; a life interest in certain spec fied sums only, as arranged by ser lament, to the relies herself ; and the coast all clear for Hugh Missinger.

Everything indeed had turned out for the best. The lets Squire had chosen the happiest possible moment for dying. The infant and the guardian were on Hugh's own side. There need be no long engagement, no tremulous expectation of dead men's shoes now; nor would Hugh have to put up for an indefinite term of years with the nuisance of a father-in-law's perpetual benevolent interference and well-meant dictation. Even the settlements, those tough documents, would be all drawn up to suit his own digestion. As Hugh sat, deco ously lugubrious, in the dining-room at Whitestrand with Mr. Heberden, the family solicitor, two days after the funeral, he could hardly help experiencing a certain subdued sense of something exceedingly akin to stifled gratitude in his own soul towards that defective breech-loader which had relieved him at once of so many embarrassments, and made him practically Lord of the Manor of Consumptum per Mare, in the hundred of Dunwich and county of Suffolk, containing by admeasurement so many acres, roods, and perches, be the same more or less-and mostly less, indeed, as the years preceeded.

cared as yet absolutely nothing. One only in potentialities of varied enjoyment. my part, I hate it."-Why, Hugh, it was en trouble, one kill-joy, darkened his view | She had been there but seldom, on the roots of that very tree, you know, that from the Hall windows. Every principal a visit to friends; and she knew nothing you saw me for the very first time in my room in the house faced due south. Wher- as yet of that brilliant circle that gathers life, as I sat there dangling my hat-with ever he looked, from the drawing room or round Mrs. Bouverie Barton's Wednesday Elsie. It was from the roots of that tree the dining room, the library or the vestibule, evenings, where Hugh Massinger was able | that I first saw you and fell in love with you the boudoir or the billiard-room, the White- to introduce her with distinction and credit. when you jumped off Mr. Relf's yawl to strand poplar rose straight and sheer, as True, the young couple began life on a small rescue my poor little half crown hat for me. conspicuous as ever, by the brink of the scale, in a quiet little house-mottesthetical- - It was there you first won my heart-my Chad, where sea and stream met together on ly decorated on economical principles-down poor little heart. - And to think you realiv debatable ground in angry encounter. Its a side street in the remote recesses of want to cut down that tree would nearly, rugged boles formed the one striking and Philistine Bayswater. Bat Hugh's cotetie, very nearly break it.-Hugh, dear Hugh, beautiful object in the whole prospect across | though unsucceesful, was nevertheless | never, never, never say so ? those desolate flats of sand and salt marsh, exofficio distinguished: he was hand in-love but to Hugh Massinger that ancient tree had with the whole Cheyne Row set -the To do so is more or less than human. Hugh now become instinct with awe and horrer- Royal Academicians still in embryo; laid her head tenderly on his big shoulder, a visible memorial of his own crime-for it | the Bishops Designate of fate who at soothed and kissed her with loving gentlewas a crime - and of poor dead Elsie in her present held suburban curacies; the Cabi- ness, swore he was speaking without due nameless grave by the Lew Lighthouse. He | inet Ministers where budget yet lingered in | thought or reflection, declared that he loved grew to regard it as Elsie's monument. Day demestic arrears; the germinating judges that tree every bit as much in his heart as after day, while he stopped at Whitestrand, whose chances of the ermine were confined in she herself did, and pacified her gradually he rose up in the merning with aching brows | near perspective to soup at sessions, or the | by every means in his large repertoire of masfrom his sleepless bed-for how could be sleep, smallest ef small devilling for rising juniors. | culine blandishments. But deep down in with the breakers that drewned and castashore | They were not rich in this world's goods, his bosom he crushed his despair. If ever his dear dead Elsie thundering wild songs those discounted celebrities; but they were he came to live at Whitestrand, then, that of triumph from the bar in his ears ?- and a lively crew, full of fun and fancy, and they hateful tree must for ever rise up in mute gazed out of his window at the dreary out- delighted Winifred by their juvenile exuber- accusation to bear witness against him ! look, to see that accusing tree with its ance of wit and elequence. She veted the | It could not! It should not! He could face, and poisoning his success with its mute any-which wasn't often, for Behemia can at Whitestrand at all, or else-or else, in current. Every time the wind shrieked | mouthpiece and spokesman, Hatherley, "as many living human voices crying for sym- became, indeed, quite a noted personage

nothing. endless versatility. Nor was that all. He he had hoped never more to look upon. played high in the evening at Pallapresence to seek in the feverish excitement | -certainly." of roulette some momentary forgetfulness of that alternated in the Echoes from Calli- and haunted room of Elsie's. machus with his more serious verses: his sincerest laughter, he knew himself, with hours through, and murmured to himself, some pain was fraught, since Elsie ten thousand times over, "Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, left him. But in their lieu had come a Elsie!" His lips moved as he murmurreckless abandonment that served very well ed sometimes. Winifred opened her eyes at first sight for real mirth or heartfelt gen- once-he felt her open them, though it was iality. In the old days, Hugh had always as dark as pitch—and seemed to listen. cultivated a certain casual vein of cheerful One's senses grow preternaturally sharp pessimism: he had posed as the man who in the night watches. Could she have drags the lengthening chain of life behind heard that mute mevement of his silent him good humouredly: now, a grim sardonic lips? He hoped not. O no; it was impossismile usurped the place of his pessimistic bie. But he lay awake till morning in a bonhomie, and filled his pages with a Carly- | deadly terror, the cold sweat standing in big lese gloom that was utterly alien to his in- drops on his brow, haunted through the born nature. Even his lighter work showed long vigils of the dreary night by that traces of the change. His wayward articles picture of Elsie, in her pale white dress, "Is Death Worth Dying?" in the Nineteenth with arms uplifted above her helpless head, Century, was full of bitterness; and his flinging herself wildly from the dark black clever skit on the Blood-and-Thunder school poplar, the gloom of evening, upon the of fiction, entitled the Zululiad, and pub- tender mercies of the swift dark water. lished as a Christmas "shilling shocker," Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie! It was for this

said Massinger was suffering from shallow spasm of Byronic affect across the lawn and meadow towards the tion. He knew himself he was really tumbling sandhills. "Winifred," he saidsuffering from a profound fit of utter self- he was in no good mood just then to call her contempt and wild despairing carelessness Winnie-"what a big bare bundle of straight of consequence. The world moves, however, tall switches that poplar is! So gaunt and as Galileo remarked, in spite of our sorrows. stiff! I hate the very sight of it. It's a great Three months efter Wyville Meysey's death, disfigurement. I wonder your people ever was strange to fini any but Meyseys at the their drawing room windows." Hall, for Meyseys had dwelt there from time immemorial; the first of the bankers, .ven, looked out by his side in blank susprise. though of a younger branch, having purchas | " Why, Hugh," she cried, noting both his ed the estate with his newly-gotten gold unwonted tone and the absence of the new from an elder and ruined representative of customary per form of her name, " how can the main stock. The wedding was a very you say so? I call it just levely. Blacking quiet affair, of course; half mourning at out the view, indeed! Why it is the view. best, with no show or temfoolery : and what There's nothing else. Its the only good was of more importance to Hugh, the ar- point in the whole picture. I leve to see it rangements for the settlements were mark even in winter-the dear old poplar-so tall satisfactory. The family solicitor wasn't and straig't -- with its twigs etched out in such a fool as to make things unpleasant for | black and grey against the sky like that ... ! his new client. Winifred was a nice little love it better than anything else at Whitebedy in her wey, tos; affections taly proud strand." of her cap ive post; and from a locally height | Hugh drummed his fingers on the frested of matital superiority, Hugh rather liked pane impatiently. "For my part, I hate the pink and wh to small woman than it," he answered in a shore but sullen tone. otherwise. But he didn's man to live "Whenever I come to live at Whitestrand much at Whitestrand either-" At least I shall never rest till I've cut it down and while your mother lasts, my child," stubbed it up from the roots entirely." he said cautiously to Wisifred, letting her down gently by gradual stages, and saving his own reputation for kindly made him start. He knew why. It reconsideration at the same moment. "The minded him of Elsie's voice as she cried aloud feel herself mistress in her own house. It fatal evening by the grim old poplar. would be cruelty to mothers in law to disturb her now. Whenever we come tenderly. The tone had melted him. down, we'll come down strictly on a visit to her. But for ourselves, we'll nest for the every sign of grief and dismay and burst into present in London."

her part, excellently well. In poor papa's can't think how you grieve me .- Don't you day, indeed, the Meyseys had felt them. know why? You must surely guess it .- It selves of late far too deeply impoverished - isn't that the Whitestrand poplar's a famous since the sandhills swallowed up the Yond. | tree-a seamark for sailors -a landmark for stream farms—even to go up to town in a all the country round—historical almost | hired house for a few weeks or so in the not to say celebrated! It isn't that height of the season, as they had once been | was mentioned by Fuller and Drayton, and went to do, during the golden age of the I'm sure I don't know how many other famagricultural interest. The struggle to keep ous people-poor papa knew, and was fond up appearances in the old home on a reduced of quoting them. It's not for all that income had occupied to the full their utmost | though for that alone I should be sorry to energies during these latter days of univer- lose it, sorrier than for anything else in all sal depression. So London was to Winifred Whitestrand. But, oh, Hugh, that you But for that slight drawback, Hugh a practically almost unknown world, rich should say so! That you should say, "For gnarled roots confronting him ever, full is men with their wives, when they had neverstand it. Either they must never live time he looked out upon it he heard once most charming society she had ever met; manage to do away with the Whitestrand more that wild, wild cry, as of a stricken and Bohemia in return voted "little Mrs. poplar. life, when Elsie plunged into the careering | Massinger," in the words of its accepted through its creaking branches in the lonely | witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria." night, the shricks went to his heart like so | The little " arrangement in pink and white" pathy. He bated and detested himself in in the narrow world of Cheyne Row society

the very midst of his success. He had sold [ To say the truth, Hugh detested White- | Washington at the rate of half a million dolhis own soul for a wasted strip of swamp strand. He never wanted to go near the lars' worth a day. It comes in the shape of and marsh and brake and sandhill, and he place again, now that he had made him. fresh, glittering new dollars, standard silver found in the end that it profited him self in very deed its lord and master. He dollars of the vintage of 1888, with the millhated the house, the grounds, the river ; ing unnicked and the face of the Goddess of Sill, time brings alleviation to most but above all he hated that funereal poplar, Liberty fresh from the stamp. The stream earthly troubles. Even remorse grows that seemed to rise up and menace him each is flowing at present from the Philadelphia duller with age—till the day comes for it to | time he looked at it with the pains and pen- | mint, but before long the sluice gate will be burst out afresh in fuller force than ever altes of his own evil conscience. At Easter, awitched around and the shining flood will and goad its victim on to a final confession. Winifred dragged him home once more, to be turned in from New York, then, after a Days and weeks and months rolled by, visit the relict in her lonely mansion. The time, from New Orleans, and finally from and Hugh Massinger by slow degrees Bard went, as in duty bound; but the duty San Francisco, thus giving the United States began to feel that Othello was himself was more than commonly distasteful. They a silver belt that will outshine even that of again. He wrote, as of old, his brilliant reached Whitestrand late at night, and were a champion pugilist. The Adams Express leaders every day regularly for the Morning shown up stairs at once into a large front Company carries the silver in trunks or iron-Telephone: he slashed three-volume nevels bedroom. Hugh's heart leaped up in his bound boxes, guarded by armed men. At with as much vigour as ever, and rather mouth when he saw it. It was Elsie's room: this end of the line the silver is carried direct more cynicism and cruelty than before, the room into which he had climbed on that to the Treasury Department in great ironin the Monday Register: he touched the fateful evening; the reem bound closest up latticed waggons, that look like the animal tender stops of various quills, warbling his in his memory with the hideous abiding | cages in a menagerie. At the treasury the Doric lay to Ballade and Sonnet, in the nightmare of his poisoned life; the room he boxes are taken into the building and into wonted woods of the Pimlico Magazine with had never since dared to enter; the room | the basement, then dewn a winding stairway

vicini's, more recklessly even than had been | aghast, in a tone of the utmest horror and his ancient use; for was not his future now | dismay. And Winifred, looking up at him | thoughts of mysterious treasures, hidden assured to him? and did not the horrid in silent surprise, answered merely in an gold, stories of Caps. Kidd, and similar ideas. picture of his dead drowned Elsie, tossed unconcerned voice: "Why, yes, my dear The visions of the mystic are suddenly disfriendless on the bare beach at Orfordness, boy; what's wrong with the room? It's haunt him and sting him with its perpetual good enough. We're to sleep here, of course ed iron that bars the way and brings the

He dated say no more. To remonstrate his life's tragedy? True, his rhymes were would be madness. Any reason he gave must sadder and gloomier now than of old, and seem inadequate. But he would sooner have his play wilder: no more of the rollicking, slept on the bare ground by the river-side humorous, happy go-lucky ballad-mongering | than have slept that night in that desecrated

He did not sleep. He lay awake all the long

had a sting and a venom in it that were he had sold and betrayed his Elsie! wholly wanting to his earlier performances In the morning when he rose, he went in the same direction. The critics over to the window-Elsie's window, round shouldn't taey?

whose sides the rich wistaria clambered so luxuriantly-and looked out with weary s'eepless eyes across the weary dreary stretch of barren Suffolk scenery. It was still winter, and the wistaria on the wall stood bald and naked and bare of foliage. How different from the time when Elsie lived there! He could see where the bough had broken with his weight that awful night of a Elsie's disappearance. He gazed vacantly Wh. testrand received its new master. It stood it so long, blocking out the view from

Winifred rose from the dressing table and

" Hugh " There was something in the accent that good old soul would naturally like still to "Hugh!" in her horror and agony upon that

"Well, Winnie," he answered much more

Winifred flung her arms around him with a sudden flood of tears. "O Hugh," she Nesting in Lendon suited Winifred, for | cried, "you don's know what you say : you

No man can see a woman cry unmeved

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Stream of Silver.

There is a stream of silver pouring into in the north-east corner of the building into "Are we to sleep here, Winnie?" he cried | the sub-basement, where the air at present has an odour of soft mustiness that brings pelled by a prosy, business-like door of gratvisitor to a halt.—

## A Wise Old Horse.

#### Quick Temper.

A matter not unworthy of remark is the quickest-tempered people in the world !" | ing. given in a tene that does not imply modest depreciation of a compliment, but a de-cided sense of unappreciated merit.

New this willingness-eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called-to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful." "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar;" nor, if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favorite occupation. At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the pessession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconoeption of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds, this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large minded, and unselfish, and-after a little lapse of time-forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfert of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nime cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancled slight to himself, and is allowed to bleze simply as an illumination in honor of his self esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his abernation, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilem victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means eynonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.

## Hawks Useful to Farmers.

The Report et the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1887, recently issued, includes a report of the assistant emithologist of the supposed to be situated like myself, each Department, Dr. A. K. Fisher, on the food of hawks and owls. This is based on the examination of one thousand and seventy-two stomachs of these rapacious birds, and will prove of special interest to farmers. In Massachusetts, for instance, the three commonest large hawks are the marsh hawk, - | bowl. At a given time they are opened, and usually seen flying low over meadows and to the highest bidder goes the \$200, less marshes, and conspicuous for its white rump, - and the red-tailed and the redshouldered hawks.

The two latter are most often noticed searing high in air, and among people genthat they prey upon poultry.

two hundred and three contained mice; fiftyfour contained insects.

two stomachs were examined. Out of this of the gaming flavor which is captivating number, only one contained poultry, while to every true Celestial. sixty-one contained mice, twenty contained other mammals, and forty contained insects. No farmer ought to be long in deciding that such "hen-hawks" as these are friends rather than enemies. Two hundred and three look up to the sky, on a clear, moonless stomachs of the red-tailed hawks contained night? Some people would say if they were two hundred and seventy mice. Such effi asked this question: "Oh, hundreds!" or " cient farm-hands may surely be spared a thousands!" And some might even go to the chicken or two new and then.

Concerning our two other common sum- an exact answer. mer hawks,-Cooper's and the sharp shinned,—the verdict is rather less favorable. night, with good eyes, we can see from two Out of forty-six stomachs of Cooper's hawks, eight contained poultry, while only one contained mice. The larger part contained other birds, from pigeons to sparrows. Of sharp shinned hawke, forty-eight stomachs were examined. Only one contained poultry, four mice, and thirty-six sparrows, ated twenty million stars round the whole

warblers, and other birds. All in all, there figures are not very alarming, and for the present at least, after so many years of persecution, it seems that our hawks may safely be left alone, to "be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.

#### Selling a Chinese Girl. A man named Menzies has been sentenc

ed at Victoria, B. C., to eight months' im prisonment for selling a Chinese girl for \$150 to a Chinaman. Menzies, who does not seem to have known the serious nature of the offence he was committing, took the There is hardly a person in Gallatia, Ill., girl to several of the clergymen of the city, but what knows "Old Sam," a large gray but all refused to perform a ceremony which horse belonging to J. W. Watkins. Last would be incomprehensible to the Chinese Saturday "Old Sam" visited the black- couple and therefore not binding upon their smith shop so often that he was led out consciences. Menzies then gave the girl to several times during the day. Sunday the Chinaman and told them they were morning early he took his stand in front married. Judge Gray, in sentencing the of the shop, and there he remained all day accused, was very severe upon Menzies for in the hot sun, never leaving except when trying to misuse a sacred ordinance of the led away by his owner. Monday evening, Christian Church to carry out his unholy as soon as unhitched, he left his feed, which purpose, and declared : "If the contracthad been placed in the wagon bed, and ing parties are heathens, let them be married again took up his stand in front of the according to heathen rites binding on their blacksmith shop. By this time consid- consciences, or if necessary that there erable of a crowd had gathered at Weber's should be a civil marriage let them go to a fortune to die before you do, do you think store, and it was suggested that "Old Sam" civil magistrate or the registrar. I cannot wanted shoeing. The blacksmith was sent understand the sacred service of a Christian for, and on opening the shop door "Old church being so prostituted and dishonored. Sam" walked in and stood prefactly still It is no answer to say the Chinese buy and stand prosperity. without bridle or any one holding while sell these women, and not regard marriage the shoes were being nailed on. As soon in the light we do. You belong to what we as the job was completed he went back | believe a higher scale of civilization and to his feed, and has not visited the shep ought to feel that bartering children for since. The people are proud of "Old Sam" prostitution, whether under the form of and think him a very smart horse, and why marriage or otherwise, is a disgrace as well as a crime.

### Chinese Laundrymen.

The question has frequently been asked almost universal claim laid to that sup. by Americans, "Do these Chinamen wash pesed to be undesirable possession, a quick | clothes in China? How is it that nearly all temper. "I have a frightfully quick tem- who come here enter the laundry business? per !" is an assertion often made without De they love it?" No, they do not love it any sign of regret, rather with evident any more than any other kind of labor. self-complacency. And how often, when, They did not even know what the "Melican with the intention of saying something man's" shirt looked like, much less how to pleasing, we remarked upon the sweetness dress one, before they came to America. of a friend's disposition to the friend in Laundry work in China is invariably done person, are we met with the reply, "Or, by women, and when a man steps into a you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the woman's occupation he loses his social stand-

> They become laundrymen here simply because there is no other occupation by which they can make money as surely and quickly. The prejudice sgainst the race has much to do with it. They are fine cooks, neat and faithful servants, and above all, very skillful mechanics at any trade they have a mind to try. In the western states, where their value is better understood, they are used in as many different positions as any other foreigners, and the laundry business is occupied only by those who fail to find other employment.

NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

But here in New York as yet there is no other alternative. Many an acle minded man as well as skillful mechanic who came to America to better his condition may be found wielding the polishing irons in a New York Chinese laundry. It takes from seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars to start one of these Chinese wash houses, and the way most of these laundries are started would give valuable tips even to an American Wall street deacon. The main expenditure in a Chinese laundry is a stove and a trough for washing and partitions for dry room and sleeping apartment, and

As a rule it requires \$100 to open a laundry in New York. But this amount is a fortune to a newly arrived Chinaman, and unless he starts immediately into the laundry business, he would become a burden to some of his friends. The Chinese immigrant, unlike his European compatriots, never comes here unless he is safely surrounded by friends or relatives upon his arrival. These immediately initiate him into the mysteries of the laundry business. In some friendly laundry the newcomer is placed under a six months' apprenticeship, beginning at the wash tub, until he reaches the ironing table, and lastly the polishing board. An apprentices begins with \$3 per week and board, and a gradual addition of \$1 per week after the first month, until he is able to take charge of a laundry himself. Then if he has money he hires a place and hangs out his sign. If not he goes to one or two friends, and they will call a "whey" or syndicate for his benefit

in the following manner. MYSTERIES OF THE "WHEY."

Suppose I have an established laundry, and want to borrow \$200 at a certain per centum premium, but I cannot find any one Chinaman who is able to loan me the amount. I put up a notice in Mett street that upon such and such a day I wish to make a "whey" of twenty men, who all are wanting to borrow \$200. When we twenty borrowers all come together we each put down \$10. Then each one secretly writes upon a slip of paper the amount of interest he is willing to give to get the \$200. These slips are carefully sealed and thrown into the interest, which is invariable deducted immediately from the principal.

Frequently as high as \$4 is offered for the use of \$10 for a single month. In such cases each of the nineteen other borrowers erally are knews as "hen-hawks," implying gives to the lucky one only \$6 spiece for the \$10 apiece which they make him pay Dr. Fisher and his associates examined next month. Then the next highest bidder the stemachs of three hundred and eleven | gets the \$200, less the interest he offered, red-tailed hawks, with the following results: | and so on, until the entire twenty, at twenwitness to his murdered victim. Every seldom afford the luxury of matrimony—the some way unknown to Winifred, he must Twenty five contained poultry; four con- ty different times, have obtained the use tained quails; five contained crows; thirty. of this \$200; but the one that comes the five contained other birds-sparrows, etc. ; last, having offered the least interest of them all, reaps the harvest of the "whey." five contained other mammals; and twenty- This method is adopted by most Chinese laundrymen in New York and other large Of red-shouldered hawks, one hundred and cities to open new laundries. It partakes

## The Stars.

How many stars do you see when you length of millions; but very few would give

Well, astronomers tell us that on a good to three thousand stars. The actual number of stars which may be seen without a telescope, is two or three thousand overheads five or six thousand round the whole world. But, with the help of the telescope, Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, calculworld—twenty million suns; for stars are only distant suns.

They must be very distant indeed, you will say, because they look so much smaller than the sun. And they are very distant. Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, whose distance we know is two hundred and twenty. five thousand times as far away as the distance of the sun from the earth-two hundred and twenty-five thousand times nine ty-one millions of miles, or millions of millions of miles! The light from Alpha Centauri, which we see, started three and half years it ago. All those three and s half years it has been flashing onward at the rate of one hundred and eighty eight thousand miles each second—it has traveled one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles with each tick of the clock! That shows us how very far off Alpha Centauri is.

Perhaps you know the bright star called Sirius—that star which blazes in the south ern sky, shining by turns red and blue green and white? That light from Siriu left its surface twenty years ago. Sirius i so far off that it has taken the light twenty years to reach the world.

Wife-John, dear, if it should be my mis you would marry again? Husband-Well. dunno, my love. Until it comes to him no man can tell how he would be able to

Jinks-" Johnson wants to borrow \$10 from me. Is he good?" Binks-"Yes with proper securities." Jinks-" Wha would you suggest?" Binks-"A chai and padlock, a pair of handcuffs and a dos That would be enough, I think, to ho