The London Leper.

- Good gracious me!" cried Smith and Jones,
 "Good gracious me!" cried Brown;
 "A London leper in our midst! For God's sake,
 hunt him down!
 Our Prince, whom no one would deceive, declares
 this leper stands
 In that great mart whence comes our meat.
 That meat goes through his hands!"

The awful rumor ran the round, like wildfire fas it spread;
Men gazed upon their steaks and chops in doubt,
dismey and dread.
With fear they eyed the tender joint; the
thought perhaps it might
Have come from where the leper worked destroyed their appetite.

In panic London salesmen met; the retail deale "O find this leper butcher out—search, search on every side!
The bue and cry rang clear and shrill from east,
west, south and north, west, south and north,
And every day the London press in leading type
held forth.

They ran the man to earth at last, and found— O, thank the fates— He only vended odds and ends outside the mar-ket gates; The leper's hands were never laid on Dives' A 1 meat, He only touched the common stuff that Lazarus

Then died the sudden panic down, the nine days waxed and waned.

And with them ceased the sudden fame "our only leper "gained;
Society was satisfied, as soon as it felt sure The only meat the leper touched was caten by the peop."

-By George R.Sims.

Lizzle.

I wonder of all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theatres an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they wuz bein' crucified—
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there To see that everything is right, Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care Ain't good onuff i'r baby, quite; Yet what am I to answer when

She kind uv fidgets at my side, An asks me every now and then: "I wonder if the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes A-pinin' fr their mother's smile— Seems like she heern the pleadin' cries Uv one she thinks uv all the while; An' so she's sorry that she come, An' though she allus tries to hide The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum Than wonder of the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike-Yes, wimmin folks is all alike—
By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;
There never wuz a little tyke
But that his mother loved him best,
And nex' to bein' what I be—
The husband uv my gentle bride—
I'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried,

-Ohicago News

The Temple of Fame.

Three riders set out for the Temple of Fame, Each booted and spurred and equipped the The first rode forth at a rattling pace, Like a jockey who wins an exciting race. The second set out with caution, slow, That, when need was, be might faster go. The third rode steadily, quietly on, At a quick jog-trot he could reckon upon.

And which do you think the winner be; The hare, the tortoise—or number three

The first one soon broke down, of course; He saved his saddle, but lost his horse! The second met the regular fate—Dallied too long, and was just too late The third, I grieve and regros to say, Did not get there—for he lost his way. He thought so much of his regular trot, To look at signboards he quite forget.

See how strangely things befall!
Another—not thinking of Fame at all—
Who was on his way to the breadfruit tree,
To provide for a wife and children three,
Went straightway into the Temple of Fame,
And innocently asked its name!
They answered him. With a quizzical face,
He remarked, "It's a most uncomfortal
place!"

place!"
Then on he went to the breadfruit tree,
And home to his wife and children three

The moral?-Well, if you can't find it, Write it out-for I shan't mind it! Baggains.

He pressed a ruby on her lips, whose burning blood shone through;
Twin sapphires bound above her eyes, to match their fiery blue;
And, where her hair was parted back, an opal gem he set—
Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met.

grudge you keep
Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the deep?" gcms are tair of form,
But when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors still the storm?

There is no fretted coronet that soothes a princely grave,
There is no fato nor empire in the wide infinity.
Can stand in grace and virtue with the gift you

-Julia Ward Howe.

The Old House.

In through the porch and up the silent stair; Little is changed, I know so well the ways— Here, the dead came to meet me; it was there The dream was dreamed in unforgotten day

But who is this who hurries on before, A flitting shade the brooding shades among ? She turned—I saw her face—O, God! it wore The face I used to wear when I was young!

I thought my spirit and my heart were tamed To deadness; dead the pangs that agonize, The old grief springs to choke me-I an asharied Before that little ghost with eager eyes,

O, turn away, let her not see, not know!
How should she bear it, how should under stand?
O, hasten down the stairway, hasten and go,
And leave her dreaming in the silent land.

The Boy in Love With His Mother.

The Boy in Love With His Mot
He went up tho pathway singing:
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet-heart mother,"
He eried, and bont to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on : I hold that this is true. From lads in love with their mothers

Our bravest heroes grow. Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hear. Since time and earth began; And the boy who kisses his mother Is every inch a man.

The First American Shoemaker. Among the Pilgrim Fathers who came to Salem, Mass., in the second cargo brought by the Mayflower, in 1629, was Thomas Beard, "The Shoemaker." Boston was not settled, or known even as St. Botolph' Town. Beard brought a letter to Governo Endicott, stating that he was sent by the Massachusetts Bay Company in London and was to be maintained by them, and commending him to the care and helpful favor of the Governor. From their favor of the Governor. From their knowledge of the few cattle here, and the needs of the people, the company wisely shipped some "hides" in the Mayflower's cargo; these probably being tanned sides of leather. The little colony of Naumkeag gave a warm welcome to their new fellow-citizen, and his address and credentials moved them to present him wity fifty acres of land. After this pleasant event he seems to have lived so peacefully that he had no further history; but he is the first one of whom our records tell as being an Ameri-

She Could Talk About Something Else.

can shoemaker.

Irate Husband-O dear, can't you talk about something besides dresses? Wife—Certainly, my dear. You ought to see the bonnets they are making nowadays at Smith's. I stepped in to-day and a beautiful thing in pink for only \$37, and others were of course a good deal more expensive. A \$50 gem just took my eye, but I thought I wouldn't get one that cost

dresses, you dear old hubby. -When a man affirms that "there's lots

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Do you think a hundred trips to Europe would keep him from you if he knew you wanted him? ' Maude asked, and Grace replied : " Perhaps not. I don't know. I

only wish he were here. This was the last of February, and after that Grace failed so fast that with the hope that it might reach him before he sailed Maude wrote to Max, telling him to come at once, if he would see Grace before she died. She knew about how long it would take the letter to reach him and how long for him to come, allowing for no delays and on the morning of the first day sh could by any chance expect him she sent the carriage to the Canandaigua station, and then all through the hours of the long, dreary day she sat by Grace's bedside, watching with a sinking heart the pallor on her lips and brow and the look she could

not mistake deepening on her face.
"What if she should die before he gets here, or what if he should not come at all?" she thought as the hours want by She was more afraid of the latter, and

when she saw the carriage coming up th venue she strained her eyes through the blinding snow to see if he were in it.
When he came before, he had stood up and waved his hat to them, but there was no waited breathlessly until the carriage stopped before the side entrance, knowing then for sure that he had some "

"Thank God!" she cried as she wen out to meet him, bursting into tears as she said to him, "I am so glad, and so will Miss Raynor be. She does not know that I wrote you. I didn't tell her for fear you vouldn't come.

She had given him her hand and he was holding it fast as she led him into the hall She did not ask him when or where h received her letter. She only helped him off with his coat, and made him sit down by the fire while she told how rapidly Grace had failed and how little hope there was that she would recover.

You will help her if anything can. am going to prepare her now," she said and, going out, she left him there alone.

He had been very sorry that he could no keep his promise at Christmas, and tried to find a few days in which to visit the Cedars between the close of the suit and his departure for England. But he could not, and his passage was taken and his luggage on the ship, which was to sail early in the morning, when about 6 o'clock in the evening Maude's letter was brought him, changing his plans at once. Grac was dying—the woman he had loved so long, and although thousands of dollars lepended upon his keeping his appointment in London, he must lose it all, and go to ner. Sending for his luggage, and writing few letters of explanation, the nex norning found him on his way to the ledars, which he reached on the day whe

Maude expected him. She had left Grace asleep when she wen to meet Max, but on re-entering her roon ound her awake and leaning on her elboy in the attitude of intense listening.

"Oh, Maude," she said, "was it

dream, or did I hear Max speaking to yo in the hall? Tell me, is he here?" "Yes, he is hero. I sent for him and he came," Maude replied, while Grace fel

back upon her pillow, whispering faintly Bring him at once." "Come," Maud said to Max, who follow ed her to the sick room, where she left hin slone with Grace.

He stayed by her all that night and th day following, in order to give Maude the rest she needed, but when the second night came they kept the watch together, he or one side of the bed, and she upon the other with their eyes fixed upon the white pinched face where the shadow of death was settling. For several nours Grace slept quietly. Then, just as the gray-daylight was beginning to show itself in the corners f the room she awoke and asked, "Where Max? "Here, darling!" was his response.

Twin sappliers bound above hereyes, to match their fiery blue;
And, where her hair was parted back, an opal gem he set—
Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met.

"Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient grudge you keep or a grudge you keep."

"Here, darling!" was his response, as the bent over her and kissed her pallid lips.

"I think it has grown cold and dark, for I can't see you," she said, groping for his hand, which she held tightly between her own as she went on: "I have been dreaming, Max—such a pleasant dream, or I want to be the pallid lips. for I was young again—young as Maude, and wore my bridal dress, just as I did "I thank you for the word," she said; your that day when you said I was so pretty. But when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors still the storm?

"I thank you for the word," she said; your that day when you said I was so pretty. Do you remember it? That was years ago —oh! so many—and I am getting old; we both are growing old. You said so in your "There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl letter. But Maude is young, and in my beneath the wave, dram she wore the bridal dress at the last, and I saw my own grave, with you beside it and Maude, and both so sorry because was dead. But it is better so, and I am glad to die and be at rest. If I could be what I once was, oh! how I should cling to life! For I love you so much! Oh. Max do you know, can you guess how I have loved you all these years, and what it has come

> Max's only answer was the hot tears he ropped upon her face as she went on You will not forget me; that I know but sometime—yes sometime—and when it comes, remember—I was willing. I told

> Mande so. Where is she?' "Here!" and Maude knelt, sobbing, by the dying woman, who went on: "She has been everything to me, Max, and I love her next to you. God bless you both! And if, in the heaven I am going to, I can watch over you, I will do it, and be often, often with you, when you think I am far away. Who was it said that? I read it ong ago. But things are going from me and Heaven is very near, and the Saviour is with me-closer, nearer than you are Max; and the other world is just in sight, where I soon shall be, free from pain, with my poor, crippled feet all strong and well, like Maude's. Dear Maude! tell her how I

loved her; tell her — ."

Here her voice grew indistinct, and for few moments she seemed to be sleeping; then suddenly opening her eyes wide exclaimed, as an expression of joy broke over her face: "It is here—the glory which shineth as the noonday. In another moment I shall be walking the golden streets. Good-bye, Max; good-bye." Grace was dead, and Maude made her

ready for the coffin, her tears falling like rain upon the shrivelled feet and on the waxen hands which she folded over the pulseless bosom, placing in them the flowers her mistress had loved best in life. She was to be buried in Mt. Auburn, and Maude went with the remains to Boston,

as Grace had requested her to do, caring nothing because Mrs. Marshall More hinted broadly at the impropriety of the act, wondering how she could have done it.

"She did it at Grace's request, and to the lady, who was afraid of her brother, and a little afraid of Maude, who did not seem quite the girl she had last seen in

Merrivale. "What will you do now? Go back to your teaching?" she asked, after tho funeral was over.

"I shall go home to mother," Maude replied, and that afternoon she took the train for Merrivale, accompanied by Max, who was going on to New York, and thence to keep his appointment in London.

Few where the words spoken between them during the journey, and those mostly of the dead woman lying under the snow at Mt. Auburn; but when Merrivale was reached Max took the girl's hands in his own and pressed them hard as he called her a second time by her name.

"God bless you, Maude, for all you were o Grace. When I can I will write to to Grace.

you. Good-bye.
Only for a moment the train stopped at as much as that before I saw you. Of Only for a moment the train stopped at course I can talk about something besides the station, and then it moved swiftly on, leaving Maude standing upon the platform with her mother and John, while Max resumed his seat, and, pulling his hat over

the Cunard line was plowing the ocean to the eastward, and Max Gordon was among the passengers, silent and abstracted. bitter sense of loneliness and pain in his heart as he thought of the living and the dead he was leaving behind—Grace, who was to have been his bride, dead in all her sweetness and beauty, and Maude, who was nothing to him but a delicious memo alive in all her freshness and vouthfu bloom. He could hardly tell of which he thought the more, Grace or Maude. Both seemed ever present with him, and it was many a day before he could rid himself of the fancy that two faces were close against his own, one cold and dead, as he had seen it last, with the snowy hair about the brow and a smile of perfect peace upon the lips love to him—the other glowing with life and which had never said aught but words of girlish beauty, as it had looked at him in the gathering darkness when he stood upon the car step and waved it his good-bye. CHAPTER X.

Five years had passed since Grace was laid in her grave in Mt. Auburn, and Max was still abroad, leading that kind of Bo hemian life which many Americans lead in Europe, when there is nothing to call then home. And to himself Max often said there was nothing to call him home, but as ofter as he said it a throb of pain belied his words, for he knew that across the sea was a face and voice he was longing to hear and and see again, a face which now visited him in his dreams quite as often as that of his dead love, and which he always saw as it had looked at him that summer afternoon in the log house among the Richland hills with the sunlight falling upon the rings o hair and lending a warmer tint to the glow ing cheeks. Delicious as was the memory of that afternoon, it had been the means o keeping Max abroad during all these years for in the morbid state of mind into which he had fallen after Grace's death he felt he must do penance for having allowed him-self for a moment to forget her who had believed in him so fully.

"Grace trusted me, and I was false to her and will punish myself for it, even if by that means I lose all that makes life desire able," he thought; and so he stayed or and on, year after year, knowing always and on, year after year, knowing always just where Maude was and what she was doing, for Archie kept him informed. Occasionally he wrote to her himself—pleasant, chatty letters, which had in them greal deal of Grace-his lost darling, he called her—and a little of the places he was visiting. Occasionally, too, Maude wrote to him, her letters full of Grace, with a little of her life in Merrivale, for she was with her mother now, and had been since Miss Raynor's death. A codicil to Grace' will, bequeathing her a few thousand dollars, made it unnecessary for her to earn her own livelihood. Indeed, she might have bought Spring Farm, if she had liked: but this she would not do. money given for that must be earned by herself, paid by the book she was writing. and which, after it was finished and published, and after a few savage criticism by some dyspeptic critics, who saw no good in it, began to be read, then to be talked about, then to sell-until finally it became the rage and was found in every bookstore and railway car and on almos every parlor table in New England, while the young authoress was spoken of "as a star which at one flight had soared to the zenith of literary fame," and this from the very pens which had at first denounced "Sunny Bank," as a milk-and-watery effort, not werth the paper on which it was written. All Mrs. Marshall-More's guests at Spring Farm read it, and Mrs. Marshall More and Archie read it, too, and both went down to congratulate the author upon her success, the latter saying to her, as he heat his boot with his cane, and looked admiringly at her through the glasses he now wore, "I say, Maude, your prophecy came true. You told me you'd write a book which everyone would read, and which would make mother proud to say sh knew you, and, by Jove, you have done it. You ought to hear her talk to some Boston people about Miss Graham, the authores You'd suppose you'd been her dearest friend. I wonder what Unole Max will say. I told you you would make him your hero, and you have. I recognized him at once; but the heroine is more like Grace than you.

I am going to send it to him." And the next steamer which sailed from New York for Europe carried with it Maude's book directed to Max Gordon, who read it at one sitting in a sunny nook of the Colossem, where he spent a great part of his time. Grace was in it, and he was in it, too, he was sure, and, reading between the lines what a stranger could not read, he felt when he had finished it that in the passionate love of the heroine for the hero ne heard Maude calling to him to come back to the happiness there was still for

"And I will go." he said. "Five years of penance have atoned for five minutes of forgetfulness, and Grace would bid me go, if she could, for she foresaw what would be

and told me she was willing." With Max to will was to do, and among the list of passengers who sailed from Liverpool, March 20th, 18—, was the name of Maxwell Gordon, Boston, Mass.

It was the 2nd of April, and a lovely morning, with skies as blue and air as soft and warm as in the later days of May And Spring Farm, for the season, wa looking its loveliest, for Mrs. Marshall More had lavished fabulous sums of money upon it, until she had very nearly transformed it into what she meant it should be, an English Park. She knew that Maude had once expressed her intention to buy it back some day, but this she was sure sup could never do, and if she could, Max would never sell it, and if he would she would never let him. So, with all these nevers to reassure her, she went on year after year improving and beautifying the piace until it was worth far more than when it came into her hands, and she was contemplating still greater improvements during the com-ing summer when Maz suddenly walked in upon her, and announced ais intention of

going to Merrivale the next day.

"But where will you stay? Both houses are closed—only the one at Spring Farm has in it an old couple—Mr. and Mrs. Martin—who look after it in the winter," she said, and Max replied, "I will stay at Spring Farm with the Martins. I want to see the place." And the next day found him there, occupying the room which, by a little skilful questioning of Mrs. Martin, he learned had been Maude's when her

father owned the farm.

Miss Graham was home, she said, and at once launched out into praises of the young authoress of whom Merrivale was so proud "And to think," she said. "that she was born here in this very house! It seems

so queer. And is the house more honored nov than went she was simple Mande Graham?" Max asked; and the old lady "To be sure it is. Any house can have a baby born in it, but not every one an authoress!" and with that sho bustled off to see about supper for her

Max was up early the next morning wondering how soon it would be proper for him to call upon Maude. He had no thought that she would come to him, and was somewhat surprised when just after breakfast her card was brought by Mrs. Martin, who said she was in the parlor. Mande had heard of his arrival from Mr. Martin, who had stopped at the cottage the previous

night on his way to the village.
"Mr. Gordon in town! I supposed he was in Europe!" she exclaimed, feeling herself grow hot and cold and faint as she thought of Max Gordon being so near to

That very afternoon she had received

more than she had expected. There was enough to buy Spring Farm, if Max did not ask too much, and she resolved to write to him at once and ask his price. But that was not necessary now, for he was here and she should see him face to face, and the next morning she started for Spring Farm immediately after their breakfast,

which was never served very early. Will he find me greatly changed, wonder." she thought, as she sat waiting for him, her heart beating so rapidly that sh could scarcely speak when at last he came and stood before her, the same man she had parted from five years before save that he seemed a little older, with a look of

weariness in his eyes. But that lifted the moment they rested upon her.
"Oh. Mande." was all he could say as

he held her hands in his and looked into the face he had seen so often in his dreams, though never as beautiful as it was now. "Maude," he began at last, "I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you again, or how glad I am for your success read the book in Rome. Archie sent it to me, and I have come to congratulate

He was talking so fast and pressing he hands so hard that he almost took her breath away. But she released herself from him, determining to have the business off her mind as soon as possible, and began abruptly:

I was surprised to hear of your arrival and glad, too, as it saves me the trouble of writing you. I can buy Spring Farm now. You know you promised to keep it for me.

What is your price?"
"How much can you give?" Max asked and without stopping to consider the strangeness of the question, Maude told bim frankly the size of the check she had received, and asked if it were enough. 'No, Maude," Max said, and over the

face looking so anxiously at him there fell a cloud of disappointment as Maude replied, "Is it much more you ask?" "Yes, a great deal more," and Max seated himself beside her upon the sofa, for she was now sitting down; "but I think you can arrange it. Don't look so sorry. It is you I want, not your money, Will you give me yourself in return for Spring Farm?"

He had her hands again, but she drew them from him, and, covering her face with them, began to ory, while he went on: "Five years is a long time to wait for one we love, and I have waited that length of time, with thoughts of you in my heart, almost as much as thoughts of Grace, whom I loved dearly while she lived. But she is dead, and could she speak she would bid you grant me the happiness I have been denied so many years. I think she knew it would come some day. I am sure she did, and she told me she was willing. I did not mean to ask you quite so soon, but the sight of you, so beautiful and sweet, and the belief that you care for me as I care for you, has made me forget all the proprieties, and I cannot recall my words, so I ask you again to be my wife, to give yourself as the price of Spring Farm, which shall be your home as long as you choose to make it so. Will you Maude? I have come thousands of miles for your answer, which must not

What else he said, or what she said, it is unnecessary for the reader to know; only this, that when the two walked back to the cottage. Maude said to her mother, " I am to marry Mr. Gordon in June, and you will spend the summer in our old home, and

John will go to college in the fall."

It was very bad taste in Max to select
the 20th of June for his wedding-day, and
she should suppose he would remember 20 years ago when Grace Raynor was to have een his bride, Mrs. Marshall-More said to archie, when commenting upon he brother's approaching marriage, which did not altogether please her. She would far rather that he should remain single, for Archie's sake and her own. And still it was some comfort that she was to have for her sister one so famous as Maude was getting to be. So she went up to Merrivale early in June and opened her own house, and patronized Maude and Mrs. Graham, and made many suggestions with regard to the wedding, which she would have had very fine and elaborate had they allowed it But Maude's perference was for a quiet affair with only a few of her more intimate friends present. And she had her way Archie was there, of course, and made him self master of ceremonies. He had received the news of Maude's engagement with a keener pang of regret than he had thought it possible for him to feel, and suddenly ke up to a consciousness that he ha always had a greater liking for Maude than he supposed. But it was too late now, and casting his regrets to the winds he made the best of it, and was apparently the gayest of all the guests who, on the morning of the 20th of June assembled in Mrs Graham's parlor, where Max and Maude

were made one. Aunt Maude, Archie oalled her, as he kisse her two or three times and asked if she mbered the time she cried on the necl of the brown ox, and declared her hatred of

Max and all relations.
"But I did not know him then; did I,
Maux?" Maude said; and the bright face lifted to her husband told that she was far from hating him now.

There was a short trip to the west, and a flying visit to Richland and the Cedars fraught with memories of the past and of Grace, whose grave on the wedding-day had been one mass of flowers which Max had ordered put there. "Her wedding garment," he said to Maude, to whom he told what h had done. "She seems very near to me now, and I am sure she is glad."

It was a lovely July day, when Max and Maude returned from their bridal journey and took possession of the old home at Spring Farm, where Mrs. Graham met them with a very different expression upon her face from what it wore when we first saw her there years ago. The place was hers again, to enjoy as long as she lived : and if it had been beautiful when she left it, she found it far more so now, for Mrs. Marshall-More's improvements for which Max's money had paid, were mostly in good taste, and never had the grands looked better than when Max and Maude drove into them on this July after-Although a little past their prime there were roses everywhere, and the grassy walks, which Mrs. Marshall-More had substituted in place of gravel, where freshly cut, and smooth and soft as velvet, while the old-fashioned flowers Mande loved so well were filling the air with their perfume and the birds in the maple tree seemed carolling a welcome to

the bride, so full were they of song.

And here we shall leave her, happy in her old home and in her husband's love beside. Whether she will ever write nother book we do not know. Probably she will, for where the brain seeds have taken root it is hard to dislodge them, and Maude oftens hears around her the voices of new ideal friends, to whom she may sometime be compelled to give shape and name, as she did to the friends of her

THE END.

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of eve light, tube casts in urine, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss of fiesh and dropsical swelling-any one or more of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney disease or Bright's Disease, and Warner's Eals Cure should be freely used according to directions. Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the city of New York, says : " More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis says, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney of money in leather," don't dispute with his eyes, never spoke again until New York him—purses are made of leather.

There store is the first check from her publisher, and found myself the victim of a serious kidn been delighted with the amount, so much trouble, I should use your preparation."

A NEW NAVAL TERROR.

England's Latest Supply Ship-A Quick Fighter and a Fast Sailor.

A new acquisition to England's navy was lannahed recently and christened the Valcan. She is dssigned as a twin-screv torpedo-boat ship, but is a fast protected cruiser and a formidable fighting craft as well and represents an entirely novel type. The construction of the Vulcan was be on June 16th, 1888. She is of 6,200 tons displacement-larger, in short, than any of the large Indian troop ships and three times as large as many a cruiser. She is built of steel, her hull alone weighing 3,170 tons, and her principal measurements are as follows: Length, 350 feet; beam, feet : mean draught, 22 feet. The vertical an unusually heavy and character and is 3 feet substantial 6 inches high. The cast-steel U-shaped stempost is extra strong, weighing five tons. The vessel is divided into numerous water-tight compartments and is protected by a continuous steel deck six inches deep in the slope and 21 inches elsewhere. The engines are of the triple expansion type, and will give a collective adicated horse power under forced draught of 12,000. They will drive the ship at a speed of 30 knots (23 miles) and 18 knots (20.7 miles) at sea. There will be storage for 1,000 tons of coal, an amount sufficient for 3.000 miles steaming at 18 knots an ur. She will have a balance rudder that will enable the new war ship to turn a complete circle of not more than 400 yards in diameter in little over three minutes. As a torpedo depot ship she will be admirably adapted for the work. She will be a floating factory, full of forges and workshops for the repair of torpedo boats and torpedoes, submarine mines and all the necessary gear for submarine work on a large scale, and she will also have upon her decks a small flotilla, pro-bably eight in number of second class torpedo boats of the largest size. These will be able to hoist overboard and dis patch in all directions at a few minutes notice. The vulcan will also have a tor pedo armament of her own, consisting of six launching tubes, some of which are to be under water. Regarded more particularly as a cruiser, she will possess qualities which will entitle her to rank among most formidable unarmored ornisers in the world. She will have weapons which close range will be capable of penetrating armor up to nearly sixteen inchess thick.
The quick firing arrangement will be the most nowerful of any shin in the world. It will enable her to discharge on each broad side a storm of from eighty to one hundred and fifty projectiles a minute; and should she ever be attacked by unarmored cruisers or topedo boats, she would be able to giv them a warm reception .- New York World

The Death Roll of the Forth Bridge,

In an article under the above heading writer in the Pall Mall Gazette says he has learned from Dr. Hunter, of South Queens ferry, that, including five drowning cases, the fatal accidents from all causes in con nection with the Forth Bridge amount fifth-three. As regards those killed in the actual construction of the bridge there have been forty-four lives lost, death taking place either at the time of the accident or soon after. One man trusted himself to work at a height of 120 feet over the water of the Firth, simply grasping a rope. His hands got numbed with cold, his grasp relaxed, he fell backwards down and down into the water, and he was fished up alive. In another instance a spanner fell 300 feet knocked off a man's cap and fell on the wooden stage at his feet, and went clean through a four inch plank. In another case somewhat similar, a spanner which fell from a great height actually man's clothes from his w man's clothes from his waistcoat to his ankle, and left him uninjured. One of the most thrilling incidents was that in which the "staging," or scaffolding on which the men work high up in mid-air, gave way, carrying a number of poor fellows in its fall. Two of these men, striking some portion of the work in their descent, were killed before they reached the water: one or two others who fell clear of the girders were rescued from the Firth little the worse for their fall and immersion Two others, however, managed as they fell to grasp at one of the struts high up above the water, and there they clung for dear life: to effect their rescue was itself as undertaking of no slight danger. efforts were promptly made, and before long the man who happened to be nearest the rescuers was reached. And this brave ellow, hanging there to the ironwork actually dissuaded the rescuers from delay ing to take him off before they saved hi "Never mind me," companion. "Never mind me," he said, "I can hold on a bit longer; go and see to my mate, for he's getting dazed, and he'll drop." Happily this hero and his mate, too, were saved

The Favorite Times for Suicide.

Statistics show that the months in which the fewest suicides occur are October and November, while the greatest number occur in April, May and June. July and Septen ber also have a goodly share, the latter possessing a peculiar fascination for women. This refutes the old idea that suicides occur more frequently in damp and gloomy weather, for the months just mentioned as being the most prolific are certainly those in which the skies look brightest and the earth is fairest. Another remarkable fact in this connection is that the progressive increase and decrease in the number of suicides coincide with the engthening and shortening of the days and, as M. Guerry has shown, not only the seasons of the year, but the days of the month and the week, and even the hours of the day, exert an influence, the constancy of which cannot be mistaken. As a result of his elaborate research he found that the occurred during the first ten days of the month, and from Monday to Thursday of the week. This is accounted for by remembering that the majority of working men receive their wages either on the and that " pay day" is often followed by dissipation, debauchery and remorse. Oct tingen completed this interesting observation by showing that the larger number of suicides among women take place during the last half of the week, when they are most apt to feel the effects of man's rodigality and wrong doing. In regard to the hours of the day, we know, from Brierre de Boismont's examination of 1,993 cases of suicide in Paris, that the maximum number occurred between 6 a.m. and noon, and thereafter regularly declined, reaching the minimum at the hour before sunrise Popular Scienze Monthly.

Willie Was Quite Right.

Mrs. Dumpsey-"For shame, Willie You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a girl—girl's don't fight." Willie Dumpsey "Yes, ma, but don't you think it's better to have a good square fight and get all the mad out of you, than to carry it around, the way girls do, for months?"-Lawrence

Gently Corrected: Miss Chatty Lafite (of Chicago, at the seaside)—There goes a crab. What a strange creature it is! Don't you think so. Miss Somerset? Miss Minerva Comercet (of Boston)—It is passing strange, yes. Miss Chatty Lafite—You mean it is passing strangely, no doubt. That's one on you, Miss Somerset.

"Maria," said the Chicago husband, " I beg of you to listen to me." "No, sir; I and recolved, and you can say nothing to change me. I will have a divorce." "But, Maria, one word." "Well." "Even your best friend would tell you that you haven't a ghost of a show on the stage.

THE VALUABLE MECHANIC.

Some Good Advice to the Young Man Learning His Trade.

When a young man starts out to learn his trade, says the Stationary Engineer, and goes into a shop totally unschooled in the manual performance of his duties in the new field of life on which he is entering, it his fact, viz : That his position, so far as it relates to himself, is intrinsically an educational one, as much so as in the school or college from which he may have recently graduated. The simple performance of so many hours' work per day, while it has a certain financial measure of value to the employer, has a value to himself when properly considered that is greater than can be measured in currency. As his progress and standing in the school depended on the thorough mental understanding of each progressive step he took, so, only in a more material sense, his advance mechanical skill and knowledge his advance in dependent on his thoroughly understand-ing not only the routine details of his work, but the why and wherefore of each operation. There always has been, and probably always will be, two classes of mechanics—these who stand at their bench and go through the manual motions of their work like automatic machines, with little more conception of why the results are as they are, and the other that class of men who make no moves without knowing why and how results are obtained and the relative importance of each step. This is the mechanical education that counts, the education that schools the mind to a clear comprehension of the principles equally with details, and leads unfailingly to that bigher field where skill, diligence and marked ability find their natural level. The young man who, on beginning his mechanical education, realizes and acts upon these truths, will develop that ability which is not gauged by mere manual dexterity, but rather that which, when later years he may be called to design, lay out and superintend the work of others, will enable him to creditably fill the position. Such positions come to those who bring thought and brains, as well as manual dexterity, to assist them in their work. To such men we owe the improvements of the age in every branch of mechanics. It is a fact that too many mechanics work along day after day accomplishing their work by "main strength and foolishness," which is the direct and legitimate result of a lack of proper and thorough application in their earlier mechanical life. The point em-phasized is that the mind that is able, through careful training and application to bring to bear a knowledge of the principles involved, as well as execution of detail in the work, is one that approaches that standard of ability which should be the aim of every young man who is beginning his mechanical education—his work in the When he has attained this no question of wages will ever trouble him. Such men are always wanted. The supply is not equal to the demand.

RAILWAY RACING TO SCOTLAND.

Five Hundred and Forty Miles in Twelv

Hours and Fifty Minutes. This season the railway companies have again begun to "race" each other, with this difference, as compared with last year that the fastest speed is attained by train running between Aberdeen and London, instead of by trains from London to Edin-burgh. It is now possible for passengers from the "Granite City" of Aberdeen to make the journey to London by the G. N. W. Railway in the course of the same lay, for the traveller who leaves that city at 6.15 in the morning will reach London at 7 o'clock in the evening. This is a mar-vellously quick run for a distance of nearly 600 miles, the quickest, indeed, that has ver been attempted between Scotland and England. This train is declared to be the quickest in the Kingdom. Besides being great boon to travellers from Aberdeen, the new train will enable letters that leave that place in the morning to be delivered the same evening by the last post in London. On the return trip you may travel the 540 miles to Aberdeen in 12 hours 50 minutes leaving at 10.30 a. m. and arriving 11 20 p.m. By the Great Northern the time aken is 13 hours, or slightly more than by the rival route—10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

The Governor's Chase.

The Governor sat in his easy chair, a spy-glass at his eye—"Has any one seen three thousand men and a train of cars go by? A pilot train with the bad men on and another one still: with rattle of wheels and clank of bell, and shrick of the whistle shrill? They travel not as the flying ship, in silence and in fear; they whoop and holler and howl and vell for all the world to hear. They have advertised the place of the fight, for six long weeks or more, and I fear that I cannot find the place, 'till the brutal fight is o'er. Oh, rally and squander, my meu-at-arms, and look if you can see where three railway trains and three thousand men have hidden

They rallied and squandered, those mer at arms, they searched the country through and another Governor came along, and ioined the searchers, too. They looked in the clock and under the stairs, and under the bed they peered, and out in the kitchen and everywhere, but the trains had disappeared. They felt in their pockets and looked in their hats, and lowered a man down the well, but where all those sluggers had disappeared to, there wasn't nobody could tell. asked a boy at Lowery's store, and the blind man down by the hall, and the woman who keeps the candy shop, but they hadn't seen nothin' at all. They dragged the pond at Sawyer's mill, and they questioned the toll gate man, and all through the lot at the back of his house, the Governor raced and ran. But all in vain, for wherever he looked, the people he sought were gone, and the only place he didn't look was where the fight was on. And he never knew there had been a fight until a we k and a day, then he sent a constable after the men, four thousand miles away. Long live the State of Massasip! The

Governor, long live he! If ever the moon should run away may he there to see Should hostile powers invade his land at some far distant day, may he find the foe that wastes his State before it goes away. And great good medicine had it been, for the land of the sunny South, had the Governor closed his smooth-bore eyes and looked with his long-range mouth.—Burhis smooth-bore eyes and dette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

A Sad Case.

Two children belonging to Duncan Hartelle, of Cornwall Centre, died this week from diphtheria. The mother has been suffering from the same disease, and the case is made all the more sad by the fact that poor Hartelle himself does not know anything about the hand of death cutting down two of his bright little children, he being an inmate of the Rockwood Asylum. He was sent to that institution only a few months ago. The deeply aflicted mother has the sympathy of all in her bereavement.—Cornwall Freeholder.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M.D., F.R.S.E., ordinary physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland; Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes of Bright's Disease as follows: "Catarrh of the intestine also occasionally occurs, sometimes prolucing an exhausting diarrhoa." Warner's Sate Cure cure, the Diarrhosa by first removing the cause.

An Old Brute,

Miss Prynne -I wonder why they always call ships " she? Mr. Flynne-Because they are all craft. BRITISH SERVING PEOPLE.

Retainers of the Old Nobility and Their Peculiarities.

The best domestic servants in the world are undoubtedly to be found in England, writes a New York Sun correspondent. Nowhere else can such thorough, trustis important that he should bear in mind servants of the aristocracy in the middle this fact, viz.: That his position so far as a servants of the aristocracy in the middle worthy and willing service be had. ages were a class apart, and they have remained so ever since. To day a servant in Great Britain considers himself of a lower order of mankind than his master, and brings up his children in the same belief. Humility is the creed. The master—per-haps a drunken, sottish and poverty-stricken gambler, graced by neither birth nor position—curses his servant like mad and flings his boot jack at him. The servant, who is as likely as not an intelligent, onest, frugal and temperate man, dodges the boot-jack, bows respectfully and murmurs the perennial "Thank you, sir." The domestic servants of England are creatures of remarkable foibles and conceits. Thackeray immortalized the flunkey's speech and manner, but it is doubtful whether the ridicule he poured upon them has had any effect toward correcting their ex-travagance, as it would upon that of any other class. These servants still spe-atrocious English, but with an unmistant ably aristocratic accent, and although their pay is seldom high, they look down with lofty contempt upon workingmen, or, in deed, upon any one not holding the social rank which entitles him to treat them with insolence. In England the law assigns to every one, from the ranks of "gentleman" or "esquire" upward, a distinct rank or precedence on the social ladder. The servants, of course, are not included in this but among themselves they give every man or woman his or her place in the strictest manner according to the rank of the master. A duke's servant takes precedence over that of a marquis' and the ervant of either of these nobilities looks down upon a man who is the servant of merely a "gentleman." A thing which nelps them greatly in maintaining these distinctions is that under no circumstances do they ever do work outside that apper-taining to their particular offices. A but-ler, for instance, would be much less likely to put a hand to work which should h done by a footman than a duke himself. The upper men servants have usually acquired, as a result frequently of hereditary transmissions, an air of aristocratic vacuity or superciliousness. They are not allowed to grow mustaches, but that only serves to make more prominent the aquiline nose and half scorpful lip. It also makes one think that they must be relatives or friends of the great men of the earlier Victorian period, such as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Welling-ton, and that they are survivals of that period. They are almost incomprehensible o the majority of Americans in their intense arrogance.

Played For All It Is Worth. Seedy Tragedian (on the Rialto)-Got ny engagement yet? Seedy Comedian—Yes, I'm playing a mail part at the Fashion Theatre.

"No salary; but the part calls for a meal on the stage, and I get something to

Logic is Logic.

'What salary?'

Now there was the case of our friend McKay: He said to himself, in his resolute way, Phat a cough which was growing from bad to

That a cough which was growing from bad to worse

Must be cured, in spite of a slender purse,
An ocean voyage was out of the question,
A Florida trip a ureless suggestion;
Yet die he wouldn't! His money he paid
For the "Golden Medical Discovery," by Dr.
Pierco made:
And as sound as a nut is his health to-day—
"Logic is logic, that's all I say."

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only
medicine for the discovery it is recommended.

nedicine for the diseases it is recommended to cure, sold by druggists, under a positive uarantee from the manufacturers, that if t don't either benefit or cure in every case, the money paid for it will be promptly re-

A Vocal Impediment.

unded.

Mrs. Bloodgood—I understand that Mrs. Chataway, who has just moved into our block, has an impediment in her speech. What is it? Do you know? Mrs. Parvenu-Her teeth drop out while

she is talking .- Burlington Free Press.

"One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers; But they whom Truth and Wisdom load, Can gather honey from a weed."

Those who are wise, and who love the truth, will believe what we say when we tell them that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more to relieve the sufferings of women, than all other medicine now known to science. It cures all irregu larities, internal inflammation and ulcer ation, displacements and kindred troubles. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Happy Family.

There is no cheerfulness in the world emparable to that afforded by the daily life of a large family. There may be a depth of bliss where only two are together of which the life lived by ten or a dozen could afford no idea; but for the cheer of varied interests, of lively voices, of going and coming, of song and laughter, what can be desired better than a large family?— Wilson Star.

Will You Read This for \$560 ? For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by enquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by

druggists at 50 cents. The Merican W.sp.

The Mexican wasp is built entirely for business. He is over two inches long when he is of age and is about the color of a bay horse. His plunger is fully an inch lon and as fine as a spider's web. Unlike t stinger of the common bee, the stinger of the Mexican wasp is non-forfeitable. He doesn't give it up after one lunge, but has it always in readiness for an all-day job if necessary. The mission of the Mexican wasp seems to be merely to hunt up people and run that stinger of his into them. The natives say he will go ten miles out of his way to get a whack at a person. The natives seem to get fat on snake bites, centipede bites and scorpion stings, but if they discover one of these wasps in the neigh borhood they hunt for cover without delay. -Tombstone Epitaph.

-Here is Senator Wm. M. Evarts' definition of a contingent fee; "It is a very simple thing. I can explain to you what a contingent fee means in a few words. In short, if I lose your suit I get nothing; if I win your suit you get nothing.'

-He is a fool that praises himself and ne a madman that speaks ill of himself.

