Church Bells at Christmas.

"Wake me to-night, my mother, dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done;
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb formed the Babe so sweet,
In power and glory came the birth to aid and greet.

"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas-tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide.
The Christmas Carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing.
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Insuring happy months and hallowing common ways.

"Wake me again, my mother, dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
Oh, well I love the step of time
Should move to that familiar chime;
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in,
With hopes to sweet, sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence, ear, heart, conscience win!"

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

The row was this. Among the Boers assembled for the "nachtmaal" festival was a well-known giant named Van Zyl. This man's strength was a matter of public notoriety all over the country, and many were the feats which were told of him. Among others it was said that he could bear the weight of the after part of an African buck-waggon on his shoulders, with a load of three thousand pounds of corn upon it, while the wheels were greased. He stood about six foot seven high, weighed eighteen stone and a half, and had a double row of teeth. On the evening in question this remarkable specimen of humanity was sitting on his waggon-box with a pipe, of which the size was proportionate to his own, clinched firmly between his double row of teeth. About ten paces from him stood a young Englishman, also of large size, though he looked quite small beside the giant who was contemplating the phenomenon on the waggon-box, and wondering how much he measured round the chest. That young Englishman had just got off a newly-arrived waggon, and his name was Jeremy Jones.

To these advance a cringing Hottentot boy of small size. The Hottentot is evidently the servant or slave of the giant, and a man standing by Jeremy, who understands Dutch, informs him that he is telling his master that an ox has strayed. Slowly the giant rouses himself, and descending from the waggon-box seizes the trembling Tottie with one hand, and, taking a rim of buffalo-hide, lashes himself to the waggon-wheel.

"Now," remarked Jeremy's acquaintance, "you will see how a Boer deals with a nigger."

"You don't mean to say that great brute is going to beat that poor little devil?"

Just then a small fat woman put her head out of a tent pitched by the waggon, and inquired what the matter was. She was the giant's wife. On being informed of the straying of the ox, her wrath knew no bounds.

"Slaat em! slaat de swartsel!" (Thrash him! thrash the black creature), she cried out in a shrill voice, running to the waggon, and with her own fair hands drawing out a huge "sjambock," that is, a strip of prepared hippopotamus-hide, used to drive the after-oxen with, and giving it to her spouse, "Cut the liver out of the black devil!" she went on, "but mind you don't hit his head, or he won't be able to go to work afterward. Never mind about making the blood come; I have got lots of salt to rub in."

Her harangue, and the sight of the Hottentot tied to the wheel, had by this time attracted quite a crowd of Boers and Englishmen who were idling about the market-square.

"Softly, Vrouw, softly, I will thrash enough to satisfy even you, and we all know that must be very hard where a black creature is in question."

A roar of laughter from the Dutch people round greeted this sally of wit, and the giant, taking the sjambock with a good-humored smile, for he was, like most giants, easy-tempered by nature, lifted it, whirled his great arm, as thick as the leg of an average man, round his head, and brought it down on the back of the miserable Hottentot. The poor wretch yelled with pain, and no wonder, for the greasy old shirt he wore was divided clean in two, together with the skin beneath it, and the blood was pouring from the gash.

"Allamachter! dat is een ficker shaat" (Almighty! that was a nice one), said the old woman, at which the crowd laughed again.

But there was one man who did not laugh, and that man was Jeremy. On the contrary, his clear eyes flashed, and his brown cheek burned with indignation. Nor did he stop at that. Stepping forward he placed himself between the giant and the howling Hottentot, and said to the former in the most nervous English, "You are a coward!"

The Boer stared at him and smiled, and then asked what the "English fellow" was saying. Somebody translated Jeremy's remark, whereupon the Boer, who was not a bad-natured fellow, smiled again, and remarked that Jeremy must be madder than the majority of "accursed Englishmen." Then he turned to continue thrashing the Hottentot, but o! the mad Englishman was still there. This put him out.

"Footsack, carl; ik is Van Zyl!" (Get out, fellow, I am Van Zyl!) This was interpreted to Jeremy by the bystanders.

"All right, and tell him that I am Jones, a name he may have heard before," was the reply.

"What does this brain-sick fellow want?" shouted the giant.

Jeremy explained that he wanted him to stop his brutality.

"And what will the little man do if I refuse?"

"I shall try to make you," was the answer.

This remark was received with a shout of laughter from the crowd which had now collected, in which the giant joined very heartily when it was interpreted to him.

Giving Jeremy a shove to one side, he again lifted the great sjambock, for the purpose of bringing it down on the Hottentot. Another second and Jeremy had snatched the whip from his hand, and sent it flying fifty yards away. Then realizing that his antagonist was really in earnest, the great Dutchman solemnly set himself to crush him. Doubling a fist which was the size of a Welsh leg of mutton, he struck with all his strength straight at the Englishman's head. Had the blow caught Jeremy, it would in all probability have killed him; but he was a practised boxer, and without moving his body, he swung his head to one side. The Boer's fist passed him harmlessly, and striking the panel of the waggon, went clean through it. Next instant several of the giant's double row of teeth were rolling loose in his mouth. Jeremy had returned the stroke by a right-hander, into which he put all his power, and which would have knocked any other man backward.

A great shout from the assembled Englishmen followed this blow, and a counter-shout from the crowd of Dutchmen, who pointed triumphantly to the hole in the stout yellow-wood panel made by their champion's fist, and asked who the madman was who dared to stand against him.

The Boer turned and spat out some of his superfluous teeth, and at the same instant a young Englishman came and caught hold of Jeremy by the arm.

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, be careful! That man will kill you; he is the strongest man in the Transvaal. You are a fellow to be proud of, though."

"He may try," said Jeremy, laconically, stripping off his coat and waistcoat. "Will you hold these for me?"

"Hold them!" answered the young fellow, who was a good sort; "ay, that I will, and I would give half I have to see you lick him. Dodge him; don't let him strike you or he will kill you. I saw him stun an ox once with a blow of his fist."

Jeremy smiled.

"Stop," he said. "Ask that coward if I best him, if he will let off that miserable beggar?" and he pointed to the trembling Hottentot.

The question was put and the great man answered "Yah, yah!" ironically, and then expressed his intention of knocking Jeremy into small pieces in the course of the next two minutes.

Then they faced one another. The giant was a trifle over six foot seven high; Jeremy was a trifle under six foot two and a half, and looked short beside him. But one or two critical observers, looking at the latter now that he was stripped for the encounter, shrewdly guessed that the Dutchman would have his work cut out. Jeremy did not, it is true, scale more than fourteen stone six, but his proportions were perfect. The great deep chest, the brawny arms, not very large, but a mass of muscle, the short strong neck, the quick eye and massive leg, all bespoke the strength of a young Hercules. It was evident too that though he was so young, and not yet come to his full power, he was in the most perfect training. The Boer, on the other hand, was enormous, but his flesh was somewhat soft. Still, knowing his feats, the Englishmen present sighed for their champion, feeling that he had no chance.

For a moment they stood facing each other, then Jeremy made a feint, and, getting in, planted a heavy blow with his left hand on his adversary's chest. But he was to pay for it, for next second the Dutchman got in his right hand, and Jeremy was lifted clean off his feet, and sent flying backward among the crowd.

The Boers cheered, the giant smiled and the Englishmen looked sad. They knew how it would be.

But Jeremy picked himself up little the worse. The stroke had struck the muscles of his chest, and had not hurt him greatly. As he advanced the gradually-increasing crowd of Englishmen cheered him warmly, and he swore in his heart that he would justify those cheers or die for it.

It was at this juncture that Ernest and Mr. Alston came up.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the former, "it is Jeremy."

Mr. Alston took in the situation at a glance.

"Don't let him see you, you will put him off," he said. "Get behind me."

Ernest obeyed, overwhelmed. Mr. Alston shook his head. He recognized that Jeremy had a poor chance, but he did not say so to Ernest.

Meanwhile Jeremy came up and faced the Dutchman. Encouraged by his late success, presently his adversary struck a tremendous blow at him. Jeremy dodged, and next instant succeeded in landing such a fearful right and left full on the giant's face that the latter went reeling backward.

A yell of frantic excitement arose from the English portion of the crowd. This was indeed a David.

The Dutchman soon recovered, and in his turn, rendered more cautious, kept out of Jeremy's reach, trying to strike him down from a distance. For a round or two no important blow was struck, till at last a brilliant idea took possession of the young fellow who had charge of Jeremy's coat.

"Hit him about the body," he whispered; "he's soft."

Jeremy took the advice, and next round succeeded in getting in two or three blows straight from the shoulder, and every one of them bruised the huge body sadly, and made it rather short of wind.

Next round he repeated the same tactics, receiving himself a stroke on the shoulder that for a moment rendered his left arm helpless. Before another second was over however, he had his revenge, and the blood was pouring from his adversary's lips.

And now did the popular excitement on both sides grow intense, for to the interest attaching to the encounter was added that of national feeling, which was then at a high state of tension. Englishmen, Dutchmen, and a mob of Kafirs yelled and shouted, and each of the former two felt that the honor of his people was on the issue. And yet it was an unequal fight.

"I believe that your friend will be a match for Van Zyl," said Mr. Alston, coolly, but the flash of his eye belied his coolness; "and I tell you what, he's a devilish fine fellow too."

At that moment, however, an untoward thing happened. The giant struck out his strongest, and Jeremy could not succeed in entirely warding off the blow, though he broke its force. Crashing through his guard, it struck him on the forehead, and for a moment he dropped senseless. His second rushed up and dashed some water over him, and in another instant he was on his legs again; but for the rest of that round he contented himself with dodging his adversary's attack, at which the Dutchmen cheered, thinking that his iron strength was broken.

But presently, when for the sixth time Jeremy came up with the same quiet look of determination in his eyes, and, except that the gaping of the nostrils and the twitching of the lip showed a certain measure of distress, looking but little the worse, they turned with anxiety to examine the condition of the giant. It was not very promising. He was perspiring profusely, and his enormous chest was rising and falling irregularly. Wherever Jeremy's strokes had fallen, too, a great blue bruise had risen. It was evident that his condition was the worst of the two, but still the Boers had little doubt of the issue. It could not be that the man who had once for a bet quelled the struggles of a wild ox, holding it for the space of five minutes by the horn, could be worsted by an English lad. So they called on him to stop playing with the boy and crush him.

Thus encouraged, the giant came on, striking out with fearful force but wildly, for he could not box. For thirty seconds or more Jeremy contented himself with avoiding the blows; then, seeing an opportunity, he planted a heavy one on his adversary's chest. This staggered him and threw him off his guard, and, taking the offensive, Jeremy dodged in right under the huge fists, and hit upward with all his power. "Thud, thud!" The sound of the blows could be heard fifty yards off. Nor were they without their effect. The giant staggered, and, amidst fearful shouts and groans, fell like an ox struck with a pole-axe. But it was not over yet. In another moment he was on his legs again, and, spitting out blood and teeth, came reeling straight at Jeremy, a fearful and alarming spectacle. As he came, Jeremy again hit him in the face, but it did not stop him, and in another second the huge arms had closed round him and held him like a vice.

"Not fair! no holding!" shouted the Englishmen, but the Boer held on. Indeed, he did more. Putting all his vast strength into the effort, he strained and tugged, meaning to lift Jeremy up and dash him on the ground. But lo! amid frantic shouts from the crowd, Jeremy stood firm, moving not an inch. Whereupon the Boers called out, saying that he was not a mortal, but a man possessed with a devil. Again the Dutchman gripped him, and this time succeeded in lifting him a few feet from the ground.

"By George, he will throw him next time," said Mr. Alston to Ernest, who was shaking like a leaf with the excitement; "look! he is turning white; the grip is choking him."

And, indeed, Jeremy was in evil case, for his senses were fast being crushed out of him in that fearful embrace, and he was thinking with bitter sorrow that he must fail after all, for an Englishman does not like to be beat even when he has fought his best. Just then it was, when things were beginning to swim around him, that a voice he loved, and which he had been listening for this many months, rang in his ears; whether it was fancy or whether he really heard it he knew not.

"Remember 'Marsh Joe,' Jeremy and lift him. Don't be beat. For God's sake, lift him!"

Now there was a trick, which I will not tell you, my reader, but which a famous Eastern counties wrestler, known as Marsh Joe, had taught to Jeremy. So well had he taught him, indeed, that at the age of 17, Jeremy had hoisted his teacher with his own trick.

Just at the moment that Jeremy heard the voice, the giant shifted his hold a little, preparatory to making a fresh effort, and thus enabled his antagonist to fill his lungs with air. Ernest saw the broad white chest heave with relief (for by this time most of the upper clothing of the combatants had been wrenched away), and the darkening eye grow bright again, and he knew that Jeremy had heard him, and that he would conquer or die where he was.

And then, lo and behold! Just as the Boer, leisurely enough—feeling that he was master of the situation—prepared himself for the final struggle, suddenly the Englishman advanced his right leg a few inches, and with the rapidity of lightning entirely shifted his grip; and then he gathered himself for the effort. What mighty reserve of strength he drew on, who can say? but Ernest's voice had excited it, and it came at his call; and he did a thing that few living men could have done, and the fame whereof will go down in South Africa from generation to generation. For the lithe arms tightened and gripped till they sunk in almost level with the flesh of his mighty foe, and then slowly he began to gather purchase swaying backward and forward.

"Make an end of him! Make an end of him!" shouted the Boers; but behold! their champion's eyes are starting from his blackened face; he cannot stir.

To and fro sways Jeremy, and now the giant's feet are lifted from the ground. And then one mighty effort—O gallant Jeremy! up, still up above the gasping of the wonder-stricken crowd, up to his shoulder—by Heaven, over it!

Crash! Van Zyl fell, to be carried away by six strong men, a cripple for life.

CHAPTER XXV.

ERNEST'S LOVE-LETTER.

Cheer after cheer arose from the Englishmen around, and angry curses from the Dutchmen, as Jeremy turned to look at the senseless carcass of the giant. But, even as he turned, exhausted Nature gave out, and he fell fainting into Ernest's arms.

Then did selected individuals of his fellow-countrymen come forward and bear him reverently to a restaurant called the "European," where the proprietor—himself an old Eton fellow—met him, and washed and clothed and restored him, and vowed with tears in his eyes that he, Jeremy, should live at his expense for as long as he liked—ay, even if he chose to drink nothing meaner than champagne all day long; for thus it is that Englishmen greet one who ministers to that deepest rooted of all their feelings—national pride. And then, when at length he had been brought-to, and refreshed with a tumbler-full of dry Monopole, and wonderingly shaken Ernest by the hand, the enthusiasm of the crowd outside burst its bounds, and poured into the restaurant, and, seizing Jeremy and the chair whereon he sat, they bore him in triumph round the market-square to the tune of "God Save the Queen," a proceeding that would have ended in provoking a riot had not an aide-de-camp from His Excellency the Special Commissioner, who sent a message begging that they would desist, succeeded in persuading them to return to the restaurant. And here they all dined, and forced Jeremy to drink a great deal more dry Monopole than was good for him, with the result that for the first and last time in his life he was persuaded into making an after-dinner speech. As far as it was reported it ran something like this:

"Dear friends (cheers) and Englishmen" (renewed cheers) pause—"all making great fuss about nothing (cheers, and shouts of 'No, no!'). Fight the Dutchman again to-morrow—very big, but soft as putty—anybody fight him (frantic cheering). Glad I wasn't thrashed, as you all seem so pleased. Don't know why you are pleased; 'spose you didn't like the Dutchman. 'Fraid he hurt himself over my shoulder. Wonder what he did it for? Sit down, now. Dear friends, dear old Ernest, been looking for you for long while," and he turned his glassy eye on to Ernest, who cheered frantically, under the impression that Jeremy had just said something very much to the point. "Sit down, now ('No, no; go on'). Can't go on, quite pumped—very thirsty, too ('Give him some more champagne; open a fresh case'). Wish Eva and Doll were here, don't you, (loud cheers)? Gemman (cheers), no, not gemman, friends (louder cheers)—no, not gemman, friends—English brothers (yet louder cheers), I give you a toast. Eva and Doll, you all know 'em and love 'em, or if you don't you would, you see; if you did, you know." Frantic outburst of cheering, during which Jeremy tries to resume his seat, but gracefully drops on to the floor, and begins singing "Auld Lang Syne" under the table, whereupon the whole company rises, and, with the exception of Ernest and a jovial member of the Special Commissioner's staff, who get upon the table to lead the chorus, join hands and sing that beautiful old song with all the solemnity of intoxication, after which they drink more champagne and jointly and severally swear eternal friendship, especially Ernest and the member of His Excellency's staff, who shake hands and bless each other, till the warmth of their emotions proves too much for them, and they weep in chorus there upon the table.

For the rest, Ernest had some vague recollections of helping to drive his newly-found friend home in a wheelbarrow that would persist in upsetting in every sluice or ditch, especially if it had running water in it; and that was about all he did remember.

In the morning he woke up, or rather first became conscious of pain in his head, in a little double-bedded room attached to the hotel. On the pillow of the bed opposite to him lay Jeremy's battered face.

For awhile Ernest could make nothing of all this. Why was Jeremy there? Where were they? Everything turned round and seemed phantasmagorial; the only real, substantial thing was that awful pain in the head. But presently things began to come back to him, and the sight of Jeremy's bruised face recalled the fight, and the fight recalled the dinner, and the dinner brought back a vague recollection of Jeremy's speech and of something he had said about Eva. What could it have been? Ah, Eva! Perhaps Jeremy knew something about her; perhaps he had brought the letter that had been so long in coming. Oh, how his heart went out toward her! But how came Jeremy there in bed before him; how came he to be in South Africa at all?

At that moment his reflections were interrupted by the entry of Mazooku, bearing the coffee which it is the national habit in South Africa to drink early in the morning.

The martial-looking Zulu, who seemed curiously out of place carrying cups of coffee, seeing that his master was awake, saluted him with the customary "Koos," lifting one of the cups of coffee to give emphasis to the word, and nearly upsetting it in the effort.

"Mazooku," said Ernest, severely, "how did we get here?"

The substance of the retainer's explanation was as follows: When the moon was getting low, vanishing, indeed, behind the "horned house" yonder (the Dutch Church with pinnacles on it), it occurred to him, waiting on the verandah, that his master must be weary; and as most had departed from the "dance" in the "tin house" (restaurant), evidently made happy by the "twala" (drink), he entered into the tin house to look for him, and found him overcome by sleep under the table, lying next to the "Lion-who-threw-oxen-over-his-shoulder" (i.e. Jeremy), so overcome by sleep, indeed, that it was quite impossible to conduct him to the waggon. This being so, he (Mazooku) considered what was his duty under the circumstances, and came to the accurate conclusion that the best thing to do was to put them into the white man's bed, since he knew that his master did not love the floor to lie on. Accordingly, having discovered that this was a room of beds, he and another Zulu entered, but were perplexed to find the beds already occupied by two white men, who had lain down to rest with their clothes on. But, under all these circumstances, he and the other Zulu, considering that their first thought should be toward their own master, had taken the liberty of lifting up the two white men, who were slumbering profoundly after the "dance," by the head and by the heels, and putting them out in the sweet cool air of the night. Having thus "made a place," they then conveyed first Ernest, and having removed his clothes, put him into one bed, and next, in consideration of his undoubted greatness, they ventured to take the "Lion-who, etc.," himself and put him in the other. He was a very great man, the "Lion," and his art of throwing greater men over his shoulder could only be attributed to witchcraft. He, himself (Mazooku), had tried it on that morning with a Basutu, with whom he had a slight difference of opinion, but the result had not been all that could be desired, inasmuch as the Basutu had kicked him in the stomach, and forced him to drop him.

Ernest laughed as heartily as his headache would allow at this story, and in doing so woke up Jeremy, who at once clasped his hands to his head and looked round, whereupon Mazooku, having saluted the awakened "Lion" with much fervor, and spilled a considerable quantity of hot coffee over him in doing so, took his departure abashed, and at length the two friends were left alone. Thereupon, rising from their respective pallets, they took a step in all the glory of their undress uniform into the middle of the little room, and, after the manner of Englishmen shook hands and called each other "old fellow." They then went back to bed and began to converse.

"I say, old fellow, what on earth brought you out here?"

"Well, you see, I came out to look you up. You did not write any letters, and they began to get anxious about you at home, so I packed up my duds and started. Your uncle stands unlimited tin, so I am travelling like a prince in a waggon of my own. I heard of you down in Maritzburg, and guessed that I had best make for Pretoria, and here I am and there you are, and I am terribly glad to see you again, old chap. By Jove, what a head I have! But, I say, why didn't you write? Doll half broke her heart about it, and so did your uncle, only he would not say so."

"I did write. I wrote from Sikukini's country, but I suppose the letter did not fetch," answered Ernest, feeling very guilty. "The fact is, old fellow, I had not the heart to write much, I have been so confoundedly down on my luck ever since that duel business."

(To be continued.)

A Lonely Christmas.

(Detroit Free Press.)

There was a pair of stockings to hang up at our house last Christmas, a pair of stockings with a hole worn in one little foot and the heel worn thin in the other. This year there are none to hang up.

Last year we haunted toy stores and confectioners for the newest and nicest things for our boy. This year we passed the gay windows with bowed heads and aching hearts. I see tears in my wife's eye as we pass some happy mother with a blue or white mittened little hand held tightly in her own, while the merry little lad by her side looks laughingly up in her face.

I cannot keep my own lips from trembling, or my tear-dimmed eyes from gazing wistfully at that dear little fellow with the blue eyes and golden curls, perched high on his father's shoulder so that he can look over the heads of the crowd standing in front of the gay toy store. I held my own boy so last year. He walked these same gay streets with his little hand held in his mother's.

He rode home on my lap in the horse cars that day before Christmas. He climbed up and put his arms around my neck to whisper to me a wonderful "seekit." This secret whisper always was:

"I lub you, papa."

And after we had coaxed him into his night clothes that night, and after we had heard his little prayers with the final "God bless papa and mamma," we put him to bed and filled the two little blue stockings so full and piled high the chair on which they hung. We could hardly sleep for thinking of what he would do and say when the Christmas morning came.

This year we rode home alone in the car. We sat silently in our little parlor. My wife tried to read a new copy of her favorite magazine, but I could see that her eyes were closed behind its pages.

I said I would go out on the porch and smoke. But my cigar was not lighted in the whole hour I remained without.

They were having a Christmas tree for my neighbor's little boy in the house across the street. I could see the tree with the pretty boy dancing around it.

I knew and felt that he was safe in the arms of One who carries the young lambs in His bosom, that greater love than mine was around him, a love that could forever shield him from all trials and sorrows; but I could not help crying out:

"My baby, my boy, I want you myself."

The curtain of our parlor was up a few inches, and I could see my wife on her knees, and what did she have in her hands, kissing them again and again, with sobs and tears? The little stockings we hung up last Christmas eve.

Perhaps we will, as the neighbors say, "outgrow it" by and bye, or "get used to it;" but this is the first Christmas we have had to live through since the baby died.

My wife carries this little verse in her pocket-book:

We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
And dwell on its crystal tide,
And one of the joys of our Heaven will be
The little boy that died.

A Key to His Habits.

Mr. Winks—I wish, Mrs. Winks, you would read this article on the duties of wives.

Mrs. Winks—I haven't time now. What does it say?

"Well, it says, for one thing, that it is the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation, and, so far as possible, have the same tastes as her husband."

"I never thought of that."

"I suppose not."

"No, but if you'll bring a bottle of whiskey home with you, I'll try."

The French press has been warned not to publish any military news that would be of use abroad.

It is stated that the Russian reserves have been called out. Marked movements of troops have been noticed in Bessarabia.

On Saturday night a safe belonging to George J. Bradley, of Port Hope, was opened and an iron box containing a lot of deeds, policies and other papers abstracted.

Mr. Percy Sherwood, Chief of the Dominion Police Force, has secured a couple of counterfeit $2 Dominion bills of the recent issue. The work is so cleverly done that it is difficult to detect the counterfeit. The signature of Mr. Nash, of the Finance Department, is so well executed that he says himself it would be hard to swear that it was not his own handwriting.

About half-past 9 o'clock last evening parties in Nordheimer's Restaurant, which is situated next door to the recently burned Nordheimer Hall, Montreal, heard a sudden rumble, and almost before they had time to leave the dining room the gable of Nordheimer's fell smash through the roof, carrying everything with it. The parties inside barely escaped with their lives. The damage is estimated at $5,000, on which fire insurance is not available.