No Perfect Work But God's.

"I would build," says the architect, "mansions more fair,
Marble columned, and stately and grand,
Mammoth-domed, perfection base, turret and stairs,
And the winds the fame of the builder shall bear,
To the uttermost parts of the land."

"I will paint," said the artist, "a picture sublime,
Rainbow-tinted and wonderfully quaint;
The world shall bow down to this picture of mine,
For I'll dip my brush in the river of time,
And the lights of eternity paint."

"I will write," said the poet, "a beautiful song
In the glory and strength of my might,
I will liberate truth. The shackles of wrong
Shall be broken, and sin, red-handed and strong,
Shall be slain by the words I shall write."

'Neath the broad dome of heaven's encircling blue,
Sculptured columns reared stately and vast,
And the architect smiled as the palace grew,
But the finger of time pierced those columns through,
While the mountains, God's buildings, stood fast.

The picture lacked something that glowed on the breast,
On the sea when the sunset unrolled;
The best of the poem was never expressed;
Man's grandest achievement is dross at the best
Compared with God's labor of gold.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

A DIAMOND WOOING:

A NOVEL

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARTH.")

"It was when I was only a little girl that he first got that power over me. He knew my father was rich, and he wanted me to be promised to him for his—you know what, Tom. Then my father put me in the convent and I stayed there seven years, till we thought he had lost the power, or was dead, perhaps. But he found me in America and made me come back, and now it's worse than ever."

"Why doesn't your father have him arrested and imprisoned? It can be done."

"Oh, my poor father! He cannot, Tom. Do not ask me that!"

"I must ask it, Kate; remember, I love you. Why is it, Kate?"

"My father is afraid of him, too," she said, chafing one hand with the other with a piteous expression of pain. "If he did anything against him, he would be ruined. My father cannot help me, Tom."

"But I do not understand. What has your father done that he should be afraid of such a scoundrel as Slurk?" I demanded sternly.

She hesitated long before answering, moving her hands and head restlessly and fetching many troubled sighs. At last she laid her hand shrinkingly on mine and I grasped it firmly.

"I will tell you, Tom," she said in a faltering voice, "but you know I would tell no one in the world but you. My dear papa did not do wrong himself, but there were people connected with him who did, and made the blame seem to be his. And there were some papers of my papa's which—which—oh—"

"Yes, yes, I understand, darling; and Slurk stole the papers?"

"Yes—that is—no; it was worse than that, for he didn't know where the papers were kept—no one knew that but I. Tom, he made me sleep, and in my sleep he made me go to the place where they were, and take them out and give them to him. He made me rob my own father—put my own dear papa in his hateful power. I would rather have died! And papa forgave me—think of that!"

"Then Slurk has the papers in his possession, and he uses them for blackmail? But have you never thought of trying to—it sounds badly, but it would be perfectly justifiable—to steal them back again?"

"I can do nothing. He can make me helpless by a look; and he always carries them with him. But, Tom, if it could be done without being found out, I would tell papa to kill him. But I cannot let my dear papa be hanged for that wretch; and, you see, we have no evidence."

"Good God! What a fearful thing it is!" I muttered. What help, what consolation could I offer? A refined and sensitive girl under the mesmeric control of a ruffian; her father subject to his extortions and insults; and the only escape a worse misery even than this—Kate to yield herself to him in marriage! Faugh! The thought sickened me; but enraged me, too! Kate was right—death, sudden and merciless, was the proper measure to be meted out to Slurk. If he had appeared at that moment, I believe I would have shot him unhesitatingly and rejoiced in the deed. Murder would be a righteous work when brought on such as he. And if the murder were brought home to me, could I suffer in a better cause?

Kate had risen slowly from her chair and was now fronting me, scanning my face and bearing with curious eagerness. She held her hands across her bosom, alternately interlacing the tips of her fingers and pulling them free again. Her lips moved as if in speech, but no sound came from them.

I got up presently looking, I dare say, very solemn, as, indeed, I felt. Her eyes followed mine as I rose, and now we gazed straight at each other for some moments.

"I promised you that you should be freed," I said, "and you shall be. I shall be sorry to have any man's blood on my hands, but if you can be saved in no other way, it must be so."

"You do love me, indeed!" she murmured with a sort of sad exultation in her tone. "But," she added, "I cannot let you do it. I cannot lose you, even to be freed from him. It is my father's fault, after all. Besides—"

"I take it upon myself," interrupted I, with a dignity which may have been absurd, but which did not seem so to me at the time.

"But it would be murder—at any rate, the law would call it so. No, you must not be called a murderer, Tom. But I—they would not hang a woman—let me do it! I should love to do it!"

And she spoke with a look that confirmed the words.

Before I could reply, however, her expression changed again. She appeared to think intensely for a few moments, and then her face lighted up. Suddenly she caught my hand and kissed it.

"And kiss me, Tom!" she cried excitedly. "Kiss me, for I deserve it! I have thought of a way that will save us all!"

Much startled, and half fearing that the girl's mind had given way under the pressure of trouble, I was attempting to quiet her, but she silenced me by an impetuous gesture, and went on speaking eagerly and rapidly.

"To-morrow we have planned to go to Kohlstein for a picnic. It's a great, immense rock, where robbers lived hundreds of years ago. Hardly any one ever goes there now. I have been there, and I remember that on the top it is full of deep clefts and holes; and I thought how, if any one were to fall into one, they might lie there for months without being found, and they could never get out of themselves. So now—listen! We will go up there—you and I and—he; and I will lead him near the brink of one of those clefts, and then you must rush forward and take him and drop him down—down to the bottom! So we shall get what we want, and yet there need be no murder."

"Not be murder, Kate?"

"It need not be; for when he was safe down there, rather than be left to starve, he would give up those papers. Don't you think he would?"

She was trembling with excitement and her state communicated itself in some degree to me, so that I was scarcely able to think coherently. But there certainly seemed to be plausibility in her scheme; at the worst it would be better than shooting the man outright. But would the recovery of the papers put an end to Slurk's persecution of Kate as well as of her father? Would not his power over her remain?

"But we can have him imprisoned then, you see," was her answer to my objection, "and for fear of that he would never trouble me again. He would have been in prison long ago but for the papers."

"It certainly seems a good plan," I said, after a confused attempt to turn the matter over in my mind. "We'll ask your father's opinion to-morrow."

"Oh, he must know nothing of it!" she exclaimed with a gesture of vehement dissent. "He would betray it. You don't know how—what a power that villain has over him. Slurk treats him like a child when they are alone. No, Tom; we must do it all ourselves or it will fail. Only when it is done will dear papa get back his courage."

I knew more about how Mr. Birchmore was treated by his valet in private than Kate was aware, but I made no allusion to this. The more I reflected upon the enterprise, the more inclined I was to assent to it. It was wild, fantastic, unconventional; but it had important practical merits nevertheless. Moreover, it possessed the powerful recommendation (as I deemed it) of allowing for a fair man-to-man struggle between Slurk and myself. I was to overpower him by main strength, and from what I had observed of the fellow, I fancied he would be able to make just resistance enough to save my self-respect. On the other hand, he might be able to do more than this; and, if the worst came to the worst, of course I might be compelled to maim him with my revolver. But, altogether, the prospect kindled my imagination. I was stimulated by the thought of distinguishing myself by my personal prowess before my mistress' eyes, in conflict with her dastardly oppressor. And as I looked at her standing there before me, so lovely and full of courageous fire, I said to myself that no knight of yore ever did battle in the lists for a worthier lady-love.

However, I realized that this was neither the place nor the hour to enter upon a detailed discussion of our plans. Every moment that Kate remained with me increased her peril, especially if, as she seemed to think was the case, Slurk had dispatched her hither. As to his motive in so doing, I had no difficulty in forming an opinion. There was little doubt that he meant to use her as an unconscious cat's-paw to steal the diamonds, as before to purloin the papers compromising her father. Had I been asleep, the device could hardly have failed of success. But as Kate seemed herself not to suspect the nature of her involuntary errand, I would not additionally distress her by alluding to it. It was enough that it furnished me with a sufficient pretext, had others been wanting, for inflicting chastisement on the valet.

Kate said, in answer to my inquiry as to the proposed time of our starting on the picnic expedition the next day, that it would probably be about eleven in the forenoon. We would, therefore, have ample time to settle the particulars of our scheme before the hour of action arrived. At parting she clung to me with peculiar tenderness; nor had I ever loved her so well as at that moment, when I looked forward to liberating her forever from the evil spell that had been blighting her young life.

After she had gone, I had the curiosity to examine the bolt on the door. The explanation of its mysterious opening proved simple enough. The screws whereby the socket of the bolt had been fastened to the door-frame had been removed, and the holes so enlarged that they could be slipped in and out without difficulty. Socket and screws had then been replaced, so that the bolt could be shot as readily as before. But the security was only an illusion; for, the latch being turned, a slight push would bring away the socket and screws attached to the bolt; and thus the supposed means of safety be ingeniously used to disguise the real absence thereof.

CHAPTER VIII.

It occurred to me the next morning that, considering the nature of the work that was cut out for me, it might be prudent to depart from my usual custom by leaving the diamonds at home in Christina's charge, as she had herself suggested, and I took the earliest opportunity of mentioning this proposal to Kate. To my surprise, she at once expressed a decided dissent from the arrangement, and, indeed, seemed so much perturbed by it that I at once relinquished the idea. But I begged her to tell me the reasons of her objection.

"Not now," she said hastily, "I hear papa coming. Wait till after breakfast and then you shall know."

We were standing at the gate of the courtyard, breathing the fresh morning air. She left me and returned to the house, whence Mr. Birchmore almost immediately issued and saluted me with more than his usual cordiality. I wondered what his behavior would have been had he known of the transactions of the past night, or of what was in store for us during the day. He began to talk about Kohlstein, and related several anecdotes of the bandits by whom it was said formerly to have been inhabited.

"I have been up there more than once," he remarked, "and the traces of their occupation are still visible. I remember one feature that particularly impressed me—a narrow cleft or chasm of considerable depth, into which the old fellows are said to have thrown their prisoners when they became refractory."

"Would the fall kill them?"

"I should say not; the bottom seemed full of chopped brushwood and other such rubbish. But no human being could have got out unaided; and probably a day or two's lonely sojourn there would bring the most resolute malcontent to terms. It would be a ghastly fate to fall in there nowadays and have one's skeleton fished out again the following year, perhaps, and a sensational paragraph in the newspapers. You young folks must pick your steps carefully today."

"Forewarned is forearmed!" rejoined I with a short laugh. Further conversation was cut short by a summons to breakfast. On this occasion Slurk waited at table, and I observed him with more than usual attention and toleration, as one with whom I was so soon to try desperate conclusions. He was certainly a villainous-looking character; but he appeared to be, for reasons best known to himself, in excellent spirits this morning, a circumstance which stirred up an unwilling kind of compassion within me, reflecting what a speedy and final end was going to be put to all his possibilities of enjoyment. Vile though his life had been, it was the only one he had.

Kate likewise had the semblance of unusual gaiety, but I could see that it was either feigned or the result of nervous excitement. And my judgment was justified when, after breakfast, she overtook me as I was on the way upstairs to my room to make my final preparations, and said, in a voice unsteady with emotion:

"Tom, dear, you asked me why you might not leave your diamonds with Christina. You do not know what danger you were in last night! On my way back to my room I heard two people talking together and they mentioned your name, so I stopped and listened. One said: 'The bolt is all right; I had better go in and risk it; he'll be certain to be asleep by this time!' And then the other said: 'He has his revolver; leave it to me; he believes he can trust me. To-morrow, when he goes out, I'll get him to leave them with me for safety!' and then they both laughed. My darling, this house is a den of thieves!"

"Were the persons you heard—who were they?"

"Christina and that creature she calls her father. Hush, there she comes! She must not see us together;" and in a moment Kate had glided away. I went on up the stairs with a heavy heart. I would almost rather not have heard this last revelation. My confidence in my penetration had received a humiliating shock. To think that Christina's innocent face and modest, maidenly air concealed the heart of a thief, or, worse still, of a decoy-duck, was a blow to my vanity as well as to my faith in human nature. How artful she had been, when I fancied her most ingenuous and kind! And then all at once it flashed upon me—what if Heinrich Rudolph himself were in the plot? What if he had written them to be on the outlook for me? And what if Slurk, being secretly in league with him, had contrived to get the Birchmores, and me along with them, into this house, intending to divide the spoil with Herr Rudolph and Christina? Many signs seemed to point to this as a true deduction from the circumstances; and, even as I was rather grimly considering the matter, a new confirmation of Kate's discovery awaited me. Christina was standing at my room door, and as I came up, she courtesied and said:

"I was wishing to speak a moment to Herr Gainsborough, if he would permit me."

"What do you want?" I asked somewhat roughly.

"Does the honored Herr remember what I said yesterday?"

"That you wished me to give you my diamonds for safe-keeping? Yes; and I have to answer that I am not quite so trustful as you seem to think!"

The scornful and severe tone in which I spoke evidently startled her, but she still affected not to understand.

"It was for Herr Gainsborough's own sake," she began, but I interrupted her.

"Do you remember what I said yesterday?—that I went armed; well, I am armed to day, and whoever tries to teach me how to take care of my diamonds may happen to get a bullet instead, so let him beware. If Herr Rudolph is anxious about me, you can tell him that."

"Herr Gainsborough will be sorry to have spoken so," said Christina coloring deeply and with tremulous lip.

"I am sorry to have to say it, Christina. But can you tell me how the bolt of this door came to be in this condition?" and I pulled out the loose socket as I spoke, and the screws fell to the floor.

"Indeed, I did not know this!" exclaimed she, but the dismay and confusion which were but too plainly visible on her face belied her words.

"You will understand, however, that a house whose fastenings are so much out of order would not be a proper place to keep treasures in. Well, good-bye, Christina. I am going to Kohlstein, and probably I sha'n't spend another night here. When you write to your brother in Paris, you may tell him that the diamonds are quite safe, though they may have been in danger."

"Will Herr Gainsborough let me say one word?"

"It's too late—I have no time," returned I, with an emphasis all the more coldly contemptuous because of the secret inclination I felt—in view of her youth and prettiness—to be compassionate and forgiving; and, perhaps, I was half sorry that she attempted no further self-vindication, but, obeying my gesture of dismissal, passed out of the door and down the passage, with her bare feet, and her blue eyes downcast, and no backward glance. When she was gone, I shut the door in no enviable mood and walked to and fro about my room like a surly bull in a pound. For the first, though not the last, time I heartily cursed the diamonds; they seemed to raise the devil wherever I carried them. In the midst of my anathemas Mr. Birchmore knocked at the door and told me that everything was ready downstairs for the start.

"And, by-the-bye, Gainsborough," he added with one of his point-blank, icy glances, "I have arranged that our luggage shall be removed to-day; and, if you leave yours here, I advise you to seal it up in my presence. I found the lock of my door in rather a strange condition this morning. I have my opinion of what our landlord may be."

"Who recommended you to this place, Mr. Birchmore?" I demanded curtly, for I was getting to feel something like contempt for my intended father-in-law. It is not easy to respect a man who, under whatever stress of circumstances, allows another man to make a slave of him.

"It was that fellow Slurk; and he deserves a good horsewhipping for it!" replied Birchmore, thrusting his hands resolutely into his pockets.

"I think he deserves at least that," I rejoined with a significant laugh, "and whenever you're inclined to operate on him, I'll stand by you."

Mr. Birchmore said no more and we went down stairs in silence. Kate was already seated in the carriage. Slurk was on the box with a large basket containing our provisions for the day beside him. Mr. Birchmore and I took our places—one of us, at least, with a heavy heart. The landlord stood in the door and nodded us a surly farewell.

"Where is Christina?" I asked him.

"She has gone to the town to sell eggs. Did the Herr want anything?"

"I should like to have sent for a screw-driver, but probably I can get one on our way back," was my answer, and with that we drove away.

In about half an hour, proceeding by unfrequented roads, we came in sight of Kohlstein. It was a vast four-sided mass of gray rock, seamed with deep clefts and fissures, running horizontally and vertically, so that it appeared to have been built of gigantic blocks of stone. It was considerably over one hundred feet in sheer height, and it stood upon a rising ground of shifting sand. Slender trees grew here and there out of the crevices of its headlong sides and straggled nakedly along its level summit, outlined against the sky. It was an ideal place for a robber stronghold; impregnable, certainly, to any attack save that of the heaviest modern artillery.

"We must get out and walk from here," remarked Mr. Birchmore. "There's only one way of getting to the top, and that's on the other side. I have got a touch of my rheumatics to-day, and hardly think I shall be able to do the climbing. However, that needn't interfere with you young people, of course."

I exchanged a covert glance with Kate as I helped her to descend from the carriage, and she pressed my hand and smiled. I admired her courage as much as I lamented the apparent lack of it in her father. The horse having been unharnessed and tethered where some cool grass grew beside a stream, we struck off across the sandy upland, Slurk carrying the big basket, Mr. Birchmore walking with a rather feeble step near him, and Kate and I in front. It was an even hotter day than yesterday, and the tramp was a wearisome one. By the time we arrived at the foot of the Stein, we were quite ready to rest a few minutes in the shadow of the rock, for coolness and breath.

"No, I can't do it!" said Mr. Birchmore, wiping his forehead and glancing hopelessly up at the narrow white foot-path that seemed to mount almost straight upward to the distant summit. "Just leave me here, with a few sandwiches and a bottle of hock, and I shall do very comfortably till you come back."

It was certainly very arduous work clambering up that ladder-like path, and I doubt whether Kate's determination and mine would have held out, had the motive which urged us been merely one of curiosity. But the top was gained at last, and we threw ourselves down on the dry grass to rest and to be fanned by the welcome breeze that blew there. Slurk placed the basket in a little hollow where some bushes kept off the direct rays of the sun, and stretched himself at full length beside it.

"Now let us walk about," suggested Kate, at length, in an undertone; "we must see what there is to be seen."

We had already arranged all the steps by which we were to proceed to the achievement of our purpose, and we felt that the sooner it was ended now the better. The surface on which we stood, though preserving a general level, was full of irregularities and unevennesses; it was overgrown with low bushes and parched grass, with perhaps half a dozen starved and meagre trees. Here and there the naked rock jutted forth from the thin soil, crumbling and weather-worn, its surface stained in places with dry lichens. The entire table was scarcely two-thirds of an acre in area; and a more forlorn and uncongenial spot it would be hard to find, even in the midst of summer. The cave in which the robbers lived was somewhere lower down; we had passed its entrance on our way up; but it was here, probably, that an outlook was kept over the country, to spy out the approach of victims or of enemies. It struck me that it was hardly worth while to be a bandit, if one must put up with such bleak and unattractive quarters in which to carry on the business.

Kate and I wandered over this barren summit hand-in-hand. The moment was now very near that was to make a great change in the world for both of us. We felt, somehow, as if we were taking leave of a certain part of our lives then. At least, I remember gazing out across the wide expanse of sunlight country that stretched far away on every side, and wondering whether it would look the same an hour hence. Slurk all the while lay beside his basket, and appeared to be asleep.

We came to the brow of a sort of shelf or shallow declivity, descending which we found ourselves on a lower level by some six or seven feet; and so much of the area as lay behind us ceased to be visible. Advancing a few paces farther, we paused abruptly on the edge of a dark, profound cleft, which gaped right at our feet. It was so narrow that one might easily leap across it at its widest part; but it was so deep that, for all that I could see, it might descend to the very base of the Stein. Peering downward earnestly, however, my eyes, becoming accustomed to the gloom, could dimly discern what seemed to be a bottom at a depth of not more than twenty feet.

"It's an awful thing to do, after all!" I murmured, after a long inspection, looking up at Kate.

"Are you ready?" was all her answer.

"Yes," said I, shamed by her resolution. "Let him come."

She mounted the little ridge, and stood with her graceful figure silhouetted against the blue heavens. I, below, turned up the cuffs of my sleeves and buttoned my coat across my chest.

"Slurk!" called she, in a clear, penetrating tone, "bring the basket here, if you please. We mean to take our luncheon on this side."

She remained standing there, with her back toward me. From my lower position I could not see whether Slurk were answering her summons with alacrity or not; but since it would be his last opportunity of obeying her orders, I was content to let him take his time. By-and-bye he appeared, with the basket on his arm; he descended the ledge, and Kate followed him, with her eyes on me.

"Set it down there, near the edge of this pit; not quite so near, please. Now take hold of him!"

(To be continued).

A Girl Swims the Detroit River.

Miss Olga Dohmstretch, a comely 17-year-old German belle and daughter of a prominent business man, has created a sensation in the eastern part of the town by swimming the American channel of the Detroit River to Belle Isle Park, a distance slightly over a half-mile. Miss Olga has been noted for some time as an expert swimmer, but this is her first long distance feat. The river has been swum by men several times, but never before by a woman. The trial was witnessed with much interest by parties in boats and on shore. Miss Olga was clad in an ordinary bathing dress, and was followed in a boat by her father, ready to give her any needed assistance, but the plucky girl needed none. She breasted the strong current like a man and struck out boldly. The current runs four miles an hour in the American channel and taxes the strongest male swimmer to keep from being carried down stream. Miss Olga did not mind it at all and landed on Belle Isle Park just thirty-two minutes after entering the water. She was not seemingly fatigued and proposed to swim back, but her father would not allow her, fearing over-exertion.—*Detroit Special to Philadelphia Press.*

Why He Smashed the Piano.

Henry Burton was before Justice Russell yesterday charged with disorderly conduct. An officer passing the house at No. 1,105 West Jackson street heard a terrible commotion inside, and upon making an investigation found the owner of the place smashing the furniture and dishes. In the centre of the parlor were the ruins of a piano, while chair-legs and fragments of furniture were lying in various corners of the room. He was locked up. Yesterday when brought before Justice Russell he declared that his pretty daughter, who appeared in court against him, was the cause of the whole trouble. He declared that she would play the piano till 8 o'clock at night and then go to the theatre with her best young man. About 2 o'clock they usually came home together, and the first thing was to go to the piano and play for nearly an hour. This had been repeated so many times that he concluded the only way to stop it was to demolish the instrument. Burton was fined $25 and costs.—*Chicago Times.*

She Wiped Him Out.

It was fifteen years after their marriage, the record says, when Prof. Stowe found in his wife's room one day several sheets of paper covered with her handwriting. As he took them up and read a description of the death of Uncle Tom no vision of the effect they were to have upon his after life could have appeared to him, or he might have been tempted to advise Mrs. Stowe to throw them into the fire. On the contrary, he said to her: "You can make something out of this." Her quiet reply was: "I mean to do so." From this beginning was woven the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of the half a dozen books which have acquired renown wherever the English language is spoken and which did much to form and crystallize the anti-slavery sentiment that finally set the slaves free.

In an Ottawa Court.

He was only a boy, but he was before the Police Magistrate.

"Well, my lad," said the court, kindly, "according to the officer making the arrest, you were painting the town red. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No, your honor; the officer is right."

"But you are very young. Have you any employment?"

"No, your honor; my father is a member of Parliament."

"Oh—ah!" exclaimed the magistrate, in surprise.

"Here, officer, let the prisoner go. This court has nothing to do with the correction of inherited weakness."

A parsonage to be built for Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York city, will cost $75,000.

On Hazleton avenue, north Toronto, yesterday, some boys threw sand into the eyes of Dan. Slattery, a woodcutter. The old man had his saw under his arm and as he bobbed back the saw struck him in the head, inflicting a serious wound three inches long. He was taken to the hospital.

The Town Council of Maidstone have resolved to inscribe the name of Mr. John B. Gough upon the walls of the Council Chamber, among those of other eminent men of Kent.

CURRENT TOPICS

An English engineer, Mr. Harry Footmar, has been investigating the subject of abrasion and corrosion of steel rails. He found the loss of material not to be in proportion to amount of traffic, and that the corrosion on the bright or wearing surface of the rail, was four or five times more rapid than on the body of the rail.

German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight, and some of these photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents even skilful riflemen from hitting an empty egg shell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the shell out of the way of the bullet.

Halfpenny fares on the London underground railroads are predicted for the near future. It appears that some of the suburban London tramways have tried the experiment of low fares and report satisfactory results. The Southwark and Deptford Company report that in the past half-year they carried 134,000 passengers at a halfpenny each, and 2,322,000 at a penny each. The average fare overhead was only 1 01d.

The two richest English Dukes to-day, in the point at least of available cash, are probably Buccleuch and Cleveland. The last is childless, has only two places to keep up, and this year received a large accession of income by leases falling in at Bath. He was rich before he succeeded to the dukedom, and his habits have always been quite the reverse of lavish. The Duchess enjoys a separate income—a jointure from her first husband, Lord Rosebery's father.

A remarkable instance of rapid promotion is furnished in a recent London *Gazette*, which announces the promotion of Lieut. E. C. Knox to a troop in the 18th Hussars. Captain Knox only enlisted in the spring of 1879, and has thus passed from the grade of a private soldier to a captain in seven years, and from the rank of a sergeant to the command of a troop of cavalry in less than four. Thus does the "promotion of merit only" scheme of the Gladstone Government result in bringing to the front talent wherever found.

Alvin Adams, when the express business was in its infancy, had an office and two horses in New York. One of these horses was a fine, fast animal and the other an old, broken-down nag. Packages that were to be delivered immediately he sent out behind the fast horse. Of goods that didn't have to be rushed he would say: "Leave them for the old hoss." In every express office to this day there is an "old hoss" room, where undelivered and unclaimed packages are kept.

A material for clothes has been well-nigh perfected in England which acts as a life preserver. It is composed of threads of cork interwoven with cotton, silk, etc. Garments made from this stuff have the appearance of ordinary clothing, but are remarkably buoyant. It is satisfactory to know that drowning is to become one of the lost arts. Hereafter no body but the small boy need be in danger of death while in the water. For nothing can ever make the urchin wear clothes while swimming. He considers himself enough of a buoy without being corked up.

An Elmira doctor has discovered that delicate persons live the longest, and he instances Mr. Tilden as a good example of the truth of his hobby. Strong, robust people say: "Oh, I can stand anything; nothing will hurt me;" and the first thing you know pneumonia or some such disease takes them off like a flash. The delicate man or woman, on the contrary, is always guarding against draughts, is careful during sudden changes, mindful not to eat what experience has taught him does not agree with him, and by such care extends and prolongs life. The doctor adds that if he were to found an insurance company he would accept all the risks rejected by the regular insurance companies. Why? Because of the theory that delicate men live the longest.

The latest application of the tricycle idea is to the construction of an ocean life-saving contrivance called by its inventor, E. B. Lake, a sea waggon. It consists of a triangular framework of iron and steel 27 feet high, surmounted by a small platform on which those who work it will stand. It rests upon these steel wheels, 8½ feet in diameter and 24 feet distant from each other. Two of these are driven by levers above. The levers move steel rods with shoes at their ends which catch in notches upon tires of the wheels. The third wheel is a caster and only fulfils the functions of the little wheel of a bicycle. The theory is that the machine will present so little resistance to the sea and wind that it can be run out to a stranded vessel and the people on board be brought ashore without difficulty, by two men working the levers. The machine is in construction at Camden, N.J. Mr. Lake will, perhaps, find that the Atlantic Ocean when aroused has more vigor than he gives it credit for.

Those who prefer fresh fruit to preserves will take considerable comfort from the following statement, which appears in a recent number of the London *Echo*: "Fruit is highly charged with an imponderable element, electricity, the active life principle we all possess in a relative degree. Now cook this fruit, and what becomes of this evanescent element? It has dissipated—vanished from the scene, together with much of its delicious odor, and has left us nothing but dead matter. Now it ought to be evident to the merest tyro that, in eating ripe fruit, he is adding to the sum of his own vitality—increasing the fund of his energy without deteriorating his physical powers. On the contrary, by subsisting on dead matter, he subtracts—uses up—his own supply of the vital element to get rid of the inert mass he ignorantly puts into his stomach." It is nevertheless a fact that fresh fruit, as used in Canada, is rarely to be found on the tables of the mass of the people of Great Britain. They seem to prefer preserves.

According to a well-informed correspondent, in Paris the excellent system of drains enables the telegraph engineer to lay his wires in lead pipes fastened to the top of the arch. Throughout the whole of Germany the exigencies of war and climate led to the completion of the underground system of telegraph wires in 1880. In Vienna both telegraph and telephone wires are carried on brackets along the front of houses. In London most of the telegraph wires are buried, but the chief nuisance there, like in Berlin, arises from the telephone lines, which are increasing daily. It is cheaper to swing a wire in midair than to carry it underground, for three reasons: First, the aerial line need not be insulated; secondly, the cost of tubing and of excavation is avoided; and, thirdly, the engineer can take short cuts overhead instead of being compelled to follow all the awkward angles of the streets. But the electrical overhead wires in Europe are doomed.

The late Richard Northcote, of Toronto, bequeathed $900 to the Church of the Redeemer, $400 being for the poor of the parish.

Mrs. Tapley, sen., of East Oxford, met with a strange accident on Wednesday morning. She suddenly woke up in great pain and found that she could not close her mouth or speak. She drove as quickly as possible into Woodstock, when Dr. Perks discovered that she had dislocated both jaws in her sleep, which were set to rights speedily.

It is said that there has never been a breach of promise case before a Colorado court. Women are so scarce out there that when a "fellow" gets a girl he yanks her up to the altar, if he has to put a lariat on her for a necklace.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

Warm-Weather Wisdom of Our Friend, Brother Gardner.

Gin a man credit if you want to start him on de road to de poo' house.

As it am de roughness of de grindstun which sharpens de ax, so it am de trubbles of life which aige up de human mind.

Gray ha'r am entitled to respeck only when de owners of gray-heads respeck deir-selves.

It doan' do any good to light a candle arter you have bin eatin' wormy apples in de dark.

De passen who judges of de speed of a mule by his bray mus'n complain if everybody passes him on de road.

De passon who am nebber tempted desarves no partickler credit fur obeyin' de law.

De less advice you gin widout pay de mo' credit you will receive fur bein' chuck-full o' wisdom.

Men who expect to be treated jist as you treat dem will neither slander nor abuse you.

Between readin' a man's character by his bumps or gettin' on a picnic wid him, take de picnic.

What we calkerlate on doin' fur tomorrer won't pay de grocer fur 'taters nor de butcher fur soup-bone.

De man who aims to elevate his fellowmen can't be too keerful to prevent de nayburs from oberhearin' his fam'ly riots.

Doan be too hard on human nature'. De man who kin set down an' tell you exactly what dis kentry needs to make her great an' glorious may have no ideah whar' his nex' bar'l of flour am comin' from.

A religion which can't stand befo' de sight of a circus purcesshun or de sound of a fiddle am not worf lugging aroun' de kentry.

People who expect a man to kick his own dog in case of a fight have got a big surprise laid up fur 'em.

When you flatter yerself dat de majority of people doan know de difference between de roar of a lion and de bray of an ass you have struck a banana-peel which will bring ye down kerflop.

Lots of men who would establish an orfun asylum if dey had de money will beat a wood-sawyer down 50 per cent. below de goin' price.

Mormon Blood Atonement.

Kate Field insists, in an article in the September "North American Review," that the Mormons have both preached and practiced blood atonement—the shedding of human blood—what the rest of the people of the United States would call murder—and that in certain instances, like that of the Mountain Meadow massacre, they have practiced that sort of murder on a large scale. She quotes Heber C. Kimball as preaching thus:

"If a man has done wrong, tell him to do right for the future and do a good work, and peradventure God will remit his sins and not require any more than a lamb, a pigeon, a calf, or something of that kind as an atonement. But it will require a great many heifers for some of you, and you will find your house left unto you desolate."

Miss Field says that, on Sunday evening, October 12th, 1884, Elder Penrose, editor of the Mormon Church organ, the *Deseret News*, arose in the Twelfth Ward Meeting House of Salt Lake City and preached a sermon on "Blood Atonement." He admitted that it was a principle of his religion, but that the time had not yet come to carry it out! The elder declared that it only applied to such as had joined the Church and apostatized.

Miss Field's article is responsible, also, for a most horrible narration about a Mrs. Mansfield, who had revealed certain Mormon secrets. Her two sons told the story:

"Brown took us to a place where something was thrown over our faces. Then we were conducted down stone steps into a room lighted with candles. There they brought poor mother almost naked. We were asked whether she had told us about the Endowment House, and we said 'No,' but Brown contradicted us. They cut mother's throat and disemboweled her before our eyes, and then told us to leave the Territory in twenty-four hours, or we'd be treated in the same way."

If these statements are true, Brown and the Mormons evidently need looking after, for other things as well as a polygamous theology.

Buddhism.

Buddhism gives no explanation of the beginning of all things; its starting point is that the world and men exist and that everything is subject to change. Everything moves toward either destruction or renovation. Nirvana—"perfection or salvation" is the state toward which the righteous tend. For the theist there is the absorption of the individual in God; for the atheist absorption in nothing. A human life is not a separate entity; it is a portion, so to speak, of the universal life. The life that sinneth is shall die, says Buddhism; it shall sink through lower and lower forms until it reaches annihilation. The righteous life, rising ever upward, attains at length to Nirvana, and is reabsorbed in the Divine Essence. There is ever-increasing joy in ever-increasing wisdom, and after one life is ended there shall be another, ever ascending the scale of holiness, stretching up to beatific and illimitable heights. This was transmigration; not of souls—for Gautama held that there was no such thing as a soul—but of life; each individual, according to the good or bad use he makes of his present life, becomes after death another individual of higher or lower character. And yet it is almost an error to say that Buddha taught absorption into God as the stage of existence beyond Nirvana; for it does not appear that Buddhism acknowledges a God. Perfection can go no further; it is the vanishing point of the human landscape.

Queer Fish off Newfoundland.

Three strange fish made their appearance in Placentia Harbor, Nfld., a few days ago, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, who had never set eyes upon the like of them before. Armed with a harpoon and a rifle, John F. Burke, aided by his neighbors, succeeded in killing one of the monsters. It is twenty feet in length and five feet in diameter. In color it is nearly all black with one large white stripe on each side. Its body is covered with a coat of fat resembling whale fat, two and a half inches thick. The strangest thing about the creature is its very large teeth, which fit so closely when its jaws are shut that scarcely any water penetrates through them.

"A Man Frae Glesca."

A Glasgow draper, who was narrating his experiences during his first visit to England, said he stepped into an Episcopal Church in the middle of the service just to see what they did. "I hadna been well seated," he said, "when the minister, awa' at the ither end, cried out, 'Lord preserve us all!' and then a' the folks about me cried, 'Lord preserve us all!' 'Preserve us!' says I, 'did you never see a man frae Glesca afore?'"

Crazy Jumpers to be "Shocked."

The jumping cranks who visit the Brooklyn Bridge will jump no more from that structure. The result is attained by connecting the wires of the bridge with a dynamo and charging them with electricity. When a person seizes the wire to climb up on the parapet he suddenly receives a mild shock, and when he attempts to withdraw he finds himself held fast until released by the police. The only device yet to be added to this invention is a method by which the police station will be informed at once of the spot on the bridge to which the prisoner is attached.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Important Hints Regarding the Next Examinations.

The next High School entrance examination will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd December. The work in reading, arithmetic, spelling and pronouncing, writing, geography, grammar and composition as hitherto. The literature lessons for December are; The Truant, p. 46; The Vision of Mirza, pp. 63-71; The Bell of Atri, p. 111; Lochinvar, p. 169; A Christmas Carol, p. 207; Ghent to Aix, p. 285; A Forced Recruit, p. 287; National Morality, p. 295. For next July: The Vision of Mirza; Death of Little Nell, p. 100; The Bell of Atri; Dora, p. 137; The Changeling, p. 205; A Forced Recruit at Solferino; National Morality; The Two Breaths, p. 314.

In Drawing—Books Nos. 4 and 5 of the Canadian Drawing Course are to be used.

In History—Outlines of English history; the outlines of Canadian history generally, with particular attention to the events subsequent to 1841. The municipal institutions of Ontario and the Federal form of the Dominion Government. At the December examination the marks assigned for English history will be 75 as heretofore, but 25 additional marks will be awarded as a maximum bonus for Canadian history. In July, 1887, and subsequently, English and Canadian history will be valued as prescribed in the regulations.

The literature for the next third-class teachers' examination will be taken from the new High School Reader, and will be different from that prescribed for second-class. The literature lessons for the former — class III. — are: The Golden Scales, from Addison, p. 88; Vicar of Wakefield, p. 127; Unthoughtfulness, Arnold, p. 227; Death of the Doctor, Carlyle, p. 274; The Reconciliation, Thackeray, p. 308; Arnold at Rugby, Stanley, p. 350; From the Mill On the Floss, p. 356; The Mystery of Life, Ruskin, p. 390; England in the Eighteenth Century, page 409; A Liberal Education, Huxley, p. 412; and the following extracts, in verse: Byron's Isles of Greece, Bryant's To the Evening Wind, Longfellow's Hanging of the Crane, Clough's As Ships Becalmed, Tennyson's The Lord of Burleigh and the Revenge, Arnold's Rugby Chapel, Swinburne's The Forsaken Garden, and Gosse's Return of the Swallows.

The literature for second class is Thomson's Seasons—Autumn and Winter, and the last three chapters of Southey's Life of Nelson.

In Latin—Cæsar's Bellum Britannicum for classes II. and III; additional for class II., Cicero's In Cahlinam I. and Virgil's Æneid I.

In French—Lamartine's Christophe Colombe for both classes, but only chapters XXV. to XL. for class III.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

The Tichborne claimant is now residing in New York. A certificate was filed in the Bureau of Vital Statistics the other day stating that Lillian Tichborne, daughter of Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne and Lillian Rosa Euenever, his wife, died on Saturday last, at No. 111 Fourth avenue, of cholera infantum, 25 days after birth.

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate