

LOTTA'S BURGLAR.

A College Sketch.

It was unprecedented at Erisham for the students to break out so late in the term. Still more unprecedented was it for a potent and reverend senior to have any share in the mischief. Yet, only three nights before commencement the students "le le fore commencement" and Tom Anstruther was head of the procession. They nailed up and front of the chapel door the sign "To Providence and way-stations," stolen from the men's serenaded obnoxious memoranda. They serenaded obnoxious memoranda. They built a large bonfire on the campus, and indulged in a promiscuous song and dance performance around it.

In the midst of the uproar there was the cry of "Faculty! faculty!" followed by an instant hush. The students scattered in all directions, Anstruther as fast as any—faster, indeed, when he found himself closely followed. His particular pursuer appeared to be one of the younger and more active of the professors, who quite caught the spirit of the chase. Tom found it impossible to shake him off. Was the valedictorian of the graduating class to be caught thus ignominiously?

An open basement window gave him an inspiration. He sped past it; then, doubling cleverly on his foe, sprang through it, laughing to hear his pursuer's footsteps grow fainter in hot pursuit up the street.

Up stairs Lotta Desmond was brushing out her pretty brown hair preparatory to retiring. On her daintily-frilled toilet-table, looking oddly out of place, lay Couin's Jim's revolver. Her uncle and cousin had solemnly installed Lotta as the man of the house during their absence. Jim had reminded her of the exploits of brave Mrs. Brown and plucky Mrs. Peters, as recorded by the *Daily Chronicle*. The first of these ladies had, unarmed and alone, held a burglar captive until help came. The second, under like circumstances, had completely routed two desperate villains.

And Lotta had demanded Jim's pistol, and declared that she only longed for a chance to emulate their heroism. And Jim had promised to watch the papers for a similar mention of Miss Desmond.

So Lotta smiled when her eyes fell on the pistol, for as yet no opportunity for glory had come to her, and Jim would be home tomorrow.

Just then her aunt came into the room, fancying, as she had fancied every night since her husband's departure, that she "heard a noise, and would dear Lotta, who was so fearless, mind going down stairs to investigate."

So Lotta thrust her little bare feet into slippers, threw on a wrapper, and sallied forth, pistol in hand.

Aunt Lucy detained her with a last word in case it should be any one, to "let her know immediately, but otherwise not to disturb her, as she was exceedingly fatigued."

With a dim recollection that the dinner-room window had been closed, the young girl made her noiseless way thither at once. The gas had been put out and a miserable candle left burning. What Lotta saw by its dim light was a tall young man, rather roughly clad.

"Alas! Tom, usually something of a dandy had that night donned his poorest array, his hair disordered, his clothes grimed with dust and soil, from which not even his face had escaped, stood coolly examining her uncle's silver. Spirit of Mrs. Brown and Mrs.—the old lady—inspire her.

"Drop that, or I fire!"

Tom turned with a start. What he saw was a pretty girl in a charming negligee, whose voice and hand shook as she uttered this doughty threat, and in whose face a certain look of determination, a look of one frightened at her own daring, appealed to his sense of humor. But it would never do to laugh at her. Besides, that pistol in her uncertain, unfamiliar hand was no joke. So he said, with due humility:

"I surrender. But for Heaven's sake, put up that revolver! You are as likely to shoot yourself as me."

"Not at all," she replied, evidently nettled; "I am perfectly accustomed to using it."

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him with much outward severity and not a few inward tremors, think, withal, that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado that he is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho! Tom rapidly determined to see the adventure through. Time enough to make his escape should she call for help, or should any fresh complication arise. He hoped she was not going to keep him standing all night. Presently he ventured to suggest that she could mount guard over him quite as well seated.

Lotta assented gladly. Her burglar was quite a model, she thought. And why should she encumber herself with that unnecessary pistol, of which she acknowledged to herself, she was much more afraid than was her prisoner.

Accordingly she laid it carefully down within reach. Then, with what seemed to Tom a most amazing underrating of his strength, she announced her intention of holding him until assistance should arrive.

To him the situation was not without its charm. It does not often happen to any of us that a pretty girl will insist on sitting next to us and holding our hand—and that she was pretty, exceedingly pretty, Anstruther managed to satisfy himself in spite of the stinky light.

Once or twice he addressed a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempt at conversation.

And so they sat in silence, while the candle burned low and finally went out, and the cold, gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Lotta to change her position. And, looking curiously at her, the young man discovered that his stern guardian was asleep.

How long and dark were the lashes resting on the fair cheek, he thought, gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in its wealth of nut-brown hair. Surely none of the young lady's ball-dresses could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper.

Tom was strongly tempted in his character of robber to steal a kiss, but there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that

kept him from doing so. He withdrew his hands from her without awakening her—such cold, soft hands! And no wonder. The chill breath of early morning made him shiver, although it was June.

He might as well make her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall. On the hat-stand lay a heavy shawl. In it he wrapped his unconscious captor as well as he could, then left through the still open window.

If Miss Desmond was not the belle of the College hall, it was because, strictly speaking, there were no belles of balls. But, in the language of other young ladies, she "received a great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther composedly requested the pleasure of a dance, and before she could collect herself sufficiently to refuse, his arm encircled her, and they were gliding over the polished floor in perfect time and measure.

"You have my step exactly," said Miss Desmond, when they stopped.

"Have I? Then it must be a direct inspiration, for I never was known to keep time with any one before."

Now did ever a man waltz to perfection without knowing it? Lotta looked at him a little contemptuously. Her thought did him injustice. Tom was not affecting modesty, only making talk to keep off the question he expected.

"May I take you into the library? There is an anxious-looking youth I should like to avoid. I suspect that I have stolen his dance."

"If you have, you are only pursuing your profession of a robber," laughed Miss Desmond. "What were you doing that night in uncle's dining-room?"

Then it all came out, and Tom explained and apologized, seated in an alcove of the great college library.

"And how frightened you were when I and the pistol appeared upon the scene?" said the lady, maliciously.

"I was not!" he said, indignantly.

"You turned pale."

"Then we must have been a well-matched pair for courage. The pistol shook so in your hand that I was afraid it would go off accidentally. That was the worst feature of the case, for I do not yet believe that you would have been blood-thirsty enough to shoot me."

"I am sure I would not. I was immensely relieved to wake up and find my captive fled."

"What did you do?"

"Counted the spoons and went to bed."

"The spoons were all right. There was but one thing stolen that night."

"Mercy! what was that?"

"Only the burglar's heart"—sentimentally.

Lotta looked at him and began to laugh. Then she said:

"You might advertise for it as people do for stolen articles. You might say, 'Of no value to any one but the owner.'"

"Thank you but I am not sure that I want it returned," said Anstruther, laughing, too, but letting his eyes rest upon her face until the warm color surged up beneath his gaze.

"Thou hast a thief in either eye. Would steal it back again."

he quoted low.

Lotta was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared at the doorway.

"Before that fellow comes, can't you promise me one more dance?" murmured Anstruther.

"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one, if you are going to stay till the end."

How Miss Desmond contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner until the end of the evening, need not be told. It is certain that she enjoyed no dance as she did that last one with Tom. And then Tom's worst enemy could not criticize his dancing.

As he relinquished her to her cousin's care, Anstruther heaved a sigh of exaggerated but real regret.

Then Lotta put out an impulsive little hand, and said hastily:

"Mr. Burglar, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows enough to call in a more orthodox way, I shall be pleased to see you."

"Thank you," murmured Anstruther, pressing the soft, warm hand with quick, unnecessary warmth.

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with ardor. Lotta's burglar laid hot siege to her affections, and before long induced her to set up house-keeping—I had almost written house-breaking—with him.

The Keen Enemy of Women.

Quiz says: "A man's foes are those of his own household, and the keenest enemy of women are women themselves. No one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high landed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is peculiarly feminine, and is practiced by the best bred of her sex. Women are always more or less antagonistic to each other. They are gregarious in fashions and emulative in follies, but they cannot combine; they never support their weak sisters; they shrink from those who are stronger than the average; and if they would speak the truth boldly they would confess a radical contempt for each other's intellect, which, perhaps, is the real reason why the sect of the 'emancipated' commands so small a following. Half a dozen ordinary men advocating 'emancipation' doctrines would do more toward leveling the whole bulk of woman-kind than any number of first-class women. Where they do stand by each other it is from instinctive or personal affection, rather than from class solidarity. And this is one of the most striking distinctions of sex, and one cause, among others, why men have the upper hand, and why they are able to keep it."

A box addressed to a person in Lyons, which has been unclaimed for three months, was opened on Wednesday by the police and found to contain dynamite.

Expatriating Himself from All Over.

General Sir Garnet Wolseley has arrived in Trieste, on his way to England.

The Corporation of Dublin has refused to vote General Wolseley the freedom of the city.

Congratulations to the King upon his escape from assassination are pouring in from all parts of Serbia.

Picards recommending the assassination of leading politicians have been posted in Marseilles, St. Etienne and Creuzot.

Letters received in Cairo from Khartoum show that Egyptian rule in the Southern Provinces has received a disastrous if not crushing blow.

It is believed that the cost of the war in Egypt will amount to nearly £4,000,000, exclusive of the expense of the army of occupation and the Indian contingent.

The Government have clues to a vast revolutionary organization, in accordance with which France is divided into local federations, directed by the committee in Geneva.

The troops at Fort George, Scotland, have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the Island of Skye, to maintain order during the service of processes upon crofters.

It is stated that the flagship "Northampton" will leave Halifax for Antigua on the 20th of next month. H. M. warship "Firebrand" is to sail in a day or two for Jamaica.

Mrs. Langtry received a despatch in New York from the Prince of Wales, saying:—"I am glad to hear of your safe arrival. The Princess and myself wish you a prosperous tour."

The French Minister of Justice has applied to the Court of Cassation to have the persons arrested in connection with the rioting at Montceau Les Mines brought before the Paris tribunal.

A deputation will arrive in Ottawa from Winnipeg shortly to petition the Government to commute the death sentence of Levesque, formerly of Ottawa, whose execution is fixed for the 24th proximo.

The cutter "Corwin," which has arrived at Sitka from an extended cruise in the Arctic, found at St. Lawrence Bay over 100 decomposed bodies of natives. The survivors said the mortality was caused by starvation.

New York insurance circles are excited over the report that the company in Ireland and another in Scotland are about to establish agencies in that city. Foreign competition has already driven several local companies out of the business.

Some trouble has arisen between the Christian Brothers and the Grey Nuns in connection with separate school teaching, the former having refused to teach in the same building, and the Board of Separate Trustees have the matter under consideration.

Mapoch, the native chief now at war, insulted agents of the Transvaal Government, and refuses to pay taxes or obey the laws. The Boer Government ordered 2,000 men to capture Mampoor, the murderer of Secoceni. They are not to interfere with Mapoch, unless he resists Mampoor's arrest. It is believed the campaign will be short.

The British Government has made a fresh proposal to Egypt in regard to the indemnity commission, according to which Egypt will have two representatives on the commission, and England and France one each. The United States and Greece will be invited to send representatives. Other minor states will have collective representation.

Among the correspondence of Arabi are an important letter from an aid-de-camp of the Sultan and several letters from the Sheikh Ul Islam. Mr. Brodley, Arabi's counsel states that the latter's letters throw light upon numerous telegrams found at Tel-el-Kebir.

The list of witnesses to be examined by the commission at Constantinople is increasing. It is seriously stated that the Egyptian Government has no intention of doing anything to prevent the proceedings following their due course, whatever may be attempted by the Porte.

The "Corwin" reports that at Point Barrow Signal Station Lieut. Ray made a sledge journey of 100 miles eastward, and discovered an unknown river apparently as large as the Missouri. The Indians near the signal station are showing discontent, but the party are able to defend themselves.

There are incessant complaints in regard to the treatment of families of rebel prisoners by the Khedive's employees. Arabi's family shift their residence almost daily to avoid violence. Arabi has been again insulted by the Circassian guard. Two notables accused of aiding Arabi with money are chained together in an underground dungeon foul beyond description.

The Government intend to present a powerful binocular glass to Captain C. W. Lebuff, of the brigantine "F. H. Odienne," of St. John's, Nfld., in acknowledgement of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the brigantine "Pride of Chaleur," of Chatham, N. B., which was abandoned on the 15th of May, 1882, on the voyage from Barbadoes to Montreal.

A letter dated "New York, October 22nd," received by Captain C. W. Allen from Dr. Bowen, of Winnipeg, contains the following in reference to Senator John Schultz, which will be read with interest by that gentleman's friends:—"I am glad to inform you that the doctor is improving in health every day, although I fear it will take him a long time before we can call him well."

At the opening of the Commission Court in Dublin, Judge Barry, charging the grand jury, said, although the cases to come before the Court were few, they were most serious. He believed there was direct evidence against the ten men charged with murdering the Joyce family. He could not say whether the fewness of the cases under the Crimes Act was due to the improvement of the country.

Mr. Egan has been requested to send a telegram to Mr. Mooney, at Buffalo, President of the Irish National Land League of the United States, informing him that the only money paid to members of Parliament

Is All Done

was given for this purpose, including the expenses of Messrs. Farrell and Dillon to America. Mr. Sexton received £300 salary yearly, not £700, as alleged.

Sir Charles Tupper who recently arrived home from the North-West was interviewed by a reporter. He went as far as the end of the track on the C. P. Railway, near Salt Town, 82 miles west of Moosejaw Creek, and about 490 miles west of Winnipeg. Rails are now being laid at the rate of three miles per day. He speaks very highly of the country and climate. He was at Salt Town, the end of the track, on Saturday last. He was greatly surprised at the rapid growth of Winnipeg.

The Swiss, Ninet, writes protesting that he only served Arabi in the ambulance. He gives a graphic account of the filthy condition of his prison in Cairo. He says the thumbscrews were put on him during the journey from Cairo to Alexandria. At the latter place he was thrust into a prison filthier than at Cairo and swarming with vermin, was robbed by the gaolers and then put on a vessel for deportation to Smyrna, but was smuggled ashore at Piræus by the aid of an American officer of the ship. He went thence to Berne. Ninet believes there are 3,000 innocent men in Egyptian prisons such as he described.

Panama advices to the 15th inst. say:—Peruvian advices state that the Monteneros continue their raid on friend and foe. The Chilians continue to hang and shoot them in dozens. Calderon refuses to concede the Chilean demands, which have been wonderfully moderate. Chili's offer to assume the settlement of foreign claims has brought into the field a host of claimants. Iglesias, formerly Minister of War under Pirola, and lately commander in the north, has called a congress of the seven northern departments, to determine if peace should not be made. His proclamation strongly urges the necessity of peace.

They Didn't Sell Stoves.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern, and timidly inquired:

"Do you keep stoves here?"

"Yes'm."

"Coal stoves?"

"Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter, and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged, and the flues situated, and he talked of double draughts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that, and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the very same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began his usual thirty minute lecture on the Michigan, the Detroit and the Peninsular base-burners. The beautiful nickel-plate, the place for the tea-kettle, the ornamented legs—the anti-clinker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called again that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk, and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. That was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired:

"I suppose you keep coal stoves?"

"No ma'am."

"Not any kind?"

"Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark:

"Well, I don't know as I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to look at some of the latest makes."

Speed in War Vessels.

The French have lately launched a new turreted ironclad, the *Arethuse*, carrying four steel guns in her turrets, besides a battery of twelve smaller guns. Her engines are intended to develop as high as 4,200 horse-power, giving her an average sea speed of 16 knots an hour. Her length is 296 feet 8 inches between perpendiculars, and her displacement about 3,380 tons.

It is but a few years since our Naval Advisory Board recommended the building of unarmored cruisers to have a speed of 15 knots. The inability of such cruisers to cope in speed with unarmored vessels like the *Arizona* and the *Alaska*, which would be promptly converted into cruisers in case of war with a commercial power, was pointed out the moment the recommendation of the Advisory Board was submitted.

In the *Arethuse* the proposed cruisers would meet an antagonist which they could as little fight as run away from with any hope of success and the naval constructors of other nations are not likely to rest until still higher speeds are attained by ironclads, as they have already been by lighter vessels.

It would be consistent with the general conduct of the naval affairs to go on with the building of 12 knot cruisers, admirably appointed to secure the comfort of officers on official picnics and practically useless in time of war; but it may be questioned whether the people, who have to foot the bills, will be at all pleased to have it done.

If the navy department cannot design or get designed a cruiser capable of making or approaching twenty knots, the reconstruction of our antiquated navy had better be postponed until the department itself has been reconstructed.

French Nihilists.

The French Cabinet has decided to prosecute the speaker at the anarchist meeting in Lyons who said he was quite ready to murder President Grevy. Since the explosion of bombs in Lyons, similar explosions have occurred at Montpellier and Lille. The trial of the rioters in Montceau Les Mines has been postponed, owing to the numerous attempts to intimidate the jury. It is reported that the police have discovered proofs of the existence of an international association, having for its object the destruction of property. Its headquarters are supposed to be in Geneva. The directing committee in Switzerland comprises several prominent Nihilists.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Five Minutes' Select Reading.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Current, Fishy, and Painted.

DOMESTIC.

Miellue & Co.'s lumber-mill at Montreal has been burned down.

There is some excitement in Kingston over differences in the Board of Education.

Mr. Shannon, the new secretary of the Quebec Y. M. C. A. has arrived in that city.

Premier Norquay has been compelled to rescind the liquor licenses granted at Rat Portage.

The amount which it is likely to cost Montreal on the Canada Pacific depot is about \$700,000.

An arbitration is proceeding over a claim of \$120,000 by the contractors for section 8 of the Lachine Canal.

A committee has been appointed at Montreal to arrange for the reception of the British Science Association in 1884.

Mr. Thomas Turner a night-watchman in the Thorold woollen mill, was recently caught in the shafting and instantly killed.

The Mohawk election for Tyndinaga took place on the reserve recently. Chief Anansothkah was re-elected head chief.

The vote in Fredricton, N. B., upon the petition to repeal the Canada Temperance Act resulted in the Act being sustained by forty majority.

The case against young May, of Gananoque, held on a charge of bank stealing, has evidently been settled, as the young man has been allowed to depart unmolested.

A horse standing near the Notre Dame Hospital, at Montreal, suddenly grasped its owner, James Rodgers, by the nose, and bit it off. The carter entered the hospital, and had the fragments sowed on again.

B. B. Conkey, pay-master of Langdon, Shepherd & Co., was accidentally shot while driving in a buggy paying the graders on the Canadian Pacific Railway, two hundred miles west of Brandon. He is recovering.

GENERAL.

In the coming Italian elections the Government expects an overwhelming majority.

The members of the anarchist federations in Paris and suburbs alone number 1,229.

News have been received of the massacre by natives of three boats crews at Basket Island, off the coast of Costa Rica.

UNITED STATES.

Professor A. X. Willard died suddenly of neuralgia of the heart at Little Falls the other morning.

A thousand cases of fever and three hundred and twenty-five deaths are reported from Camargo, Mexico.

Chicago is much exercised over the mysterious disappearance of a respectable young lady named Mary Winchester.

The boiler of the tug *Desoto* exploded at Memphis killing Dennis Bohler, watchman, and Joe Holman, a negro.

At Jazewell, Ga., Charles Hurd, aged 20, attempted to beat his sister, aged 24, when she shot and killed him.

John Heiser, aged 63, formerly a trunk manufacturer at Milwaukee, has disappeared with \$25,000, leaving his family destitute.

On Jubilee Day at Memphis, thirty thousand people witnessed the procession of manufacturing and business interests.

Frank H. Fall, charged with offending Brown \$2,500 for his vote as a juror of the Star Route trials, has surrendered.

At Charlotte, N. C., there is much excitement over the alleged discovery by Dr. Gregory of a lotion, which it is claimed, turns the skin of negroes white. A man who it is alleged was bleached is now being examined by physicians.

Husband and Wife on the Comet.

So it isn't to be wondered at that when my wife got up the other morning at three o'clock and told me to turn out, for the comet was rising, I objected! I said that I didn't take any interest in comets at three o'clock in the morning; that I had seen comets of various kinds—long-tailed, short-tailed and bob-tailed in assorted sizes, and I didn't want any comet on my plate! She said the tail of this one was 75,000,000 miles long, and I said that I didn't care if it was a million or more miles longer and had just come out of curl papers and had insects in it. She said that Prof. Barnard had noticed a split in its head and that it was 2,000 miles across the split, and I said if the head was as long as reported—34,000 miles—the tired thing was just gaping and that the split would close as soon as it had yawned enough. Finally I told her that if she would come back to bed I would buy her a small comet to wear on her winter hat.

"But I can't wear one with so long a tail," said she as she put her cold feet on the small of my back.

"Oh, yes," said I, "it won't be much longer than the height of style."—*Oucosso Press.*

Railway Photography.

Instantaneous photography, in its more familiar aspect, supposes motion of the objects photographed; but another form of it is that in which it is the camera, more especially, that has motion of translation, as in photographing from balloons or trains. The practicability of photographing landscapes from the window of a train running at a rate of even forty miles an hour has been recently proved by Dr. Cadeze, who uses what he calls a gyrograph for the purpose. The apparatus comprises a copper tube similar to that which carries the lenses in ordinary cameras, but the lenses are placed on opposite sides parallel to the axis. Within is a shutter similar to the box of a stopcock; it presents two quadrangular apertures, which, according to the position of the shutter, do or do not let pass the light rays in making a quarter of a turn. This rotary movement is obtained by means of a spring liberated from a catch. An exposure of only one one-hundredth of a second may be had. With a little practice wonderfully distinct views, it is said, can be obtained with the apparatus.