

The Men Who Miss the Train.

I loaf around the deepo just to see the Pullman... An' to see the people scampor w'en they hear the engine toot...

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

CHAPTER I

The Chateau de Mabilion stood on the summit of a low but abrupt hill, overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys of France.

Esperance was full of wonder as, accompanied by old Javotte, the servant, she climbed the steep ascent to the chateau.

"At Paris!" exclaimed Esperance, wonderingly, "and leave the chateau? Oh! no, papa, we could not live in a great town, away from all the woods and the flowers."

Esperance did not attempt to hide her tears, but she struggled to check them for her father's sake. The understanding between father and daughter was perfect, and Esperance, though only fourteen, was a real companion to M. de Mabilion; he knew her innermost heart.

covered walls—above all her father's face, grave no longer, but full of the most serene trust, his eyes looking straight into hers lovingly and confidently.

"That will do for the present, but you will grow to something higher by and by," was M. de Mabilion's quiet answer; a ripple, indeed, to Esperance, but one which needed solving sooner than either father or daughter expected.

She was cheerful and buoyant by nature, and the news of the afternoon did not weigh upon her, though to a certain extent she felt it. Having left her father in the garden, she ran into the chateau, to find Javotte, actually singing as she went.

"It is this way, my child—monsieur tells me of the change which comes, and at once I say to myself, 'I love ma'mselle and monsieur, and M. Gaspard, they go—then I must go also; and again I say to myself, I love my son Pierre, he stays here, then I must stay.'"

The winter was over, and the bright spring weather was pleasant enough in Paris, even to those accustomed to a country life. Esperance, as she sat with her needle-work by the open window, could think of her old home almost without a sigh.

Esperance was thoroughly French, and had all a Frenchwoman's delicate tact and taste. Her mother had been of English birth, but had apparently bequeathed little of her nationality to her child—perhaps, rather to M. de Mabilion's disappointment; he would have been pleased to have some likeness to his fair little English wife, but both Esperance and Gaspard, were unmistakably De Mabilions.

The afternoon was somewhat advanced, and Esperance, neglecting her work, stationed herself at the window to watch for her brother's return. Gaspard was now studying for the bar, notwithstanding that his father's fallen fortunes would have made some less uphill profession far more advisable.

The door was opened by Gaspard. "I have brought you a visitor, chérie. Is my father not at home?"

"No, no, this is our cousin, Mr. George Palgrave; you must give him an English Land-shake. We met each other most unexpectedly at Galligani's, each recognizing the other's name."

"And you are arrived at Paris to-day? I hope you will pass some time here!" "I wish I could, but unfortunately I must leave this evening, I am merely passing through, on my way to Switzerland. It was most fortunate that I chanced to meet your brother; I had no idea you were living at Paris."

"Papa, this is our English cousin, Mr. Palgrave; he is telling me all about our relations." M. de Mabilion's greeting was gravely polite, but scarcely cordial; the conversation became at once more formal and stiff.

"For many reasons," said M. de Mabilion. "We are cut off from them, both by distance and inclination. There has never been any intercourse between us since your mother's death; I am too much disliked by them."

"You, disliked, papa! It is impossible!" M. de Mabilion smiled. "You had better hear the whole story, and then you will understand. When I was a young man I was travelling in England, and while spending some weeks in London, was introduced to your mother, then a Miss Collinson, sister of the dean whom I mentioned just now. He was then in possession of some London living, and Amy, your mother, lived with him. They were the eldest and youngest of a large family, most of whom had died, and one or two of whom were married. Amy was very beautiful, and from the first I loved her. She had other admirers, however, and among them a certain Sir Henry Worthington, a very rich and influential man. Mr. Collinson thought the connection would be a useful one, and urged your mother to consent. At the same time I made my proposal to him for his sister's hand, greatly to his annoyance. So anxious was he for the other connection that he absolutely refused at first to mention my name to her. His behavior at the time is too bad to be recalled; however, at length he was obliged to yield, in so far that I was allowed to speak to your mother myself. To Mr. Collinson's indignation, she accepted me, and as she was of age he had no power to prevent the engagement."

Maud—Isn't it a queer title for a book, mother, "Not Like Other Girls?" I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls? Mother—I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps mother, instead of staying in the drawing-room to read novels.

THE LAND OF FLOWERS

By No Means a Desirable Place of Residence.

A HAMILTON MAN'S OBSERVATIONS.

ORLANDO, Florida, March, 1890.

As promised, I now send you a few notes of my observations during a trip through Florida, and hope they may prove interesting to your readers. We left Hamilton 13th February and reached Jacksonville just 47 hours after, having made all connections, and had a pleasant journey down. I will pass over the incidents that occurred by the way; sufficient to say that after passing Richmond, Virginia, we could recognize that we were rapidly going into a warmer climate, and when we arrived in Florida heavy overcoats and wraps had to be cast aside, for there were roses and flowers of all kinds in full bloom, the darkies basking in the sunshine and lazily passing the happy hours away.

Jacksonville has improved wonderfully during the past five years. It is now said to contain about 35,000 inhabitants, but I fancy after the winter tourists have departed 25,000 would be nearer the figures. The great majority of its business men are Northerners who have lived there from two to ten years, and are said to be doing a profitable business, especially during the winter season, when they can charge tourists long prices for any articles they might require. As a place of residence it is about the most undesirable I have ever seen, owing to its fith and bad odors. The very air seems reeking with malaria, and towards evening, when the wind ceases, the stench one encounters on the streets would not be tolerated in our fair city for a single day. It is most astonishing that so many Northern people live here for months during the winter season when there are so many pleasant places in the States to reside. It appears to me they imagine when they get to Jacksonville they have seen Florida, but, Mr. Editor, you could not imagine a greater error, for one might just as well imagine he had seen Ontario by residing a few months in Hamilton. On the 25th ult., we visited the ancient town of St. Augustine, and lo! what a change has taken place there since I saw it last, six years ago. Upon entering the town the first thing that strikes the eye is an immense hotel, called the Ponce de Leon; the monument of a millionaire's folly, and said to have cost nearly three million dollars. I am informed that it will cost the owner \$250,000 to keep it open this winter; besides this he has built two other large hotels on the opposite side of the street and between them is a beautiful park or garden which contains fountains and innumerable shrubs and flowers. The owner of the immense piles is Mr. Flagler, President of the Standard Oil Co., and it is a wonder to me that he could not have thought of some more worthy object to bestow so much of his wealth upon, he is, however, building a church, which I trust will prove a better source of satisfaction to him in future years than his immense hotels. The town does not present the same antiquated appearance that it did before the fire, which occurred about three years ago, as the only relics of the past seem to be the gates and the old fort said to be over 300 years old.

On Monday, the 24th inst., we left Jacksonville at 3 o'clock p. m., and went up the St. John's River to Sanford, thence by rail to Orlando. The sail up was exceedingly pleasant, the day being warm and the breeze balmy. The scenery is very beautiful, as luxuriant foliage, interspersed with orange trees in bloom, abounded on either side. It was such an enchanting sight, that the passengers seemed quite disappointed when the shades of evening set in, and finally darkness obscured the sights from view. However, next morning, all were on deck before 5 o'clock and all were as bright and warm every one enjoyed the sights. The scenery before reaching Sanford becomes more beautiful, as the river in places is scarcely 100 yards wide. On one side of the boat you can see lofty palm-tree trees 60 to 80 feet high, the foliage being at the top; on the other side a forest that seems to be literally covered with Cherokee roses and wild vines, which climb to the very tops of the trees, greets the view. These sometimes form such beautiful arches that one would imagine they were artificial. Having arrived at Sanford about 9 o'clock we had to wait a few hours for railway to convey us to our destination, and we therefore employed our time examining the groves and gardens about the place. As there had been no frost up to that date this year vegetables of all kinds were ripe and being rapidly shipped north, the prices obtained for them being very high.

Orlando is a thriving little town in the centre of Orange county, and in my opinion the country around it has the best soil and healthiest climate of any part of the State. Here oranges grow to perfection, and the largest grove is situated in this county, being 160 acres in extent and in first-class condition. The soil in nearly all parts of this State is exceedingly poor; most of it consists of pure sand, something like you see at Burlington Beach in the vicinity of the Ocean House, consequently a great deal of money has to be spent upon fertilizing it. I should say you could not grow as much on ten acres here as upon one in Wentworth county. One orange grower told me that he spent \$50 per acre this year in fertilizing his property, and that added to the original cost of the land would make it rather an expensive piece of ground. I can say much for any country that requires the planters to obtain such exorbitant prices for its produce in order to make a fair remuneration—it reminds me of the National Policy—imagine gardeners getting about \$2.50 per bushel for tomatoes and saying they are not making much out of them. It is entirely upon the early crops they depend, for when vegetables, etc., ripen in the north they cannot be sold here at any price, as the cost of transportation is too high, and they are quite inferior to ours both in appearance and flavor. The orange is the staple fruit, and upon its production the success of the State depends. It is, as far as I have seen, the only thing that grows to perfection, for all other fruits and vegetables seem stunted in growth. The climate is very variable. I have

experienced warm weather since coming here until Sunday last. During the greater part of last week it was exceedingly hot. On Thursday, the 27th ult., the thermometer stood 88° in the shade; at 12 noon it reminded me of our July weather at home. On Sunday it commenced to rain, the first they have had here in four months, after which a cold blow from the north set in. This increased so much that heavy underclothing and overcoats had to be resorted to. During the night the thermometer took such a dip as to register 3° of frost. I saw ice about an eighth of an inch thick at 9 o'clock in the morning—quite a change in temperature in less than four days. The damage done to the country is most disastrous. Thousands of dollars were swept away in a single night. It was a pitiful sight to walk into the country and view the damage done to bananas, tomatoes, strawberries, etc. The orange trees did not suffer so much, as nearly all the crop has been gathered, and owing to the extreme dry weather most of the trees have not yet started to blossom. There has been some damage done young trees, but these can be saved by timely pruning.

I fully intended visiting the Indian River country, but have decided not to do so as I have been very much led astray in my calculations of the State from the information obtained from "guide books" and "pamphlets on Florida." American immigration agents can make a glowing sketch of a country when they wish to boom it, but if the stranger believes everything he reads in their productions he will be woefully disappointed when he visits the place and sees for himself. I would strongly advise any one in Canada who has entertained golden opinions of the Sunny South and feels like emigrating here to just stay where he is, for rest assured the people of Canada have pleasanter homes and enjoy life much better than those who are unfortunately settled in Florida.

I will leave here this week and return to Jacksonville by the Oklawaha River, said to have the finest scenery in Florida, and after spending a few days at Washington will return home.—Yours sincerely, DAVID KIDD.

As Bad as Constantinople.

Did you ever notice what a variety of dogs is to be seen running about the streets? There are all kinds—big dogs and little dogs, dogs with long legs and dogs with short legs, fat dogs, skinny dogs, one eared dogs and two eared dogs, wet dogs, dogs with pedigrees and dogs without pedigrees, lame dogs, lanky dogs, dogs with tails and dogs without tails, yellow dogs, hungry dogs, one-eyed dogs, mangy dogs, dogs that have been washed and dogs that ought to be, cold dogs, Spitz dogs and dogs that don't, snarly dogs, dogs that bark and dogs that bite, familiar dogs, nice dogs, cold-nosed dogs, dogs with fleas and dogs without fleas, soiled dogs, spavined dogs, rude dogs, mild dogs, boisterous dogs, gentlemanly dogs, dogs with bass voices and dogs with tenor voices, old dogs, puppy dogs, and all other kinds of dogs that ever were heard of.—Dundas Banner.

The Red-Headed Girl.

The glory of the New York belle of this day and generation is her ruddy looks. Having made up her mind to the correct thing she does not rest until she has metamorphosed her black, brown, golden or ash-colored tresses into a shade so intense that it puts the brightest carrot that ever graced a kitchen garden in the shade. She is not auburn-haired, not red-headed, but has hair of fiery flame color, the most intense shade known to the hairdresser. She has, perhaps, sacrificed her olive skin and a pair of grey eyes to the whim of the day, and, not content with this, clothes herself in red fox fur, red gowns and a red hat. It is striking, it is the fact, and who dares say it is not charming?

A Modern Education.

Fond Mother—How did you get along in school to-day, Susie? Tired Child (wearily)—Oh, I missed in my geography again. I forgot whether the Putumayo joined the Amazon east or west of the confluence of the Marañon and Ucayale Rivers. Same Child (years later; wife and mother)—What is it you want to know, pet? Little Daughter (struggling over a primary geography)—Where is the Amazon river, mamma? Mamma (after long reflection)—I think it's somewhere in Africa or Asia, I forget which.

Something Has Happened.

Can you grasp the idea that an iceberg such as just reported, 700 feet high, that is, 700 feet out of water, and seven miles long, must weigh thousands of millions of tons? Fresh water, you see, and only about an eighth of its bulk visible. Which means a mountain of ice 5,600 feet high. Higher and bigger than any other of the Adirondacks; say about the size of Mount Washington, not as we see it, but from the sea level. Something has been happening up there among Greenland's icy mountains.—New York Tribune.

A Mean Husband.

Husband (greatly excited)—Get my hat, dearest. A dog catcher has stolen the poodle and says he is going to kill it. Wife—The hateful man! Are you going to see if you can take it from him, darling? "No, I am going to see that he keeps his word."

Foolish in a Wise Age.

Biggs—What sort of a fellow is Boggs? Jiggs—A fool. He don't know enough to sneeze when he's got the influenza?

For street wear in London ladies are now wearing their dress skirts four inches from the ground.

It will cost one hundred million dollars to finish the Panama canal, experts say. The patience of the French stockholders may be finished inside that figure.

The weight and measurements of a fully developed young man of twenty years of age should be as follows: Weight, 139 pounds; height, 67.8 inches; length of right shoulder to elbow, 14.5; normal chest girth, 33.9; inflated, 35.8; waist, 28.7; hips, 35.3; biceps, 11.6; depth of chest, 7.4; capacity of lungs, 253; strength of back, 338.