IGN NOTES. tics worked out by Gan be tried in the French

As presided over a meetir y cycling and pronounced ary instrument of great receipt for killing the with chicken cholers has

a inoculated showed no ent the gathering of wild some unknown reason into Parliament by Mr. tle in manners is this: To ess, advance one step and

reverse sentiment, draw , a prominent English atly, and his body was urchyard by a favorite was then sacrificed. son of Fechter, the actor. his brother in law, and antagonist's foil chanced

his eye through to the éria stood before a guillo e head of a criminal as i and spoke to it. It is said of the eyes and mout as understood. rifle, as described, has a soldier can carry 22

n a new smokeless powder erces a brick wall eigh yards. peen decorated for braver e Society for the Preven Animals in Paris. On from a burglar, and the child from drowning.

Hyde Park corner re 12 and 1 in the afternoon girls that pass have then ir eyebrows and eyelashe ir lips reddened. the principal veterinar tish army, has discovered mes from an impediment

can be removed by

s eured several horses al lard says in the Berlin that the man who planned ge to the south pole i the director of the Ham rvatory, a man of science

s felt in Manchester as t r. Spurgeon will do. to return to the Baptis y form a confederation o which share his views, new denomination.

Colls the Knell of Parting

aid to have been introduc y William the Conqueror en the curfew bell rang a meerfully. very common police reg the curfew of mediava

aces to 9 o'clock; indeed lock was not an unusua w was a regulation mos y days, when it was the the fire in a hole in th under an opening in the escape of smoke. When for the night, the fire by covering it up; hence u, or curfew. The regurviceable in obliging the their houses, and thu rawls in the street. It i historical authority for on that the severity exueror, in enforcing obev, was most particularly the English from assemlan schemes of reballion

an lords. s Even Again.

of each other, very; and . But they quarrelled to make it up. He call at her father's house-to an on business, of course. ring at the door-bell liss-, I believe. ?" "No, sir," she rein at present. Do you sonally?" "Yes, miss," nse, feeling that she was particular personal busiudly turned to go away. n," she called after him lower step, "but who d?" He never smiled

tained Cheap. escent). "I s'pose your a good deal, Brown! Oh no; I got it in an ive cents.'

t Verse. you know Blifi! the ifil," said the editor. ialty—light verse?" ndeed, I never-saw any wasn't almost too light.

ay to Tell. ck mer boots, en' do hit dat man's from down to gimme sompen, en on a Mississippi

He went on further r gentleman say to me, lud frien', will you be my boots? dat man's

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By M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD, ' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV .- PAST CURE. sdy Belfield was content to cherish and sike much of her daughter-in-law without wing any awkward questions. There was etter of remonstrance from Valentine, merefore it might be supposed that he took objection to his wife's absence; and so arall was well. Early hours, fresh air, pleasant society, would no doubt soon exerse a good influence upon Helen's health and girits. Brightness would return to the fair joung face, and reviving health would bring

happier frame of mind. rere not pressed upon her either by Adrian cupation of any kind. ear. He knew now but too well how weak treed this was upon which he had once prarded the happiness of his own life.

Mr. Rockstone and the Freemantles were he most frequent visitors in the long sum. per days, dropping in at all hours, sitting bout the lawn with Lady Belfield and her n, bringing all the news of the parish, and iscussing the more stirring though less ingesting news of the outer world.

Sometimes the Miss Treduceys came in, hour before afternoon tea, just in time or a double set at tennis, with Adrian and ney Freemantle, who was less sheep-faced ad been at eighteen.

There could have been no greater | who was to have been his wife. matrast than that between Lucy Freemantle the vigour and freshness of her girlhood, nd Helen Belfield in her broken health and epressed spirits.

wing into a decline."

"Oh, we won't allow her to do that. She

uished. There are those ispaired about by half the county. practice of tolling a bell ier; and I hope, dear Lady Belfield, you studentered for selling stakes. the evening was continued from feel offended if I own that I don't like Valentine had backed Postcard rather my encounter with her."

precived no improvement in her moral being. the smiled, the smile was evidently an tfort. When she talked there was the same ad neither pleasure nor interest.

meer visitors at a Scarborough hotel, and kighting her train of attendants, who had allied to that point from various shooting- journey. bies on the Yorkshire moors. Valentine is going to and fro over the earth like the one, in his journeying from one raceteting to another. He occasionally favourhis wife with a few hurried lines from a Movincial hotel, telling her his whereabouts. He appeared thoroughly to approve of Austell. residence at the Abbey, and promised join her there before the first of October.

inis, so far as it went, seemed well, or airian was not altogether satisfied. "Idon't like Valentine's passion for the he said one day when he and Helen tere sitting on the lawn after luncheon, making believe to work, he with a vol-Herbert Spencer on his knee, and it coughts very far from the pages of that Micsopher. "I hope, Helen, there is no

was in London the other day." What rumor ?" A man assured me that Valentine has mare in Lord St. Austell's racing stable.

Austell's name, and could scarcely ing to India next week." I-I-have never heard of such a " she said.

only met a little while before your arriage, when St. Austell was at Morcomb, there is any truth in the report, Valentine the right way to ignominious bank. He has only your settlement and told me anything was wrong with his lungs, allowance my mother makes him. though he looks rather sickly at the best of tither of those would be available for his times." Practically he is a man of straw, this no right to speculate in a racing

Won on the turf. I know that there is a for the last three or four years, and he has anything to do with it beyond going him. at the horses now and then." on you are right, Helen. The turi ing deeply, with bent brown.

enough of race-meetings by the end of thi year, and that he will sober down to a more domestic life. That pretty Japanese drawing-room of yours ought not to be always

Helen did not reply. Her head bent lower over the group of poppies in crewel-stitch which she carried about with her in a basket all day long, and which seemed to make no more progress than Penelope's web.

Within two or three days after this little conversation, Sir Adrian was surprised by a subtle change in his sister-in-law's spirits.

Helen conformed very amiably to all her It was not that she seemed happier than beneich of the service of 100m soon after ten o'clock every night, despondent. She had an air of suppressed exmept when there were visitors; but she citement, which showed itself in forced gaiety. in the morning, and rarely appeared until smallest jokes, and she suddenly took it Belfield, and took afternoon tea with Jack Freemantle. To Adrian it seemed as ride or to play tennis, and those amusements tion which found relief in movement and oc. signalise a triumph.

was rest. Adrian watched her at- vious day, he remembered that she had the day's racing was over. entively, without seeming to watch, full of been wandering about the Park alone in the afternoon for two or three hours. She had for the first time, avoided driving out with Lady Belfield, on the ground that the afternoon was oppressively warm; and then soon after luncheon she had taken a book land strolled out into the garden. He had missed her later on, and had met her two hours afterwards returning from the Italian terrace had received the proof of her inconstancy.

He felt that there was an evil influence at work, and he feared that the evil influence

was St. Austell. He had seen enough while he was in Lonand a good deal prettier at twenty than she don to inspire him with grave doubts as to the relations between his brother's wife and She was a tall, fair girl, with light brown | that nobleman. St. Austell's position and mir and clear blue eyes—eyes in which the St. Austell's reputation were alike dangerspirit of candid and innocent girlhood ous, and that light nature of Helen's was semed to smile and sparkle. She was a not formed for resistance in the hour of and had them carried to the adjacent station appy-tempered, bright, industrious girl, temptation. Adrian remembered the scene ing her father and mother in all their on Lady Kildare's terrace and the morning were taking the racing men back to London. obies and all their plans, and ruling ner ride in the Park, both open to suspicion; ery inferior brother with affectionate and his heart was ill at ease for the woman

CHAPTER XXVI.—OPENING HIS EYES.

While Helen was pacing the cypress What a very sad change in your pretty | walk in the long August afternoon, Valeninghter-in-law," said Mrs. Freemantle to tine was at York, where the summer meeting lady Belfield. "She looks as if she were was in full swing. Interest as well as pleasure had led him to the northern city. He was not, as his mother had been told, a it was ordained, under set here to be cured," Constance replied, partner in the St. Austell and Beeching stable, but his interests were deeply involvvening all lights and fire She did not want to have Helen pitied and ed in their successes, and he had mixed himself up in their turf speculations in a mans was merely the enforcing "People told me she was quite the rage ner which might result in a great coup or n London when I was there in June," said a great disaster. One of their horses was ect. The absolute prohi Matilda Treducey. "I met her at two or entered for the Great Ebor, and stood preter the ringing of the cure hree parties, but she was always so sur- ty high in the betting; another ran in a shed by Henry I., in the munded that I couldn't get a word with smaller race, and there were three of the

still extant in some places urs. Baddeley, and that I rather avoided heavily for the Great Ebor, and he knew that Beeching and St. Austell had both laid | ing in those undertones which are some the common hour was Lady Belfield was silent. She, too, had their money pretty freely, and that both times more distinctly audible than the s gradually advanced to her doubts about Mrs. Baddeley, and was believed in the horse. To Beeching, losing brawl and babble of loud voices. mt inclined to take up the cudgels in that or winning was a matter of very little consough, but there was no revival of Helen's him. St. Austell was by no means rich, and pirits. Country air and country hours were to him Postcard's success must be a matter bing her some good, perhaps. She was a lit- of considerable importance. The value of te less wan and pale than she had been on the horse would be qurdrupled if he won Marrival, but Adrian's calm watchfulness | this great race, to say nothing of his owner's

Under these circumstances, Mr. Belfield was surprised at not finding St. Austell at ir of constraint. If he came upon her sud- King's Cross when he arrived on the platitaly in the drawing-room or the garden, it form just in time for the special. It had generally to find her sitting in listless been arranged a week before that he, Beechdeness, with the air of one for whom life ing and St. Austell were to travel together by this train, which left London at eight in This state of things want on for more than the morning on the first day of the races, menth. It was the middle of August, and and were to occupy a suite of rooms toweather was sultrier than it had been in gether at the hotel till the meeting was over. Mrs. Baddeley was astonishing the Mr. Beeching had charged himself-or had been charged-with the duty of engaging the rooms, and of securing a coupe for the

Mr. Beeching was on the platform, with his valet in attendance upon him. coupe was engaged, and a pic-nic basket. containing a Strasbourg pie, a chicken, and a couple of bottles of G. H. Mumm's extra dry, was in the rack; but there was no St.

"What does that fellow mean by being behind time?" asked Valentine, when he ened by this time. He had turned himself and Beeching had taken their seats, and the least it so seemed to Lady Belfield. doors were being clapped to, all along the line of carriages.

"St. Austell? He's not coming." "Not coming !" Not coming to see Post-

card win the Great Ebor !" "No. He's chucked up the stable."

"Chucked up the stable!" "Yes," answered Beeching coolly. "You see he owed me a hatful of money one way in a rumor I heard at my club when and another, and the other night he and I had a general square up, which resulted in my taking about seven shillings in the pound all round. He surrendered his interest in Postcard, and the rest of the stud, are crimsoned at that sudden utterance of and I gave him back his 1 0 U's. He is go-

"Why India." ter. His doctors advise him to try Ceylon plexion of lilies and carnations, form and But you know that St. Austell and or India. He is keen upon a grand eastern Tusband are close friends, although tour, and he's off to Venice next week on his way eastward. He'll potter about in Northern Italy, perhaps, for a month or so, and then put himself on board a P & Q." "Queer," said Valentine. "He never

"We can't all be gladiators like you, Belfield. I don't think St. Austell knew there was anything radically wrong till he distracted, despairing way that would have there was anything land while been laughable had it not verged upon the went to Sir William Jenner a little while been laughable had it not verged upon the tragic." to go to races, and he bets a little ago and had himself overhauled. But he tragic." He has given me money that he has been laid up more or less every winter

Mr. Beeching had to give the same expla.

was irritated by this iteration. of money on the race, anyhow."

lookers-on, the frivulous people who go to necklace of her own." race meetings to eat and drink and stare and bumpkins, who stand beside the rails his sentences between puffs of tobacco. and gaze at the scene as at the figures in a

Postcard, after a magnificent lead, which elated all his backers, shut up-in Mr. Belfield's parlance—like a telescope. He was a powerful horse, and would have pulled splendidly through heavy ground, but the size allowed ample latitude as to her habits She talked a great deal more, laughed at the weather had been peerless, and the course was dry and hard, so the lighter horses had the breakfast. She walked and drove with, into her head to play tennis violently with the advantage. Beeching and Belfield ate their lunch in moody silence, and drank

and I shall have to pay pretty stiffly for the other to Mrs. Baddeley." them, and I've ordered dinner. You may just as well stay."

money, and when you come back to town "I'm tired of the whole business. Your by the river, that cypress walk where he stable has never brought me luck. Good

It was only half-past five o'clock; the sun was high still, but sloping westward, and carriages and foot people were moving out of the great green valley in vast masses of shifting lights and colours. A pretty scene; but far from pleasant to the jaundiced eye of Valentine Belfield.

He got into a cab, drove to the hotel, bundled his things into bag and portmanteau. just in time for one of the specials which He got into a saloon carriage, coiled himself up in a corner, out of the dust and the glare, | bolted before now." and presently, when the express was flying across the country, past those broad fields where the corn was still standing, low hills where lights and shadows came and went in the softening atmosphere of evening, he fell fast asleep, and slept for nearly a couple of hours, sleeping off that extra bottle of champagne which he had drunk almost unawares in his disappointment and exasperation.

It was dark when he awoke, black night outside the carriage windows-and within only the dim light of the lamp, which was almost obscured by tobacco smoke.

There were very few passengers in the spacious carriage, and of those few, three were asleep, sprawling in unrestrained repose upon the morocco cushions, worn out with open air, sun, dust and drink. Two men sat in the angle of the carriage, in s line with Mr. Belfield's corner, and those two were talking confidentially between the lazy consumption of their cigarettes, talk-

"I tell you, my dear fellow, everybody ldy's behalf, albeit she inwardly resented sequence; but like most millionaires he was knew all about it except the gentleman was like Treducey's impertinence. Sequence; but like most millionaires he was knew all about it except the gentleman was like Treducey's impertinence. The days went by peacefully and pleasantly was very savage when the luck went against he was wilfully blind, is an open question. I don't like the man, and I should be willing to think anything bad of him, but he's a good bred 'un, anyhow, and I suppose we ought to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"He was never about with her," returned the other man, "she went everywhere with her sister, and we all know what the sis-

"A very charming woman," said his friend with a laugh, "and a very dangerous one. She's about the cleverest woman out, I think, for without compromising herself very seriously she has contrived to make more out of her admirers than any woman in London. She must have bled Beeching to the tune of a small fortune. I fancy."

"Oh, Beeching is fair game," said the other man "Nobody minds Beeching. That kind of pigeon was made to be plucked besides. Beeching is uncommonly careful. Nobody will ever do him any harm. He has the commercial intellect fully developed. You may dedend he keeps a close account of his menus plaisirs, his grass-widows and such like, and knows to a shilling what they cost him, and will never exceed the limits of

strice prudence." Mr. Belfield's attention was fully awakround in his shadowy corner, and was watching and listening with all his might. He knew one of the men, a member of the Babminton and the Argus, slightly; the other not

"The worst story against her is the story of the diamonds," said the man whom

he did not know. "Ah, you were in India when it happened. and knew all about it, I suppose," replied the other. "It was a rather ugly story, I believe, but I never heard the details."

"I was in Baddeley's regiment when she came to India with him," said the other. "She had not been married six months, and was about the loveliest woman I ever saw in my life. As handsome as Mrs., Belfield is now, which is unsurpassable while it last, "Lungs. Can't stand a European win- great gray eyes with black lashes, a comcolour alike lovely and luxuriant, a woman who makes every cad in the streets stop all fluence with women. agape to look at her. She started us at our hill station, I can telll you, and the Baddeley madness raged there all that season like hydrophobia. One of our men, a poor little lieutenant, a mere lad, Lord Brompton's son, took the disease very badly. What was sport for us was death to him. He fell madly in love with his Major's wife and hung about her and followed her about in a

"Did she encourage him?"

the belonging to—to—Mr. Beeching—and lived pretty fast, as you know. I should and he had lots of money. She nick-named Austell; but I don't think Valen- think India would be a capital move for him Baby, talked of him as 'a nice boy, "Perhaps," assented Valentine, ponder- as Mrs. Baddeley's Baby. He didn't seem to mind people laughing at him. We went other thing at best; it would be deadly On the Knavesmire all their acquaintances to Calcutta later on, and there were balls this brother. I hope he will have had were surprised at St. Austell's absence, and all sorts of high jinks going on, and Mrs.

Baddeley was the belle of the place, and under her sister's wing. The arrangement tion to a good many people. Mr. Belfield everybody from the Governor General'down- relieved him of all trouble, and Helen seemwards, was avewedly in love with her. ed happy. People complimented him upon "Deuce take the fellow, what a lot of Poor young Stroud hung on to her and was his wife's beauty, and he accepted their trouble he has given us," he said angrily; savage with every man she spoke to. One praises as a kind of tribute to himself; "He ought to have come to see the horse's night at the Governor-General's ball, she pleased to show the world how careless he performance, although he had parted with came out in a blaze of diamonds. One of could afford to be about a wife whom everyhis interest in him. He has got a good deal us chaffed the major about his wife's jewell- body adored, secure in his unbounded ery; but he took it as easily as possible. The great day and the great race came. She had hired them from Facet, the great The Knavesmire was a scene of life and Calcutta jeweller, he told us. 'I suppose movement, of vivid colour and ceaseless ani. I shall have to pay pretty stiffly for the mation, a scene of universal gladness, one use of them,' he said, but if she likes would suppose, taking the picture as a whole. to cut a dash in borrowed plumes, I can't But in detail there was a good deal of disap- complain. It'll be a duced long time I'm pointment. It was only the disinterested afraid before she'll beable to show a diamond

The speaker stopped to light a fresh cigabout them in the sunshine, the clodhoppers | arette, and then went on lazily dropping out

"Baddeley is a big, good-natured, selfkaleidoscope—it is only for these that there indulgent ass, but I don't know that he's is no bitter in the cup of pleasure, no fly in anything more than that. We all laughed ones, but no ne paid any particular attenat his story of the hired diamonds, and six | tion to them or said anything about them. months afterwards when young Stroud broke | One day he conceived an idea. He painted for six and twenty thousand, most of it a picture of a lady in black sitting on a knew that Mrs. Baddeley's diamonds count- | yellow background. The effect was just a ed for something, and Mrs. Baddeley's little | trifle startling. Friends who saw it in process caprices for something more in the lad's en- of production expostulated with him, and tanglements. We were all very sorry for asked what he was going to do with it. him. Brompton was said to be a martinet, They were simply astounded when he anand the young man went about Calcutta | nounced that he was going to send it to the Lady Belfield's friends. She did not care to if she was impelled by some hidden agita. twice as deeply as they would have done to looking as white as a ghost for a week or exhibition. They labored with him, but in "I'll be hanged if I spend another night his creditors. Then one morning in bar- "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do rece not pressed and pressed the pressed hole," said Valentine, when racks there was a great scare. Young that without mentioning me," said Frank, Stroud had shot himself half an hour after | quietly, "and they've never even done that "Oh, you'd better see it out. I've got morning parade. He had left two letters | yet." To the exhibition the picture went. the rooms for the week, don't you know, on his table, one addressed to his father, It killed everything within twenty feet ou

> "How did the lady take it?" "I suppose she was rather sorry. She "Make it Yorkshire if you grudge your never showed herself in Calcutta after the ering passion over it, They wrote whole catastrophe. The regimental director went columns about it. They exhausted the I'll square up," retorted Valentine, sulkily, to see her every day, and the Major told English language in abusing it. They ridieveryone that she was laid up with low | culed the committee that permitted it to be fever, and that the climate was killing her. | bung. They had squibs and gibes about it, after Stroud's death, and she carried the | tioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became spoils of war with her and has worn them | the best-known artist in town. Somebody, ever since."

problems of modern society.

has more heart than Mrs. Baddeley; and critics had much to say about it, and "noted that she is over head and ears in love with | with pleasure the marked improvement ' St. Austell. They have been carrying on that Mr. Millet had made "an evidence," all the season, and I wonder they haven't as they modestly put it, "of the value of

Elopements are out of tashion. There is no. | saw that Frank had simply compelled their thing further from the thoughts of a attention by a clever trick. modern seducer than a menage. The days of postchaises and Italian villas are over. We love and we ride away. St. Austell is a man of the world, and a man of the time. Here we are, old chap. My trap is to meet us here."

They took up their sticks, hats, and overcoats, and left the carriage before Valentine Belfield's brain had recovered from the shock of a sudden revelation.

He started to his feet as they went out, called out to the man he knew, followed to the door just as the porter slammed it, and the train moved on. He hardly knew what he meant to do. Whether he would have called the slanderer to account, caned him, challenged him. He stood by the door of the swiftly moving carriage, dazed, bewildered, recalling that idle talk he had overheard from the darkness of his corner yonder, wondering how much or how little truth there was in it all.

Well there might be some foundation for over which the cables pass on the top of scandal there, perhaps. He had long known that she was a coquette, and a clever coquette, who knew how to lead her admirers on, and how to keep them at bay. He knew that Beeching had ministered pretty freely to the lady's caprices: and he had always looked upon St. Austell as the lady's favoured admirer, and the man for whom she was in some danger of compromising bridge. This has been accomplished

The story of young Stroud's futile passion for his Major's wife, and of costly jewellery given at a time when Lord Brompton's heir was already deeply in debt, was not altogether new to him. He had heard some vague hints in the past; but men had been shy of alluding to that old story in his

He had known that his sister-in-law had been talked about; but no man had ever dared to insinuate that she was anything worse than a clever woman, and perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

"I back Mrs. Baddeley and her poodle against Lucretia and her dagger," he had heard a stranger say one night in the club smoking room, and it had seemed to his somewhat cynical temper that his wife could not be safer than with a thoroughly worldly woman, a woman who knew every knot and ravelled end in the "seamy side" of

But St. Austell his wife's admirer! They two head over ears in love with each other Never for one instant had such a possibility dawned upon him; and yet those two men had talked as if that mutual passion were an established fact, known to all the world,

except to him, the deluded husband. Helen, his Helen! The wife who had satisted him with sweetness, whose devotion had cloyed, whose fondness had been almost a burden. That she shuld play him false, that she should care for any other man on earth. No, he could not believe it. Because two fools in a railway carriage chose to tell lies, was he to think that the woman who had counted the world well lost for love of him had turned trickster and traitress and was carrying on with another man?

St. Austell, a notorious rake; a man who had the reputation of being fatal in his in-The man had seemed safe enough so long

as he had thought of him only as Mrs. Baddeley's lover, but with his suspicions newly aroused, Valentine Befield looked back at the history of the last few months, and saw all things in a new light. He remembered how in all Mrs. Baddeley's festivities at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, or Sandown, water parties at Henley or Marlow, Sunday dinners at Richmond, at Greenwich, St. Austell had always been one of the party. Beeching and St. Austell had always been at hand. Whoever e'se was included, those "Of course she did. He was a swell, two were inevitable. He had reckoned them both as Leonora's devotees; they were the pair which she drove in her our of triumph. and before long he was known everywhere like Venne's dover, or Juno's peacocks. One her heart, and ruled her life : the her purse bearer. Knowing all and the he had yet been con-

dominion over her, able to neglect her if he chose and yet to defy all rivalry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Frank Millet's Ruse.

Everybody has heard of Frank Millet. He paints pictures and writes magazine articles in times of peace, but when a war is "on" he become a "war correspondent," and is likely to turn up in the Soudan, the Transvaal or the Balkans. But there was a time when he was not known. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good money borrowed from Calcutta Jews, we all | bright red sofa standing against a vivid two, while he was trying to make terms with | vain. They told him that the critics would either side of it. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there. The critics got into a tow-She went back to England a month or so but every time they spoke of it they menbecause of the stir it had made, bought the "And you think the younger sister is picture at a good price, and removed it to as bad?" said the other man thoughtfully. | the seclusion of his own home. When the There was no malevolence in either of next exhibition came off Frank had another them. They were only discussing one of the | picture ready, one of a very different sort, and very good, but no better than others "I don't know about that. I believe she | which had been exhibited before. The criticism, even though severe, to a young "My dear fellow, nobody bolts nowadays. | artist." And the majority of them never

Daring Engineering Feat—Renewing the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

The Niagara Falls railway suspension bridge carried successfully a heavy traffic tor 26 years; it was then found that some repairs to the cable were required at the anchorage. These repairs were made, and the anchorage was substantially reinforced. At the same time it was found that the wooden suspended superstructure was in bad condition, and this was entirely removed and replaced by a structure of iron, built and adjusted in such a manner as to secure the best possible results. For some time it had been noticed that the stone towers which supported the great cables of the bridge showed evidences of disintegration at the surface, and a careful engineering examination in 1885 showed that those towers were in a really dangerous condition. About Mrs. Baddeley, his wife's sister? The reason for this was that the saddles the towers had not the freedom of motion which was required for the action of the cables, caused by differences of tem-

perature and by passing loads. A most interesting and successful feat was accomplished in the substitution of iron towers for these stone towers, without interrupting the traffic across the very recently by building a skeleton iron tower outside of the stone tower, and transferring the cables from the stone to the iron tower by a most ingenious arrangement of hydraulic jacks. The stone towers were then removed. Thus, by the renewal of its suspended structur and the replacing of its towers, the bridge has been given a new lease of life and is in

excellent condition to day. This Niagara railway suspension bridge has been so long in successful operation that it is difficult now to appreciate the general disbeliet in the possibility of its success as a railway bridge, when it was undertaken. It was projected and executed by the late John A. Roebling. Before it was finished, Robert Stephenson said to him, "If your bridge succeeds, mine [the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal] is a magnificent blunder." The Niagara bridge did succeed .-Scribner's Magazine.

Struck the Right Spot-

Lady (to country editor). "I called, sir, to learn something in regard to the condition of the poor of the place."

Editor (with alacrity). "Yes, madam, seated, please." (To office-boy). "James, go down-stairs and tell the business manager to send up the books."

Full Regulation Weight. Wife (proudly). "I made this poundcake myself, John; what do you think of

Husband (critically). "Well, my dear, think it will run fully sixteen ounces to

Why is it?

Will some fair maid enlighten me On this momentous question-That is, of course, if she feels she Can offer a suggestion?

Why is it that whene'er a man Has wooed a maid and missed her. She always tells him that she can Be to him but a sister?

If he a brother's kiss has claimed, Why grow her cheeks so red? Why does she say, "I'd be ashamed," And turn away her head?

You must not be so free "? And then, "I shouldn't think you'd dare To take the liberty.

Why does she whisper, "Oh, take care!

If she's his sister, tell me, pray, Why should she be so die Of course I hope you will not say