

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carrington, an actress in that city, is persecuted by gipsy crafters among whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

She let her head fall upon her breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them. The mother was thinking of the man who had moved her with false promises, and the daughter, with a shudder, was thinking of the man who had stood in that very room, saying to her much the same words that other false man had said to her broken-hearted mother. And as she thought, a detestation of all men came over her. She had been half inclined to let her heart soften to the man who had pleaded his cause so nobly and tenderly. She could see now that it was only a trap he was setting for her, just as long ago her father—she winced at the thought—had set a trap for the loving heart of her mother.

"Mother," she cried, with a new ring in her voice, "I will not father. I will carry out your behest with a heart as cold as his own was when he ruined your young life."

"Will you, Maida?—will you?" was the glad, eager cry. "Hear me. Your father is known to the world as Sir Richard Hartleigh. He married a Constance Faulkner. She was a beautiful girl, and she loved him with a passionate devotion, only equalled by his for her. Heaven helped me when I seemed powerless to help myself. He was of a madly jealous temper, and he suspected his young wife, after five years of happiness, of unfaithfulness with a friend of his. He killed the man, and even wife fled from him, fearing him, even though she was innocent. He was too angry at first to try and find her, but afterward he learned in some way that she had been true to him, and he tried to find her. I had been waiting for this time, and I watched over the fugitive woman, and in one way and another I made her believe that he was seeking her to take from her her little daughter. He put detectives on her track, but each time that they found her I would send her away and they would lose her. The way she loved has lived the same outward life as the woman and betrayer has suffered agonies of remorse all these years. I have educated you so that—Oh, oh—Maida, brandy! There, there; I cannot last long. I must—tell you. Nearer, Maida! I have educated you—More brandy! I cannot—swal—Oh!—remember—promise—remember—oath!"

The wrecked and ruined life was gone, leaving a legacy of woe to the bright young life, hardly yet out on its journey.

"Al! well, you may weep, Maida Carrington, for the twin brothers of discord have entered your heart—hated and distrust. And only by purification in the crucible of love shall peace enter your soul."

CHAPTER IV.

A week after the events of the last chapter the people of San Francisco had something to talk about. Already ready they had learned that, in consequence of the death of her mother, Maida Carrington would not return to the stage for a few days; and then, just as the time set by her manager for her return came, there was an additional sensation that she had disappeared. With this, by some singular chance, was whispered the fact that Caryl Wilton, the handsome young Englishman, had disappeared also. He had paid for his bet without a word of explanation, and had not been seen since. It was learned, however, that it was he who had taken the part of Romeo on the last night of Maida Carrington's appearance, and the good people of San Francisco, with all the acumen which distinguishes the public in its relation to the stage, saw at once that the young lady had broken her mother's heart by running away with the profligate young nobleman. You see, they recognized his nobility by his conduct.

For once, at least, however, the public was wrong; for, whereas Caryl Wilton in the northern part of California hunting grizzlies, the young lady was on her way across the plains in a stage, having preferred that route to the one by water, which was accounted dangerous then, by reason of the fever raging at Panama.

The great transcontinental railway was not then finished, though it extended some distance out of San Francisco. As far as it went Maida rode on it, and then exchanged it for the swaying, lumbering stage, with its eight horses.

The stage was crowded, although there was but one other of her own sex in the company. This lady was young and beautiful, but the charm of her face was not in its beauty, but in its sweet, gentle expression, that in its own way was as beautiful as any of the world. And yet it was not a weak face. It was full of self-reliance and cheery courage; and Maida, with her wretchedness fresh upon her, was attracted by it. She sat at the farther end of the stage, and could not talk with her, but she exchanged smiles and glances occasionally and finally, at supper-time, when they all lighted to eat at the little station, the two came together with such a smile of recognition, as only those who have travelled the

weary miles of the stage route can comprehend.

"Do you ride all night?" asked Maida, as they sat down to the rude meal together.

"Yes, I am anxious to have the journey over. Do you?"

"Yes; like you, I do not enjoy the journey enough to wish to prolong it."

"It is a hard ride," said the stranger, doubtfully. "I have been over the route once before, and know what it is. I hope you have plenty of wraps, for we shall get into colder parts before the night is spent."

"I, too," answered Maida with a smile, "have been over the stage route before, and am prepared. I was about to warn you. I wonder if we could not sit together in the stage. It will be less lonely if we have each other to say a word to once in a while."

Maida did not ask the name of her companion, because she did not care to tell who she was, lest her name should betray her as the actress of whom all San Francisco was talking.

And the other young lady, feeling as if by instinct that Maida did not wish the question asked, proved her delicacy by not volunteering her name. They became none the less good friends, and fell asleep in the swaying coach with shoulders touching and hands clasped.

How long they slept neither could have told, but the night was far advanced when they were awakened by that sound so dreaded by every overland traveler before the great roadway spanned the continent—a man's voice speaking from the road-side. There was no mistaking the sound. It was a gruff, peremptory voice, and it said:

"Throw down that box!"

"Road agents!" whispered Maida, and she and her new-found friend drew closer together.

"No box here," growled the driver. Let go them horses. Let 'em have it, boys."

The last was evidently addressed to the guards, who had mounted the stage as soon as darkness came on. There was a click of the hammers, and then a jeering laugh from the road.

"Doctored!" was the exclamation from the roof. "Duck, and go!"

Although the words were in the slang of the road, the people in the stage had no difficulty in comprehending what it meant. Indeed, the actions of the men on the stage and of those in the road explained themselves without the help of any words. The words seemed rather involuntary, for they were simultaneous with their actions. The whole dialogue was sharp and quick, and the startled passengers were hardly awake to the situation when they realized that the guns of the guards had determined to lash the horses beyond the control of the detaining hands at their heads, and make the attempt to run the ambush. Every head was bent to shelter at the words of the guards. There was a furious rocking of the coach, cries, oaths, and reports of guns, and the coach came to a dead stop.

"Fight for your lives!" shouted one of the guards, and on the instant all the men in the stage rushed out pell-mell.

"Let us fly!" whispered Maida.

The other merely pressed her hand and rose from her seat. Under the cover of the darkness, and crouching low to avoid the bullets which were whistling through the air, the two slipped out of the stage and made for the thicket bordering the road.

They had scarcely reached a place of safety when Maida felt the hand in hers relate its hold.

"A little farther," she whispered.

"I am wounded. Leave me and save yourself," came the gasping answer.

"Where are you wounded?"

"In the side. A bullet struck me as I stepped out of the stage. Leave me. I am afraid I am mortally hurt. I am getting so weak. Go, go! I—I cannot move."

She sank almost fainting from loss of blood. Maida knelt by her side and tried to coax her to try to walk a little farther where they would be more likely to escape the sight of the flames, capture by whom would be far worse than death. The poor girl made an effort to rise to her feet, more to please Maida than from any hope of saving her own life.

Maida put her arm about her, and, with wonderful perseverance and courage, helped her through the thicket until she felt they were far enough from the road. There she made a couch with her own heavy shawl, and covered the fainting girl with the one she had worn over her shoulders.

"How good you are," whispered the suffering girl, taking Maida's hand in hers and softly caressing it.

"I knew you were good when I first looked at you in the stage."

"Does your wound pain you now?"

"It burns as if there was a coal of fire on it."

"I hear water running near us. Will you mind if I leave you to find it so that I can bathe your wound?"

"How good you are. I am not afraid."

By the sense of hearing Maida groped through the underbrush, and, finding the stream, wet her handkerchief and returned to the sufferer. The dawn was beginning to break by this time, and Maida could see sufficiently well to lay aside the girl's clothing and see the wound. It was an ugly looking sight, and the blood, which had saturated all the under-part of the gown, was still flowing. It seemed a hopeless task, and the

girl realized it, for she said, in her patient way:

"It is useless. I know I am dying. I can hardly speak, and my breath comes hard."

And then, as Maida tenderly washed and bound up the wound as well as she could with the means at her command, she drew her nearer to her and whispered with her failing breath:

"Will you tell me your name now? I would like to know it. You have been so kind to me."

"Maida Carrington."

"The great actress?" with a smile of pleased surprise.

"Yes. And what is your name?"

"I have no word to send to your friends?"

"I have no friends in all the world. Would you like to know my story?"

"You are not strong enough to talk. I can hardly hear you now."

The dying girl smiled feebly in acquiescence, and whispered in the ear bent low to her lips:

"You will find a book—book in my pocket. It will—tell—you—about—me. Name—Constance Faulkner."

She smiled, shut her eyes, and Maida, looking at her in that dim light, saw her grow unconscious. But she did not move from the presence of death she saw hovering there. She sat and gazed with a sort of horror, and at last covered her face with her hands and wept.

"My sister—my sister! I could not have hated you, and I had sworn to wrong you; for, oh! I know it, it was what my mother meant."

The face before her was cold and white now, and as she placed her hand on the heart, she found its beating stilled. She raised her eyes to heaven with an agonized look, and then threw herself over the innmate body sobbing like a soul wrecked, but, by and by she calmed herself and dried her eyes. She looked for a few sad moments at the fair young girl, so lately full of loving life, and then with a harder look upon her beautiful face, leaned over her and took from her pocket the book spoken of.

She took nothing else, but rose with averted eyes, and with a shudder turned away, and fled like a guilty creature. Which was she went, or how long she had no definite notion. There was but one thought in her mind, and that was to get away from the dead girl whom, even in death, she was bent on wronging. She kept repeating to herself that it could not matter to her now, since she was no longer living, and that the vacant place in the far-away English home was as much hers as it had ever been Constance's.

Was she not the elder daughter? Had the law any right to deprive her of the place she was determined to take? And she argued with herself and thought of her mother, dead so far away from her native country, her heart hardened, and she became indifferent to everything but the success of her plan.

She sat down in the desolate forests of the Sierras; she read the little book she had taken from her sister. And as she read the tears flowed, for it was the mirror of a gentle, lovely life, made only sweeter by the hardships it had undergone, and at each recital of some new and unexpected trial, coming at a time when peace seemed at last to have settled on them, Maida sobbed harder and harder, for she knew that which the dead girl had never suspected, that the wronged woman, lying in her grave in San Francisco, had been the cause of it all; that the mother of the girl now living had wrecked the life of the girl just dead.

But the gentle, unrepining spirit of the dead girl had not moved Maida's mother to any softer feeling for the man who through it all had been living in ease, luxury, and, as she thought, indifference. If she pitied the woes of the fugitive wife and the innocent child, she was all the more confirmed in her hatred of the cause of those woes, for she saw in her mother only the instrument in the hands of fate, and visited on the man the whole of the indignation and bitterness she felt.

She read the little record of Constance's life as a sister might and should, and then she read it as an avenging woman, conning its dates and occurrences with all that wonderful capacity for remembrance which her training as an actress endowed her, and entering into the life of the dead girl so that she might fittingly play the part when the time came.

And she did it then and there, in that strange spot, far from any human eye, because from that moment she buried Maida Carrington and resurrected Constance Faulkner. It was henceforth the child of shame who was dead, and the child of wedlock who lived.

She rose from her study, for it was study, and hard study, too, and dragged herself, weary and fainting with hunger, through the silent forest. How long she went thus she never knew, for she rested and walked alternately until night came on again. And then she still walked. She was footsore and famished, and kept her wonderful spirit and will power kept her up, even after she had lost all sense of pain in the very excess of suffering.

When darkness came on she would have dropped and rested her weary limbs on the soft leaves, but the call of the puma and the wild-cat could be heard waking the echoes of the vast solitude, and with a shudder she kept on. At last she came upon the stage road, and that put new courage in her heart, and enabled her to drag herself on with more hope.

She could go on and on now, and she did so. By and by she thought she saw a glimmer of light. What it was or whence it came, she did not stop to ask herself. It was a light, and though it were to lead her to the very scoundrels who had robbed the stage, she would go on. Indeed, it came to her, even in the state she then was in, that there was really something in common between herself and those men, for had they not killed her sister, and so put

her in the way of avenging the wrongs of her mother and herself.

She drew nearer to the light, and saw or understood in some way that it came from a window. She stumbled more than once, and as she lay on the earth she tried to cry out for help, but her throat was too dry, and her strength was too spent, to enable her to emit more than an indistinct murmur, and she was forced to rise to her feet again and stagger onward.

But the light was nearer at every step, and at length she could make out dark outlines of a cabin. A few more steps and she would be saved. She lifted her hands thankfully, and rushed forward with what strength she had left. It was the last effort of exhausted nature. She was not yet on the threshold of the door when her head began to swim. She uttered a faint cry for help, and fell headlong to the earth.

But faint as the cry was it had been heard; and a moment later the door of the hut opened and a young man, with a pistol in his hand, stepped out on the threshold. He looked around for an instant with a puzzled look, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form on the ground. He stooped and lifted her as tenderly as if she had been a child; and Maida Carrington lay in the arms of Guy Hartleigh, who had come this far in hot pursuit of his cousin, whom he had traced to the ill-fated stage.

To be Continued.

VISITORS TO FORBIDDEN CITY.

People Flock to See the Sights in Peking Long Denied.

A correspondent of the North China Daily News, tells of the curiosity of the people to visit the Forbidden city and the proper way to go about it. He says:

Foreigners have to get an order from the United States legation for the Forbidden City and from the British legation for the Summer Palace. The former is on view on Tuesdays and Fridays from 10 to 2, the latter on Thursdays and Sundays from 11 to 4; the altar of Heaven can be visited at the same times. For the Dowager Empress' winter palace in the Imperial, not the Forbidden city, you have to get permission or an escort from the German legation, as also for the island where the Emperor was imprisoned.

"People flock to see the Mongol Luna Temple, because it used to be impossible, otherwise it is a question if they would. The Hall of Classics and Confucian Temple just across the road might be visited at the same time. And those going to the Summer Palace might as well diverge a little to the right on the way out, and see the great bell. The sights seem to be the great bronze ox on the far side of the lake together with the camel-back bridge connecting the island with the mainland. There is a bronze pavilion as you climb the hill, and as you come back there is the marble boat on the water to the left. The Thousand Buddha Temple on the top certainly calls for a visit if only to see the reckless devastation within. It must have been beautiful.

"The ruined pagodas on the other side where everything was broken down in 1860, are very striking, and there are five marble bridges across the canal at the base, but the enormous cloisonne screen and the beautiful painted screen in the English officers' dressing room are perhaps yet more interesting, while the specimens of the Dowager Empress' handwriting give a very high idea of her gift as an artist."

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

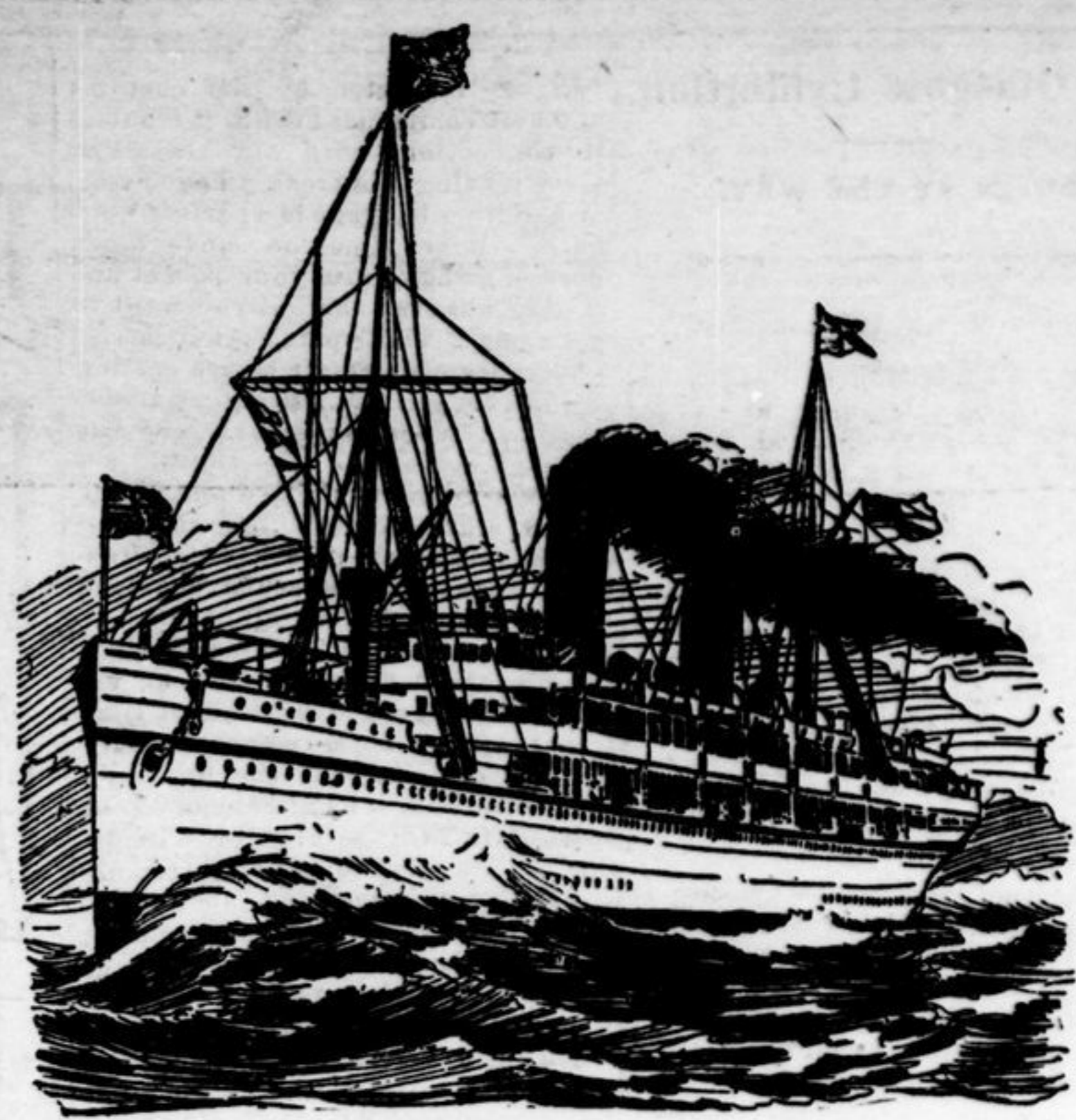
Almost Incredible Story of Murder Told in a French Court.

A strange and almost incredible story of murder has been told to a French army court-martial in Algiers. For the last year or so there has been much agitation in Germany over the murder in Koontz of a student named Worser. It was attributed at the time to the Jews and was seized on by the anti-Semites as additional proof of the existence of ritualistic murders. But, as might be expected, nothing came of the case except the prosecution and conviction of some of the witnesses against the Jews for perjury.

The murder itself was not explained. Recently a German soldier in the French Foreign Legation, serving in Algeria, was put on trial for making away with his equipment. He excused himself by saying that he had been about to desert, as he was afraid he was going to be arrested for the murder of Worser, whom he had killed. His story was that at the time of the crime he was in Koontz and in great want. On the day of the murder a man offered him money to go to the synagogue. There he found some masked men who ordered him under pain of death to kill a young man who was asleep in the place, evidently under the influence of drugs. He did as he was bid, and cut up the body, the blood from which was drained into a silver vessel. Then the money was given to him, also a sealed letter which, if in need, he was to show to any Jew he might meet. He used the letter in Breslau and Frankfurt-am-Main, and then, fearing arrest, entered French territory, ultimately enlisting in the French Legation.

His story, extraordinary and horrible as it is, is very circumstantial and correct as to dates and place. He has been condemned to six months' imprisonment, and the authorities are to make a thorough investigation.

My dear, said young Mrs. Jellus, I thought you ought to know—there's a married man who is violently in love with me. What? he cried, Who is he? If I tell you will you give me those ear-rings I wanted? Yes, Who is it? You.



THE ROYAL YACHT OPHIR,

Upon Which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are Making Their Tour of the British Empire and Which Will Bring Them to Quebec.

About the House.

PRESERVED GRAPES.

In the first place don't use tin in any stage of the process, if porcelain, enameled ware or aluminum can possibly be obtained. If tin must be used at all, don't let the juices stand in it a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Put up the fruit as soon as possible after picking, and use only granulated sugar.

Wild Grape Jelly: Choose grapes which are only just reddened, leaving in a good sprinkling of those still green, but rejecting all that are ripe, or nearly so. Pick from the stems, looking over carefully for wormy ones. Wash, put over the fire, and pour on water until it is nearly in sight—so you will have to tip the kettle a little to see it. This makes strong juice which will not have to be boiled down. Boil the grapes up quickly, and as soon as skins are broken strain through cheesecloth, but do not squeeze. Measure the juice, and put on the fire again. Boil up and skim, then while boiling, add measure for measure of sugar. Boil not longer than 15 minutes, skimming as necessary. This makes a very clear, delicately tinted jelly. Follow the same recipe with Concord grapes, and you will have a very dainty jelly, but the flavor is not quite as fine, and it will not stand as well when turned out.

Wild Grape Marmalade: Let the grapes be black-ripe. Put on water same as for the jelly, boil up quickly, and when skins are all broken, press through a sieve to remove skins and seeds. Measure juice, put over fire, and when boiling add measure for measure of sugar. Boil 10 or 15 minutes, but be careful not to have too quick a fire, as the thicker juice burns easily. This sets very solid, but not the least bit gummy or stiff. Other grapes may be used, but wild are best.

Wild Grape Preserves: Pulp the ripe grapes, keeping skins separate. Boil the pulps thoroughly in a very little water, and put through a sieve to remove seeds. Measure pulp and skins, and put over with half as much sugar. Boil about 20 minutes, put in cans boiling hot, and seal.

Grape Ketchup: To four quarts of grapes add one quart of vinegar, put over the fire, and boil up thoroughly. Strain through a sieve, put juice over a slow fire, and add two quarts of sugar and one tablespoon each of ground cloves and cinnamon. Bring to a boil and seal. Any dark grapes will do for this recipe.

Unfermented Grape Juice No. 1: Put ripe Concord grapes over the fire with one pint of water to a gallon of fruit. Boil up, and when the skins are broken, strain through cheesecloth, but do not squeeze. Measure the juice, and when boiling add one-fourth as much sugar. If fruit is perfectly ripe, one-fifth will be sufficient. Seal in bottles or cans while boiling hot. In bottling, fill nearly to the top, hold a fine fork-tine or toothpick inside the neck of the bottle, and push the cork down into the juice, drawing the tine out instantly and leaving the cork well down into the neck. Cover the top with melted paraffine or sealing wax.

Unfermented Grape Juice No. 2 (extra quality): Put ripe Concord grapes in a double boiler, adding no water. A stone jar set in a big iron kettle is just as well in an expensive utensil. Cook until skins are thoroughly broken, strain through cheesecloth, but do not squeeze. Measure the juice, put over in a porcelain kettle, and when boiling add one-half as much sugar, put up and seal while boiling hot.

Grape Cordial: When blackberries are scarce, make your cordial by adding to each quart of unfermented grape juice one tablespoon each of ground cloves, cinnamon, and allspice. Boil up and seal. For summer complaint and dysentery this is excellent.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

On arising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water—twenty "passes" are said to be decidedly strengthening. While

using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading or sewing is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovably. Imagine the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect. When dust settles in the eyes warm water will soothe them of any inflammation; rose water is extremely refreshing, but it should be bought in small quantities, as it keeps but a short time. Five cents' worth will give a daily bath for several weeks. Tea leaves and alum water were the eye tonics which our grandfathers used, but in those days of absolute hygienic and antiseptic simplicity water, especially in distilled form, was considered powerful enough.

TWO GOOD RECIPES.

Strawberry Puffs: Roll out a rich puff paste 1/4 inch thick, and cut into squares as many rounds as you wish to serve, with your largest cake cutter. Take the rolling pin and roll out half of them a little larger than the others. Spread the smaller ones with butter and lay the larger ones over them. Bake in a quick oven. When done remove the top crust and lay on each under one a spoonful of sliced berries; sprinkle with sugar. Replace the top crust and serve with whipped cream while warm.

Cherry Pudding: First stone your cherries, then make a dainty biscuit crust, and line a granite or earthen dish. Lay an ample quantity of the fruit upon the paste, and pour over 2-3 cup molasses. Sprinkle a little flour upon the molasses, cover with an inch-thick crust and steam two and one-half or three hours. Serve hot with cream and sugar well mixed. This is delicious.

CONTROLLING KITCHEN ODORS.

Odors are subtle, withal searching. In dealing with these in the kitchen an ounce of prevention is worth at least a ton of cure. The heavy smell of stale grease, most clinging and most offensive of all, comes more than anything else from slopping or sputtering over, which a very little care in range management prevents. The acrid smell of burnt or scorched things is positively painful—so much so that a cook's first lesson ought to be that the fire was given for cooking, not burning. Leaving unwashed pots and stowpans to dry and simmer on the range is a fruitful source of ill-odors, easily remedied. Dissolve two pounds of washing soda in a gallon of boiling water and keep a bottle of it handy. As you empty cooking-vessels pour in soda water an inch deep, shake it well all around the sides and leave until washing time. If the pots and pans keep warm, so much the better—the soda will do its work more perfectly. Onions, turnips, and all the cabbage tribe may have their scent somewhat abated by a little care in the boiling. The odor comes from their essential oils, which volatilize. If the vegetables are prepared some hours before they are wanted and left to soak in weak, salt water, rinsed, and put over the fire in fresh cold water they throw up this essential oil largely in the form of steam. Let them come to a boil before putting in the salt and skim very clean. After the salt is in, add a dash of cold water—it will throw up a second scum, which must be removed at once. Cook all such vegetables uncovered, a lid strengthens the odor tenfold and makes it more offensive.

Another preventative is a bread crust, very hard, and very stale. Drop it into the water just as it strikes a boil and let it stay ten minutes, then skim out. Most of the oil will come with it—further: the spongy crust will have kept it from vaporizing. Cauldwell never quite fresh, always smells tremulously. The best thing for it is a scald in weak, salt water, before the cold soaking. If the heads are big, cut them into pieces, so as to make sure of removing every bit of discolored curd.

New English words are constantly being made to fill the needs of modern inventions. To give some idea of the tremendous growth of the language, the words and phrases under the letter A have increased in fifty years from 7,000 to nearly 60,000.

THE HEALTHIEST TRADES

CALLINGS LIKELY TO MAKE YOU A CENTENARIAN.

The Tar-Worker's Life Averages Eighty-Six Years—Tending Cowstables Very Healthy.

The best and healthiest trade in the world is dye-making from coal tar. There is no manual work that comes near it, for tar, and the smell of it, is the finest of all tonics and tissue-builders; so much so that the life of a tar-worker comes out at eighty-six years. The mortality is eighty per cent. lower too, than in other factory trades.

Distilling saccharin from the tar is equally good, and the honey framework and circulation of a worker in tar is always first-class. Malignant diseases are almost unknown in aniline-dye factories, and even in epidemics the workers suffer little. And there is nothing like a tar works for keeping off influenza. Yet the work of actually making the tar, which falls to gas and coke works, is virulently unhealthy, because of the sulphur fumes; but when the finished tar is passed on to dye-works it brings with it health and strength, and the weakest men improve when working it.

Eighty-six years is a marvellous average, by the way, for the average of the population is forty-nine.

Still better, although not a factory trade like tar-working, is cow-keeping. Not herding cows in the country, for that is neither more nor less healthy than any other farming work, but

TENDING COW STABLES.

Here the average length of life is eighty-five, and scores of stalled-cow keepers live over the age of 100. This is because a cow is the only animal whose presence is thoroughly healthy for man—the very breath of a cow is beneficial. Consumption, and kindred ills, are utter strangers in cow stables; and the best thing a man can do to lengthen his life is to look after cows, and, if possible, sleep in a room above the stable.

There is a very strange difference in trades that go on side by side in the way of life-lengthening. The labor of wheeling a wheelbarrow in particular, has such a strengthening effect on the muscles and joints that confirmed barrow-wheelers show the best average in all the building trades—nearly seventy-seven years, and a great many touch the 100. This is largely because, if a man wheels a barrow properly, the wide-apart arms open the chest, and help to strengthen the lungs in a wonderful way. Whereas, though wheeling a pick-axe seems as if it should be a fine exercise, it really knocks the life-average down to forty-five. The partly stooping position, and the bent inwards position of the arms, contracts the chest dangerously, cramping the lungs till they are easy victims to pneumonia.

IRON-SMELTING.

puts ten years on to the average life of a man, if he has good lungs to start with; but if he is weak-lunged it is liable to cut him off altogether. The hard work and perspiration are life-givers to the strong, but fatal to the weak. Coal-mining is not good; but copper-mining brings the average up to eighty years with a run, for the composition of the ore, when powdered, has an extremely strengthening effect on the blood and nerves.

This seems odd, because crude copper is a poison, but the ore in which it lies is a fine tonic-giving mixture when prepared in small quantities, and the all-round work has a very good effect on the muscles. Few copper-miners die before they are eighty three or four; whereas copper-smelters are lucky if they see fifty.

A first-class trade to put a few extra years on to your life is whiskey distilling, which affords a good set-up to the system as spirit-drinking pulls it down. The vapors of a distillery are extremely disease and sickness germs of every kind. Distillery workers, who are not given to intemperance, by the way, show the excellent average of eighty-one years for life, and seldom suffer from illness; while brewery employees, on the other hand, have the decidedly bad average of forty-seven.

Finally, barring accidents, there would be no trade to beat the steepjack's for keeping life going. The task of working at enormous heights from the ground, keeps the nervous system in a perfect order—and that is two-thirds of the battle—that steepjacks who are not killed by accident show the magnificent average of eighty-nine.

INHABITANTS OF MARS.

"As for me," says M. Flammarion, speaking of the inhabitants of Mars, "I rather envy them. A world where it is always beautiful, where there are neither tempests nor cyclones, where the years are twice as long as ours, where the kilogram is of 376 grams, and where, therefore, men and women weigh only weight seventy kilos there, in a word, everything is lighter, more delicate and more refined." And in another place he goes further, pointing out that if the Martians wished to communicate with us they would doubtless have made the effort many times in the past and probably long ago abandoned it, deciding it a hopeless business to attempt communication with a planet so stupid.

England has, on an average, 66 gales a year.

Europe is now able to boast of the longest telephone line in the world. It is that which connects Berlin with Bordeaux, and the length of the wire is not less than 1,200 miles.

Five and one-half tons of diamonds valued at from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000, have been taken from the famous Kimberley, South Africa, diamond mines since their discovery in 1871.