MOLLIE'S STRATAGEM.

BY VIOLET ETYNGE MITCHELL.

"Now Mollie, my dear, we'll argufy this matter," remarked Farmer Ashton, taking his seat in his ponderous arm chair, near the roaring grate fire, and gazing at his daughter with ruffled and perplexed brows.

The young girl made a pretty picture as she leaned against the mantel, and rested her blonde head with its fluffy curls against the tall old-fashioned chimney; but there was a spice of rebellion in her blue eyes, and a suspicion of mischief lurking in the drooping corners of her red-lipped mouth.

"Well," she said quietly, "you want to persuade me into marrying Mr. David Brown. Go ahead, father, and persuade me—if you can. I'm listening."

"You ain't got the right sperrit," urged the farmer, plunging his hands deep into the pockets of his buckskin trousers. "Now here's a rich man, doin' a fine business, thinks the world of you. On the other hand, there's a poor shoat with legs and arms like a windmill and who ain't got money 'nuff to start a peanut stand. What you goin' to do?—make a fool of yourself, or be a girl of sense and take the feller with dollars dancing in his pockets to the tune of two thousand dollars a year? Hey?"

Miss Ashton looked at her father, and the red blood flamed like corn poppies in her cheeks.

"Suppose we put it in this way," said she; "I've got some interest in this matter, and ought to be allowed to put in my word."

"Oh—of cose," returned the old man; but he began to jingle the keys in his pockets noisily, and it was quite evident that as far as he was concerned the case was settled already.

"Dave Brown's hair is so red that I'm most afraid to have him sit near the muslin window curtains, for fear he'll set fire to 'em—and he's a fool!"

"He ain't!" promptly contradicted the farmer.

Miss Ashton ignored the interruption.

"He don't know enough to save his money when he gets it," she cried, "and he'd just as soon spend fifteen dollars on a bar of soft soap as not."

"As to Jack"—the light in Mollie's eyes grew tender, as she spoke the name, "he's in love with me; that's one thing—I'm in love with him—and that's another—and I'll have my own way——. That's the end."

"Well it isn't," roared the old man, rising in his wrath. "We'll see about this!"

"Yes murmured Mollie, walking quietly to the door, where she paused to look back over her shoulder, and added. "We will see."

"Drat that girl!" soliloquized the angry parent, throwing, with noisy sputterings, more wood on the fire. "If her mother had been alive, she'd have been made to mind, but her Aunt Phyllird ain't any more use than a hen-hawk at managin' girls."

Meanwhile, Miss Ashton, having put on her hat, had started, with a basket on her arm, toward the village As she climbed lightly over the stile dividing the meadow from the main road, she jumped almost into the arms of a tall, handsome man, whose honest gray eyes and smiling mouth warranted the enthusiastic reception afforded him by the young lady.

"Luck's no name for my meeting you," said she, taking his arm, and looking up confidingly into his face. "Matters have reached a climax at home. Fathers worked up to such a pitch over my liking you, that he'll chop me into small pieces if I don't give in and marry David Brown. I'm just hatching up a plot this very minute, to outwit him."

Jack Owen gazed admiringly at his sweetheart whose charming face wore a determined expression.

"If ever there was a diplomat, you're the one," remarked the young man. "What's the scheme you're on at present?"

Mollie laughed. "I'm afraid," said she, "that you'll spoil it all. You're such an honest fellow."

"Oh! It don't require lying, does it?" cried Jack, dubiously. "I'd hate——"

"Gammon!" exclaimed Mollie. "It just requires twisting you into David, andt David into you."

The young man puckered up his brow. "I don't—quite—understand," he stammered."

Miss Ashton drew him to the fallen trunk of a large oak tree. "Let's sit down a moment, while I explain," she said.

"You know that father, like everybody else, has one weak point. He'll bulldoze you, and scold, and raise any amount of tarradiddles over a flea-bite; but you just go up, quietly, and purr over him, and stroke him and flatter him—and he'll be as sweet as a May morning, next minute Now Jack, you're very plain spoken and abrupt, (I don't object to honesty, but learn to purr a little,) and you haven't got the knack of managing father.—It ain't that he minds you're not being rich so much, but that he likes Dave's sweet tongue better. To hear that fellow palaver him and flatter—would make you sick, but it runs down father's throat like sweet oil, and wraps about his heart like a yard of flannel."

Jack was listening attentively.

"I see," he said. "What you want me to do is to call on Farmer Ashton this evening and tell him he's a daisy."

Mollie turned a disgusted face towards her lover. "Stupid!" she ejaculated.

"Well," cried Jack, floundering helplessly, "what on earth shall I say?—that he's a tremendously handsome man? If I've got to deal in flattery, I might as well do it by wholesale, and pour it on thick."

"Tell him his potato field beats Farmer Tuck's all to flinders," prompted Miss Ashton.

"His potato field beats Farmer Tuck's all to flinders," echoed Jack obediently, and stealing a kiss from the teacher.

"That (stop it Jack!) he looks younger every day of his life; hasn't got a gray hair yet."

"But he has!" objected the lover. "Well, what next?"

"Tell him Aunt Phyllird makes the best mince pie you ever eat."

Jack pursed up his lips.

"That's the worst," said he, "but I'll do it."

"You might say that the Board of Directors of the Presbyterian Sunday School speak of him as the ablest man in the village."

At this both Mollie and Jack broke into peals of laughter.

"I'll tell him though," cried he, entering into the spirit of the enterprire.

"After we are married you will confess the whole thing and tell him we are sorry."

"All's fair in love and war," asserted Mr. Owen, as Mollie arose from the fallen tree trunk, and offered a plump little hand at parting.

"I think," she whispered, "You had better not be seen with me. If Aunt Phyllird knew I'd met you, she'd smell a mouse in a minute. She's shrewd enough to know I'll be up to something."

Ten minutes later Miss Ashton's trim little figure might have been seen standing at the counter of the village dry-goods store, buying from the proprietor, Mr. David Brown, a yard of turkey-red calico, with an expression of childlike simplicity in her blue eyes, and an innocent artlessness about her whole manner that impressed the young man very deeply.

"Coming round to see us soon?" she chirped, looking at him pleasantly.

"Well, yes, I might call this afternoon, if I thought I'd be welcome," replied Dave, flushing with pleasure at the invitation.

"I ain't needed in the store all the time. Business is doing so well, I'm thinking of taking in another clerk." (He said this suggestively.)

"There's one thing," began the young lady, but hesitated as if overcome with modesty.

Mr. Brown leaned over the counter, resting his head on his hands, and gazed eagerly at her blushing face.

"I feel a little delicacy about mentioning it," continued Mollie; "you being almost a stranger, 'tisn't as if you'd lived here all your life."

"Pray don't feel that way," urged Dave, with his soul in his eyes.

Miss Ashton allowed herself to be persuaded.

"It's about your making a good impression on father," she murmured, shyly dropping her eyelids.

Mr Brown observed the curling lashes that fell on her rosy cheeks, and his heart bounded as he replied:

"Oh, Mollie! Is there anything I can do to win you?"

"Oh, yes; quite a good deal," responded Miss Ashton with encouraging promptness. "Now if you really want to get father on your side you must change your whole manner to him."

"Must I?" he enquired eagerly. "What's the matter with my manner?"

"It's too oily," responded Mollie, confidentially.

"You don't say. Explain yourself."

"Oh, you know father's a plain man—he likes honest speaking. He wouldn't tell you so, but you should hear his opinion of flatterers. He has no faith in honey. When Phil Burton calls he appears to swallow all his sweet talk, but you ought to hear the criticisms he makes when Phil's back is turned."

"Indeed," cried Dave; he was much interested.

"I feel as if I ought not to give you the shot to load your own gun," continued Miss Ashton watching with steady gaze the toe of her little walking boot as it protruded from under her dark blue dress, "but I'll give you a hint."

"I'll thank you more than I can say," whispered the young man gratefully.

"If there's one person in this world whom father trusts implicitly, its Aunt Phyllird," began Mollie. "Aunt Phyllird calls a spade, a spade. Father gets mad at her when she tells him he's getting bald, but mark the effect, he looks in the glass and sees that she has told him the truth. The result is' he says to me, 'Mollie, your aunt is as sound as an apple, when she says a thing's so, it's so.' Now you"—(she paused a moment to glance at him sideways from under her long eyelashes)—"tickle his fancy by your flattery, but you ought to hear what he says when your back's turned."

"Ah! Ha! Exclaimed Mr. Brown. I catch your idea. Well, thank goodness, it's not too late. Will your father be in this afternoon, or will he be at the Fair in Rochester?"

"He'll be home," replied the young woman, as she picked up the neat little parcel, containing her yard of red calico. At the door, she turned, and similing in his face with charming candor added trenchantly.

"Lay it on thick Mr. Brown; the madder he acts at first, the more he'll respect you afterwards."

"You can depend on me," returned Dave, gratefully, as he re-entered the store.

Farmer Ashton was not in a very happy frame of mind that afternoon. A valuable horse had shown symptoms af ring-bone, and he was in the pasture applying wet swabs to the diseased foot, as David Brown, looking very fine, in a brand new suit of clothes, entered the field. From the vine shaded window of the white farm-house, a roguish face might have been seen to be peeping, but neither of the two men turned their faces in that direction.

"It's a fine day," observed Dave by way of overtures.

"Looks a leetle cloudy," replied the old man, whose mind was on the horse.

"Why, I guess your eyesight's failing you, there ain't a cloud in the sky," contradicted the visitor, bluntly.

A look of startled surprise crossed Mr. Ashton's rugged face, and he coughed, nervously.

"Well, I dunno' but what I can see anything that's worth seein'," he retorted sharply, and eyed the young man disapprovingly.

"Oh, you're getting along in years, Mr. Ashton," continued Dave, mindful of his lesson. "Like's not you'd be a little cloudy at your age."

"Age—cloudy! Go to grass!" roared the farmer. "What age'd you suppose me to be?"

Mr. Brown hesitated. He appeared to be on delicate ground, but he was playing for high stakes, and was not to be turned from his purpose.

"Well, I suppose you and Miss Phyllird's nearly sixty," he stammered.

The old man chuckled.

"Phyllird 'll be gratified by your calklations," he observed drily. "She's been posin' for forty-five for quite a spell."

"Forty-five," laughed Dave; "why my dear sir, you're both growing as bald as apples."

Then, had Ashton been in Kansas instead of New York State, Mr. Brown would have thought a cyclone had struck them.

Slapping his thigh, vigorously, the old man fairly yelled.

"You idjit!—any man whose hair's red enough to set fire to window curtains—as Mollie says yours is—had better be a leetle careful how he tackles the subject, and throws stones at other folks."

"Mollie—said—that?" gasped Mr. Brown. "I don't believe it!"

"Oh, you're calling me a liar, now. I suppose I'll be a bald-headed eagle next? Do unburden your mind of any superfluous names that'd relieve you."

Dave scratched his head. He did not seem to be making the progress in the old man's affections that he had hoped for, as a result of his frankness; moreover that remark of Mollies disturbed him a good deal. Remembering, however, that she had set him at this business, and had warned him that the first effects might not be gratifying, he rallied his scattered ideas to begin anew.

Mr. Ashton had turned towards the house, and sullenly kept step with his visitor, who tried again,

"Excuse my plain talking, farmer; how's athe 'tater crop?"

"Splendid!" responded Mr. Ashton, mollified by the chance to talk on a favorite topic.

"H'm," observed David, "I heard Mr. Beagle say yesterday, that 'taters don't mount to much this year, but he's had a vast experience with 'taters, and, I guess, knows more about them than any man bout here."

THE SAHARA IN SUMMER TIME.

The Thermometer Fluctuates Between 115 and 125 Degrees in the Shade!

The month of May is the beginning of the dead season, when all traffic is stopped through the Desert of Sahara, and very little labor can be done. The deadly heat which prevails during the forty canicular days causes all travelers and traders to shun the oases, for fear of the epidemic fever springing from the drying marshes, until about the end of September, when the nomads re-enter the Sahara with abundance of cattle and grain, and the Mozabites renew their bartering traffic between the oases and the North.

The "Sammah," or forty canicular days, is a deadly period to traverse. What a despondent situation when the thermometer fluctuates for five hours between 115 and 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade! The fiery breaths of the pestilential simoon and of the infernal shihile (southern winds) sweeping the face like the blast of a furnace, produce sensations of burning. These winds, like the equinoctial sirocco, being destitute of all moisture, pervade the atmosphere with intense dryness, torturing the throat and lungs of the panting traveler. His parched lips stiffen and almost lose the sensibility of contact, the blood within the mucous membranes evaporating under the blighting effect of the hot air. The natives who feel most affected by this extraordinary heat dig a grave-like hole in their hovels or gardens as a refreshing couch. This kind of living grave is watered every morning to preserve its freshness, and then covered up with a close fitting mat or fresh palm-leaves.

Towards eleven o'clock its temporary occupant sinks into it, stretches himself entirely naked, and shuts himself up from the outside world to pass the hottest hours in the indolence of a perfect quiet, reclining in the tomb as we do in our hammocks. Besides the heat, the flies and ants are more than one can bear during the day, while during the night one is tormented to rage by thousands of mosquitoes, or sleeps with the nightmare from fear of the scorpions. The flies swarm in daytime, and the fan is constantly needed to drive them away.

When writing, one has to cover one's head and hands with gauze, when eating, they enter in the ear, mouth and nose. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canicular days. These pedipalpi are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to be an extraordinary size, and is sometimes seen 3 inches long.

A long, glowing day, a warm suffocating evening, fresh night and sweet morning, are the general atmospherical features in summer, and the tantalising mirage can be seen daily in the plains during that season.

Europe's Costly Armaments.

The European nations are beginning to droop and totter beneath the over-accumulating burden of military expenditure. There is hardly a country among them that is not at present struggling desperately to choke the deficit which is staring it in the face. In England, Sir William Harcourt was five million pounds ($25,000,000) short, which must be provided for by new taxation. The Indian Empire is proposing to tax all imports, except cotton, 5 per cent. ad valorem, to meet its deficit, besides adopting other expedients unpopular but necessary. In France also there is a deficit of nearly $30,000,000, about half of which it is proposed to cover by a refunding of loans at a lower rate of interest, and the remaining half is to be obtained by increased taxation on incomes and spirits, with taxes on succession duties. In Italy, the new Finance Minister frankly admits the existence of a deficit of about $50,000,000, to be met no one knows how. The country cannot bear increased taxation, and the chances of any Minister who ventured to propose serious retrenchment and the disbanding of surplus employes would be practically worthless. Everywhere the statesmen are seeking with feverish anxiety for new sources of revenue, but everywhere the insatiable maw of armaments demands more and ever more millions.

Disheartening.

"This is a cold, crool world," said Meandering Mike. "Folks ain't satisfied weth turnin' a man down; they goes an' does it disagreeable."

"What's the matter?"

"I jes' made a call at the farm house. 'Madam,' says I, 'I'm hungry, I am.'

"An' what did she do?"

"She jes' looked at me, significant like, an' says: 'So's my dog.'"

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

The Governor-General has definitely decided to reside in Montreal for a part of the year, and has leased the mansion of the late Premier, Sir John Abbott.

Mr. E. B. Eddy, of Hull, is mentioned for the succession to the chair in the Senate left vacant by the death of Mr. Alonzo Wright, the King of the Gatineau.

The Toronto City Council at its meeting the other day fixed the dates for paying the civic taxes for July 10th, and September 10th, and November 10th. The rate is sixteen mills on the dollar.

It is expected that the suggestion of Major-General Herbert that the Sixth Fusiliers and First Prince of Wales' regiment, of Montreal, amalgamate into an eight-company battalion, will soon be acted upon.

The trade between England and Canada continues to increase. The imports into England from Canada during the month of April increased thirty-two per cent. The exports to Canada exhibited a marked decline.

Mr. Blanchard, the Government candidate, defeated Mr. Doucett, Independent, in the election in Gloucester county, N. B., or the House of Commons, on Saturday, the figures being:—Blanchard, 1,768; Doucett, 1,448.

The firm of John P. Rose & Co., Montreal, has been awarded the contract by the Dominion Government for the supply of ballot boxes for the next general elections. A significant condition of the contract stipulates that the boxes shall be ready within ninety days.

Lady Aberdeen has made an appeal for sympathy and support in the work of a society formed in Winnipeg to send magazines, weekly papers, and books to settlers in the North-West who make application for such reading matter. She expresses a hope that branches may be formed in Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto.

BRITAIN.

Mr. Gladstone's weakness, as the result of a recent cold, is increasing, and he is constantly under the care of a physician.

The reduced majority which the English Government is able to command leads to the belief that there will be an early dissolution of the House.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., while watching a cricket match at Battersea was struck on the face by a ball, and his eyes were seriously injured.

Great preparations are making for the Young Men's Christian Association jubilee, which will be celebrated in London in about three weeks.

Lord Rosebery, before the National Liberal Club the other day, while admitting that the Ministry was in peril, said he would fight to the last ditch.

In the House of Lords Earl Spencer said that the Government was determined to maintain the navy and to render Great Britain paramount upon the sea.

Mr. John Austen Chamberlain, M.P., son of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., was attacked recently by a bull on his father's farm near Birmingham, and seriously injured.

In the Imperial House of Commons Mr. Buxton, Under-Colonial Secretary, announced that negotiations with France in regard to a treaty regulating the fisheries along the shores of Newfoundland still remained suspended.

A despatch from London says that notwithstanding the favorable reports in the Court Circular, the health of the Queen is causing serious anxiety for her family. It is doubted if she will be able to be present at the opening of the Manchester ship canal.

The workingmen of Edinburgh had a procession on Saturday, and a meeting was held at which resolutions were passed demanding an eight hours' working day, the abolition of the House of Lords, and the payment of members of the House of Commons.

UNITED STATES.

Three men in New York were sentenced to six months' imprisonment for standing in front of a saloon and dissuading customers from entering.

George Decker, one of the most prominent men of Yreka, Cal., has been arrested charged with the murder of his wife and infant child twenty-seven years ago.

The Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, referring to the Coxey movement, says it is a repetition of the social upheaval in France in 1791. It is not a rebellion, it is a revolution.

Henry C. Brown, of Denver, Col., aged seventy, worth three million dollars, was married on Wednesday night to Louisa Matthews, a school teacher, aged twenty-two.

William D. Lohman, the fugitive cashier of the Excise Department of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was recently arrested in Toronto, was sentenced to imprisonment in Sing Sing for seven years and four months.

A nugget weighing three thousand three hundred pounds, and containing silver to the value of twenty-five thousand dollars, was recently taken out of the Smugglers' mine at Aspen, Col. It is the largest silver nugget on record.

There is much indignation in Toledo over the capture by the Canadian patrol steamer Petrel of two United States vessels, which had a pleasure party on board fishing for black bass near Put-in-Bay. The authorities at Washington say that Canada, in making the seizure, was acting well within her rights.

GENERAL.

The World's Exhibition was formally opened at Antwerp by the King and Queen of Belgium on Saturday.

The Russian Government has advised the Pope of its intentions to establish a regular Legation at the Vatican.

The Italian Government has sent the cruiser Stromboli to Greece to help those suffering from the earthquake.

The police of St. Petersburg recently made wholesale captures of Nihilists, one hundred of them having been arrested in one batch.

The betrothal of the Czarewitch to Princess Alix of Hesse was preceded and followed by a friendly correspondence between Emperor William and the Czaar.

Dr. Chrysander, Prince Bismarck's physician, has requested friends intending to visit the ex-Chancellor to wait until he has recovered from his present indisposition.

There was serious rioting in Vienna recently upon the part of the striking builders' labourers. The mob was charged by the police, and many men were seriously injured.

It is reported that M. Dieb'e, the French official executioner, is ill, and that the execution of the two Anarchists under sentence of death will have to be postponed in consequence.

It is stated in Rome that cancer of the larynx, almost identical with the disease with which the late Emperor Frederick of Germany was afflicted, has established its hold upon King Humbert of Italy.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany were present on Saturday at the opening of a new Lutheran church in Berlin. The Empress says she will not be satisfied until there are one hundred Lutheran churches in the city.

AN AUTOMATIC LIGHTHOUSE.

The Bright Light Burns Perpetually Without a Keeper.

A new lighthouse having a unique feature has just been completed on an estuary of the Gironde in France, where it stands upon an isolated rock in the midst of a treacherous and rocky reef. The peculiarity of this lighthouse is that it is unoccupied and yet its lamp is burning perpetually. The famous Eddystone lighthouse on the coast of England, rising from a rock that is only large enough to afford a foundation for the structure, is remarkable because the men having it in charge are able to leave their confined quarters only once in three months, when a vessel comes to them with supplies, letters, papers, and a new detachment of watchers.

It was to do away with this exacting and lonesome life that the French engineers set themselves about the task of devising a method by which the usefulness of the lamp could be maintained without so much personal attention. It thus happened that a lamp was invented that would burn continuously for two months without being trimmed or replenished.

The burning fluid used in this lamp is an ordinary mineral oil. The tube in the interior of the lamp is furnished with a wick having a thickness three times as great as those employed generally in lighthouses. Around the burning surface of the wick is a cake made of a patented preparation consisting largely of carbonised tar. This protection assures the duration and the uniformity of the flame. A chimney made of mica is placed around the flame, and this insures an increase in the power of the light. The supply of oil is assured by means of a reservoir containing 100 quarts, the lamp consuming 50 grammes each hour. To provide always for the reservoir being furnished with sufficient fuel a gauge is fixed at its side that governs the supply flowing in from another reservoir at a distance, and this guage permits 50 grammes per hour to percolate through the supply pipe into the supply reservoir.

The diameter of the lantern is 56 inches and it cost $15,000. The intensity of the light keeps equable until the expiration of two months, when it is necessary to visit the lighthouse and replenish the wick. The light can be seen more than twelve miles at sea. The wick is cleansed and drawn up gradually by the action of the tar cake at its mouth. The French Government is arranging to put up others of these houses, and it is also perfecting an invention by which a perpetual electic light can be controlled by wires running through a submarine cable to the land.

RESCUED ALMOST DEAD.

The Terrible Experience Which a Party of Tourists Had in Austria.

A despatch from Gratz, Austria, says: A detachment of sappers and miners have released the seven imprisoned tourists from the stalacite cave at Lugloch. The party were exploring the cave when a rush of water closed the entrance, and they have been imprisoned since April 27. The cave explorers presented a ghastly spectacle as they were brought into the daylight, so weak from exhaustion that they were barely alive. The church bells of the village of Lugloch rang out joyous peals and the diver, to whose efforts the rescue was due, was carried on the shoulders of the villagers. Mrs. Fashings, one of the party, gave premature birth to a child while at the cave. Mrs. Sewer was driven mad from despair and fright. Six of the seven persons who were in the cave have so far recovered that they are able to walk. They still had a small supply of bread and cheese when they were found, and they also had a few candles left. The prisoners heard the attempts to rescue them, but the slow progress the rescuers were making had made it seem certain that they would die before they could be reached, and their anxiety and terror were intense. They were cheered by the noise of the explosion of the dynamite blasts, but the shocks were so violent that they were in constant fear of being killed by falling rocks.

Asian Monarchs on Their Travels.

A London standard correspondent telegraphs from St. Petersburg that the projected visit of the Shah of Persia to Europe will probably be postponed on account of the illness of his eldest son, the heir apparent. At the same time an announcement appears, semi-officially, that the Emir of Bokhara has indefinitely deferred his proposed cure at the mineral springs of the Caucasus, and that the Khan of Kniva is sending, after the fashion of such potentates, an embrassy, with presents, to prepare the way for a visit to the Russian capital. His envoys extraordinary are expected to arrive in the middle of July.

His Diagnosis.

She—"I have got four new wrinkles in my face since I married you."

He—"Too bad! I presume it comes from worrying over milliners' bills which I can't pay."

Nearly everybody smokes in Japan. The girls begin when they are ten years of age, and the boys a year earlier.