

SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

Sir Guy, who has been an unwilling though fascinated spectator of this scene, grows pale and turns abruptly aside as Archibald and Lillian, laughing gayly, disappear into the shrubberies beyond.

But once out of sight of the billiard room windows, Miss Chesney's gayety cruelly deserts her. She is angry with Guy for reasons she would die rather than acknowledge even to herself, and she is indignant with Archibald for reasons she would be puzzled to explain at all, while hating herself for what she is pleased to term her frivolity, such as jumping out of windows as though she were still a child, instead of being a full grown young woman! What must Guy—what would any one think of her?

"It was awfully good of you to choose me," says Archibald, after a few minutes, feeling foolishly elated at his success.

"For what?" coldly.

"For a walk."

"Did I choose you?" asks Lillian, in a tone that should have warned so worldly-wise a young man as Chesney. He, however, fails to be warned, and rushes wildly on his destruction.

"I thought so," returns he, growing perplexed: "Chetwoode was quite as anxious to accompany you as I was, and you decided in my favor."

"Simply because you were outside the window, and looked more like moving than he did."

"He was considerably sold for all that," says this foolish Archibald, with an idiotic laugh, that under the circumstances is madness. Miss Chesney freezes.

"Sold? how?" she asks, with a suspicious thirst for knowledge. "I don't understand."

The continued iciness of her tone troubles Archibald.

"You seem determined not to understand," he says, buffly. "I only mean he would have given a good deal to go with you, until you showed him plainly you didn't want him."

"I never meant to show him anything of the kind. You quite mistake."

"Do I?" with increasing wrath. "Well, I think when a woman tells a fellow she thinks it would be a pity to disturb him, it comes to very much the same thing in the end. At all events, Chetwoode took it in that light."

"How silly you can be at times, Archibald!" says Lillian, promptly. "I really wish you would not take up such absurd notions. Sir Guy did not look at it in that light; he knows perfectly well I detest long walks, and that I seldom go for one, so he did not press the point. And in fact I think I shall change my mind now: walking is such a bore, is it not?"

"Are you not coming then?" stopping short, and growing black with rage: "you don't seem to know your own mind for two minutes together, or else you are trying to provoke me! First you ask me to go to the wood with you, and now you say you will not go! What am I to think of it?"

"I wouldn't be rude, if I were you," says Miss Chesney, calmly, "and I wouldn't lose my temper. You make me absolutely uncomfortable when you let that wicked look grow upon your face. One would think you would like to murder me. Do try to be amiable! And as for trying to provoke you, I should not take the trouble! No, I shall not go with you now, certainly: I shall go with Cyril," pointing to where Cyril is sauntering towards the entrance to the wood at some short distance from them.

Without waiting to address another word to the discomfited Archibald, she runs to Cyril and slips her hand within his arm.

"Will you take me with you wherever you are going?" she says, smiling confidently up into his face.

"What a foolish question! of course I am only too glad to get so dear a little companion," replies he smothering a sigh very successfully; though to be honest, he is hardly enraptured at the thought of having Lillian's (or any one's) society just now. Nevertheless he buries his chagrin, and is eminently agreeable to her as they stroll leisurely in the direction of the Cottage.

When they come up to it Lillian pauses.

"I wish this wonderful goddess would come out. I want to see her quite close," she says peeping through the hedge. "At a distance she is beautiful: I am always wondering whether distance lends enchantment to the view."

"No, it does not," absently. He is looking over the hedge.

"You seem to know all about it," archly: "shall I ask how? What lovely red berries!" suddenly attracted by some coloring a few yards away from her. "Do you see? Wait until I get some."

Springing on to a bank, she draws down to her some bunches of mountain-ash berry, that glow like live coals in the fading greenery around them, and, having detached her prize from the parent stem, prepares to rejoin her companion, who is somewhat distant.

"Why did you not ask me to get them for you?" he asks, rousing himself from his reverie: "how precipitate you always are! Take care, child: that bank is steep."

"But I am a sure-footed little deer," says Miss Chesney, with a saucy shake of her pretty head, and, as she speaks, jumps boldly forward.

A moment later, as she touches the ground, she staggers, her right ankle refuses to support her, she utters a slight groan, and sinks helplessly to the ground.

"You have hurt yourself," exclaims Cyril, kneeling beside her. "What is it Lillian? Is it your foot?"

"I think so," faintly: "it seems twisted. I don't know how it happened, but it pains me terribly. Just there all the agony seems to rest. Ah!" as another dart of anguish shoots through the injured ankle.

"My dear girl, what shall I do for you? Why on earth did you not take my advice?" exclaims Cyril, in a distracted tone. A woman's grief, a woman's tears, always unman him.

"Don't say you told me how it would be," murmurs Lillian, with a ghostly attempt at a smile that dies away in another moan. "It would be adding insult to injury. No, do not stir me: do not; I cannot bear it. Oh, Cyril, I think my ankle is broken."

With this she grows a little paler, and draws her breath with a sharp sound, then whiter, whiter still, until at last her head sinks heavily upon Cyril's supporting arm,

and he finds she has fallen into a deep swoon.

More frightened than he cares to allow, Cyril raises her in his arms and, without a moment's thought, conveys his slight burden straight to the Cottage.

Cecilia, who from an upper window has seen him coming with his strange encumbrance, runs down to meet him at the door, her face full of anxiety.

"What is it?" she asks, breathlessly, bending over Lillian, who is still fainting. "Poor child! how white she is!"

"It is Lillian Chesney. She has sprained her foot, I think," says Cyril, who is white too with concern: "will you take her in while I go for a carriage?"

"Of course. Oh, make haste; her lips are quivering; I am sure she is suffering great agony. Bring her this way—or—no—shall I lay her on my bed?"

"The drawing-room sofa will do very well," going in and laying her gently on it. "Will you see to her? and give her some brandy and—"

"Yes, yes. Now go quickly, and send a messenger for Dr. Bland, while you bring the carriage here. How pretty she is! what lovely hair! Poor little thing! Go, Cyril and don't be long."

When he has disappeared, Mrs. Arlington summons Kate, and together they cut the boot off Lillian's injured foot, remove the dainty little silk stocking, and do for her all that can be done until the doctor sees her. After which, with the help of eau de Cologne and some brandy, they succeed in bringing her to life once more.

"What has happened?" she asks, languidly, raising her hand to her head.

"Are you better now?" Mrs. Arlington asks, in return, stooping kindly over her.

"Yes, thank you, much better," gazing at her with some surprise: "it was stupid of me to faint. But"—still rather dazed—"where am I?"

"At the Cottage. Mr. Chetwoode brought you here."

"And you are Mrs. Arlington?" with a slight smile.

"Yes," smiling in return. "Kate, put a little water into that brandy, and give it to Miss Chesney."

"Please do not, Kate," says Lillian, in her pretty friendly fashion: "I hate brandy. If"—courtously—"I may have some sherry instead, I should like it."

Having drunk the sherry, she sits up and looks quietly around her.

The room is a little gem in its own way, and suggestive of refinement of taste and much delicacy in the art of coloring. Between the softly-tipped pictures that hang upon the walls, rare bits of Worcester and Wedgwood fight for mastery. Pretty lounging-chairs covered with blue satin are dispersed here and there, while cosy couches peep out from every recess. Bric-a-brac of all kinds covers the small velvet tables, that are hung with priceless lace that only half conceals the spindle legs beneath. Exquisite little marble Loves and Venuses and Graces smile and pose upon graceful brackets; upon a distant table two charming Dresden baskets are to be seen smothered in late flowers. All is bright, pretty, and artistic.

"What a charming room!" says Lillian, with involuntary, and therefore flattering, admiration.

"You like it? I fear it must look insignificant to you after Chetwoode."

"On the contrary, it is a relief. There, everything is heavy though handsome, as is the way in all old houses; here, everything is bright and gay. I like it so much, and you too if you will let me say so," says Lillian, holding out her hand, feeling already enslaved by the beauty of the tender, lovely face looking so kindly into hers. "I have wanted to know you so long, but we knew"—hesitating—"you wished to be quite quiet."

"Yes, so I did when first I came here; but time and solitude have taught me many things. For instance,"—coloring faintly,—"I should be very glad to know you; I feel sadly stupid now and then."

"I am glad to hear you say so: I simply detest my own society," says Miss Chesney, with much vivacity, in spite of the foot.

"But,"—with a rueful glance at the bandaged member,—"I little thought I should make your acquaintance in this way. I have given you terrible trouble have I not?"

"No, indeed, you must not say so. I believe"—laughing—"I have been only too glad, in spite of my former desire for privacy, to see some one from the outer world again. Your hair has come down. Shall I fasten it up again for you?" Hardly waiting an answer, she takes Lillian's hair and binds and twists it into its usual soft knot behind her head, admiring it as she does so. "How soft it is, and how long and such a delicious color, like spun silk! I have always envied people with golden hair. Ah, here is the carriage: I hope the drive home will not hurt you very much. She is ready now, Mr. Chetwoode, and I think she looks a little better."

"I should be ungrateful otherwise," says Lillian. "Mrs. Arlington has been so kind to me, Cyril."

"I am sure of that," replies he, casting a curious glance at Cecilia that rather puzzles Lillian, until, turning her eyes upon Cecilia, she sees what a pretty pink flush has stolen into her cheeks. Then the truth all at once flashes upon her, and renders her rather silent, while Cyril and Mrs. Arlington are making the carriage more comfortable for her.

"Come," says Cyril, at length taking her in his arms. "Don't be frightened; I will hurt you as little as I can help." He lifts her tenderly, but the movement causes pain, and a touch of agony turns her face white again. She is not a hero where suffering is concerned.

"Oh, Cyril, be careful," says Mrs. Arlington, fearfully, quite unconscious in her concern for Lillian's comfort that she has used the Christian name of her lover.

When Lillian is at length settled in the carriage, she raises herself to stoop out and take Cecilia's hand.

"Good-by, and thank you again so much she says, earnestly. "And when I am well may I come and see you?"

"You may indeed,"—warmly—"I shall be anxiously expecting you; I shall now"—with a gentle glance from the loving gray eyes—"have a double reason for wishing you soon well."

Moved by a sudden impulse, Lillian leans forward, and the two women as their lips

meet seal a bond of friendship that lasts them all their lives.

For some time after they have left Cecilia's bower Lillian keeps silence, then all at once she says to Cyril, in tones of the liveliest reproach,—

"I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"Would you not," replies he, somewhat startled by this extraordinary address, being plunged in meditation of his own. "You don't say so! But what is it then you can't believe?"

"I think"—with keen upbraiding—"you might have told me."

"So I should, my dear, instantly, if I only knew what it was," growing more and more bewildered. "If you don't want to bring on brain fever, my good Lillian, you will explain what you mean."

"You must have guessed what a treat a real love-affair would be to me, who never knew a single instance of one," says Lillian, "and yet you meanly kept it from me."

"Kept what?" innocently, though he has the grace to color hotly.

"Don't be deceitful Cyril, whatever you are. I say it was downright unkind to leave me in ignorance of the fact that all this time there was a real, unmistakable, bona fide lover near me, close to me, at my very elbow, as one might say."

"I know I am happy enough to be at your elbow just now," says Cyril, humbly, "but to confess the truth, I never yet dared to permit myself to look upon you openly with lover's eyes. I am still at a loss to know how you discovered the all-absorbing passion that I—that any one fortunate enough to know you—must feel for you."

"Don't be a goose," says Miss Chesney, with immeasurable scorn. "Don't you think I have wit enough to see you are head over ears in love with that charming beautiful creature down there in the Cottage? I don't wonder at that: I only wonder why you did not tell me of it when we were such good friends."

"Are you quite sure I had anything to tell you?"

"Quite; I have eyes and I have ears. Did I not see how you looked at her, and how she blushed all up to the roots of her soft hair when you did so? and when you were placing me in the carriage she said, 'Oh, Cyril! and what was the meaning of that, Master Chetwoode, eh? She is the prettiest woman I ever saw,' says Lillian, enthusiastically. 'To see her is indeed to love her. I hope you love her properly, with all your heart?'"

"I do," says Cyril, simply. "I sometimes think, Lillian, it cannot be for one's happiness to love as I do."

"Oh, this is delightful!" cries Lillian, clapping her hands, "I am glad you are in earnest about it; and I am glad you are both so good-looking. I don't think ugly people ought to fall in love: they quite destroy the romance of the whole thing."

"Thanks awfully," says Cyril. "I shall begin to hold up my head now you have said a word in my favor. But"—growing serious—"you really like her, Lillian? How can you be sure you do after so short an acquaintance?"

"I always like a person at once or not at all. I cannot explain why; it is a sort of instinct. Florence I detested at first sight; your Mrs. Arlington I love. What is her name?"

"Cecilia. A pretty name, and suited to her; with her tender beautiful face she looks a saint. You are very fortunate, Cyril: something tells me you cannot fail to be happy, having gained the love of such a woman."

"Dear little sibyl," says Cyril, lifting one of her hands to his lips, "I thank you for your prophecy. It does me good only to hear you say so."

CHAPTER XXI.

Lillian's injury turns out to be not only a sprain, but a very bad one, and strict quiet and rest for the sufferer are enjoined by the fat little family doctor. So for several days she lies supine and obedient upon a sofa in Lady Chetwoode's boudoir, and makes no moan even when King Bore with all his horrible train comes swooping down upon her. He is in greatest force at such times as when all the others are downstairs dining and she is (however gratefully) left to her own devices. The servants passing to and fro with dishes sometimes leave the doors open, and then the sound of merry voices and laughter, that seems more frequent because she is at a distance and cannot guess the cause of their merriment, steals up to her, as she lies dolefully upon her pillows with her hands clasped behind her sunny head.

When four days of penance have so passed, Lillian grows *triste*, then argumentative, then downright irritable, distracting Lady Chetwoode by asking her perpetually, with tears in her eyes, when she thinks she will be well. "She is so tired of lying down. Her foot must be nearly well now. It does not hurt her nearly so much. She is sure, if she might only use it a little now and then, it would be well in half the time," and so on.

At last, when a week has dragged itself to a close, Lillian turns her cajoleries upon the doctor, who is her sworn vassal, and coaxes and worries him into letting her go downstairs, if only to dine.

"Eh? So soon pining for freedom? Why bless me, you have been only two or three days laid up."

"Six long, long days, dear doctor."

"And now you would run the risk of undoing all my work. I cannot let you put your foot to the ground for a long time yet. Well,"—softened by a beseeching glance,— "if you must go down I suppose you must; but no walking, mind! If I catch you walking I shall put you into irons and solitary confinement for a month. I dare say, Lady Chetwoode,"—smiling archly down upon Miss Chesney's slight figure,— "there will be some young gentleman to be found in the house not only able but willing to carry to the dining-room so fair a burden!"

"We shall be able to manage that easily. And it will be far pleasanter for her to be with us all in the evening, Guy, or her cousin Mr. Chesney, can carry her down."

"I think, auntie," speaking very slowly, "I should prefer Archibald."

"Eh! eh! you hear, madam, she prefers Archibald,—happy Archibald!" cackles the little doctor, merrily, being immensely tickled at his own joke.

"Archibald Chesney is her cousin," replies Lady Chetwoode, with a sigh, gazing rather wistfully at the girl's flushed averted face.

So Lillian gains the day, and Sir Guy coming into his mother's boudoir half an hour later is told the glad news.

"Dr. Bland thinks her so much better,"

Lady Chetwoode tells him. "But she is not to let her foot touch the ground; so you must be careful darling," to Lillian, "Will you stay with her a little while, Guy? I must go and write some letters."

"I shan't be in the least lonely by myself," says Lillian, smoothly, letting her fingers stray meaningly to the magazine beside her; yet in spite of this chilling remark Sir Guy lingers. He has taken up his station on the hearthrug and is standing with his back to the fire, his arms crossed behind him, and instead of seeking to amuse his wounded ward, is apparently sunk in reverie. Suddenly, after a protracted silence on both sides, he raises his head, and regarding her earnestly, says,—

"May I take you down to dinner to-night Lillian?"

"Thank you," formally: "it is very kind of you to offer, Sir Guy. But Archie was here a moment ago," and he has promised to take that trouble upon himself." Then, in a low but perfectly distinct tone, "I can trust Archie!"

Although no more is said, Guy thoughtfully understands her thoughts have travelled backwards to that one unlucky night when, through a kiss, he sinned passed all chance of pardon. As his own mind follows hers, the dark color mounts slowly to his very brow.

"Am I never to be forgiven for that one offence?" he asks, going up to her couch and looking gravely down upon her.

"I have forgiven, but unhappily I cannot forget," returns she, gently, without letting her eyes meet his. Then, with an air of deliberation, she raises her magazine, and he leaves the room.

So Sir Guy retires from the contest, and Archibald is elected to the coveted position of carrier to her capricious majesty, and this very night, to her great joy, brings her tenderly, carefully, to the dining-room, where a sofa has been prepared for her reception.

It so happens that three days later Archibald is summoned to London on business, and departs, leaving with Lillian his faithful promise to be back in time to perform his evening duty towards her.

But Mrs. Chesney's proposals, as we know, are not always carried out, and Chesney's fall lamentably short; as just at seven o'clock a telegram arriving for Lady Chetwoode tells her he has been unexpectedly detained in town by urgent matter and cannot by any possibility get home till next day.

Cyril is dining with some bachelor friends near Triston: so Lady Chetwoode, who is always thoughtful, bethinks her there is no one to bring Lillian down to dinner except Guy. This certainly, for some inward reason, troubles her. She sighs a little as she remembers Lillian's marked preference for Chesney's assistance, then she turns to her maid—the telegram has reached her as she is dressing for dinner—and says to her,—

"A telegram from Mr. Chesney he cannot be home to dinner. My hair will do very well, Hardy: go and tell Sir Guy he need not expect him."

Hardy, going, meets Sir Guy in the hall below, and imparts her information.

Naturally enough, he too thinks first of Lillian. Much as it displeases his pride, he knows he must in common courtesy again offer her his rejected services. There is bitterness in the thought, and perhaps a little happiness also as he draws his breath rather quickly, and angrily suppresses a half smile as it curls about his lips. To ask her again, to be again perhaps refused! He gazes irresolutely at the staircase, and then, with a secret protest against his own weakness, mounts it.

The second dinner-bell has already sounded: there is no time for further deliberation. Going reluctantly up-stairs, he seeks with slow and lingering footsteps his mother's boudoir.

The room is unlit, save by the glorious fire, half wood, half coal, that crackles and laughs and leaps in the joy of its own fast living. Upon a couch close to it, bathed in its warm flames, lies the little slender black-robed figure so inexpressibly dear to him. She is so motionless that but for her wide eyes, gazing so earnestly into the fire, one might imagine her wrapt in slumber. Her left arm is thrown upwards so that her head rests upon it, the other hangs listlessly downwards, almost touching the carpet beneath her.

She looks pale, but lovely. Her golden hair shines richly against the crimson satin of the cushion on which she leans. As Guy approaches her she never raises her eyes, although without doubt she sees him. Even when he stands beside her and gazes down upon her, wrathful at her insolent disregard, she never pretends to be aware of his near presence.

"Dinner will be ready in three minutes," he says, coldly: "do you intend coming down to-night?"

"Certainly, I am waiting for my cousin," she answers, with her eyes still fixed upon the fire.

"I am sorry to be the conveyer of news that must necessarily cause you disappointment. My mother has had a telegram from Chesney saying he cannot be home until tomorrow. Business detains him."

"He promised me he would return in time for dinner," she says turning towards him at last, and speaking doubtfully.

"No doubt he is more upset than you can be at his unintended defection. But it is the case for all that. He will not be home to-night."

"Well, I suppose he could not help it."

"I am positive he couldn't!" coldly.

"You have great faith in him," with an unpleasant little smile. "Thank you, Sir Guy: it was very kind of you to bring me such disagreeable news." As she ceases speaking she turns back again to the contemplation of the fire, as though desirous of giving him his conge.

"I can hardly say I came to inform you of your cousin's movements," replies he, haughtily; "rather to ask you if you will accept my aid to get downstairs?"

"Yours!"

"Even mine?"

"No, thank you," with slow surprise, as though she yet doubts the fact of his having again dared to offer his services: "I would not trouble you for worlds!"

"The trouble is slight," he answers, with an expressive glance at the fragile figure below him.

"But yet a trouble! Do not distress yourself, Sir Guy: Parkins will help me, if you will be so kind as to desire him."

"Your nurse"—hastily—"would be able, I dare say."

"Oh, no. I can't bear trusting myself to women. I am an arrant coward. I always think they are going to trip, or let me drop, at every corner."

"Then why refuse my aid?" he says, even at the price of his self-respect.

"No; I prefer Parkins!"

"Oh, if you prefer the assistance of a footman, there is nothing more to be said," he exclaims, angrily, going towards the door much offended, and with just a touch of disgust in his tone.

Now, Miss Chesney does not prefer the assistance of a footman; in fact, she would prefer solitude and a lonely dinner rather than trust herself to such a one: so she pockets her pride, and, seeing Sir Guy almost outside the door, raises herself on her elbow and says, pettishly, and with the most flagrant injustice,—

"Of course I can stay here all by myself in the dark, if there is no one to take me down."

"I wish I understood you," says Guy, irritably, coming back into the room. "Do you mean you wish me to carry you down? I am quite willing to do so, though I wish with all my heart your cousin were here to take my place. It would evidently be much pleasanter for all parties. Nevertheless, if you deign to accept my aid," proudly, "I shall neither trip nor drop you, I promise."

There is a superciliousness in his manner that vexes Lillian; but, having an innate horror of solitude, go down she will; so she says, cuttingly,—

"You are graciousness itself! you give me plainly to understand how irksome is this duty to you. I too wish Archie were here, for many reasons, but as it is—"

she pauses abruptly; and Guy, stooping, raises her quietly, tenderly, in his arms, and with the angry scowl upon his face and the haughty still within his usually kind blue eyes, begins his march down-stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"What is Free Education?"

In its last issue the Canada Educational Monthly propounds the question, "What is free education?" The Monthly proceeds to answer the question by asking a number of others. Is free education the providing of a school for every child the expenses of which are met from the general purse. As the monthly says, the answer comes from several quarters: No. Some claim that in order that education may be free we must provide text books for the pupils. All the books a child requires for school purposes must be provided by the taxpayers; for otherwise, the child without the proper books will not be in a fair position to compete with the child provided with all the books; and moreover, the pupils all having the school requisites will make more uniform progress—at least if all the pupils do not advance equally, it will not be for want of proper books. Well, we now have all the children attending school provided with text books and the cost of such provision charged in the annual tax bill. Have we free education now? The answer is now slow in coming. No. One parent says, by way of answer: My child is poorly clad; that is, not so well clad as someone else's child. And another says my child is hungry, only gets one meal a day, while yours gets three good meals each day. The contest is not fair as between such children. Evidently it is not fair. As we see things, in what community can you find the race of life fair? Then does free education mean that the taxpayer is to provide free tuition, food, clothing for all the children attending our public or state schools? This is the latest development of the modern free education theory—in ancient Greece there were states which took charge of all the children and educated them at the expense of the public. We all know how this was done, and what a complete failure the result was. But to our thinking the ancients were more logical than the moderns in this matter, for they began at the beginning of life and took charge of the conditions of governing the child after birth. Is the final outcome of Christian civilization going to be the same as that of heathen civilization? If not why not? English people have a factor in their civilization which the Greeks and Romans had not in theirs. We freely and most thankfully acknowledge this great truth. But we must ask the question, are the thrifty, the industrious, the thoughtful people to be compelled to feed, clothe, and educate the children of the thoughtless, the reckless and the lazy people of the community? This is the serious question with respect to the large cities that is forcing its self upon the attention of the thoughtful people of Great Britain and the United States of America. It does not press us yet very much in Canada, but it is present in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto. What are we going to do with it? Will Great Britain deal with this most difficult problem as ancient Greece did?

The Largest English Locomotive.

What is described as the largest locomotive ever seen in England has just been built, from designs by Mr. F. C. Winby, by Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn of Newcastle, who intend to despatch it to the Onwivorous Chicago Exhibition, where it is expected to cause a mild sensation. According to a description furnished by Mr. Clement E. Stretton of Leicester the Leviathan engine, which received the name of "James Toleman" at its christening, an interesting operation which we presume took place when water was first let into the boiler, runs upon a four-wheeled leading bogie and two pairs of independent driving wheels of 7 feet 6 inches diameter, and it has four high-pressure cylinders, a noteworthy fact. Two cylinders placed inside under the smoke-box are 17 inches by 22 inches, and they actuate the first pair of driving wheels. Two outside cylinders are placed behind the bogie wheels; they are 16½ inches by 24 inches, and they work the second or trailing pair of driving wheels. The total tractive force exerted by the four cylinders upon the four driving wheels is therefore 143 pounds for each pound of effective pressure. The boiler works at a pressure of 175 pounds, but it is constructed to carry 200 pounds if necessary, and it is of oval section, in order that it may be placed between the tops of the driving wheels. The number of tubes is 189; their diameter is 2½ inches: their length is 16 feet: their heating surface is 1,880 square feet: the heating surface of the firebox is 138 square feet: the total heating surface, 2,018 square feet. The area of firegrate is 28 square feet: the weight of engine in working order 60 tons, and the tender, when loaded, is fully 45 tons, so that the engine and tender complete weigh about 105 tons. The running trials of the latest specimen of British locomotive building skill will be followed with interest both in this country and America.

Secure not thyself in the conceit of not bringing forth evil fruit. A Christian is not defined by mere negatives.