THE EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE

A SUFFERER FOR SEVERAL YEARS FROM ACUTE DYSPEPSIA

Food Distressed Him and it Began to Have a Weakening Effect on the Heart—Many Remedies Failed Before a Cure Was Found.

From the Canso, N.S., Breeze.

While newspaper men are called upon in their capacity as publishers to print from week to week words of praise spoken in favor of proprietary medicines it is not often that the editor himself sees it his duty to say a good word on behalf of any of these preparations. And yet if a newspaper man has actually found benefit from the use of a proprietary medicine, why should he not make it known to his readers, and thus perhaps point out to some of them the road to renewed health. The editor of the Breeze believes it his duty to say a few words of praise in favor of a remedy that has proved an inestimable boon to him, and to say them with out any solicitation on the part of the proprietors of the medicine, who, as a matter of fact, had no reason to know that he was ailing or was using their medicine. For several years the editor of the Breeze had been subject to that distressing complaint, dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly troubled can know how much misery this trouble entails. He had but very little appetite, and what he did eat caused an unpleasant feeling of fullness, and made him feel languid and heavy, often causing intense pain in the stomach only relieved by vomiting up the food which he had taken. He was also troubled with palpitation of the heart, brought on no doubt by the dyspepsia. Numerous remedies alleged to cure dyspepsia were tried, but without success, and the trouble was approaching a chronic state. At the suggestion of a friend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried and relief soon followed their use, and after a few boxes had been taken the editor was able to assert positively that he had been cured of his dyspepsia by this remedy that has proved so great a blessing to mankind. To any one troubled with this complaint he would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To newspaper men particularly they will be found just the thing to impart health and vigor to the whole system, and enable them to pursue their work free from that tired, despondent feeling so prevalent among the craft. The editor of the Breeze firmly believes that what they have done for him they will do for others, and he gives them his hearty and unsolicited endorsation.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

To You Suppose

That man is such an inferior creature after all?

That the person who chews gum in public is a lady?

That this world was made for your special benefit?

That you would be really happy if you had everything you want?

That your baby boy is really the brightest child of his form?

That we will all wear immense bustles again if fashion commands it?

That the troubles you worry over are half as serious as you think them?

That St. Valentine was selected as the patron of all lovers because he lost his head?

That our professions will help us much if our livelihood not come up to them?

That an education of mind and heart makes a woman any less the good housekeeper?

That you can give money to the Lord and pay your legal debts remain unpaid?

That any two mothers will ever have the same ideas about the bringing up of children?

That men really believe one-half of the "smart" things they write about women?

That your grandaughter will smile at your fancy as you do at your grandmother's?

That it is really so much harder to say the pleasant thing than the disagreeable one?

That a taste for neatness, tidiness and general snugness lessen one's taste for things not found?

That the world would be as wicked as it is, if Satan was as indolent in doing evil as many Christians are in doing good?

That the time will ever come when an editor will not receive every day, on an average, three different letters, requiring an answer, but without a signature?

That the average man will know what he is with himself when the millennium comes?

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individualities of opinion have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these sciences have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in the list of which truth stands the celebrated famous remedy to general debility and languor "Quinine Wine," and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant, to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its proprietor, has, from the first discovery of its great virtues of Quinine as a medicinal agent, been the target of the most thoroughly assessed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Gillespie & Lyman of Toronto, have given the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to their immense and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public. Imitations have been purged of all defects which skilful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the imperfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

Wearing of Glass Eyes.

It is a fallacy to suppose that people who wear cork legs and glass eyes are indifferent to their personal appearance. They are often vainer than ordinary individuals.

A rich man, for instance, who is obliged to wear an artificial eye, will wear two different eyes every day—an eye for morning, when the pupil is not very large, an eye for noon, when the pupil is larger, an eye for evening, when the pupil has extended to its full size.

A London eye-maker, who gave this information, said he made about an equal portion of glass eyes for men and women. Some people keep quite a stock in their possession, in fact no less than five eyes have been made by my informant within three years.

His son had got one made from measurement, and that eye fitted so perfectly that the old gentleman, in an outburst of gratitude, wrote off for eleven other eyes. The eye maker admitted that this was an unprecedental instance.

Mathew was the name of the woman who died recently in Poland at the age of 118 years. In the same province, Chain, Jan Nahankiewicz, a man, died about same time aged 121 years.

There are over 300 orders of nobility in various states of Germany.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

Synopsis—Our story opens with the family of a country squire, the whole household preparing the Sabbath morning writing epistles, and as they are all more or less fond of fun, these partake somewhat of the humorous, the family consists of ten children, all bright and bubbling over with mischief. The squire, known among the children as the Governor, is a typical English gentleman. The children are very much in awe of him. He will listen to law to them and any infraction of the laws as laid down by him is subject to severe punishment.

(CONTINUED.)

Piteous whimpers and groans from the fire-place announce extensive and painful damages to the poor little maid who was riding aloft so triumphantly a minute ago. Bruises are sure, however, to be alike merged in the all-absorbing question of how the table is to be joined together again. In the middle of the room its legs stand stark and bare, like a thin man, from whom his ample and overflowing spouse has departed.

All this while they have not been aware of my presence on the scene, but now as I remark, "A very pretty a musement, certainly!" with all the gravity and weight my thirteen years entitle me to display they hail me joyfully, and with my assistance, and much puffing and straining, the divorced parts are put together, and Dolly has time to bewail her misfortune, and Alan to rub his unharmed shins respectively.

"Pursuing my prowl, I wander round the irregularly-built, three sided court, and am shortly awakened from my abstraction by hearing a door bang violently.

Have you ever lived in a house, reader, where the merest chance sound, the bang of a door, the sound of a loud voice, or a distant noise, makes you start up, your nerves tingling, your heart beating, your body trembling, while an instantaneous photograph of falling chairs, flying crockery, broken bell-ropes and dancing china, with a dervish dancing in the midst of the confusion, presents itself vividly to your eyes?

"News!" we all cry, starting from our seats "surely he cannot—cannot be—going away!"

Oh! these two delicate words, can any others in the whole dictionary contain such sweet music?

"I say," says Jack, vigorously repulsing the avalanche of female charms that threatens to overwhelm him, "I can't tell you anything, can I, if you stifle me?"

"Go on! go on!" we all cry, withdrawing hastily from the oracle.

"Well," says Jack, complacently surveying the row of open eyes, mouths and ears, "he is going away (shouts of delight); he is going to-morrow (fresh rejoicing); and he is coming back again next day (howls of dissatisfaction). Nevertheless there is one assuaging circumstance, he is going quietly, so we shall have one clear day in which to accomplish our deeds of darkness."

"Hurrah! I know what I shall do."

"You take me with you," I say imploringly, "do."

"Can't," says Jack, briefly. "I shall go out shooting."

Would gain Jack with a gun in his hands! Oh! if the governor could but—

"What are you going to shoot?" asks Alice with interest.

"Blackbirds."

"Yourself you mean," I say, nodding and feeling much hurt, and somewhat spiteful that I may not go with him to see the fun. "Only if you do, you must do it thoroughly; the governor hates sickness you know; and, if you did have a bad accident, how you would catch it."

"Funerals are expensive," says Alice.

"On the whole, I think papa would rather be only crippled himself."

"I shall take his new gun," says Jack, pursuing his own train of thought, and paying no heed to our cackle, "it's sure not to burst.

"I shall make treacle tarts," I say, feeling my abasement very keenly, and wondering if Jack will relent. (I could make my self useful in picking the birds up.)

"What are you going to do, Alice?"

"I don't know," she says, turning a lovely, thoughtful face upon me, "there is so little mischief girls can get into. I think I shall make Amberley take me into Pimpernal, and I will have my photograph taken; it has never been done yet, you know."

"Whatever do you want a likeness for?" asks Jack, opening his eyes; "can't you look at your face in the glass fifty times a day if you like? An there's nobody to give it to, for we haven't a friend in the world, and you wouldn't give one to us surely?"

But Alice does not answer, she is wondering what the sun will make of her face, of which:

"Its beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

"I shall go with Alice," says Milly, promptly.

"And I," says Alan, the solemn-faced. "Shall I ask over papa's new edition of the Ingoldsby Legends; I've had one or two peeps at it already."

"What are you going to do, Dolly?"

"I shall take two sedlitz powders with sugar, you know. They are so nice, and nurse says they make me thinner. I am never able to take them when papa is at home, because they make me look pale."

"But, Dolly!" cries Jack, "happy a mind that a little contents. Well, girls, you shall have a fine dish of blackcurds for supper, and No Pa treacle tarts, if they are eatable."

"Will you?" cries a terrible voice behind us, that galvanizes our recumbent forms into most intense and rigid upright stiffness, while every scut hair on our miserable young heads stands on end with freezing, curdling horror; "will you? I'll teach you, miss (with a fierce nod at Alice's pretty, trembling figure), to go gallivanting off to Pimpernel, to simper at a low photographer, you miserable, dull-faced, conceited puppet; (to Jack) I'll teach you, sir, to use my guns and bring me a doctor's bill a yard long for mending your wretched bones; (to me) I'll teach you, you object, to waste my substance with your filthy treacle tarts; and you, sir (to Alan), to maul over my books, while as to you (to Dolly), although I can't offer you Seidlitz powders, perhaps brimstone and treacle will do as well, oo—oo—oo—ooh. You deceitful, vagabond, shameless pack, get out of my sight; get!"

He need not tell us that twice; away we flew, every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost; along the passage, up the stairs, into the nursery, to which we always flee on these occasions, for mother is nearly always there. At our heels comes the governor, and a lively time follows; we become a prose version of that deplorable story of ten little niggers, which we all know; as rapidly as they dropped off, so do we: this one for a cane, that for a Bible, another one into space with boxed ears, until from beginning with a goodly number we end a forlorn remnant. Over and above all our other punishments we are one and all sent to bed, and thither, when he has turned himself away, we retire, only too thankful to have that refuge to sneak into. Anything is bearable while we are together; the only real misery he could inflict upon us would be to commit us all to solitary confinement. Jack comes in by and by, and sits down on the edge of Alice and Milly's bed, while I perch myself on a chair hard by.

"What fools we were," he says, with a dark look in his blue eyes, "not to have set a scout to watch, the sneaking spy him; why couldn't he have walked in like a man, instead of hanging about outside?" His gives his shoulder a, which are still tingling with the sharp lash of the governor's cane, an impatient shake.

"I can't think what fathers were invented for," I say dolefully. "I am sure we should have got on much better without ours. For my part, if I had been asked whether I would or would not come into the world, I should have said, 'Yes, and thank you kindly, sir, if you can arrange for me to have no papa!'"

And yet he almost forgives our daring to exist, when he recalls the number of times we have attended him the exquisite satisfaction of beating him," says Jack. "Well, when I come back from school next Christmas, if he tries to beat the devil's tattoo on my back again he shall find he won't get it all his own way."

"And we will hang upon his coat tails!" I say, confrontingly, "while the fry harass him fore and aft in countless swarms."

"Don't forget that he is going away," puts in Milly; "I was turning that sweet thought over in my mind the whole time he was making that row."

"He will look us all up," I say, with conviction. "He will never go away and leave us free to do the things he heard us arranging to-night."

"On little silly!" says Jack, crushingly; "don't you know that he thinks us all dummies, and no more believes us capable of daring to do anything that he has forbidden, than that the moon is made of green cheese? I shan't shoot to-morrow; I mean to do something worse."

CHAPTER VI.

Breakfast is over, and the monotonous burden of our sins sung into our ears, from the saying of amen at prayers to the last drop of the governor's coffee-cup is over. It has been very bad, but in listening to his fulminations we have been let off the active misery of conversation; and on the whole, for we are very hardened sinners, we almost prefer the breakfast to our usual ones. He is standing in the hall now, brushing his hat and the sound sends a thrill of delight through our bodies; we know the full import of it so well, though we hear it so much, much too rarely. Up the carriage-drive comes the sharp trot of a horse's hoofs; it is the dog-cart that is going to take him to the station. Simpkins carries out his travelling bag (the old valet is as pleased in his heart as we are, he too, will get a little holiday), and we all go into the hall and make a rosy peep, one by one, at the governor's face, occasionally hitting his nose or eyebrow by mistake. He eyes us keenly to see if he can detect any indecent joy on our faces, but they are perfectly blank and stolid, to such abhorred hypocrisy have we already brought our innocent indeterminate, pink and white features. He kisses mother (how droll it seems to see him making a peck at anybody!) and now he is in the dog cart, he is starting, he is giving a sharp look at our assembled countenances, he is off, and has turned the corner of the drive. Still there is unbroken silence; then, as the last sound of the wheels dies away in the distance, the delight that has been running riot within us, breaks forth in exclamation, laughter leaps, dances, whoops, and (on my part at least) rolls of bliss. When they have subsided a little—"Children," says mamma, "I have something to tell you."

"Won't it keep, mamma dear," asks Alice, "till some day when we are not quite so happy? We don't get many treats; had we not better have them one at a time?"

"It will keep," says mamma, smiling; "but I shall tell you now. We are going away."

Going away! We know the sound of those words well enough as applied to the governor, but as applied to ourselves they have a strange, unusual flavor—a romantic freshness that breathes of distant lands, georgeous cities, and unknown, mysterious pleasures. None of us have ever been away from home in all our lives, save Jack.

"When mamma?" we ask, after a pause; it takes a little while to get used to the idea that we are going away without requiring any further knowledge on the subject.

"To the sea!" The answer strikes us dumb again. Have we not longed ourselves sick for the sight of it? Have not squashed ourselves from head to foot over a dirty pond in trying to make real waves with stout sticks?

"When, mamma, when?"

"Early next week. Your papa has heard of a house that will suit us."

So soon! it takes our breath away. "And is he coming, too?" I ask anxiously.

"Not for a fortnight." We draw a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"What strolls we will have!" says Alice. "And donkey rides!" "and shrimps!" "and peace!" "and cuttle-fish tooth-powder!" "No walks!" "or punishments!" "No one to call us dumplins!" "or make us talk!" "or send us to bed!"

"Come along, Dolly," says Alan the solemn-faced. "I'm going to begin packing up."

Jack and I go out into the garden and discuss our plans—what beasts are to go with us, what to be left behind. Paul Pry must come, of course, and the raven, and the canaries, and Pepper, the tailless. Dorley must take care of the rabbits; and as to the fowls, they have lately misbehaved themselves so perseveringly that it would cause us no great sorrow if, on our return, we found papa had made a holocaust of them in toto. Possibly the amazing news puts a lot of our kids out; several intentions of evil-doing; at any rate we get into no mischief to-day, and merely walk about, laugh, talk and stretch, not only in the schoolroom, but all the house, just as if we were used to doing it every day of our lives.

The governor comes back a trifle sweeter than he went. For once business does not seem to have rubbed him the wrong way; and somehow the few days slip away, and the golden morning of our departure arrives.

The coach stands at the door. It is going to take us all the way, and we are packed within it as close as herrings, and happy as lords; every nook and corner, inside and out brimmingly full; where a body is not squeezed in, a hamper or parcel is and how we ever shall be got out again is something of a mystery. We have smuggled all our little private belongings in so cosily. Under my petticoats lurk the birds and Paul Pry, who, with the sense of a Christian utters not a sound, raps out not a single oath; a large basket of quarantine kids sits modest head under mother's legs; the young ones firmly grasp spades and buckets as though they expected to find the sea upon the road; Amberley embraces five distinct bundles; bandboxes and bags; the babies, set bolt up in and, utter fat little chirps of satisfaction. On the door step stands the governor, to whom we have just said good-by with a freedom and affability that I think astonishes him as much as they do ourselves; for once in his presence our voices come honestly forth; for once we kiss him, and I at least feel that I love him. And now the last forgotten parasol is handed in, the last servant has climbed with many a creak to her place on the roof; the coachman cracks his whip. 'Chirrup, chirrup," go the canaries. "Hip, hip, hur-rah!" goes Paul Pry. "Bow-wow!" goes Pepper, wiggling her head out between Jack's legs.

"Oh!" says Dolly, with a deep sigh.

"Balmy!" I ejaculate, pushing my hat to the back of my head; and away we go, nodding and smiling, and saying good-by! good-by! to the little gentleman on the doorstops, who somehow looks quite insignificant and a little forlorn now that he is not the center of a dozen outcous white faces.

"We are off!" says Alice.

"We are dreadfully hungry!" sigh Dolly and Alan, pointing their prophetic noses at a bulging hamper that obtrudes its portly body in an uncomfortable way between nurse and Balaam's Ass, the under nursemaid. It is only eight o'clock, and we had breakfast at seven, and it is rather early to be a sting out; but when everybody is so anxious to start, so ready to go, why should there be any unnecessary tarrying? Yoicks! away we go along the dewy, bloomy lanes, between the fresh, green hedgerows, with the early breath of the morning blowing coolly in our happy, eager faces; past the staring, silent cows, and the dull laborers who, poor souls! are going about their work just as on any other day, who are not tasting our first delicious, strange draught of "going away!" We feel like pilgrims setting out for an unknown land; we do not know what lies yards have you got in your sleeves?"

The question, put in a very earnest tone of inquiry, caused a hearty laugh from the young lady's friends who had invited her to try the phone, and their laughter so disconcerted her that she dropped the receiver without waiting for a reply.

"Say, Withers," said Smithers, "you claim that Swiggles is a very even-tempered man because he is always mad. That may appear all right at first blush, and perhaps it may go as a sort of joke. I thought you were a little off, but concluded to make myself certain before I said anything to that effect. In the word even tempered, even if used in the sense of smooth, and the Century dictionary gives as the definition 'having a placid temper,' and placid is defined as mild, so you see that an even-tempered man is one who is just the opposite of 'always mad.'"

"Your definition applies when comparisons are made, as between two articles of the same or even weight, etc."

"Yes, and didn't I compare one time with another, and find his temper precisely the same? I don't care whether it is 'always mad' or 'always mild,' and I don't see where it makes any difference, notwithstanding what you or even what the Century dictionary says."

Withers is not yet convinced that he was right.

"That is a good story, and the question was not an unmatured one, considering the extent to which the prevailing fashion in sleeves is carried," said a listener. "It reminded me of something I observed in the opera house the other evening. The audience was not large, and vacant seats were many. Two ladies entered and at first took seats adjoining as indicated by the usher. They were the only parties in the row. A few minutes later they separated, placing a vacant seat between them. The object of this move was quickly apparent, for each immediately began widening out her sleeves to the greatest extent, thus nearly or quite covering the intervening space above and between the two seats. Then they gave each other a look of supreme satisfaction, and were ready to enjoy the stage performance."

It is a common occurrence for a spectator at the court house to go to sleep and disturb surrounding sitters by snoring. The head falls back, the larynx is twisted and the breath rasps back and forth like the winter wind through a knot-hole in a summer cottage. Occasionally the noise of the snore awakens the sleeper, but if the sleep is born of the soothing effects of an overdose of tangle-foot and bar-room soup, attendants usually have to restore "silence in court" by a dignified dig in the ribs with one of the awe-inspiring poles with which they are equipped. The other day, however, a disciple of Tired Tolliver stumped into court and took a seat on the extreme end of one of the benches. In three minutes he was fast asleep and snoring. It was not such a snore, however, as one would naturally expect would well forth from the bosom of one of his tribe. It was an amateur sort of snore—a cross between the puffing of a fat man playing golf and the whinny of a yearling colt. The attendant near cst him was either deaf or too interested in the case on trial to hear, for he did not disturb the man with the broken breath. The man seemed to dream. His head and then his frame began to drop slowly toward the aisle end of the bench, and he gave utterance to a series of guttural yelps. Suddenly his centre of gravity changed and down he went into the aisle with a thud and a startled "ow-wow" that disturbed the court. Apprehending the wrath of the attendants which would descend upon him he scrambled to his feet, and, casting a look of injured innocence at the spot upon which he fell, shuffled out of the way of danger.

HEAR THE ANTS TALKING.

An Ingenious Method of Listening to Their Conversation.

That ants are capable of producing sounds intelligible to their fellows and even audible to our ears seems to be proved by the experiments of Sir John Lubbock, Landbis, Robert Wroughton, of Bombay, C. Janet, Forel, E. Wasmann, and others. It also seems to be determined that the sounds are produced by the rubbing together of superficial portions of the body. A simple yet ingenious contrivance is described for enabling an observer to hear and study these sounds. A glass funnel is set, small end down, in the middle of a square of window glass of five or six inches wide, fitting closely enough to prevent the insects crawling out under it. A bunch of aunts about as large as a chestnut and fresh from any foreign substance is dropped through the funnel, and that is lifted up at once. While the ants are still confused, and before any of them can reach the edge of the glass, it is covered with another square like it, which has been surrounded, a short distance from its edge, by a pad of putty. This confines the ants and prevents their beingicrushed. The two plates of glass are pressed together to within about the thickness of an ant's body, but closer on one side than on the other, so as to hold some tight and leave others free to take such positions as please them. On applying this box of ants to the ear as one would a watch a regular buzzing may be heard like that of water boiling in an open vessel, and with it some very clear stridulations. The ants may be kept alive several hours and even days in this prison if it is not air-tight; and when ever the ants are excited the stridulations may be heard very numerous and intense. The stridulations are supposed to be produced by rubbing the rough, scaly surface of the chitinous covering, which is described as looking, when seen in one direction under the microscope, like the teeth of a saw.

Facts in Few Words.

The King of Portugal's precious life is insured for $14,000,000. London companies carry the risk.

At Singapore the post of "tiger-slayer-in-chief of the Straits Settlements" has just been given to a Frenchman with a record of 500 tigers killed.

Phonographic clocks, which verbally announce the hours of the day, are made in Germany. You can get a clock that will speak in any of the modern languages.

The Herreshoffs have decided that aluminium has had its day for boatbuilding purposes. Its advantage of lightness is more than counterbalanced by its liability to corrode.

Herr Boeter, an ex-lieutenant in the German army, now says that vegetarianism is altogether too wide; we must be "fruitarians" if we wish to firl sanitary salvation. His disciples live altogether on fruit.

The smallest watch in the world has just been completed by some Bombay jewelers. It is not larger than a twpanna bit (about the size of a dime), and has the finest perfect jeweled lever movement and a fully-compensated chronometer balance.

Chicago has over thirty elevators, which handle 149,000,000 bushels of grain every year. The Union Stock Yards cover 350 acres and cost $3,000,000. They have eight miles of street and receive 8,000,000 head of stock every year. The meat exports exceed $100,000,000.

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Carisbrook castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and 12 feet in diameter. When a pin is dropped into it, the sound of it striking the surface of the water, 182 feet below, can be distinctly heard.

A postcard mailed at Hampstead, Eng., to an address not five minutes' walk from the sender's house, made a journey of 25,000 miles. In the post the card slipped into a newspaper bound for Tasmania. On reaching Tasmania the card was discovered and returned to the sender in a letter.

THE WRECKERS.

THE following story told to me in my official capacity as chaplain in one of her Majesty's largest convict prisons touched me very much at the time. The narrator having been dead some years, I see no harm in presenting his history to the public in as nearly as possible his own words. By way of preface I may remark that the prisoner was a quiet, well-behaved and apparently inoffensive individual, entered in the prison books as H 51.

"He had evidently received a fair education. At the time of telling me his story he had the greater part of a ten years' penal sentence to run, his crime being a bare-faced, well-planned burglary at a large jeweler's shop in the west end. His constitution was not one to withstand the severe discipline of the prison, and he lay in hospital on what turned out to be his deathbed, as he made his astonishing revelations without any reservation as to secrecy. He said:

I expect I don't seem to you, sir, quite the usual out of the long term burglar, and you would be quite right in so thinking. I never did fancy the profession, and that jeweler's shop business was all a sham and an excuse to get here out of the world and safe from a worse fate at the hands of deadly enemies. Aye, sir, you may stare. Few people, I imagine, are so fond of prison that they will stretch a point to get there. No, sir; my offense was a much more serious one than ever transpired at my trial, and as I feel that I am not likely to trouble the prison authorities very much longer I might as well give you the true reason for my being in this place.

I started in life as a respectable middle class tradesman, and in due time married the truest and best of women. Shortly after the birth of my son my wife was stricken down with illness, to which she succumbed. My grief was such that I could not go about my ordinary duties. I sent the boy to some friends. I gave up business and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

I drifted to Paris, and there, destitute and starving, I made the acquaintance of a man who was a prominent member of one of the most extreme socialistic societies in the capital. He took care of me, and partly out of gratitude and partly out of sheer restlessness and a growing distaste for life I agreed to join his society. I found that the principles of this secret association were even more dreadful than I had supposed. It essayed to strike a blow at all monarchies or constituted governments, and the throned heads of Europe were especially marked out for its prey.

From time to time various attempts, though hitherto unsuccessful, had been made to assassinat some of the foreign rulers, and soon after I joined it happened that Great Britain fell under the ban of the society. At a largely attended meeting secret hold in the outskirts of Paris, it was resolved that Queen Victoria and as many as possible of the high personages surrounding her throne must die. It was thought that a deadly and sweeping blow could be dealt if, while on one of its frequent journeys to or from the north, the royal train could be wrecked.

So it was decided.

It remained but to draw lots for the men to do the deed. By a strange fatality Scraggs (the name of my friend) and myself were deputed to carry out the vengeance of the society.

I received the intelligence with a calmness begotton by long enduring misery and want. What cared I now what befoll me? Just at this time, too, I learn of the wife who cabouts of my son. He had entered the service of a well-known Scotch nobleman in the capacity of page and personal attendant and was doing well.

Even this news did not awaken me to a true sense of my position. The instructions of the society were clear and to the point.

The train with her Majesty on board had to be destroyed in any way we chose. Success would mean a handsome reward and a high position in the society. Failure—and there were no extenuating circumstances—meant sudden and certain death at the hands of the society. A certain period was given us to bring about the desired result, and we lost no time in arranging our plans. Her Majesty was at this time, the autumn, staying at her usual residence in the north of Scotland, and we found we had some time before us in which we could hope to deal our blow on her return journey.

Crossing to England, we made a careful survey of the railway route and decided upon a likely spot on the system of one of the best known English railways by which royalty usually travels. The place in question was an unusually long bridge spanning at the height of 80 feet a broad but shallow stream. Just before the approach to the bridge the line took a sharp curve, which lent itself to our fell purpose. Our plan was to prepare two short, handy pieces of rail faced at one end like points and the other end curving gradually outward. The thin end of the rails would be pierced for bolts of the same size as those used to fasten (by means of a fishplate) the ordinary rails together. We should then, on the night preceding the passing of the train, loosen the bolts of the particular rails we pitched upon, trusting they would be overlooked by the patrolling surfaceman.

On the following night we should conceal ourselves in the recess of the bridge, and as soon as the pilot engine (which always precedes the royal train by 15 minutes) had passed we should take out the bolts, release the fishplates on the outer side of one rail and on the inner side of the other, replacing them by our specially prepared rails.

The wheels of the engine of the coming train would take those short rails like points, and as the ones curved off toward the parapet of the bridge the whole train would leave the rails and be precipitated from the frightful height into the stream beneath. There would be no escape for a single soul in that train. And so, calmly and in cold blood, we arranged the wholesale destruction of the south bound train which would contain the head and many important members of the royal family.

We knew that every precaution was taken by the railway company and their servants to observe a clear and safe passage for their royal patron, and that extra patrolmen were out along the route while to prevent the risk of accident all less important trains were shunted to one side. The contents of all goods trains on the down line were carefully inspected in order that no projections should endanger the safety of the special, and signalmen were more than usually put upon the alert.

The greatest obstacle we had to contend against was the pilot engine. We could do nothing till it passed (the loosened bolts would not affect its passage), and that left only 15 minutes to prepare the rails for the doomed train. Still, we practiced the screwing process on dummy metals and soon got very expert. The night arrived. The previous evening we had managed, unobserved, to loosen the bolts necessary for our purpose near the middle of the bridge, and we could only trust they would not be tampered with before our arrival next evening.

The fateful night was dark and stormy which favored our purpose. Disguised as railway laborers at a village in the vicinity, and having previously concealed our tools near the bridge, we made for the scene of our enterprise. Ensconcing ourselves within the shadow of the parapet, we waited for the pilot engine to come along. At last her lights appear in the distance, and she thunders safely over the bridge.

Now to work.

Hastily securing our respective rails, we make for the selected spot and commence to withdraw the bolts. While thus engaged my companion with a bloodcurdling chuckle remarks:

"We shall beg more of the high and mighty than we first expected. The Duke of K—— and his suit are, I understand, on board the train."

"The Duke of K——?" I started and dropped my rail in my excitement. "My boy's master," I gasped, "and he never travels without him."

"So much the worse for your boy, then," said the heartless brute as he proceeded with his work.

In an instant my horrible position flashed upon me. Here was I calmly preparing to slaughter the heads of England (to whom before I had never given a thought), and with them my own flesh and blood. I nearly swooned as the awful revelation burst upon me, but in a moment I recovered and then my decision was prompt. True, the failure of the scheme meant certain death to my companion and myself, but what of that? There was still time to save ourselves from becoming wholesale murderers. I shouted, while I replaced my bolt, to Scraggs to drop his rail and fly. He, however, had no such scruples and had too great a regard for his own skin and the promised reward. When he saw I was determined to spoil his plans, he dropped his rail and made for me with a knife, the glitter of which as he closed with me I saw just in time through the darkness.

As we struggled the roar of the approaching train was heard in the distance. Making a frantic effort, as the train was close upon us, I managed to throw Scraggs off. He fell across the off rail. With a rush and roar the royal train swept safely over the bridge, while a stifled shriek from Scraggs prepared me for his fate as I fell in a faint against the stonework of the bridge.

I revived in what must have been a few minutes after the passage of the train. The headless trunk of my late companion was the first object that met my eye. I shuddered to think how nearly the occupants of the train had escaped an equally certain death.

The train had not pulled up, the driver evidently not having felt the obstruction. I hastily replaced the bolts on the other rail, threw the tools into the stream, and with a last glance at the remains of Scraggs fled from the spot. Unsuspected I made my way to London, but only to live in deadly fear of the swift and sure vengeance of the secret society.

The failure of the enterprise must be already known to them, and hide as I might I know their hand would ultimately reach me. My money exhausted, I can olved the desperate idea of the daring burglary of which I was convicted. If I failed to enrich myself, my life would at least be safe in jail. I failed miserably enough, got caught red handed and received my sentence.

Before I threw away my liberty I saw from the papers that at the inquest on Scraggs's remains a verdict of "accidental death" was returned. The dastardly attempt therefore remained unsuspected by the general public, and I since I came here I have heard that the secret society has been broken up and its members scattered. I feel now that I shall escape them after all, but I shall die happy, knowing that my boy's future is assured and that he will never know (I was convicted under a false name) how near to annihilation his own father had brought him and his country's queen.

ORIGIN OF SUNDAY.

Mr. Gladstone Explains the Christian Change of the Sabbath.

The opinion which ruled for a great Sabbatarian strictness, has in all likelihood been largely consequent upon the reformation, and, without much critical investigation of the case, he rested practically upon the fourth commandment of the decalogue as it stands. It did not, however, arise at once out of the great movement, even in Scotland, where it eventually attained a pitch of rigor and exhibited a tenacity of life probably greater than in any other Christian country," writes W. E. Gladstone in McClure's Magazine. "If we measure things not as they are divinely intended, nor as they are in themselves, but as they are subjectively entertained, it might be a question whether the Scottish Sabbath was not for 200 years a greater Christian sacrament, a larger, more vital and more influential fact in the Christianity of the country, than the annual or sometimes semi-annual celebration of the Lord's Supper, or the initiatory rite of baptism or both together. I remember that when half a century ago ships were dispatched from Scottish ports to South Australia then in its infancy, laden with well-selected companies of emigrants, I read in the published account of one of them that perfect religious toleration was established as the rule on board, but that with regard to a fundamental article of religion like the Sabbath, every man was, of course, required to observe it. Many anecdotes might be given which illustrate the same idea, an idea open to criticism, but one with which the Presbyterian church cannot well afford to part without some risk to the public and general influence of religion.

The seventh day of the week has been deposed from its title of obligatory religious observance, and its prerogative has been carried over to the first; under no direct precept of Scripture, but yet with a biblical record of facts, all supplied by St. John, which go far toward showing that among the apostles themselves, and therefore from apostolic time, the practice of living worship on the Lord's Day has been continuously and firmly established. Christianity took upon itself to alter the form of the Jewish ordinance, but this was with a view to giving larger effect to its spiritual purpose. The seventh day had been ordained as the most appropriate, according to the decalogue for commemorating the old creation. The advent of our Lord introduced us to a chain of events, by which alone the benefits of the old creation were secured to us, together with the yet higher benefits of the new. The series of these events culminated in the resurrection. With the resurrection began for the Saviour Himself a rest from all that was painful in the process of redemption, as on the seventh day there had begun a rest from the constructive labors that had brought the visible world into existence and maturity.

The seventh day was the festival of the old life, accompanied with an exemption from its divinely appointed burdens. The first day was the festival of the new life, and was crowned with its constant and joyous exercise. The ordinances of joint worship exhibit one particular form of that exercise. The act of the church of Christian community in altering the day was founded on this broad and solid analogy; and was also, as has been said, warranted by the evidence of apostolic practice.

FOREIGN.

Destructive floods prevail in Prussian Silesia.

Mr. Gladstone left Mentone for London Saturday.

Earthquake shocks occurred in Calabria and Sicily.

Ballera, Italy, has been destroyed by a landslide.

A serious miners' strike has occurred at Liege, Belgium.

Spanish troops killed six Cuban rebels near Havana Saturday.

Slight earthquake shocks were felt at Reggio and Messina Saturday.

High officials in Nicaragua have been found to have contributed funds and arms to rebels.

An equestrian statue of St. Wenceslaus, who was Duke of Bohemia, has been erected in Prague.

Twenty eight fishermen were drowned during a recent storm over Lake Kummerow, in Pomerania.

The Falls of Foyers, Scotland, have been sold to a company for the manufacture of aluminum.

Leonard Courtney, the advanced Liberal Commoner, is talked of as the next Speaker of the British House of Commons.

In the British House of Commons Monday a motion in favor of the payment of members was passed by 176 votes to 158.

Importation of cattle into England from all European countries, and Morocco, Natal, Portugal, Africa, and Zululand is now prohibited.

The Hudson Bay sales in London this year of martin furs alone netted the company over $200,000. Other grades have also brought advanced prices.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Magazines as well as Daily Papers contribute to Mal-Ste Department of Our Page of General Interest.

A Rainy Day Thought.

'Tis the night before the Sabbath,
And my study fire burns bright,
As I sit within my quiet room
And thank the Lord to-night
For shelter from the driving storm,
The pitiless cold rain,
Which beats with heavy pattering
Against my window pane.

How many weary wanderers
Are naught to and fro
In all the fury of the storm,
With nowhere else to go;
Who look with eager longing
Where lighted windows shine
And wonder why they drink life's lees
While others quaff its wine.

Throw back your window shutters
And let the light shine through;
Fling wide the shutters of your heart,
Open your purses, too,
Wealth, to whom God gives
In charge your Father's poor,
For then ye have always with you.
The open wide your door!

And ye, who walk in darkness,
Lo Jesus and you are the light!
The clouds are passing over,
The very sun is in sight!
Beyond this falling curtain
The stars will soon gem through,
For our Heavenly Father's angels
Have charge concerning you!

The Scandal-monger.

Truly such a cranky creature made with vinegary features with real accelerator on her waggling, writhing tongue—

And upon its assistant grew a bloviating blister, for upon its barb had many folks been hooked, harpooned or hung.

She could say things so rantankerous, envenomed, mean and rancorous, could mingle gall with gossip until bitters as the grave.

And she loved this poison mixing, every character transposing, until people had to listen and to hear the woman rave.

Young females and "beau" fellows" were well winnowed by her bellows, she could confound salt and pepper in a verbal plaster paced,

Here words were double-edged—every one to wound intended—and her smiles were like her gossip, double-pronged and double-faced.

She could harrow and labor every big and little neighbor, would transfix a reputation like a worm upon a pin.

Her innuendos coiling in her sooty simpering silling with a danger thrusts were fatal when she deftly drove them in.

A duckling of the devil—bias cut on the bevel—a gatling gun of evil packed with verbal dynamite.

A creature to be hated—both at her most fiercely grated—thus plunging her tongue victim into nothingness or night.

Of all blueback inventions, for promoting dark contentions, there is nothing in life's armory so deadly quite as this—

A tongue upon a serpent loaded with a snarl and snive, a brimstone-brat in a walking human hiss.

A Change of Mind.

The brown-eyed girl's eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were glow when she met the blue-eyed girl on Spadina avenue. Their greeting was effusive, as girl greetings always are when they are on any sort of good terms with each, and they walked along together for two or three minutes before they began to talk about the men.

"Well!" exclaimed the brown-eyed girl, "all I've got to say is, that if any man in the whole of Ontario were to ask me to marry him now I would reject him with paralyzing promptitude."

"Oh, Ruth," responded the blue-eyed girl, anxiously, "why do you say that? You didn't talk that way yesterday."

"Perhaps I didn't