LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER LIII.

"Andy! Andy! I say, Andy!" No answer. "Bother that man; he is never to be found. An—dy!"

She had run through the gardens, and now, just as she reached a lawn, on which small haycocks lay, like so many shapes turned out of molds, a frowsy head rose from behind one of them, and Mr. Stronge stood revealed.

He was a sight to behold. Every individual hair stood on end, and each hair was adorned with an airy bit of hay.

"You, Connie? Hey! What—what's the matter?" said he, making a lamentable attempt at appearing wide awake.

"You've been asleep!" said Constantia, marching down upon him. "Snoring asleep! And is this how you take care of The Boy?"

The capitals were enormous. She had peeped round the haycock first thing, to find The Boy "snoring asleep" too, with his lovely fists doubled up under his rosy chin; but not for all that would she let off her culprit.

"Asleep!" cried Mr. Stronge, with extravagant astonishment and a deep reproach. "My darling, nonsense! I assure you—"

"Don't call me your darling nonsense. After begging on your knees to be allowed to carry that child down to the hayfield, and after my weak consenting to your prayer, the end of it all is that you go deliberately to sleep, and let him wander away to his destruction. Have you forgotten that there is a pond close by into which he might have fallen?"

"Not whilst I was here to keep watch and ward over him," said Mr. Stronge, as doughtily as though sleep and he had parted company these years past.

"You, indeed!" she said, "Just look at your head. You're a regular Ophelia."

"Ophelia, was a female," said Mr. Stronge, with dignity, "and a mad one. She was unpleasantly irresponsible, and she ran remarkably wild. I never run further than I can help. I brought your son down to this field, thinking to instruct him in the matter of trefoils; but when he stuck his ill-mannered thumb into his mouth, and declined any further instruction, I sat beside him whilst he dozed and meditated upon metaphysics."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Stronge. She had subsided upon the haystack beside him, however, and now looked at him with all the air of one who has a state matter of European importance to declare.

"You've come about something," said he, not having studied her in vain for these past three happy years. "Get it off your shoulders without delay, and you'll be twice the woman you are now. That's a telegram—eh?" pointing to a bit of dingy red paper she was squeezing up in her hand.

"Anything of vital importance going forward? A balloon accident? Any more dynamitards not seized? An eruption of Mount Vesuvius? Old Gladstone brought to the block?"

"No such luck," said she, referring to the last catastrophe. "But yet," brightening, "great luck. What do you think? I've had a telegram from Carew O'Grady, telling me of the birth of a little girl to him and Yolande!"

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Stronge, who was now as wide awake as she could wish him. And then—"My Jove! she lost no time," he said.

Now this innocent remark was received by her with distinct disfavor.

"I don't know what you mean by that," she said, severely. "I suppose she took as long as anybody else. And, at all events, I thought you'd be glad to hear that she had got something to replace that poor little angel she lost."

"I declare I'm more glad than I can tell you," said Stronge, sincerely. "It's the happiest thing for her, poor thing. And now that she's got O'Grady and the baby, I don't see why the rest of her life, at least, shouldn't run smoothly."

"Garrett told me yesterday," she said, gravely, "that that unfortunate woman's case is worse than ever. No signs of returning sanity."

"A most merciful thing according to my judgment."

"Yes—yes; I suppose so."

"Let us talk of something else," said Stronge, hastily, who had never quite overcome a certain sense of faintness attendant on any reference to that past awful scene. "Did you hear," he said, "that Featherston has been defeated? Daly, the Nationalist, got in on an amazing majority."

"Why, yes," she said; "Norah was full of it this afternoon. It appears that old Lord Killeens, whose interest meant everything to him, found out some time ago that he was hardly," with a smile, "so sincere a Blue Ribbonite as he had fondly believed him. The old man was furious when he found out, Norah says. Garrett told her. He tells her everything, it seems; and I am sure will end by making her a confirmed gossip."

"Or his wife."

"Oh, nonsense! Such a baby as Norah. Well, at all events, Lord Killeens had his revenge on Featherston over this election. He put up another Conservative—Fitzgerald—backed him with all his might, and so smashed Featherston."

"And so spoiled our chance of getting in a Conservative at all. T odivide the votes like that! Natural, perhaps, but very foolish in such a crisis as this. But that old graybeard would sell—"

"His wife to gain his point. Is that what you would say, you base man?"

"By no means. She would not fetch enough to gratify the mildest form of any passion. His soul, I was going to suggest, when you interrupted me in that rude manner."

"Well, never mind," said she; "let us go back to Yolande and her pretty baby."

"D'ye mean to say O'Grady wired word of its beauty?"

"Oh, no. No, of course not; but I feel sure it is a beauty. Most babies are," said Mrs. Stronge, with conviction.

Stronge had a good deal to say on this point, but he caught his wife's eye as he opened his lips, and he quailed.

"Isn't it delightful that it's a girl," said she.

"I don't know. I expect they would have thought more of it had it been a boy."

"Oh! that's not it," said she, vaguely. "Do you mean to say you don't see the importance of its being a girl?"

"No, I don't," said Stronge, who sometimes found courage to say what he meant.

"Oh, Andy! Well, I wouldn't be as stupid as you for a good deal. You can say that, with that darling boy asleep at your elbow."

"I can certainly; indeed, the fact of the 'darling boy' being there at all, asleep or awake, is just what makes me say it. I can remember an hour when a certain young woman told me that she pitied all the other poor women who had only girls to fall back upon, and that was when the 'darling boy' was just ten minutes old. And that young woman wasn't the nurse, mind! And there wasn't a soul in the room at the time save the nurse and me, and—"

"The only woman you ever loved," put in Constantia, with a serene air, and a severe pinch. "Now, listen to reason, do. Can't you really see why it is so delightful that Yolande and Carew should have had a girl?"

"No."

"Why, because when they both grow up our boy will marry her girl! eh, old goose? Now have you grasped it? I quite made up my mind to it ages ago."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to tell me you arranged what the child's sex should be before it was born?"

"Well, I arranged it five minutes ago, at all events. It's just the same," said she, airily.

At this moment Master Stronge thought proper to awake from his slumbers. He rolled himself round, kicked out his right leg, with an astonishing vigor, and gave way to a lusty roar.

"Bless his darling lungs!" said his mother proudly, as she picked him out of the hay.

(The End.)

TO IMPROVE A BAD MEMORY.

A Few Simple Rules by Which One May Recall Minute Facts.

You can cultivate your memory just as you can cultivate your muscle, and it will improve steadily up to a certain point. The science of memories, as it is called, has recently been studied anew in Europe, where some surprising results have been achieved in the experiments that were tried.

It has been found, for instance, that a man who had a poor memory from youth was enabled to so strengthen his mind by assiduous cultivation that he could, without the slightest apparent trouble, recall minute facts, giving dates and names. He could recite whole passages, word for word, after reading a book.

A French scientist, however, has pointed out that this is done at the expense of the whole intellectual powers, and that the whole of the man's mental energy had been diverted to a single channel. He was so busy remembering dates and names in history that he forgot his dinner.

It has also been claimed that a memory for minute facts is cultivated at the expense of the judgment, and that a due sense of proportion of large events rarely accompanies the recollection of names and dates.

Here are four fundamental facts to be borne in mind by those who would improve a bad memory:

1. That our remembrance of anything depends principally on the force, duration or iteration of attention we devote to it.

2. That the habit of attention increases with facts of attention.

3. That ideas are recalled by ideas which by likeness, contrast or otherwise, are adapted to suggest them.

4. That the faculty of remembering is strengthened by efforts of remembering.

Some men have a remarkable memory for names. Others can as readily recall dates or numbers. There are others who can neither recall names nor dates, but who never forget a face.

BEASTS SICK AT SEA.

Lions Become Unkinglike and Monkeys Ape Humanity.

Human beings are not the only ones who suffer from seasickness, by any means. One hears a good deal about the pangs that have filled men and women with woe, but little is said of the menageries brought to America every year, or carried hither and yon in wave-tossed boats.

Lions and tigers may be majestic when they have unwavering earth or rock against their paws, but a seasick cat of these tribes is as forlorn as any man ever was, and doesn't look a bit more kingly than a wet rabbit. Even its roars and growls have a weeping sound in them, quite in keeping with the general appearance of the beast.

A monkey is as pitiful an object when it is seasick as any other beast so stricken, and its forlorn facial expression is so human-like and the way it clasps its paws across its stomach is so natural that the man who is not seasick necessarily sees something to laugh at in the misery of the creature. Not so with the seasick man. If he sees a seasick monkey he is sure to swear furiously, thinking the poor thing is mocking him.

It takes a dog to be woeful at sea. It has a way of doubling all up, with its tail between its legs and head hanging down, that shows a deep-seated pain. To free himself the dog goes through all sorts of contortions. It will stretch out on the deck, groan and squeal, sometimes rising on its haunches, and lifting its head, howl long and miserably, as some dogs do at the sound of music.

HOW TO CLIMB STAIRS.

"I wish," says a physician, "that people generally understood how important it is to their physical welfare that they should go up and down steps as little as practicable, and that they should do it properly when at all. By properly I mean slowly, never faster than a walk, and planting the heel firmly on each step."

NEWS FROM THE MINES.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION BEING PUSHED AT ROSSLAND.

Some Skilful Engineering—British Capitalists Invest in the British Columbia Mines—Lands Transferred From Alaska—Many Rich Gold Placer Mines Now Included in Canadian Territory.

Advices received at Port Townsend say:—"The richest gold placer mines in Alaska have been transferred to Canadian territory, and miners are now paying a tax to the British authorities. The territory in question is from three to four miles in width, and embraces rich placer claims on Glacier and Miller creeks, which heretofore were supposed to be in Alaskan territory. The transfer of territory is the result of a resurvey recently made. Over two hundred miles are affected."

ROSSLAND'S RAILWAY.

The completion of the railway into Rossland has been eagerly awaited there, and the following, from the Rossland Miner shows that rapid and satisfactory progress is being made in its construction:—

"Work is now in full swing on the Columbia and Red Mountain railroad. If one desires to see an animated and inspiring spectacle he has but to take a trip down the Northport waggon road as far as the new buildings for the machinery plant of the 'O. K.' mine. Standing at that point one can look far down the Little Sheep creek gulch, and up as far as Red mountain, and see the grade of the railroad threading its way for miles along the west slope of Lookout mountain. Just opposite Chief Engineer Roberts has laid out some very pretty work. It is the finest piece of engineering on the entire road, and must attract much attention. A double loop has been made in order to maintain an easy grade. The line crosses Little Sheep creek, and passes down to a point near the new machinery plant of the 'O. K.' mine then recrosses the creek and travels up towards Rossland. By making this double loop, Mr. Roberts has saved 200 feet in grade, and at the same time added strikingly to the picturesqueness of the road. Just no wa large force of men is employed along this portion of the line, and it is a pretty sight to see them in patches, here and there, in sort of terraces, up and down the sides of the mountain, working out the somewhat complicated double loop.

"Passengers coming to Rossland over the Columbia and Red mountain will have always a beautiful piece of mountain scenery to welcome them as they approach the great mining centre. Coming up the west side of Deer Park mountain they will have the deep Little Sheep creek gorge to their left, and the long ridge-like O. K. mountain on the other side, while just above they will see the graceful conical peak of Spokane mountain, and directly in front the famous Red Mountain itself, the road in the meantime winding about the hills in the double loop like a serpent in its coils. The lower portion of the grade of the new road is now approaching completion, and tracklaying will be begun by the first of next month. The new 100-ton cable ferry boat has been put in at Northport, and is now in operation. Locomotives and loaded cars can be brought over the Columbia on this boat, and it will serve this purpurpose until the completion of the magnificent bridge this winter.

"The Red Mountain road will be completed into Rossland within the next sixty days, and it is therefore but a short time we have to wait for direct railroad connection with the outside world. The completion of the road will mark an important epoch in the history of Rossland and the Trail Creek camp."

A BRITISH COLUMBIAN VIEW.

In an article on the revival of mining in British Columbia, the Victoria, B.C., Colonists says:—"This progress in the development of gold finding and gold mining has been made with wonderfully little excitement, even in this province. Men have been slow to believe in the reality of alleged discoveries, and they have been skeptical with respect to the accounts of the richness of the deposits. They have asked for proof of the glowing accounts that came from the gold fields, and have waited patiently until it was forthcoming. Generally the results have exceeded expectations. The revival of the gold mining industry in this province has been so gradual and so quiet that the fact that British Columbia is again looked upon by the people of Great Britain and other distant countries as one of the most promising gold-producing regions in the world is regarded by British Columbians with something like surprise. They have for some little time been convinced of this themselves, but they had no idea that their conviction was shared by the active-minded and intelligent men and women of the Mother Country.

"The mining development of the province thus happily recommenced is certain to progress rapidly. It can only be retarded by the folly and the dishonesty of speculators in British Columbia. The greatest care should be taken to foster the faith in British Columbia's mineral wealth that has increased so rapidly and has extended so widely. The way to do this is very simple. It is to deal with investors honestly. This is a case in which honesty is conspicuously the best policy. Let no advantage be taken of the ignorance, the credulity, or the eagerness of possible investors. Let every project to which they are asked to subscribe be a sound and substantial one. Let no false or deceptive representations be made. Let the man who is willing to invest his money in British Columbia mines know exactly what he is doing. Wild-cat schemes, schemes that have been set on foot solely or principally for the enrichment of the projectors at the expense of confiding and credulous investors, should be sternly discouraged and promptly exposed. Everyone interested in the development of the mineral resources of the province must know that the successful operation of any such project is a serious injury to the whole province. It is of the utmost importance that the investing public should have the greatest possible confidence in British Columbia minng enterprises, and this confidence can only be won by conducting those enterprises in such a way as to deserve it; in short, by strictly honest dealing."

MERRY MOMENTS.

First clerk—"She's a married lady." Second clerk—"How do you know?" "She ordered two hammocks."

Mrs. Quiverful (sternly)—"What was going on in the parlor last night?" Ethel (blushing)—"Only my engagement ring, mamma."

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "er man puts on er long face an' says he's discouraged when he's simply too lazy ter try again."

He—"It's reported around that we are engaged." She—"Well, you know it's a mistake." He—"Yes; I called to see if I couldn't rectify it."

Mrs. Elmore—"I wonder how many stops that new organ of De Smyth's has got?" Elmore—"Only three, I should judge. One for each meal."

Her Father—"Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?" Suitor—"Well, she said you were aways a very generous parent."

"I see they are applying ball bearings to a great many things now." "Yes; they have a ball bearing sign down where I keep my watch."

Stern parent—"You say he is a genius. Geniuses seldom amount to much." Daughter—"But, pa, he promises that he will not work at it after we are married."

Hoax—"Poor Bjones has to run all the errands and cook his own meals." Joax—"What's the trouble?" Hoax—"He was foolish enough to buy his wife a bicycle."

Mr. Popleigh—"What would you think if I were to tell you that I had been dying by inches for you for years?" Miss Wanterwed—"I should think it—it was very sudden."

When in the brassy skies above
No hope nor help I see,
I gladly seek the girl I love—
She's always cool to me.

Spirit (at Lily Dale seance)—"Don't you know me? I'm the spirit of your mother-in-law." Investigator—"You can't fool me. My mother-in-law always brought her trunk with her."

"Yes; I realize that Jack was fast before our marriage, so I made allowance for him." "Yes; but how, pray?" "Well, till recently by teaching music, but I'm now trying stenography."

If I could gratify a wish,
My wealth would be untold,
The bags my trousers all possess
I'd have filled up with gold.

"Has your wife learned to ride a wheel?" "Nup; but she has been taking cooking lessons, and about every morning she goes into the kitchen and has a scorching competition with the cook."

"Isn't it too bad about Charlie Newed? I understand that since his marriage he and his wife have been living from hand to mouth." "Oh; I guess they're all right. It's her father's hand, you know."

Nell—"Miss Bjones uses French phrases in the most peculiar manner." Belle—"Does she?" Nell—"Yes, indeed! Why, at breakfast yesterday I asked her how she liked her eggs and she said they were very chick."

"Have you got it on you yet?" asked little Petey of his sister's bestest best. "W—w—what?" inquired the three night a week beau. "Why, a move. Sister said the other night she wished you'd hurry up and get a move on you."

Tom—"So the heiress refused Jack?" Dick—"Yes; it's too bad! He made a very fair proposition, too." Tom—"What was it?" Dick—"He promised to be a most devoted husband, and offered to refund the money if he did not turn out exactly as represented."

"Does your husband still call you pet names?" "Yes," said the wife of a year; "yes, he does. But he does so with a little too much ease, I think. It sort of sounds as if it were more the result of practice than the expression of undying affection."

"What do you wear such ill-fitting clothes for?" asked the bright young man in the natty summer suit of the elderly person in hand-me-downs. "To carry my money in," was the reply of the elderly person, and the young man began to talk in another direction."

Benson—"I'm almost crazy. I sent a letter to my broker, asking him whether he thought I was a fool, and another one to Miss Willets, asking her to drive, and I don't know which of them this telegram is from." Roberts—"What does it say?" Benson—"Simply 'Yes.'"

"If you don't give me a quarter," said little Willie, "I'm going to tell about your kissing sister." "But I hadn't even thought of kissing your sister," protested the young man. "You ain't?" said Willie, puzzled. "Then I wonder what she told me to say that to you for?"

Fenderson—"I consider it a good rule, and it's one I have tried to follow, to say bright things only once in a while; in that way my good things are remembered. If I was all the time getting off bright things they wouldn't be noticed." Fogg—"A very good rule; but, Fendy, don't you think you observe it too closely?"

THE LAST TRAFALGAR WIDOW.

More than ninety years after Trafalgar, a personal link with that day has passed away in a lady believed to be the sole surviving widow of an actual participator in the fights. It was under his uncle, Capt. Maurice Suckling, that Nelson went to sea, and under Nelson, in turn, Midshipman W. B. Suckling entered the British navy, and was present at Trafalgar; and though it is thirty-one years since the death of Admiral Suckling, his widow has only just died at the venerable age of 91. Mrs. Suckling, who had lived for about fifty years at Highwood, near Romsey, the residence of her only daughter, was ill for two days, and until then her daily paper, her needlework, her afternoon drive and her evening game at chess had not lost their interest for her.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

POWER OF HARMONIOUS SOUNDS OVER BODILY AILMENTS.

Curious Instances of Prompt and Permanent Relief—A Recognized Healing Agent in the Time of the Ancients.

The recent revival of the music cure seems to be pretty widespread, and the London "Lancet" has referred to it on various occasions. In its pages it is recorded that a prominent Russian physician, one Dr. Beschinsky, cured a little girl who was subject to nightmare and sleeplessness and on whom sundry recognized treatments had been tried in vain, by having the child's mother play on the piano Chopin's slow waltz in A minor, as something tender and soothing. Similar treatment was applied to a case of the same kind, with equal success, by one Dr. Berberoff. The "Lancet" does not state whether he prescribed Chopin. One commentator suggests that a simple lullaby sung by the mother would bring sleep to the child as effectually as Apollo's lyre.

Music has been tried as a hypnotic in the London Temperance Hospital with a fair measure of success. The system of bringing it into the sphere of practical therapeutics is also being introduced into various French hospitals; but the most notable step yet taken is the work of the London Guild of St. Cecilia, under the energetic and discriminating direction of Canon Harford, and with Dr. Blackmann as its medical spirit.

The guild proposes, among other things, to provide a large number of musicians ready at any moment to answer the summons of a physician, and specially trained to sing and play the

VERY SOFT MUSIC

that should be administered to those whose nerves are weakened by illness. It will obtain the best advice about the classes of illness liable to find music beneficial.

Already there have been numerous test cases of the most satisfactory kind. The guild has a permanent choir, consisting of three vocalists— soprano, contralto and baritone—and three instrumentalists—first and second violin and harp. Performances have been given at the St. Pancras Infirmary and the London Temperance Hospital. On one occasion a patient suffering from Dropsy, and another who had been hurt in a railway accident, both of whom had been shedding tears from nervous depression, were soothed by the music and testified that the pain kept off while it was being played, returning after it had ceased. A female patient suffering from melancholia, to whom a lullaby was played, told the nurse that she liked it very much. This was the first time she had spoken for a fortnight. A male patient, suffering from delirium tremens, became calm and attentive on listening to the music.

Canon Harford draws a distinction between the music that should be given to alleviate pain and that to produce sleep. In the latter case he thinks it should be very soft and monotonous, while when meant to distract the mind from pain it should be of a more attractive order, but still soft. He says it is difficult to find vocalists who can sing very piano, and proposes to have them trained with this particular object in view. It has not been clearly determined whether lively and exhilarating airs may not be desirable in some cases, but it is thought that soft music, at least, runs no risk of injuriously exciting the patient.

Dr. Blackmann asserts that violins have the greatest therapeutic value, harps coming next, while he thinks tenors should sing to female patients and sopranos to male. Both he and the worthy canon have decided from their experiences that music is

A PATENT MEDICINE,

and its effects should be as carefully studied as those of any other medicine.

Some one suggests that the natural development of this new school of the healing art should be pursued and the composers properly classified, as the patient needing a dose of Haydn might be seriously affected by having Wagner administered. Another writer jocularly inquires if the druggist of the future will have to be a graduate of a conservatory of music, and if the new drug will be in liquid form. He hopes the latter, as he has found so much lately of an opposite nature. He reminds druggists, too, that the remedy has been so greatly slaughtered in the past, the public might be spared the announcement of a cut in prices, and asks if the music-boxes forming part of the stock in trade of the up-to-date apothecary shop are merely forerunners of this final condition of affairs.

There is always more or less that is ludicrous connected with every attempt to grope through mysterious passages to the light. The zealous will stumble and blunder, and perhaps be guilty of many absurd attempts. Nevertheless, if the goal be a noble one, and the intentions of the gropers be honest and pure, the striving will not be fruitless.

The air is full just now of desire and effort to grasp the truest methods of music study, the best means of applying the divine art as a source of discipline and elevation and of appropriating, to the largest possible degree, the blessings it contains within itself for humanity. Whatever there may be in this latest attempt to mate music and medicine to excite the risibles of the fun-lover, at least all must admit that no harm can result from it. If it simply leads some of those who have been blessed with musical talent and training to minister to the ills of their less-favored fellow-creatures, a great and charitable work will be accomplished.

A HARDY INSECT.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the North Pole.