Diamond Cut Diamond

OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"I have done right," she said to herself more than once. "Why should I break through my rule? What is there to be gained in admitting any fresh element into my sad life! At least, I am safe as I am, with my solitude and my books." And yet the brown eyes haunted her, and she was filled with a vague sense of regret and of irritation against herself.

She ate one of the birds, a woodcock, for her dinner that evening; and for once she laid aside her book and addressed herself to the consumption of the unwonted delicacy with some enjoyment and appetite. Then, when the meal was over, she rose and went to the writing-table.

"After all," she said to herself, as she stood, doubtfully, with a pen in one white hand, whilst the other was laid upon the back of the high oak chair—"after all, was I not ungracious in refusing to see him—and what is there to fear, for me, or for this young stranger, who has gone out of his way to do me a politeness? Is he not a mere boy—and am I not a woman, old already with the burden of life and its troubles? Betwixt him and me there can never be more than a few words of civility—at most, a few smiles of kindness and sympathy. Am I to be forever debarred from all companionship, save that of these heavy tomes, amongst which my existence dreams itself away—?"

Then suddenly she sat down and wrote a few hurried lines, and rang the bell.

"Let Jacques take this down to Coddisham Vicarage the first thing to-morrow morning," she said holding out the note to Martine. "I have reflected, Martine, that I was, perhaps, hasty and unkind to this gentleman, who has paid me an attention. Besides, I know who he is—he is the clergyman's son. I have written to tell him that I will receive him to-morrow, if he will come and call."

"Ah, ah! to-morrow! I fear, madame, he will be gone—he said he returned to London to-morrow. Your politeness will come too late."

Martine, was evidently, but ill-pleased with her lady.

"Well, so much the better," replied Rose, calmly. "I shall, at any rate, have shown my good will; and if he is unable to come, it will, no doubt, be better so—at least, I shall be unable to accuse myself of ungraciousness."

The old woman took the letter, and Rose sat down again in her causeuse, and opened "Erasmus" again upon the table by her side. She was accustomed to sit thus, late into the night, reading always—losing herself and her own identity in the great and good thought of those long dead and gone sages of a past generation. It was, to her, her very life—her undying delight. But, to-night, the wisdom failed to touch her—and the printed words that she read with her eyes, scarcely penetrated to her mind.

"A little before you go to sleep, read something that is exquisite, and worth remembering; and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep, and when you awake in the morning, call yourself to an account for it. Always keep this sentence of Pliny's in your mind, 'All that time is lost that you don't bestow on study.' Think upon this, that there is nothing more fleeting than youth, which, when once it is past, can never be recalled."

This is what she read, over and over again; but instead of sinking deep into her soul as she read it, she found herself forced to con it over often, in order to convey the meaning of the words to her understanding. She could neither "contemplate" nor "study,"—and the words that she read she found herself unable to "remember." There was always those haunting brown eyes, and the knowledge that she had written to summon them to her side—betwixt her and all the wisdom of the Ancients. At last, she flung aside her book in despair and annoyance.

"What has come to me to-night?" she thought. "What folly is it that possesses me? After all," she added to herself, "he will, no doubt, return to London, and I shall never be called upon to go through this interview, which I have sought—and yet which I dread." But, at her heart, she knew, with a sure foreknowledge, that he would come.

Upstairs she could hear the heavy tread of slow footsteps. It was the old man, preparing to go to rest for the night, with Jacques waiting upon him.

The sound filled her with self-reproach. "I have forgotten him to-night," she said to herself with a sort of consternation, and she hurried up to his room.

Like the library below it, it was long and low. A bed was curtained off at one end, a fireplace and a long invalid couch occupied the central portion, and the further end was fitted up roughly in the similitude of a chapel. A crucifix of gleaming ivory upon a dark red cloth stretched upon the wall; a small table, bearing a richly chased and jewelled reliquary, with a couple of straw Prie-Dieu chairs before it. In the centre of the room, as Rose entered it, stood a very old man, with white hair flowing from beneath a velvet skull-cap, and a long velvet robe falling to his feet; he leant heavily upon the arm of Jacques, who supported him beneath the elbows, for he was partially paralyzed in the lower limbs, and was unable to walk, or even to stand, alone.

Rose went up to him, and inclined her head respectfully. He kissed her on the forehead. She murmured a few inquiries concerning his health. He answered her by a question—

"How many prayers to-day have you said for him?"

She shuddered slightly.

"I have been reading—" she began vaguely.

"That means you have forgotten," he answered sadly, gazing at her with melancholy black eyes.

"Ah, no!" she replied wearily. "I do not forget; how is that possible?"

"Kneel then, my child, and pray."

She knelt as he told her, and bent her head, and the old man, sitting behind her, folded his hands and closed his eyes, and seemed to pray too.

Weary prayers for what could never be granted; hopeless petitions destined to be for ever unanswered! Did she indeed, desire what she prayed for, or honestly want that for which those silent, twofold prayers were daily uttered? Who can say?

CHAPTER III.

To his dying day Geoffrey Dane never quite forgot the strangely beating heart, and the sudden quickening of all his pulses, which he experienced when he was shown into that long, low room at Hidden House, and the beautiful woman who had sent for him rose out of her chair by the fireside and reached out her hand in welcome to him, like the sovereign who awaits the worship of her subject.

Like yesterday, the evening shades were falling without, and the room was bathed in the warm glow of the fire; when she rose to greet him the red light flickered over the sombre folds of her dark violet velvet dress, relieved only by soft laces at her throat and wrists, and by the dazzling beauty of her colouring. The auburn hair, the heaven-blue eyes, the full red lips, and the creamy skin, all recalled to Geoffrey's memory those pictures of that unrivalled beauty of a past century—Nelson's Lady Hamilton. Rose was like Romney's picture in the National Gallery.

"It is very good of you to come and see me, Mr. Dane," said Madame de Brefour. "I feared that you would be going away to-day."

"When I got your note, Madame, I of course deferred my departure till to-morrow," answered Geoffrey, and his heart beat so hard that the words came out somewhat haltingly. Then he sat down in the chair that was nearest to him and tried to school himself back into self-possession. For a London young man, who prided himself upon familiarity with the world, its ways, and its women, he felt oddly like an insignificant little boy in the presence of an Olympian Divinity.

The Divinity was so cool and calm—the steady gaze of her blue eyes—so disconcerting to him—was so untroubled and so quiet, and her soft voice when she spoke so free from every tinge of embarrassment, that for very shame he was constrained to master his agitation.

Then she thanked him gently, and in half-a-dozen gracious words, for his game, and for his kindness in coming to see her.

"I am too solitary to shut my eyes to the hand of friendliness when it is held out to me, Mr. Dane," she added with a smile.

"You must be very lonely here," said Geoffrey, "it's an awfully dull-looking house to be alone in," he added, relapsing into the vernacular of Young England, and back to his own self-possession at the same time.

"Yes, it is lonely," she admitted, "although I am not alone here."

"Ah, I forgot, of course—your husband is here."

"My husband?" She repeated the words with a strange emphasis upon the words, as though they bewildered her, and there was something almost of apprehension in the swift look of enquiry she flashed upon him.

Geoffrey Dane flushed slightly.

"I meant Monsieur de Brefour," he answered with confusion.

"Ah! Monsieur de Brefour!" she repeated in an altered voice. "He is my father-in-law, Mr. Dane, not my husband—poor old man, he is always upstairs, he sees no one, he is a complete invalid."

"Then you—you are a widow? You have no husband? Is that how it is?" How breathlessly he asked the question, how eagerly he bent forward in his chair to catch her answer, and how the earnest brown eyes shone and intensified as they fixed themselves upon her face!

To Rose de Brefour, who has read so many deep and erudite volumes, hard and difficult of apprehension, will it not be easy as a child's first Primer to decipher the reading upon this ardent young face?"

But she does not look at it, only at her own slim hands held up between her face and the fire, with the diamonds upon the fine white fingers that glitter and flash as she moves them, and she is silent just for a few swift moments, so that the story upon her visitor's face remains unseen by her, and unread. Then she smiles a little sadly, and answers him in his own words—

"That is how it is. I have no husband."

He leant back again into the shadow of his chair, as Martine came in with the lamp, and with tea, and neither of them spoke again until the last flutter of her starched cap-strings had vanished again.

"Then I can understand indeed how dull your life must be in this desolate house, with no companions save your servants and an old man—far from your own country and from all your friends."

Rose was pouring out the tea into his cup, her white hands were busy amongst the delicate pink and white china and the glittering silver of her tea things, but she put down the teapot, and laid aside the sugar tongs, to laugh aloud when he said this.

"Mr. Dane, it seems to me that you are a person given to jump at conclusions with the utmost rashness and precipitation! You have stumbled into three pitfalls in the course of as many minutes concerning me, and all your conjectures are wrong! What are you talking about my country for? My country is yours. I have lived a great many years in France, and I married into a French family, that is all. My father and mother's names were John and Mary Burgess, and I was born in the county of Middlesex, almost within sound of Bow bells! Does not that make me English enough to please you? I fancy I have caught a few French idioms and ways of expressing myself, that is because for so many years I have talked no other language—and yes, I am glad that I have also adopted some of the simple and unconventional ways of our neighbors, I like them best I think—they are less stilted, more free and natural—yet all the same I am English, and can sing my 'God Save the Queen' as heartily as any of my countrymen."

"You must think me a muddle-headed fool," murmured Geoffrey apologetically, as he took the little teacup from her hand.

"Well, no—although there is yet another mistake which you have fallen into—and the greatest of all."

Geoffrey looked frightened.

"You said that I must be dull—that I was far away from my friends. Mr. Dane, look round the room! What can you have been thinking about to have said such a thing? See how many great and good friends I have always about me—friends that are my joy and my solace by day and by night—that are always the same to me—always true and steadfast—who do not change or fall away from one when one's fortunes alter—who never deceive or disappoint—never betray and never prove unworthy. Can any living being, however sad, however sorrowful, cease to render thanks to God for the bare gift of life, so long as these rich blessings are left to him in it? They are silent too, they do not obtrude upon you as living people do with advice when you don't want it, with hollow sympathy that jars against you when you long to be left in peace. But when you want them, turn to the shelves where they lie waiting for you—and then see how they will speak up out of their fulness and their wisdom with a faithfulness that no living voice can ever render to you!—with a power of consolation that nothing else can ever bring! Mr. Dane, I have lived through a very hard and sorrowful life, but I can honestly say that no troubles in the past have had the power to crush me—no fears for the future are able to terrify me—simply and solely because of that good gift, the love of books, which I thank the great God that He has given me." She was carried away by her enthusiasm, her face was all aglow with the greatness of her theme, her eyes shone, her lips trembled, she seemed to him like some inspired Priestess declaiming forth upon the grandeur of the Religion of which she was the minister.

What a beautiful thing enthusiasm is! Geoffrey watched her spell-bound, filled with an almost overpowering admiration for this strangely beautiful woman and her noble words.

"It is a new world to me to hear you speak," he murmured, when she had ceased, and his heart was beating with sympathy and with interest in her.

She smiled, and made an apologetic gesture with her hand.

"You must forgive me. I was upon my hobby. My books are my life. Long ago, but for them, I must have died! If I could teach the world—if I could teach you only, out of it—to love them as I do, to know all their value, and all their power of consolation—then I should feel that I had not lived in vain."

"Teach me," he murmured, carried away completely by the infection of her earnestness—"is there anything I would not learn from your lips, any wisdom I would not worship if only it came from your hands?"

Down upon his knees, at the side of her chair, had sunk Geoffery Dane, with the white hand, that had been reached out to him, fast imprisoned in his own. He kissed it, as men have kissed the hands of the kings, to whose cause they have devoted themselves. And then, at the touch of his hot young lips upon her hand, all the womanliness and the feminine purity awoke in her.

"My dear boy," she said to him, gently disengaging her hand, so that he was forced to raise himself, almost with shame, from his humble attitude—"You have not the spirit of a disciple! it is from them—" with a wave of her hand towards the well-filled book-shelves—"that you must learn—not from me. If I were fifty, and fat and ugly, what I preached to you would be the same—oh, yes, absolutely—it would be Great—whereas the preacher would still be nothing. Do you understand? I would help you, gladly, to this Creed, which has been my salvation. But how am I to help you, if you go into heroics and kiss my hands?" There was a tinge of mockery in her words, and in the smile with which her blue eyes rested upon him.

"Forgive me," he murmured, abashed, regaining his chair, with what grace he could, and feeling the lash of her scornful little speech in every fibre of his being. "I have only made an ass of myself, and now you despise me. I am not worthy to learn anything from you."

For a moment she was silent. The hand he had kissed shaded her face from the fire light—her eyes rested thoughtfully upon it. The touch of his lips seemed to linger still upon it. Some vague emotion stirred within her. Ah! how long ago it was since any man had bestowed a caress upon her! How long what weary, loveless years! How sweet it must be to be loved! All the books in the world could not, perhaps, teach so delightful a lesson to the heart as that! This was what she was thinking of—not of his humble words of self-abasement. Then she dashed her hand—the hand he had kissed—across her eyes with a rapid movement of self-return, and smiled at him with her quiet, composed little smile, in which there was no shadow of trouble or of regret.

"As usual, you jump at conclusions. I do not despise you, certainly—only I mistrust any sudden conversion. If, for instance, you were to say, after seeing me once, that you were determined to adopt my Faith—"

"You are a Roman Catholic?" he asked quickly.

"I am a Catholic," she amended quietly. "Should I believe in the truth of your conversion?—and so—about this Creed of mine concerning books—you must learn to love them, laboriously and by degrees. Of course, you are worthy to learn. Any man—who is a man,—with brains and intellect alive within him,—is worthy to learn to cultivate his higher nature. If he lets it rot away and perish, it is a disgrace and a shame?"

"Will you help me?" he asked of her, humbly.

"Yes, I will help you, if you like; I will give you the best advice I can. Give me your London address."

He wrote it down on the little ivory tablet she held out to him. Was it possible that she would write to him? He did not dare to ask her the question.

"When may I see you again?" was all he ventured to enquire of her.

Rose did not immediately answer. Something was passing within her that he could not follow or fathom. Her blue eyes looked at him dimly shadowful; a vague regret was in the downward curve of her lips. He could see she was sorry, very sorry. This much he could read, but he could not tell why or wherefore. When she spoke it was in a strangely altered voice.

"Do not be very angry with me, do not think me quite hateful for what I am going to say. I shall let you hear about me sometimes. I shall get news of you now and then in some way. Always I will help you with your reading if you care to refer to my advice—but—I shall not see you again. I think not at all—ever."

His heart seemed to stand still. A numb blankness fell upon him, a sort of despair.

"Not see you again! never?" he gasped in utter dismay. "Oh, you cannot mean to be so cruel, Madame!"

"I am not cruel, Mr. Dane," she answered with a sad little smile, "But I mean it all the same. It is nothing wonderful. It is not my custom to receive visitors. I see no one; my life is always, must always be, solitary. A passing impulse made me wish to see you, and to make friends with you. I have relaxed my rules for once. Now we have become friends, it is not necessary to meet again to remain so. I shall not forget you" she added, looking up at him with a smile so sweet and so sad that he well nigh lost his head once more, and was tempted to cast himself at her feet.

He was standing up now before her, he felt himself dismissed. Hitherto, during their interview, she had been the goddess, he the worshipper, she had ordered and he had obeyed. But now as the tail, slender figure stood up before her, and the dark, impassioned eyes were bent downwards, full of earnestness upon her, their positions seemed suddenly as if they might be reversed. Possibly some vague woman's instinct warned her of this, for she rose to her feet, too, as though better able to hold her own if she could face him more evenly.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand.

He took it, of course, holding it fast in a grip of iron. "Do you think I shall forget you, either? Is it possible, do you think? Do you not know what you have done to me to-night? What you have awakened in me? Do you still tell me to go? Then I must obey you—but why will you not let me see you again? How can my presence harm you, or distress you? Are you wishing me good-bye for ever?"

"Yes, for ever," she said, somewhat faintly, averting her eyes.

"I have no right to complain," he answered in an odd sort of broken voice. "I have made a fool of myself, and I shall get over it no doubt—one always does, you know—but, before I go, say once, 'God bless you, Geoffrey,' just that I may remember that you once called me by my name."

"God bless you, Geoffrey," she said very gently, and in another instant he had dropped her hand and was gone, so that she was scarcely conscious of the soft-closing of the door behind him as he went.

For a long time she stood there as he had left her, motionless and still, her eyes fixed vacantly upon the fire. Then with a sigh, she roused herself, and a little smile came into her face.

"There would have been danger in it?" she said to herself. "It would not have been safe, and I have been wise beforehand. But, ah, what a pity! What a pity!" and then furtively, almost shamefacedly, she lifted the hand he had kissed, and laid her lips upon the spot upon which his had rested.

"I am glad now that he kissed my hand," she said aloud, with a smile and a blush, "it is over and gone—but the memory of it is sweet."

To Be Continued.

FACE AND FIGURE.

It may not be generally known that garlic is an aid to the production of lovely complexions. It is to a steady diet of this plant and to the damp air of the wash-tubs that the pretty washerwomen of Paris, one of whom is annually chosen queen of beauty for Mardi Gras, owe their fascinating complexion.

A physician of note advocates a good cry occasionally for women. She who weeps keeps her youth longer than the woman who represses her tears. A profuse flow of tears lessen blood pressure, a discharge of energy reduces tension and produces an exhaustion which demands a refreshing sleep.

For grace of carriage peasant women who are accustomed to carry weights on their heads, are deservedly noted. In the effort to keep the balance of the burden they are carrying these women train all the muscles of the body in order that they may walk smoothly and steadily, and the result is a queenly carriage which many a great lady might envy. To attain graceful carriage much may be done by practicing walking with some object on the head—a little cushion, a book or even a light board would do—and certainly all young people should learn dancing, and if possible, fencing. These exercises produce firmness and flexibility in the limbs and the power of sustaining balance gracefully.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

A drill sergeant was unpopular among his men. They found him too particular. One day he had on hand a party of recruits whom he was putting through the funeral exercise.

Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed funeral cortege among them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he did so:

Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention!

Having reached the end of the line he turned, regarded the men with a scrutinizing eye for a minute, and then remarked:

Your ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave.

Boiled.—Drain, and boil with fresh beef or pork. When the meat is done, remove it from the pot, and boil the water away before serving the kraut. Use as little water as possible to cook the meat, etc.

KING AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

IS A BRITON WHO HONSWOGGLED THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

Represented Himself as a Clerk in the Paris Clearing House—He is Proud of His Many Successful Strategies, and Tell ins Detail How he Obtained the Signatures of Nearly Every Notable in Europe.

Edward Wilson Curtis, a noted English collector of autographs, gained some note recently by making a trip to Paris and obtaining the autographs of the members of the American and Spanish Peace Commissioners by a clever bit of strategy. He called upon the Commissioners while the two bodies were separately in session, having first ascertained the names of the banks at which the Commissioners intended to cash remittances and carry deposits. He represented himself to the Commissioners as a representative of the City Clearing House, and obtained their signatures for "use in verifying checks and drafts." This stratagem apparently pleased him very much in its entire success, and he made no secret of the transaction upon his recent arrival in this city. In fact, he submitted to an interview of considerable length.

"There does not exist a form of excitement, legitimate ori llegitimate," said he, "which can vie with that which autograph collecting brings in its train. For in the quest of these tiny scraps of ink-scrawled paper the genuine enthusiast stakes every day, and often many times a day, his happiness, his honor,

HIS VERY LIBERTY EVEN.

"Many and varied are the qualifications that go to make the ideal autograph-hunter. But there are two which are absolutely essential if he is to achieve even a modified success. He must be a clever and artistic liar, and he must be possessed of unbounded impudence. Moreover, he must be prepared to play,—on paper—many parts. I have found, for example, that an excellent way to "draw,' royal personages is to personate a little child. When the German Emperor created so much ill feeling in England by the dispatch of his famous telegram to President Kruger, I wrote him a letter in which, after promising that I was only 'a school-girl of 8,' and expressing a hope that he would not be offended, I told him how sorry I should be if he were to quarrel with his 'dear grandmother.' A week later, a letter written on paper almost as thick as cardboard, and emblazoned with the arms of the Hohenzollerns, was delivered at my address.

"The Emperor thanked me for my courtesy and playfully assured me that there existed 'no present likelihood of his quarreling with his august relative or with the warm-hearted but sometimes inconveniently impressionable people over whom she reigned." The body of this curious epistle was in the handwriting of one of his secretaries, but at the foot, clear, firm and bold, there stood out the coveted signature. I have been offered 30 guineas for that letter. Similarly, by posing as the nine-year-old grandson of a well known Conservative politician who happened at the time to be on terms of close personal friendship with the

SULTAN OF TURKEY.

I secured Abdul Hamid's autograph. As one little girl to another, I drew a charming letter full of childish confidences, from Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. And an almost precisely identical trick secured for my collection the signature of the then 'baby' King of Spain. King Humbert of Italy was more difficult to 'draw,' but I secured him at last over the Milan riots, writing as a Sister of Mercy, and offering my services to the wounded. The offer was declined, as I, of course, knew well it would be; but the refusal was accompanied by a brief autograph letter of thanks from the King himself, since valued at £40. The Czar of Russia is, I am sorry to say, the most inaccessible of all European potentates. I have letters innumerable from his secretaries and chamberlains—great people in their own country, no doubt, but nonentities to the world at large. An autograph hunter, however, never despairs. I am writing him about the proposed memorial to his murdered grandfather, and hope to be successful this time.

"One of my smartest coups was the securing of the signature of Muley Abdul Aziz, the young ruler of Morocco. I had previously addressed him in the roles respectively of an emissary of the Mahdi, a Belgian juggler, a Spanish toreador and a Parisian dancing girl, without receiving any reply, when I luckily bethought me of Kaid Maclean, the Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan's army. Him I addressed as a 'brither Scot,'—I am a cockney of the cockneys—and

GOT WHAT I WANTED.

"Not a few autographs that either are at present, or will one day become, valuable can be had for the asking, and strangely sad as it may sound, the workhouses are by no means bad hunting-grounds for this class of goods. A few years back, for instance, I discovered in a London union the nephew and last lineal descendant of Rob Roy, the redoubtable Scottish chieftain. For the price of half a pound of tobacco the old fellow was easily induced to sign his name on 50 half-sheets of notepaper. These I afterward disposed of to enthusiastic collectors north of the Tweed at exceedingly remunerative prices. Nor is this case an isolated one.

"Many a forgotten great man, is ending his days in these last refuges for the destitute, and all such are naturally considered fair game by the autograph collector.

"Regarding actresses, their vanity and love of notoriety are excellent cards to trust to By posing as the correspondent of a fashionable ladies paper, and requesting information regarding their dresses, their forthcoming engagements, etc., I have managed to add most of the London and Continental 'stars" to my collection.

"Ellen Terry proved one of the few exceptions. But as it is always possible to secure her signature by sending her a shillings-worth of stamps for her 'hospital cot,' this did not matter much. Sarah Bernhardt also failed to 'bite.' Whereupon, I wrote, in the name of a certain eminent naturalist, requesting information regarding

SOME PET TIGER-CUBS.

She was just then keeping. Result, a long letter in the great tragedienne's own hand-writing.

"Actors are more difficult to get at. The best way, I have found, is to tackle them about their hobbies. Kyrle Bellow, for instance, is a member of the Royal Microscopical Society, and him I approached with reference to a new bacillus I pretended to have discovered. Indeed, the 'hobby lay,' as I playfully term it, is a safe method of opening up communication with almost all kinds and conditions of men and women. Thus I secured the Duke of York's autograph by pretending to an interest in philately; T. Marion Crawford's over a query as to the proper handling of a cutter yacht in the doldrums, while Mr. John Ruskin and the Duchess of Marlborough respectively treated me to lengthy dissertations on the relative merits of Cape and Brazilian diamonds and the art and mystery of fencing.

"Statesmen and politicians are the easiest to 'draw' of all. I have in my album autograph letters from the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain and others equally distinguished—all genuine replies to communications the reverse of genuine.

"Sharp practice? Dishonest? Perhaps! But I hold the opinion, in common with most autograph hunters that 'all is fair in love and war.'"

A DARING PROJECT.

Proposed Railroad Across the English Channel.

One of the projects for which a scheme is periodically cropping up on the other side of the Atlantic is a means of communication other than by steamboat between England and France. A few years ago Sir Edward Watkin's proposal to run a tunnel underneath the English Channel was heavily backed by capitalists, and at one time seemed to have some chance of being put through. But the popular fear that it might be an awkward thing to have such a highway to the English coast open to the French army in case of war, and the opposition brought to bear from the War Office, swamped the undertaking. The latest idea that has been brought to the attention of the authorities in London and Paris is to secure a passage for trains without going to the cost of a bridge or the danger of a tunnel. Not long ago an electric road was constructed at Brighton, the rails of which were covered at high tide. This, however, made no difference to the operation of the car, which was raised high on iron stilts and propelled by current derived from a trolley running on a line of poles parallel to the track. In the new scheme for crossing the channel this method has been copied. It is proposed to lay rails on a track about 15 feet below water level and convey the train between Dover and Calais on a towerlike structure running on these rails in the bed of the straits. The train platform would be about 500 feet long and 50 feet wide, carried on five steel columns on each side, and these would be braced to and supported on a submerged platform on the series of rails, which would be 100 feet wide. Steam engines and dynamos on the train platform would provide the power for rotating the train wheels on the lower platform. The estimated cost of the undertaking is $70,000,000, and the line is to be completed in five years.

THE TIGER TURNED TAIL.

True Story About an Indian who Terrified a Ravenous Tiger.

According to a good and true tiger story in "Cornhill," an Indian who learned some of the elementary principles of jugglery and contortion, went out one evening to walk upon a ridgy plain. When he reached the top of one of the mounds, he saw a tiger ahead of him, five or six hundred yards away. Before the man could hide behind a mound, the tiger had seen him, and began to bound toward him at its topmost speed.

Having no means of defence, there was nothing for the man to do but to race for the nearest tree; but though he tried it, and put forth his utmost strength, the tigar steadily gained upon him. What was he to do? In sheer desperation, he resolved upon an unusual scheme. Just as he disappeared for an instant, from the tiger's sight, in running over the ridge, he halted, stretched out his legs at right angles, curled his head down so as to look between his legs to the rear, and extended his arms upward in a fantastic manner, like the sails of a windmill.

In a few seconds the tiger hove in sight, and at that instant the face of the object assumed a hideous grimace. A prolonged yell arose, such as had perhaps never before pierced the ear of any tiger, and the sails of the windmill began to revolve backward and forward, as if a sudden whirlwind had ourst upon the scene.

The tiger recoiled. What he evidently thought is this? There stood a ferocious, star-shaped monster, gigantic against the sky. Its hideous head was situated in the very centre of its body; nay, its vice-like jaws, between which those fiendish roars were issuing, were actually placed above its two fiery eyes. Its limbs were furiously clamouring for action; and the man he had been chasing, where was he? Already devoured by this terrible beast? The tiger could not pause to reflect. He turned tail, and as he disappeared over a friendly ridge, a last awful yell caused him to redouble his pace. He was conquered by the unknown.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO