Stovepipe and Elbows.

Tin and sheet iron workers dealing in stoves usually make their own stove-pipes, while the bulk of the product of stovepipe manufacturers is sold to dealers in stoves, hardware, and housefurnishing goods. Most stovepipe is made by hand. There are various patents relating to the manner of joining the seam, and pipes are made that can be shipped nested, the seams being joined at the point of destination, thereby saving freight charges. Stovepipe is sold in joints, two feet in length, and in various diameters. In agricultre regions the pipe averages five or six inches in diameter, but in soft coal regions it is mostly seven or eight inches in diameter. Stovepipe is much cheaper than it used to be. Such pipe as formerly sold at retail at twenty-five cents a joint, can now be bought at fifteen cents or less. There are in the United States 40,000 dealers of one kind and another, who sell stoves, and the annual consumption of stovepipe in this country amounts to millions of joints. Stovepipe manufacturers begin making it pretty far the winter trade about the middle of summer, and jobbers begin placing their orders about the same time. The distribution to dealers is active through August and September, and it continues until the end of winter. While many stove dealers having tinsmiths' plants make their own pipe, very few manufacture elbows; which they can buy cheaper from the manufacturer. There are numerous patents on elbows. There are elbows that are made all in one piece, and others are made in sections. There is more machine work in the manufacture of elbows than in the manufactured pipe. The old-fashioned right-angled elbow of two pieces is still made by hand, but its sale is limited; and most elbows are of the modern kind, with three, four, or five sections. There are adjustable elbows, made with a moveable joint, which can be adjusted to any angle or to two angles.

Frosting Windows in Summer.

Do what you will, there will always be some fly marks on store windows and on the panes in the doors during the summer.

To destroy the dirty impression this creates, customers, some houses have been frosting the glass with a preparation of Lime and Epsom salts.

Mix a heaping of a dessert spoonful of salts in half a glass of beer applied with a soft rag evenly over the surface of the glass produces an effect similar to that made by frost in winter. It does not look unlike galvanized sheet iron.

It should not be too thickly distributed, for the liquid will run and spoil the appearance.

In some stores in Montreal, where it has been very carefully done, it creates a wintry impression.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

"No, no, honey! Maybe he's busy or bothered; 'tis not the man who loves warmest that is the best hand at writing; many a man as is a fine fellow at his pen is no poor hand at courting. There was a young fellow once came courting my sister Susan; his letters were beautiful, a perfect show, and when he came to see her, he was a miserable little sparrow of a creature that it'd make you smile to look at. Some dogs it well on paper and sound dogs it well in their tongues, and I think your lover, Miss Nell, is one of them last."

"Nurse, I say," watching her as she sits stitching the boys' socks, "do you remember you used to say I was certain to have a deal of trouble some day, because I am a way so merry and laugh so much?"

"Did I?" she asks, peering anxiously at me over her spectacles; "I don't call it to mind, Miss Nell. Why, should you be worse off than other folks? Rain and sunshine come pretty much alike to all, and you've got such a spirit, 'twould take a great deal to make you give in. You're terrible fond of Mr. Vasher," she says, shaking her head. "Father used to say 'twas wonderful the difference there'd was in people when they fell in love; with some it went to the head and was safe, for pride progested it; with others it went to the stomach, and, if things turned out contrary, got dangerous, and sometimes killed. Now, I think yours is the last, Miss Nell. Not that you've any call to look out for sorrow that way; things'll go straight enough, never fear, for he loves you as the very apple of his eye."

"Does love keep off misfortune?" I ask, as I get up from my seat; "it seems to me that those who love least come off best."

My restless feet have brought me into the nursery, and now they carry me out again. All day long I wander hither and thither, to and fro, and can settle to nothing save Paul. I go down-stairs and search the newspapers of the past week through, and through those useless papers that come every day regular as the clock, while my eagerly-looked-for letter comes never. How I dread the sound of the postman's knock and ring, how I shiver as Simpkins places the bag upon the table beside me, how plainly I see his alert look at me as he leaves the room (he knows what I am looking for as well as I know myself)! How my heart sinks as I unlock it and take out the letters some for mother, one or two for me, welcome enough at any other time, but a hateful mockery to me now! Other people's letters come safely enough—why should not his? In to-day's paper I come upon the account of an Englishman murdered at Florence. Perchance some woman looked out long and vainly for news of him, as I am looking now. Perhaps her soul sickened within her with dread, just as mine does, only God grant the awakening from my night of dread may not be even as here!

I fetch my hat and jacket and go out into the garden, leafless, sodden, miserable, that looked almost cheerful when Paul and I walked in it a week ago. Round and round I go visiting every haunt in which he and I have sat together, pausing to recall the memories that hang about every nook and corner, standing still at last in the place where he stood that day Darley came upon us with his untimely message. Yes, it was just here, and I hold out my arms to the empty air, with a bitter yearning of body and soul. He was here only a few days ago, but where is he now? How lovely it is!

Steps come along the gravel path behind me. I know whose they are—George Tempest's.

"You have heard?" he asks, eagerly.

I shake my head.

"Then he must be on his way back," he says, walking by my side. "No doubt the business has been concluded more quickly than he expected, and he did not think it worth while to write."

"It could not have been that, George, for he would not have known at Marseilles, and he promised to write from there."

"Do you know, Nell," he says, looking down into my wan face, "that you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill? Because you have had a dream, and because you have not received a letter, you have made up your mind that something dreadful has happened. I wonder what Vasher will say, when he walks in and finds you have been fretting yourself into a shadow?"

When Vasher walks in!—how comfortable and safe the words sound!

"I'll try and not be foolish," I say, my spirits rising as they always do when I have someone to speak to; "but, oh! George, this past week has been so wretched I think if I had such another I should go mad. I have learned the length and breadth, and depth and height of that ugly word "endure."

"Have you dear?" he says, and bravo mind that he is, he does not add; "and so have I."

It is a strange hap that makes my old lover my friend and consoler in the absence of my new one. Are there many men, I wonder, who could fill the post with such unselfishness, dignity, and single-heartedness as he does?

"How near Christmas is!" I say, looking at the flaming scarlet berries that close round the green stalks with such prim, glossy precision; "Only think that to-morrow week is the 25th! He is sure to be back then, is he not, George?"

"Quite sure!" says the young man; "he may come any day now."

"We meant to have such a merry Christmas eve," I say, half aloud—"snap-dragon with the children, and—George; what are you going to do this Christmas? Will you be dull at the Chase? Come and spend it with us, do!" I add laying my hand on his arm.

"No, no, dear!" he says looking down on me with no hidden bitterness of word and tone; "you will not want me. After all," he says, looking up at the sullen sky that has seen over nothing but gives ample promise of plenty more dropping, "I am afraid we shall not have what you are fond of, a white Christmas!"

CHAPTER III.

George's prophecies prove as fallacious as those of most other people here on earth, and the night after his assurances of dirty weather the snow comes down, silently and delicately covering the face of the earth with a gleaming white mantle, that makes my eyes prick and burn with its exceeding purity, as I look out at it from the dining room window. The postman is coming up the carriage drive. How slowly he walks; and what ugly marks he makes on our soiled, dazzling carpet! I do not watch him with any interest: for it is not a letter I am looking for now, but the sound of a step in the hall, the sound of a voice in my ear. Will they not be better a hundred-fold than a few hasty words on paper. And yet I should have loved to have a love letter from him. I have flung all my foolish fears away in a bundle; smiles have crept back to my mouth, lightness to my foot fall. Does not George say that Paul may come in any day, and would he like to find me pale and wretched-looking? For the first time since he went away I have made myself look smart. I have put on the gown he liked me in best—Quaker gray with crimson ribbons; and a cap which he liked too, though it never was straight when he was with me; and one day (we had both forgotten it) I gave Simpkins some orders with it perched rakishly on one side, and, alas! his breeding was not equal to the occasion, and he disgraced himself by a smile.

At present it is straight enough, but when he comes back—I am laughing softly to myself, when Simpkins comes in, bringing my breakfast, the post-bag and the Times.

There are two letters, one from Alice, one from Dolly, both for mother. I send them upstairs, and begin my breakfast. Then—for I have fallen into bad ways during my lonely morning meal, day after day—I open the paper, and proceed to look at the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths;" not that I know anybody who is likely to be married or dead, but because they interest me. Many a sad story is told here in three lines: many a bitter tragedy chronicled that moves me far more than the fictitious woes of an imaginary man and woman, whose misery lasts through the regulation three volumes of a novel.

I glance through the agony column, and find it in my heart to smile at its fustian pathos. I wonder is it true that most of these heart-broken maunderings are signals from the greatest thieves in London to each other.

Turning to the births (for I am reading in a purposeless desultory fashion), I see that Lady Penacres has a daughter, and the Rev. James Poorman a son. I observe that most of the happy fathers are either clergymen or officers, and I wonder for the fiftieth time why Providence, sends such an abundance of children to the men who can barely fill their own mouths, and withholds them altogether from those who could bring up a dozen handsomely, and never feel the shoe pinch.

Now for the marriages. How jolly the first one looks—two sisters married on the same day to two brothers! Douglas marrels Ruby, and Donald marries Violet. What a big wedding it must have made, and what fun the four young people will have when they meet (as I dare say they will) on their wedding tour. Rather awkward, though, if the sisters ever quarrel; there will be a scrimmage, husbands and wives, all in a lump. This one looks more sober, plain John Janies marries Eliza Ann; her maid is Prodgers, his Trimmins. Here is a male Brown married to a female Brown, which must have been very convenient in the matter of marking her clothes, though one would have thought that, when she did change her name, she would take a prettier one.

I wonder why a familiar word, lying before one in a newspaper, always catches the eye so smartly, seeming to leap up into one's face? Thus, "Silverbridge," and the "Rev. Thomas Skipworth," look up at me in larger type, seemingly, than any of the other words. Was on earth could have been married in Silverbridge without my knowing it, or considered their admission into the holy state of matrimony sufficiently important to demand an advertisement of the same?

A scuttle in the court outside makes me turn my head. Larry and Walter are snowballing each other with admirable vigor, and skill. No quarter is given, or taken, and I watch them for some time, with keen interest, remembering the days when Jack and I indulged in the same recreation, although we were not so fortunate in getting the snow. We had to walk a mile or two before we got a nice quiet corner to shout in to our heart's content. Presently they vanish in a whirlwind of snow and laughter, and I pick up my paper and sit down to read this marriage comfortably. It was near the Browns. Here it is: "On the 16th instant, at the parish church, Silverbridge,—shire, by the Rev. Thomas Skipworth, George Dalrymple Tempest, only son of Lawrence Tempest Esq., of the Chase, to Helen, third daughter of Colonel Adair of the Manor House Silverbridge—shire. No cards."

Yes, there it is, word for word, line for line, and for a full minute I sit staring at the paper. The words are there, but my brain does not seem to be able to grasp its meaning; no, not even when my tongue repeats the announcement aloud as though the sound of my voice might re-assure and convince me. I am married, married! and here I give my head an impressive little nod as much as to say "You are a poor creature, Helen Adair, and you don't seem to know exactly what you are about; but one thing you may be sure of—you are married." I feel something like the old woman who left it to her little dog to decide whether she was herself or somebody else. The little dog decided against her; the paper decides against me. Here I sit, without the ghost of a wedding-ring on my finger, and yet I am George Tempest's wife; clearly there must be a slight hitch somewhere. My stiff hand relaxes, and the paper flutters to the ground. If it were only out of sight, I might get my breath back, but with its respectable, commonplace front facing mine, how can I possibly treat it as a myth? I take my eyes away from it, and glance round the room. There is the breakfast table; there are the canaries pecking at each other from contiguous cages; there is the old family prayer-book, high and dry, among Blair's Sermons, on the book-case; there is the cat asleep on the hearth-rug. It all looks familiar and real enough, but nevertheless I am asleep and I know it just as one may have a dream within a dream and in the last, one believes that one is awake. I lift my sleeve and give my arm a good nipping, rousing pinch (not that people under the influence of bad dreams usually have the sense to bethink themselves of that homely remedy), and expect to see all my surroundings dissolve; but no, there they are still, and here am I in a gray gown, not a rube de bain. That I am broad awake there can be no reasonable doubt, but that the paper is a very evident fact there can be no doubt either. Oddly enough the first idea that enters my head is, "What will the governor say?" The Times is read in New Zealand, I suppose; and a vision of his dumbfounded face, as he comes across the intelligence, tickles me into sudden laughter. I have heard of such tricks being played before, practical jokes people call them, but I never believed any one could do anything so foolish; where could be the good of it? Why did they do it, these other people? For fun? A sorrier jest, surely, neither man nor woman ever perpetrated. For mischief. It could not work any.

Let me try and think. I do not seem to be able to follow up any one thought. Did those other people ever do it—not in senseless wantonness of folly, but to try to work a girl harm? When her lover was away from her, was it ever done that he might see the paper, and believe her false to him? He would only laugh at it; it looks like a lie; he would know it is a lie. He would be angry at my name being coupled with George's, but of course he could not believe it. I wonder (who wrote it? We have no friends, we Adairs, to trouble themselves about our affairs, or to play us tricks; and no enemies, that I know of, who hate us heartily enough to try and do us mischief. A thought suddenly strikes me: Silvia! And yet why should she? How can this absurd ruse benefit her in any way? My being married to George, even if it were true, could bring her no nearer to Paul. And yet how can it be Silvia, who has never been here in her life? How does she know about George Tempest, or Mr. Skipworth, and all the names? The traitor must be some one in our midst.

Well, I must go and tell mother; and have just reached the door, when it opens, and George comes in.

"Good-morning!" I say, making him a courtesy. "And do you know that you are my bridegroom?"

But he does not smile; he looks very grave. He does not seem to see the joke in quite the same light that I do.

"Nell," he says quickly, "this is a very serious matter. Can you guess at all who I at the bottom of it?"

"Serious!" I echo. "Pray how can it be that? Some one has taken a most innocent liberty with our names; but serious—"

"Vasher will probably see it," says George, uneasily, "and—"

"I thought," I say, indignantly, "that you said he was sure to be on his way home—that he might walk in any minute. He may come this morning, even, and probably he won't see the paper until I show it to him!"

"I did think he was on his way back; I think so still," says George; "but supposing that he has been delayed, and he does see this announcement, of course he will believe it."

"You mean to say, George, that he would really suppose you and I had got married the minute his back was turned?"

"I don't know. Tell me, Nell, was Vasher ever in the least jealous of you? God knows he need not not have been," he adds, half to himself.

"Yes, he was," I say, promptly, "and I always laughed at the idea."

"Did you?"

There is a pause, in which my short, blessed span of two days' content slips away from me, and the old presentiments, doubts, and fears, creep upon me like living, cruel shapes, grown rational by the sustenance of fact—for he has been gone nearly ten days; he has sent me no word or tidings, good or bad, since he set out; if he was alive and well and my own true lover, he would never have left me to watch and wait like this. Got only knows what treachery has been worked between us—Yes, I see it all now, it is Silvia's doing.

"Do you remember my telling you that he would never come back?" I say, trembling violently. "He never will!"

"Nonsense!" says George, hastily. "In all probability he is on his way back; but in case he has been detained in Rome, I shall set out at once—or at least as soon as I can get off."

"You will go!" I ask, taking his hand between both mine. "O, George! but you will be too late. Something tells me that it is all over now. If you do find him, and he asks who did it all, tell him 'Silvia.'"

"Impossible!" exclaimed George, starting. "Can she be such a wretch as that?"

"She loves him: Women will do a great deal to get a man they love, will they not?"

"Of a very different sort to you, dear. (Will you give me Vasher's address?"

I write it down for him—yes, an actually write,—and in the hour—my life have I known the breathless agony that I know in this one.

"If he arrives here in the next three days you will telegraph to me, Nell?"

"Yes. And if you come back—if you both come back, I mean—when will it be?"

"I cannot be quite sure, but I should think about Christmas morning."

"Do not come back without him," I say, in my selfish misery; "only if he is dead you cannot bring him."

"Only he is nothing of the kind," says George, cheerfully. "Keep up your spirits, dear, and and put all these fancies out of your head. As to that Silvia, he's no more likely to fall in love with her than I am."

In another minute he is gone, and I am standing at the window looking after him as he strides over the snow. This is his departure. I wonder what will his return be?

As in a dream, I go and tell mother; hear her exclamations of horror and anger, read the letter she writes to the editor of the Times, asking by whose authority the advertisement was inserted; as in a dream, fetch my hat and jacket, and wander out over the fields and meadows, walking stiffly and slowly through the deep snowfall, on and on for miles and miles, my feet carrying me where they will. Why did I let him go without a warning? Why was I so mad as to leave him ignorant of Silvia's threats and ways to work him evil? For I know as surely, as I am living that it is she who has done this thing. I was so confident, so sure, when he was with me, it was so impossible to fear. I should have spoken when he went away. Did not my good angel call upon me to speak when he pushed him good-by? Supposing George has an accident on the road; supposing Paul is not at home when he gets there! Somehow I feel in my heart that anyway he will get there too late. It was a sure hand and a strong that struck that bold and open blow through the newspaper. That the same hand has reached him in Rome in some different way I cannot doubt. And Paul was always a little jealous of George. But here I stand still to ask myself if it is likely that he will credit so monstrous a story. Granted that I had played him false, could I be so horribly quick in my treachery? In the drawing-room I find mother, and standing before her with a perturbed countenance is Simpkins.

"You should have told me this before," she is saying, with an unusual severity in her voice; and I sit down, idly wondering what that foolish old man has been doing now.

"I know it, ma'am," he stammers. "When I caught the young woman meddling with the post bag, she said she only wanted to get out a letter of her own she had written, but did not wish to have posted. I believed the story, ma'am, and did not tell you."

"What is all this about?" I ask. "Mother, who has been tampering with the postbag?"

"Jane, the under housemaid," says mother. "It seems she ran away from here this morning without a word, and Simpkins tells me that he caught her meddling with—"

"She must have meddled with it more than once," I say, putting my hand to my head. "Why did you not speak of this before?" I cry, turning upon the man in a fury. "Do you know what you have done? Go out of my sight."

He stares at me for a moment; then, as I stamp my foot, he turns and flees.

"Mother! mother!" I say, groping my way across the room to her, "I see it all now. He never got my letters. I never got his. That woman was Silvia's spy."

"Poor little daughter!" she says, and her tears fall fast and heavy on my uplifted face. If only I could weep! If only this terrible tightness about my heart would relax!

"Mr. Skipworth," announces Simpkins, tremblingly, half an hour later: and I escape by one door, as he enters by another. He has come to talk about my marriage, no doubt. In my present state of mind, his voice would send me straight into Bedlam.

All night long I lie awake, hearing ghostly steps coming up the carriage drive; hearing ghostly hands beating against my window-pane—ghostly voices that whisper in my ear. My ears are strained to the faintest echo of sound in the world without. Shall I not hear him coming lightly over the snow to me when he has returned? I know that he is not dead or he would have come to me in that supreme wrenching of soul from body, as I should go to him straight if I died tonight.

The morning breaks, gray and chill. "How shall I bear it?" I cry aloud, as I sit up in my bed, and rock myself to and fro in my restless agony—"with all these long days and nights to live through before Christmas morning comes!"

CHAPTER IV.

It is Christmas morning, and I am leaning out of the open window of the dining-room into the cold, clear air, looking at the clean white world, that during the night has been covered over freshly, so that she is fair and spotless for the great, high festival, as a bride coming out of her chamber to meet her bridegroom. It is splendid enough, but a little cruel, perhaps, if one happens to notice that little dead robin yonder, whose crimson breast shows prettily enough against the snow. He has struggled gallantly through the bleak days and bitter nights, but to-day—on Christmas morning, the time of feasting and plenty—his poor, slender, starved little body has found death!

Behind me the house is all alive and merry with bustle and noise. They are all at home now, save Jack; and they have decorated the whole place with holly and mistletoe, which gleams brightly red and white from every corner and cranny. The church clock strikes ten; in another hour church will begin, but I shall not go with the rest.

What a noise the boys are making! I shall never be able to hear the sound of the carriage coming over the snow Hark! What is that? My heart stands still, every pulse pauses, then bounds madly on, as a sound, a certain dulled, muffled sound, comes to my ears from a distance. It is the sound of wheels—it is coming this way. Is that a carriage coming toward me? The snow has blinded my eyes, I cannot see— I look up seeing, and there see George, alone. I do not move or speak as he comes over to me and looks into my face.

"He is dead?" say I gently, looking away from him to a bird, perched on a bough near, who is singing, absolutely singing—starved and bitter cold as he is. Why do I not sing too?

"He is not dead," says George.

"Not dead!" I shriek, recoiling from him with parted lips and wide eyes—"not dead, did you say? Thank God!"

And the frozen blood in my body stirs nimbly in my veins, and circulates once again; and, whereas a minute ago I was a dead woman, now I am quick.

"But why did you not bring him?" I ask. "There could be nothing to detain him."

"He is here," says George; "he bade me tell you," he goes on slowly and painfully, "that he was waiting for you at the old place—yes, at the old place, and you were to go at once, he said."

"He will have to wait a little, then," I say, with a delicious, happy laughter bubbling straight up from my heart to my lips. "Oh, he has kept me waiting for him long enough! I don't seem to be able to take it all in at once," I add, putting my hand to my head; "but by and by, yes, by and by I shall be perfectly happy. How tired you look, George, how pale. How can I ever thank you enough for bringing him back home! We shall never forget it, George—Paul and I—when we are so happy we shall never forget that we owe it all to you, for if you had not gone to Rome in time—"

"I know," he says, shivering. "Vasher is waiting for you, Nell."

"What a hurry you are in!" I say, as I tie the strings of my cloak. "Now do you know that I—even to could him—perhaps he was afraid I should, so did not come up to the house? Perhaps! And I shall be able to see him wherever I please now, you know, for he has come to stay."

"George groans.

"Are you ill?" I ask, turning round from the looking-glass, where I am putting on my hat. "I must try and make myself look nice now Paul has come back."

But George does not answer.

"And I have been so wretched," I say, laughing softly, "though you always told me there was nothing in that presentiment, or the dream! Do you know you have not wished me a merry Christmas, sir? But never mind, you have brought me the best Christmas gift of all."

He has turned his back to me, and is looking out of the window.

"Good-by," I say, pausing at the door. "I shall not go to church this morning."

In the hall Dolly and the children crowd about me, but I just tell them Paul has come back, and break away from them all.

I wave my hand to George through the window. How terribly pale and strange he looks! Then I go away over the snow with hurrying, dancing feet. Have I got my Christmas morning at last—red, golden, perfect? In the whole wide world does there beat such a happy heart as mine? I have not asked George how it happened that Paul, never wrote; he shall tell me that himself, and I shall be so angry with him, lazy, naughty, careless fellow! As I turn the corner of the meadow, I see him standing with his back to me, leaning over the stile; and for a moment I stand still—the absolute delight of seeing him in the old familiar place is so keen, that it leaves me no immediate longing to touch his hand or hear his voice. Then I walk quickly on. He does not turn his head, and he used to hear my foot fall quickly enough. Perhaps the snow dulls it. I am close upon him when he looks round, and faces me.

"You have come back," I say, thrusting both my eager hands into his; "and I have been so frightened, so miserable—"

He does not answer, only, as I lay my head down on his shoulder, he lifts his arms and folds them about me, pressing my head close against his breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The expression blackguard originally indicated the scullion, kitchen boys and pot-washers, who brought up the rear when a great man's household was moving from place to place. As these persons were by no means choice in their language or elegant in their deportment, the word was soon applied to those who in their conduct or action resembled them.

Too Familiar.

Countess (to new valet)—Johann, I observed yesterday, to my intense horror, that you clean my husband's clothes and your own with the same brush. I must strictly prohibit any such familiarities for the future.—Bopparder Zeitung.

THE HARVEST MONTH.

Legends and Superstitions That are Connected With August.

August is the month of harvest, and is recognized as such in England by an observance of the festival called "Harvest-home," a combination of thanksgiving and merry-making. It is also the month of the "harvest moon," which rises on several successive nights at almost the same hour, and nearly coincident with the sunset. It is called the "lovers' moon," on account of its tender and subdued light, and at no season of the year does it shine with such increased beauty, seeming to hang in the silvered atmosphere like a ball of projected light.

Charles Dickens wrote a tender apostrophe to August:

"There is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet-smelling flowers. Orchards and cornfields ring with the hum of labor; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of fruit which bow their branches to the ground, and the corn piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow brightness seems to hang over the whole earth."

August is the eighth month of the year, although formerly it was the sixth. It was named for the Emperor Augustus. It is the month favorable to diseases of the throat and head, the first day being called Gule, meaning "throat." The legend runs that the daughter of Quirinus was cured of a disease of the throat by kissing the chains of St. Peter on the day of his festival, August 1. At the present time it is noted for the rule of hay fever, which rages during the month among those subject to its visitations. August days are hot and its evenings cool, the first foreshadowing of autumn touching the air with its marvellous alchemy. To be a perfect August it should be dry:

"A dry August and warm,
Does harvest no harm."

August 24 is St. Bartholomew's day, of much importance in parts of England and of Scotland.

"St. Bartholomew
Brings the cold dew."

If the 24th of August be fair and calm, farmers hope for a prosperous harvest that year.

The Spanish proverb regarding the month says: "When it rains in August it rains wine or honey."

The Italians pay their respects to the eighth month in this wise: "In August ask neither for olives, chestnuts nor acorns."

In spite of its sunshine and ripened grain, August has inherited a bad reputation, and certain of its days are considered unlucky. Notably the 1st and the 15th. The second Monday is not regarded with favor, the reason being that Sodom and Gomorroh were destroyed on that day. The first day is unlucky in a biblical sense.

The jewel dedicated to this month is the sardonyx, but formerly was a carnelian, which denotes a contented mind. A rhyme from folk-lore sings the merit of the August birth stone:

"Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone."

The phenomena known as "shooting stars" were first observed on August 10, in the middle ages, and are referred to in history as the tears of St. Lawrence.

"Swan-hopping," or marking on the River Thames has been a diversion of English people until a recent period, and was always observed on the 1st of August. Near the end of the last century a number of wherries were sent to Marlow, with a properly manned crew, to count and mark the swans. This was purely a business transaction, conducted by order of the Crown, the birds being under the patronage of the king, and regarded as a royal perquisite. In the present century the citizens joined in the sport and made it a festive occasion. The ceremony of marking consisted of making five nicks, three across the bill and two lengthwise. The 11th day of August is distinguished as the end of the dog days.

Guarding the Thoughts.

A most helpful habit to lead on to rich and deep soul experience is that of carefully guarding the thoughts when one's head is laid on the pillow for the night. If these thoughts are kept steadfastly to uplifting themes there seems to be a holy atmosphere about the soul during sleep, the first thoughts on awakening are usually the continuation of the last soul effort before passing into slumber. Think over these beautiful words in Jeremiah: "For I have satiated the weary soul and I have replenished every sorrowful soul. Upon this I awaked and beheld; and my sleep was sweet unto me." To awake to find the good night thoughts hovering like angels wos have been keeping guard while we slept is a bright outlook for the new day.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Reading of the Queen's Speech by Commission.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

England's Foreign Relations Reviewed—The Recent Chinese Massacres—Sir William Harcourt Does Not Believe the Irish Question is Shelved.

London, Aug. 15.—After the House of Commons reassembled to-day, the members were summoned to the House of Lords with the usual formalities, and the Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor, Baron Halsbury. It was as follows:—

The Queen's Speech.

My Lords and Gentlemen:—The communications which I received from foreign powers assure me of the continuance of their good-will. I am happy to say that no international complication has arisen in any quarter calculated to endanger the peace of Europe. The war between China and Japan, which was in progress at the opening of the last session, has been brought to a conclusion by a peace, which I trust will endure. I observed strict neutrality during the war, and have taken no action in respect thereto, except as appeared to me likely to be favorable to a termination of hostilities. I deeply regret to say that the most atrocious outrages upon a body of English missionaries are reported from the province of Fu-Kien, in China. In reply to earnest representations addressed to the Chinese Government by my direction, effective measures, which I trust will prove effective, are being taken for the punishment of the murderers and all persons in whom degree responsible for these crimes. The internal troubles which have broken out in the Armenian districts of Asiatic Turkey have been attended with horrors which have moved the indignation the Christian nations of Europe generally, and my people especially. My Ambassador and the Ambassadors of the Emperor of Russia and the President of the French Republic, acting together, have suggested to the Government of the Sultan reforms which in their opinion are necessary to prevent a recurrence of this constant disorder. These proposals are now being considered by the Sultan, and I am anxiously waiting his decision.

A resolution has been passed by both Houses of parliament of the Cape of Good Hope, proposing that the adjacent Crown colony of Bechuanland should be incorporated with Cape Colony. I signified that I was willing to consider favorably an Act for that purpose, providing it contained proper safeguards to my interests and those of my native subjects, especially as regards their lands, the liquor traffic, and the maintenance of their own system of justice. I received satisfactory assurances on these matters, and an Act has been passed by the Cape Parliaments which I have every reason to expect will fulfill my requirements.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons: The estimates for the service year, which were voted by the last parliament, will be laid before you.

My Lords and Gentlemen: At this season of the year it will probably be found more convenient to defer until another session the consideration of any important legislative matters, except those necessary to provide for the administrative charges of the year.

The speech was read by Lord Balsbury, one of the members of the commission chosen for the purpose. The other members of the commission were the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Lathom, Viscount Cross, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh. All were gitted in their scarlet and ermine robes of office.

Leader of the Opposition.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the leader of the Opposition, congratulated Mr. Leigh for touching upon Armenia, and said he trusted the question would not be allowed to sleep, and that the Government would be firm in insisting upon the reforms which it recommended being carried out. The Opposition leader then said he wished to know whether the Government intended to permanently occupy Chitral, and challenged the Government to say whether it was ready to extend the boundaries of the Empire without informing parliament. In regard to Ireland Sir William Harcourt remarked that the late Government, unfortunately, was unable to settle the great question in connection with the country. Ireland, he added, was never more peaceful than now, and was the Government wise in adjourning for six months without expressing its intentions in this matter?

Mr. Balfour's Remarks.

Mr. Balfour, the Conservative leader, agreed with the Opposition leader's remarks in regard to Armenia, and said the Government was doing its best to carry out the policy of the Earl of Kimberley, the late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Government, he continued, is alive to the seriousness of events in that country, and the danger to the Turkish Empire. As to Chitral, Mr. Balfour remarked that the right hon. gentleman's criticisms of the course of the Government in this connection were not well founded. The Government had not extended the boundary of the Empire; but Chitral being within its boundaries, England could not permit any lodgment of a foreign power in that quarter. The population of Chitral must look to England as the great suzerain power. In regard to Ireland, Mr. Balfour said there did not appear to be any pressing necessity to bring forward land legislation before next session.

An Amendment.

Mr. Redmond moved an amendment to the address, inviting the Government to declare that there would be no delay in their Irish policy. Five sixths of the electors of Ireland had declared in favor of Home Rule, and he protested that the verdict of the election was not against Home Rule. He warned the Government that Ireland could not be satisfactorily governed from Westminister, and that the only remedy for her ills was national self government. Regarding the land legislation, he admitted that the only remedy was compulsory purchase by the tenant.

Mr. Horace Plunkett, member of parliament for the south division of Dublin county, and a Conservative, said he believed the time had come when, owing to changed views of the Irish, a Tory Government could legislate for Ireland in a spirit of sympathy. If the Government ignores the material interest of Ireland, the Home Rule demands would continue, and the Tories would have lost a great opportunity.

A Life's Work Undone.

Mr. John Dillon said he feared the continuous silence of the Government would undo the life work of Parnell, who brought the Irish people to believe that Home Rule could be won on the floor of that House. The result of the elections entitled him to assert that Unionism was receding in Ireland. Therefore he made an amendment declaring the necessity of immediate legislation on the land question in Ireland, in accordance with the recommendations of last year's committee.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, recognized Mr. Redmond's moderate tone, but reminded him of the great difference between the state of things now and in 1886. His reports showed that the harvests were good in every district of Ireland, and that there was no heavy fall in prices in the last two years. Therefore the land question was not urgent. He had only been in office for a month, and could not be expected to give an exhaustive answer to all questions; but, as to the Home Rule attitude of the Government, it would continue to be one of unchanging and inflexible opposition. (Conservative cheers.) He was not going to discuss the result of the election. The land question could only be dealt with by an entirely non-contentious bill, and it would suffice if the bill were introduced next spring. The bill of Mr. Morley (Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Rosebery Government) was not non-contentious, though the Government could accept some of its provisions. They had always maintained that the transfer of land of the tenant was the only effective solution of the question. Before proceeding with the policy of purchase the Government would wait until the 30,000,000 was spent. It was unfair to ask the Government to declare in favor of compulsory purchase. They were willing to consider a reasonable proposal to deal with evicted tenants but they would not consent to go beyond section 13 of the Act of 1891. The Government would hold the scales evenly bowteen the various sections of the Irish people.

Mr. Harrington promised to give the Government a fair trial.

HIT THREE TIMES.

A Navvy Tries to Escape Arrest and is Shot by Constable Greer.

Collingwood, Ont., Aug. 16.—The crew of the steamer Northern Belle, which arrived here this evening from Parry Sound, brought word of a probable fatal shooting affray which took place on Thursday last on the line of the Parry Sound and Arnprior railway not far from Parry Harbour. It appears that the settlers along the line of the railway, which is in course of construction, for several months have been very much troubled with the depredations of the navies. The navvies were drunk almost every night, and fights and upsets were of constant occurrence. Added to this, the navvies when drunk would terrorize the settlers and rob them of chickens and pigs and everything they could carry away.

The settlers appealed to the Attorney-General's Department for police protection, and Constable Greer, a brother of Detective Greer, was sent to the scene of the disturbance. He found that the trouble was due to the work of whiskey-peddlers operating among the workmen. Parry Sound is a dry town, and, besides, no one is allowed to sell liquor where a railway is being built. Further inquiry convinced Greer that two men, Harvey Henderson a horse jockey and dealer, from Collingwood, and Pat Carroll, a companion, from the same place, were the chief culprits. Warrants were secured for their arrest. On Thursday Greer ran across the two on the line, and as soon as Henderson saw him he tried to escape. Greer asked him three times to stop, but he refused, and kept on running, and the constable fired three shots, all of them taking effect, the last one bringing Henderson to the ground. It was found that his injuries were of such a nature that they would likely prove fatal, and he was taken to Parry Harbour and medical aid summoned. When the Northern Belle left last evening he was not expected to live till morning.

In the event of his death, the body will be brought here to-night or to-morrow.

THE FAR EAST.

Colera in China and Corea—A Terrible Storm in Japan.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 16.—The Novoe Vremya says that advices received here from Vladivostock announce that cholera, in serious proportion, prevails in China, Corea, and the Island of Formosa. Several Russian warships will shortly return to Cronstadt from the far East.

San Francisco, Calif., Aug. 16.—Reports have been received to the effect that Japan was visited by a terrible storm on the 27th and 28th of July. The hurricane swept across Kiushu, passing along the shores of the Island sea, crossed over the central districts of the mainland, and emerged into the Pacific ocean. Its track was everywhere marked by a great loss of life and destruction of property and as the catastrophe was followed by a heavy rainstorm inundations added their devastating effects to the havoc wrought by the wind. It is calculated that more than 1,000 people were killed or drowned. Japan, of own that served as a military basis during the recent war, felt the full force of the tempest. The place was completely swamped by the sea, and more than 160 boats were smashed. Among these boats were 120 belonging to the Army Stores Department. They were laden with supplies designed for the use of the troops in the Liao Tung peninsula.

A HOT