

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAGEDY.

Jessica was not the same after this. The sudden catastrophe had startled her into seriousness. Her smiles and her affections had alike ended. With John she was now very shy and tremulous, watching him wistfully and coloring all over if he spoke to her. But this hardly ever happened, and never did he let his eyes meet hers.

"Aren't you going to tell Captain Farquhar, dear Jess?" asked Flora kindly; and Jessica, clenching her hand, replied sadly:—

"I am afraid he knows; but I am not going to say one word about it unless he does. Oh, Flora, let us come away."

After a few days they went; and John had Flora good-bye, and thanked her for all she had done; but he took no leave of Jessica. Only a little brown boy brought her "from a gentleman" a bunch of beautiful frail gum-cistus which grows wild at Tangier, on the hills where fly the hoopoe and the golden boeater. The girls went away and visited Cordova, and Granada, and Seville; and the younger was always very quiet and subdued, and seemed anxious to get home to England.

At last one evening Williams and Talbot arrived at Victoria station in London, and hither came Mr. Nevill to meet them.

"Papa," said Jessica, "don't you remember Flora?"

"No," said Mr. Nevill gruffly, staring at the "maiden lady." "Upon my word, Miss Williams is not to be recognized."

"A rough passage is unbecoming," said Flora, with composure.

"And rejuvenating," returned Mr. Nevill grimly.

Arrived at home, he soundly blew his daughter up.

"You deceived me, Jessica. You presented that Miss Williams to me disguised. I shall not allow your acquaintance with her to continue. Do you mean to tell me you two girls—girls, Jessica—have been touring about Europe, and going to hotels by yourselves? Do you hear me, Jessica? It is disgraceful!"

"I hear papa. But really Flora is older than a great many widows. And most people thought we were Americans!"

"Abominable!"

"But we referred to Girton!"

"Detestable!"

"—and then every one was satisfied."

"I never was so vexed in my life. And what possessed you, Jessica, to go to Spain? It is not a respectable country."

"We were quite respectable, papa. We went to no bull-fights."

"Under your circumstances, Jessica, it was the worst taste. Did you forget that John Farquhar is at Gibraltar? I hope, Jessica, you did not go near Gibraltar?"

"We slept at Gibraltar for a night, papa."

"Dear, dear me! I do most sincerely hope, my dear, that you did not see John there."

"No, we didn't," quibbled Jessica; "but if we had, papa?"

"My dear, you speak like a baby. What do you suppose John would have thought of you? Running about with another girl of sixteen, and I do declare running after him! Bless my soul! Don't talk to me of accident. He would never have believed it an accident. You shall be introduced to your cousin, Jessica, nowhere but in your father's house. Such conduct as you suggest might have led to his even refusing your acquaintance!"

Jessica couldn't, she really couldn't just then confess the Tangier escapade, which, having unexpectedly grown into tragedy, was now all the harder to describe as a mere foolish jest. But the opportune moment for confession never turned up afterwards, and Jessica became an impostor.

She had to listen to a long account of poor Mrs. Farquhar's death, as if she knew nothing about it; and the girl having taken refuge in silence, Mr. Nevill said testily, "I do wish, Jessica, that I could get you to take a straw of interest in your future husband!"

He continued displeased, which was very trying both to himself and to his daughter, and Jessica began to look worried and ill. All this was bad enough, but far worse followed.

One fine day a letter came from John Farquhar, a courteous, a penitential, but a very decided letter, begging release from his engagement to his cousin. Alas now for Jessica.

Mr. Nevill was even more put about than he had been by his daughter's legacy. He seemed quite unable to regard the matter either calmly or reasonably. One would have thought him a robber (now remorseful) who had enriched his offspring by a theft of somebody's diamonds.

"Oh, papa," sobbed Jessica, "don't blame me! I never even saw old Mr. Farquhar. It isn't my fault. It isn't any one's fault. It does seem to me it would be so much better just to send John the money and have done with it. Please, please, please, papa, don't ask John to marry me when he doesn't want to."

"I tell you what it is, Jessica," cried Mr. Nevill; "this is your fault somehow. You have written him something ungenerous, grudging; or stay—he has heard of your going about with that Miss Williams! I dare say he saw you somewhere. Yes, that must be the explanation. Well, here's the result, and I am sure I hope you're ashamed of yourself!"

Jessica began to cry—a thing Mr. Nevill never could stand. He was all tenderness in a moment—and for a moment.

"Never mind, never mind, my love. You must give up that most objectionable Miss Williams, who has led you into this deplorable mischief, and I will write to explain to John. I'll tell him that all the blame lay with that Miss Williams, and with me for letting you go with her. He shall forgive you."

"Papa, please don't make any explanations to John. Oh, papa, let it be," sobbed Jessica. "He loves some one else. That's what it is. I know it, papa." For Jessica had pored and pored over John's letter till she knew it by heart, and till she had read between all its lines. It was a very proper letter indeed, and there was one sentence in it which to Jessica seemed to contain the clue to it all. Something about "the only sort of marriage congenial to an Englishman" and a vague—a very vague—hint that he had already selected

the bride for such an espousal. "Oh," thought Jessica, "it is true! I saw it at the time, and he confesses it now. He loves Flora! Well, it was my own plan. I worked for it. I ought to be pleased. Dear Flora! She is worthy of him, if any one is. And I will be an old maid like Miss Snow," she ended, with a burst of scalding tears.

Jessica wrote to John Farquhar, a poor little note, not nearly ceremonious enough to please her father. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—It is much better to marry the person one loves. And I do, who ever she is. I know papa was mistaken in fancying you thought the money so important. But couldn't we get Mr. Farquhar's will altered? We should so much rather be without all that money. Please sometimes think kindly of Jessica, who will always be glad to know you are happy."

When John received this letter from the unknown cousin, he felt for the first time a throb of interest in her. "She must be a very sweet girl, this Jessica," he said to himself; "but, thank heaven! I am free."

CHAPTER VIII.

CELEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

John took stock of his position, for he now thought seriously of giving a wooing. First, he had definitely thrown away his rightful inheritance; but come! he was not wholly without prospects. He had certain wholly without material kinsmen who could put him in the way of making a competence, if he would leave the army and betake himself to commerce. Though fond of his profession, John had never meant to stay in it beyond his father's death, so the idea of a civil life was nothing startling to him. Still, beyond writing diplomatically and vaingloriously to his kinsmen, he did nothing rashly. The lady of his choice might refuse him, in which case death on the battlefield seemed the one thing needful; or she might prefer a poor warrior to a rich merchant; or she might have a little money herself. Not that the last seemed probable. John had persuaded himself that Williams was rich one, and her companion a poor student, preparing at Girton to earn her own living.

"I shall get her away from there," he told himself; "a college is a foolish place for a woman." Oh, masculine prejudice! To dub Flora's nursery "foolish" when it had reared her, so pretty, so brave, so practical, and so lovely; emancipated yet not strong-minded, after the fashion of Mrs. Geoffrey Cobbe!

He procured a list of the Girton students and ran his eye over it. No mention of Flora Williams; that was all right, for she had described herself as "gone down." John found the name he sought; read it, and gave a little jump—"The Honorable Caroline Talbot." How came it he was unprepared for that little addition? Well, no matter. Kings and honorable women are nothing to a lover. Still a vision arose before his imagination of a stiff, titled papa, who might have smiled upon John Farquhar of Farquhar Court, many acres, and a balance at the banker's; but who would put on his spectacles at plain John Farquhar of the 599th, with his pay and no expectations.

However, he wrote to Miss Talbot ceremoniously. And all day he went about murmuring her name, "Caroline!" "Caroline!" and wishing he thought it as pretty as "Jessica." After a day or two came a reply from the Honorable Caroline, who wrote a very large hand and used a very thick pen, so that John got another little shock, having expected a round, pretty little writing like Jessica Nevill's.

"DEAR SIR,—I hasten to answer your letter of the 5th, though it is evidently not intended for me. I have never been at Tangier, nor have I the pleasure of your acquaintance. Your letter is probably for my grand-aunt, Caroline Talbot of Montpellier Square, Brighton; but as she is very infirm it will be well to consult her physician before visiting her. I am, sir, yours truly,

CAROLINE MARIANA TALBOT."

This letter went at once into the waste-paper basket, and John Farquhar sat biting his nails and wondering what on earth he should do. His thoughts reverted to Flora Williams. If he could catch her, he could doubtless catch her companion. But, come now! had the two of them been humbugging about Girton? If so, how the deuce was he to find even Flora? He sat down and began another letter to Girton, this time addressed to Miss Williams, to be forwarded; but he hesitated a little about sending it, so much was his fear increasing that neither would this letter find and he sat for hours staring at the envelope, ready stamped and addressed, "Miss Williams, Girton College, Cambridge. To be forwarded"—and he bit his nails, and answered crossly if any one spoke to him, and felt his heart and his hope sick unto death within him.

Meanwhile Captain Farquhar's first epistle had been read and ridiculed by every one of Miss Talbot's chums, none of whom had a clue to the mystery. But though the jest of receiving a letter which was almost a love-letter from an unknown man was too good to be needlessly explained, she had a guess at the truth herself. Privately she wrote to Flora:—

"MY GOOD WILLIAMS,—Who was that malapert miss who borrowed my name to inspect a lover in? The lover is looking for her. I send his missive, and leave the matter in your hands. Students of Moral Philosophy never regard affairs of the heart. Yours,

"TALBOT."

Flora, being sensible, at once on receipt of this letter, ran to her mother and told her the outlines of Jessica's history. And Mrs. Williams, being still more sensible, wrote a letter to John explaining the whole course of errors. Flora, however, took the precaution of reading her mother's letter be-

fore posting it, and was aghast at this ingenious spoiling of the comedy. She tore it to pieces, and made Mrs. Williams compose one totally different.

"You must say, my dear mother, that you write for my daughter, who is just going to marry a man named Smith, and is—walking out with him, mending his stockings, or whatever you choose."

"My dear child," said simple Mrs. Williams, "there is no such person. Are you afraid this Captain Farquhar may fall in love with you?"

"Not in the least," said Flora coolly; "but I should greatly dislike his surmising that I was in love with him. When you have finished that sentence, mother, say we have found out that he wants to renew his acquaintance with Talbot, and shall be happy to assist him in doing so, as we know it will be agreeable to her."

"No, my dear Flora," said Mrs. Williams. "I am older than you, and I am quite sure it is imprudent to give this gentleman any hint as to Jessica's partiality. I shall say, 'Though we are, of course, unable to answer for the young lady that his doing so will seem to her desirable.'"

"Well, mother, then go on and beg him to come here on Saturday and stay with us till Monday, so that we may take him to see her. Don't you see, mother, you and I are to dine at Nevill Lodge on Saturday, and Jessica has written to say one of the men has failed, and won't we, for pity's sake, bring some one. Just as if our men were plentiful as blackberries! But really it's providential; we will take John Farquhar."

"My dear love!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams. "It will be thrilling!" cried Flora. "I am just dying to see what he'll do!"

"But, my dear child, suppose Jessica doesn't want to meet him?"

"Then she can go to bed with a sick headache. Nature provided that complaint for these emergencies. But my own opinion is that Jessica will meet him, and that it will all come right, mother. It's the greatest fun in the world!" cried Flora.

How came "that Miss Williams" to be dining in Mr. Nevill's house after he had forbidden Jessica her further acquaintance? The fact was, the child changed so much that her father had taken fright, and by this time was indulging her in every way he could think of. Jessica was fretting—there could be no doubt about it; and what made matters worse was that no one could tell what she was fretting about. She grew pale and thin; her dimples were gone; her gay dresses hidden; her dancing step had become a slow and languid tread. She had no little jests ready; no affectations; no merry cooings and saucy whims. She sat much in her own room, and often came down with tear-stained eyes. Once Mr. Nevill caught her sobbing over some dead cistus flowers.

He read to her, walked with her, rode with her diligently; he was always ready to talk to her, but their speech was of prim, bookish subjects, which told him nothing. Neither John Farquhar nor Jessica's fortune was ever mentioned. At last she got a cough, and the servants said she was going into a decline. Mr. Nevill took her to town to see a physician, and the learned man thumped her on the chest and slapped her on the back, and stethoscoped and laryngoscoped her till she was terrified; finally pronounced that she had nothing the matter with her; and asked her father privately if she had, perhaps, been crossed in love?

Very nobly, Mr. Nevill took the hint, and sent next day for Mr. Hobson. But Jessica would none of Mr. Hobson; and when Sir Edgar Lee, the admirable baronet, made his long-expected proposal, Jessica hunted him out of the country at once turning up her little nose most disdainfully.

Still resolved to be a single woman, Jess asked Mr. Nevill, in despair, "To be like Miss Snow is best. And sometimes I wonder whether I am a High Church enough to get on in a sinnerhood."

More alarmed than ever, Mr. Nevill, with a sigh, told her that she wished she might go to Girton, which is a sisterhood indeed of a sort, but one not oblivious of holidays. Yet Jessica only said quietly, "Thank you, papa, but I don't want to go now," and he felt more anxious than before.

"Tell me something you would like, my love," said Mr. Nevill, clasping her to his breast; and Jessica brightened a little, and answered:—

"I should like to see my dear Flora, papa."

Mr. Nevill hurried off in the tram instantaneously, and brought Miss Williams back with him. After which there was peace between the two families; and Mrs. Williams and Flora received invitations for the dinner-party.

On the morning of the day for this festivity beheld a note from Flora to her friend's father.

"Dear Mr. Nevill,—Jessica asked us to bring some one to replace your sick clergyman at dinner. Our friend Captain Farquhar will be here then, and mamma thinks you will not object to him accompanying us. I fancy he is a relation of yours, so it seems suitable."

"Oh, papa, no!" cried Jessica, with a blazing spot on each pale cheek. "I cannot meet John Farquhar! I cannot."

"My love," said Mr. Nevill, "no doubt it is his own wish, to show that on neither side, after all that has occurred is there any feeling of soreness or grudge."

"But I believe he's engaged to Flora!" burst out Jessica.

"To Flora! Bless me! is that how the wind blows? You queer girls, never to have told me she ever knew him! Come now, I say for your friends sake, if for no other, you must oblige me by being civil to your cousin."

And poor Jessica stood looking at her father with piteous eyes, wishing she had courage to confess and to explain. She could not do it, and she crept away and cried bitterly in her own room.

"Oh, it will be hard to see them together!" she sobbed. "But I have got to bear it, for it was my own plan, and Flora will expect me to be pleased. No one must ever know how I really feel. No one! no one!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Wouldn't you like to be a musician?" asked Plooding Pete. "I used to think I would," replied Meandering Mike. "But once heard a man say they was something about strikin' a chord in music, an' I lost all heart fur it. It reminded me too much of an ax and a woodpile."

SEED THOUGHTS.

Few save the poor feel for the poor.

Our enemies are our outward consciences.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

The true art of memory is the art of attention.

The deadliest sin were the consciousness of no sin.

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.

The truly sublime is always easy and always natural.

Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.

He that will watch providences shall never want providences to watch.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be bad; the worst of madness is a saint run mad.

Observe the effects of rage on those who deliver themselves up to the passion.

Music makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids; her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

We are often prophets to others only because we are our own historians.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing?

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

In seeking wisdom thou art wise; in imagining thou hast attained it thou art a fool.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.

All, with one consent, praise new-born gods, though they are made and molded of things past.

Bounded in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who has a recollection of heaven.

The body is the shell of the soul, and dress the husk of that shell; but the husks often tell what the kernel is.

There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love. From it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.

Reason! how many eyes hast thou to see evils, and how dim, my blind, thou art in preventing them.

Every man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.

Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart can not be; not by the strongest and noblest flame.

But peace! I must not quarrel with the will of highest dispensation, which, happily, hath ends above my reach to know.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

The Widest River in the World.

It is the Amazon in South America, which is fifty miles broad at the mouth, enters the Atlantic Ocean by an estuary 230 miles long and 130 miles broad. The tide is felt for 330 miles; the river narrows very gradually, and even for 200 or 300 miles above the tidal course is never less than four miles in width. Lieutenant Nunes wrote that at a distance of 1,500 miles from the mouth they did not see the two shores of the river on both sides at once. The inhabitants of the Province of Para describe the waters of the Amazon as the Mediterranean of South America. This grand river is navigable for a distance of 2,000 miles, and in the upper parts of its course averages from one to two miles in width. With its tributaries, many of them large and important rivers, the waters of the Amazon form an inland navigation of not less than 50,000 miles, a line double the circumference of the globe. The area drained is 2,500,000 square miles, equal to ten times the area of France. The source of the Amazon is within fifty miles of the Pacific Ocean at a great elevation in the Andes, and the river reaches right across South America for a distance measuring in a straight line 2,000 miles, but taking it along the windings of the stream, covering nearly double that length. From the sea to the mouth of the Amazon the depth of the main channel of the Amazon is nowhere less than thirty fathoms; higher up it varies from ten to twelve; and up to its junction with the Yucayali there is depth of water for vessels of almost every description. The depth and width of the Amazon are both affected once a year by the floods, which cause it to rise in many portions of its course as much as 30 or 40 feet, and to flood areas of the lands immediately adjoining to the extent of many miles. The bulk of Amazon equals that of 130 rivers the size of the Thames.

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

The First of the Kind to Be Established in Canada.

The Chinese of Canada have decided to start a newspaper of their own. Toronto Celestials have been notified that the Ving-waw Bo Printing and Publishing Company (Ltd.) has been established at Vancouver, B. C., and in a few days a weekly newspaper, which, by the way, will be called The Globe-Reporter, will be started.

The company has been in formation for several months past, and subscribers have been obtained from all parts of Canada. Following the example of English papers, The Globe-Reporter modestly lays claim to possessing the largest circulation in the Orient and United States of any Chinese paper published in America. The leading articles in the Celestial "Thunderer" will be from the pen of T. Jung Gentee, who will discuss all current topics affecting the Chinese nation, especially concerning the Chinese in this country.

Tommy—"Mr. Yabsley, sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw." Yabsley—"You oughtn't to tell things you hear at the table, Tommy."

Tommy—"But she's going to give me a dime for telling you."

LATE CABLEGRAMS.

The Queen's Health—Major-General Herbert's Report.

A London despatch says:—The Queen is in the best possible health; the cold weather always benefits Her Majesty in every respect, whereas Osborne is rather too relaxed for her when it is mild at this season. The Queen has been out in the grounds nearly every morning in her donkey chair, and has taken a drive in the park or in the neighborhood every afternoon.

Letters from Canada refer to the good effect which has already been produced by the recent report of Major-General Ivor Herbert, on the subject of the local militia. It will be remembered that report was independent that report was General Herbert simply told the truth, but he told it in a manner which brought home to officials places how great their responsibilities were, and how seriously the interests of the Dominion might be jeopardized if they showed a disposition to ignore them, and the effect has left nothing to be desired. The Government seems to be at last quite sensible to the absolute necessity for it to arouse itself, and is doing so in a way which is calculated to produce the necessary progress which has been so long delayed.

It is learned that the annual revenue of Duke Alfred from the Double Duchy will be about £30,000 a year at least. There is no civil list in Coburg-Gotha, his income being simply derived from surpluses yielded by the exchequer, and hitherto this has been about £5,000 for Coburg and £25,000 for Gotha. But as the Duke has to reside alternately in his two capitals, the expenses arising from this dual court are very considerable. With his English allowance of 10,000 his Royal Highness will thus, however, enjoy an income of about £40,000 a year. But in addition to this he has in heretofore a private property, the estates of his uncle, including some fine shooting grounds.

The committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club appear to have committed themselves to the proposal that when the side taking second innings scores eighty runs less than its opponents, the leaders shall have the privilege of going on with the second innings immediately or of sending the other side in at their option. This seems to be a rather violent remedy for the slight evils of the existing system of following on and it might be made a means of great injustice. It is often an enormous advantage to win the toss and there is no sufficient reason for increasing that advantage. An eleven sometimes falls behind on the first innings through unkindness of the elements. Why should their further misfortune be made an excuse for giving further advantage to their opponents?

The contemplated increase of the French navy is far from meeting with unqualified approbation. Men in the best position for forming accurate judgment on the matter are decidedly of opinion that the country cannot afford to spend so much money on naval armament, when, if by war comes, it must stand or fall by the army, and the army alone. It will be a long time before French taxpayers forget how little their navy did for them in the last great war. Its services were insignificant and its cost comparatively unimportant. The naval estimate for 1894 amounts to 266,000,000 francs.

The reminiscences of the late Sir William Gregor, which will be published in the spring by Murray, ought to prove an extremely interesting book. Few men have enjoyed a more varied experience of life than Sir William, who was at the same time a sportsman, traveller, politician, a fine judge of art, a successful colonial governor and a man of the world. He was an admirable raconteur, and having known a host of interesting and celebrated people his records should be entertaining.

Elections of members to the Paris Jockey Club have commenced, but there are not many English names among the long list of its candidates, nor is it likely that many Englishmen will submit to the ballot, as it has been almost semi-officially announced that no British need apply, excepting for the temporary membership extended to diplomatists and other itinerants in consideration of a long subscription. During the last nineteen months two noble lords and the son of an ambassador have been victims of this anti-English feeling.

SONG OF THE INDIANS.

Funeral Music and Self-Laceration Among the Omahas.

The funeral song is sung at the obsequies of any man or woman who has been greatly respected in the tribe. Upon the death of such a one, men in the prime of early manhood meet together near the lodge of the deceased, divest themselves of all clothing but the breech-cloth, make two incisions in the left arm, and under the loop of flesh so made thrust a willow branch, having on it sprays of leaves. With the blood dripping upon the green branches hanging from their arms and shoulder-blades, the men move silently in single file to the lodge where the dead lies; there, ranging themselves in a line, shoulder to shoulder, and marking the rhythm of the tune by beating together two small willow rods, they sing in unison the funeral song.

There is a violent contrast between the bleeding singers and their vocal utterances, for the music in its major strains suggests sunshine, birds, and verdure, and has a fleet, happy movement. Nevertheless, there must be some latent harmony between the song and the ceremony. Music, the Indian believes, has power to reach the unseen world. The spirit of the dead man can hear the song as it leaves the body, and the glad cadences are to cheer him as he goes from those who have been dear to him on earth. He hears only, he cannot see—so the song is for him; the bleeding wounds of the singers are expressions of the loss felt by the friends of the dead; his kindred can take note of the manifested sympathy—the wounds are for them.

A Great Scheme.

The Statesman's Wife—"This paper says that they tax funerals in Paris."

The Statesman—"Why, that's the brightest idea I ever heard of. A man don't care how many taxes you pile on him after he is dead." At least, I guess he don't and if he did, he can't vote.

Bodkins—"Doctor, how can insomnia be cured?" Doctor—"Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner 500 and then—" Bodkins—"That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Gilbert Islands the Last Station.

An American Views With Enthusiasm the Encroachments of England's Continent.

England last year declared war over the Gilbert Islands, and reaped the Pacific Archipelago and reaped the fruits of her annexation by the session. The Gilberts are coaling and cable stations, vast commerce now being raised from British Columbia to now only requires the Hawaiian islands, to which contiguous, to complete the east chain of possessions and which Great Britain has circled to the East via the Suez Cape of Good Hope to Australia to Vancouver via the Atlantic back to England. The Gilbert Islands are the most important.

WORLD ENCIRCLING not only to the commerce and Great Britain on the Pacific the protection and commerce States as well on the Pacific. If the infamous policy of Gresham prevails England will possess Hawaii. The Gilberts in number, cover an area of 1,000 square miles, are near the equator between the Hawaiian and Fiji Islands, in pursuance of her protecting and developing her the Pacific ocean, as she does also, is about to lay a cable from Vancouver, making stations at the Hawaiian Islands, a population of 50,000 considerable trade with them coasts heretofore mainly in Americans, from which they driven. The King previously islands to the United States. day that England declared a over the Gilberts she also pro- tectate over the Gardner, Nasau Islands in the West ocean, to the Northeast of Islands, intending to use the Pagapago.

AS A COALING STATION The same month Great Britain of the Johnston Islands, west of Hawaii, proposing a cable station. Hawaiian under American superintendence bared at the Gilberts since Americans will now lose the influence in the Gilberts. The already received orders not to and pearl shells to any ex- dealers. Heretofore the Am- controlled this lucrative busi- When Russia sold Alaska to States it was not merely for the lion dollars paid, but to serve Czar on the rest of the world's opinion.

ALL THE TERRITORY of North America from the Gulf to the Arctic Ocean should be controlled by the United States. opinion William H. Seward con- Henry E. Atherton, of Wash- recent address holds that the r- tiny of this country is to cont- tinent. He points out the mig- managed to surround our pres- thus:

"She has a military railway on the Atlantic to Port Moody, intended to be used in mili- tions against this country, and count built in a great meas- imperial treasury. She has fr- her fleets to the St. Lawrence, th- flow the waters of the great la- her.

FOURTEEN AT HALIFAX He could let slip a swarm of cruisers that in forty-eight hours our coasting trade, and lay our season under contribution. a similar origin of vantage on the Equatorial. English dominion over the Bermudas, the Bahama, the Belize, British Guiana, Tri- badoes, St. Lucia, and the Leew- Bermuda, three days out from and New York, is equipped with weapons which are described in the Book as the 'most perfect and in the world.' A submarine ca- the fortress at Bermuda with a was laid only two years ago as 500,000 a sun ten times great- exchanges between the group a- In the reef-enclosed harbor of Great Britain has a shipbuild- dry dock that will lift her heav-

SEA-GOING BATTLE SHIPS a coaling station, and a vast earth-works, mounted with guns. Since 1867 Great Brit- mensely strengthened the garris- tion and created an entirely new harbor of Castries, St. Lucia.

"Taking Halifax, Bermuda, and Castries together, a chain of fortification is constituted w- days' reach of every American a- board city. Each is mounted w- the most effective modern typ- capable of equipping vessels for instant notice. A cable com- all with each other and with Lo-

"In the South seas British spreads over immense oceans almost every dot of land that them. On one of the Falklan- just north and east of Cape Ho- another. There is a third, rec- and equipped and splendidly Fiji Islands; and there are th- fences at Esquimault, from wh- hour's notice Seattle and Tacoma laid waste."

Surprised. A school teacher, who had the story of David, ended with this happened over 3,000 years ago