## RECONCILIATION.

### A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY HENRY CRESSWELL.

It was with the air of a man profoundly indifferent to his successes that Gerard Strickland, twitching his cuffs and stretch ing his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious armchair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion to an enviable post in the Civil Service. As he thought of the post, his advancement seemed to him no subject for congratulation, but only one of those grim jests with which fortune delights to mock disappointed men.

An old man servant, one of a cort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his master's side and stood at a respectful distance waiting, half hesitating, with some anxiety legible in his ccunten-

"Well, Thomas?' asked Strickland. "I beg your pardon, sir; but do you

remember what day it is to-day?"

" No, Thomas.

"Your wedding day sir !" Strickland's face clouded.

"I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner the same wine as-as you used to have."

"No Thomas; I shall probably dine at the "I ordered dinner, as usual, sir, and

bouquet, in case-"Quite right, Thomas, quite right."

For an instant the heart of the promoted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating. How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversary becter than himself. And that it should fall to the old servant to order from the florist the bouquet Gerard himself had been formerly so proud to bring home on this evening to his wife! But the slight sense of annoyance passed away quickly. It was with absolute indifference that, seeing the man servant still waiting, he asked:

"Anything else, Thomas?"

"This morning when you had but just gone a young lady called. Hearing you were not at home she said she would call again this evening about six. She wishes to see you on important business.

"Her name?" "She left none."

"Did you see her?" "No sir."

" Did John say what she was like?"

"Rather tall, sir; a young lady, dark and fashionably dressed." "If she calls I will seeher. You may go,

Thomas." The servant left and Strickland continued to himself: "Tall, young, dark, well-dressed, business with me. Who can she be ?" "The lady is here, sir, in the drawing-

room," said Thomas, returning to the lib rary after about ten minutes. Strickland went to the drawing room. At

the door he paused a moment to steal look at his visitor. She stood by one of the tables, idly turning the leaves of a photograph album. Herback was toward him, and he could distinguish only the tall and graceful figure of a woman, well-dressed, and wearing expensive laces. " Madam !" he said, advancing.

The lady turned. Strickland started as if he had received an electric shock. To conceal, to the best of his ability, his surprise and the sudden pallor of his face, he made her a profound bow.

"I hope I am not inconveniencing you, she said, at the time returning his salute. Then, with a quiet ease, she selected chair and sat down.

" Not in the least; I am at your service, said Strickland.

"As I shall avail myself of your condescension. I hope that was not merely a compliment."

"May I ask you how I can oblige you?" to name the purpose of her visit. Meangood look at her, lovely, fascinating still as the first day he had seen her. Only her pure profile had gained more decision and her eyes had a profounder meaning than when he last looked into them, as those of a woman who had lived and suffered.

At length she said: "Do you still correspond with my fath-

"Yes. It is, however, a fortnight since I last wrote to him. "I received a letter from him yesterday.

He is coming to town to morrow.'

This time Strickland made no attempt to conceal his surprise,

"To-morrow! Your father, who never leaves home! "The medical men ordered him to the South and he will on his way stop in town to spend

the night with-" She paused.

"His daughter," said Strickland.

"He save his son. And so we find ourselves in a pleasant embarrassment." She leant back, and with a small hand began drubbing a waltz on the table at her

"You call it pleasant?" said Strickland. "I did not come here to discuss words, but to discover a plan of action."

"I see none." genius! If those subtle arts, that have been so successfully employed in your own advancement, could be, without prejudice to you, this once employed to extricate me

" Excuse me, madam; but your reproaches are scarcely likely to assist me to exercise my imagination.'

"Bah! Well, I have a plan. First, I do restricting her pleasures to such simple en. | trembled. Then she slowly drew on her not wish, cost what it may, to let my father joyments as she could provide herself at know-the truth."

"The unhappy truth !" " My father would be cruelly hurt, and the sins of the children ought not to be visited love. I believed she wrote to you a few upon their parents. My remorse-I beg days ago." "Gerard is well and at present your pardon, that is of little consequence | very busy. He will not this year be able | that he followed her. here "-she looked aside to warn him not to to accompany me to the seaside." expostulate, and continued: "Hitherto. thanks to our precautions, the distance of my father's residence and the seclusion in | had cost Bertha's pride a struggle. "For which he prefers to live, he has been spared | papa's sake ; for papa's sake !" she repeated this sorrow. To-morrow our clever edifice to herself, to steel her nerves to the humiliaof dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I, at least, am unable to conjecture the conequences."

gether; and we must avoid everything that would awaken suspicion."

She spoke sadiy, as well as carnestly. A deep shadow of concern settled on her hearer's face. Wrapped in thought, he delayed the answer. His visitor became impatient.

"Your promised courtesy costs too much?" she demanded. "No. I am ready. But I see many diffi

culties. The servants?" "Give the new man-servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will speak to Thomas."

"If a friend should call?"

"You will see no one." "If we meet your father, people will see us to gether.

"We will go in a closed carriage." " Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple-hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize abachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on this evening. The room?"

"Is as you left it."

"Sentimentality?"

" No-respect. "Have you any further objections?"

"None. It remains to be seen whether we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory," "By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked, sarcastic-

"No; I have forgotten them," replied Strickland, with a frown.

like two duelists. "When will you come here?" asked Strickland.

and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. | to broach all the topics of conversation most I hope I shall not inconvenience you. You | difficult for his host and hostess. are not expecting anyone?"

I will stay and assist you. My engagement is unimportant.' "Pray go. We should have to talk and

we have nothing to say to each other." "Nothing. Will you dine here." "No, thanks; I'll go home now and return

bye and bye." She rose. Strickland bowed in response to her bow, conducted her to the door with-

out another word, and returned with a sense of relief to the library. When he returned home, shortly after

midnight, the house had resumed an aspect long strange to it. Lights were burning in the drawing-room, and a little alteration in the arrangement of the furniture had restorof flowers filled the vases and a faint sweetness of violets floated about the hall and staircase. The piano was open, and some music stood on the bookstand. On the boudoir table was a work basket. By the hearth his visitor was sitting in a low chair, | promptly. her little feet half buried in the bear-skin rug, and her head reposed on her hand, whilst she gazed wistfully into the fire. Was it a dream? Bertha's flowers:

Bertha's music. Bertha herself in her home again! Two years' misery cancelled in an evening. In a moment rushed across his memory a golden wooing, a proud wedding, happy months, and the bitter day of separation. He turned away, and passed to his room, saying, "Good night !"

"Good night," replied his wife, without moving.

The strange event that had taken place in Garard Strickland's house prevented none of its inmates enjoying a wholesome night's rest. Bertha, persuaded that to-morrow's comedy could effect no real change in her relation to her husband, went to her room with the feelings of one who spends a night in a notel. Strickland, similarly, regarding the past as irremediable, read in bed for half an hour, and then fell asleep.

To get married they had both committed a thousand follies. After meeting her at a table d'hote Strickland had pursued her half over Europe, vanquished the difficulties of an approach to her father in his The lady stroked the soft fur of her muff | secluded country house and ultimately, asand once or twice lifted her searching eyes sisted by the lady's prayers and tears, to his face. Apparently she was hesitating | gained the o'd man's reluctant consent to surrender his idolized daughter. The young while Strickland gratified his eyes with a married people, passionately attached to each other, enjoyed fifteen months of re-

markable happiness and then came the end Bertha became jealous. Devoted to her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she resented, with all the intensity of her nature, a meeting between Strickland and a former flame, a dance, a note, half-an-hour's conversation. The husband unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful insouciance of an easy temperament. The inevitable consequence ensued, a bitter misunderstanding. An impudent servant, a malicious acquaintance, half a-dozen venomous tongues, lashed the wife's jealousy into madness. An explanation demanded from her husband was refused with a sneer. He had begun to think her a proud, unloving woman, and under the circumstances, judged self-justification ridiculous. The following morning she entered his library and with marvellous calmness, without quavering over a single word, announced to him their immediate separation—for ever. Taken by surprise Strickland tried to temporize, acknowledged he had been thoughtless, did all in a man's power to avoid the rupture. Bertha only replied so proudly and with so much severity that self-respect forbade him further selfdefense. Thay separated. Strickland ex-"And you are a politican, a man of ternally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience. concluded his life broken and ruined by his own want of tact. The husband and wife met two or three times as people who barely know each other. He devoted himself to professional duties, resumed some of h bachelor habits and amused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life. home and seldom appearing in public. On one point both agreed—to write regularly to She made a little grimace, and proceeded: Bertha's father, repeating such stereotyped ly phrases as "Bertha is well and sends her

It will be easily believed that to go to her husband's house and to ask a favor of him tion, which, however, Strickland's cold courtesy had considerably lessened. If he would be equally considerate on the morrow. a little spirit, a little self-command, and Strickland, it is absolutely necessions of some clever pretending might enable them me. My father must find us to- | hours to be spent in town, to me him off from

Victoria, and with a polite bow, to separat and return to their several existences.

Dinner was ended, Mr. Gregory smiled contentment and happiness, and the two actors at the opposite ends of the table of

necessity smiled too. Their parts had proved difficult. From the moment of the old gentleman's arrival they had had to call each other by their Christian names and to use the little endearments of two people still in love. More than once, a word, an intonation, that sounded like an echo of the dead past, made Strickland pale and Bertha tremble. Their embarassment momentarily increased. The more perfect their dissimulation, the bitterer was the secret remorse that wrung the hearts of both of them, whilst they exchanged for meaningless things, words, looks and smiles, once the most sacred signs of affection. With the fear of betraying themselves by an indiscretion was intermixed another, a misgiving lest, while they acted affection, they should be guilty of real feelings warmer than the courteous indifference with which they desired to regard each other.

On the stairs, when Mr. Gregory, preceding them, was for an in:tant out of sight, Bertha turned back and bestowed on her husband a grim look of fatigue that meant, "How are we to continue this?"

"'Tis only till to-morrow, Bertha," he replied in an undertone, wishing to help her. But the Christian name which, because he had in the last two hours used it so frequently, unwittingly slipped from his lips, caused And the two looked into each other's eyes, her to turn her face away with an angry

By the fire in the back drawing room Mr. Gregory appeared actuated by a desire "This evening. I will bring my things, to ask all the most awkward questions, and

"Letters are welcome, Bertha," he said, "No one. I was going out. If you wish, "when people can not meet, but I have en THE LITTLE SPARTAN PRINCESS. joyed my little visit more than all the pages you have sent me. There is very little in letters. Don't you think your wife grows handsomer, Strickland?"

"I tell her so every day." are all about you. You have a model hus- a solid pavement. The time, a summer day band, my dear."

" I have, papa." pattern of the carpet.

said Mr. Gregory, after a moment The little party sat out on a tour of the woven mat in the center of the room. Out

mansion. After an inspection of several of doors the sun shines brightly and it is rooms, as Strickland preceded them into the still. In the palace there are shade and ed to the room a forgotten grace. Bouquets | breakfast room, the father stopped his coolness, but there is stillness there too. daughter and said:

sent it to be regilt," replied the daughter,

"Where does it generally hang?"

"There." She assigned to the picture, which she had mutters and gesticulates with his hands as taken away with her, the first empty space he gazes at the suits of armor and the weapon the wall that met her eye.

said the old man. "Ah, what a woman she that he is going to war against; for fighting was! What a wonderful woman! You was the chief employment of kings in those should have known her, Strickland. You days. You would hardly judge by his dress, owe her your wife. When she was leaving for he wears no better clothes than the two me, poor dear ! she made me promise never | guardsmen at the door, that this man is a to hesitate to make any sacrifice that should king, and yet he is King Cleomenes of Sparta. be for Bertha's happine s; and so, when my While he stands there, talking to himself little girl came to me and said, 'Papa, I can and stamping his feet, a little girl enters the never be happy without Gerard, 'I thought room. She is a slight wee thing, and she of my dear wife and let her go. I feared, looks just a little frightened as she sees the when I sent her abroad, I should lose her. soldiers and all those fierce, glittering Well, you were made for each other. Do weapons on the wall. Her eyes are very you remember your first meeting in Paris?" black and dancing, but her hair is like gold

They remembered it. they returned to the drawing-room, Gerard | those wide-awake eyes, and she is dressed and his wife congratulating themselves, not soberly, with not a particle of color about without reason, that the good paps was not very observant, for many a token of some thing abnormal had been plain enough.

With a common sigh of relief the two actors sank into their respective corners of their carriage, after seeing Mr. Grezory off the next morning. Not a word was poken. Bertha watched the drops of rain that trickled down the windows. Gerard studied the back of the coachman. They had again become strangers. Presently, moving accidentally, Strickland touched his wife's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Pray do not mention it." Perfect strangers! Yet both in the si lence were anxiously meditating every event of the last few days, remembering the most trifling impression and studying all they signified. As they past near a cross street she chooses. the husband asked :

"Shall I drive you to your own house?" "I am coming to yours to superintend the packing. My maid can not do it alone." On arriving the wife at once went to her chamber. Strickland, conscious of utter purposelessness, returned to the back drawing-room and took up the paper. Bertha passed backward and forward. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of her moving about the room. At last he looked up.

"You will tire yourself," he said; "can not I assist von?" "No, thank you. I have nearly done." A few minutes later she came and seated

herself on the opposite side of the fire. She appeared tired. As she sat she looked around to see if anything had been forgotten.

"I think it rains less," said Strickland, who had laid down the paper. "No. It rains just the same as before.

"Is the carriage ready?" "I have sent to know." The carriage would be ready in ten min-

utes. Those ten minutes seemed an eternity. When the servant entered to say the carriage is a helmet so lofty and with so many gayly. waited. Bertha rose and stood for a little while before the mirror, arranging her laces and ribbons with difficulty, for her fingers gloves and turned towards her husband. He had risen and was standing waiting. "Good morning," she said, bowing slight-

He bowed, but made no reply. turned and quietly, with calm, even step walked from the room. She could hear

They were in the hall. Suddenly be stepfirst lorgiving me?" he exclaiment in a vol The state of the same of the s

# YOUNG FOLKS.

The Restless Boy in Church. How he turns and twists. And how he persists In rattling his heels : How uneasy he feels. Our wide- awake boy in church !

Then earnest and still, He attends with a will, While the story is told Of some hero bold, Our dear, thoughtful boy in church !

But our glad surprise At his thoughtful eyes Is turned to despair As he twitches the hair Of his little sister in church !

At a look from the eyes Of his mother so dear, Who thinks best to sit near Her mischievous boy in church ! Another trick comes

Yes! His fingers he drums,

Still, each naughty trick flies,

Or his 'kerchief is apread All over his head-And still we take him to church? He's troublesome? Yes! That I'm bound to confess:

With their fun and their noise,

But God made the boys.

And He surely wants them in church ! Such children you know, Long, long years ago, Did not trouble the Lord, Though his disciples were bored; So we'll keep them near Him in Church

The place, a grim, gloomy-looking room in a royal palace, rude weapons of war gleaming upon the walls, the windows draped "And so he tells me, Bertha. His letters with hangings of coarse tapestry, the floor in the year before Christ 593.

It is afternoon. The two bronzed soldiers Strickland hung his head and regarded the | who stand on guard at the door, armed with spear and shield, stand alternately on one "I should like to see your house, Bertha," leg and yawn lazily. A great wolf-hound. gaunt and tawny, lies fast asleep on a coarse

Standing at the further end of the room is "Bertha, where is your mother's por- a tall, long-haired, dark-bearded man. He has just come in from eating his usual dinner "The frame had got shabby and we have of black porridge and garlic; for though of the highest rank in Sparta he has to sit at the public table and eat the same kind of food the common laborers do. His features are heavy and his dark brow is frowning. He ons on the walls. What do you suppose he "I don't think that a very good place !" is thinking about? Some enemy, perhaps,

and falls all over her face and shoulders. The tour of the house was completed, and She is pretty, but grave-looking, despite her; her long Darian chiton or dress, ber short cloak, and even her sandai-straps are all of a solemn black. This girl is our prin-

cess, little Gorgo. By and by, when she is older, she will wear a cap over her golden hair, and will go out to run and leap, and even wrestle and box with the boys. For this was a girl's hard lot in ancient Sparta. They were trained to be strong and brave and enduring, and not to look well and to dress handsomely. A Spartan girl did not go to school she did not even learn to play on the flute or the harp; but she had to bear burdens to make her strong, and dance and run to make her graceful, and then was whipped severely on occasions so as to toughen her. All this Gorgo will have to endure when she grows a little older. As she is still young, only about eight, she can run about and play all

So she has come into that gloomy old hall to see what she can find to do. Perhaps it was to romp with Alto, the hound; but he is cross and sleepy, so she goes straying up and down the room, peering at the savagelooking weapons and the horse hair crests and gleaming breastplates and shining shields. After a time her father sees her and calls her to his side. Though a grim and moody man Cleomenes loves his daughter, for she is his only child. He is talking pleasantly to the little girl, when all at once there is a great commotion outside. In another moment the guards throw open the door and a most gorgeous-looking stranger is ushered in.

Cleomenes bade Gorgo leave him, and instantly became grave again; but Gorgo does not go out of the room. She is so interested in the man's magnificent appearance that she forgets her father's command. She has never seen anything so fine in all her life before. He wears a scarlet cloak with a great deal of rich trimming, the straps of his sandals sparkle with jewels, and on his head colored fearhers on it that Gorgo's eyes are quite dazzled.

No one takes any notice of her, and so she letters after all. stands and listens. She hears the stranger say that his name is Aristagorus, and that he is from Miletus, a city of Ionia, across the sea, and that he is trying to get up a war in his own land, and wants Cleomenes to help him. It seems that Aristagorus and his people had an enemy in Darius, the great King of Persia, and they had made up their minds to light him. But they did not have quite soldiers enough to carry on a war with any prospect of success with so mighty a fee as Darius of Persia, and as Cleomenes and the Spartans were the bravest and best warriors alive Aristagcrous had come all that distance to get them to help him did resign (XVIII)

chart of the world, and on this pointed out morning. At the table his hostest anxiously morning. At the table his hostest anxiously morning. At the table his hostest anxiously morning. Rudolph, can you out your own inquired, "Rudolph, can you out your who and gold that would make and full of allver most?"—" Humph !" said Rudolph, who

line showing the way to get there, telling the king in a flattering way that his Spartans, being such good soldiers, would have no difficulties in overcoming the obstacles on the route. Cleomenes listened with a great deal of interest, but, being cautious man, he told Aristagorus that he would think the matter over and in three days would let him know his answer.

Aristagorus, probably feeling quite sure that Cleomenes would help him, took his leave and departed. Gorgo followed him out and had a chance to look up into his dark, handsome face. Somehow she did not just fancy him, and in spite of his gold trim. mings and gorgeous head-dress almost hoped that he would not come again.

But on the third day he did come, looking handsomer than ever in his gay trappings. Gorgo was playing in the outer court, and as the servants ushered him into the room where the king sat she slipped in too. suppose it was just a little bit naughty in her, but the rich dress and tossing plumes of Aristagorus were a rare treat to her who never before had seen any thing but the dull colors of her Spartan home. Besides, I have a fancy that she feared Aristagorus might harm her father, for she had quite made up her little mind that he was a wick. ed man.

Cleomenes very calmly told Aristagorus that before he gave him his answer he would like to ask him a question.

"How far is it," he asked," from the great king's capital to the sea?" "A three-months' journey," replied the

Ionian, without stopping to think, The king was very angry. He had not supposed it was more than three days' distance. To march a three months' journey into an enemy's country was another thing.

"You are no friend to the Spartans," said Cleomenes. "Quit my capital before sun-

But Aristagorus meant to get Cleomenes's help if he could; so he began to offer him money. Now the Spartans, though they were such excellent soldiers, were very poor, and Cleomenes, though a king, was poor too. The bribes that his visitor held forth were a great temptation to him. Aristago. rus offered him first five talents, then ten. then twenty, then forty. Cleomenes began to consider and to look at the money.

"Aid us with six thousand of your bravest Spartans," said the cunning Ionian at last, "and you shall have fifty talents for a three. months' service."

It was a large sum-more than fifty thousand dollars. Cleomenes hesitated no longer; he reached forth his hands to take the fifty talents. "Father, father!" and a little hand

clutched at his arm, "fly, I beseech you, or this stranger will corrupt you." It was Gorgo. She had heard the whole

conversation, and felt that her father was being tempted to do wrong. It was very brave in her, but she was terrioly frightened when Aristagorus flashed his angry black eyes upon her, and she thought she should sink through the floor. Cleomenes, however, very kindly took her hand, gave Aristagerus back his money, and told him to leave Sparta at once.

As it happened, Gorgo saved her father from a great mistake. Aristagorus was miserably defeated in his great revolt, and those that had helped him fared as badly as he. So her eight innocent little years served

quite as good a purpose as many older ones. Do you want to know what was the after career of this young girl who began life so bravely and thoughtfully? We called he: the Princers Gorgo, but she became a queen at last, marrying her cousin Leonidas -who led the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae, and died with glory in that bistoric fight.

## A Lesson in Grammar.

One night, an owl was prowling round Looking for mice, when on the ground He spied a cat, and straightway flew Quite close to it. "Tu whit, tu whoo!" Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir, If here, dressed in a coat of fur, I do not see a four-legged owl. O what a very funny fowl! It makes me laugh, so droll-Ha! ha Ha! ha!-it are-ha! ha! ha! ha! It are, it are, it really are The drollest thing I've seen by far! " Iou're much mistaken, scornful sir, The cat said, as she ceased to purr; "For though, like one, I often prowl About at night, I am no owl. And if I were, why, still would you Be queerer creature of the two; For you look, there's no doubt of that, Extremely like a two-legged cat. As for your grammar, 'pon my word, (Excuse this giggle), he-he-he-he, It be, it be, it really be The very worst I ever heard."

### Dog and Cat Story. People who have much to do with animals

are often puzzled to know where sense begins and instinct leaves off, says a writer in an exchange. As an example of what I mean, I must tell a little anecdote of a terrier belonging to a friend of mine. This little animal always fetches the letters from the postman, who arrives at a very early hour. The dog sleeps on very good terms with a large cat. The other morning it was bitterly cold when the postman was due, and, though reminded of his duties, Bob refused to turn out. He was observed trying to make the cat do something that he evidently did not or would not understand. At last he jumped up, seized puss by the collar, and dragged him to the door, where he left his companion, hurrying back into his bed as fast as he could. But he was obliged to get up, for puss walked back without the

FUNNY LITTLE STORIES.

What They Were Called. Well, Devie. did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" Yes, mamma." "Do you remember any of the nice things you saw! can you tell me what they were called?" "Yee; most of them were called Do not

touch."

Could Cut the Mest. Little Rudulph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the If he could conquer it. And he traced a great deal tougher meat than that at home!

GOOSEBONE PREDICT

The Bort of Weather We Are to ing the Winter.

The foreshadowing of the winter, as it is read from the do on the Goose Bone, is not a che The promise given forth of slee cold is a gloomy picture for the apon, and the many whose short not permit them to lay in a boun of fuel will shiver at the thought of weather that the little bone the next four months. There cold and wet weather than th this latitude have experienced winter, and the cold spells wi and more severe than usual. is dark at both ends, which a long winter. Winter weath have in November, and th snow will be familiar sights far March. The goose from whose bone

was taken, was hatched in killed after the ides of Septen bone is WONDERPULLY MARK

the dots and breves and lines along the keel, thus indicating v able weather, but the breves n down and are heavy, showing th ral character of the winter will cold weather. The danger period November than any other mon from the 10th to the end, wi severe weather falling between t 26th. and at any time within blustering snows and unsease weather may be looked for. The first danger period in D

tends from the lat to the 5th, there will probably be a few days weather. The heaviest storm p month centres in the Christma beginning on the 18:h and pas 27th. At the opening of the will have very foul and prob the coldest weather of the seaso cold lines run along the bone the middle of January. Watch but above all prepare for it. It probable that the earth will be snow when Christmas dawn cold north wind will be blov Christmas fires will have to b big for comfort. The 24th December will be the darkest

STORM DAYS OF THE MO On the bone all the indicati cold, and stormy weather meet time. It is a curious clustering such as is seldom seen on the mixture of weather may be look wet and cold predominating. long spell of bad weather some on the bone are very dark, v very cold, and we need not look mercury far away from zero dur day week.

The new year will come in co with the first danger period con the 14th. There are three stor this month; the second comme the 14th and the last one about the month. The dots that ap bone up to the middle of the heavy, from about the 10th especially so, and during this cold weather may be looked December and January the n frequently be below zero, probe is there for days.

For February short periods re the bone, and the general chara month will be stormy and blust some very cold days at the month and again at the close. spells and continued cold weath the ice and snow and the month will be as hoary as As the bone ends very dark, it bable that March will be a r November. In that case the find it very difficult to break all kinds of vegetation will be getting a start. It will not be things in the ground too soon winter will be likely to be follow ing frosts far into April. The members to have seen only one to compare with the one this ye season there were frosts as lat Every indication, from the read bone, points to a backward sprin gardeners who have their riches early vegetation will find their

and difficult.

An Aid to Science Curiously enough, the first Mr. Leary, and which resulted ly to its projectors as a finanproved an invaluable aid to scie be remembered that it broke tucket during the severe storn cember, and since then almost sent time these logs have been n and their exact position noted ed to the hydrographic office at All these reports have been care and compared, and the result central office can now furnish a chart showing the courses of currents that could have been no other way. Indeed, each Leary's raft became a special the office, doing the same work scale on which the Governmen other countries have been floating bottles.

The Bigger Half .- " Bobb mother, "did you give half of your little sister ?" "Oh, yes her more than that," repiled a generous air. "Did you, in Why, that was very nice of ma, I sucked the juice out and the rest." One of the semi-annual revolu

on in Hayti. President Teler sassinated last September. Gen seized the reigns of power an compel the Assembly to mee Prince in order to go throug electing him. Two-thirds of t men refuse to come. Opposition is developing under Gen. Hipp collecting a large force. Legit has possession of the navy—tw and is blockeding the ports. volved himselt in a serious scr American vessel, the Hayt A petition has been presented Reyard asking for his interfer is in a state of anarchy half the lives and property of A ther fereigners are constan there will be no lack of preter the wish to intefer