HE GUARDS.

...scued by a Soldier, ...ier's Life

Says the London ... a glass case in the ... at White... ... and neck of a ... the golden collar ... Second Bat... beneath at a ... duty ... In 188... was ... in Canada ...


Through Wagner Vestibule Buffet Sleeping Car Toronto to New York via West Shore Route.

The West shore through sleeping car leaves Union Station, Toronto, at 4.55 p.m. daily except Sunday, arriving in New York at 10.10. a.m. Returning this car leaves New York at 5 p.m., arriving in Toronto at 10.25 a.m. Sunday leaves Toronto at 12.50 p.m.


Riches never come even by chance to him whose destiny is to be poor.


GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts at temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.


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Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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... and nourishing. Purifies the blood ... the system. Highly recommended by the medical faculty. ... all enterprising gro...

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# BEYOND RECALL.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

MY WIFE'S CONFESSIONS.

A loving woman has need of some one to ... mother or a husband. My ... for I was still but "Greg... she wrote down her ... in the end page of the book ... to keep her accounts in, ... memoranda of events. Her ... in secret. I had no ... a diary until I found ... flowers between the ... had some memories ... bookshelf by her bed when ... He has found a new ... wrote under Oct. 5th. ... bring us nearer together. ... read to him when he sat ... "Vanity Fair," as ... After I had been read... I saw that he had his ... drawing board and was ... at me. However, I ... of that, because I ... studying lines and ... long while he took up ... instead of going on ... he calls "elevations," ... in his pockets, and ... still looking intent... fine dark brows. ... this, or would you ... else? I asked. ... to me, he replied. ... single word of what ... disappointed to hear him ... been trying to read ... expression, and had ... he was interested in ... to the music of it? ... heart ... "It is ... think I had never ... a human voice? ... sing sometimes,' I ... unconsciously, I do sing ... just as I saw your ... weeks before I ... there was in studying ... up at this? I know ... all through my ... waking up,' he cried, ... I couldn't smell, ... a month ago—only ... animal. Now when ... sweet smells ... in the stream and feel ... it gets into my ... Then with a laugh he ... draw soon when ... what you say ... No wonder my ... Thank God for this!" ... this morning for the ... before, but there ... Rock of Ages' that ... in the old time ... from ... in the choir. I can't ... swelled my heart. His voice is not as it ... expect that after ... long years; but it ... he sang so ... heaven singing ... This is one more ... give me life and ... he is showing an ... confinement—a grow... pleasures that are ... little while ago ... gating, like those ... newspapers ... that he suffers a ... him, and when ... he becomes silent ... This alter... when I think of ... so long, in that ... influence of his ... a good, hopeful ... exercise this self-re... soon of those ... growing upon him ...

... to-day coming up ... nothing, but it ... the moment. He ... that support so ... out into the ... I felt nothing ... to be supported ... love. But when we ... white, and ... him (except ... he brought me the ... is beginning to ... And to think I ... at times, and lost ... never change— ...

... happy yesterday ... to appear cheer... my foot ... I think he ... night, ... him express any ... and that makes ... he is beginning ... Nothing but the ... certain qualities of ... appeal to his ad... suffer to love, ... and clinging affec... out of sorrow. Oh ... that way! But can I ... have sorrow who ... No, no. The ... time: it is childish ... be ... impatient. All ... slow. Nothing is ... forced quickly to its ... the buds unfold ... it is for those ten... bark, harden... fiercest storms ... how one part de... ... long. ... have unearhed, ... comes. And ... sister that come ... thrown back at ... recovery. And ... or ... progress? His ... the spring ... this and feel ... yet I am unhappy ...

... my hair ... behind me this ... feel so ... he is think... eyes are not upon ... know. I ... he would ... good-night, ... to burn me ... helpless. I ... his hand I must ... full of ... not doubt that ... was too distressed to ... though at ... there was a ... But he let me ... his side, and now ... his not come ... this restraint ... better sign than ... his ear is ... conscience, ... believe that ... awoke, just as ... hearing music ... it might have ... yielded to our ... could only have been ... that could not ... creature taint... wickedest of crimes ... passed away with ... senses, and changed ... wed ne to be... strong now.

... dream last night ... I thought I saw ... in bed, and when I ... his eyes were ... he was dead. I do ... enough to believe in ... as tenderly guard... were with him ... dream out of my ... my best not to think of ... to my husband's ... impression has ... and, longing to ... I tried to turn ... way after dinner. ... at once. 'For God's ... passionately, 'never say a ... I could have listened ... to say, and kept ... callous heart, a con... I can't now. I can't ... either I am becoming a ... devil again or a ... This frightened me, and I said no more. Yet now I wish I had told him all. My heart aches with this secret and the thought of my boy to-night.

The following day:—

"What a weak thing I am. When my heart sinks a little, or rises a little, my self control goes at once. Last night I regretted that I had not told him all. Now I see how ill timed it would have been.

"He was turning over the pages of one of the big books with an impatient smile for those subjects which so absorbed him, when his mind was occupied with mechanics, to-night, when he came upon the subject of Phrenology. We looked at it together. It is cheering to sit beside him and listen to his explanation of difficult subjects.

"'It would seem,' said he, 'as if the pressure that rendered certain faculties of mine insensible whilst I was under punishment were being gradually removed—those, for example.' He pointed out some of the intellectual bumps.

"'And there too,' I said, pointing to those that related to the affections.

"'Not yet,' he said, shaking his head; 'reverence—veneration—benevolence: I've none of them. If there is a bump to represent disinterested affection, you'll find its place marked on my head by an indentation.'

"'But you love certain things—art,' I suggested.

"'That's not love,' he repeated; 'call it intellectual admiration—what you will, but not love. You love with your heart; I love with my eyes. Your love would go on for ever; mine would cease the moment the flower faded.'

"He spoke so coldly that I cannot doubt his sincerity, and if this is so, what would have become of me in a little while if I had made him again my husband? No, I must wait patiently, in the hope that his heart may expand in the same way as his intellect. I must think how to give life and vigor to his heart. What will do it? Surely there is nothing like hope, and if I can lead him to hope even by restraining the desires of his senses, I must persevere in that direction. Is this not a reason that should strengthen me in avoiding an untimely reunion? I pray for Divine guidance with all my heart and soul, feeling my own weakness.

"November 20.—Howler ran quite ten yards after him when he went off just now to market. Oh, this is a good sign. For he himself has said that it was because he had no love for anyone that the dog had no love for him. Well, now Howler no longer snarls at him, but follows him a little way. That proves that my husband is beginning to love. I could not help hitting the dog and putting him to the chain for coming back.

"Same day: evening.—"He came back to-night, looking so handsome. He had his hair cut at Tavistock *like a gentleman*; his beard trained to a point like Vandyke's, and his long moustache left to flow beautifully in its natural way. And he had a new hat as well, and in his grey suit he looked a finer, manlier, more thoughtful and noble man than ever I have seen him before. I was proud to say to myself, "he is my husband." Oh, how he has changed from that monster that crawled out from under my bed in his hideous convict dress and iron fetters only a few months ago! In every way he has changed, but in nothing more rapidly than in personal appearance. He looks now like my Kit; but even a month ago there were moments when I doubted if he was not what he pretended to be—another man, not my husband, but with certain peculiarities resembling his.

"Tea was ready, and I had my linsey on, but seeing him so handsome I thought it only fit that I should run up and dress my hair a little neater. I arranged it in the old way—on the top of my head; but then, finding that it did not go well with my plain dress, I put on my lace, and so quickly that I was down again by the time he came in from washing his hands after putting up the pony.

"He entered drawing down his Vandyke beard in his hand as gentlemen do in society, and came to a sudden stand, catching sight of me.

"'Why, what fairy has changed you in the last five minutes?' he cried.

"'The fairy Propriety, sir,' said I, 'who wouldn't have me look as if I were your servant.'

"'My servant, I wish Propriety would suffer you to be my mistress,' he said, with his eyes all aflame."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Yes, I had fallen in love with my wife for the second time; but, as she has shown better than I could, my love was without sweetness and tenderness, and wholly of the senses. I, myself, felt that, and my awaking conscience told me that such love was despicable.

One morning in December, when I was about to start off for Newton for a supply of household requisites, Howler came up to me, wagging the broken stump of his tail, and looking at me out of the corner of his bleared eye with uncertain friendliness.

"Take him with you," said Hebe; "I'm sure he will follow if you pat him."

I had a superstitious feeling that this brute would love me when I was lovable and not before, and to test myself and please Hebe, I bent down and patted Howler. He gave my hand a single lick in return, and turned away with a sniff as though he could not yet quite approve the flavor of it. But having given his head a shake, he wagged his tail resolutely, as if resolved to do what was expected of him. He followed me a hundred yards, came to a stand, and turned back, his tail hanging down limp, and his ears working nervously. Hebe defied him to return; I whistled encouragingly. It was no good; after a few plaintive whines, he slunk back to Hebe, crouched, rolled over on his back with his four legs in the air when he got within arm's length of her, as if ready to receive the worst punishment she could inflict than to follow me.

"Never mind," thought I as I went on; "he has come further than ever he came before, and that is a good sign."

A good sign of what—that I could love my wife when my eyes were not charmed with her beauty? I looked round. She was standing where I had left her. I could only see at that distance a pale spot of light, where her face stood out in relief against the dark-blue woollen wrap that enveloped her head and shoulders. Yet my heart went out towards her, and throbbed gladly with the thought of returning to her in a few hours.

"Oh! I am getting better, body and soul!" I said aloud in joy; and with an inexpressible sentiment of longing and hope glowing within me, I trotted over the bleak moor.

I was within a couple of miles of the Newton road, when I made out in the distance a cart jolting towards me. What was the meaning of it? The track—it could not be called a road—led nowhere except to my hut, and I was only traversed by me. There seemed to be two men in the cart.

It was too near the high road to suppose that they had lost their way; they must be coming to seek me; with what purpose? As we approached I perceived that one was a country lad; the other an old man in a silk hat. The lad might well be he who drove me and Mrs. Bates when I first went to see the cottage; the old man's appearance was hardly less familiar to me, though I could not make out quite where I had seen him before. Their regard showed that they were equally uncertain about me, and anxious to know who I was. We stopped by mutual accord when we met.

"Be you the gent, sir, as I drove over along of Mrs. Bates?" asked the lad.

But before the question was put I had recognized the old man, and he me. It was old Beeton. He, too, was greatly changed, and not much for the better, albeit his face was shaved, and his dress made some pretense to respectability. His silk hat was limp in the brim, brown on the crown, and shiny with wet brushing; his linen was dirty and frayed; the metal shone through the edges of the buttons that fastened his black frock coat, that looked all the dingier for the corner of a handkerchief displayed from the breast-pocket. A pair of baggy green kid gloves and a rusty umbrella gave the finishing touch to the picture of decayed respectability. His nose was red; his lips colorless; his cheeks had the yellow hue of starvation that is seen in the faces of workhouse inmates. When he lifted his hat I discovered a bald head, touched up by a red pimple or two on the front, and fringed with a spare scattering of white hairs. There seemed to be but one tooth in his head when he opened his mouth to speak.

"Good morning—er-eh—Gregory!" he said, "I think we have met before."

His eyebrows had not lost their old expressiveness, and their movement as he spoke intimated an intention not to be misunderstood.

"Yes; what do you want?" I asked.

"Well, that is hardly to be explained here. As you see, I engaged this—eh—vehicle expressly to visit you with a view to a consultation;" his brows underlined the word; and that consultation I shall be most happy to hold when we arrive at our destination."

"I am not going home," I began.

"Whenever you please, my dear sir. I am entirely at your disposition."

If I could have disposed of him as I wished at that moment he would have come untimely to his end. A sickening forecast of evil possessed me as I looked at the old rascal; he sat with his hands folded on the knob of his umbrella regarding me with a complacent grin. But though I wished him at the deuce, I could not let him go without knowing his purpose in seeking me. It could be no trivial matter that had led him to hunt me up, and incur the expense of hiring the cart, which he evidently could ill afford.

"I am going into Newton; follow me if you think it is worth your while," I said.

The lad turned the cart about, and followed me to the inn where I put up my pony. From the yard I saw the old man with the umbrella under his arm, and a worn purse in his hand, haggling with the lad over the price. He looked more disreputable, with his shabby pretence to gentility, out of the cart than he had in it. A pair of drab gaiters, intended, probably, to conceal his boots, emphasised the patches on them; his trousers of shepherd's plaid, evidently lowered to their full extent, had baggy protrutions considerably lower than his knees.

"Let us have a drink, my dear Wyndham," he said, expansively, in a low voice, when we met.

"I don't drink."

"No? Then we will eat. Can we get anything decent here, or shall we go to the hotel?"

His manner would have led one to believe that he could afford anything.

"We will go in here."

I led the way to the parlor. As we passed the bar, Beeton asked with a magnificent air what there was in the house, and ordered the best.

"Well," said he, closing the door of the parlor and turning upon me; "you are looking superb, my dear friend. The very picture of health and prosperity. That suit becomes you amazingly. Ah, how I wish I could wear tweeds and a felt hat; but you know in our profession we have to regard appearances." As he spoke he removed his delapidated hat and placed it on the sideboard carefully, as though a rude touch might injure its rusty nap. "What a pleasure it is to be free from the trammels of conventionality. It agrees with you; that's certain. I declare I should not have known you in that grey suit. It must have cost you three or four guineas." He took the lapel between his fingers, looking at it critically. "And you have an air of competence that the best of friends could hardly hope to find in one who went into prison without a rap and has only been out of it half a year. And I'm told you have a little house and property all to yourself on this charming moor."

"Do you want to know how I came by my money?"

"My dear sir!" he cried, raising his hands and his eyebrows in expostulation.

"Do you want some of it yourself; is that what you were coming over for?"

"I have never yet," he said with excessive dignity, "in the whole course of my professional career, taken money—except as a loan, without first rendering adequate service. If it is in my power to serve you, as I hope to do—" Here the servant bringing in the lunch he dropped that subject, and made a remark upon the state of foreign politics.

"Now," said I, when the servant went out: "Tell me what you want."

"Why this stiffness, my dear sir? Come, sit down, and let us talk over our affairs as we eat, like a couple of old friends."

"I am not going to eat."

"But I ordered lunch expressly for you."

"I will pay for it. Come to the point."

"Your tone is offensive, sir," he said, thrusting three bony fingers in the breast of his shabby frock coat, and drawing himself up. "It is not the tone in which one gentleman should speak to another."

"Gentlemen?" said I, laughing bitterly. "We are both ex-convicts."

"And so are nine-tenths of mankind. The only difference I recognize between myself and the judge and jury, who convicted me of embezzlement, is that my offence was found out, and theirs remains to be discovered. Where is the man who can honestly say that he has not committed some fault for which he would have been punished if justice were not blind? Nine-tenths, did I say? We are all ex-convicts, sir."

"Hang your philosophy!" I cried impatiently; "will you speak to the point or not?"

"As a professional man and a friend, I must decline to enter upon the subject while your attitude leaves me in doubt whether you are hostile or simply pressed for time."

"What does it matter whether I am either the one or the other?"

"It matters a good deal. If you are hostile I refuse, on professional principle, to continue the consultation; if you are pressed for time, it will be my duty, as a friend, to find some occasion when you are at liberty to give me your patient attention—either calling upon you by appointment, or dropping in with the hope of finding you at leisure."

There was no mistaking the significance of these words, pointed by a particular subtle depression of one eyebrow. I did not want him to come to the cottage, and he must have perceived it, as I threw myself in a chair to wait his convenience. He made me a bow and seated himself at the table, when he at once attacked the beef. I never saw a man eat more ravenously. With an appetite of that kind, and in the presence of a good lunch, it was worth a struggle to defer business for half an hour.

It gave me time for reflection, and seeing there was nothing to be got by making an enemy of the man, I answered him as civilly as I could upon the various subjects he opened in the course of eating. I felt that my present antipathy to the old man was unreasonable. He had certainly done his utmost to save me from the prison, and all he told me there had been confirmed by the vicar, who, for that reason, was as much to be disbelieved as the lawyer.

Amongst other things, he told me that he had heard of my "happy release" before quitting "her Majesty's hospitable roof"—an ex-convict invariably refers to his past sufferings in a tone of persiflage—his term expiring exactly a week after that event.

When he could eat no more he laid down his knife with a sigh, turned his chair round so as to face me, crossed his legs, knitted his fingers on his knees with his thumbs poised one against the other, and, smiling unctuously began—

"Now, my dear sir, that we are quite at our ease, let us approach the subject we have to discuss. On my side there is no need for reserve, and I intend to tell you with the utmost candour what my position is, and the motives which have led me to take this position. But do not, sir, for one moment think that I expect you in return to make any statement or admission which you may consider inexpedient or damaging to your own interests." He coughed in self-approval and continued—

"In the first place, I think it right to inform you that I am the authorized representative of a Private Inquiry Agency of the very highest order. By a coincidence, not less fortunate than peculiar, the first case submitted to my investigation concerned parties with whom I was already related in a professional capacity—Major Cleveden having commissioned our firm to find his wife, Mrs. Hebe Cleveden, of Thane, who deserted her home, her husband, and her children on the night of July 5th, in the present year."

There was nothing in this to surprise me. My stolidity evidently gave old Beeton great satisfaction, for he continued, in a more cheerful tone—

"My first impression was that you had found your wife and murdered her. You smile but it was not a preposterous supposition on my part, knowing the state of your mind during the past six years at Dartmoor; and I started on this investigation with the belief that I should bring to the gallows the man I had eleven years ago saved from it. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—hem! This impression, however, was removed upon finding that the lady had taken with her property in jewels of considerable value. Turning my inquiries in a new direction, I learned that a person named Gregory had, in the latter part of June, purchased a cottage on the most desolate part of the moor, under circumstances that showed a pressing need to obtain a refuge remote from observation. From the woman who sold the cottage, I learnt how I might find my way to it, and this morning I hired the lad who had conveyed the said Gregory to his abode to take me there, with the firm conviction that in Gregory I should find my old friend Wyndham, and in his keeping the lady who is the object of this professional inquiry."

I was about to speak when he stopped me abruptly.

"I beg you not to say a word that may incriminate yourself until you have heard me out. For personal reasons that I explained to you, I believe, in the past, I have no desire to gratify the wishes of Major Cleveden. But whilst he is my client I am bound in professional honor to execute the important commission with which I am entrusted. I have been engaged for months on this business, and my expenses are—we will not say enormous, but heavy. Now, sir, I am prepared to resign my commission, and accept service on the other side if you find it worth while to engage me. If you as my client assure me that Major Cleveden's wife is not under forcible detention in your cottage at Dartmoor, I am bound to believe you; and therewith the major's investigation in that quarter is closed."

"And if, on the other hand, I do not choose to employ you?"

"Then, sir, with regret I must inform you that within twenty-four hours you will be arrested for abduction and larceny, and Major Cleveden will once more obtain possession of your wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE STORE LOAFER.

### An American Institution Which is Not Worth Keeping.

The store loafer is distinctively an institution of this continent. His shingle hangs out in every county. Times or seasons make no change in his habits. You find him in Summer ventilating his person astride a barrel or in spinal proximity to the surface of a dry goods box. In Winter he is only invisible when mud or snow blockades the road, but when a rabbit can walk or a squirrel escape interment the foot of the loafer, after finding its sock, approaches the grocer's store. Here he whittles and rotates tobacco, evaporates what little steam is left in his anatomy and adds the knowledge of his neighbors' business to what he has forgotten of its duty and his debts. He absorbs caloric from a stove burning another man's coal, the tobacco he reduces to ash and nicotine is largely gratuitous, while for the corner he occupies he pays no rent except in spots on the floor and observations made on sugar, beans and politics.

It is needless to say that as his eyes are innocent of a bandage and his ears are not blockaded, that what he imbibes through both mediums makes him expert as a social critic and a scandal artist. It is from such gentlemen at ease that 90 per cent of town gossip finds its insidious way. He enjoys the news as he does his pipe, and generally manages to leave even a newsboy or a sewing meeting in the rear when he unloads his memory and uncorks himself on the public ear. It is not to be supposed that a man addicted to this kind of pastime has much ambition to wet his own skin with honest perspiration. As a rule he cares more for slicing watermelon than for cutting wood, and has a gift of grumbling when his wife fails to reconstruct the stovepipe or misses connection with the coal house.

In a personal and social sense the store loafer is nothing less delicate than a public nuisance. Everybody but himself is cognizant of this three story fact, and we know of nothing that can make him so excepting conversion or admonitory shoe leather. Few men in business but would rather tolerate a white-faced hornet than a chronic loafer. It is certainly one of the missing planks in modern reform that store loafing should escape criticism and slow death and be allowed to associate itself with dry goods and groceries to the hindrance of business and injury to the public stomach, to say nothing of the scandal and gossip that has an artesian well in the wrinkled vest of the lounger. There are but few evils in a country town, except a want of sidewalks and sewerage, that by weight or measure can discount the nuisance of store loafing.

## MR. VAN HORNE'S PURCHASE.

### He Expects to Have Canadian Pacific Trains Running to Duluth.

President Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railway has returned to Montreal from Duluth, where he negotiated an important deal for the purchase of the North Star Construction Company and also of the Superior Belt Line and Terminal Railroad.

The purchase of the North Star Construction Company gives the Canadian Pacific control of the Duluth and Winnipeg Railroad. The latter road is now built westward from Duluth about ninety miles, with two or three spurs to valuable property on the Mesaba Iron Range.

Construction work was stopped a year ago, owing to the lack of funds, but the part of the line completed has been operated by the Construction Company. While the ultimate object of the road's management has been to build to a connection with the Canadian Pacific at Emerson, thus giving the shortest line from Winnipeg to Lake Superior, its first purpose was to extend the line to Crookston, in the Red River Valley, in order to tap that rich wheat district.

This line will probably be built now, but it is also assumed that its extension to the boundary will be pushed and that before next winter the Canadian Pacific trains will be running into Duluth.

The Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic, now controlled by the Canadian Pacific, connects there with the Duluth and Winnipeg to Montreal by the south shore of Lake Superior, a much shorter route than by the north shore. The Canadian Pacific has also received considerable dockage property, and it is understood that the company's steamers will hereafter run to Duluth, as well as Port Arthur.

## WRECK ON THE TRINACRIA.

### The Beach Strewn With Bodies—the Thrilling Story Told by The Few Survivors.

A despatch from Corunna states that the Anchor line steamer Trinacria, which was reported as having been lost on Cape Villano, grounded at the exact spot where the British cruiser Serpent was lost on November 10, 1890, when of the 276 persons on board only three were saved. The Trinacria has completely broken up. Her crew numbered 37 all told. Seven were saved but nearly all of them sustained serious injuries. There were a number of passengers on the steamer, mostly members of the mission of Gibraltar and soldiers belonging to the garrison at that place. Among the women on board were—Mrs. Bell, who was on her way to rejoin her husband; Miss Sevell, belonging to the mission, who was returning from a furlough; Miss Stirling, a novice, and Kitty Smith a child. All the women on board were drowned. The survivors of the disaster state that the Trinacria struck the Hermilas rocks at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. An enormous hole was torn in her hull, and she began to fill and sink immediately. The weather was bad and terrific breakers swept clean over the vessel, carrying everything before them. Several of the crew were caught up by the seas and carried overboard. Shortly after the steamer struck her masts went over the side but nothing was done, or could have been done, to clear her of the wreckage. The seven survivors, seeing that there was no possible chance of the steamer being saved, jumped into the sea and were washed ashore. They landed almost naked, their clothing having been torn off in the buffetings they received while trying to reach the shore. The beach is strewn with bodies washed from the steamer. Large quantities of the cargo are also coming ashore. A tremendously heavy sea is still running, which renders it impossible for small boats to approach the place where the Trinacria went down. The wreck lies on a rock only a short distance from the shore. A dense fog prevailed at the time of the accident.

## "Bless This Frugal Meal."

"How do you like the new minister?" enquired one of the leading members of a suburban flock of the deacon's wife.

"I don't like him at all," was the reply. "Of course I invited him to dine with us when he was here on trial, and naturally enough I apologized in advance for the dinner, but I leave it to you if that afforded him ground to insult me?"

"Insult you? Certainly not. How did he do that?"

"Oh, when it came time to say grace he asked the Lord to bless the 'frugal meal,' and, really, between us, I must admit that I had made most elaborate preparations."

## Odd.

She—Dearest, do you believe there is luck in odd numbers?

He—I'm sure I don't know. Why, dear?

She—Well, this is the third time we have been engaged to each other, you know, and I thought possibly we might marry this time.

## From the German.

Rich Aunt—Why do you bring me this grass, Tommy?

Tommy—Because I want you to bite it.

Why do you want me to bite it?"

Because I heard pa say that when you bite the grass we will get $40,000.

# AGRICULTURAL.

## Dairy Hints.

It does not pay to milk a bothersome cow.

The improved dairyman has improved cows.

Do not permit cows to drink stagnant water.

The mature cow gives the most milk product.

Cow dogs are not as popular as they were once.

The best animal puts its fat on in the right places.

"Should a cow go dry?" A short time—if she will.

Groom your cows regularly if you groom them at all.

Hairs on the milker's stool have a language of their own.

A calf may be made to gain two pounds a day for a few weeks.

Keep the cows clean if you would keep the milk free from odors.

The melting point of butter may be varied by the kind of food.

You want not only a good flow of milk but one that comes to stay.

The cow must have her summer as well as her winter quarters.

To make first-class butter requires a first-class cow and a first-class dairyman.

When rutabagas are fed to milch cows they should be fed immediately after milking.

Very much of the so-called finest butter made would be white if butter color were not used.

The condition of the animal and the quality of the food determine largely the quality of the milk.

With all the dairy factories, the finest flavored butter is made in private dairies where they put on the gilt edge.

Don't buy a cow with high head and eyes starting from their sockets. She is off in disposition, and will be a loser.

Many dairymen say the best dairy cow is half Jersey or Holstein, and all agree that the other half is good feed and care.

The Edam cheese is said to contain only 22 per cent. butter fat, and yet it is one of highest priced cheeses on the market.

If the cow could talk no doubt she would be heard all over the land calling for an improved breed of dairymen that would give better care.

Buy cows for the dairy with express reference to the dairy type. If you get one that will make good beef at the end, count that as an extra gain, but do not expect it, nor buy with that in view.

Dairymen have an opportunity to improve their lands that farmers in some other lands do not. They can buy grain and feed, get a profit from it in the milk and butter, and add great amounts of fertilizers to their fields.

## How to Measure Hay.

The best way to determine the quantity of hay is to weigh it, but as this is not always convenient, it must sometimes be determined by measuring. Frequently a large quantity is purchased in the stack by shippers, who afterward bale it on the spot, for shipment to central markets. Sellers are disposed to insist that a cube of seven feet is a ton. This is entirely too small and will not weigh out. How many cubic feet will make a ton depends on so many conditions that no certain rule can be given. It depends on the kind of hay, whether timothy, alfalfa, or prairie, on the character of the hay, whether fine or course, on the condition in which it was put in the stack, and particularly on the size, especially the depth of the stack or mow. In a very large mow, well settled, 400 feet of alfalfa or timothy may average a ton, but on top of the mow, or in a small stack, it requires 500 to 512 cubic feet, sometimes even more. It is not safe for the buyer to figure on less than 512 cubic feet; but in a well filled mow in selling we would rather weigh than sell at that measurement. To find the number of tons in a barn mow, or hay shed, multiply the length, depth and breadth together, and divide by the number of cubic feet you think considering the quality of hay and the condition in which it was put up, will make a ton. To measure a cone-shaped stack, find the area of the base by multiplying the square of the circumference in feet by the decimal .07958, and multiply the product thus obtained by one-third of the height in feet, and then divide as before, cutting off five right hand figures. The correctness of this will depend somewhat upon the approximation of the stack to a regular cone, and if the stack bulges out it will make the product too small.

The better way is to estimate the area of the stack up to the point of tapering in, and then apply the above rule to the cone-shaped top. The best way, however, is to weigh. The experience of weighing a few stacks will enable anyone to judge quite accurately. Another approximate rule for measuring a round stack is this: Select a place which is as near as possible to what the average size would be if the stack were of uniform diameter from the ground to the top point. Measure around this to get the circumference. Add four ciphers (0000) to the circumference at the right, and divide the whole by 3.1459 to get the diameter. Now multiply half of the diameter by half the circumference, and you have the feet in the circular area. Multiply by the number of feet the stack is high, and you will have the solid or cubic feet in the whole. Then divide by 500 to 512, according to its size and compactness, which will give the number of tons in the stack.

## The Country School House.

It is a frequent assertion that farmers wives make up a large percentage of the inmates of insane asylums; that they are nervous, dragged out at an age when their city sisters are in the full bloom of their womanhood, and that their years are generally passed in a dreary monotony of toil only lightened by infrequent drives to the meeting-house on Sundays, when it is neither too hot nor too cold, too wet nor too dry.

Probably there is exaggeration in these statements; and many a farmer's wife, intelligent and well read, with a husband careful of her strength and attentive to her wants, will indignantly deny that there is any truth whatever in them; but even these can not assert that it is easy work to keep the young folks at home on the farm, and that they are willing, even anxious, to exchange country life for city life; to give up abundant space for a six-by-nine bed-room, bountiful fare for the scarce providing of a boarding-house, and to sink their existence with that of millions of others in the metropolis, rather than remain an honored and loved member of the little country circle.

Now an extended use of the little red school-house could do much to make farm life supportable to the young, and to render the lives of the middle aged and the elderly one less lonely and dreary.

The school-house is usually situated as conveniently as possible to the half dozen or so of farm houses from which it draws its pupils, and can therefore become quite easily a gathering place for the elders, especially the mother, who can not take time and strength for the long drive into the village, some miles further on. Just one energetic, lively woman, perhaps the school-mistress herself, can suggest to the little circle of farmers' wives and daughters how pleasant and goodly a thing it would be to meet together once a week, on the afternoon of

THE LAST BUSY DAY,

and, with work in hand, talk over the news in the neighborhood after the manner of the "golden gossip," exchange notes on housekeeping, dressmaking and the care of their children and growing boys and girls, later on to listen to some good story or poem, and indulge in a cup of tea, brewed over the school-room stove, and a slice of cake brought from home, before returning to the farm house, which will not seem dreary while the memory of these afternoons lingers in the mind, and the thoughts of another in the near future crowd in upon it.

No precious time need be lost save that spent in going to and from and in donning the best gown, but how much faster will the needle fly in good company than it went in the solitude of the kitchen.

Such a gathering would be a good place, too, to effect the exchange of papers, one of which comes into every farmer's house but which is apt to become too familiar before the next weekly issue appears, and a small circulating library could be gradually formed. But it is needless to multiply suggestions; if only the tiniest seed takes root in an active, willing mind, the country school-house can become a center of wide reached influence for good, such as has not been dreamed of heretofore.

## Bee Keeping for Farmers.

It can hardly be disputed that bee-keeping has been greatly neglected by farmers. No matter how well the farm may have been cared for in other respects, what great crops may have been produced, and to what a high state of cultivation the land has been brought, if no bees have been kept, something has gone to loss. Surely the farmer who produces the flowers, should, at least, reap a part of the treasures stored in their cells. But says the discouraged man: "There is no big thing in this business;" and he is right—there aint! At most, the average farmer, with a multitude of other cares, would only add a few hundreds to his income, but that would be a clear gain. A small apiary can easily be cared for, by the new bee-keeping system, at odd times, and in the evening after other work is laid aside. Now, a few hundred dollars added to a farmer's income will do a good deal to help to "make the farm pay" as well as add to the comforts of the family. It would no doubt pay the interest on that hated mortgage, and perhaps wipe it out entirely itself in time. Perhaps it would pay for all the new implements needed on the farm, for which credit would otherwise have to be asked. In farming, as well as in merchandising or manufacturing, it is the small savings—the taking advantage of every item—that will add a few dollars to the annual income, that usually determines the difference between success and failure.

How to start in bee-keeping.—No doubt many a farmer already has a few hives and these will answer very well for a foundation. If they happen to be in old box hives, no matter, and I would be in no hurry to transfer them to frame hives. In fact, I would not transfer the combs at all by the old method of sticks and strings. I have seen many colonies transferred, and have done a good deal of it myself: but have never seen a hive thus made that would at all compare, for nice straight combs, with a swarm hived on foundation. At present, however, we will content ourselves with securing the bees to start with, and the rest will follow in these notes from one month to another. If we have no bees, perhaps some discouraged neighbor will be glad to sell, and go out of the business. If you can buy out such a one, two objects will be secured, viz: Get a start, and secure the field to yourself. I believe I would be willing to give a little more to buy out a neighbor than to buy from a distance. I would not be particular either whether the bees were in frame hives, box hives or even "gums." Indeed, some of these old-styled hives have advantages for wintering that are not to be despised. The modern frame hive has done much for the bee-keeper, but has not been so generous to the bees. Of course, in buying I would not give quite so much for them as I would, if in hives I intended to adopt; neither would I continue to hive swarms in old box hives. I would determine now what hive to adopt, and then use no other for swarms. The old box-hives may be continued for a few years, and by a little ingenuity just as nice section honey can be secured from them as any. These old-styled hives are wonderful for swarming and if all are put into frame hives, you will soon get a fine start. But suppose neighbors will not sell, or a person is unable to buy, how is he to get a start? Well, over nearly all parts of the country many stray swarms will be flying during June and July, that can be caught. The best way to do this is to put up decoy hives in trees, in orchards, in the woods, along creeks or on the mountain side. Any rough box or nail keg will answer for this purpose. An old hive with comb in is a great attraction and bees are often found cleaning it up several days before the swarm arrives. There are many bee-keepers now, comparatively well off, who commenced in just that way. One can certainly not lose much, when he commences with nothing.

## HELPLESS IN MID OCEAN.

### For Ten Days the Crew of the "Saranak" Lived on Three Geese and a Dole of Rain Water.

A Halifax despatch says:—Advices from Liverpool give details of the thrilling experience of the crew of the barque "Saranak" from Sheet Harbor, N. S., December 12, for the Mersey, with deals. On December 21 the bark encountered a terrific gale and was thrown on her beam ends so suddenly that everything movable was swept overboard and the man at the wheel drowned. When the ship righted again, the only ... left standing was thirty feet of the main mast and the lower part of the mizzen mast. As there were no sails, it was impossible to do anything except to let the vessel drift in an easterly direction. When they came to realize their position, without food or water or oil to light lamps or coal to make a fire, the captain and his men were almost distracted, and their only hope lay in attracting the notice of some passing ship in the day-time. There was no food of any kind, but the captain had brought six geese from Sheet Harbor, and three of these were washed over and lost, so that the whole of the ship's company, now reduced to eleven all told, had no prospect but to live on the geese until help came. The captain had the geese killed and distributed the flesh in little bits not the size of penny pieces, at stated intervals. His own dinner on Christmas day was what he could scrape off a leg bone. Worse than this, there was no water until about December 23, when some rain fell and they caught a bucketful, which was measured out at the rate of a wineglassful per day until December 28, when they caught two bucketsful and had then two glasses per day.

By this time they were becoming famished, and fears were entertained that an old sailor would succumb. However, they continued to hope and they prayed fervently.

"At meal times," said the captain, "we prayed and it looked as if the Almighty had made the little pieces of flesh (or entrails, for nothing was wasted) fill us like a dinner; and so we kept living in hopes, but getting feebler and feebler every day.

They had almost given up any chance of being seen, for though they passed another vessel within two miles of a certain night, they failed to see them, as they had neither lights nor rockets. At last, on December 31, they were seen by the "Henrik Ibsen," whose crew took them off. That vessel was on a voyage from New York to Liverpool and she lost two men in the same storm. The "Saranak" was 843 tons register and was built at Philadelphia in 1814 for the famous "Quaker Line" of clippers, between New York and Liverpool.

## TREES IN NATURE.

### The Curious Manner in Which the Forest Monarchs Grow.

Nature invariably does two things when she tries to grow a tree, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, she protects the bark from the hottest sunshine and the roots from severe changes of temperature. Both these points are almost invariably overlooked by man.

Observe a maple or elm or birch as it shoots up from the ground. Its sides are clothed all the way with small twigs, unless removed by knife or browsing.

Any tree starting in an open lot is thus protected from the sun. Otherwise the extreme heat will rupture cells, and the bark will dry and split. As far as possible there must be equal development of cells on all sides of the tree. But care of the roots is even more important.

The feeding of a tree is at unequal depths, but most of it near the surface. If the sun be allowed to strike directly on the soil the finer rootlets that do the foraging are destroyed and extreme droughts will affect the roots for a foot in depth.

What is worse the extreme changes of temperature also affect the tree and suck its life away. In some cases such conditions are produced as encourage the development of fungi or other enemies to plant life.

Nature guards against this by laying down each autumn a layer of leaves to enrich her forests or solitary pets.

## Judge Wexem's Proverbs.

Gittin' rich and bein' 'onest ain't twins in pollitieks.

A hundred thousand dollars will buy most anything in pollitieks.

Patriotism loses its vircher when it is used to raise money on.

The 'onest pollitishan don't have to put up a sine.

The Amerikin eagel can crow in mighty near evvery forrin langwidge.

Pollitikle scandals are biles on the boddy pollitick.

When a man's pattriotism gits to be over a yard wide and all wool, thar's an offis o mera in site.

It is a good deal harder fer an 'onest statesman to stay pore than to git rich.

Hen pollitieks is mostly fuss and fethers.

—[Detroit Free Press.

The earth grows more beautiful as men grow better and wiser. Mark, how the sense of beauty reacts upon the nature of all savage and civilized alike, disposing to deeds of gentleness and peace. Man treads more softly as the scene grows more beautiful.

# YOUNG FOLKS.

## The Prayer in the Snow.

The snow fell thick, and the snow fell fast,
A moan from the trees where the winter wind lingers
Jack Frost whirled by, and with icy fingers
Shook from his locks the wintry blast.

The fire on the hearth in the cotter's home
Fluttered, and out the cinders skurried,
As the wind round and round the chimney hurried,
Said the cotter, "'Tis a fearful night to roam;

"But the dog whines, and ... with pitying eye;
Mayhap some stranger's lost in the snow."
So out the collie and cotter go,
To list if the wind bears a human cry.

Not far from the door in a drift of snow
Two children were lost, and bitterly crying
While the winter wind went mournfully sighing,
While the icy snow ... and fro.

"Dear God"—and the ... prayed out—"pray ed Lu,
"Dear God, comfort our darling mamma,
And don't forget our ... papa;
And watch our grave ... please do!"

But before the children ... "Amen,"
The cotter's dog gave a joyful bark;
And soon the children ... of the dark,
And soon were safe ... again.

"But mamma," said ... "don't you see?
It was God sent the dog ... out that night,
God heard my ... prayer ... his home in the light,
And sent back, to comfort ... of you."

—[... B. Castle.

## A BEAR STORY.

Hugh Arden was ... old when he met with the adventure that nearly cost him his life.

Hugh was a tall, muscular boy for his age, and the best wrestler ... his school-mates. His parents moved to the north woods of Ontario when Hugh was a lad in knickerbockers.

From the time he was old enough to carry a gun he was in the woods ... all his spare time, and perhaps more than that, since his mother often chided him for leaving "chores" undone to go after deer or fox.

However, Hugh was, generally speaking, a good boy, and aided not a little, with his rifle, in keeping the larder filled. His father being a hard working man, was but little at home, as he worked at a saw-mill six miles away, going to his work on Monday morning and not returning until Saturday night.

When Hugh was 16, his father bought him a rifle, with which the boy was more than delighted. He promised to be more faithful than ever to repay his father for so fine a present.

It was not long ere ... had cause to rejoice at the purchase.

Hugh frequented the woods more than ever now, and was quite successful in bringing down game. On one occasion he had the good fortune to kill two large bucks, thus supplying the family with meat for a long time.

One afternoon in autumn Hugh was returning from a hunt along the river several miles from home, with his Winchester flung over his arm carelessly. His face wore a grave expression, since he had ... ill-luck that day, having expended several rounds of ammunition without bringing down any game.

As he emerged into the settlement on the river bank he was attracted by a crowd of people gathered in front of a house, talking rapidly, and seemingly greatly excited.

The lad hurried forward ... to learn the meaning of the excitement.

"My women folks ... the berry bushes," explained ... in answer to a question from Hugh.

"It was the biggest ... ever seen ... patch in one of the women ... as ink, an' bigger 'n ... wagg'n me 'n Meisee ... We streaked it fur home ... an' spilt all my berries."

The woman ... and Hugh turned to ... armed themselves, ... in pursuit of the bear.

"If you have no objection ... pany you," said Hugh ...

"If you ain't afraid ... "said ... of the ...

Hugh laughed at the ... as he was with a ... once prepared to ... hunt for bruin.

It was only a mile to ... the three men with Hugh ... After a short ... beat, the four came to ... sudden ... After ... cided to separate and ... thoroughly.

The berry patch was ... extent, composed of ... timber, as well as ... berry bushes. The ... ly over, and bruin ... for the last crop ... wives.

Hugh found ... side of windfall, ... sudden standstill ... At once he dropped ... level and peered ... minute thus, ... ed to a black ... len tree not ... Hugh raised his gun ...

With a howl of ... from sight. The ... the brute rushed away ... excited now, fully ... ed the bear. He ... that he might be able ... mal before any of the ...

Pushing boldly forward ... in hot and eager pursuit ... furious howling and ... not far distant. ... come to stand ... sight of Hugh, who ... now dispatch the animal ... himself.

Eagerly the boy ... found himself upon ... thrashing about ... and bushes.

Standing within twenty ... Hugh leveled his rifle ... shoulder, the boy pulled ... the report came a cry ... a red stain coursing down ... of brain. Another shot ... thought the boy, who ... ment.

Hugh realized that ... would bring the men ... made him anxious to ... fore they should arrive.

Seeing the animal ... bushes, Hugh advanced ... hammer of his rifle ... another shot the ... fered. He was almost ... the brute reared up ... him, with open mouth ...

It was evident ... severely, if not fatally ... foolhardy in Hugh to ... enraged brute. ... feat with so many ... rifle.

"I have you now, ... claimed Hugh, ... rifle almost against the ...

He pulled the trigger ...

No report followed ... back in dismay. ... fire before; to do so ... ant.

Again he pulled ... removing the cartridge ... he did so, Hugh ... again pulled the trigger ... click alone answered.

At this moment the ... in the situation, and ... One more ineffectual ... vinced the boy that ... ed in the gun. ... ing the bear he had ... magazine. ... wounded and enraged ...

For fully a minute Hugh ... bling and faint with ... his four-footed enemy. ... aged to turn and flee.

He staggered as he ... going ten rods, his foot ... in a mass of vines, and ... ing.

With howls that were ... their agony and rage, ... rushed in pursuit of his ... most at his heels when ... went down into a hollow ... depth. Before he could ... plunged headlong over ... crashed down upon the ...

Twenty minutes later two ... with rifles, appeared on the ... ed by the shots fired by Hugh.

The huge form of the bear ... covered the hollow in which Hugh lay. The animal was quite still, and an examination showed that he was dead.

"Both on 'em dead," said one of the settlers, as he aided in rolling the carcass of the bear from Hugh.

"It do look like it," replied the other.

The depth and smallness of the hollow, however, had saved the boy from being crushed, and in a short time he opened his eyes, apparently none the worse for his fainting, although ... from numerous bruises.

It was Hugh's bear, the settlers declared, and they assisted him ... the skin, which he bore ... home late that night. You may be sure the boy never forgot that day's adventure, which came so near terminating his earthly existence.

## THE WORK OF EXPLORERS.

### Enormous Labor Involved in Making Fairly Good Maps of New Countries.

Few people who look at the maps of newly explored countries ... enormous work done by explorers ... the regions can be fairly well ... The cartographic material ... has just sent to Europe ... his journey from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza and northwest to Lake Albert ... and the region west of Albert Nyanza ... The material he sent ... work he did for the maps ...

The material ... 116 octavo sheets ... filling ... direction ... notes the ... and during ... noted, ... thousand ... distant mountains ... One hundred ... sheets, filled with ... pages are ... country ... of the volume ... manuscript ... geodetic ... station ... German ... Victoria Nyanza ... filled with the ... Stanley's journey from ... Indian Ocean to ... minute ... of ... on the map ... with a total length ... forty feet.

This route ... teen tables ... to any ... giving ... Then ... the ... ordinary ... the ... history ... people ... he ... language ... the ... tables ... a ... fare a ... prospect ...

... Between 3,000 and 4,000 ... of wine are made every year ... grown in the gardens of the Vatican. This wine is used almost exclusively in ... the sacraments at mass. The Pope always assists at the harvesting, and this is one of the annual occupations to which he looks forward with great pleasure.