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The Grey Review

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

You do very well, my friends, to treat me with some little reverence, for in honoring me you are honoring both France and yourselves. It is not merely an old, grey-moustached officer whom you see eating his omelette or draining his glass, but it is a piece of history, and of the most glorious history which our own or any other country has ever had. In me you see one of the last of these wonderful men, the men who were veterans when they were yet boys, who learned to use a sword earlier than a razor, and who during a hundred battles have never once let the enemy see the colour of their knapsacks. For twenty years we were teaching Europe how to fight and even when they had learned their lessons it was only the thermometer, and never the bayonet, which could break the Grand Army down. Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—we stabled our horses in them all. Yes, my friends, I say again that you do well to send your children to me with flowers, for these ears have heard the trumpet calls of France, and these eyes have seen her standards in lands where they may never be seen again.

Even now, when I doze in my arm-chair, I can see those great warriors stream before me—the green-jacketed chasseurs, the giant cuirassiers, Poniatowsky's lancers, the white mantled dragoons, the nodding bearskins of the horse grenadiers. And then there comes the thick, low rattle of the drums, and through wreaths of dust and smoke I see the line of high bonnets, the row of brown faces, the swing and toss of the long, red plumes amid the sloping lines of steel. And there rides Ney with his red head, and Lelebvre with his bulldog jaw, and Lannes with his Gascon swagger; and then amidst the gleam of brass and the flaunting feathers I catch a glimpse of him, the man with the pale smile, the rounded shoulders, and the far-off eyes. There is an end of my sleep, my friends, for as I spring from my chair with a cracked voice calling and a silly hand outstretched, so that Madame Titaux has one more laugh at the old fellow who lives among the shadows.

Although I was a full Chief of Brigade when the wars came to an end, and had every hope of soon being made a General Division, it is still rather to my earlier days that I turn when I wish to talk of the glories and the trials of a soldier's life. For you will understand that when an officer has so many men and horses under him, he has his mind full of recruits and remounts, fodder and farries, and quarters, so that even when he is not in the face of the enemy, life is a very serious matter for him. But when he is only a lieutenant or a captain, he has nothing heavier than his epaulettes upon his shoulders, so that he can clink his spurs and swing his dolman, drain his glass and kiss his girl, thinking of nothing save of enjoying a gallant life. That is the time when he is likely to have adventures, and it is most often to that time that I shall turn in the stories which I may have for you. So it will be to-night when I tell you of my visit to the Castle of Gloom; of the strange mission of Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, and of the horrible affair of the man who was once known as Jean Carabin, and afterwards as the Baron Straubenthal.

You must know, then, that in the February of 1807, immediately after the taking of Danzig, Major Legendre and I were commissioned to bring four hundred remounts from Prussia into Eastern Poland.

The hard weather, and especially the great battle at Eylau, had killed so many of the horses that there was some danger of our beautiful Tenth of Hussars becoming a battalion of light infantry. We knew, therefore, both the Major and I, that we should be very welcome at the front. We did not advance very rapidly, however, for the snow was deep, the roads detestable, and we had but twenty returning invalids to assist us. Besides, it is impossible, when you have a daily change of forage, and sometimes none at all, to move horses faster than a walk. I am aware that in the story-books the cavalry whirls past at the maddest of gallops; but for my own part, after twelve campaigns, I should be very satisfied to know that my brigade could always walk upon the march and trot in the presence of the enemy. This I say of the hussars and chasseurs, mark you, so that it is far more the case with cuirassiers or dragoons.

For myself I am fond of horses, and to have four hundred of them, of every age and shade and character, all under my own hands, was a very great pleasure to me. They were from Pomerania for the most part, though some were from Normandy and some from Alsace, and it amused us to notice that they differ in character as much as the people of those provinces. We observed also, what I have often proved since that the nature of a horse can be told by his colour from the coquettish light bay full of fancies and nerves, to the hardy chestnut, and from the docile roan to the pig-headed rusty-black. All this has nothing in the world to do with my story, but how is an officer of cavalry to get on with his tale when he finds four hundred horses waiting for him at the outset? It is my habit, you see, to talk of that which interests myself, and so I hope that I may interest you.

We crossed the Vistula opposite Narienwerder, and had got as far as Riesenberg, when Major Legendre came into my room in the post-house with an open paper in his hand.

"You are to leave me," said he, with despair upon his face.

It was no very great grief to me to do that, for he was, if I may say so, hardly worthy to have such a subaltern. I saluted however, in silence.

"It is an order from General Lasalle," he continued; "you are to proceed to Kessel instantly, and to report yourself at the headquarters of the regiment."

No message could have pleased me better. I was already very well thought of by my superior officers, although I may say that none of them did me justice. It was evident to me, therefore, that this sudden order meant that the regiment was about to see service once more, and that Lasalle understood how incomplete my squandron would be without me. It is true that it came at an inconvenient moment, for the keeper of the post-house had a daughter—one of those ivory-skinned, black-haired Polish girls—whom I had hoped to have some further talk with. Still, it is not for the pawn to argue when the fingers of the player move him from the square; so down I went, saddled my big black charger, Rataplan, and set off instantly upon my lonely journey.

My word, it was a treat for those poor Poles and Jews, who have so little to brighten their dull lives, to see such a picture as that before their doors. The frosty morning air made Rataplan's great black limbs and the beautiful curves of his back and sides gleam and shimmer with every gambade. As for me, the rattle of hoofs upon a road, and the jingle of bridle chains which comes with every toss of a saucy head, would even now set my blood dancing through my veins. You may think, then, how I carried myself in my five-and-twentieth year—I, Étienne Gerard, the picked horseman and surest blade in the regiments of hussars. Blue was our colour in the Tenth—a sky-blue dolman and pelisse with a scarlet front—and it was said of us in the army that we could set a whole population running, the women towards us, and the men away. There were bright eyes in the Riesenberg windows that morning, which seemed to beg me to tarry; but what can a soldier do, save to kiss his hand and shake his bridle as he rides upon his way?

Its was a black season to ride through the poorest and ugliest country in Europe, but there was a cloudless sky above, and a bright, cold sun, which shimmered on the huge snowfields. My breath reeked into the frosty air, and Rataplan sent up two feathers of steam from his nostrils, while the icicles dropped from the side irons of his bit. I let him trot to warm his limbs, while for my own part I had too much to think of to give much heed to the cold. To north and south stretched the great plains, mottled over with dark clumps of fir and lighter patches of larch. A few cottages peeped out here and there, but it was only three months since the Grand Army had passed that way, and you know what that meant to a country. The Poles were our friends, it was true, but out of a hundred thousand men, only the Guard had wagons, and the rest had to live as best they might. It did not surprise me, therefore, to see no signs of cattle and no smoke from the silent houses. A weal had been left across the country where the great host had passed, and it was said that even the rats were starved wherever the Emperor had led his men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HURLED TO THEIR DEATH

FEARFUL FALL IN A TORONTO PUBLISHING WAREHOUSE.

Two Men Die From Their Injuries—An Elevator Broke Loose—Rushed Sixty Feet Through Space—A Deaf Mute One of the Victims.

A despatch from Toronto says:—A shocking elevator accident happened shortly after three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon at the warehouse of Messrs. W. J. Gage and Company, 54, Front street west, resulting in the death of two men, and serious injuries to a third. The names of the three are James Welsh, a young man living at 10 William street, who died at the General hospital two hours after reaching there, Charles J. Howe, bookbinder, 178 Dovercourt road, who died at the same place six hours after the accident; and Mr. Charles McBride, 40 Major street.

How the accident happened no one seems to know. It appears that the elevator, which is a large affair, used for moving freight as well as passengers, was out of order, and the three men undertook to repair it. They had been at work for some time. The cage had been run up to the very top of the building, three storeys, and Welch and Howe were working inside it, John McBride was at work on the ground floor. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the elevator started, and the cage dropped with a fearful crash to the basement. Some of the rope at the bottom got entangled about Mr. McBride, and he was jerked upward, and thrown ten or twelve feet away. The two men in the elevator suffered most. They were buried in the ruins of the cage. The noise of the falling elevator and the cries of the injured men caused the greatest alarm among the employes, and they rushed at once to the assistance of the sufferers. A telephone message was sent for medical aid, and in a short time Drs. King, Riordan, and Elliott were on the spot.

THE MEN'S INJURIES.

Restoratives were applied to Mr. McBride, and he regained consciousness. He was badly injured about the shoulder, and an examination showed that his arm was broken. His leg was also hurt.

FATAL INJURIES.

The two men in the hoist were extricated from the ruins. Welch was terribly injured about the head, and it was at once seen that his chances of recovery were almost hopeless. Howe's right leg was almost crushed to a pulp from the knee downward, and the blood of the wounded formed little pools on the floor. The surgeons applied "first aids," so as to stop the bleeding, and the police ambulances were sent for. Howe and Welch were conveyed to the General hospital, and McBride, who was not suffering as much as the other two men, was removed to his home in the ambulance.

The surgeons at the General hospital did all they could to alleviate the sufferings of the two men. They found a deep wound in Welch's head, and a closer examination showed that the skull had been fractured. He never recovered consciousness, and gradually sank until he died at 5.30. Howe was also in a bad condition, but hopes were at first entertained of his recovery. He, however, suffered fearful agony, and died from the shock about half-past nine o'clock. His right thigh was broken, and his right knee cap shattered. He was also seriously injured internally, which contributed to his death.

Charles H. Hutchings.

Sick Headache
CURED PERMANENTLY
BY TAKING
Ayer's Pills
"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. It was usually accompanied with severe pains in the temples, a sense of fullness and tenderness in one eye, a bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, hands and feet cold, and sickness at the stomach. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I
Began Taking
Ayer's Pills
that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches, and a well man."—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me
AYER'S PILLS
Awarded Medal at World's Fair
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

An Unusual State of Affairs in the Family.

An observing wife can tell the time of day by her husband's countenance. She has only to look into his face as he comes down to breakfast to decide whether the day is to be pleasant or disagreeable for her. Every husband makes his start for the day as he gets out of bed. If he gets beyond the hole in the toe of his right sock, the collar-button rolled under the dresser the night before, the ravelings which suddenly show up on his cuffs and the absence of his favorite hair-brush from its usual location, he will be quite likely to decide that his wife has an excuse for living, and when asked to order a barrel of flour or some more coal he may possibly express his desire to observe that waste and extravagance seem to be the ruling spirit of that house.

When Mr. Bowser came down to breakfast the other morning Mrs. Bowser looked sharply at him to get her own. She was puzzled. He was in Mr. Bowser's chair, he wore Mr. Bowser's clothes, but was he Mr. Bowser? He had dressed himself without once yelling over the banister to ask if that house was run as a lyceum or just slipped along Hottentot fashion, and though she had listened sharply she had not heard any chairs upset or any hearts banged about. He might be in for a wrestling match with the grip, and her heart fluttered as she queried:

"Mr. Bowser, aren't you—you feeling well this morning?"

"Cop, by gar—up-top," he kindly replied as he looked up with a smile.

"But has—has anything unusual happened?" she persisted as she poured the coffee.

"Nothing, dear. Everything is all right and going along as slick as grease. How are you feeling this morning? I do hope you won't get down again. You don't know how I miss you when you're ill; seems as if we were all packed up to move. Please be very careful of yourself!"

Mrs. Bowser got the coffee poured out, but it was all she could do, and she dared not trust her voice to reply."

"Elegant coffee, this,—perfectly elegant," said Mr. Bowser as he sipped it. "By the way, I was speaking to you about my shirts the other day. I find they are all right—fit me to a T, and collars never set so well. I've had less trouble with shirts, collars and socks in the last three months than any other man in this town, and you deserve credit for it."

Mrs. Bowser stared at him in open-mouthed amazement, and said to herself that he couldn't possibly live the day through.

"Didn't you say something to me the other day about wanting some money?" asked Mr. Bowser as he got away with a couple of flannel cakes, without any wool in them.

"Y—yes," she stammered. "I told you I needed a new dress."

"Yes, I have no doubt about it, and how about a hat?"

"I really need one, but I was thinking I might possibly make the old one do."

"You won't have to," he said as he felt for his wallet. "Here's $50, and if that doesn't fit you out call on me for more."

Mrs. Bowser wanted to weep, but she didn't dare to. There was a blurr before her eyes as she looked around the room, and the sideboard and buffet seemed to be taking a waltz together. She even dodged a little, as if expecting the ceiling to fall upon her head.

"Well," said Mr. Bowser as he finally shoved back from the table, "that's the best breakfast I've had in a year. If every husband in this world had as good a wife to oversee his home as I have life would be one long, happy day. I see you have cut the gas-bill down a dollar over last month, and I never saw coal last as it has of late. I want you to know that I appreciate these things. What's the matter, dear?"

"I—I've got a wretched headache!" she whispered in reply. It was a fib, but the recording angel never even dipped her pen in the ink.

"Too bad, puss—too bad!" he soothingly said as he chucked her under the chin and gave her a kiss. "Well, ta-ta until lunch time. Hope you'll feel better then."

The minute the front door closed on him Mrs. Bowser tumbled on the lounge and gave way to her feelings. The cook heard her and came in and gazed down upon her and exclaimed:

"Well, if I had a husband who'd give me a blast before leaving the house I'd have a divorce in six weeks! Why don't you get up and assert your rights and make him knuckle?"

"Mr. Bow-wow-woser is the best husband on earth—the very best!" sobbed Mrs. Bowser.

"Rats! I'd break every bone in his body if he belonged to me; I've heard him take on and scold and jaw and kick over chairs and throw towels around because one of his suspenders busted on him, or he fell down a mile from home and knocked a heel off his shoe. Some folks think the cook has her ears in the oven all the time, but don't you believe it. Take my advice and spunk right up."

Mrs. Bowser didn't try to explain any farther. She just continued the weeping business until she got ready to stop, and then she got up and went around feeling so good that a tramp who came to the door was given Mr. Bowser's second-best shoes and a quarter in cash.

At noon, when Mr. Bowser came up to lunch, the "fit" was still on. He actually kicked up his heels and acted giddy as he entered the hall. Mrs. Bowser met him with a sweet smile, though having an eye open for squalls, and he put his arm around her and tried to waltz. During lunch he got off half a dozen good jokes, praised the eatables and the way the table was spread, and capped the climax by saying:

"I have tickets for the theater to-night, and you be all ready, and we'll have a gay old time. What is it, sis?"

It was that same fib again, and the recording angel passed it by as before and never heaved a sigh. Mr. Bowser was good at supper time. His "streak" lasted all the evening. He never made a kick at the theater nor about having his feet walked on in the crowded car. He smiled all the way home and laughed after he got there, and Mrs. Bowser went to bed utterly conscience stricken to think that she had held Mr. Bowser up to the public for three long years in a false light. Even his snores had a beautiful cadence as they floated out over the foot-board and knocked the splinters off the darkness. She was dreaming of pansies, lilies, angels and all that when sleep overtook her. When she awoke it was daylight, and Mr. Bowser sat on the rail of the bed with a sock in one hand and his shirt in the other and was saying.

"Look-a-here, Mrs. Bowser, if there's a worse-run house in this town, or a wife who seems to care less for her husband's comfort, I'll give a bar'l of gum to find 'em! Look at that sock! Look at that shirt! If things don't change pretty soon I'm going to know the reason why!"

Poor Mrs. Bowser! The "fit" had come and the "fit" had gone.

To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.—Haliburton.

Among the Turks bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld she has only to go before the cadi and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed it is ground for divorce.

Heart to Heart

or, Love's Unerring Choice.

CHAPTER XIV.

"TRUE LOVE, WHICH MAKETH ALL THINGS FOND AND FAIR."

Roger did not let the grass grow under his feet in his endeavors to restore her inheritance to Hilda. A copy of his brother's will, together with a notice of ejectment, was served upon Colonel Deloraine's lawyer a few days after the events recorded in my last chapter. Notwithstanding his surly, morose temper and unfeeling disposition, Reginald Deloraine was an honorable, upright man, and he was no sooner made aware that his brother Mark had bequeathed his property to Hilda than he prepared to quit the Abbey, even offering to restore to the young heiress the revenue which he had expended during his brief tenure of the estates. It is needless to say that this was promptly refused by Roger on behalf of Hilda. The old soldier expressed himself very strongly with regard to his dead brother's conduct. He considered that it was Mark's duty to provide for his daughter, but that he was very wrong to leave the Abbey and estates of Marham to one who had no right to bear the name of the proud race who had so long possessed them.

Colonel Deloraine, who was possessed of an ample fortune, refused to accept the handsome sum of money which Hilda, through her solicitor offered to settle upon him. He never knew the means by which the will had been discovered, inclining to the belief—which Roger forbore to contradict—that it had been discovered among the papers of Nigel Wentworth, after his sudden death.

During the settlement of her affairs by her kind friend, Hilda remained with Mrs. Grey quietly at the old mansion in Park Gardens, and, consequent upon "the law's delay," April was far advanced, and the trees and shrubs in the park were putting on their tender livery of green, before Roger was able to announce to Hilda that all the necessary forms had been gone through and her father's will had been proved, and that she was now at liberty to return to the Abbey as soon as she pleased.

In broken tones she thanked the detective for the kindness and zeal which he had displayed in her cause.

"I am thinking of going to Brighton for a few weeks; you know that Mrs. Grey intends to resign her situation here and live with me as my housekeeper," said Hilda to Roger.

"Yes, she told me of her intention," he rejoined. "Well, I know you will make the old lady happy."

Some days after this conversation Hilda was reclining rather listlessly in a low chair, her hands folded in her lap and her exquisite misty eyes fixed on the soft white clouds as they flitted over the tender blue of the April sky, when a firm, manly tread sounded on the stone stairs, and Mrs. Grey, opening the door, announced "Mr. Montacute."

The lovers had not met for some day, and now they clasped hands in silence both hearts being too full for utterance. At last Roger said, sorrowfully, looking down at the fair face of the woman he so devotedly loved:

"It is a ruined man who is speaking to you to-day, Hilda. I received no reply from my aunt when I wrote to tell her of the discovery of your father's will, so I wrote again a few days ago; look here!" drawing a letter from his pocket, "here is her answer."

Hilda took the large, square envelope with its elaborate monogram, addressed in Mrs. Palmer's well-known writing, from Roger's hand. It contained her lover's last letter to his aunt with the seal unbroken. Across the envelope were these words:

"Choose between Hilda O'Conner and myself. I still decline to accept Mr. Deloraine's illegitimate daughter as the wife of my heir."

"How cruel!" exclaimed Hilda, passionately, "how unjust! but her unkindness cannot harm us now, Roger. I have enough for both," looking up in her lover's grave face with fondly confiding affection.

"My darling," replied the young man sorrowfully, "do you not see what a gulf is fixed between us; how can I claim your generous promise, now that I am a homeless, penniless man, with no profession or means of earning a living? What a fortune hunter every one would consider me!"

"Is is you who are cruel now," exclaimed Hilda, bursting into tears. "You wished to sacrifice everything for me when I was penniless, as well as nameless, and now you refuse to accept a share in the fortune which is utterly valueless without you. Oh Roger," lifting her wet eyes to her lover's face, "I would rather stand here a beggar to-day than lose your love that is all the world to me; don't leave me; don't leave me, darling!" and here poor Hilda hid her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

Roger drew her closely to his beating heart, exclaiming:

"Will my love indeed make you happy? Be happy, then dearest; you will at least have the most devoted slave that ever woman had to minister to your every wish."

"Nay, Roger," replied the blushing girl, as she laid her golden head against his shoulder, "not slave, but king."

When Roger returned to his hotel that evening after an interview with Hilda he sat down and wrote a long letter to his kind old friend, Mr. Heathcote, the Vicar of Marham, telling him that Hilda and he were to be married as soon as the settlement could be got ready and begging that the Vicar would see Mrs. Palmer and inform her of her nephew's approaching marriage. He also told the kind old man all the sorrow he had been suffering since his aunt had returned his letters and refused to acknowledge Hilda as his wife.

Mr. Heathcote answered the young man's letter in person, arriving in London about a week before the day fixed upon for the wedding. He was accompanied by his daughter Maria, and they lost no time in proceeding to the apartments which Roger had taken for Hilda, and where she was staying, attended by her faithful old friend, Mrs. Grey. The meeting between the girls was an April one of smiles and tears, though Maria soon recovered herself sufficiently to take an interest in Hilda's dress and trousseau, which she pronounced to be a very inadequate one for an heiress, and insisted on taking her friend for a round of shopping to supply as far as possible, in so short a time, the deficiency in her toilet. Mr. Heathcote had returned to Marham, leaving Maria with her friend, but had promised to come back to town to perform the marriage ceremony between his young friends. Greatly to Maria's disgust, the wedding was to be a very quiet affair, and the newly married pair would go straight from church to Ryde, where they intended spending a week before proceeding to the Abbey. The wedding day dawned bright and clear, and, attended by the few friends who were present to witness the ceremony, Hilda stood before the altar and plighted her troth to the man so fondly loved, so staunchly true. And surely the April sunshine never shone upon a prouder bridegroom or a happier bride than Roger and Hilda as they left the gloomy London church to tread life's pathway together "till death should them part."

* * * * *

A brilliant day in May was drawing to a close; the birds were winging their way home to their nests, while the nightingales were filling the evening air with their exquisite, plaintive melody. The groves and gardens of Marham Abbey were ablaze with rhododendrons and azaleas, while from the surrounding thickets the subtle perfume of lilacs and syringas floated on the breeze. Everything about the old mansion and grounds was in perfect order, for on this day the exiled heiress and her husband were expected to arrive. The great gilded iron gates were surmounted with an exquisite arch, composed of evergreens and sweet Spring flowers, and similar arches were to be found spanning the whole length of the village streets, while every cottage showed some token of welcome to the bride and bridegroom. The carriage had been sent to the station to meet Mr. and Mrs. Montacute, and the excited villagers were eagerly watching for its coming. Hilda returned to the home from which she had fled with the bitterness of death in her heart through the gloom and darkness of the Winter midnight! As she bowed her acknowledgments of the rapturous greeting which awaited her on every side, her eyes were so full of thankful, happy tears that she could hardly recognize the familiar faces, and Roger, who was anxiously watching her, was thankful when the carriage stopped at the great hall door of the Abbey. The vicar of Marham and Maria stood upon the steps to receive her, and her old friend's kind greeting quite upset the excited girl, and Roger hurried her through the waiting group of servants in the hall and into the library, anxious if possible to avoid "a scene," of which he had all a man's horror. Vain hope! A surprise was in store for both husband and wife of which they little dreamed.

As Roger tenderly led his wife into the cool, flower-scented apartment, striving to calm her agitation by his soothing words, an old lady, who was seated in an easy chair by the window advanced to meet them, and, to his utter surprise, Roger perceived that it was Mrs. Palmer. Drawing the trembling form of his wife closer to his side, the young man was about to speak, but his aunt interrupted him. Holding out her thin, white hands to her nephew, she asked, reproachfully:

"Did you find it so easy a thing to forget the love of a lifetime, Roger? Kiss me, my boy, and we will let the past bury its dead. I cannot quarrel with you if I would. Forgive me, Hilda, for my pride and harshness. I have heard how nobly you have endured your cruel sorrows. For the future we will be friends, you and I, if only for the sake of our mutual love for Roger." And, with the music of the joy-bells clanging through the room, the young man clasped his earliest friend to his heart.

[THE END.]

ENGLAND'S RICHEST MAN.

The Great Fortune Made by Col. North in South America.

Few stories of to-day are more romantic than that of the rapid rise to wealth of John Thomas North, who was defeated for membership in Parliament by Herbert Gladstone. North is known as the "Nitrate King," both because it is to that product that he owes his fortune, and because of his open-handed way of distributing his wealth.

Although now the richest man in Great Britain, his origin is most humble. A Yorkshire mechanic, he went to Chili when he was 23 years old, twenty-eight years ago, and riveted boilers in the town of Huasco At this time the nitrate fields of Peru were beginning to be talked of as a good field for speculation. He believed that he could employ his mechanical ability there and left as soon as he could afford to make the venture. His work was largely in the nitrate fields, and he was one of the first to purchase nitrate. For twenty years he continued to purchase it. He mastered every detail of the nitrate business, and began to erect works here and there in Tarapaca.

It is needless to track the progress of the "Nitrate King" in detail through the successive stages which have led to the possession of a fortune exceeding $100,000,000. His farsighted business sagacity enabled him to see opportunities for money-making that were not apparent to others. Gradually he secured control of the greater part of the nitrate beds. Water is a precious commodity in that region, so North got control of the water companies. He needed ships and railways for transportation of freight and passengers, and he built them. When the war between Chili and Peru broke out he found new openings for the rapid accumulation of wealth, and promptly availed himself of them, getting control of railways, gas works, and other corporations, which, in his hands, paid as they never had done before.

After Col. North had become one of the world's richest men, he placed his South American affairs in competent hands and returned to England to enjoy the fruits of his toil. Far from resting, however, he engaged in new enterprises, the chief of which was the manufacture of cement in Belgium, which has proved almost as lucrative as the production of nitrate of silver. Even to this day he personally supervises all of his vast business interests. In Great Britain Col. North quickly became famous. His prodigal liberality, the magnificence of his entertainments, and the palaces which he made for himself quickly made this Monte Cristo the cynosure of all eyes. His wealth opened the doors of society to him, he became a friend of the Prince of Wales, and from that time his name has been on the public tongue, though of late it is said he has been more judicious and less lavish in the distribution of his favors.

Col. North is well known as the patron of the turf, his racing stables being the best in England. He is also a dog fancier and an admirer of the work of artists. His country house at Elham is filled with costly objects of art, and he is always ready to buy any that come into the market.

ENGLISH REGIMENTAL PAPERS.

Some Curious Journalistic Productions That Are Devoted to Tommy Atkins.

There are ten regimental newspapers published in the British Army. Some of these are very ambitious, some are not at all so, being simply ordinary records of army gossip. Several, however, are quite handsomely illustrated and all devote a great deal of space to the sporting events in which the soldiers have been interested and the promotions that have been made.

Very odd indeed are the names of these military journals. The Sprig of Shillalagh is published by the First Battalion Inniskilling Fusiliers. The Tiger and the Rose is owned by the First York and Lancaster Regiment, and the X. X. X. and the 5 and 9 Lilywhite's Gazette by the Thirtieth and Fifty-ninth East Lancashire Regiments respectively. The Bengal Tiger is the newspaper of the Second Munster Fusiliers, and the Dragon the organ of the "Buffs."

The four remaining sheets that tell the doings of the "soldier boys" in detail are the Queen's Own Gazette (of the Second Battalion, West Kent), the Second Suffolk Gazette (owned by the Second Suffolk Regiment), the St. George's Gazette (the Northumberland Fusiliers) and the Nines (the Second Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment.)

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give.—Seneca.

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TIME TABLE.

	GOING SOUTH.	
Durham	7.30 a. m.	6.40 p. m
Holstein,	7.40 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest,	7.55 "	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph,	10.23 "	"
Toronto,	12.20	"
London,	11.15 a. m.	
	GOING NORTH.	
Durham	3.45 p. m.	10.00 p. m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest,	2.55 "	9.2 "
Palmerston	2.15 "	8.35
Guelph,	10.31 "	5.34
Toronto	8.20 a. m.	4.25 "
London,	7.35 "	5.35 "

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