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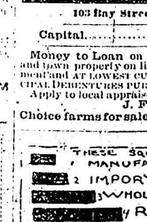

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TWO ATONEMENTS.
BY FLOSS.

CHAPTER VII.

Two years have passed away, years of sad atonement for Vera Lansing, (living alone with the two faithful servants,) and when the two faithful servants,) and when the deepening shadow has deepened upon her young life. In those lone years her only companion has been the blue lake Erie, as she wandered upon the shore while its restless surging waves dashed high upon the shore, or when it rested in peaceful beauty, gliding away towards the distant horizon, as the last rays of the sun lingered upon the mirror-like surface.

Moments her thoughts would wander back to the happy past, to the days of that love which gladdened for a time her orphaned heart. Forever would that love remain, the idol of the sacred past.

Vera came in early, autumn one day from a walk on the shore, and sat down at the piano. With her hands on the keys she paused for a moment to admire the scene which rose, through the open window before her.

The rays of the setting sun glanced through the crimson leaves of the stately trees, and the air wafted a sweet perfume through the open window, while a sweet-voiced bird poured forth its notes of love from the purple shade of the linden tree," [illegible] to the piano Vera gently touched the keys, and then in a voice, sweet and clear as the song of the [illegible] sang that lovely, passive Spanish

[illegible] singing in Ebro's de.
[illegible] make dim the tide,
[illegible] I wait the leaves will thee
[illegible] my heart to free!
[illegible] purple sky,
[illegible] the melody.
[illegible] affection pain,
[illegible] sweetness flows through thy

[illegible] arrow stilled
[illegible] leaves hath filled
[illegible] purple sky,
[illegible] melody.

[illegible] Newton, Saratoga avenue, a [illegible] snowy. Not until he [illegible] did he hear the music, [illegible] wandered to other days. As [illegible] fell upon his ears, he [illegible]

"Am I dreaming?" he muttered, [illegible] hand to his throbbing head, [illegible] voice, my wife, my child."

The parlor window open he [illegible] into a vine-clad arbor opposite, [illegible] through the leaves, he [illegible] For a time he [illegible] watching the sad, [illegible] but when the sweet [illegible] shed out upon the air he [illegible] retreat, and as Vera turned [illegible] entered.

[illegible] clasped her in his [illegible] only hope remaining."

[illegible] face above hers, one [illegible] of sisterand brother, [illegible] tumultuous tones fell upon [illegible] Lansing knew that it was [illegible] held her in his arms, knew [illegible] wanderer had at last returned.

"Father, dear lost father," she murmured from his eyes, as he kissed her [illegible] while sobs broke from his [illegible] Presently he released the [illegible] led the way to a sofa where [illegible]

"Now tell me, you know me my sweet [illegible]" And I have been a heart-[illegible] I have neglected you cruelly [illegible] I have suffered much; [illegible] there is nothing to forgive, [illegible] Knowing you now, obliterating [illegible] of the past. Welshall [illegible] never again."

"I expect to find 'no here papa?'" [illegible] "Where is the American [illegible] my wife?" Lansing did not [illegible] surprise. Oh my lovely [illegible] admiring the beautiful [illegible]

"All these years I have carried [illegible] in my heart, the image of [illegible] He paused and taking [illegible] said Vera said.

"Father, let us not speak of the past [illegible] night have been [illegible] might your loving coun- [illegible] solace; but in my first [illegible] love, I noticed a deep [illegible] Tell me my child, was [illegible] that shadow upon your [illegible]

[illegible] and he regarded [illegible] fond devotion.

"I have brought a great deal [illegible] papa," Vera answered smiling. [illegible] were not wholly responsible for [illegible] perhaps. I too have a story to [illegible] My sorrow has not been as great as [illegible] Although at times I have thought [illegible] grief could be deeper, I see now [illegible] more you have suffered than I."

[illegible] not bear to speak of the past [illegible] told him of her blighted love [illegible] that was dear to life [illegible] rather than wed the man she loved, [illegible] mystery to her. [illegible] not tell him what Hilda Dane had [illegible] she knew it would deeply grieve [illegible] and how that he knew the true story, [illegible] mother's innocence, there was no [illegible] recall the bitter past.

"My child," he exclaimed, when she had [illegible] "how your sorrow has not been as [illegible] mine for you were not haunted by [illegible] I have been all these years. You [illegible] "Of all sad words of tongue or pen [illegible] these are the saddest, that it might have been.' But you were only a weak lonely girl; your sorrow has been as great to you as [illegible] has been to me. We have [illegible] for my unintentional sin. Oh, my [illegible] I come to you years ago, my love, [illegible] have spared you at least this anguish."

He clasped and kissed her while she assented, [illegible] that her present joy far outweighed [illegible] past sorrow.

"I love this Mr. Chilton, 'Vera!'" [illegible] smiling.

"Yes papa, oh so dearly; no one except [illegible] so true."

"And am I to be lonely again, dear?"

"Ah, papa, I shall never part with [illegible] never again in life; but in Elmer [illegible] you would find a son—a loving, dutiful [illegible]

Doctor Lansing kissed the flushed cheek of his child, and said.

"You are the only link that now binds me to life, dear. Your requests shall not be refused."

He drew out his watch as he spoke; it was eleven o'clock and they rose to retire. Vera left her father at the door of his room with a fond good-night, and when in her own chamber she knelt in fervent thanks to heaven which had answered her prayers of those long dreary years.

CHAPTER VIII.

After a week's rest, Doctor Lansing, and his daughter started for Montreal. He had written to Mrs. Dane, telling her of his return, and intention of visiting her, and that lady prepared a surprise for him and Vera."

Elmer Chilton had an aunt living in the city, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence, and being very intimate friends Mrs. Dane at once informed him of the coming of Doctor Lansing, and Vera.

Of course Elmer's aunt, who know what joy the news would give him, at once wrote telling him when they were expected, and he at once started for Montreal arriving the day before Vera and her father.

He met them at the station, and what a rapturous meeting of faithful love it was. Ah it was a rapturous meeting between them all.

Hilda Dane, seeing no hope of ever winning Elmer Chilton, had married a wealthy Winnipeg gentleman about a year before, and Vera was now rid of her dangerous, but unsuccessful rival. Vera explained to Elmer the cause of her sudden departure, and he loved her if possible, more than before. Doctor Lansing was delighted with his prospective son-in-law and the happy days sped swiftly by. On New Year's Eve, three months after Doctor Lansing's return, there was a wedding in the stately cathedral of Notre Dame, and Elmer Chilton and Vera Lansing were joined to part no more.

As Vera had said, Elmer was over a loving son to Doctor Lansing, and he, in turn, was a fond father. He was very happy now after those long years of atonement. Earnestly had he sought forgiveness from that Saviour, who never refuses, and his once burdened heart was now light, and trusting. His only child's happiness, and loving devotion was also a source of great happiness to him.

The three spend every summer at the lovely little cottage on Lake Erie and their last visit were brightened by the presence of a little boy, a sweet child with violet eyes, and golden hair. Doctor Lansing often walks upon the beach with him, and his prayer over is, that his grandchild may never know the bitterness of an atonement

(THE END).

THE OCEAN RACE.

Something About the Past and future of Steam Navigation.

An article in the current Scottish Review on the history of Atlantic steam navigation incidentally defends the fame of Dr. Lardner, who has always been believed to have declared that it was just as feasible for a ship to go by steam from New-York to the moon as from New-York to Liverpool. Dr. Lardner always insisted that he had been incorrectly reported by the newspapers which gave an account of his lecture on this subject delivered in Liverpool in 1835. What he did say was that it would be impossible to make long voyages by steam profitable without a Government subsidy. It was natural that Dr. Lardner should hold this opinion, for the Royal William, which crossed from Quebec to Pictou in 1833, had her hold so filled with fuel that there was no room for merchandise of any kind. The doctor, therefore, thought that though such a vessel might be profitably employed in coast trade, its voyage across the ocean could not be profitable if dependent upon traffic alone. There was still an earlier steamship to cross the Atlantic. This was the American ship Savannah, which crossed to England in 1819. The voyage was made partly by steam and partly by sail. She took twenty-five days to go from Savannah to Liverpool; eighteen of them being under steam. Her paddle wheels and shafts when not in use were kept on deck. On her return to America the Savannah again became a sailing vessel, and was ultimately lost on the south coast of Long Island.

It gives one a sense of the shortness of the period which has been sufficient for the astonishing changes in ocean travel and traffic to reflect the practicability of steam was the work of Brunel, the builder of the Great Eastern. This ship, the Great Western, made the voyage from Bristol to New-York in fifteen days, in April, 1838, and, as Carlyle said, "left our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at leisure." The writer in the Scottish Review follows the history of steam navigation from the Great Western to the performance of the Teutonic and the City of Paris. It is stated that the two new steamers ordered by the Cunard Line should cross in five days and ten hours.

The history of Atlantic steam travel has shown a steady improvement in the matter of safety. Between the time of the establishment of steamship traffic and 1879 134 steamers were lost. Of these, 24 never reached the ports for which they sailed and were never heard of. Ten were burned at sea, 8 went down in collisions, 3 were sunk by ice, and others were lost from various causes. The first to disappear was the President, which was lost in 1841 and never heard from. A Cunard steamer, the Columbia, was run ashore in 1843. The Columbia, however, was the only ship lost in thirteen years after the disappearance of the President. In the decade of the fifties there were some dreadful disasters. Among these was the disappearance, in 1854 of the City of Glasgow with 480 passengers. The Arctic was sunk by a collison in the same year, with a loss of 562 passengers, and four years later the Pacific was burned at sea with a loss of 470 lives. The disappearance of the City of Boston, with more than 200 passengers, and the lost of the Atlantic, in 1873, in which disaster 500 persons perished, are of comparatively recent date. Other losses were the Ville du Havre and the State of Florida. Comparing the record with that of thirty to forty years ago it is evident that there has been a great improvement in steam navigation in the all important matter of safety. In the year 1890 there were nearly 2,000 trips made from New York alone to various ports; 200,000 cabin passengers were carried, and 372,000 emigrants, and there was no accident at all. On the great steamship lines, by the way, the average safety of the life of the sailor is high. The Inman Line in three years lost no passengers out of a million, and in that time only eleven of their sailors died. In the same length of time the Cunard Line lost no passengers, and only nine sailors died.

The problem of the future speed of steam navigation is one which it is impossible to forecast, owing to the complex nature of its elements. The number of knots which vessels may attain per hour will depend upon what inventors may be able to do with new forces and with new materials of construction. By the way, the knot is not, as many persons suppose, a measure of length, but a measure of the rate of speed. It is not correct to speak of a knot as one speaks of an inch or a mile. To say that a ship is going at twenty knots an hour means that she is going at the rate of twenty nautical miles per hour. It is not likely that greater speed will be obtained by a change in the shape of vessels. Our ocean greyhounds are very much the shape of the ships of the Vikings. That seems to be nature's model; it is in that way the fishes are constructed, and it is not likely that the plan can be improved upon. The writer in the Scottish Review gives a learned account of the natural laws which affect the speed of ships. Roughly speaking, they are that the resistance of the water increases immensely with the speed, but decreases with the displacement, that is, the size. A big ship can be driven through the water at a much greater rate of speed than a small one. If an attempt had been made to send ships of the size of forty years ago through the water at the speed of the Majestic or of the City of Paris, so large a quantity of coal would have been required and so much of the ship's room would have been given up to it that the earning capacity of the ship would probably have disappeared. Greater speed will, in the future, probably be obtained by increasing the size of ships beyond even their present gigantic proportions. But speed will depend largely upon the use which commerce may be able to make of the inventions which it is reasonable to expect will be made. The highly complex engines of the present day may be succeeded by other forms of heat engine or by the application of electricity. There may be a change, also, in material. We have seen wood succeeded by iron, and iron by steel. Changes may come from the use of such metals as manganese and aluminium which it is, of course, impossible to forecast.

A PROMISCUOUS SHOOTER

A Negro Runs Amuck in Toronto's Streets

TORONTO, March 16.—The people in the neighborhood of 346 Ossington avenue were greatly startled yesterday morning about 10 o'clock by hearing a regular fusilade of shots fired from a revolver in the hands of a colored man named Francis Churchwell, who boards at No. 348. The man appeared to be in a maniacal frenzy, and fired at whoever he caught sight of. Mr. Alvin Polley, who lives at No. 346, was the first to come under the notice of the colored fiend, who fired three shots in quick succession at him, but when Mrs. Polley ran to see what was the matter he turned his gattling on her. Fortunately his aim was as bad as his temper and he missed her, as well as her husband. The bellicose gentleman proceeded

TO FILL HIS ARTILLERY.

with a fresh supply of ammunition, but had only got two cartridges in when Miss Mary Seagar appeared and was put to flight by having the two shots sent at her. The angel of darkness evidently became disgusted with himself for not having done any damage and started eastward looking for fresh worlds to conquer, as he disappeared from that neighborhood, and after he had departed sometone ventured out and laid a complaint at Parkdale police station; from which place a description of the dusky gentleman was sent to all the other stations. Late in the afternoon P. C. Guthrie (177), who was on duty on Sackville street, heard several shots fired somewhere north-east of where he then was, and started out to investigate. He was soon met by a considerably frightened man, who said that a nigger was

SHOOTING AT EVERYONE ON THE STREET,"

and had nearly killed the excited party's wife. The runner amuck was seen at the corner of Winchester and Sumach streets by the constable to fire several shots in the air, or in whatever direction the weapon happened to be pointed. The colored fireworks worker then turned along Winchester and just as Constable Guthrie caught him in view in the act of loading up his shooting iron in preparatory to another fusilade. Fortunately he was not able to use it or he might have killed the officer who arrested him and took him to No. 4 police station, where he was registered on several charges of shooting with intent to kill, carrying a revolver, and for being drunk.

At the station he told the police that Warden Massie and Governor Green had ordered him to get after the people, and that he had

BOUGHT THE REVOLVER

and fifty rounds of ammunition on Saturday night with this intention. Although not very drunk when arrested he seemed to be in that frenzied condition which follows a prolonged spree. He told the sergeant of police at No. 4 that he worked as a bricklayers' laborer and made plenty of money, but a ticket in his possession showed that he has been in receipt of charity from the House of Industry.

Churchwell, or Churchill as he is sometimes called, is supposed to be the party who killed a man named Grimmason on Bathurst street some years ago and was sent to Kingston penitentiary for seven years.

It was almost a miracle that nobody was killed, as he fired no less than seven shots point blank at the people at 346 Ossington avenue, and he sent several shots along the sidewalk on Sumach street.

A Strange Story of the Sea.

Particulars have been received of the White Star steamer Runic, which arrived at New York on the 3d inst. from Liverpool, having fallen in with a large sailing ship named the Florida, of Porsgrund, laden with timber, on the 29th ult., at 7 p. m., in lat. 44.59, long. 42.46, bound from Quebec to Norway. She had her sails set, and had the Norwegian flag flying at her fore p ak. She is 1,230 tons register, and had a crew of 25 men, whose fate is enshrouded in mystery. Speaking of the matter, Captain Thompson, of the Runic, said "Early on the morning of the day we sighted the Florida. About 7 o'clock the mate reported from the bridge that a big ship was lying dead ahead, and appeared to be in trouble. I went out on the bridge, and about two miles away on the port bow I saw a full-rigged ship with the ensign at half-mast. She looked weatherly enough, and I did not imagine she was deserted. We veered up a point or two for a nearer inspection, and passed her almost 20 yards off. We could see right down the whole length of the deck just as you can look down on the pier. There was not a soul to be seen. The ship was clearly deserted. The report that side lights were burning is not true. There was not the sign of a light on the vessel. The wheel was lashed, and the ship was broadside to the sea. "Why did you not stop and investigate?" was asked. "Simply because the first consideration with a White Star Ship. If there had been a soul on board I would have stopped. I hailed repeatedly, but there was no answer. There was a great head sea running, and to have stopped the Runic, turned steamed back, launched boats, and board the Florida without assistance would have been the matter of three hours or more. It was not to be thought of. I am confident that the Florida could not have been abandoned more than twelve hours. The heavy gale of the day previous would have torn the ensign to rags. The topgallant sails were set aback and the others were stowed down as neat as a new pin." "Were the boats all there?" "There were a couple of boats by the skids, but two tackles were up and hanging as the weather starboard clews as if the longboat had been put. Of course this is only a conjecture, as I do not even know whether she had a longboat or not. The whole thing looked queer to me. If the crew had been taken off they would have left a signal behind to show where they were. All was tidy as it was when they were last seen. The ship appeared to be in good condition. I do not think the crew ever deserted her except for another sel"

The Bible and Criticism.

"Think not religion is a stake by withdrawing from the Bible its supernatural halo: Religion never suffers through the proclamation of truth, nor is its existence dependent on particular booksand authors. As long as mind will think, soul will worship, and heart and hand will act not nobly Bible or no Bible. Not all the criticism in the world will undo a single one of the countless blessings which it has shed on human kind. It will but add blessing to blessing. It will fill men with pride that authors of their own species have been the authors of these blessings. If we can not give it the idolatrous worship our fathers gave it, we can, and we do, honor it still more. We do not lift it up as they did, and proclaim it the work of God and of the God-inspired Moses, but with still greater pride do we hold it up and proclaim: This is the *Scripture* from which have issued the mightiest streams of civilization, and on which are founded the strongest pillars of right and truth. This is the *Law* that first proclaimed the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the first enjoined the Ten Commandments, that secure the peace of our land and the happiness of our homes."
—[*Rev. Joseph Krauskopf D. D.*

Ramparts of Snow.

The very heavy falls of snow which have taken place in the east parts of Germany have been made use of by the military authorities to try what effect the projectile of the new rifle may have on masses of snow. Entrenchments were made, some five feet high and six feet thick, behind which targets were placed to represent an enemy. The firing parties, stationed 1500 feet from the works, pierced them through and through, as was proved by the numerous holes found in the targets behind them. Similar experiments have been made in Russia. In this case the entrenchments were 25 feet in thickness, and are said to have kept off the bullets fired against the marks in the rear of them. It will readily be seen from this that, unless ample time and plenty of men are at command, snow is not of much value for fortifying military positions against musketry fire.

London pays its gas companies annually £4,400,000 for a commodity which costs to produce only £3,100,000, thus giving the monopolies a clear profit of £1,200,000.

That equality which is one of the features of curling, and under which the humble workman—by reason of his superior skill—is entitled to rule and direct the man of highest rank, is accountable for some of the humorous in curling. "Cats dinna catch price wi'miss on," is the horny-handed son of toil's hints to the gentleman to take off his gloves.

A few nights ago a band of masked men broke into a house in Minin, Austria, occupied by a young widow. They found their way into her bedroom, bound her securely to the bed, saturated her clothes with petroleum and set her on fire, and remained, unmoved by the victim's agonies, until the body was a charred mass.

SOME GREAT NAVAL LEADERS.

Ships and Commanders Who Will Take Part in the Next War.

When the European war-cloud dissolves in a rain of blood and the dogs of battle are loosed the condition of the navy of each country involved in the conflict will most seriously affect the fighting chances of each combatant. Naval armament is a matter of vital moment to every nation in these days.

Tardy as we ourselves were in giving the question due recognition, its practical importance was brought home to us only yesterday in the threatened difficulty with Chili. Then we were able to comfort ourselves with the reflection that we had at least a few good ships and a few good men to command them. In European countries the necessity for a proper marine equipment is conceded as readily as that for an army.

In glancing at the European navies I will not weary the reader with figures or statistics as these receive due attention in the technical portions of the public press and are frequently copied into the daily newspapers. As the success of a navy in warfare depends upon the skill with which it is handled, much more than on weight of metal, I will devote my space to writing of those officers of the European fleets who are already famous and destined to be leading figures in the future. I will refer to each nationality in the order of its importance as a naval power. England, of course, leads easily, with France, Russia, Italy, Germany, and Austria following her in the order given.

NOT USED TO FIGHTING.

England's representative seamen who fought in the Crimean and Chinese wars are most of them dead or retired. Few admirals now on the active list have seen much carnage. Seymour, who bombarded Alexandria in 1882, is getting too old to count for much. There is De Horsey, who attacked the Peruvian ironclad Huascar with Piérola, the rebel leader, on board. He gained little glory from this incident, however, which resulted in the escape of the enemy. Admiral Hood was lately raised to the peerage on his retirement, and Admirals Tryon, Hotham, and Lyons are the three most prominent figures now.

The nieteor flag of England has, however, no more distinguished sailor serving under it than Lord Charles Beresford, who at present commands a vessel in the Mediterranean fleet. His career up to date has given the greatest promise of future distinction. Not only has he shown his ability as an active naval officer, but in his official connection with the admiralty while a member of parliament he displayed the characteristics of a statesman. People wondered greatly that Lord George Hamilton should have been preferred to office over the head of Beresford as the time when both were appointed to the admiralty. It was but another instance of family influence in English politics overriding the just claim of merit. For Lord Charles Beresford is an Irishman, the scion of a noble and historic house, it is true, and although Lord George Hamilton is Irish also, his family connections among English politicians are far stronger than those of Beresford.

HIS PARLIAMENTARY CAREER.

Lord Charles sat in parliament for his native county of Waterford from 1874 to 1880. He was made a lord of the admiralty and proved a thorn in the side of the incompetent but exacerats who direct that department. At length he resigned, giving as a reason for doing so the gross mismanagement of the admiralty. During several startling speeches which he delivered in the commons he arrayed facts and figures condemnatory of the naval administration which his previous official knowledge of the inside state of affairs enabled him to gather. These speeches roused public opinion all over the United Kindom.

Though Beresford has seen a good deal of naval service, he has been in only one campaign—at Alexandria in 1882. But his distinguished conduct on this occasion showed him to have the instincts and capacity of a man of action. The Marabout batteries had opened fire on the British fleet bombarding Alexandria. Beresford was in command of the little gunboat Condor, which he promptly steamed right in against the forts under cover of the smoke from their guns. Gallantly and gallantly did he handle the Condor that the Egyptian batteries, worried by the gunboat, found it impossible to get the range of the British ironclads. The Marabout forts were very powerful, and had it not been for Beresford's clever tactics could have kept the attacking fleet at bay for a considerable time. The English admiral ran up a signal announcing his admiration of the Condor's intrepid work. The world applauded, and ever since Beresford has been known as "Condor Charlie."

Lord Charles Beresford is indeed the coming man of the British navy. A great future awaits him. He was appointed commissioner last year to report on the Suez canal, and when his report was published last October it proved another sensation for England. It demonstrated that the rocky shores of the canal could be blown up with dynamite by an enemy in such a manner as to precipitate masses of rock into the water and thus block the passage. This report induced the English government to pay very special attention to the route across the American continent as an alternative means of transporting troops to the east. Beresford is a splendid type of the naval officer, both from a scientific and a tactical point of view.

FRANCE'S NAVAL OFFICERS.

France's naval officers are many and distinguished. I might single out from among them for the honor of first place Admiral Juriuelle la Gravière were it not for his advanced age, which is necessarily removing him further day by day from the arena of active service. His record dates back to Crimean days. Much might also be said of Vice-Admirals Miot, Ribell, Zede, Vigo Dupperr, or Lespe. But there is one figure which deserves more attention than all the rest. This is Admiral Gervais. And why? For the reason that while his past record is known to and praised by all Frenchmen he remains at the present time specially prominent in naval circles.

Admiral Gervais entered the service at the age of 15 in the year 1852, receiving command of a ship in 1879, and being promoted to vice-admiral in 1887. His conduct was exceptionally distinguished during the siege of Paris in 1871. When Admiral Potteau was French ambassador at the court of St. James Gervais acted as naval attache to the legation. From this position he went as chief of staff to Admiral Krantz, formerly minister of marine. In both positions he was a marked success. Gervais is a great worker, and capable of intense application. Nor is he in the least a martinet, in the sense in which that word is usually understood, but it is popular with all ranks. Under the exterior of a self-possessed man of the world he conceals a heart patriotic, ardent and sincere.

Though over 50 years of age Admiral Gervais presents the appearance of being much younger. The brisk elasticity of youth has not in the least deserted him. His manners are unassuming. The recent visits of the French fleet to the great seaports of England and Russia took place under his command. He was selected for this important commission because of the confidence with which the French ministry regarded him. Few men in his profession have attained equal rank at the same age. The foreign cruise of the French squadron was dictated by motives of policy on the part of the government, and the admiral who was placed in command was practically intrusted with a diplomatic mission. The triumphal progress of the French fleet during the whole cruise was an ample vindication of the choice of Gervais as commander.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

A romance might be written on the career of the Grand Duke Alexis, lord high admiral of the Russian fleet. So many have been his adventures and reported adventures that it is difficult to distinguish the serious from the romantic or fictional side of his character. He has always been a bon vivant and lover of pleasure, and as a brother of the czar and incumbent of a great position in his profession he has has good opportunities for indulgence.

Alexis was brought up to a seafaring career and is Russia's sailor-prince. His personal popularity is considerable. Like the czar, he is of commanding stature and handsome exterior, and has the reputation of being generous and easy-mannered. During 1875 he visited America. He made a strongly favorable impression upon those who met him in this country. The belles of Kentucky were especially fascinated with him, and one unfortunate lady became insane over the grand duke, her madness taking the form of a delusion that she had been invited to become a grand duchess and would soon be united to the duke. The poor woman was confined—let us hope not in derision of her affliction—by scornful members of her sex—"The Countess Lucinda."

The trouble which resulted in 1889 in the grand duke's reduction in naval rank arose from his gallantry to the handsome sister of Skobeleff. Princess Louchtenberg. This ambitious woman, whose desire was to form an alliance with the royal house of Russia, went one night to a well-known restaurant in St. Petersburg in company With the duke. Some Frenchmen essayed to express their admiration of the lady, which proceeding Alexis resented, and a desperate row ensued that developed into a public scandal. The czar, enraged, banished the grand duke to Vladivostock, but subsequently relented and reinstated him in his former position.

There is a certain degree of resemblance between facial—between the Grand Duke Alexis and the great Russian general Skobeleff. Both were addicted to the pursuit of pleasure and of essentially genial temperament. They had also much in common in other respects. Skobeleff was a daring soldier as well as a carpet knight. Alexis is an ardent seaman, and while he can not and does not pretend to pose beside Skobeleff as a commander he is known to have the material in him for high professional distinction. His friends claim that he has made attempted self-exploitation in the various and devious ways that are known to be characteristic of some public men.

This is the opinion of naval officers, but for my own part I regard Capt. Doubaroff as the coming man in the Russian navy. It was he who performed the great feat of destroying the cham of Turkish monitors that prevented the passage of the Danube by the Russian army in 1877. It was a deed that ranks with the great naval achievements of history. Doubasoff received immediate promotion and was decorated with the Cross of St. George of the second class. This decoration is nearly always won first by officers given in the fourth class, but Doubasoff received it in the second class all at once. His personality impressed me during an interview I once had with him as that of a man of resource and action, likely to be cool in danger and disconcert under any conditions. He is tall and of commanding presence. If he does not eventually come to the forefront of Russian naval affairs I shall be very much surprised.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A CHILD.

Lady Committed for Trial.

A correspondent at Coleraine telegraphs that considerable sensation has been caused in that town and neighborhood by the committal for trial on a coroner's warrant of Mrs. Annie Margaret Montagu, the charge against her being that of causing the death of her daughter, Mary Helen Montagu, aged three years. The accused is the wife of Mr. Acheson Montagu, of Cromore House, Coleraine, eldest son of Lord Robert Montagu, who is an uncle of the Duke of Manchester. The offence, as is alleged, was committed on Saturday last, and on that day, according to evidence taken at the inquest on Tuesday, the child was locked in a dark room, by her governess as a punishment for some offence. A short time afterwards Mrs. Montagu went into the room, tied the little girl's hands behind her back with a stocking, having fastened to this a piece of string to fix it to a ring in the wall of the room. About three hours later the mother went to the door of the room and called her child by name several times, but there was no answer. She opened the door, and going to the place where she left the little girl, found her dead. She carried the body to her own room, stripped of the clothes, and tried to restore life, but without success. She then called the governess, and told her what had happened. At the conclusion of the evidence the Coroner, Mr. Caldwell, committed Mrs. Montagu for trial at the forthcoming London Assizes, which open about March 17th. She was admitted to bail, her own surety being £400, besides two of £200 each. The little girl, who was a great pet with her mother, was the only daughter in a family of eight children. The funeral took place yesterday in the Roman Catholic churchyard at Bushmills, about 11 miles from Cromore. The full particulars of the sad occurrence are not yet, it is believed, accurately known, and in the absence of further information many sensational stories are being circulated. An inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has visited Cromore House, but has discovered nothing at all on which to found a prosecution.

RECENT FLOODS IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS.

Enormous Damages.

The dire results of the late floods in the Northern Highlands, which were by far the most disastrous ever known, so far as living memory or written records go, are now severely felt. The sweeping away of bridges and buildings, the destruction of roads, fences, &c., and the damage done to property generally are not found to have been understated by the newspaper reports. In the districts of Ardgay, Rosehire, and Bonarbridge, Sutherlandshire, the damage done has been immense. The value of live stock and farm produce swept away, together with roads, bridges, fences, embankments, buildings, and boats destroyed, is estimated at an aggregate of upwards of £20,000. The greatest loss of all is the destruction of the grand old iron viaduct across the Kyle of Sutherland, at Bonarbridge, which was the only road connection between Easter Ross and Sutherland. By this catastrophe traffic has been completely paralysed, and indescribable inconvenience has been caused to the populous districts on both sides of the Kyle. If we the monthly markets can be held under existing circumstances is a problem. Since the disaster communication of a kind has been kept up by a cable supplied by private munificence.

A Vicar and His Flock.

The Rev. C. Hoyniz Sanderson, vicar of St. John the Baptist, Kingston Vale, England, at which the Duke and Duchess of Teck and family are regular attendants, announced to the congregation on Sunday his intention to resign the living, and said he was driven to do so in consequence of certain things that had been going on in the parish. Laying aside his private feelings, he said he would speak plainly to them, and would tell them, therefore, that it was the unkindness of his parishioners that had compelled him to retire. Unless a great change took place no clergyman would be able to do his duty in the parish for he would have to choose between purchasing peace by the neglect of his duty, or doing his duty and buying his life which was intolerable. A good deal of evil was caused in the parish by amateur religious and philanthropic work, and he asked them if they would tolerate amateur generals, amateur doctors, or amateur lawyers; and, if not, why should they have amateur clergymen? It was their sort of thing that he wished to dissent. Work being done independently of the clergymen around, in the minds of the poor a dislike to the clergyman, and ultimately a dislike to the parish church. Though he deplored dissent, he respected an honest Dissenter or even a Roman Catholic as much as a member of the Church of England. But a worse evil than dissent was hypocrisy. The religion of blankets and soup demoralised the people, discouraged the honest and sincerely religious. He referred to certain members of the congregation who conceived some idea, then went round the parish and secured the support of the residents, and last of all came to him for his consent. This sort of thing placed him in a dilemma, for if he disapproved of the proposal he was brought into conflict with his parishioners, while if he approved of it he appeared to be simply a tool in the hands of others. The church was crowded, amongst those present being the Duchess of Teck and Princess May of Teck.

Reported Execution of a Chinese General.

A telegram from a private source which has reached Paris via Singapore, states that General Techeng-ki-Tong, a former Chinese diplomatist in the French capital, has been executed in the prison of Tientsin. The Emperor of China is reported to have shown great unwillingness to sign the death-warrant; but the chief members of the Old Chinese party prevailed, their arguments being that General Techeng-ki-Tong had betrayed the interests of the empire, and had pledged himself in 1889 to support French influence. It was discovered too, it is said, that the General had embraced the Christian faith, and had endeavoured to obtain an audience of Leo XIII. with a view to developing the Christian missions in the Chinese Empire. These negotiation fell through because the Vatican held General Techeng-ki-Tong in suspicion. General Techeng-ki- Tong's wife is a European and a Christian.

Flattery Labors under the odious charge of servility.—[Tacitus.

Sunday-School Teacher—"Who made the sun and the moon stand still?" First Boy—"Adam." S. S. T.—"No." Second Boy—"Moses." S. S. T.—"No; what's the matter with Joshua?" Class (in unison)—"He's all right!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cheese Making.

[BY W. H. NOYES.]

It almost seems as if cheese-making is an old, worn-out subject, and yet when we look around us and see the failure or partial failures in the business and poor cheese that is being constantly thrown on the market, it is a lesson that a great many makers need a more practical knowledge of cheese making. And right here let me say that it is a common error for a great many cheesemakers to think they know it all, and they are not willing to try to learn more or keep up with the times. They think the old way is good enough for them, and they stay in the old rut.

The first requisite in successful cheese-making is a good, substantial, well-built factory, one in which temperatures can be controlled in all kinds of weather. In this factory should be placed the very best modern machinery. The next thing is the best material to make cheese of. With so many dairy good furnishing houses in the land, it is quite