otive Engineers is
taunchest organ
rth, and is the
ctory is a
r, especially
ost ungrateful
n hold."

Germans in Russia.

cent decree of the Russian G
igners in Western Russia
to purchase or to hold land.
clared that those foreigners
rent Russian land should be
heavy special tax.
is no doubt that this severe
especially at the moment
who have settled in those
hich border on their native
especially in that part of it
Baltic Provinces.
lations between the two great
Central and Eastern Europe
and in view of probable
re very interesting. For a
close alliance and friendship
between the reigning houses
es. This has been the result
r ties of kinship, and partly
that, for public reasons, the
should be friendly to each other.
resent German Emperor is
the present Czar of Russia
's mother was a German prin
not a little intimacy has
for a long time between the
milies.
e other hand probably no two
eople in Europe are more
other than are the Germans and
s. Their mutual dislike shows
hundred ways. The one
estant, the other belongs to
Church. The Germans are thrifty
rking and sober; the Russians
indolent, and intemperate.
nation, moreover, distrusts
e other. They stand side by side
ned to the teeth. Each wishes
uperior power in Europe, and
rward to a war in which they
ed upon opposite sides.
presence of so many Germans
is a constant source of irritation
the officials, high and low, in Russia
mans. There are German officers
ilitary staff; German professors
in the universities and gymnasia
ewd, pushing German merchants
Russian cities.
late Czar, Alexander II., was
Germans, and had rather Germ
ssian traits and tastes. His moth
man; and he himself received a la
his education in Germany. It
his reign that the Germans went
mbers into Russia, and took th
n responsible positions in the arm
l service, and the schools.
present Czar and his advisers, h
not like to have so many Germ
a. They know that, in case of a w
mans who are now the leaders of
y and commerce in Western Russ
ir swarms of German workmen,
to their own country, and enter
army.
re should be war between Germ
ssia, these men would return to
where they are now peacefully wo
fight the Russians, and perhaps
for their own their former residence
decree which has been spoken of
ss have the effect of driving man
most, of the Germans from the
ern Russia. It will certainly
her result of embittering still m
ing of the two peoples against

A Pig Offends the Czar.

tty clown, by name Durow, has
mpelled to leave St. Petersburg
g jokes too far. He was giving a p
ce with a pig trained to various fe
man's command the animal took
e ground a number of Russian co
g imperials and small silver
coins. When, however, some re
ere thrown down, the pig refused
em up, even though whipped. Gr
ent was caused by this discrimin
and it was intensified as a voice cr
e gallery to the clown, "You blo
the Finance Minister could not
er rouble in four months, how
ect a pig to do it?" Though a favo
Petersburg audiences the clown
rders to leave the city the follow

is your son to-day?" asked a fri
roker. "Very bad," replied
ntleman, striving to compose
features; "very bad, indeed.
ot give ten per cent. for his chance

ow who is considered soft speak
r day of the many inventions
en made by the present generation
ly wound up with, "For my part
every generation grows wiser;
ny father, he know'd more
her, and I believe I know more th
r did." "My dear sir" remarked
er, "What a fool your grandfat
e been."

rgyman sought to lead a congre
children to see that the wearing
n was a mark of distinction, ma
ridual easily recognize and invo
onsibilities. "You see a man wa
erect, dressed in a red and gr
o is he?" "A soldier, sir." "Rig
a man wearing a kind of hel
ssed in blue—who is he?" "A
sir." "Right again. Then
braced himself up to shake
"You see a man dressed
at and wearing a stiff white
s he?" "A masher, sir."
nt rejoinder.

iddie Morgan, the live stock
New York *Times and Herald*, is
figure in Printing-House Square
r height her thinness, and the
centricity of her dress never fail
attention. Those who know
m her business speak of her as
erming, and feminine too; d
er vocation—the most difficult
rticulars for a woman to distinguish
cts admiration as well as
rgan has been building
and for the last five years
finished. Nothing could be
than this brick structure.
ars at all the first story
argest room in the house is
plunge bath. If the place is
Miss Morgan expects to live
sister Jane, who is an artist.

AFTER MANY YEARS

BY E. A. BOYDEN.

As early as it was on that July morning
ith the gray mist still hovering over the
wn meadow and the sun still in hiding
hind the woods to the east of John Dil
's thrifty farm, still there were multi
ifications of life at the house and the barn.
Abigail Dillon is arrayed in a clean calico
wn preparing for the morning meal of a
y day, while her pale, careworn face re
is the troubled mind within which is al
ly wrestling with the problem,
n one pair of woman's hands compass
e duties between morning and night.
She and her husband are a little past mid
life at this time, and added to the
toils and cares of farm life is a sorrow
t presses heavily upon their hearts. Abi
il's is a gentle womanly sorrow that in
es pity on the part of the beholder and
ws the heart nearer to her by the very
thos of her sad smile. But John's sorrow
ough, perhaps, as poignant, reveals itself
ly in hard lines and a countenance that
ems to repel any manifestation of sympa
y on the part of others. The austerity of
Christian creed seems to include that
rsh decree which forbids the approach of
man tenderness toward the sufferer, and
s countenance expresses the words, never
oken, in reference to the sorrow of his
art, that "a stranger meddleth not there
ith." And yet they, so unlike in outward
anifestations, were a devoted pair.
Just as the sun showed his smiling face
tween the parted branches of the oaks
d cedars, and just as Mrs. Dillon had
und a brief breathing space after the de
arture of the men to the hayfield, there
me a timid tap at the kitchen door. A
ight female figure came waveringly into
e room at Mrs. Dillon's invitation and
nsed near the door. This kindly woman
ood looking at her unexpected visitor in sur
rise for nearly a minute without speaking.
he new-comer was a singular picture.
he appeared like an old-young person,
ith rather swarthy features and with no
air visible from under her little bonnet,
nderneath which the stranger wore a close-
y fitting cap which concealed every strag
ling lock, "if she has any to hide," thought
rs. Dillon. She was neatly attired in a
ark colored gown and stood with her head
ward the shadow, partly bent forward.
"Can I have some work to do?" said the
range young woman in unnaturally low
nes and in a peculiar voice.
Abigail Dillon started as she looked in
ently at the figure, and at so much of the
ce as she could see from its position.
"Work? Why, bless me, I've plenty of
ork for two pairs of hands, but—but—"
"You don't know whether I could do it
ry me, please, for one day at least."
Abigail Dillon was not the woman to re
se so reasonable a request, and John had
old her to try and get somebody to assist her
during haying. Besides, part of Abigail's
ed was to turn no one away empty, and
here always came with this hospitable im
lse and gracious suggestion that one
ight perhaps "entertain angels unawares."
And this was a woman, too, a wanderer,
ry likely. "My own precious lost one
ay be a wanderer at another's door this
ery day."
"You may lay off your things and help
me," said Mrs. Dillon, brushing away the
ready tears that her own sorrow had start
d to her gentle eyes.
With her bonnet removed the stranger ap
peared rather odd, but not uncomely in her
ittle cap and quaint headdress, and the
press of toil soon claimed Mrs. Dillon's at
tention to more serious matters than the
oddities of this new comer.
The latter replied to Mrs. Dillon whenever
practicable in monosllables and seemed
averse to conversation; but her lithe form,
her elastic step, her noiseless movements
and quick, deft fingers made the morning's
work almost pastime for the farmer's wife.
Once, twice, thrice and oftener Mrs. Dil
lon caught her breath as some trivial rout
ine duty that fell to the lot of Kate
—this is the name the young woman insisted
upon being called by—was executed in so
natural a manner as to recall a form that
had passed out from her life, that once
moved in those same grooves.
"How could a stranger know where I
kept my cream pots without asking or that
the bread belonged in that great tin box in
the far end of the cupboard or that—? But,
pshaw! here I am getting a silly notion in
my old head that—that—
"Who are you, any way?" said Abigail
Dillon, unable to control herself any longer,
when she saw Kate set the great easy arm-
chair at the right place at the table.
"I am simply Kate. I have no home and
no friends, I think. Please don't question
me any more. I will work for you faithfully
for a home at present, if you will have me."
All this was said rapidly, but in low, pe-
culiar tones, and Mrs. Dillon must needs be
content, for she had found a master workman
—a treasure to any tired housewife—in
this strange woman.
When John Dillon and his hungry, tired
men came up from the meadow at noon his
wife met him at the door and drew him
aside to explain the situation of affairs in
the house. He nodded assent to the new
arrangement, and even went so far as to
press his wife's hand in token of his satisfac-
tion that her burdens were lightened at last
by this new arrival.
Mrs. Dillon and Kate waited upon the
tired men, and when Kate, having set down
two cups of steaming coffee, one by Mr. Dil-
lon and another by the man next him at the
table, suddenly picked them up again and
exchanged them, giving the old farmer the
larger one with a peculiar handle to it, the
latter stopped eating and in surprise ex-
claimed:
"How did you know that was my cup?"
Kate said something almost in a whisper
and colored in her confusion. Her hands
too, were trembling; those hands that her
mistress had declared "have such a sure
firm touch on everything she places them to."
There was another pair of eyes that saw
her, too, besides those of Mr. and Mrs. Dil-
lon, during the progress of the noon meal.
They were the black eyes of William Kenyon,
a neighbor who had come over to help
Mr. Dillon at haying to-day, as the weather
looked "ketchy" and this was the last of
the old farmer's hay to get in.
Kenyon and Mr. Dillon scarcely exchang-
ed a word together. There seemed a mys-
tery here as deep as that which surrounded
this strange young woman.
"She helps me as neatly and as well, also
now, as Dorothea." The woman stopped,
frightened at the name she had uttered.

John Dillon looked at his wife for a mo-
ment, put his hand to his eyes as if to shut
out a painful sight, and went off to the hay-
field with the men.
There [illegible] to gather in
now [illegible] over and the
sounds of distant thunder foretold the com-
ing storm, which promised to be violent and
drenching. The scene now was one of in-
[illegible] The haymakers were strain-
ing every muscle to secure the crop, and it
seemed a struggle between the fierce ele-
ments and human strength.
There was still one team in the field with
its wagon piled high with the fragrant hay.
John Dillon sat on it looking anxiously
from the sky to his horses.
"Old Bess is going to have a spell of it, I
believe," he said, as an unusually sharp
crash of thunder with its accompanying vi-
vid flash of lightning burst overhead.
Old Bess was rearing with dilated nostrils
and wild eyes, and it seemed for a moment
as though there would be serious trouble
with the last load. Kenyon had got his
team safely to the spacious barn floor and
was running now to aid Mr. Dillon in start-
ing his load. He seized the refractory old
mare by the bridle just as she made a spring
forward. The unfortunate man was thrown
under her restless feet and was being tramp-
led by the terrified animal. And John Dil-
lon seemed almost as much demoralized as
the horse. As he was about getting down
from the load he was attracted by a weird
figure running like a deer from the house.
He remained on the load, exclaiming: "Kate!
I wonder what that woman thinks she can
do." Help had arrived and had drawn
Kenyon from his perilous position just as
Kate seized the bridle of the horse, saying
"whoa, Bess!" With a dexterous movement
she threw her light shawl over the terroriz-
ed animal's head and with a low word
or two she had her pacified. Mr. Dillon
stillheld the reins and drove rapidly to the
arn, muttering as he went: "My God!
can it be—there is no stranger on earth who
could have known that trick of old Bess."

William Kenyon was the only bachelor
past thirty in the village of Seldon. He
was a fine-looking man of thirty-seven per-
haps, a quiet, low-spoken man, who seemed,
like the Dillons, to have had a shadow cast
over his life in the past, which all the sun-
light of days since then could not dispel.
When they carried him, bruised and bleed-
ing, to Mrs. Dillon's kitchen, he had con-
sciousness to say:
"Only one woman in the world could
have done that."
The men who carried him supposed he
meant the heroic deed and not the strange
knowledge that this woman possessed.
While Kate was ministering to Kenyon's
comfort till the old doctor should arrive
John Dillon was saying to his wife in
another room:
"I tell you, Abby, there couldn't be
another woman in the world besides you
and Dorothea that knows old Bess from a
colt up, and her failing about lightning."
"John," said the wife, laying a gentle
hand on his head, "it is Dorothea. I've
known it from the morning she first spoke
to me in this house. But it will come out
now naturally. I thought it would be best
for to wait and let the poor child have hel
own way about letting us know, and it's alr
ight now."
John Dillon broke down completely and
cried like a child. After a while he
said in a broken voice:
"And to think that to-morrow is the
fifteenth year since she left us to go to
Henry's out in Oregon, and we've never
heard from her since he died, and we've
supposed she was dead. And it was I that
went her away by my harshness to her about
Kenyon you know—"
"Hush, John; let bygones be bygones
now. It is strange that she should be here
again, and William here, and he all bruised
and battered like that too."
"Keep it secret that we know who she
is till to-morrow, mother," said John, "and
we'll kill the fatted calf, and all that, and
make a day of it."
"And I have 'entertained an angel un-
aware,'" whispered the happy woman.

Fifteen years can work wondrous changes
as the shuttle of time crosses and recrosses
the woof of a life. But Dorthea was only
seventeen when the young love between
her and William Kenyon had been ruthles-
ly torn asunder by a loving but misguided
father.
And here were three hearts almost burst
ing with impatience to have their suspicions
confirmed by this silent stranger.
"Kate" sat by Kenyon's bedside on the
morrow as the good old doctor pronounced
him all right except "some scratches and a
shaking up." Kenyon was looking intently
at his quaint nurse, and finally asked her:
"When did you get acquainted with old
Bess, miss?"
The woman colored through her dark
skin and looked over nervously toward
Mr. and Mrs. Dillon.
"And when did you learn all my ways
about housework?" supplemented Mrs. Dil-
lon in gentle, persuasive tones, smiling en-
couragingly at the embarrassed stranger.
There was something in the mother's face
and manner and her voice had such a yearn-
ing, pleading tenderness in it, that "Kate"
broke into a sudden sob and started for the
door. A few minutes later she said as
she went out. She ran to her chamber and
was gone but an incredibly brief time, con-
sidering the work she had accomplished.
Kate, the wanderer, stood in the
middle of the room on her return, there was
a momentary hush of breathless astonish-
ment in the group there assembled, not ex-
cepting the kindly old doctor. All eyes
were fastened on this lovely apparition. To
the mother and the lover it was all as clear
as day. But to poor bewildered John Dil-
lon it was still a mystery beyond his ken.
The swarthy skin of the old-young woman
they had heretofore known was gone, and a
fresh delicate face, suffused with color, had
taken its place. The odious cap and head
gear had disappeared and the long and
silken golden tresses hung loosely over
her shoulders in rippling masses, as she wore
them when a child.
With a low cry of long-suppressed joy
Mrs. Dillon clasped the metamorphosed gir
to her own race, and sobbed out "Dor-
thea!"
Kenyon looked pitifully toward John Dil-
lon, and Dorothea appealed with her irres-
istible eye to the censor. The latter led
Dorothea to Kenyon's side and said: "It's
all right now, after many years."

We see an item in a medical paper about
"mineral wood." We presume that's the
sort they shear from hydraulic rams.

WHY BODIES ARE BURIED AT SEA.

[illegible] Passengers.

[illegible] a certificate [illegible] as to the
probable causes which produced death, and
also as to the manner of disposing of the
body. The bodies of, persons who die at
sea are kept twenty-four hours. In bygone
times a superstition prevailed among sailors
that if a dead body were kept aboard a ves-
sel destruction would be its inevitable doom,
but the notion does not exist among modern
sailors. Recently Rev. B. B. Dayton, of Am-
boy, N. Y., while returning from abroad on
the Cunard steamer Etruria, died suddenly
and his body was buried at sea. The ac-
tion of the officers in thus disposing of the
body gave rise to much adverse criticism.
Some of the passengers said that the ser-
vices were not of a becoming nature. This
report has reached the ears of the dead
man's wife and family and their friends.
In order that the facts of the case might be
understood the following statement was
made by the officers of the ship:
"The body was discovered dead in the
stateroom about 9 o'clock Monday evening.
Immediately the doctor of the ship made
it ready for burial. After the usual pre-
parations were completed the remains were
laid out and enshrouded with an English
flag because that contains a cross. Tues-
day morning the body was sewed up in can-
vas and then deposited in a wooden box,
covered over with the flag. Solemnly and
with every evidence of respect the remains
were carried on the shoulders of eight sail-
ors to the after-gangway. Chief Officer
Seccomb, a humane and Christian sailor,
had charge of the funeral arrangements.
A few moments after 8 o'clock Tuesday
morning the ship's officers and a large num-
ber of cabin passengers encircled the body
and the funeral services were conducted by
a minister, one of the passengers. At their
conclusion and when the minister read the
words 'I now consign this body to the deep,'
the box, heavily weighted down with iron,
was slid into the ocean. No secrecy pre-
vailed, and everything was done in a pro-
per manner, being witnessed by any of the
passengers who were so desirous."
A burial at sea is a solemn and impressive
event, and many passengers like to witness
it. A death at sea casts a gloom over the
rest of the passengers, and naturally enough
the officers try to do everything connected
with the burial with as little ostentation
and display as possible. On every steamer
the custom is to bury the dead at sea. The
captain of the ship is the sole arbiter in
this matter. Whenever it is possible the
body is carried into port, providing the
officers are convinced that the body will be
claimed upon its arrival. All seamen are
firm supporters of the theory that all per-
sons dying on the high seas, unless a short
distance from port, should be given up to
the deep. On a heavily-laden steamer no
room is provided where a dead body could
be possibly preserved. The medicine chest
usually carried does not contain the neces-
sary articles required to embalm a body.
The French and White Star lines carry
metallic coffins, and where the friends of a
deceased person manifest a desire or are
anxious to undergo the expense the body
will be preserved and carried to port if it
can be done without danger to the other
passengers. Numerous cases have occurred
where men of wealth and distinction trav-
elling for their health have been buried at
sea simply because they were unaccompani-
ed and no evidence of who they were could
be obtained. No law exists, as some steam-
ship men claim, that makes it compulsory
upon the captain of a ship to bury a dead
body at sea.

Mr. Dixon's Return Home.

Mr. A. H. Dixon, senior member of the
firm of A. H. Dixon & Son, the celebrated
specialists for the cure of catarrh, hay fever
and catarrhal deafness, 303 King street W.,
Toronto, has just returned home from an ex-
tended trip through California, where he has
been introducing his remedies. The press of
that country teem with glowing notices of
the wonderful results of this new treatment,
vouching for the fact that as a cure for the
above diseases it is next to miraculous.
Cases of catarrh and catarrhal deafness of
thirty year's standing were cured by one ap-
plication of this remedy and the fact vouch-
ed for by men whose names are known all
over the American Continent, and whose
word is indisputable (names on application)
showing that Mr Dixon's remedies, which
are applied only once in two weeks, stand
alone in the cure of catarrh and its atten-
dant evils. The doctors in California fail in
curing these diseases for the simple reason
that they insist on following the antiquated
method of making applications of an irritant
remedy weekly, semi-weekly, and even daily,
thereby keeping the membrance in a con-
stant state of irritation, thus forming a mi-
dus very inviting to smallpox, typhoid fever,
cholera and other epidemics, and as a natu-
ral result of these daily and semi-weekly ap-
plications not one permanent cure has ever
been reported, and the patient is left in a
worse condition than before. Since the dis-
covery of this remedy by Mr. Dixon, now
seven years ago, the best physicians of Great
Britain and France have endorsed his
method, and unite in saying that it is utter-
ly impossible to cure catarrh, hay fever, or
catarrhal deafness by any application made
oftener than once in two weeks, from the fact
that the membrane must get a chance
to hea before another application is
made. However that may be, Mr. Dixon's
remedy has proved successful where all other
remedies have failed. Mr. Dixon sends a pam-
phlet describing his new treatment to any
one enclosing stamp to pay postage. The
address is 313 King street west, Toronto.—
Eod

A Word to the Wedded.

Happiness and selfishness can never flour-
ish in the same stem; one kills the other.
To be wedded happily the promoters are
congeniality and unselfishness. A good
woman will endure much for her husband,
the man for his wife. A true woman will
smile, cheer and help her husband should
clouds come. Then is the time to test her
character, solve the problem, the object of
her matrimony. Men, look for woman with
a heart, a soul; do not let their facial beauty
be their sole attraction; rather let it be
their beauty of soul and character that in-
spires your love for them. For with these
there will be no autumn, no fading: their
leaves will be fresh and beautiful forever.

A young man named Darling lives in
Toronto, and when any one calls to him in
the street every young lady near blushes and
looks around, gently saying, "Sh, sh!"

Is This What Ails You?

Dullness, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery, and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed, and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

The Gentile votes of Utah are about 15 per cent. of the whole number.

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specific for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses, peculiar to women. The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles $1. Six for $5.

Moody will probably go to India to do evangelical work.

When fragile woman sighs, deploring
The charms that quickly fade away,
What power, the bloom of health restoring,
Can check the progress of decay?
The only aid that's worth attention,
For pains and ills of such description,
Thousands of women gladly mention—
'Tis "Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Slavery in Brazil will soon be a thing of the past.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Whiteley's mammoth stores in London were burned recently with a loss of a million and a quarter of dollars.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects o early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted, also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects o abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and READ M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men, The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ont.

Red sunsets similar to those that were so brilliant in the fall of 1883 have been seen at Washington, D. C.

Free! Free!! Free!!!

A Book of Instruction and Price List of Dyeing and Cleaning to be had gratis by calling at any of our offices, or by post by sending your address to R. Parker & Co., Dyers and Cleaners, 759 to 763 Yonge St., Toronto. Branch Offices: 4 John St. N., Hamilton; 100 Colborne St., Brantford.

Gen. Boulanger's father was French but his mother was English. He speaks both languages fluently.

The Sporting Record,

In Book form, contains a correct record of the FASTEST TIME and best performances in all DEPARTMENTS OF SPORT, Aquatic and Athletic performances, Billiards, Racing and Trotting records, Baseball, Cricket, Lacrosse, etc. Price 6c. Stamps taken. Address all orders to THE RECORD, 50 Front St. East, Toronto, Canada, Room No. 15.

Gilbert Knapp, who founded Racine, Wis., is dead. He took part in the naval battles of 1812.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists. 50 cents.

"Were you ever vaccinated, Mr. Schloss?" inquired the physician. "You bade your life I was. I joined me a segret sociedy once, und I don't got vaccinated into no more of them py gracious."

A. P. 360

THE BOILER INSPECTION and Insurance Company of Canada,
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DR. WM. ARMSTRONG, Dermatologist.
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