ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and Watery Blood, or from Vitiated Humors in the Blood, and also invigorate and Build up the Blood and System, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a Specific Action on the Sexual System of both men and women, restoring lost vigor and correcting all irregularities and suppressions.

AGENTS—WE HANDLE a variety of Subscription Bibles etc. In Toronto it is impossible for an agent to [illegible] and not find something that will [illegible] name is noted far and wide for [illegible] every book recommended [illegible] for circulars and terms. [illegible] Publisher, Temperance St., Toronto.

COMPOUND OXYGEN

Will cure diseases which medicine is unable to reach. It reaches every nerve in the body. It imparts to all the vital forces of the system a new and healthy activity, giving back to nature the power she has lost, and strength to resist and overcome disease. Send for circular. W. P. CORNELL, 131 D'Arcy St., Toronto.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.

LONDON AND CANADIAN LOAN AND AGENCY CO., LTD

103 Bay Street, Toronto.

Capital..........$5,000,000.

Money to Loan on improved farms, city and town property on liberal terms of repayment and AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES. MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES PURCHASED. Apply to local appraisers or to J. F. KIRK, Manager.

Choice farms for sale in Ont. & Manitoba

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure.

NDARD Oct. 1, 1891

PEARS.

[illegible] Bartlett, J Weber, J Brodie; clapp's favorite, J Stuart, J Brodie; flemish beauty, B Gilray, A S Madill; louise bonne de jersey, J [illegible].

PLUMS.

Lombard, S Stokes, R Ruthvan; smith's [illegible], R Gilray, J McKee; coe's golden [illegible], J Weber, J Brodie; victoria, J H [illegible] Brodie; reine claude, J Weber; [illegible] W Norton, J Brodie; other variety, [illegible] J Boland; collection, T A [illegible] A S Madill; collection crabapples [illegible] G Stuart; grapes, white, R Gilray; [illegible] grapes, colored, J M Thurston, [illegible] grapes, collection, J H Heard, R [illegible].

DAIRY PRODUCE.

[illegible] T B Gilliland, J Hickling; 5 lbs. [illegible] W Moore, J Farris, J Abbott; 15 [illegible] J Farris, J Abbott, T B Gilliland; [illegible] J Abbott, J Oliver, J Farris; [illegible] factory, W Norton, S Stokes; [illegible] G Stuart, diploma; fruit cake, J Smith, T A [illegible] W Norton, A Munshaw.

MANUFACTURES.

[illegible] carriages, buggies and cutters, [illegible] set of furniture, E Mc[illegible] harness and saddlery, D [illegible] J Smith; boots, [illegible] pumps; J L Mitchell.

[illegible] AND LADIES' WORK.

[illegible] J Hicklings, R Heron; [illegible] R Heron; flannel [illegible] flannel union, J Ab[illegible] rag carpet, S Stokes, J [illegible] J Heron, S Stokes; [illegible] Norton; woollen mits, [illegible] ladies mits, W [illegible] kings, W Norton, J [illegible] scarf, R & T Mercer, [illegible] patchwork, Mrs Norton, J [illegible] W Meads, W Nor[illegible] Mercer, R Gilray; [illegible] Peller, R Ruthvan; [illegible] Norton, J A Lever; [illegible] Madill; yarn mat, P. [illegible] Berlin wool [illegible] work, A Mun[illegible] in cotton, W [illegible] embroidery in silk, W [illegible] embroidery in cotton, [illegible] drawn work, R Ruth[illegible] wool, R Oliver, [illegible] cotton, R Ruthvan, J [illegible] lace, R Gilray, [illegible] wool, fancy, W [illegible] Kells, P Munshaw; [illegible] Lever; darned net, [illegible] work on canvas, [illegible] shirt, hand made, [illegible] machine made, [illegible] Mrs. Norton; orna[illegible] A Stuart, R Ruth[illegible] Norton, R & T [illegible] stocking, R. Best; [illegible] Munshaw; smok[illegible] W Nor[illegible] R & T Mer[illegible] table mats, W [illegible] R. Gilray; wreath [illegible] J A Lever; wreath [illegible] toilet set R & [illegible] photos, Mrs. Bulm[illegible] drawings, Miss [illegible] Miss E Damude, [illegible] drawing, Miss E [illegible] pencil drawing, [illegible] E Damude; painting [illegible] Mrs R Ruthvan, R & T [illegible].

[illegible] FLOWERS.

[illegible] Munshaw, A Munshaw; [illegible] Bulmer, A Munshaw; [illegible] R Pedler; hanging [illegible] A Munshaw; calla lily, [illegible] Munshaw; amarilla, S [illegible] J P Otewell, A Munshaw; [illegible] A Munshaw, A Stuart; [illegible] plants not greenhouse.

[illegible] Bronchitis, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Etc. [illegible] one of the most extraordinary [illegible] number here to use it, and [illegible] O'KEEFE, Brewery, Toronto. [illegible] Large box $1; small, 50 cents. It [illegible] will receive one box prepaid, by [illegible] St. Montreal.

FOOD LIKE

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

[illegible]ociation Life

[HE]AD OFFICE, - TORONTO:

[ASSURANCE]S IN FORCE, $20,000,000.

Assets and Capital

A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS.

[INCREAS]ES MADE IN 1890.

[illegible]ome,	$55,168.00
[illegible]	$417,141.00
[illegible] New Business,	$68,648.00
[illegible] in Business in Force,	$706,967.00
	$1,600,176.00

J. K. MACDONALD

Managing Director.

THE

[M]ost Delicately Perfumed

AND

[PO]PLUAR SOAP OF THE DAY

[S]OLD EVERYWHERE,

USED BY EVERYBODY

AND MADE BY

[THE] TOILET SOAP COMPANY

MADGE EARLSCOURT.

BY MARION VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER II.

AT ROCKY DELL.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"We will go to Rocky Dell Farm, shall we not Madge? Grandma Lee will be delighted, and after awhile we'll write our friends to join us. What say you, cousin? Does the plan suit your fancy?"

So questioned Mrs. Charteris one day in early June, as they talked of their summer outing.

"Yes, Flora, I know of nothing that will be more enjoyable. We'll live over our girlhood days down there at the dear old homestead. Let us go as soon as possible."

So it was decided, and a week later found the two in one of the old seaport towns of Maine.

It was such a pleasant home, here at Rocky Dell. A large, old-fashioned mansion from whose windows you could ever see the glimmering of the ocean; a wide, spreading lawn, and grand old elms where the whispering breezes softly sighed; and in the background the orchard; sloping meadow, hill and dale, stretching on in the distance, making one of earth's fairest pictures.

So at least thought Madge Earlscourt as she took in the quiet beauty of the scene on the night of her arrival.

Long after the others had gone to rest, she sat by her chamber window and looked out toward the sea.

"Am I happy?" she questioned. "As happy as the great majority, perhaps. The world deems me one of the favored few. Ah! well, why should it not? Yet there is something lacking in my life after all. Of all there is none so light of heart as Madge, and now—oh! happy, careless days, it is long since we parted company. Shall I accept Gerard Haynes and take my place in the world of fashion and folly as one of its acknowledged leaders? or shall I plan out my own life and walk that way alone? Ah! well, I have six weeks to decide in yet, and meanwhile I will wait and see what time will do."

The days that followed were very bright ones, and every evening Madge and her cousin took long walks across the hills or down by the shore. They made the most of their quiet holiday. Later on guests would be down from the city and all would be life and excitement then.

"I had a letter from Will to-day," said Mrs. Charteris, "and among the friends he has invited down here is Frank Durward. He will be a pleasant addition to our party. He was always a great favorite of mine, you know."

"Yes, I presume so. You always had a weakness for fascinating sinners."

"Well, I'm not the only one, fair coz. Do you know, Madge, I think you're a little severe on Mr. Durward. He was never the gay sinner you fancied him, and even if he had been, one could afford to overlook it, he is so generous and so kind of heart. For my part, I admire him far more than Gerard Haynes, who of late seems to be your devoted follower. Of the two I should much prefer to see you wedded to Frank Durward, and you know, dear coz, you have only to smile your sweetest and you will have him at your feet."

"I am not aiming at conquest," and in reply, "and to Frank he is only a friend, nothing more. In fact, I could hardly recognize him as one with any one, or more than one season at least."

"Perhaps you will learn to think differently one of these days. It is very easy to form mistaken opinions, you know."

Alone with her thoughts that night Madge sat and pondered. Had she really misjudged him, she wondered. The conversation of the afternoon had brought back a train of memories, memories that had long been silent.

She thought of that summer at Mt. Desert, the long golden hours, the walks, and the drives.

Long before she met him she had heard of Frank Durward.

"You will find him one of the most fascinating of men, but don't lose your heart, dear girl," a friend had laughingly said to her. "Men were deceivers ever," you know, and none more so than Frank Durward."

Forewarned is forearmed. So it had been with Madge Earlscourt.

She found Frank Durward a most pleasant companion, it is true, but then she had expected this. Chance threw them together very often. And when at times his eyes looked tenderly into her own, she had smilingly ignored it. Long practice had made him perfect in the art, and why should she give it a moment's thought? 'Twas the amusement of the hour, nothing more. So she had told herself many a time, as though to steel her heart against him.

Meanwhile she drifted on with the tide, but there came a turning point at last. The summer days were ended, the hour drew near when they must say good-bye. It all comes back so vividly to her to-night, yet how long ago it seems.

Once again she hears those words of love; feels eyes are looking into her own, and he is waiting for his answer. In that moment many thoughts come and go. Can she trust to his constancy? will his be a love that is true to the end? or is it not, like others, a passing fancy born of the moment?

But was all, doubtless. She could never expect a lasting devotion from one like him.

And yet it was beautiful to be loved, and somehow her heart was pleading for this handsome lover as it never had before. It was only for a little while, though. With a strong effort she conquered that feeling, and the dream was buried.

Two months later she crossed the ocean. Yet her heart was strangely sad as she sailed away.

"If he loves me, he will follow some day," she thought. "Time will prove whether his devotion is a lasting one."

Days came and went, lengthened into months, yet no word ever came from across the seas.

He had doubtless forgotten her. Well, she, too, would forget. As time went on that summer at Mt. Desert became only a sometime bit of a dream.

Life was a very busy one in the years that followed. [illegible] changed and fraught with wide experiences, and new scenes and companions. After a year spent in sightseeing she took up her residence in Germany, and there devoted herself to music. It became the one passion of her life, all else seemed forgotten.

Though suitors came, she was indifferent to them all.

"I am wedded to my music," she told her aunt one day. "I doubt if I have any heart to give, except to my ambition."

On her return to Canada she was, indeed, a finished musician, and in the society world her praises were heard on every side.

She had seen but little of Frank Durward since the night of the ball. Did he ever recall that happy romance of theirs, she wondered.

"I wish that I could believe in him more. Perhaps I judged him too hastily. But what matters it now? His fancy for me is completely forgotten, just as I promised. Ah! Well, life is a strange problem after all."

With thoughts like these she drifted into dreamland at last.

Amid the [illegible] excitement in the old mansion at Rocky Dell. The guests from the city had arrived at last, and gay young voices filled the house with merriment.

There was pretty Maud Ainsley, the most heartless little coquette Madge ever knew, but she was a friend of Flora's, and with her sister Grace had come to stay with them a month. Mrs. Colonel Devine and Ethel Vane completed the party.

Will Charteris and Frank Durward came down ere long, while over at the hotel but a short distance from the farm, Gerard Haynes and several of his bachelor friends were stopping.

Gerard Haynes as usual sought Madge Earlscourt's society at every opportunity. Even Maud Ainsley with all her pretty arts and fascinations could not succeed in making an impression on him, and the knowledge sorely piqued her vanity. But then there was Frank Durward, much the handsomer of the two, though not as wealthy; and on him she lavished her sweetest smiles.

Whether they were appreciated it was hard to tell. Frank Durward was ever courteous and agreeable to the gentler sex. Madge sometimes watched the two as they sat together, and half-wondered if this was more than a passing fancy. She sincerely hoped not. Maude was not at all the one suited for Frank Durward.

A gay party, indeed, and the summer promised to be a very pleasant one here in this quaint old town by the sea.

Many were the outings enjoyed, both on the water and in the pine grove on the hill, while picnics, lawn tennis, and moonlight drives made the time go by on joyous wings.

They all went off for a picnic one day, all except Madge, who at the last moment excused herself on plea of a headache.

After the party had gone, she went to her room, and remained there for several hours. By noon she was much better, and began to feel quite like her natural self again, so much so that she half-wished she had gone to the picnic, but it was too late now.

After lunch she donned a pink teagown, a dainty, exquisite thing, trimmed with lace and ribbons. She looked most charming when her toilet was completed, a trifle pale, but very sweet and lovely nevertheless.

At length she went down into the darkened drawing-room. What was her surprise on entering to find it occupied by no other than Frank Durward.

"Why! where did you come from? I thought you were miles away, off to the picnic with the rest of the party," she exclaimed.

"Did you? Well, I have come back it seems, have come to stay with you, if you are willing," he answered, smilingly.

"Certainly. But how did it happen?"

"Something like this: A letter from a friend arrived here this morning, changed all my plans. I excused myself to the rest of the party, made a flying trip into the city, and now have but just returned."

"It is too bad that you missed the picnic."

"Oh! no, not at all. I am quite content as it is," he replied, leaning back in the luxurious easy chair, and mentally considering himself for the time being one of the favorites of circumstance.

"How is your headache?" he questioned, at length.

"Oh! it is all gone now."

"Then you will sing for me, won't you?" he plead, and so Madge took her place at the piano, and sang some of his favorite songs. He watched her all the while, and thought what a lovely picture she made in her youth and beauty, here in this quaint, old-fashioned drawing-room.

He thanked her very earnestly when the songs were ended. As she took her seat he drew his chair up beside her, and talked to her in his own pleasant, entertaining way, just as he used to in days long gone by.

Both were all unconscious how the hours were slipping away, for both were happy, and in happiness one takes no note of time. In the evening they went out to walk, and at length strolled down the lane that led to the beach.

Above them the arching trees interlaced their branches; through the quivering leaves the stars glimmered ever and anon; on either side stretched the daisied meadows; while from the distance came the low, sad moan of the ocean, whose moonlit waters could just be seen through the long vista before them.

The beauty of the night cast its spell around them. The touch of her hand resting so lightly on his arm thrilled him. They talked of many things; he told her of his life, more than he had ever told to any one before, of his hopes, of the influence for good which her words had wrought.

And Madge, listened to that manly voice, saw a different side to his nature then, a side which his light, jesting manner had before concealed. She was conscious, too, of a joy—a joy that his presence brought.

Must she crush it down, this feeling that seemed to be gaining the mastery over her at last? Not to-night surely—the hour was too sweet, too bright. As they stood there in the shadows, they heard gay voices, Maud Ainsley's merry laughter; and a moment after the returning picnic party came in sight.

Mrs. Charteris smiled, and mentally congratulated herself on the way matters had progressed during her absence. Maud Ainsley for once was quiet; she was wondering if it was all by chance that these two had stayed away from the picnic. A lurking suspicion to the contrary destroyed her peace of mind. The picnic had proved a very unsatisfactory one to her; so also to Gerard Haynes. There was almost a frown on his usually placid countenance, brought there by the burning jealousy that was aroused within him.

Madge Earlscourt must give him her answer very soon, and when once she was his betrothed, Frank Durward would find it wiser to bestow his attentions elsewhere. The possibility of his suit being an unsuccessful one in the end never entered his thoughts. Gerard Haynes estimated his wealth and position too highly to harbor any doubts.

As for Madge her dreams were very sweet that night.

"It has been such a happy day," was the last thought that came to her as she sank to rest.

On the morrow nothing special had been planned in the way of amusement. Early in the afternoon Madge excused herself, and went to call on a friend.

On her way home she took the road that led along the shore. It was a beautiful day. The sea had never looked lovelier.

Coming to a boat moored upon the sands, she decided to go out rowing. There were several hours yet before sunset; she would make the most of this bright afternoon.

Merrily the little boat sped over the sparkling waters, and Madge gave herself up to happy day-dreams. She was passionately fond of the ocean. With the blue sky above her, the soft breeze fanning her cheek, she was quite content to drift on and on.

She heeded not how far she was going. The fisherman's cottage was now but a tiny speck on the shore. She was thinking of her life meanwhile—the story of the past—of the future too with its hopes and possibilities. So absorbed in reverie was she that she did not notice the rising cloud. But all at once it seemed to her as though the sky had suddenly grown dark. There was a great calm, too—a calm that was ominous, as though the forces of nature had paused for a brief moment, ere the on-coming signal for battle was given.

With a start Madge realized her danger only too well. Quickly turning her course, she rowed back for the shore. Strong and steady were the strokes of the oar; haply indeed was it for her that she rowed so well, but the storm was gaining on her every moment.

Low mutterings of distant thunder were heard, and the sky was growing darker all the while.

Now the wind was rising; the waves were angrily tossing and foaming about her; they were coming into the boat; and her heart beat; oh! so wildly as she prayed for strength to reach the shore.

Life has never seemed so dear to her as then; and who could tell how near its end might be? If the boat should capsize there was none to hear her cry for help. She would go down, down, beneath those cruel foam-tossed waves. The thought was terrible, and once more a prayer went upward, a prayer for strength, for help in this dread hour of peril.

As if in answer to that prayer she saw a dark object in the distance. A boat was putting out from the shore. Some one was coming to her rescue, and with renewed courage she rowed swiftly on.

Nearer and nearer it came; but the moments seemed to her like hours. Who was it she wondered plying the oar with such strong and steady stroke, as though he feared nothing of danger.

There was something familar about that manly form. Could it be possible? Ah! yes, it was no other than Frank Durward, coming bravely to the rescue.

They were side by side at last, and danger was almost forgotten. As in a dream she heard his voice—how it thrilled her—yet her lips seemed dumb. She could only look up to him with longing eyes, but in that gaze he read her heart at last, as though it had been an open book.

"Courage, darling, I will save you," a voice was saying to her; and then suddenly the storm burst in all its fury. The rain poured down in torrents, and without a moment's warning both boats were overturned.

With a stifled cry of horror Madge sank beneath the waves. She felt the water's cold embrace, and heard above her its awful roar. O God! could this be death! But Frank was beside her now; in an instant she felt his strong, firm grasp, and hope revived.

Bravely he struggled on, battling against wave and storm. Would he ever reach the shore? The way was long even yet; he could not hold out much longer, though alone he might have accomplished the distance in safety. The despair of these few short moments would never be forgotten.

As for Madge her strength was failing; she could not cling to him much longer; yet a sublime heroism came to her then—a heroism that is only born in a great soul. In firm yet gentle tones she besought him to leave her to her fate, to save himself, since together death was almost certain.

"I am not afraid to die, Frank," she murmured. "You have done all you could to save me. Good-bye, and God bless you." Then the little hands that had clung to him loosed hold. She was voluntarily slipping away from him, but, realizing her purpose, his own grasp tightened the more firmly.

"Leave you! Never!" he exclaimed. "Be it life or death, my love, we will meet it together."

Then, knowing how little hope there was, in silence she waited for the end.

Hark! what sound was that? In the lull of the storm it came to them, the echo of voices from afar. And then a moment later they saw the life-boat, manned with sturdy seamen, coming to the rescue.

Would they reach them ere it was too late? Although well-nigh exhausted, Frank's courage never faltered. Even though death might be near—what mattered it now? Had not this hour revealed a love more precious to him than life itself?

After moments that seemed endless the boat drew near. With almost super-human effort Frank Durward lifted his burden, as the stalwart arms of the stranger reached out to the rescue.

As Madge gained the boat a great wave came rushing over them, as though even now the cruel sea would reclaim its prey. It passed on, but in its seething current it had swept an exhausted hero beyond their reach.

With a piteous cry Madge stretched out her arms, as she saw him sink for the last time—and then all was blank. She had lost consciousness.

When again she awoke she was in her own room at Grandma Lee's. They told her the story at last, and she listened like one whose heart seemed turning to stone.

They left her alone finally, and there in the darkness she walked to and fro, wringing her hands and praying for strength; praying for one who laid cold and silent in the room below.

Three physicians had been called. They were with him now, doing everything in their power to restore consciousness, but hope had almost fled.

Words that were spoken in the long ago came back to Madge now—"I would lay down my life for you—if need be—to prove its devotion."

"Greater love than this hath no man," we read in Holy Writ. It had been hers, and now—O God! was it too late—too late to recall that fond heart back to life?

The uncertainty of those moments seemed unbearable at last. She would go and take her place with the watchers below. But at the door she met the physician, and in his face she read her fate. Never as long as life should last would she experience a moment like unto this—'twas as though the grave had given back its dead.

"He has asked for you," said the physician, kindly. "Go to him and thank your hero as he deserves."

And so at last the two were alone.

He held out his arms, and without a word she went to him, and laid her head upon his breast, the shelter that would be hers for all time now.

In that silent embrace, heart to heart their joy was too sweet, too divine for words. Only in the after-time, in the happy days of betrothal, could they speak of the past, that hour of peril when they battled with the waves. Yet not in vain had been that hour. It had revealed the hearts of both, and brought in the end untold joy.

Gerard Haynes received a different answer from that which he had so fondly expected. Concealing his disappointment as best he could, he sailed for Europe, and it was many years before he returned.

Maud Ainsley also made a rather hurried departure at the last. She was going to Newport, so she told her friends. Rocky Dell suddenly lost all its attractions.

Mrs. Charteris was one of the first to congratulate her cousin.

"I have been hoping for this all the while, in fact it has been one of my heart's fondest wishes to see you two united. You were meant for each other, dear girl. My only wonder is that you did not and it out years ago."

Down the dear old lane a pair of happy lovers strolled one night. There where the shadows were deepest they lingered for a time, and there he folded her in his arms and kissed the ruby lips—lips so sweet, so tempting that he was powerless to resist them.

"And you have learned to love me at last—even as I love you," he whispered.

"Love you," she exclaimed. "Life will not be long enough to tell you how dearly, how fondly."

Looking into those dark, beautiful eyes, he read her soul, and at last was satisfied.

[THE END.]

Two Maidens.

A ladlie sailed out on a calm blue sea;
And two maidens fell a weeping.
"Alas," said they,
"Tis a doleful day;
May that never more
To the sweet green shore
Shall lover to me
And brother to thee,
Shall lover to thee
And brother to me,
Come back from the treacherous, smiling sea."

A good ship went down in a wild, wild sea;
And two maidens fell a weeping.
The years passed by,
And two cheeks were dry—
A wife and a mother with babe on her knee,
Sat crooning a tender old lullaby,
Nor thought of the lover beneath the sea.
But at eventide,
By a lone fireside,
A sister sat weeping for him who had died,
Who came nevermore
To the bright green shore,
To wander with her the sweet meadows o'er.

ZITELLA COCKE.

The Oat-Threshing.

A little brown old homestead, bowered in trees,
That o'er the autumn landscape shine afar,
Burning with amber and with cinnabar,
A yellow hill-side washed in airy seas
Of azure, where the swallow drops and flees,
Midway the slope, clear in the beaming day,
A barn by many seasons beaten gray,
Big with the gain of prospering husbandries.

In billows round the wide red welcoming doors
High piles the golden straw; while from within,
Where plods the team amid the chaffy din,
The loud pulsation of the thresher soars,
Persistent as if earth could not let cease
This cheerful proclamation of her peace.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Song of the Last Wildflower.

Tho' the winter winds my requiem patter,
As they heap me round
With a deep snow mound,
And wide the leaves of my bloom they scatter
Yet I do but sleep
In my winter keep,
So the wild winds' song is but idle chatter,

My tender shoots, they are spent and weary;
'Tis a long time ago
Since we shot from the snow,
And the stricken woods they are now so dreary
That I long for rest;
But the winter's blest,
So you must not weep for my fate, my dearie,

Why is winter blest? For the song of praise
That then I hear
From the dying year—
A sweet swan song that the winds upraise
For the winds so drear
To a mortal ear
Are chords of the harp that the spent year plays.

I hear the strain rise high and higher
In the breaking dawn
Of each Christmas morn;
Then taken up by a heavenly lyre;
Then, sweet and sweeter,
In wondrous metre,
'Tis given words by an angel choir.

And I lose myself in a trance of wonder,
And sink to rest
On Earth's warm breast,
As she lies, snow-mantled, the cold skies under,
Till spring and the showers
Awaken those flowers
Still deaf to the unbound river's thunder.

JOSEPH D. CREEDEN.

Explosion on a Man-of-War.

The English cruiser Cordelia, which has lately been sailing among the Pacific Islands, returned a short time ago to Sydney, Australia, bringing the news of an explosion. While firing practice was going on, a 6-inch breach-loading gun burst at the seventh round. Two officers and four of the crew were killed and many were more or less severely injured. When the explosion occurred the ship was shaken from stem to stern, huge pieces of iron flying about in all directions. The upper deck was burst through. Part of the gun carriage was hurled across the deck, while fragments of the shattered gun fell into the sea hundreds of yards away. The Cordelia is a steel ship of 2,380 tons displacement and 2,420 horse-power. She was built at Portsmouth and was launched in 1881.

A simple dessert, which is a variation of cake and preserves, is made by taking a thick loaf of sponge cake—that baked the day before is all the better—and cutting it in round pieces with the aid of a large-sized biscuit cutter. Slightly hollow out the centre, and put in a large teaspoonful of preserved strawberries or cherries or pineapple. Arrange these cake mounds on a platter, and serve with whipped or plain cream, though whipped cream gives the dish a much prettier appearance.

Late Foreign News.

IN SEARCH OF A MURDERER.

Threatened Famine in Germany.

The accommodations of the Vatican may be imagined when the Pope put 2,200 beds in it at the disposal of the French pilgrims, free of charge.

Higher collegiate education for girls is becoming popular in France. There are two girls' lycees in Paris already, and there is to be a new college in the Faubourg Poissoniere.

Old French forts are being sold very cheap. A French artist has bought the Fort du Guesclin for about eleven hundred dollars. They go from a few hundreds to a thousands dollars.

A company is formed in France before the winter is on to insure damages against frost. The annual loss during bad weather to agriculture is put at about fifteen millions dollars.

The wife of Prince Louis, the future King of Bavaria, has just had her eleventh child. The percentage of insanity in the family is not known.

A wave of hysterical religion is passing over some parts of France. A number of Protestant peasants are travelling with tents, preaching the end of the world, bare-headed and with naked feet.

There is a rumour that the Austrian Government have sounded the College of Cardinals to find whether a non-Italian Pope might be regarded as possible. The sentiment is that the next Pope must be Italian like his predecessors.

According to the latest reports of the Naval Commission, the merchant fleet of Russia has 420 steamers and 4,001 sailing vessels and barges on the Baltic, the Black, the Azov, the White, the Ice, and the Caspian seas. On the seas and the rivers of European Russia it has 1,864 steamers and 20,045 sailing vessels and barges.

By a new law just published the Jews of Poland are forbidden to buy real estate from peasants. The peasants may mortgage or sell their lands only to persons of their own trade and of the Christain faith. No peasant is allowed to sell less than four dessyatins (about twelve acres). The last proviso is made to prevent Jews buying small pieces of land for gardens to plant kitchen vegetables.

Odessa boasts of an ardent follower of Tolstoi's teachings in the person of a young lady, daughter of a naval officer of high connections. She has resolved never to get married, and has learned the trade of locksmith at one of the technical schools of that city. She has become such an expert at her trade that the proprietors of a large factory in the neighborhood of Ekaterinoslav have offered her the position of superintendent of their establishment.

As fears of war and famine increase and troubles thicken around the German Emperor and rumors of a reconciliation with Prince Bismarck are revived. It is said that the Emperor, finding the situation more difficult than at any time since he ascended the throne, feels the need of the advice of his old counsellor, and overtures have been made to him through other eminent personages.

A plan has been submitted to the Imperial Cabinet for approval by which all foreigners will be prohibited to settle in Russia outside of the limits of incorporated towns. They will not be allowed to own real estate in rural districts, or to farm it. Such foreigners as have acquired real estate before the issue of this regulation will be ordered to sell it within a limited time, according to the judgment of the respective Governors, and foreigners who farm the property of Russians will be transported to their native countries.

It is not necessary to join an African expedition in order to taste the delights and dangers of exploration and wild beast encounters. The ambitious young man might join a railroad building gang. While such a gang was pushing the construction of the Florida and Western Railroad through the swamps near Tallahasse last week an enormous panther leaped from a tree upon one of the men named McWilliams. The rest of the gang fled. McWilliams tried to defend himself with his shovel, but the panther killed him and mangled him beyond recognition. Work on the road was suspended, as the men refused to work any more.

The Kurhaus on Heligoland, one of the favorite resorts of European pleasure seekers, has been destroyed by fire. This accident has caused the abrupt closing of the season on the island, and this is quite a calamity for the natives. They say they never had such a bad season while they were under the English Government, and now it is brought to an untimely end, leaving most of them without means to meet the winter. It is proposed, however, to rebuild the Kurhaus at once at a cost of 200,000 marks, and reopen it in time for the season of 1892.

A Sabbath-keeping railroad is to be built in Europe. The village of Sainte Croix, in the Jura, which makes a great many clocks and musical boxes, has been long anxious to get a railway down the mountain to connect with Yverdon. At last a wealthy man, named Harbey, offered to build it at his own expense on the condition that for twenty-five years there shall be no traffic on Sundays. His condition was accepted, and the road, to cost about half a million of dollars, will be opened next year.

A German law of compulsory insurance on wage earners has been in operation for six months, with results that are regarded as satisfactory. The pensions provided for by the measure are not over $50 a year, and in order to obtain them the pensioner must show that he paid insurance rates for thirty years at least. The old age pension does not begin before a man is 70, and, as comparatively few laborers reach that age, the investment seems doubtful. If a man has been working for twenty-eight years and sets up in business for himself he forfeits his contributions and all rights to a pension. There is a great deal of public vexation toward the law.

Despatches from Zanzibar announce that the natives in the German territory are in a state of rebellion throughout its entire extent and are attacking the colonists wherever they are established. The missions and trading posts are being broken up and their inmates are fleeing to the coast to save their lives. A fearful tale of massacre is expected, the military force being unable to protect all the detached settlements and the natives being intoxicated with their recent successes.

The Berlin police have given up the pursuit of the double murderer, George Wetzel, whose crimes were reported in these despatches a fortnight ago, and whose escape is an indication of the inefficiency and demoralization of our police service. Wetzel, who killed one man in Spandau and followed this up with another murder in the suburbs of Berlin, committed within a week after the first, lingered leisurely around the city until he got ready to depart, eluding the police with ease owing to their divided authority in the suburbs. Inspector Klieme finally took the search in hand himself and traced the murderer at last to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, and England. In the latter country he lost all clue and was obliged to return home without his man.

Fears of famine are becoming facts, which press closer upon and come nearer to the German Government. The distress already existing in the suburbs of Berlin, right under their eyes, is fearful. Numberless heads of families have been unable to obtain work for months, and with those dependent upon them, live on a diet of potatoes only. Voluntary charity is invoked and committees are being formed for the systematic administration of relief. The poor look upon the approach of the winter with terror, never have they been so unprovided to meet it. The increased distress and destitution appeals to Germans at home and abroad, and nowhere will their sympathies be more powerfully aroused than in America when all the facts are known.

Since Batoom has been occupied by Russia its population has increased very rapidly. In 1878 the city had 1,000 inhabitants; in 1882 the population was 9,000; the census of last year showed a population of 18,000. This phenomenal increase of population is due to the port which the Russian Government has built in the city. It has become one of the principal ports on the Black Sea for the shipment of naphtha from the Caucasian mines, and attracts large numbers of laborers. There are at present 400 factories at Batoom, forty-five of them occupied exclusively with the manufacture of tin and zinc vessels for the various products of naphtha. They sell about 800,000 tons of their ware annually. It is interesting to notice that only 22 per cent. of the population are women, for the reason that only young unmarried laborers are streaming to the busy town.

A RAMBLE IN SOUTHAMPTON.

Pictures of an Ancient English Seaport.

Southampton, England, September 3.—If this old city were not, to the majority of ramblers, merely a port of entry and departure, if the traveller were constrained to seek it as a goal instead of treating it as a thoroughfare, its uncommon physical beauty and its exceptional antiquarian interest would be more fitly appreciated and more highly prized than they appear to be at present. Objects that are viewed as incidental are seldom comprehended as important. Traffic, with its attendant bustle, imparts to Southampton shores an air of turbulence and commonness. The popular spirit of this age, notwithstanding there is a newly awakened feeling of reverence actively at work, makes no account of picturesque accessories, and does nothing either to create or to perpetuate them. In Southampton, for example, just as in ancient Warwick, a tramcar jangles along through the grim arch of a gray stone gate of the Middle Ages; and this way the Present makes its comment on the Past. Yet the Present and the Past are inseparably associated,—the one being the consequence and inheritor of the other,—and in no way better can the student of social development pursue his study than in rambling through the streets and among the structures that to-day has built amid the ruins and the relics of yesterday. A walk in breezy Southampton, if only of a few hours, is full of instruction. There was a great and merry multitude upon the lovely green Common to-night, and the band was playing in its pavilion, and the birds were circling and twittering around the tree-tops in the light of the evening sun; but as I stood there and watched the happy throng and listened to the martial music, the scene seemed suddenly to change, and I beheld the armored cohorts of Henry the Fifth and heard the trumpets bray, and saw the gallant King, upon his mail clad charger, riding downward to the sea, for Agincourt and the laurel of everlasting fame.

On every side there is something in this place to stimulate the fancy and to awaken remembrance of historic lore. At the foot of the High Street stood King Canute's palace; and there, upon the neighboring beach the monarch spoke his vain command to stay the advancing waves, and made his memorable submission to the Power that is greater than that of kings. In St. Michael's Square they show you an ancient red-tiled house, made of timber and brick, in which Anne Boleyn once lived, with her royal lord King Henry VIII, and which bears her name to this day. It is a two-story building, surmounted with four large gables, the front curiously diversified with a crescent pent and with four great diamond-latticed casements; and gazing upon it, I could not fail to conjure up the visage of that dark-eyed, golden-haired beauty whose fascination played so large a part in shaping the religion and political destiny of England. There she may have stood, in the gloaming, and looked forth upon the grim and gloomy Norman church that still frowns upon this lonely square, and would make a darkness even at noon. A few steps from St. Michael's will bring you to a relic of a different kind and fraught with widely different associations—the birthplace of the pious poet, Isaac Watts. The house stands in French Street, a little back from the sidewalk, on the east side, and is a two-story red-brick dwelling, having eight windows in the front of it and two doors. Between the house and the street there is a garden, which, when I saw it, was brilliant with the blazing yellow of a mass of blooming marigolds. A tall iron fence encloses the garden, within which are six poplar trees, growing along the margin, and if you stand at the gate, and look along French Street, you can discern Southampton Water at no great distance. They venerate the memory of Dr. Watts in this town, and they have not only built a church in his honor, just above Bar Gate, but have set up his statue (by Mr. Lucas) in the park,—the figure of the apostolic bard as he appeared when in the act to preach. This piece of sculpture—the pedestal of which is faced with medallions illustrative of the life and labors of the poet—was appropriately dedicated by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in July, 1861. Leaving the birthplace of Watts you have only to turn a neighboring corner and proceed a short distance, to find an effect of contrast still more remarkable—the remnant of the ancient Domus Dei, in Winkle Street, the burial-place of the decapitated nobles who lost their lives for conspiracy to assassinate King Henry V. This was an almshouse in Henry's day, and later (it was founded in the reign of Richard the First) but only the chapel of it remains, and that has been restored—a small, dark, oblong structure, partly Norman and partly Early English. Queen Elizabeth assigned this church for the use of Protestant refugees who fled from the persecution of Alva, and service is still performed in it in the French language. Under the chancel floor of this old edifice rest the ashes of the false friends (dismissed to their death 476 years ago), who would have slain their King and imperilled their country; and upon the south wall, near the altar, there is a tablet of gray stone, with indented and blackened letters, bearing this record of their fate:

Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scrope of Masham,
Sir Tho. Gray of Northumberland,
Conspired to murder king
Henry V. in this town as he
was preparing to sail with his
army against Charles the Sixth,
King of France, for which
Conspiracy they were executed
and buried near this place
in the year
MCCCCXV.

Near this tomb and leaning against the wall is a beautiful old brass—the full-length figure of a French cleric of the time of Queen Elizabeth,—mounted upon an oak board: the head being carved in marble, while the person is of the dark green hue that old brasses so often acquire, and that seems to enhance at once their interest and their opulent effect.

In Southampton, as indeed all over England, the disposition to preserve the relics of a storied past is stronger at present than it was a hundred years ago; and for this the antiquary has reason to be deeply grateful. His constant regret, indeed, is that this gentle impulse did not awaken earlier. The old Castle of Southampton (where King Stephen reigned, who "was a worthy peer"), was long ago destroyed; but fragments of its walls remain, and these, it is pleasant to observe, are guarded with scrupulous care. As you stroll along the shore your gaze will wander from the gay and busy steamboats, alert for the channel islands and for France, and seeming like brilliant birds that plume their wings for flight,—and will rest on grim towers and bastions of the thirteenth and the fifteenth centuries, over which the ivy hangs in queer draperies of shining emerald and against which the copious flowers of geranium and nasturtium blaze in scarlet and gold. One of those citadels, peacefully occupied now by the Harbor Board, bears record of a time, in 1482, when gunpowder was used there, to repel a night attack made by the French; so that the American pilgrim, upon this spot, is usefully reminded that there were lively times in this world even before Columbus made his interesting discovery. A straggling procession of belated travellers, bearing bags, rushed wildly by, as I stood before that gray remnant of feudal magnificence, and an idle youth in the gateway, happily furnished with a flageolet, gayly performed upon it "The girl I left behind me." Nothing can exceed, in mingled strangeness and drollery, the use of these quaint places, for the business and the pleasure of the passing hour. Roaming through the narrow little squalid thoroughfare of Blue Anchor Lane, amid the picturesque foundations of what was once the royal palace of John and of Henry the Third—now a mass of masonry that has outlasted the storms and ravages of a thousand years I looked into dingy lodging-houses that are scarcely more than holes in a wall, and threaded a difficult way among groups of ragged children, silenced for a moment by the presence of a stranger, but soon loud again in their careless frolic over the crumbling grandeur of forgotten kings. Blue Anchor Lane leads to the Arcade in the west wall of the city, which, with its seven splendid arches, is surely as fine a specimen of true Norman architecture as can be found in any part of this Kingdom. Bar Gate at the top of the High Street, is also a noble relic of Norman taste and skill; but Bar Gate has been somewhat modernized by changes and restoration; and the statue, upon its south front, of George the Third in the dress of a Roman Emperor, mars its venerable antiquity with a touch of unconsciously comic humor.

Many excursions are practicable from Southampton. One of the prettiest of them is the drive westward, by the Commercial Road and Ramsey Lane, to the village of Millbrook, where there is an old church, and where—in the adjacent cemetery—an obelisk of granite marks the resting place of the poet Pollock, author of "The Course of Time." Another, which may better be made on foot, is the ramble along the avenue to Southampton Common, and so, beneath oaks and elms and lime trees, and through "a sweet disorder" of shrubbery and gorse, to the beautiful cemetery in which hawthorns and evergreens and a profusion of all the flowers that grow in this radiant land have made a veritable bower for the awful silence and inscrutable majesty of death. I wandered there to look upon the burial-place of my old friend Edward Sothern, and I came upon it, in an afternoon that was all sunshine and fragrance,—like those days of careless mirth that once we know together. There never was a droller or more whimsical spirit. There never was a comedian who to the faculty of eccentric humor added a more subtle power of intellectual perception and artistic purpose. Few players of our time have made so much laughter or given so much innocent pleasure. But he could not bear prosperity, and he lived too much for enjoyment—and so, prematurely, his bright career ended. A simple cross of white marble marks the place of his last sleep and the leaves of a sturdy oak rustle over his head; and as I turned away from that place of peace I saw the shimmering roses all around, and heard the cawing of the rooks in the distant elms, and felt and know that in this slumber there are no dreams and that with the dead all is well.

W. W.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

The Story of a Romantic Marriage in St. Petersburg.

A Dalziel's St. Petersburg correspondent sends the following:—The tribunal here will shortly have to decide a case which is expected to cause an enormous scandal. Some months ago, when Prince Yousoupoff died, his immense fortune went to his only daughter, who is married to Count Soumarokoff Eston. The latter, by special favour of the Tsar, was permitted to assume the princely title of the Yousoupoffs, the family had no further male descendants. It appears now that Count Soumarokoff will have to renounce his claim to the title. It is said that three years ago Prince Yousoupoff contracted a clandestine marriage at Konigsberg with a German girl by the name of Fraulein Schneider, who had been governess to his daughter. The Prince kept this marriage a secret for various reasons—one being that his wife was a Protestant. He conducted her to St. Petersburg in the greatest secrecy, and lodged her in one of the wings of the Yousoupoff Palace, on the Morka, near the Krasny most. When the Prince died, Fraulein Schneider immediately left St Petersburg, fearing, she said, that she should perish mysteriously. She is now in possession of all the documents necessary to prove her marriage with the Prince, and she demands the whole of his property, which amounts to no less than 80,000,000 roubles. The case is still further complicated by the fact that Prince Yousoupoff's first wife was his first cousin whom he had married abroad secretly, as the Russian law forbids marriage between such near relations. The daughter married to Soumarokoff would in such case be illegitimate, and would not have any right to succeed to the enormous possessions of her father. The case has already commenced, and it is stated that Count Soumarokoff has made an offer of 50,000,000 roubles to the exgoverness to compound the suit. Fraulein Schneider demands the whole fortune and, what is more, the right to use the title of Princess.

A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

The Body of a Woman Found in a Wine Case.

According to the *Madras Weekly Mail* a startling discovery has been made at the Howrah Goods Sheds. A wine case, marked P. S. A. Co., Limited, containing two dozen pints and consigned to a Mahomedan in Calcutta from Patna, was found to emit a bad smell. It was opened, and a human foot was discovered. The case was conveyed to the Howrah Hospital, and opened in the presence of the police and the civil surgeon. It disclosed the body of a young Mahomedan female in an advanced state of decomposition. The limb was pressed close to the body, which, save for a piece of coarse gunny, was entirely nude, and jammed into the box with considerable force. No ornaments and no marks of violence were discovered. The post mortem disclosed that the brain was congested, and that death was due to arsenical poisoning, accelerated by suffocation. The police are inquiring into the matter, which has caused some sensation in Howrah. Some sensation has been caused by a report that the alleged murderer has been arrested at Patna. He is a servant of a well-known merchant of that city. As all the woman's jewellery had disappeared the motive of the crime is supposed to be robbery.

The Boer Farmer.

The Boer farmer personifies useless idleness says Lord Randolph Churchill. Occupying a farm of from 6,000 to 10,000 acres, he contents himself with raising a herd of a few hundred head of cattle which are left almost entirely to the care of the native whom he employs. It may be asserted generally with truth, that he never plants a tree, never digs a well, never makes a road, never grows a blade of corn.

Rough and ready cultivation of the soil by the natives he to some extent permits, but agriculture and the agriculturist he holds alike in great contempt. He passes his day doing absolutely nothing beyond smoking and drinking coffee. He is perfectly uneducated. With the exception of the Bible, every word of which in its most literal interpretation he believes with fanatical credulity, he never opens a book; he never reads a newspaper. His simple ignorance is unfathomable. And this, in sublime composure, he shares with his wife, his sons and his daughters, being proud that his children should grow up as ignorant, as uncultivated, as hopelessly unprogressive as himself. In the winter time he moves with his herd of cattle into the better pastures and milder climate of the low country veldt, and lives as idly and uselessly in his wagon as he does in his farmhouse. The summer sees him returning home, and so on year after year.

Salmon At a Cent Apiece.

The present wonderful run of salmon says the Port Townsend, Ore. *Leader*, has so glutted the market that for some time these silver-sided beauties have been selling at five cents apiece, but the price took a tumble yesterday and several fishermen sold a boatload of fine salmon weighing twenty pounds each, at the pitiful sum of one cent apiece. One cent for a twenty-pound silver salmon, the finest quality of that excellent fish, is the lowest price, perhaps, that a food fish ever sold for in this or any other country, but salmon are so plentiful that people do not know what to do with them. It is estimated that enough fish could be taken here in one day to fill 1,000 barrels. Fishermen say they can make big money by selling salmon at a cent apiece to the canneries if they will only buy all they can catch. One man caught fourteen with a gill-hook attached to a hoe handle yesterday, and another man claims to have found them in such numbers in shallow water in the Dungeness that he threw them out with a pitchfork, and soon got fish enough to last his family for a month. Old residents say that they never saw such quantities of salmon before, and a full account of all that one can hear and see about this big run of salmon would sound like the most fabulous of fish stories, and many persons cannot realize the magnitude of the salmon catch on the Sound this season.

The New Rifle.

Considerable attention is being directed toward a new rifle ordered by the Italian Government. The rifle is of small calibre. It is almost a pattern of that adopted by Germany, but its management presents numerous difficulties. The cost of making the rifles for the Government will be 10,000,000f.

It may well be asked what will dogs be trained to do next. The Dogs' Orchestra" is playing daily at the Westminster (Eng.) Aquarium. The Fanciers' Gazette describes the band as follows:—"There are six in all. Tim, a rat dog, plays on the big drum; Shnoutz, a white terrier, clashes the cymbals; Bob, an Irish water spaniel, tinkles on the kettle drum; Jack blows the trombone; Spitz, a Pomeranian, saws on the violin, and Teachum, a fox terrier, attends to the big violoncello. Jack, the trombone player, is rather given to airs, Professor Lavator says, owing to indulgent treatment he received on account of an illness caused by swallowing walnut shells, since which he is inclined to behave at times like a spoilt child. The dogs were trained in Germany and it took two years to finish their education, and, it goes without saying, an infinity of patience and kindness. They are dressed in orthodox fashion and look assiduously on their music scores while the performance proceeds."

THE FLEETS OF THE CZAR.

The Armaments Which Have Been Prepared for the Black Sea and the Baltic.

There is [illegible] fact that, under ordinary circumstances, should furnish a reasonable guarantee that no European war would be undertaken [illegible] by Russia before 1893. She has decided that her troops must be rearmed with a repeating rifle, in order to put them on an equal footing with those of her neighbors; and this change could hardly be completed in less than eighteen months, or two years. But as possible offsets to this motive for delay we have the enthusiasm stirred up by the Franco-Russian alliance and the exigencies of the Dardanelles incident, which might precipitate hostilities, whatever Russia's interest to postpone them.

Meanwhile the growth of Russia's fleet has attracted attention. A glance at her geographical position shows that her naval forces in home waters, exclusive of those in the Pacific, are divided into those of the Baltic and those of the Black, which are too distant to effect a junction in case of need. Moreover, both forces are under restrictions which, as Sir E. J. Reed phrases it, approach nearly to the condition of blockades. In the Black Sea the fetters are those of the Bosphorus forts and the European treaties from which she is now struggling to free herself in part. In the Baltic the blockade is that which is enforced by nature nearly half the year. With her [illegible] energy, however, Russia has constructed a navy during the last twenty-five years suited to her especial needs. She began with a series of monitors, launched during the latter part of our civil war. Next followed the admiral class, consisting of four [illegible] ships of about 3,700 tons displacement. A third step in advance was furnished by the circular coast defence ships, or floating batteries, of the Popoffka class. Their displacement is about 3,550 tons, the speed about eight knots, and the armament two [illegible] ton breech loaders and four smaller pieces.

But one of Russia's chief contributions in naval construction was made later in the form of armored cruisers combining high speed with good protection and an effective battery. The General Admiral, launched in 1873, was the pioneer of this class. She was built of iron, wood-sheathed under water, and copper[illegible]. She was of 4,438 tons displacement, steamed 13 knots, carried 1,000 tons of coal, with an endurance of nearly 6,000 miles at 10 knots, had 6 inches of armor at the water line and around the battery, and a curved protective deck. This was a great advance on previous types, and the system was [illegible] and improved upon in many navies.

Passing now to the last five years, and to the Black Sea fleet, the first group to notice are the Catherine II. and Tchesme, launched in 1886, and the Sinope in 1887. These three battleships, of 10,181 tons displacement, are belted throughout with compound armor from 18 to 12 inches thick and have a 3-inch protective deck. Their batteries consist of six 12-inch rifles on disappearing barbette carriages in a [illegible] protected by 14-inch armor, besides seven 6-inch rifles on the gun deck, and [illegible] and torpedo tubes. Each vessel cost about $4,500,000. The two earlier [illegible] ships, but at the trial of the [illegible] the machinery which was furnished [illegible] Co. of Glasgow, developed 12,[illegible] horse power, which gave a speed of 17.8[illegible]. [illegible] Nicolaieff, was [illegible] Twelve Apostles, of 8,200 tons [illegible] for the Black Sea fleet. Still another [illegible] Victorious, the battleship [illegible] third, of 12,160 [illegible] at Nicolaieff, while it is [illegible] that a new battleship has been [illegible] for the Sebastopol yard. [illegible] could be made available with a short [illegible]. The circular ships Novgorod and Popoff with their 11-inch armor, belong to the Black Sea.

Noticeable [illegible] six gunboats, [illegible] 1,221 tons, 2,000 horse power, and two Kubanets, Zaporozhets, [illegible] inch and one 6-inch gun. They are of light draught, for the [illegible] Danube, if necessary. Several other vessels, mostly [illegible] cruisers [illegible] have special [illegible].

In the Baltic [illegible] besides the four armorclads of the Admiral class, now of little importance, and the [illegible] and [illegible] is the Peter the Great, of 9,510 tons, [illegible] knots' speed, and [illegible] tons [illegible]. There are also eight [illegible] cruisers, ranging from 5,800 to 8,000 tons, and with a speed of fifteen or sixteen knots, and from seven to ten inches of armor. The Alexander II. and Nicholas I., [illegible] have a complete belt of steel armor from six to fourteen inches thick and [illegible] wide, with a battery of two 12-inch [illegible] eight 6 inch, and [illegible] the 12-inch guns being in a [illegible] tower. These vessels will have a speed of sixteen knots. [illegible] must be made also of the Pamiat Azova, an armored cruiser of 6,000 tons, having a 6-inch belt, eighteen knots of speed and two 8-inch and [illegible] 6-inch guns. In the Ghangoot, 6,928 tons, launched at St Petersburg last [illegible] which is to be followed by one somewhat larger, the Navarin, a [illegible] of 9,500 tons, sixteen knots speed, and four 12-inch and eight 6-inch guns. The Rurik which will be [illegible] belt of medium thickness, a speed of eighteen knots, a steam radius of 20,000 miles, and a heavy armament of four 8-inch and sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns.

Of the unarmored steel cruisers the largest and fastest is the Admiral Korniloff of 5,000 tons, built at St. Nazaire. The [illegible] about the same size and built at Glasgow, is an auxiliary cruiser, being the tenth of the much-talked-of [illegible] Volunteer Fleet. She obtained the unprecedented average speed, under natural draught, of 19.37 knots in the measured mile during a period of six hours. The Vitias and the Rynda are of 2,967 tons, 3,000 horse power, and 15 knots. There are several vessels of the Razboinik class, 3,000-ton [illegible] cruisers. Very noticeable are the three armored gunboats Grossiastchi, Gremiastchi and Otvagenii, armored gun-boats of 1,492 tons, [illegible] 5-inch water-line belt, a [illegible] dam, a 9-inch and a 6-inch breech-loading rifle, and securing 15 knots speed. This is certainly a very marked [illegible]. The imperial yacht Pole Star, of 3,[illegible] tons and 18.5 knots, can be used in war as an aviso cruiser.

But in her torpedo craft Russia has perhaps gained most [illegible]. The Adler, a new type introduced by Schichau, of 130 tons, is one of the fastest vessels in the world, having made twenty-six and a half knots per hour. The Ilyin and Sakeri, torpedo gunboats of 600 tons, with protective deck and 100 tons of coal [illegible], have a speed of twenty knots and carry six tubes. The Kazarski, also [illegible] by Schichau, has made twenty one knots, and another vessel of the same type has been laid down at Nicolaieff, besides two others to be built by Schichau at his own works in Germany. The [illegible] twenty one knot torpedo boat built by Yarrow for Russia. Six torpedo boats are building, four for the Baltic and two for the Black, of eighty one tons each. Two, the Sveaborg and Helsingfors, completed at Abo, were designed for twenty-two knots. Last winter eight new torpedo boats were ordered for the Black Sea fleet—two to be built at Odessa, three at Nicolaieff, and three at Sebastopol. In short, Russia has a very powerful fleet of torpedo craft, both boats and cruisers, having very high speed. Taking the Baltic and the Black seas together, the torpedo craft of all sorts, built and building, must, according to the information, nearly equal, if they do not exceed, 150 in number, and they are provided with officers and men well adapted for this peculiar service.

A Precocious Child.

A small epicure, while saying the Lord's Prayer at her mother's knee the other evening, varied the usual form by substituting "give us this day our daily chicken." "I thought I might just as well ask for something I liked while I was about it," she said with childish [illegible], "and I just love fried chicken!" This is an original little thing and her comments are often very amusing. Having been brought up in a family of bric-a-brac hunters, her knowledge of ceramics is quite remarkable for a child. One day her mother noticed her gazing fixedly at her great grandmother, a very old woman, whose kind old face was literally a network of fine wrinkles. "What are you looking at, Bessie?" she asked the child. "I was only thinking," she answered promptly, "what a remarkably fine specimen of old 'crackle' Grannie was." This was much to the old lady's delight, she being a bit of a collector herself.

Young Prince George of Wales is soon to be promoted to the rank of commander in the British Navy and appointed to the royal yacht Osborne. At about the same time Prince Louis of Battenberg will be given the command of the royal yacht Albert and Victoria.

HOUSEHOLD.

Among the Flowers.

Now with the eagle's flight who soars below him
A village gleam, a pine grove sleep in sand,
A blue lake smile, a river's liquid poem
Run its slim thread-light through the prose of land.

Now where the sailor steers by Southern islands
Sighting some distant Thule of the sea
Through deserts of alternate sound and silence,
And wilds of wonder, let my roaming be.

I would walk humbly where no glass between us
Must show me nature's countenance and come
In days whose evening star is always Venus
To sport with dewdrops like a bee, at home

'Tis Eden everywhere to hearts that listen
And watch the life of words and meadows grow;
Each tiniest blade Love's holiest kisses christen
And Beauty asks not where to bud and blow

There is no music for the joy of thinking
Like Flora's hymn in smiles and odors played;
No mood like that when sense and soul are drinking
The red and yellow honey that God made.

The blooming wilds his gardens are; some cheering
Earth's ugliest waste has felt that flowers beneath,
And all the winds o'er summer hills careering,
Sound softer for the sweetness that they breathe.

Down lonely glens, in beds unshaped, unspaded,
The snowdrop letters of Joy's earliest word
Where the sod, and pink stars shine, fern-shaped,
Where old creation's curse was never heard,

Peace, Freedom, Purity her blossomed sanpls
Girds each in field and forests evermore
And the lost glories of the world's grace to me
Show still some flakes of splendors on its floor.

These are my school books, and I study in them
[illegible] a bliss of strange forgotten days
That brings me nearer the love that could begin them
And makes each petalled sweet a song of praise.

A Woman Among Siberia's Lepers.

Miss Kate Marsden has been telling the British public about her work among the lepers of Siberia. Her undertaking is one of no common interest.

She is a Red Cross Sister, both in England and Russia, and was engaged with some English companions in tending the wounded in the Russo-Turkish war where her devoted ministrations and those of her colleagues endeared them greatly to the objects of their care. One day she and a companion were seeking for any scattered wounded they could find, and strayed into a deserted barn whose sole inmates were two wretched lepers who had taken shelter there. One of these was so utterly maimed and disfigured as to have lost almost the semblance of a human [illegible]. The [illegible] made so strong an impression on her, that [illegible] her [illegible] lepers.

[illegible] Siberia [illegible] and [illegible] by royal patronage [illegible] company by Miss Field, whose perfect knowledge of [illegible] enabled her to be a fitting interpreter. She set out, and, before she had reached the last railway terminus, she met [illegible] able and willing to be her host in [illegible], in an aged missionary bishop of the [illegible] Orthodox Church, who had spent 40 years among the Siberians of the northeast, [illegible] of Yakutsk, and had translated a great part of the Scriptures into their language. He told her that in that remote part there is a large colony of lepers, outcasts from all the countrymen, living or wandering like animals in the forests and marshes of that inhospitable climate, and obliged to make their food from the fish in the lakes, which has been found to contain germs conveying the taint of leprosy. These poor creatures are very anxious for hospital, and have been hitherto unable to find any to plead their cause. But they are said to have discovered a remedy, an herb known only to themselves, which, though there are tales of its healing power, its good effect, is believed to cure the disease when it is certainly administered under favorable circumstances.

Miss Marsden resolved to go in search of [illegible]. The kindness of the Russian officials and of many in positions to help her, has been great, and has it was which made the journey possible, for they had always [illegible] to find every facility afforded them. But the hardships were such as would have been felt severely by the strongest and most active men, and to two young and delicate women they were an ordeal which nothing but the courage born of devoted benevolence and lively Christian faith could have enabled them to face.

It was midwinter, the frozen rivers prevented transport from plying; the only conveyance was by sledges of the roughest description, with head covering behind, and the [illegible] the travellers must lie on their backs on the luggage stowed in the bottom, shaken fearfully by the rough snowy roads. No sleeping places but a kind of "caravanserai" at [illegible] houses, no beds attainable but the floor for their outer covering of monkey skin; none but the coarsest food, supplemented by such tinned provisions as they could bring; and this mode of traveling had to be carried on for weeks, with only rare and occasional intermission where a more habitable place could be reached, and a little rest taken.

Their chief earthly consolation was the power of visiting the sick and prisoners in the hospitals and prisons they passed, and giving them little comforts, principally squares of "brick" tea and sugar, and kindly words of sympathy and Christian love.

At last it became clear that Miss Field must return to seek further help in England otherwise means would not be forthcoming. Miss Marsden proceeded alone on her difficult enterprise. The last part of her journey was to be performed on horseback over the roughest and most primitive bridle paths, in the remote country beyond Yakutsk. There she hopes to discover and test the remedy, to see how the discovery can be applied to the amelioration of the state of the lepers in India, and to plead the cause of a hospital for the poor Siberian lepers, and then return to England. Nothing has been heard from her for some time but contributions in her behalf are being asked for in England.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To make [illegible] blanc mange take half [illegible] fresh [illegible] quart of milk, one salt-spoonful salt and one teaspoonful vanilla. Soak the moss in cold water fifteen minutes; pick over, wash, tie in a bag, and put it into the double boiler with the milk. Boil until the milk thickens when dropped on a cool plate. Add the salt, strain and flavor. Mold in small cups or in egg shells.

To temper earthenware which is to be used for baking, put the dishes in cold water over the fire, and bring them gradually to the boiling point. When the water boils around them, remove them from the fire, and let them remain in the water till it becomes cold.

A simple cement for broken china or earthenware is made of powdered quicklime, sifted through a course muslin bag over the white of an egg.

Coarse cheese-cloth may be used for making the bags used in the bath. They may be filled with either almond meal, or else with bran in which a great deal of orris powder has been mixed. With care a bag may be used twice, that is, if after the first bath it is put in the sunshine to dry, and not allowed to grow sour, for in this condition it becomes unfit for use.

A hot slaw represents one of the best and most wholesome methods of preparing cabbage. Shred the cabbage on a board, but do not chop it. Put it into a deep porcelain dish. Heat a pint of vinegar till it boils. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sugar over the cabbage if you like the addition, and pour the boiling mixture over it. Cover it with a plate and set it in a hot oven for about five minutes. Serve it warm or cold as you fancy.

What at the beginning may have been regarded merely as a side issue frequently turns out to be the most important subject. It was so in the case of Eve.

Doughs that stick to rolling pin, board and hands in a hot kitchen should be set away till thoroughly chilled, but all trouble might have been saved by using cold fat, flour and liquid at first, and the texture of the dough would have been better.