CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

SUSETTE MARTON. Stella tried to drag away her hand from under his arm. She was getting frightened at the results of her escapade.

"Please let me go, monsieur. I am going away-it is late; I am not going to stop any

longer.' "Nonsense, you silly little thing; I am not going to let you go. I shall take you home myself. Tell me where you live.'

They stood alone at the corner of the landing at the foot of the stairs. Norman had caught hold of both her hands, and stood holding her tightly.

Stella turned red and white alternately. Oh! what a dreadful position she had brought herself to by her own folly. To be held like this against her will, by a strange young man she had never seen before; to be made love to; to be asked where she lived, and told she would be taken home by him, as i she were a common shop-girl of the town? Oh! what a terrible shameful situation for Miss King to be placed in!

"Monsieur," she said, in a low voice, and ceasing to struggle, for she found it was useless, he held her in a grasp of iron; "monsieur, I must entreat you to let me go. is late, and I am obliged to go away; let me go, I implore you."

"Not till you have paid toll, you little witch," cried Norman, speaking in English in his excitement.

She did not understand him; but she struggled once more to free herself, and managed somehow to get up two or three steps of the stairs, and then, suddenly, before she knew well what was coming, he had caught her round the waist, and was showering down kisses- hot, mad kisses, such as her innocent little childish soul had never even dreamt of—all over her lips, and eyes, and hot, burning cheeks.

"There, and there, and there!" he cried. "Now you may go as much as you like, Mademoiselle Susette Marton.'

"How dare you-how dare you!" cried Stella, to his amazement, in very perfect English. "I wish I could kill you, you wicked man!"

And then she flies madly up the stairs; and Mr. Norman Allingham stands looking after her with a vague sense of having made an awful and terrible mistake.

He goes back into the dancing-room, thinking that in time she will come down again, and that he will apologize to her; for it does not occur to him that she lives in the house, only that she ran up-stairs to escape him.

But though he stands near the open doorway watching for her for a long time, the pretty Swiss girl appears to him no more that night.

## CHAPTER III.

GRANDPAPA'S WISHES. "Tell Miss Stella I want to speak to her."

wears a widow's cap of an awful and uncomis the sort of woman one feels instinctively will get her own way in life. The little French bonne is clearing away

the cloth after the mid-day dejeuner, which the widow and her family have adopted, together with many other customs of the land they live in. In an inner room Stella and Celly are

stooping over their lesson-books together, at a table in the window, preparing their history for the day's classes at the college.

There is a good deal of whispering going on between the two that has very little to do with the wars of Charlemagne, which is the ostensible subject of these young ladies' studies. "Do you mean to say he kissed you?"

whispers Cecily. "Oh! Cecily, promise me you will never

tell," replies her sister, crimson with the magnitude of her confession. "Do you mean to say you didn't like it?"

"Oh! Cecily, it was awful!" "Well," doubtfully, "I rather think I

should not have minded much. He is so handsome." "How can you say such a dreadful thing?

If you were older you would understand. Fancy being held against one's will, and kissed and hugged like a common girl! Oh! I think I shall die of the shame of it!" "Well, it was partly your own fault,

Stella. Of course, if you dressed up like those other girls, and called yourself Susette Marton, you brought it upon yourself."

"Yes, that is the worst of it," agrees Stella, humbly, with a deep sigh. "It is chiefly my own fault; but on! how I hope I shall never, never see that dreadful young man again. I should sink into the earth with humiliation!"

"Cheer up, Stella!" says Cecily, with a scrape?" "It might have been worse. It might have been Gaston, the waiter from the Inn, or Pierre, the porter's son from next door, who wears a beard and smells of smoke, who kissed you! That would have been far worse."

Miss King seemed scarcely amenable to consolation from these cheering suggestions. She sighed again; and then came a mes age from the next room that her mother wanted

Poor Stella obeyed trembling. She went into her mother's presence white with terror. Was it possible that her last night's escapade had come to Mrs. King's ears, and

that she was about to be scolded for it? "Shut the door, Stella; I have something important to say to you."

Yes, it must be that. Stella shut the door, and shivered.

Mrs. King took an open letter from the writing-table before her.

"My dear Stella, you are no longer a child. You are seventeen and a half, and it is time that I should speak seriously to you."

"Yes, mamma." "I wish to tell you something about your grandfather, from whom I had a letter a few days ago."

Stella breathed more freely. Her grandfather could have no possible connection with the procession of Swiss peasants at Madame Halevy's fancy dance.

"You have never seen your grandfather, Stella, and I dare say you have often wondered why ; the fact is, he very much disapproved of your father's marriage. I was poor, and my people were not aristocratically connected. Old Mr. King had other views for his only son, and when your poor dear father insisted on marrying me, he was very angry indeed, and told him he would disinherit him and never see his face again. The only other child was a daughter; she, on the contrary, married very well and quite according to her parents' wishes. She had one son, whom Mr. King instantly made his heir, and during the whole of your father's lite he continued inexorable towards him. But now both son and daughter are dead and Mr. King is growing old, I suppose he is sorry for having been so hard and unforgiving; for some weeks ago he wrote to me and proposed to me a plan for our advantage, that is to say, for you and Cecily. I said nothing about it then, but now the time is come when I must tell you. Mr. King, of course, having brought up his grandson as his heir, must leave the house and property, which is a very nice one, to him; but he has

sent to marry his grandson, your cousin." "Mamma!" Up to this point Miss Stella had paid but very little attention to her mamma's description of old family feuds and quarrels that had happened before she was born. She was looking out of the window and trying to count the pigeons that were whirling round and round the gray Cathedral towers that stood up tall and venerable over the crowd of pointed red roofs that clustered at their feet. What did she care about old Mr. King and his affairs? he was nothing to her; she only felt rather bored, and wished she might go back to Cecily and talk over last night to her again. But at her mother's last words she started, and opened her blue eyes to their very widest; she was all attention now. "Marry him, mamma!"

besides that a considerable fortune, of which

he generously purposes to leave two-thirds

to one of my daughters, and one third to

the other, on condition that one of you con-

"Yes, the one of you who marries him will have the largest share of the fortune of course should you neither of you do so, it is doubtful what he will do with his money, though he says he will provide for you in any case; but he would probably leave you | perfect docility, became the wives of the men only a comparatively small sum; however, we need not talk of that, because of course you will be good girls and do as you are told. You, as the eldest, are the one who will have the first chance; of course Cecily is a mere child."

"But, mamma, how can I marry a man I have never seen?"

"My dear, that difficulty is easily overcome; your cousin arrived at Valency yesterday, and I have just had a note from him to say he will call immediately, and that is why I am telling you about it, that you may receive him, when he comes, with modesty of course, as befits your sex and years, but also graciously and pleasantly, remembering that he is the person whom your friends have destined to be your husband."

Stella's face was a study. There was a pretty flush upon her cheeks, and she looked down and twisted her fingers in and out of Mrs. King is sitting with a number of open | the crape folds of her dress, with a little letters before her the following morning. smile upon her lips. After all it was a fine She is severely dressed in heavy crape, and | thing to be considered grown-up and be told that she was to have a lover. She was not promising nature. She has very marked at all averse to the notion. She thought features, and glittering steel gray eyes. She | how Marie and Josephine and Clare at the classes, who were always wishing they had lovers, would envy her, and, above all, what Cecily would say of it.

She thought it would be delightful to tell them all about it, and that some day she would be married, and have a fine trousseau from Paris like the Perfect's daughter had last summer. But I don't think she thought a bit about the unknown cousin who was coming to see her.

"Make haste and clear away the breakfast things," said Mrs. King to the maid. "There is a gentleman coming to see me this morning."

room, which was large and airy, with three windows looking on to the Cathedral Square. In the smaller room at the back, the girls learnt their lessons, and the maid sat at her needle-work. The breakfast things having been removed, the table was pushed up into a corner, and another smaller one, carrying | place like Wrexham if one hasn't any money books and photographs, took its place. Mrs. King brought out a great china bowl full of flowers and placed it in the centre. In a few minutes the room looked habitable and pretty, like the abode of a lady.

"It is time for us to go to the College," said Stella, who watched her mother's operations without offering to help her.

"I wish you to stay at home this morning; tell Cecily to put on her hat and go

without you." This edict imparted a solemnity to the proceedings which rather frightened Stella;

she began to have a vague feeling of nervousness concerning the expected visitor. Cecily, unenlightened, but wondering, was sent off by herself. She was only able

to whisper a word to her sister.

"No; it has nothing to do with it," whispered Stella back. "I will tell you when you come home."

deprived of her sister's companionship she consoled herself by spending four sous in | nestly. barley-sugar sticks, from the old woman who kept an open-air stall at the corner of the Cathedral Square. At sixteen consolations

are easily to be found. Meanwhile Stella wandered restlessly about from one window to the other.

"Cannot you get your tency-work and sit still?" said her mother, and anybody might almost have imagined that austere lady to be possessed herself with a spirit of nervousness and disquiet, for her letter progressed but slowly under her pen.

"You know I hate fancy-work, mamma." "Nevertheless, Stella, I think it would look better, more self-contained, more ladylike, if you were to take your work in your hands. I should like your cousin to be well impressed by you, and to think that you were womanly and well brought up."

"My cousin must take me as he finds me," answers Stella, with a little toss of her

Mrs. King looked displeased, and a little bit puzzled. "I think, perhaps, my dear, that it will be better for you to go to your own room now, as I may wish to say a few words to your cousin alone. When I want you I will come and find you.'

Very well, mamma, as you like," an-"It will certain. swered Stella, carelessly. ly be pleasanter than sitting by with my fancy-work. By the way, what is his name, for you have not told me that yet? And

how old is he?" "His name is Norman Allingham, and he must be, I should think, about four-andtwenty. Hush ! I hear some one coming upstairs. I think you had better go to your room now."

Stella made her escape to the bedroom, which she and Cecily shared together, which was on the same storey, but along the narrow passage that led to the back of the house. No sooner had she reached it in safety than she heard a ring at the door of the little vestibule, and the tread of a man's footstep being ushered in.

He must have come now. She leant against the window-frame, and looked idly out, waiting for her mother's summons. There were no Cathedral towers to be seen from this side of the house, and no whirling flocks of pigeons to be counted. There was nothing amusing at all to be looked at, only a great many gray and red roofs, and a countless number of chimney pots. There was a long row of linen fluttering in the wind upon some leads, and a great deal of shouting and crying from the portiere's dirty, little children in the court-yard next door, which, however, was too far below to be seen.

All this soon ceased to interest Stella. What a very long time her mother was in sending for her; and what on earth could they be talking about all this time? Was it | her fair young face. her own virtues, moral and physical, that were being discussed? or was the unknown cousin bargaining for a fair choice between herself and Cecily? It was all rather irritating, of course; but then Stella did not feel about such discussions as most English girls would have done. She had seen so much of these marriages, which were all settled beforehand between the parents on both sides, since she had been in France, that it did not strike her as anything at all extraordinary that her fate should be ordered for her in the same manner.

When a French girl was old enough, then her relations began to look about for a parti, and, when he was found, the young people were brought together, and nine out of ten girls did what their parents wished with whom they were told to marry, and were perfectly happy and contented ever after.

There was nothing at all astonishing to Stella in this method of procedure. Only she did wonder what kept her mother ta'king for so very long to this young man.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes went by, and Stella began to think that she was forgotten altogether, when all at once she heard her mother's step along the corridor, and Mrs. King came in.

"You must have thought I was never coming tor you," she said. "The fact is your cousin has insisted upon seeing you for the first time alone. I do not think it is at all correct, and I don't think he should have asked for such a thing. But he was so urgent about it, that I have been obliged to yield. Go into the salon, my dear, and don't be he began. nervous."

Stella went slowly along the passage. She wondered what he had got to say to her that he had positively insisted on seeing her

She stood on the landing half a minute, holding the handle of the door irresolutely. At last she summoned up her courage, and went in.

A tall young man, with fair hair, turned round suddenly at her entrance. It was the hero of her last night's adven-

## CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPER OF A FURY.

Before ever he had come to the tall old house in the Cathedral Square that morning. Norman Allingham had made up his mind that he would, in the first place, ask for a private interview with the young cousin The little family lived entirely in this front | whom his grandfather rather peremptorily had desired him to marry. No doubt the marriage would be a very good arrangement if it could be brought about, for when Mr. King had unfolded his plans to him he had said to himself-"She will have all the money, and what on earth is the good of a

to keep it up?" Wrexham was an enormous and insatiable monster, which devoured its own rents as fast as it made them, and without a large balance at one's banker's it would become an anomaly. A poor man owning it might just as well be a pauper at once; and, since Mr. King had determined to leave all his other property away to his son's daughter, Norman felt that the heirship of Wrexham was a boon which few men would think it necessary to be thankful for.

It was very hard on him, certainly, this whim of the old man's; but, as Mr. King had taken pains to explain to him, if he only would consent to do what he wished it need make no difference at all to his prospects. Norman had consented—grudgingly and un-"Is it about last night? Are you in a | willingly certainly, but still he had told his grandfather he would at all events go and see the unknown bride he had designed for him; and, knowing very well how important to his future his marriage would be, he had Cecily was excessively puzzled; but being | started on his journey with a fixed intention of wooing the young lady fairly and car-

But since yesterday only Norman Allingham's heart had failed him. He said to himself that he was too young and too impressionable to take upon himself the responsibilities of matrimony; he had no desire to bind himself up for a life to a woman. Why, the first pretty girl he had met in France had been sufficient to set his blood on fire, and to haunt his dreams. What sort of a husband, then, would he be likely to make

to a poor girl who placed her trust in him? Norman told himself that he was not going to marry a girl from motives of pecuniary advantage, and then behave like a villain to her; and yet he felt himself to be too capricious and too inconstant to make a good

husband to his cousin. So he came to the determination that before he said anything else to her, he would tell her this plainly and fairly. If she chose, after what he said, to run the risk of marrying him, well and good; if not, then better freedom and poverty than domestic misery and wealth.

These things could be spoken to the daughter, but hardly to the mother. Mr. Allingham did not tell Mrs. King what he

he insisted upon the interview with so much pertinacity that she was at length obliged

to consent to his wishes. She went out of the room, and Norman waited, and, whilst he waited, he said to required and thoroughly intermined the the mortar. The water lime and the himself that, if only he could honorably and tairly ger rid of this burden of unwilling therefore mixed dry in a thorough by love-making that was on his conscience, he Two barrels of clean sharp sa d to would then turn his attention towards huntrel of Rose dale (American) cenent ing up that lovely French girl he had danced proportion whe i permanent work a with last night; he did not quite know what water is to be made. The sand w he meant to do if he found her, but, probably, he would kiss her again.

He had just settled this satisfactorily in his own mind, when the door opened behind

Turning hurriedly round, he beheld young girl dressed in sombre black-a girl with a golden head and large blue eyes. There was no short blue skirt and white bodice, no silver chains about her neck, nor velvet head-dress on her shining locks; but for all that he knew her at once—it was the girl whom he had danced with last night. They stood still, and looked at each other in mutual astonishment.

All that came into Norman's head was that she was some protegee of his aunt's-some girl of the place whom she had hired to wait upon herself or her daughters. What bad luck it was to find her here of all places on earth! As to Stella, she stood breathless and

defiant, looking at him with wide-open eyes full of anger and indignation. At the first sight of him she had turned crimson all over Norman made a half-timid step towards her, keeping one eye nervously fixed on the

door, that might at any moment re-open to admit the cousin he was awaiting. "Susette!" "So it is you, then, who are my cousin," was the reply, in very good English, in a

voice ringing with scorn and contempt. "Your cousin! What do you mean? Ah! is it possible that I can have made such a mistake? Tnat you are- No, it cannot be! Where, then, is Susette Marton?" "She is ill in bed. I am Stella King."

Norman burst out laughing. "What a capital joke! You dressed up, suppose, for a bit of fun. Now I see it all. Fancy my being so completely taken in Ha! ha!

But Stella did not join in the laughter. She only stood looking at him coldly and contemptuously. He became a little uneasy under that fixed

glance of displeasure. "Come, my pretty cousin, let us shake hands and make friends. I really think I am a very lucky fellow to have danced with you without knowing it. Shake hands,

won't you?" He held out his hand, but Stella clasped hers resolutely together behind her back. Norman began to be dimly aware that his

wooing was not about to prosper. "I have something to say to you, Mr. Allingham," she said.

The young man looked rather crestfallen. "You can say what you like; but you need not look at me as it you detested me,"

Stella cut short the reproaches that he was about to utter.

"You did me the honor last night, when I so unexpectedly had the pleasure of dancing with you, of taking me into your confidence. You told me that you had come to Valency upon a dreadful business—to find a wife whom your grandfather had arranged for you to marry, whether you liked her or no. You also told me that the subject was disagreeable to you even to speak about, and that this young lady was certain to be hateful to you."

"But, my dear cousin, of course, I aid not know. I never intended——" "I beg your pardon; I am quoting your own words."

"But can you suppose-" "I suppose nothing. I only remember what you were good enough to confide to me on the subject. And this being exactly what you told me, I am sure it will be a great relief to you to hear me say that, under

"Stella!" "It is quite as well to be frank, is it not?" said Stella, with a little break in her voice, her stock of courage being well nigh exhausted.

no circumstances whatever, will I ever con-

sent to marry you."

"But pray think how unjust you are," cried Norman, whose vanity was up in arms at so prompt a dismissal, and who began to think his cousin Stella, in her black dress, even more bewitchingly lovely than "Susette Marton," the Swiss peasant. "I should never have said such to you had I not admired you intensely. Stella, you must have seen that at the very first sight of you I fell hopelessly in love with you.

"I know nothing about love," said Stella. lowering her eyes for one minute; "but," drawing herself up proudly, "this I do know, that the man who insults a stranger because he believes her to be friendless and in an inferior rank of life, is not the man whom I can ever regard with anything but aversion and dislike.'

"Insult you! Good gracious! Miss King, what can you mean ?" cried Norman, distracted. "Why, I had sooner cut my hand off than insult any woman, and you above all other women! What on earth do you mean ?"

"How can you dare to deny it!" cried Stella, angrily. "Do you not recollect, then, what happened?-what you did?-whatwhat -

She stopped short, stammering, and covered with confusion.

"Ah! that unlucky kiss!" said Norman; and, unfortunately for him, he smiled. That smile definitely turned the scales against him. Stella could have danced with

passion. "Yes," she repeated, furiously, "that unlucky kiss, as you call it. And if you think it was a kind or gentleman-like action to

seize a girl against her will, and to dare to kiss her, I am sorry that I do not agree with the dim light the houses seemed to cold It then grew darker, and they you. You grossly insulted me, not knowing who I was; and when I remember it, ah ! I could sink into the earth with humiliation and shame! I will never forgive you!"

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A native of Japan, Hidesabo, Saze, who graduated at Cornell University last year, and married a young lady of Indianapolis, ed. Mr. Schermerhorn describes the as a grand sight.—Chevenne Leader. is now employed by the Japanese Govwanted to see her daughter alone for, only a salary of thirteen thousand dollars. ernment in its agricultural department, with

How to Use Water Line When water lime is fresh and so other should be used for so rapidly when mixed with the sets so rapidl Being Launched Ke and Sinks. there is not sufficient time to add the

ent (hydraul.c water lime is called

in common usage) are mixed as in

One barrel of sand is thrown in

pile upon a floor of p ank; a barrel of

is thrown over this, and lastly the barrel of sand is spread over the bear

is then shovelled over and well me

gether, so that every particle of the be in contact with some of the finely

cement. A sufficient quantity of the

and cement is then separated from the

and formed into a hollow, basin-shap

Water 18 poured into this, and the

well mixed with a line until it been

semi-fluid mortar. It is then redri

As it will set in a few minutes it so

used at once, and no more should be

at one time than can be used in fire

minutes. Seven to ten pailfuls of

are needed to mix the three barrels of

and cement, and the batch will me

to a barrel without heads which is n'y

the milking boards; the barrel is the

ed around and the sand emptied out

in a convenient heap. The barrel of

is then opened and emptied upon the

and the next barrel of sand is means

cement joints care must be taken w

joint well into cement placed below #

the pipe will leak there; and if the

or about the foundations of houses,

oughly mixed and incorporated togeth

and the stronger will be the concret

should be preparing. The quantity

er used for the proper mixing, of a

A Train's Race with a Torned

conductor between this point and A

the town in the distance and the

swooping down upon it. It struck,

more, but the terrible roaring,

fainter and fainter, told that the torne

passing south.

As the wind subsided the train s

tell. The train immediately started

and further particulars have not been

ground.

Four mixers should prepare a its

If the stoneware pipe is to be his

the first was.

pins to a Hundred Lives the Disaster-Ho JE Was Chused.

teamer Daphne, launched n capsized in the River Cly hundred workmen aboa red one hundred were in the Clyde is suspended, ruption of navigation by The boat left the the water she ro ride, and the persons aboar ld capsize, ran to and fro. dover and nearly disap Those on the

mer not submerged did th those cast overboard. B pulled to the rescue. persons were below when yer and must have been of relatives of the victims had too much top weight rom the water alive were r rmary exhausted. The rater with the fifty bodies Daphne turned over before nearly ten cubic feet in bulk. When witness saw a great number quantity of cement is to be used the ing in the water and shr

ing in the water and shr

be water.

to a harrel without had been heap new Many were bruised and co having been struck by ts of the number of person number lost vary widely. have been found at the are searching for bodies. .two names are published missing persons. As vis ed to view the launch it i f them whose names are un the missing. Many dead through the port holes of not solid it will settle and displace the was a rapid ebb tide, and This point should be carefully obsert bodies were carried out to laying drains or sewers through filled large number of boys on bo n joiner, who had charge floors, or for walls of buildings, the

mortar is prepared as above described eded for small vessels, but each three barrels of mortar so mad ge schooners. barrels of sharp angular broken stone mber of men on the oppo be mixed. The stone should be er witnessed the disaster thoroughly before it is added to the to render assistance. The The stone may be measured in by thing occupied about three described for the sand, and a buckets mmediately set to work of water may be thrown over the sta struggling in the water. fore it is turned out of the barrel. The non the Daphne jumped tar, when mixed, is left in a mass there were thrown over long, 5 feet wide, and three inches ty of loose fittings fell fro the wetted stone is shovelled event ushed the swimmers in the this, and the whole is turned quickly rof swimmers were visit shovels until the fragments of stone the ship capsized, but coated with the mortar. When the ard seen to sink. Six me crete is put in place it should be welling together. Four end med until the stone is covered with upon the stern as she was: fluid mortar; when it will be compet forced to desist by a rn: without air spaces in the mass, for we port hole. Some climb know as "honeycombed." In worth set before the ship was submit good plan is for two men to turn the g to the statements of wi over, one at each end, by putting the ors from the disaster the under the mortar and stone and tun lip too rapidly, causing outwards; in time the men meetating entered first, to sink de tre, and there are two heaps. Thenting. She was then caught by cess is reversed, and the heaps are me tin the river by which, again. It will then be well mind p weight, she was caused each shovelful is turned, the back to that the water entered her shovel should be drawn with a species from the scene of motion over it; the mass is thus more that seven bodies have b

is obvious that the more intimate the iverstates that the compa ture the more closely the stone will aphne is blocked up by a s s. It appears the men below when the ship went above described, or of S barrels, in their work and became ja to 28 cubic feet, in ten minutes, if the geway. Some bodies st used to the work; otherwise twice to ir hands. The diver this will be occupied. It is important to the vessel at least as m this fact, because no more should be realready been recovered. in a batch than can be finished in the were found up ton utes, and used in ten minutes more. Less stopped the search. the mixed batch is being used a pey left many more bodies

when the sand is moist and the station for Service Under washed and wet, should not be more laternational Exhibition cubic feet, or 24 gallons (S pailsful,) ag some wonders for the fo the sand is dry one-fourth more propose to pass a portion 83-84 upon the borders of The cost of making the concrete . One of these wonders about \$1.50 per cubic yard, if forty has a day are made, allowing \$1 as the F vatory under the sea."

the cement, 50 cents a yard for sand and bronze, to enable it a yard for the broken stone, none which the water I

larger than a goose egg.-Country of 120 metres. This the sea" has a heigh es, and is divided into the The upper apartmen ne commander, to enable From Mr. R. Schermehorn, Palls to watch the working of and to give to the pass City, we glean the following account ations necessary as to the d tornado he witnessed on the hansel and what they will see road. He said the afternoon had be seen. The second apar tensely sultry and hot, and as the see of the machine, is con bowled along he noticed heavy be sed for passengers to the nu clouds gathering in the north. They blacker and more dense and rolled the street have under their feet ormous proportions, obscuring the street have under their feet

ormous proportions, obscuring the state of their feet grew dark very rapidly, while all om of the sea, with its fis edges of the cloud the lightning play its rocks. The obscurit fantastic dance. The cloud hung low its rocks. The obscurit plete at 70 metres of deployer until it seemed to almost the ray will be provided. Suddenly a murmur, which incress tric sun, which sheds light a roar was heard, and at a distance heard here these depths prairie could be seen the destroyers have at their disposal Mr. Schermerhorn says it was not it allows them to converse it was not funnel-shaped, but he can be the stopped on the converse it was not funnel-shaped, but he can be the converse of the co as it was not funnel-shaped, but it is the transports the voyage sucked up everthing in its path is the known as the most were feathers. It was moving south the known as the most ward the small town of Victoria phorhood. They have a place the train was also approached the wings of the tornado were so strong the train they impeded the progress of the train they impeded the progress of the train the train they impeded the progress of the train they impeded the progress of the train the train they impeded the progress of the train they impeded they impeded the progress of the train they impeded t they impeded the progress of the state to keep from being blown from the was at last compelled to come to a state in the shelter of a bluff. It was not in the shelter of a bluff. It was not be the machine to sink of the operator.—Lond

ve lately come to hand, be thought of, while releasness, both on the par icials, was simply as bad and upon approaching the town it nalled to stop by the station agent, the storm had struck them and the fearful damage, but how much he coult tell. The train in the started started something quite as bac in very many of the roughout Canada. It is I take warning and sha precautions accordingly