

The Old Mill.

from the brow of the hill I look
down a lattice of boughs and leaves
and gray mill, with its gambrel roof,
the moss on its rotting eaves,
the clatter that jars its walls,
the rushing water's sounds,
the back of a star rise an fall
the wheel goes slowly round.

AVENGED:
CALM AFTER STORM.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

Frenchman's eyes roll upward in
great ecstasy; and he answers with
a promptitude—
"The dream of my life, madame,
that alone excuses my speak-
ing to you young before I had con-
sidered it."

Smerdon listens with a pang of
With what an ideal lover fate has
led that out of a Cressida! she
when would her stolid British
achieve such a bow or turn such a
as that?

Harriet, though a little relieved, is
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long and short of it is," John in-
gruffly, "that, having brought
me from a baby, Miss Smerdon
was attached to her, and, as she
loves her again, she makes her
present of her mother's little
hat. And, that being
ed, there's no need to make any
about it."

When the modest wedding-breakfast
is over, John Osborne takes the brilliant
bridegroom aside, and, in his own pon-
derous kindly fashion, bestows upon him
the promised cheque and a word or two of
well-meant advice.

"You will be kind to her, my boy," he
finishes, a little awkwardly, shaking the
slender hand with unconscious energy.
"Miss Smerdon tells me she's as good a
girl as ever lived, and she is a little un-
happy about leaving her."
Isidore, who has taken the cheque with
discreetly veiled eagerness and the advice
with delicately accentuated respect, now
gives the required promise with raptur-
ous fervour.

their antipodian home; then, in a
contrast, how he will love and cherish
and worship her; how she will grow in beau-
ty and happiness and make the very joy
of his exiled life.

The girl cannot resist such tender flattery; little by little, she yields, un-
wittingly, with a quick blush, a frightened
upward glance and a long-drawn breath that
half sob, half sigh, she falters forth the
"Yes" for which her ardent lover pleads
—the "Yes" that seals her doom.
"Heaven bless you, my child!" Miss
Smerdon says a little later, clasping the
girl with real emotion. "You have made
me almost happy!"

And, after that, Cressida can say nothing
of her own foolish, childlike fears.

CHAPTER IV.

"Whom God hath joined together let
no man put asunder!"
It is all over now, and Harriet Smer-
don draws a deep breath of relief. She
feels as though a world's weight had been
suddenly rolled from her shoulders, and
she could rejoice in some great new free-
dom.

The past three weeks has been a busy
time for her, but she regrets none of its
work and none of its worry, as she stands
in the full glow of the July sunshine that
streams through the painted window of
the church, and bathes the kneeling fig-
ures on the altar-steps in a warm rosy
light—"two bridegrooms and two brides."
With the loss of that heavy burden of
responsibility a long dormant sense of
humour wakens in Harriet Smerdon's
breast, and she smiles at the contrast of
the two couples present. By Julia's de-
sire, she and Cressida are dressed exactly
alike, though neither wears the satin and
orange-flowers proper to the occasion—a
gray travelling-dress and hat, a knot of
white flowers at the throat, that is all; and
Julia is fully convinced that they look like
twin sisters as they bow their heads for
the nuptial benediction.

"It is a pity John is such an old frump!"
she said reflectively, as she drew on her
long daintily-tinted gloves and took a
final survey of her own trim figure before
departing for the church. "Of course
he is the best old fellow in the world,
and I love him dearly; but he has no idea
of making the best of himself, and will
be such a dreadful contrast to that hand-
some Isidore. Whereas I"—Miss Julia
drew up her tiny figure, pointing on the
pointed tips of her French-gray boots,
and smiled at the small person reflected
in the mirror with ingenuous admiration.

"Really, Harriet, would not any one
think that Cressida and I were twins?"
Miss Smerdon, working against time at
the moment, had left the words un-
answered, and hardly heeded them then;
but they come back to her now, and,
gazing at the two faces under the soft
droop of the long ostrich feathers, she
mentally decides that Cressida looks
fresher and fairer than ever, with the new
solemnity that the sacred rite has brought
to the lovely eyes and sweet sensitive lips,
while poor Julia's face, with its self-con-
scious smile of antiquated coquetry, is
only more wizened, pinched, and wan.

"Yet she has the better husband," she
thinks, a little uncomfortably; for, do
what she will, she cannot argue down the
vague distrust with which the brilliant
Frenchman inspires her, unjust as she
honestly believes it to be. "John Osborne
is a man in a thousand, and Julia has
drawn a prize of which she does not dimly
guess the worth. I wish my poor little
Cressida had been as lucky, that she too
had found an honest high-minded Eng-
lishman. Ah, there it is!" she breaks off
with a forced laugh, unreasonably glad
of an excuse to mock at her own forebod-
ings. "It is a case of national prejudice,
after all. I am a bigoted Briton, and
cannot believe the men of any country
equal to those of my own."

Certainly there is little to complain of
in Isidore's conduct to-day. His dark
eyes glow with tenderness and pride as
they rest on the fair blushing face beside
him, and he thanks Miss Smerdon for the
priceless treasure she has confided to his
charge in such well-turned phrases as
John Osborne could assuredly never must-
er; but, even as she smiles hopefully,
and assures herself that all is for the best,
there is a lurking uneasiness in her
thoughts that makes the wedding-cake
bitter, and dims the sparkle of the cham-
pagne.

When the modest wedding-breakfast
is over, John Osborne takes the brilliant
bridegroom aside, and, in his own pon-
derous kindly fashion, bestows upon him
the promised cheque and a word or two of
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with delicately accentuated respect, now
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ous fervour.

"Her life shall be all sunshine," he
begins, kissing his slender finger-tips in
homage to the absent Cressida. But John,
who is nothing if not practical, interrupts
him with a short laugh.
"No life can be that, my lad," he says
not unkindly, for he thinks the rhapsod-
ical speech the honest outcome of a
young lover's enthusiasm; "don't bring
any cloud to overshadow or storm to
wreck it yourself—and shelter her with
your love in all the troubles Heaven may
send her—that is all Cressida's best
friends will ask of you, and so much, as
an honest man, you are bound to do—and
now—that's all I have to say."
"Quite enough too, mon vieux, since
the role of 'pers noble' hardly suits your
proportions," thinks the much-amused
Isidore, though his face is composed to a

look of deeply-mixed interest; then they
return to the scene in which all the wo-
men are assembled, in which Cressida is
winding her life-long friends—her only
friends—"good-bye."

She cries like a child over that parting,
and Harriet Smerdon crushes down her
own remorseful sorrow that the girl's first
glimpse of her new life may not be all
dimmed and blurred with tears. True,
tears are permissible on a wedding day—
Julia herself will shed a few orthodox
drops presently; but this is a real tempest
of grief that shakes the girl's slender
frame. It almost seems as though some
sudden foreboding seized her, as she
clings round Miss Smerdon's neck in a
passionate farewell.

"Heaven bless you, child, and good-
bye," the latter says hurriedly, as John's
heavy tread and Isidore's lighter foot-fall
are heard in the hall. "Write to me if
—if anything is wrong; you shall have
our Australian address. Be happy, child,
—for you will be a heavy burden upon
me!"

"Here is your husband, Cressida,"
Miss Julia's voice breaks in sharply.
Julia is rather indignant that Cressida's
figure should be thrust so prominently
into the foreground on her wedding-day.
Cressida raises her tear-wet face, with a
rather scared look, and the rest of the
farewells are got through without further
break-down.

The carriage that is to take the young
pair to the railway-station is at the door
now, and Monsieur St. Just hurries his
bride into it with a frank boyish impa-
tience that brings a smile to John Osborne's
face, a smile that lingers there when he
returns to the house, a smile his sister-
in-law finds infinitely reassuring.

"You think he will be kind to her,
John? You think I shall not have to re-
pent this day's work?" she asks with an
eager anxiety that touches the soft warm
heart that rough exterior hides.
"My dear Harriet, he will be a brute
if he is anything else," Mr. Osborne
says kindly. "I think they are facing
the world with as fair a prospect of hap-
piness as most young couples; the rest
we must leave to Heaven. And now,"
he adds, ending the solemn pause with a
quintly humorous smile, "don't let one
bride and bridegroom absorb all your in-
terest—you have still to dispose of Julia
and me."

Miss Smerdon awakens from her reverie
with a start. Yes, luckily for her, she has
plenty of work to do. In one week from
this day she will be on board the P. and
O steamer, her back turned for ever on
the old world, in which she has known so
much of work and pain, in which her
youth and middle life have passed wear-
ily away—her face set steadily towards
the new, wherein her latter days are to be
spent in something like contentment and
peace. In one week! She can hardly
realise it! There is so much to do still,
and she must do it alone, for John and
Julia must perforce be allowed one honey-
week at a fashionable watering-place.

John, indeed, to whom it is always
easier to be useful than sentimental,
would far rather spend his time cording
boxes and writing labels, running errands
and consulting time-tables and shipping-
lists, than throwing pebbles into the sea
and drawing cruel but involuntary com-
parisons between the pretty sentimental
Julia of his youthful recollection and the
faded affected Julia of existent fact—John
would gladly have relinquished this sup-
plementary journey; but Mrs. Osborne,
who thinks her honors have been more
than sufficiently clipped, asserts her right
here, and of course has her way.

At last however it is all over; the school,
as a school, ceases to be; the furniture is
all sold, the last personal possession has
been carted away; Beech House Academy
stands empty and desolate, and Mr. and
Mrs. Osborne are steaming away as fast
as the good ship *Adelaide* can bear them
to their new home beneath the Southern
Cross.
A week or ten days passes, and Beech
House remains unvisited of men. By-
and-by the owner will put in a number
of painters and paper-hangers and noisy
workmen of every kind; then he will ad-
vertise "this desirable scholastic resi-
dence" in half-a-dozen newspapers, and
then, perhaps, some one will come for-
ward and take possession of it, and new
lives will be lived out in the shadow of
the red-brick walls, even as the old have
been. But in the meantime, the room
in which Rosamond Leigh closed her
world-weary eyes—in which Cressida
spent her earliest conscious days, is dark-
ened and empty; the garden in which
she met her lover is deserted, the flowers
bloom and wither, the fruit ripens and
drops unheeded on to the grass.

At last, while the owner is still absent
on his summer holiday, and the reign of
the workmen is yet to be, there comes a
visitor to the empty house—a lady whose
carriage drives slowly up and down the
dusty suburban road—whose servants
make anxious inquiries as to the where-
abouts of the academy—a lady whose
handsome proud face bears visible marks
of disappointment when she hears that
the school is closed and the Misses Smer-
don have left, and when a glance at the
palpably empty house confirms the story.

"Is there no one who can give me in-
formation?" she asks imperatively of the
neighbor's servant, who stares in open
admiration at the carriage and servants,
at the rich satin of her questioner's dress,
and the costly lace that wraps the slender
upright figure and crowns the soft silvery
white hair.

"Yes, mum," the girl says dubiously,
"there's the woman at the chandler's
shop round the corner—Jamieson's you
know. She's got the key, and shows the
house; and in course you can question
her; but, bless you, she can tell you no
more than I—just about the two wed-
dings—that's all!"
With the civility that thinly veils her

impatience, the lady thanks her inform-
ant and drives on.

"Jamieson's" is easily found—a low-
built old-fashioned shop, in which every
moderate wish of the human heart is to be
gratified, judging from the varied stock
of goods in rather dingy windows dis-
plays.

Mrs. Jamieson makes her appearance—
a little sharp-faced red-nosed woman—
who, with many bobs and curseys to the
owner of the splendid equipage and wear-
er of the handsome dress, submits herself
willingly for examination.

Yes, she knows Beech House; would
the lady like to see it? Oh, it was a
pretty house—a pity to see it lying empty
like that? They should all miss the Misses
Smerdon's school. Did she know the
girls by sight? Oh, yes; they mostly
bought their sweets here!—with a proud
proprietary glance at the sticky jars and
cases—healthy, rosy, happy lasses they
were too, who did a credit to their board,
and to any school. The Misses Smerdon
were very particular, but very nice ladies;
—at least, the eldest was; the one that
was married seemed rather silly.

So far Mrs. Jamieson—who is a born
gossip and thoroughly enjoys the inter-
view, more especially as it keeps that
glorious carriage captive at her door—
has rambled on uninterruptedly; but at
the last phrase the lady looks up sharply.
"The one who was married?" she re-
peats. "I understood there were two
brides!"

"So there were, ma'am, but only one
Miss Smerdon. I was in the church and
saw it all, though it wasn't much of a
wedding. Miss Julia looked very well,
though a little pinched and old-like. But
the young lady, Miss Leigh—oh"—Mrs.
Jamieson rolls her eyes in an ecstatic ad-
miration she has no words to express—
"she was lovely, and for all her gray
dress and hat, the very picture of a bride!"
But the lady pays no heed to her ecsta-
sies; her delicately-tinted face whitens a
little, and the slender gray-gloved hand
tightens on the rail of the chair.

"Miss—what?" she repeats in an odd-
ly startled tone, "I did not quite catch
the name."
"Miss Leigh—Leigh—the woman
answers glibly; her Christian name was
such a funny one too—Cressida—I
never heard the like of it before. My
daughter tells me she has seen it in a play
—and so she may, but it didn't sound
Christian-like in a church. I thought it
as outlandish and foreign as the bride-
groom's—every bit!"

"She—Cressida—this Cressida Leigh
has married a foreigner, then?"

"Oh, dear, yes, ma'am—the French
teacher at Miss Smerdon's, a handsome
black-eyed young fellow—almost a boy,
as you may say; they looked but boy
and girl beside the other couple! After
the wedding, they all went off to Aus-
tralia together. Perhaps they mean to
set up a school there," Mrs. Jamieson
finishes, entreating the larger field of med-
itative speculation as she finds her facts
begin to fall.

"Ah!" but that the pale aristocratic
face is so haughtily unmoved, Mrs. Jam-
ieson would think that long-drawn breath
a sigh of bitterest disappointment.

The lady thanks her for her informa-
tion, however, and makes some careless
purchase with such untrifled calm that
the good woman laughs at herself for her
half-formed suspicion as she stands in the
shop doorway, shading her dazzled eyes
from the hot afternoon sun, watching the
carriage bowl smoothly down the dusty
road, till it vanishes from her sight.

"All the same, I believe she took some
interest in that Miss Leigh," she says,
as she goes back to her prosaic daily duties
with a haunting fancy that she, Mary
Anne Jamieson, has been upon the very
brink of an adventure.

And assuredly her suspicions would be
strengthened could she pierce the carriage
panelling, and see the proud woman who
sits there with locked hands and white
quivering lips—the woman who whispers
brokenly, while the slow painful tears
drop heavily from her eyes, those saddest
words that human lips can utter—
"Too late, too late! Oh, Rosamond,
my child, forgive me! Eustace, how will
you bear my news?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Electrical Curiosities.

"Among the interesting articles that we
sell," said a dealer in telegraphic and
electrical supplies, "is an improved counting
machine. It is a very useful appliance for
superintendents, telegraph inspectors, and
others connected with telegraph con-
struction and repair work. It is a cur-
ious instrument and is about the size and
shape of a watch. Carried in the hand
a single pressure upon a spring that it
contains, records one and so on up to
1,000. It is used for keeping tally of any
kind, such as counting poles, broken in-
sulation, making inspection tallies of
materials, etc."

"A curious name to an important little
article is the anti hum. The multiplication
of telegraph lines and their connection
with buildings of all kinds, has made a de-
mand for stopping the humming noise.
The principal of the instrument is simple.
An ordinary shackle of galvanized iron is
provided with a washer or cushion or soft
rubber, which, when connected, takes the
strain off the wire, stopping its vibration,
which is the cause of the noise. A loop of
wire around the instrument conveys the
current. An instrument of peculiar inter-
est is an electro-mechanical tower-bell
striker. It is adapted to strike by elec-
trical connection large bells of from five
hundred to ten thousand pounds weight.
It will operate with a light battery power,
and all that is required in connection with
it is a simple key or press-button and bat-
tery. It is used for fire-alarm purposes in
connection with the telephone exchange.
As in many cases the telephone is used for

sending fire alarms, the operator can with
this apparatus give the public alarm on
any near tower bell by the simple use of
his press-buttons.

"An electric apparatus for blasting is
something novel to the general public, al-
though it has been in use some time. It
is a magneto-electric instrument of small
size and weighs only about sixteen pounds.
It occupies considerably less than one-
half a cubic foot of space. It has a mag-
net of the horseshoe character, of iron,
wound about with coils of insulated cop-
per wire; between the poles of the mag-
net there is fitted to revolve an armature
of cylindrical construction, carrying in its
body other insulated wire coiled longitudi-
nally as to the cylinder. The rapid ro-
tation of the armature by suitable means
generates and sustains in the machine an
accumulative current of voltaic electricity
of great power, which at the moment of
its maximum intensity is practically
switched off to the outside current in
which are the fuses, and in the interior of
each fuse the ignition is accomplished in-
stantly. It is a machine of similar de-
scription that was used in blasting at Hell
Gate when Gen. Newton's little daughter
pressed the button that set the apparatus
in motion by which thousands of tons of
rock were displaced.

Horses in War.

The only two great nations which con-
tain enough horses within their borders to
meet all the exigencies of war or of peace
are, unquestionably, Russia and the
United States, says the London Telegraph.
In his "Summer Tour in Russia," pub-
lished in 1882, Mr. Antonio Gallenga tells
us that the unwieldy empire under the
domain of the great white czar "covers
one-sixth of the habitual globe, while its
population hardly exceeds that of Austria
and Germany its two nearest neighbors,
combined." Mr. Gallenga adds that the
Rev. Henry Lansdell, in a journey of five
months from the Thames to the mouth of
the Amoor, went over two thousand six
hundred miles by rail, 5,700 miles by
steamboat, and 3,000 miles by the aid of
horses—or about eleven thousand three
hundred miles altogether, almost in a
straight line. This amazing empire, spar-
sely occupied by human beings when its
prodigious bulk is borne in mind, boasts
possession of more horses than any other
nation on the face of the globe. Gen. Sir
Robert Wilson, who was British commis-
sioner at the headquarters of the Russian
army during the Moscow campaign in
1812, tells us that no troops in the world
are better mounted or can defend ground
better than the Russian regulars. "Their
artillery," he adds "is so well horsed,
and so nimbly and handily worked, that
it bowls over all irregularities of surface
with an ease, lightness, and velocity
which gives it a great superiority. The
vivacity and alertness of their cavalry,
and the unquailing steadiness of their
infantry make it pleasure to command
them in extreme difficulties, for, as in
the case of a British soldier, the most
unbounded confidence may be reposed—
to use a sailor's expression—in their an-
swer to the helm in every stress of situ-
ation and under the greatest trials.
From the same source we learn that the
first Napoleon had witnessed with admi-
ration the unyielding valor of the Russian
soldier under circumstances the most un-
propitious for its display, and had recog-
nized qualities and propensities which
would render Russian armies, when pro-
perly organized, pre-eminent in the field.
"He had become acquainted with no less
resolute character of the Russian peasantry,
and had found nothing wanting white
art and discipline might not supply for the
construction of a military force on the
most extensive, efficient and economical
basis." At that time the Russian soldier's
pay was not more than 12 shillings a year,
and his only ration in time of peace was
water and rye bread baked like biscuits.
Behind the army stands an enormous
territory, with a reserve of horses—a con-
siderable proportion of them, it is true
more than ponies—numbering from thir-
teen to fourteen million head. There is
no more fatal error than that which arises
from underrating an enemy's strength—
an error which the history of the past
show that, of all others, the country is
the most apt to commit. Turning to the
United States, we find that not less than
eleven million head of excellent horses
are contained at this moment in the broad
limits of the union, a stock upon which
in combination with the equine resources
of the dominion of Canada, it is probable
that the war department of this country
will have to draw largely in the event of
a protracted war with such a power as
that welded by Russia.

The Dahomey Girl's Ferocity.

The Amazons of Dahomey are slowly
but surely acquiring a better reputation.
It has been customary to look upon those
ladies as bloodthirsty creatures rather
fond of killing men and anything but nice
ornaments for a drawing-room. It now
appears that they are merely an ornamental
body-guard for the King, that they never
go to war, while, as for the killing any-
body, the dear girls would never think of
it. A recent traveler in Dahomey says:
"Imagine sixty young women, strong and
slender, who without losing any of their
womanliness, present a decidedly warlike
appearance. Their uniform is picturesque,
and the armament consists of combined
dancing and singing, sham fights and military
evolution, all of which are performed
with exactitude and elegance." It is to be
hoped that this direct testimony of a man
who has met them will re-establish the
Dahomey Amazon in public confidence
and prevent further allusion to her as affor-
ding proof that ladies are entitled to ballote
as representing possible bayonets. This
proof can be secured somewhere, no doubt
but not in Dahomey. The Dahomey girl is
flexible and fair, not ferocious.