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DIVIDEND NO. 78.
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of
five per cent. for the current half year, being
at the rate of ten per cent. per annum upon
the paid up capital of the Bank, has this day
been declared, and that the same will be pay-
able at the Bank and its branches on and after
Thursday, the first day of December next.
The transfer books will be closed from the
20th day to the Thirtieth days of November,
both days included.
By order of the Board.
(Signed) D. COULSON,
General Manager.
Toronto, October 26th, 1892.

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BEYOND RECALL

CHAPTER XI.

A PROSPECT OF REPRIEVE.

At first I was too bewildered by the sword of ideas that had been forced upon me to feel the terror of my situation. When I tried to fix my thoughts upon one object and distinguish it from the rest I found it impossible. It was as if a host of people were shouting at me simultaneously; as if a number of pictures were being passed rapidly before my eyes; as if I had fallen from a great height, and was called upon to give an intelligible account of all I had heard and seen.

With a strange feeling of apathy I sat down on the edge of my bed, and tried to count the bricks in the wall under the coating of whitewash behind the door and on the side. After awhile, I felt dazzled with the bright red eyes fixed upon the lime, a feeling of sickness came over me, and I sank my head on my hands. Then, just as the figure of Hebe will present itself when you shut your eyes after looking at it, Hebe's white face, as she dropped back into the major's arms, came before me. I see it now as I saw it then—the white upturned face and wide eyes, standing out in strong relief against the major's black coat.

"What has she done that she should suffer?" I asked myself, conscious for the first time of the injustice of this punishment. "What crime have I done that I should be here?"

With this a feeling of savage rebellion fired my heart—a feeling of bitter hatred to my fellow-men and all mankind. I cursed the judge with an impartiality had forcibly struck me during the trial. It was the cruel instinct of a trapped beast who will bite at the pain even at the hand that would free it from the snare.

I was in this mood when the chaplain came to visit me. I did not raise my head when the door opened. I only knew by the presence of the man that he had his hand on my arm, and sitting beside me on the plank began to speak. Then I started suddenly with the sudden consciousness. Hebe might have found her way to me with a good-bye! for ever. The black coat and shaven lip I buried my face in, was only a jail officer, paid like the jailers to administer what humanity cannot deny. Humanity! What had humanity to do with me?

He spoke to me of God's love and mercy. I turned away with a brutal laugh. Where was the love and mercy of that omnipotent power which suffered two innocent creatures to be plunged into shame and misery? Was it in obedience to the Divine pardon accorded to penitent sinners, and begged me to do as he had prayed for forgiveness while there was yet time.

"I have nothing to pray for," I cried; "I need no forgiveness. I am innocent!"

He showed no surprise. Many another felon, may be, had professed innocence at that very cell.

"Which of us can say he is blameless?" he said gently. "Though you are innocent of this crime, yet surely there are other sins for which you would ask grace before you appeared before your Maker."

He alluded to the last meeting in prison of the suffering I had then inflicted on her by the brutality into which I had drunk; of the final shock that had crushed her own before my eyes in the agony of lifelong sorrow and shame to which I had doomed her for want of manly courage on my way through the meshes of circumstance that had fallen upon me.

"What of it? is it blameless?" I asked. "I feel not!"

The chaplain spoke on, and I listened mechanically. It was not his words I listened to—my thoughts were too busy to take in his sense; it was the tone that appealed to my heart, reviving memories of the past. Perhaps the clerical accoutrements, may be, led back to my mind that morning when I had gone to Hebe to see my carving.

I had to hear him moralizing upon my sin and prayer me to be made of those gifts to which Providence endows a chosen few—painting his homely homily with indescribably great words from estates lower than mine, while Hebe stood over my head with her hand, in the evening glow, on her carving. Its tender flush, her fingers, and her wonderingly on the wine. I recalled it all—the big workshop that had been my father's, now mine, with its low, latticed windows; the hollyhocks in the garden; the swallows swirlily whistling over their wide circles above the flower-beds; the shavings on the floor, and on the bench, the resinous smell of pine-wood; I had up to season on the shelves overhead, and myself standing in the sunshine, trying with a chisel, in imitation of the old man, and taking in from my open door, supplying his illustrations, with an eager longing, a desire to have done with press work, and to be living through my art to Hebe. I saw myself as I sat beside Hebe, one beauty was a new one. Before I saw her again and had my picture later picture came before me, in the same scene, and those that I had seen more that delirium of joy when I saw that she loved me, the expression with which we built high castles, palaces of art in which she was the prince, and inspire me with the desire to work for carvings that would reflect her beauty and her love.

Again paused: the charm was broken from the dream of love and palaces to see the gas lamps burning against the blind-dark. All was gone—all, all!—every hope, every memory of hope. Yet as I looked at the lamps, my eyes, Hebe's face seemed to my sight, no longer with the glow of the summer sun, but with the wide eyes fixed on me in agony and despair.

"Why, what now? Stretched upon the floor! What was to become of her, poor child, if I made hanged on a gallows?"

Her confusion had not for herself, but for me; yet pitiful was those dear eyes fixed on me! I wept it was for my lost love.

I had broken down, and tears trickling down my fingers fell upon the stone floor.

The chaplain seeing my softened mood, bade me follow his prayer.

"Yes," said I meekly; "I will pray."

And I dropped upon my knees, and my arms on the bed, buried my face in it to hide the working of my face, and my remorse and pity all tearing at my heart. I prayed as well as I could that I might have mercy upon my wife.

My next visitor was of another sort. I was leaning against the bed, Mr. Bullen, the solicitor, his eyelids up, his eyes fixed upon me. Without a word he shook hands with me.

"Well, lad, lad, lad!" said he, presently, "—me to you, of course. Never thought a man up for trial with despair in his face as I told him. The moment the major's attitude I said to him, per-haps I'm out of the country for ten years, but will go to penal servitude for life, if he stayed—the old fool!" Here he burst out with a sigh of relief, and wiped his bag. "And as if," he added, again to me, his brows overlapping the mischief of his exasperation—"as if I could with showing off his chivalry to your word for it—showing off his pity for public admiration, he must go and tell what you said to him in the house, with a reconstruction he put upon Tom was the turning point. Up to that every thing was on our side; it was a moral certainty that we should get a conviction on the evidence as good was out of the question. He had as dropped us clean into the hands of Tommy with his theatrical reticence and his theatrical display. It was as if he planned it all out beforehand—as if he done it all on purpose. Done on purpose!" repeated musingly, as he regarded me, his head on one side, one brow up, one down.

"I was surprised at the solicitor's changed temper. Previously he had shown some reserve, even a certain deference, in speaking to me; now all that was thrown off. It seemed to me only too significant, that need was there for the man to observe secrecy or attempt concealment in the presence of one condemned to end his life in a few days on the gallows?

"As if he had done it on purpose!" he repeated once more, reflectively; then suddenly raising one eye at me he asked, "What relation is he to Miss Hebe Grant?"

"None whatever."

"None?" he said in a tone of surprise. "I thought he was her uncle."

I turned away impatiently without replying. Why had he come here to torture my last hours, and excite me with a feeling of animosity at a time when I wished only to make peace with all men?

Beeton took no notice of me—why should he, but stood drawing his sand down his long face as he studied the floor, whilst I, taking the Bible from its shelf, seated myself on the plank bed to read.

"Well," said he, suddenly, recovering his brisk, energetic manner, "we mustn't lose time. Never mind about reading just now. You'll not be hanged this time."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Oh, your sentence will be commuted, of course. That's what I've come about. If we don't muddle it, you will get off with penal servitude for life; that in ordinary cases means twenty years' imprisonment. That's not insupportable. You will come out at forty, and at that age a man may yet hope for some enjoyment of life. If we do muddle it, you'll get imprisonment for the whole term of your natural life. That is, intolerable, and in my view considerably worse than being hanged at once, for you have nothing to live for—nothing to hope for. You will never loosen sight of your prison walls till body and mind are worn out, and you die."

"How can that be avoided?" I asked with breathless anxiety.

"I am about to show you. If we can make the Home Secretary believe, as I think we may, that you were convicted upon the misconception of certain words, uttered thoughtlessly in the excitement of the moment, that those words are open to quite a different construction, and that there was not sufficient motive to lead to the perpetration of such a crime, he will certainly remit your penalty to the utmost."

"Do you think it possible to convince him of that?"

"I do. Thanks to the prosecutor, it was made evident at the trial that your wife was a servant in Mr. Thane's house. Now, no sane man, as one of the papers has pointed out this morning, can believe that a young fellow, bearing the character for honest living and sober ways that your landlady gave you, would commit a murder merely to save his wife from losing her situation."

"But—" He checked me with a motion of his hand.

"I know what you would say: your wife is not a servant. That fact must be concealed. It is perfectly unnecessary to reveal that fact. To forge this chance of escape will be suicide on your part; and worse than that, for it is not only your life that is at stake, but the welfare of your wife. Now will you second me in this effort?"

"Of course I will."

I heard this with a mingled thrill of joy and regret—joy in this testimony of her constant love; regret in the conviction that I must not see her. Yet to go away without seeing her once more—without a look or a word of farewell—I could not reconcile myself to that. Mr. Beeton, with his shrewd, experienced eyes, saw well enough what was passing in my mind as I sat there grinding my palms together in the desperate struggle to overcome the longing of my heart.

"Understand fully," said he, "what you expose us to by suffering your wife to come here. You betray the one fact on which the happiness of half a lifetime depends. If it is made known to the Home Secretary what your wife's station is, he will see at once a full and adequate motive for the murder. The loss of situation by a servant is comparatively nothing; the loss of station and her father's love by a young woman of beauty and gentle breeding—"

"Enough," I muttered. "I forbid her to come to me. Tell her so."

"I will," he said, cheerfully. "I'll put your command so strongly that she shall not be overruled by the impulse of her own heart. You've done what is sensible and right," he repeated going toward the door. "Always supposing," he added, suddenly stopping and turning round, as the warder turned the key—"always supposing that our friend, the major, does not intervene.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR FRIEND THE MAJOR.

In the afternoon a warder told me I was to go with him to the consulting room, where a visitor wished to see me. This room stands alone in a corridor. It is closed on all sides with thick plate glass, impervious to sound, but open to the observation of the warders without. Here the prisoner usually consults with his solicitor—mine preferred the cell, his clients feeling "more at home" there, as he told me, with cynical frankness.

I saw that my visitor was the kind-hearted old vicar, Mr. Bullen. He hastily blew his nose, and put his handkerchief away as I approached; but the signs of emotion were yet in his face when I entered. His eyes were red and wet; his lips trembled as he tried to speak, and failed; he could only stretch out his two hands to me with a look of unutterable sorrow.

The warder went outside, leaving the door open, as is customary when the prisoner is condemned and his visitor a personal friend.

I grasped the hands of my old friend, and we sat down in silence. He looked in my face for a minute, and then I know not what he saw there that overcame him, but he broke down completely, turning away to hide the tears that ran down his cheeks.

The sight of the dear old fellow's grief unmanned me; for sympathy with us in our misfortune is sometimes harder to bear than the misfortune itself. The words I would have spoken choked me; and for a little while we sat there mute, clasping each other's hands tightly, while the reflection occurred to me that this might be the last friendly grip I should ever feel.

"Tell me, Kit," he said, suddenly facing me—"tell me, my boy, that you are innocent."

"By God, I am innocent!" I replied.

"Thank Heaven for that," said he, devoutly. "No one can command sincerity from misfortune, but the knowledge that you are innocent must give you strength to meet it with resignation and bear the bitterest blow with fortitude. It has lightened my heart, and will lighten one still more nearly bound to you than I am."

"I hope it may," I murmured.

"It will, Kit; it will!" he protested, stoutly. "The heart that loves you now must love you ever, and in that love find a constant spring of sweet reflection and solace. But I've not come to play the part of a spiritual comforter, my boy; no doubt the chaplain of this great establishment is a far more able man in that respect than I; I am here to render you practical service if I can. We knew about it last night," he continued, after a pause. "A neighbor had been to London, and brought us the evening paper with a brief account of the trial. It was the first we had heard of it. As a rule, I avoid that kind of reading. I need not tell you how we felt—how we regretted that you had not sent for me. I might have done something for you, Kit. I could have told them all I knew about you; what an admirable workman you were; how well you conducted yourself in all things; how you stood by your old mother to the last, plodding on in the workshop when you were tempted to go where your genius would obtain better recognition. That must have counted for something, for surely a good son is never a bad man. And all that I had to say in your favor could have been suggested by Miss Thane, who doubtless would have been as willing as I to go into the witness box. For she always took the deepest interest in all that concerned you, though you, of course, knew nothing about it, alcoit Mrs. Bullen will have it that some romantic attachment existed between you of which we were kept in ignorance. You know what ladies are, Kit, when they get notions of this kind into their head; there's no disabusing their minds of error. I came up by the first train, and as it was too early to see you, I went to Richmond, hoping to learn something from my dear Hebe about your poor wife."

"Did you see her?" I asked.

"No. The house is shut up; the family gone away. That was a necessity, for I hear that Mr. Thane dismissed all his servants."

This was a relief.

"I know, my dear fellow, that your wife's welfare must be your chief consideration, and I hoped that Hebe could tell me something about her. Indeed, I thought it might be one of her own maids who she took from—that you had married."

I shook my head.

"You are married Kit?" he asked with some anxiety.

"Yes—unfortunately for my wife."

"Then that settles Mrs. Bullen," said he, with a slight accent of triumph. "The poor soul sticking to her absurd hypothesis contends that you were visiting Hebe that dreadful night, and finds an explanation of your reticence in the fact that you feared to involve her in your misfortune."

I tried to laugh, as if the notion were ridiculous.

"You may assure Mrs. Bullen positively that I was at the Cedars not to visit Miss Thane, but my wife."

"I will put an end to that nonsense," he said, striking the floor with his stick. Then looking at me, his face softened in an instant to its tenderness, he exclaimed, in a tone of self-reproach, "God forgive me! Here's no time for such trifles! Come Kit, we have to talk about your poor wife. Our first care must be to provide for her, and she shall be provided for, I promise you. There's a home in the Vicarage for her as long as we live, and I shall take care that she does not want after we are gone. You know me, my boy, and you know Mrs. Bullen—the best woman in the world at heart, but susceptible to errors of judgment like any other. With us your wife shall never know want, nor hear a word of reproach against you; for her secret, if she would guard it, shall be sacred in your keeping. She shall be our daughter as truly as if it had pleased Heaven to make you our son."

I can but write his words as I remember them; it is impossible to describe the pathetic tenderness that made them eloquent. I tried to express the gratitude that I felt.

"Not a word of that, he cried, interrupting me as he slid his arm within mine and pressed it to his side; "not a word. What has Providence given me all the good things of life for but to use them to advantage, and how can I more profitably employ them than in providing for the welfare of one who, I doubt not, will love us in return, and be a comfort to us for the rest of our days?

"God bless you for this kindness," I murmured, overcome by his generosity. "Be sure, sir, that if ever my poor wife is in need of help she will come to you. At present, thank Heaven, she is well cared for and will not suffer want in addition to this blow so long as she is not known for the wife of the convicted criminal. I would tell you more—all indeed, but—"

"I know, I know," he interrupted, giving my arm another affectionate squeeze. "You have told me enough. Your wife's wishes must be considered before anything else. Far be it from me to take her from her friends for the gratification of my desires; and if she knows that at any moment she will find a home and a home—a cheerful home—as bright and happy as we can make it—"

"Oh, she already knows that sir."

"I am glad you told her that, Kit—glad you gave me credit for sympathy and a true affection. Now let us think about yourself. Something must be done to obtain a reprieve—a respite."

"My solicitor is doing everything that is possible in that way.

"Does he give you any hope of succeeding?

"Yes; he seems confident of obtaining the fullest possible remission of my sentence. I shall be let off with twenty years of penal servitude."

"Why this is comforting news indeed, Kit; it is almost more than I hoped for. You are but a young man in twenty years."

I buried my face in my hands to stifle the cry of despair that rose from my very heart, as I thought of the twenty years that were gone, and compared them with those that were to come. In a moment all the brightness of the past flashed upon me—the long days of careless happiness, the days of keen delight and buoyant hope; all these lay behind me, lost for ever! Before me was nothing but the impenetrable gloom of blank despair.

"Have you no hope of mercy?" asked the vicar, laying his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you call it mercy to spare the life of such a hopeless wretch as I? That robs me of my last hope. I can only wish that I were dead."

"Is that your wife's hope, Kit? asked my old friend, gravely. "Think of her, Kit—think that at this very moment she is praying God to spare you to her. Think how her heart is aching with the fear that she may never see your face again.

"Wouldn't it be better so? Degraded below the level of a slave; herded with the vilest of mankind; what shall I be at the end of twenty years?"

"Whatever you choose to make yourself, Kit. Wyndham," replied the vicar, with more stormness than I had ever seen him exhibit. "If you give way to evil influences you must become a brute; if you resist them you will be a man—a better, a stronger man, more worthy of a woman's love than you are to-day. Courage, Kit, courage! Be a man, for the sake of your wife. Think of her love; wear it about your heart like a talisman, that will give you strength to overcome the enemy, and bring you out triumphant from the struggle. Think of her counting the days and hours for your release, supporting the weary days, with the confident hope of happiness to come, and, believe me, you will not have the heart to do ill. This weakness will pass away—ay," said he, his voice trembling as the tears dropped through my fingers, "it is past already. You will come out well from this ordeal, and amply compensate that loving wife for all her patient suffering."

"I will be a man," I said to him as we parted.

I was much happier when I went back to my cell. Over and over again I repeated what the good old vicar had said to me. It gave me new life. I saw something now to live for. Hope shone brightly even through the long vista that lay before me. I was in this better mood the next morning when Mr. Beeton again visited me.

"It's all right," he said, cheerfully; "we've petitioned the Home Secretary, and you'll get your commutation in a few days. It's a moral certainty."

"I am glad of it."

"Haven't seen the major?"

"No."

"Ashamed to show his face. No wonder. Good job if he continues to keep out of the way."

But the major was not ashamed to show his face. I was taken up into the consultation room to meet him just after Mr. Beeton left me. He looked anxious and ill; but there was no sign of shame or regret even on his thin, handsome face.

"We have made a great mistake, Mr. Wyndham," he said, giving me his hand, "and I wish to undo it if it is not too late."

I was silent, not knowing to what mistake he referred.

"You behaved like a man of honor," he continued, taking a seat; "and you must not be strung up like a blackguard felon. We have made mistakes all round. It was a mistake to employ that fellow Beeton—a man, I am told, who is a disgrace to his profession, and whose very name is sufficient to damn the client who employs him. Mrs. Wyndham, of course, knew nothing of him; in her terrible anxiety she naturally sought the first legal help suggested by the sergeant at the police station. The next mistake was to follow his direction at the trial. No good end was ever attained by wrong means."

"What wrong means were employed?" I asked.

"Well, to begin with, the evidence on our side was used to mislead the jury, and certainly succeeded in throwing suspicion of complicity on some one of the servants, with the result that all the poor devils were discharged the next day, and their character seriously damaged. We may look upon it as a trifle; but they don't, it's certain. And the last mistake is to suffer that rascal Beeton to petition the Home Secretary. I heard of that this morning. I have just come from Brighton. That mistake, I am certain of escape, as surely as Beeton is a rascal and the Home Secretary is a gentleman. Now, Mr. Wyndham, I wish to undo this mischief, as I tell you, if I can."

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"I propose to go to the Home Secretary myself. I am personally acquainted with him. He is a man of the utmost integrity, I need not tell you, and I am certain that, when he hears the whole truth, he will exercise his power to the utmost in your favor."

"Is this my wife's wish?" I asked.

"She is too ill—too overwhelmed with trouble to form a decision; she referred me to you, that is why I am here."

"You will reveal all."

"All—to the Home Secretary only. I shall tell him of your clandestine marriage, of your misfortune, and the position of your wife. He will see, then, that you were in some measure justified in the desperate means you took."

"Major," said I, "do you believe that I shot that man"

His hands were crossed on one knee, and his eyes fixed on the ground as he spoke. He lifted his head and looked me in silence for a moment or two after I had put that question. He looked at me in perplexity, till suddenly a movement at the door drew his attention to the warder standing there. Then a ray of intelligence passed over his face, and gave place to an expression of contempt and disdain as he once more fixed his eyes on me.

He thought I was pleading innocence by that question from the fear of the gallows. Rising from his chair he came close to me and said, in a low tone—

"I am sure of it; though for the first time I doubt the manliness of your motive. I shall go to the Home Secretary and tell him what I believe to be the truth, be the consequence what they may."

And without again offering me his hand he left me.

Two days after, the order came for my removal; my sentence being commuted to penal servitude for term of my natural life.

The major had seen the Home Secretary; and I was fettered for life!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Characteristics of the Bird—Where He is Found.

The ruffed grouse is a good game bird, keen-witted, strong-flying, and beautiful alike in the hand or on the table. The bird is wary and hard to kill, and that is its best recommendation. Satisfactory for working with dog it is not, and never will be except in some few fortunate spots, and then only before the conveys are broken and disturbed. Pinnated grouse pack together as they grow older. The ruffed grouse allows that he is like a star, and dwells apart. He has no fixed and regular habits, and you run across him when you don't expect to, the only thing to go by being your best knowledge of the local food. A good dog for ruffed grouse must be very steady and careful and not work up too close. Trained to do this work well it would find a country of prairie chickens in the open about once in five years. Dogs are not built like telescopes, unfortunately, and do not adjust at will, long for chickens and short for ruffed grouse, though if you listen to some dog owners patiently you must believe their dogs are so arranged, and endowed, moreover, with qualities of super-human intelligence and prescience.

The flight of the ruffed grouse is commonly direct and his trail, or body scent, can be caught up by the dog's following carefully along his line of flight. Sometimes the bird will take a run around in a half circle after he alights, and will then "flush wild" as the hunter comes up. Usually he will make for thick cover, the top of a fallen tree or a brush pile. He will sit there and figure out how he is going to fly when he starts, and when you come along, he pulls his freight around the nearest tree and skins out of sight behind it, leaving your gun smoking and you swearing. A grouse put up by a yelping cocker spaniel or cur will frequently take on treeing will then be so intent on watching the dog that the shooter can come up and blow a long-tailed wad out of his anatomy. This is the easiest way to get grouse, but no sportsman will shoot a bird from a tree. That is a custom followed largely by farmer boys and by gentlemanly fishing tourists, who know before they started for the woods that they were going to be out of meat, and so took along a shotgun for a little illegal shooting in the summer.

The habitat of the ruffed grouse is a wide one, though not so wide as that of the quail. It still clings to the birch-shot woods of Canada, New England and the middle states. It lives further north than the quail, and you will find it scattered pretty much all over Michigan and Wisconsin. There are a few of these birds in the groves and woods of Illinois, and they are more abundant in the scrub-oak country of northern Indiana. Usually there are not very many ruffed grouse in any one locality. But then a few good healthy ones will go a long way toward affording shooting for a whole community. One wise old cock grouse would be the best thing I could think of to put in a game preserve. It would be about as useful and obliging as the stuffed chamois of the Swiss inn-keeper, only in a different sort of way. There are many ways in which a cock grouse is not like a stuffed chamois.

SOME COSTLY THINGS.

New York's capitol at Albany is the costliest building of modern times. Up to date 10,660,000 dollars have been expended on it.

The most expensive municipal hall in the world and the largest in the United States is the City Building of Philadelphia. The largest clock in the world is to be in its tower.

The most expensive Legislature in the world is that of France, which costs annually £720,000. The Italian Parliament costs £86,000.

The costliest paintings of modern times are Meissonier's "1814" and Millet's "The Angelus." M. Chanchard gave £35,000 for "1814" and £30,000 for "The Angelus," Mr. Henry Hilton in 1887 paid £12,500 for Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The most costly book in the world is said to be a Hebrew Bible now in the Vatican. In 1512 we are told that Pope Julius II. refused to sell the Bible for its weight in gold, which would amount to £21,600. That is the greatest price ever offered for a book.

The costliest meal ever served according to history, was a supper given byÆlius Verus, one of the most lavish of all the Romans of the latter days, to a dozen guests. The cost was six thousand sesterstia, or nearly £50,000.

A celebrated feast given by Vitellius, Roman emperor of those days, to his brother Lucius, cost a little more than £40,000 Suetonius says that the banquet consisted of two thousand different dishes of fish and seven thousand different fowls, besides many other courses.

The largest sum ever offered for a single diamond was £436,000, which the Nizam of Hyderabad agreed to give to Mr. Jacobs, the famous jeweller of Simla, for the Imperial Diamond, which is considered the finest stone in the world.

The costliest toy on record was a broken-nosed wooden horse which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, and was sold a year or two ago for one thousand francs.

The costliest mats in the world are owned by the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. The Shah and the Sultan each possess a mat made of pearls and diamonds, valued at more than £500,000. The largest mat ever made is owned by the Carleton Club of London, and is a work of art.

The most valuable gold ore ever mined in the United States, and probably in the world, was a lot containing 290 lb. of quartz, carrying gold at the rate of £10,000 a ton. It was taken from the main shaft of the mine at Ishpeming, Mich.

The greatest sum ever paid for telegrams in one week by a newspaper was the expenditure of the "Times" for cable service from Buenos Ayers during the revolution in the Argentine Republic. The cost of cabling from Buenos Ayres to London was about 7s. a word, and the "Times" paid out £6,000 for one week's despatches.

The costliest crown in Europe, experts say, is that worn by the Czar of Russia on State occasions. It is surmounted by a cross formed of five magnificent diamonds, resting upon an immense uncut but polished ruby. The ruby rests upon eleven large diamonds, which in turn are supported by a mat of pearls. The coronet of the Empress, it is said, contains the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever collected in one band.

Whistle For It.

"Georgie, Georgie, mind—your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage!"

Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster and hiding it behind his back): "There, now—the hat has gone!"

Georgie sets up a howl.

After awhile his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle, the hat will come back again!"

Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head.

"There it's back again, you see!"

While the parents are engaged in conversation, Georgie throws his hat out of the window, and cries:

"Pa, there goes my hat; whistle it back again."

Paddy and the Gaspipe.

A raw-boned Irishman from Cork was taken in as "Boots" in a London hotel, and after he had become somewhat acquainted with his surroundings, he was sent to light the gas, but remaining longer than was considered necessary, a party was sent to find him.

They found him mounted on the top of a pair of steps, picking the burner with a pin. When asked what he was doing, he answered: "Whoy, bringing the wick up, to be shure."

On being told that there was no wick, and that the application of a light was all that was necessary, he replied: "Arrah, now; Oi may look a fool, but Oi'm not sich a fool as to put a loight to a piece o' cauld iron."

Not the Music.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert, who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," replied the young man, frankly "but I am exceedingly fond of the musician."

About 300 organ-grinders arrive in London every June from Italy, and leave again in October.

HOUSEHOLD.

Treatment of the Aged.

The condition of helpless old age appeals strongly to the sympathies of all right-minded people. It is too often the case that the son or daughter under whose roof the aged parent is residing makes no secret of the fact that father or mother is in the way. It is sad but true, that a large proportion of our people look upon old age with impatience. The old man or woman dependent on the county's charity is more to be envied than the aged parent of wealthy children who provide for him unwillingly. To loving sons and daughters it seems almost incredible that there exists a class of people who wilfully mistreat the old; but even a casual observer of human nature can testify to its truth. Fatal errors have been made by parents who, trusting their children implicitly, have been induced to transfer their property to one or more of them for care as long as they shall live, and in the majority of cases have realized the error when too late to remedy it.

There was a dear old lady who was a grandma to the whole community in which she lived. She always had a dread of becoming a burden. She lost her husband, and for a number of years chose to live alone in the old home. But two of her sons, wishing to obtain her little property, induced her to transfer it to them, promising to care for her the remainder of her life. Not wishing to appear obstinate to the sons who seemed to think only of her good, she tried to believe as they did and gave her consent. For several years she stayed by turns with these two sons, each of whom exacted pay from the other for her "keep" if, from illness or other cause, she overstayed the stated length of time. The poor old mother was fully aware of their differings, and very unhappy over them, but powerless to help herself. There were other sons and daughters, but they, aware of the business arrangement made by those two, declined to give her a home. The year preceding her death she was very feeble, and her daughters-in-law constantly complained in her presence of the trouble she caused them. Worn out with so much wrangling, she asked if she might visit one of her daughters, and was as pleased as a child at the thought of a change. But, alas! her daughter informed the brothers, in the presence of her mother, that she would not take another person for a few weeks unless paid for the trouble.

This is by no means an unusual case. Pages could be filled in enumerating the sufferings brought about by the unkindness and injustice to the aged. It is gratifying to note that parents are becoming more convinced of providing for their own future. A home for the aged should be an institution in every state. Everyone should be taxed for its support, and should be willing to pay the tax, knowing that he might sometime need a place in the home, and provisions should be made that it should be a home in every sense of the word, and not a charitable institution.

Bedquilts.

We have just finished a handsome one; large, light, bright and a treasure in its way. It is called the Daylight and Darkness pattern, but in reality is another presenting of the famous "log cabin."

In this corner-stone, or corner-stone, of each patchwork square or "cabin" is a two-inch square of turkey-red. Upon two sides sew strips of light print, the other two dark till five strips of each are used. They should be one inch wide or one-half centre square. Thus a pattern is very easily arrived at.

Thirty-six squares will make a very comfortable-sized quilt. If larger is desired, four strips may be used and sixty-four sewed, as this pattern requires a regular square.

Forty-nine will not bring the light and dark sides to the proper angle.

There are various advantages in this pattern. Besides the pleasure of hearing your friends exclaim, "Oh how pretty!" when you unfold it, it is economical. Small pieces and large may be utilized, for it is not, "no two alike." In sewing squares together the light must be placed by light, and dark against dark This holds the Daylight and Darkness good. Once upon the quilting-bars, it is easily quilted. Each strip runs near or at the seam.

In the tumbler-design quilt, one has opportunity to beg of one's friends, for this pattern calls for "no two alike." Every variety of color, light, dark and between, which has wide latitude, is used. It is pretty, and quite a triumph when one can truthfully say, "The tumblers are all different."

It is work to make it, and nice work, for every part must be exact. A little "skew" here or pucker there will not be tolerated as in some patterns. The basket quilt is a favorite of mine, made of two colors, white bleached cotton, and pink, green, blue, red, or yellow in plain or nearly plain print. I prefer pink, but other solid colors are pretty.

Thirty-six are necessary with strips between, two inches wide, of the color. It should be lined with the same color and bound. This pattern is sometimes chosen for a society quilt, with autographs upon plain white, though I like it better without the autographs.

It requires some patience and perseverance to get it just right; the baskets will bother a little at first, and a little "taking out" may have to be done. In quilting the seams must be sewed around, and as there are many, the sewing is quite a little.

In modern days one is inclined to curl the lip a trifle scoffingly at the old-fashioned art of Patchwork. "Cutting calico and sewing it together again! Where's the sense?"

And another question, replete with native terseness, comes to the front, "Does it pay?" When one has cut and pieced the squares, quilted and bound and finished the article, spread it upon her bed, and tucked nicely and neatly the sides; when she stands with satisfied smile viewing the work of her hands, for work brings its own reward, thinking of the dress like this bit, and the pleasure she knew the day it was bought, the apron or sack like this bright corner, and the joy she had in wearing it, this center square made from her gowns, before she was six years old, this side strip from the little sun-bonnet she wore to school in the old district schoolhouse, this square from pieces of her grandmother's dresses, that from print given by friends of her youth moved to the "far west" many years ago, almost every square teeming with an interest all its own, she will tell you, with the earnestness of a Puritan ancestor, "It pays!"

The Cook's Scrap Book.

SILVER CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, two cups powdered sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of cold water, whites of four eggs, one scant teaspoonful of soda and two heaping of cream of tartar or three rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

GOLD CAKE.—One-third of a cup of butter, two cups of powdered sugar, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, yolks of four eggs with one whole egg well beaten. Same amount of soda and cream of tartar as directed for the silver cake.

MEAT CAKES.—One pound of round steak chopped very fine at the butcher's. Mix with it half a teaspoonful of onion juice, one-fourth of pepper and one of salt, and make it out into small flat cakes as sausage is made. Broil in a double wire broiler that has been rubbed with butter. If it is more convenient to fry them, fry first two slices of fat pork until they are brown and crisp, then take them out and put the cakes in the hot fat. Cook them till done, then thicken the gravy and pour it around, not over them.

AN APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Peel ten good-sized apples, core and slice them, and stew them to a pulp with sugar enough to sweeten them; meantime thickly butter the sides and bottom of an oval baking dish, then press all around the crumbs from the inside of a stale loaf having them nearly an inch thick. When the apple is done, mix with it a tablespoonful of butter and one beaten egg. Put the apple into the dish without disturbing the crumbs; over the surface put crumbs until an inch thick, and dot them with a few bits of butter. Bake the pudding until the crumbs at the side are brown turn a platter over the rim of the dish then quickly turn it upside down. The pudding having been removed unbroken, dust it with powdered sugar and serve hot.

AN ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—One pint of water, one half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of a corn starch, two eggs, one tablespoonful of white sugar and a little salt. Dissolve the corn starch in a little cold water and stir it into the boiling pint of water, then add the whites of the two eggs beaten lightly, the salt and the sugar. Cook over hot water till it thickens; then pour into a mould and set away to cool. Make a custard of the half pint of milk and the yolks of two eggs, sweeten and flavor to taste. Serve the pudding very cold.

WHOLE WHEAT MUFFINS.—One pint of whole wheat flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoon of shortening, one even spoon of sugar, a little salt. Mix baking powder with the flour, rub the shortening through it, and stir with milk till it is thin enough to drop from a spoon. Some cooks like to add an egg. The iron pans should be hot and thoroughly greased