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ON THE MARSHES OF DEVA.

CHAPTER I.

"Abraham Richie, Farmer.—What a single life for a canoe!" I reflected as I ... bowling piece across the thwarts and ... began to fill my briar, scanning ... the letters painted on the stern ... what a monster of a gun! ... I had seen nothing larger hitherto than ... bore fowling-piece; and the sight of ... my barrel with a muzzle as wide as ... tumbled filled me with astonishment. It was fitted to a stock of like proportions, and of the shape of ... shoulder-gun and rested ... from the bows, reaching almost ... the head of the little craft. Goliath ... when upon the war-path would have ... been invented; but I came to the ... that the gun was far too cumbersome ... advantage by the average ... fine. ... afterwards that for every duck or ... bag my gun, after hours of ... watching in the dykes of the marsh, ... Richie's leviathan would strike ... fires with ease. I had the pleasure ... it in after days; and on one of ... after the recoil had, as usual ... struck bottomed vessel several ... I paddled forward to find ... thirteen widgeon lying dead ... But I am anticipating.

... the Dee estuary are of ... extent, and of Burton, near ... a shallow ridge that divides the ... Cheshire coast at this point. ... the numerous ... the river; and often ... I tramped over from ... my watch with the wildfowlers ... which the tides have ... Ballerman had ... the Deep—a channel ... shipping passes to and from ... Chester's Quay—could be safely ... water; and equipped with a ... I found that I could ... the Cheshire side ... inconvenience. I had heard ... Abraham's wholesale ... of wildfowl, while upon my ... expeditions. Hey Abraham the ... now lay in Eaton churchyard, ... himself upon the farm ... by his son younger by ... the skills of the Liverpool poulterers ... birds spread how the young ... faithfully to follow in the father's ... semi-nocturnal excursions ... white house, where by the milkcart ... out of the farmyard in the ... of the morning frequently carried ... burden, and Alice's banking ... apace.

... discovered the cause, I ... return ... expedition, which had ... greater portion of Saturday ... but this I did not mind. I was ... grade, and the change from the ... in which I spent my working ... marshes overrun by ... of the Irish Sea, was grate... by inspection, and was ... noticed that the ... had been widely ... in ... were chiefly into ... black sheep-dog, which ... exactly like a flying ... with great rapidity in the ... the recent strangers. At ... became aware of a female ... the grass growing ... was pursued out over the ... and expostulating ... the motions of the ... rapidly past the spot ... I noticed that her ... such a term would be a ... description of this enchant... was lighted by ... shaded away westward ... were returning in a ... small little group, while the ... overhead and left ... manner of a ... Thence ... real life; and ... gazing goal of day ... lighted on her ... I thought it in an un... I saw that the sheep ... branded 'A. R.' and ... I knew when it would ... further, whether she ... close to Flint. Out ... I nearly lasted a moment, ... afterwards a broad-... individual, who was ... and who had directed ... sharp dance at me as he ... the desired information. ... more conversation and more ... Abraham invited me to ... house and drink a dish of tea ... not refuse.

... the other members of the ... of Mrs. Richie, a very ... lady aspect; a red-armed ... with black-printed gown and ... that clacked loudly as she ... a younger edition of herself with red cheeks ... eyes; and a middle-aged ... King cowman, who ... as we passed through ... the side-door of the ... mentioned individual ... Yethert, and ... served both a Christian ... Why Yethert, ... name, no one appeared ... stayed into Abraham's ... the harvest field, nearly seven ... acquaintance with the ... had deemed it necessary ... inquiry as to his ... mentioned his strange tacitu... once, and he replied ... was quicker out ... as honest as they make ... with a laugh, "and he's a ... If you shook him up, ... and buttermilk rattle ... sign of a Cheshireman ... the well-furnished ... the river and the ... in the hour which ... the ways and ... and I found, too, that as ... Miss Richie had received ... sent over to what might have ... a young lady in her posi... I carried with me a ... cordially any time that I ... And a vision that haunt... hung fewer birds than ... Welsh landlady, who, ... long acquaintance, de... in unstudied ... assume a look of some... when she saw ... weapon of the chase and ... with certainties. "... you out in the night ... when you bring nothing ... Data could she burst upon ... But, indeed, you will come ... some fine night—mark my ... You will, for sure." ... encouraging predictions, I ... and latter in the ... would be resting ... the house, whose dis... to beckon me like a ray ... the wastes that lay between ... day until a certain event... drew near. The following ... to witness sheep washing ... a grand scale on the ... I had expressed a desire ... was to me a novel sight, ... the exercise, kindness, in... spend the Sunday and Monday ... "You'll have to come ... though, my lad," he remarked ... the sighing tides me on; and it ... to cross by the "Cop" ... Pity the trains run so awkward, ... can't get here till the after... have the dinner an hour later, ... young fellow who is coming ... from Liverpool won't mind." ... I did not relish the idea of "a young fellow from Liverpool," but I accepted the invitation.

... happened that the Saturday evening ... anniversary that always brings me a ... of sad reflections, and this was no exception. I had down my book and wandered ... the dark through the streets of the little town, and on, to the river. I sat down ... the shadow of the crumbling castle wall and looked out over the river banks. The shore was ... black, but ever and anon across the ... repeat of a gun was borne ... the silence of the marshes; and ... I could see the wildfowlers crouching low in the dykes and ... watching the patch of gray sky over their heads, as with finger on trigger they waited for a snapshot at the swift-winged birds who were creeping up to the marshes for the night. Others, again, were standing erect in the solitude like sentinels, and with their guns at "ready" position, were peering steadfastly into the gathering gloom.

While I thus mused, a slim young moon looked calmly down at her reflection in the deep; and miles away, the familiar lights on the Cheshire side began to flicker into existence. I knew them all. There was the solitary light of Abraham's farmstead, gleaming like a diamond in its dusky setting. A little to the left, another diamond point marked the whereabouts of Denhall; and high on the hill above twinkled the village lights of Ness, where little Emy Lyon—Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton—was born. A little way down the river, again, the lights of the "forgotten watering-place," Parkgate, were strung together like a glittering necklace; and far, far beyond, the lights of Liverpool flashed upon the horizon like a mighty conflagration.

Soon the bells of Flint Church began to ring for evening service, and again my thoughts wandered away to certain graves lying all peaceful enough, beneath the sound of church bells in the north country. Anon, the peals died away; the "last bell" struck up a shrill brief warning to lagging worshippers; and in the silence that followed, the whistling cries of the wildfowl could again be heard.

The firing had now ceased; the "fighting" was over for the night, and the wildfowlers would now, I knew, be toiling homewards over the broad stretches of sand. I rose at last stiff with the long sitting, and was turning away from the beach, when I heard other footsteps grating upon the shingle, and gradually approaching me. I paused, and idly watched a human figure grow out of the dim light, fifty yards away. The moon was obscured at the moment; and with difficulty I made out the form of a man with a broad-brimmed hat and somewhat slouching gait. Presently I saw him stop and stoop low, so as to bring the outline of my body against the sky. In a moment he hailed me.

"Well, Mester Graham, an' is ye yow? Why, I've bin lookin' fur ye all over Flint. All over Flint, that I have; an' here you've bin all the toime."

I recognized the voice at once. It was Yethert, and in another moment that once surly individual stood before me. But what a change had come over the man! The battered felt hat; the patched velveteen coat with capacious pockets; the corduroy breeches, encircled, for some inexplicable reason, with a piece of string under each knee; and the heavy navigator boots, still decorated the square-set figure; but for all these familiar outlines the man was transformed. The Yethert of the Richie farmstead was black-browed, and so sparing of speech that I never knew him utter a word unless in reply to a direct question; but the Yethert who now addressed me was quick-spoken, eager, and all but brisk in his manner. The Yethert I had known heaved in his gait as if he was firmly attached to the tail of an invisible plough; but Yethert as he walked on the Flint beach was a military-looking person in comparison.

He continued: "I've bin to yer house, and the Missis didna know wheer ye'd gone. Ye hadna gone after the ducks, she said, fur yer gun was hangin' up wheer ye left it. But, mester"—he broke in with a peculiar laugh, that sounded strangely there on the lonely shore—"ye can go after the ducks without a gun, cauna ye? I know all about it;" and again he laughed aloud.

I was more and more astonished. To have met with Yethert in Flint at all was surprising; but to have him discourse in this free-and-easy manner, and above all, to find that he could evoke a laugh, was a most unheard of thing. I could only conclude that his altered manner was due to sundry visits to the local public-houses; and ignoring his last remark, I asked him what had brought him over to Flint.

"Wi' ye," he replied in a confidential manner, and slightly lowering his voice, "yo see th' Mester and th' Missis has bin talkin' about ye; and they reckon it's a pity that ye shouldna get over till the Sunday afternoon; and so they told me to mean up the cows as quick as I could and walk over and fetch ye."

"But what about the tide?" I interposed. "The tide will be running in soon, and we may be caught by it if we attempt to cross."

"(I may here remark that in common with many other persons who live in the immediate vicinity of the beach, I never know exactly when it is high water, or when the tide begin to ebb or flow, excepting when I happen to see it.)

"From the window of my study where I am writing these lines I can see the advancing tide streaking the yellow sands with bars of silver. I see it thus day by day, and I know its varying moods, as I know the peculiarities of an old friend. I have watched the Storm King a thousand times as he he girded himself in the distant hills and stalked on legs of vapour over the estuary; and yet, if I am asked a few hours afterwards what time the tide will begin to roll in, I am obliged to make the humiliating confession that I do not know.

"Yethert laid his hand impressively upon my shoulder as he made answer: 'Mester, I know every inch o land in the river and I can get ye to the Cop afore the tide comes in as easy as winklin'. When dold Yethert does a job," he added fervently, he does it gradely (properly); and th' Master and Missis wouldna ha' sent me over to ye if it wasna rest. Besides, Mester do ye think ould Yethert wants to slip his wind? Nay, nay! Come on afore it's too late."

Yethert's knowledge of the banks and of the spots first covered by the tide was, I knew, perfect; and after a little hesitation, I returned with him to my apartments, obtained possession of a small travelling bag, and returning to the shore, we waded cautiously over the Deep, and stepped on to the firm sand bank beyond.

No sooner had we reached the opposite side, however, than Yethert's eagerness departed, and his habitual gloom of manner returned. He sauntered along in the dull heaving churlish fashion, sometimes laboring by my side, sometimes walking a little in advance, and more often lagging in the rear. Finding that I could no longer draw a word from him, I strode steadily on in the semi-darkness, my eyes ever fixed on a tiny light far ahead, and my mind busy among other matters, with the mysterious young fellow whom I was to see on the morrow, and of whose personality or relationship to the Richie family I was as yet quite ignorant.

We reached the marsh, and I was soon fully engaged in leaping or clinding the network of dykes and ditches, Yethert continually barred my progress. Yethert leaped the smaller obstacles with much greater agility than might have been expected from his appearance, and waded through the broader pools, as I had often seen him at Burton, without removing his boots, and with the utmost unconcern. He had fallen behind considerably, and apparently was not over-anxious to get upon even terms with me for whenever I heard the peculiar sucking noise made by his saturated boots, they always sounded a long way in the rear.

This did not surprise me. My greatest surprise had been the extraordinary affability Yethert had displayed towards me in the earlier portion of the evening, and the unusual eagerness of his manner. I several times fancied that the waters in the dykes was rising; but my confidence in Yethert's superior knowledge of the banks and tides was such that I apprehended no danger, and the Cop—a sure refuge from the tides—was beginning to show itself like a dark shadow across the marsh. Separating the Cop from the marsh is a broad shallow stream, which, before it begins to be fed by the tide is seldom more than two feet deep; and when I thought about the matter at all, my only feeling of uneasiness was, that before we reached it, it might have risen to such a height as to cause us to wade to an inconvenient depth.

The moon hung over the Halkin Mountains at our back, woe-begone half circlet of pale gold; but the stars shone out with great brilliance, and the Cop was beginning to define itself more and more clearly against the horizon. I could even faintly distinguish the rude shed on its summit, in which Abraham's shepherd boy occasionally stood sentry over his wooly charges on the plain below; and I was congratulating myself on my near approach to the comforts of Abraham's well-stocked larder, when I was brought to a sudden stand-still by the appearance of a number of glittering objects on the marsh some distance in front of me, which wavered and flickered about in the most extraordinary manner. I could not make it out, and I walked on again towards the spot. A few strides explained the mystery. On the marsh in front of me was a vivid reflection of the starry canopy above; and as I stood rooted to the spot, with my heart thumping against my ribs, I could hear the measured rhythmic ripple of the advancing plain of water that had intruded itself between me and safety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Bad Man from the Border Line.

"I was stopping in the only hotel in a little Texas town," said the traveler, "and was in my room, when I heard three shots in quick succession I reached the office just as a man rushed in and exclaimed:

"'Bill Smith is shot!'

"'Dead?' asked the proprietor.

"'Three holes in him. He's done, for sure,' was the reply.

"A tall, lanky man, who was standing by the desk, brought his fist down on the blurred and blotted register and said:

"'It's a good thing. I kin walk down the street now without feelin' that I may have to draw quick and dodge behind a tree most any minute.'

"The proprietor straightened himself up and said:

"'Boys, let's have somethin'. I feel as though I had more to say 'round this place now, and especially in the barroom!'

"Of course I asked who Bill Smith was, and was informed, by three or four at once that he was a bad man from the border line that he could shoot quicker and with truer aim than any man in that section of the State, that he was quarrelsome, brutal, and a general all round crime-steeped villian. And in the midst of the description the man who had done the shooting walked in. Everybody tried to shake hands with him and every one invited him to drink.

"Then another man came in and whispered to the proprietor, and the proprietor said something to the man who had done the shooting, and there was a general whispered conference. At its conclusion the man who had done the shooting slipped out a back door and the proprietor came over to me and said:

"'Say, stranger, what I said—don't go! Understand? It don't go!'

"Then the lanky man pulled me to one side and said:

"'I was jokin, See? But Bill don't understand jokes, and you'd better say nothin' about it.'

"Another told me I had better get out of town, as there was a general feeling that I had heard too much.

"'But where is the man who shot this Smith?' I asked.

"'Fryin' to get over the border line into Mexico, was the reply. Then he added: 'Stranger, you don't seem to sort o' get onto this business. The Doc has just sent out a quiet tip to the boys that Bill will pretty sure get well. Wherefore, all reports have called off and we starts a new deal See?'"—(Chicago Tribune.

Family Criticism.

If a man's foes are those of his own household, certainly a woman's severest critics are to be found there also. Few of us realize how surely our words and actions are being weighed and measured by the observers, large and small, who surround us. We are unconscious of the judgments passed because they are usually silent ones. When they happen to be spoken out instead of only thought, we are taken aback, and sometimes appalled, at the arraignment and sentence of which we had been entirely unaware.

It is the privilege of the family critic to be ruthlessly frank. Politeness is unnecessary, and consideration for the feelings of the condemned one ridiculously inappropriate. The strictures are given carelessly and freely, and offence at the plain speaking is a contingency never imagined.

"It is only Jennie; she always says what she thinks." "No one minds Will; he always speaks out." "One's family, of course, may say anything." And why, pray.

Children are the most terrible of family critics. They see so straight. Your "no" to them means "no," and your "yes," "yes." You cannot deceive them with half truths, or by a juggle of words. They cut through your subterfuge and convict you at once. Their straightforward simplicity makes you ashamed of your falsehood.

And of all critics a boy is the cruelest. He is no respector of vanities or shams. His cool questions and downright remarks make you writhe while you laugh, and laugh while you burn.

One of this sort, aged fifteen, asked lately, "Have you got a sinewy neck mamma?"

"Gracious!"—with a start. "What do you mean?"

"Why"—an inquiring and observing expression in his eyes—"I read the other day that all literary women have got sinewy necks. It said one could always tell 'em that way. It was a never-failing test. Did you ever notice it?"

"Never!" tartly. "You will have to judge for yourself. I'm sure I don't know."

"Well," meditatively, "I think, perhaps, it is true."

What answer can be given to such refreshing candor?—(From Harper's Bazar.

The World's Steamship.

In 1891, the world's steamships of more than 100 tons numbered 19,103, with a total tonnage of 13,805,028. More than one-half the steamships belong to England; then come Germany, France, and the United States in the order mentioned. The table of teamships of all seafaring nations follows

	Steamships	Tons.
England	5,471	5,369,951
Germany	761	762,915
France	488	500,516
United States	456	417,138
Spain	349	291,259
Italy	206	199,153
Norway	440	221,202
Holland	181	174,175
Russia	213	149,036
Sweden	336	124,177
Denmark	215	112,652
Austria	144	109,567
Japan	146	75,459
Belgium	59	77,692
Greece	88	60,576
Brazil	147	59,868
Portugal	39	32,582
China	31	29,169
Turkey	43	26,553
Chili	34	23,669

Sailing vessels of fifty tons or more number 35,666 for all countries, and they have a total of 10,217,906 tons. The table of their distribution is

	Ships	Tons
England	9,751	3,563,521
United States	3,501	1,519,114
Norway	3,419	1,393,481
Germany	1,489	651,147
Italy	2,010	586,981
Russia	2,195	447,776
Sweden	1,481	336,937
France	1,573	286,114
Greece	1,334	281,024
Spain	1,361	243,025
Holland	747	202,990
Denmark	857	148,417
Austria	289	110,184
Turkey	543	97,899
Chili	147	76,370
Brazil	270	58,255
Portugal	261	51,756
Argentine	105	28,439
Japan	98	25,602

In the year ended on Jan. 1, 1892, 205 steamships, total tonnage 262,776, were lost.

Theodore Parker's Ten Rules of Martia Conduct.

When Theodore Parker was married he entered in his journal, on his wedding day, the following resolutions:

First—Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will.

Second—To discharge all duties for her sake freely.

Third—Never to scold.

Fourth—Never to look cross at her.

Fifth—Never to worry her with commands.

Sixth—To promote her piety.

Seventh—To bear her burdens.

Eighth—To overlook her foibles.

Nineth—To save, cherish and forever defend her.

Tenth—To remember her always in my prayers. This, God willing, we shall be blessed.

Plow Deep.

Plow deep!
Sow not the precious seed
Among the scarce uprooted weeds,
Or thou shalt weep
And find the crops all choked and dead
And nought but thorns and tares instead.

Then plow down deep,
The promise ringing in thy ears,
That those who sow their seeds in tears,
In joy shall reap.

What Streets are Paved For.

Tax-Payer—That's a very firm and solid piece of paving you're doing there, Patrick.

City Employee—Indade an' it's a feline piece of worruk; and mighey glad am Oi to see it.

"Why, does it make any difference with you, Patrick?"

"Indade, and it does; It will give us double the job a pullin' it up."

No man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.

Good clothes make the impression, but they don't make the man.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.

Experience of a Noble Viscount and His Tutor in Ottawa Woods.

A moose deer when wounded is a dangerous enemy. This conclusion was arrived at by Viscount Kilfoyle, after a brief but very exciting interview with one of these lordly animals who roam the Canadian forest. The Viscount was young. The elder Viscount, his father, died and left this young man a title, a large rent roll, and a seat in the British House of Lords. The young Viscount, however, did not care very much for the latter just yet. He was only 20 years of age when he dropped into his possessions, and at 20 not many youngsters, especially if they have plenty of money and nothing to do, care much for anything but their own enjoyment.

The young Lord Kilfoyle made up his mind to see as much of the world as he could and as early as possible. With this object in view he engaged a tutor to look after him—an Oxford graduate, the Rev. William White. The tutor was not much in advance of the Viscount in years, and certainly not in worldly experience, but, according to custom, he was the proper person to accompany the young lord in his travels. So, with bright anticipations as to what they should see and hear in America, they sailed for New York.

It was midwinter in the year 1887 when he reached Ottawa. The terrible cold of a Canadian winter was quite a new thing to his Lordship; but he developed an idea of going into the wilderness and killing some wild animal or animals, and Ottawa was a good place for obtaining the necessary information as to how he should set about it. When he heard that moose deer were plentiful fifty miles to the north, he made up his mind that moose was just the thing he had come to America to kill, and accordingly the lord and the tutor equipped themselves for the expedition. Moccasins and snow shoes, fur coats and fur mits, Ballard rifles and ammunition, and other necessary adjuncts were forthwith procured and the hunting party started out.

Philanthropic persons suggested to the lordly fledgling that a gentle—one experienced in woodcraft—should be engaged to prevent a calamity, but my lord of Kilfoyle wanted all the honor to himself of killing a moose. If a practical hunter accompanied him, he explained, it would take the appetite away from the adventure. He wanted to slay a moose, perhaps many of them, but he wanted to do it alone and unaided.

The moose, as those well acquainted with the animal know, herd together during the severe weather of winter and pick out for themselves a piece of very green woods. This piece of green woods may be twenty miles in circumference, or it may be only twenty, according to the number herding together. If the place where they herd must be well wooded with green pine or they will not abide there. They feed on the green boughs, and in going about they make innumerable pathways running in all directions and crossing each other at all kinds of angles. This is what is called a moose "yard."

It was a bright and crispy morning in the month of February that the Viscount and his tutor Mr. White, arrived at one of these "yards." The inhabitant, Jean Baptiste Cayv, who drove them in his "jumper" sleigh gave the young men some useful hints. He told them to stick together and be very careful to make marks as they went along the "paths" so they would be able to return. He explained to them that it was the very easiest thing in the world to get lost in following up these paths; they were so numerable and crossed each other is so many different directions, that unless the utmost care was taken they would be in danger of wandering for days before being able to regain the point they started from The plan that practical hunters adopted in a moose "yard" was to "blaze" (chip) a tree here and there as they went along, but they went along, but the "blaze" should be placed on the side of the tree in the direction in which they went, so as to avoid confusion. As a last word he told them that moose would fight like a lion.

My Lord Kilfoyle and his tutor listened very patiently, but their attention was on the prospective game and not on the words of the habitant. After leaving directions to Jean to meet them at sundown at the same place where they disembarked, they entered the "yard" with high hopes and rifles ready. This particular yard was about ten miles in circumference, surrounded by dense woods, the only avenue to civilization being by the rough road over which they journeyed in the habitant's sleigh. The Englishmen were used to sport in their native land, but walking through a thick wood and on a narrow path which had been beaten hard by the trotting of the moose over it, in quest of animals they absolutely knew nothing of, was a novel experience.

As they went forward over one of the paths the tutor would occasionally break down a twig as a means of future guidance. But after an hour's tramping, with no game in sight or hearing, a halt was called, and the Viscount and his companion sagaciously advised, but to have parallel paths. Those paths, however, are very deceiving. They intersect each other so frequently that even the closest observer is liable to be led astray. The Viscount and Mr. White walked along on different paths, each satisfied within himself that the path he was following up was exactly parallel with that of his companion. The paths, however, although seemingly parallel, diverged at each step, so that after an hour's steady walking, while each thought he was within hail of the other, the fact was that nearly a mile of territory divided them. The agreement before parting company was, that whoever fired the first shot, the other was to immediately join his companion. It is very easy to make an appointment of that kind, but in a moose "yard" it is a very difficult thing to keep it, as the tutor found when he essayed to reach the nobleman, for the Viscount was the first to espy game and fire the first shot.

It was about an hour after leaving the tutor that my Lord of Kilfoyle saw among the evergreens a mammoth moose quietly browsing on the young trees. The Englishman's eye lighted and his heart bounded with joy. Here at last was one of the giant animals he so eagerly sought. A hundred yards or so separated them, and in an instant the Viscount raised his rifle and fired. Just at the moment when the hammer fell, scended on the cartridge the animal moved, and, instead of the bullet striking the body for which it was aimed, it hit him on the hind leg.

When the bullet struck, the moose sprang into the air with a roar of pain, and then gazing around to see whence came the missile saw the Englishman. The pain of the wound threw the beast into a fury, and, with a bellow of rage, he came bounding through the snow. The Viscount was rather taken by surprise by this action of the moose. He was taught to suppose that when a deer was shot at he either should drop or else run away. This animal did neither. He was coming at his enemy with a fierce bellow and fiery eyes, the foam flying from his protruding tongue.

The sight of the animal, lashed to fury by the agony of the wound was appalling, but the young Englishman was nervy, and he had confidence in his aim and in his rifle. With rapid speed the deer advanced. Which within twenty yards the Viscount, raised his rifle again, and, taking careful aim for a spot between the eyes, the rifle cracked. Whether the bullet went wide of the mark, or whether it struck the frontal bone and glanced off, the Viscount never knew. But this he did know, that before he could fire again the animal was upon him.

As the moose bore down upon the Englishman the latter sprang behind a tree and escaped a blow from the head of the animal that had power enough in it to kill the whole House of Lords. As the Englishman sprang aside from the descending horns and and let the tree stand the shock, he unfortunately dropped his rifle, which at once sank out of sight in the deep snow.

Then began a series of dodging movements which developed an amount of agility that surprised the young fellow himself. The wounded moose would charge at his enemy in a way that meant instant death, and the latter would avoid the beast by dodging behind the immense pine which served him for a barricade. The young Englishman could see that the brute desired to trample him to death beneath its sharp hoofs, and he knew that the only escape left him was to keep a sharp eye on the animal and a ready leg, so that when he charged he could place the tree between them. Once during a pause in the brute's movements he thought of climbing up the tree, but a look at its immense trunk showed him that that was out of the question, for the pine was without branches for over fifty feet from the ground; besides its girth was more than than he could embrace. There was nothing for him to do but dodge around the tree until the tutor, attracted by the report of the shooting, would come on the scene, shoot the moose, and relieve him. If he could only avoid the brute then for a little while, all would be well.

With that hope in his heart he felt equal to the emergency. The moose, after each successive charge would retire ten or fifteen feet, pause for a second or to, and then with a bellow that made the branches quiver, bear down upon his foe. Twenty minutes of this perilous dodging began to tell upon the Viscount. He felt himself growing exhausted, while the mad moose seemed to be growing madder. What was to be done? The tutor had evidently wandered too far away to hear the report, or else something had befallen him. If he could only burrow in the snow out of sight, but that was impossible, for the snow was barely three feet deep on the level.

Then during one of the pauses that the moose took to gather wind a plan of escape came to him. Could he not take off his fur coat and when the moose bore down on him throw the coat over the brute's horns and then run for his life. The thought gave him fresh energy. In an instant the garment was off and in his hands, and when the animal again advanced, with an adroit swing of the coat it was thrown over the horns and the Viscount tore away down the path with the speed of a rocket.

The sudden turn of affairs bewildered the animal. He shook his head in fury and rage, but the coat still clung to the prongs, partially blinding him. Again and again he endeavored to shake the garment off, but with out avail. Each shake entangled it the more. Finding that his efforts were useless he dashed away on the path, but in a direction opposite to that taken by the Viscount. Just then then the tutor, after running up one path and down the other hardly knowing whether he was coming in the right direction or not, hove in sight, and seeing the moose flying down the path with the Viscount's coat on his head, came to the conclusion that the nobleman was in the coat, and of course was promptly stricken with horror at the awful fate of the house of Kilfoyle borne away by a fierce animal to be devoured. What a story the Rev. Mr. White would have to tell to friends in England—that the Lord of Kilfoyle had actually been carried away, and all by a terrible animal in the Canadian wood.

With the disappearance of the moose the tutor thought the safest thing to do under the circumstances, was to make for civilization, and as civilization could not possibly be in the same line that the moose had taken he went the opposite way. After journeying along utterly disconsolate, a voice from the branches of a spruce tree startled him. It was the Viscount, who, becoming exhausted from his rapid run, sought the shelter of this small tree until he could regain his strength and scattered wits. The joy of the tutor was unbounded. He would be relieved of telling of that awful beast that carried his patron away on his horns. Then together they made for the place of meeting with the habitant and returned to Ottawa, where his lordship told his thrilling experience. The fate of the fur coat is unknown.

ATROCITIES NEAR TANGANYIKA

Hundreds of Helpless Captives Murdered by Arab Slave Stealers.

Stories of remarkable atrocities committed recently by slave raiders near Lake Tanganyika, have reached Europe. They would seem almost incredible if their accuracy was not vouched for by missionaries on the ground. These statements have been laid before the African Society at Cologne, and have been published by the authorities of that society with the statement that the stories are perfectly correct.

One of the missionaries writes that on Nov. 19 last 2,000 bound slaves arrived in the neighborhood of Karema, on the south-east coast of Tanganyika. Karema is a mission station, though it was founded by King Leopold about twelve years ago, as the extreme eastern post of the Congo Free State. The Arab raiders were led by Makutubu, one of the well-known Arab chiefs east of Tanganyika. The slaves had been brought from 100 to 150 miles south and southwest of the big lake. The reason for such a long march, cut off the Arab sell their slaves among the native tribes along the shores of the lake. They had pursued the slaves for a longer distance than usual, and as human flesh was so exceedingly cheap they cared nothing about preserving the lives of those who fell by the way during the forced marches or who succumbed on account of meagre rations.

On his way to the lake Makutubu decided to get rid of all who impeded the march. At Lusuko, in order that his caravan might advance with greater haste, he drowned about 100 old women and little children. Two days later his caravan experienced a fresh hindrance. Many of the poor slaves had become so enfeebled by the rapid rate of march that they could go no further. Massacres, of which people in civilized countries can form little conception followed. As fast as a slave succumbed he was knocked on the head with a club and left dead. The story of the atrocities went on in advance of the caravan and reached the missionary post. Father Dromaux set out at once in order if possible to have some of the poor people from the fate that threatened them. He succeeded in ransoming sixty-one slaves who would otherwise have been killed. Of course, he paid only a very small sum apiece for them. Then the caravan went on, and the priest bought food for the natives for the slaves he had liberated, nursed them back to strength, and took them to the station.

He says that from ten to fifty slaves a day were murdered where the caravan was on the road. About 600 were killed during the march north and 2,000 reached the east shore of the lake. Those since Father Dromaux had ransomed were pitable objects, in spite of the good treatment he had given them. Even those who appeared to be healthy had terrible burns on the arms and thighs which they had received as punishment for trivial or imaginary offences. The mission orphanage was turned into a hospital.

From Mpala, across the lake from Karema, come more facts about the atrocities committed by slave dealers in the region southwest of Tanganyika. They are ranging the country into a desert. One dealer, it is said, caught nearly 2,000 slaves up to September last year, and in the course of his raids killed many hundreds of the natives and burned their villages. On the march the slaves are chained together in groups of twenty to twenty-five, and look like living skeletons. Food is very scarce along some parts of the route, and the slaves are forced to dig up and eat roots which even wild animals refuse to touch. When they reach the slave markets to which their cruel masters are taking them, they are placed in huts which afford no protection against the weather, and, wasted by fever, hunger, and dysentery, they perish by scores. Father Dromaux writes that he has seen hundreds of slaves in roofless huts, while near them their master's goats have roofs over their heads.

Every morning corpses are dragged from the slave huts and thrown to the hyenas. The missionaries have rescued many poor children whom they found among the captives. They were placed in special wards of the mission hospital. "As soon as I enter," says Father Jobert, "They stretch out their thin little arms toward me and say, 'Good Father, we have suffered so much hunger.' Fifteen of them have died already in spite of the care lavished on them."

It is not likely that similar atrocities will be repeated during the coming season. Both Germany and the Congo Free State are determined that they shall cease. An armed body of men, with the permission of the German authorities, left Zanzibar recently for no other purpose than to put an end to these fright ful raids around Tanganyika. The Congo State is very vigilant in its pursuit of slave raiders in its territory, and although it has no means of stopping the evil it has done away with most of the raiding in the large territory it controls.

Typesetting by Telephone.

The management of the Times has utilized the telephone in a unique way. Telephone wires have been laid in the underground railway tunnel between the composing room in Printing House Square and the Parliamentary reporters' gallery in the House of Commons. A copy reader placed at the telephone read the stenographic "turns" from the note book as fast as it is possible for the compositors to take them on their typesetting machines in the Times building a mile and a half away. At first the reporters did not take kindly to the innovation but when they found that they could dictate their notes direct to the composing room without the trouble of transcribing them, they began to look at the arrangement in an entirely different light. Proofs of course are sent to them for correction. Each machine can produce from five to six columns of solid minion a night. The Times is able to print in time for the 5 A. M. newspaper trains going to all points of the United Kingdom the whole of the debates, which are often continued until after 3 A. M.

An unpaid tailor's bill of Emperor Maximilian I. of Germany, who flourished four hundred years ago, has been discovered.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Wife's Influence.

A good wife brings to her husband wisdom; strength; a bad wife confusion, weakness, and despair.

No condition becomes hopeless so long