A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER X.

In less than a week after her interview with Picot, Mrs. Brooke, her husband, and Miss Primby were settled in their new home. The rooms recommended by the Frenchman had proved more to Clara's liking than any she had seen elsewhere, and she at once engaged them. The furniture and fittings were to a great extent after the cheap and tawdry style so much affected by the inferior class of French lodging-house keepers; but as the whole place was pervaded by an air of cleanliness, such little desagrements as existed in other respects Clara was prepared to overlook.

No. 5 Pymm's Buildings was one of a row of half-a-dozen houses similar to itself in size and outward aspect, situated in a quiet court abutting on a main thoroughfare in the busy and populous district of Soho. All the houses in Pymm's Buildings accommodated a more or less numerous tribe of lodgers, the lower floors being generally arranged in suites of rooms for the convenience of families, while the top floors were usually divided into separate sleeping apartments. And it was in this place and amid such sordid surroundings that the whilom owner of Beechly Towers hoped to find for a little time a secure shelter from the hue and cry of the ten thousand hounds of policedom, each and all of whom were doing their utmost to run him to earth. His idea had been to bury himself in the heart of some densely populated district where one man is but as a grain of sand among ten thousand others, and in so far it may be surmised that he had been successful.

When Mrs. Brooke quitted Beechly Towers secretly and by night to join her husband in London, Margery, faithful Margery, was the only one who was made aware of her departure. The girl pleaded so hard to be allowed to accompany her, that at last Clara was fain to make her a promise that she would send for her as soon as she was settled in her new home. Thus it fell out that Margery was now here, and her mistress found the value of her services in a score different ways. For instance, Margery did all the marketing and did it for little more than half what it had cost before her arrival. Poor simple-minded Clara, who believed everybody to be as honest as herself, had been imposed upon at every turn; but the shopman or peripatetic vendor who succeeded in "besting" Margery, as she termed it, must have been very wide-awake indeed. The girl would haggle for half an hour over a penny, and her powers of vituperation always rose to the level of the occasion.

What was Mrs. Brooke's surprise about the third day after her arrival at Pymm's Buildings as she was on her way down-stairs, to encounter M. Picot on his way up! Then it came out that the mountebank rented a room at the top of the house which he looked upon as a permanent home, and occupied as such when his avocations did not take him elsewhere. Had Mrs. Brooke been aware of this fact at the time, she might perhaps, have hesitated before deciding to take the rooms. And yet, somehow, she had an instinctive feeling of trust in the mountebank—the same sort of trust, although in a lesser degree, that she had in Margery; and after the first tremor of alarm which shot through her when she encountered him on the staircase, she never felt a moment's doubt that her secret, or as much of it as he might know or suspect, was safe in his keeping. It became, of course, necessary to explain to him that it was she and her husband, and not any one else, whose fortunes had changed so woefully. But Picot was one of the most incurious of mortals outside the range of his own affairs. He only remembered Clara as "la belle madame," who had kissed his boy and spoken kindly to him and had laden him with gifts, and about whom Henri often spoke when his father and he were alone. He had never thought of asking any one what her name was; and even now, when he understood from Clara how terribly the circumstances of herself and her husband were changed, he expressed neither curiosity nor surprise in the matter. He was vraiment desole—he was heart-broken to think that such should be the case; but that was all. He did, indeed, a little later, ask the landlord the name of his new lodgers; and when he was told that they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, he repeted the name to himself two or three times over, so as to impress it on his memory, and then went contentedly on his way.

The furnished lodgings rented by Mr. and Mrs. "Stewart" comprised three rooms on the first floor and two on the second. As it chanced, the rooms on the ground-floor were at present untenanted. The sitting-room had two windows and was a tolerably sized apartment. In it about eight o'clock on a certain autumn evening, were seated Miss Primby and Margery. The former, as usual, was engaged on some kind of delicate embroidery; while the latter was trying her hand at a little plain sewing, the result being that on an average she pricked her finger once every three or four minutes. But, indeed, the girl was somewhat nervous this evening, or what she herself would have termed "in a pucker." She had had the ill-fortune to break a cup while washing up the tea-things.

"O mum, do you think Mrs. Stewart will let me stay when I tell her? She won't turn me away, will she?"

"Why, of course not, Margery. It was an accident, it cannot be helped."

"Oh, thank you for saying that, mum. Sometimes my fingers seem a if they were all thumbs, and I lets everything drop. But I wants no wages and I ain't a big eater—leastways, I think not; and I'll eat less than ever now, so as to help to pay for the cup. A crust o' bread and drippin', a few cold taters, and the teapot after everybody else has done with it—that's enough for me."

"You must not talk like that, Margery; your mistress would not like it."

"Oh, but you don't know how sorry I am, mum. Mariar—her on the boat—always used to say as I was a great awk'ard lout of a girl, and she was about right there."

The two went on with their work for a little while in silence, and then Margery said: "You-ll excuse me, mum, for saying so, but I've often wondered why such a nice lady as you never got married."

The spinster could not help bridling a little. "Married! How absurd of you, Margery," she exclaimed. "From what I have seen of married life, I'm sure I am far better off as I am." Then, as if by way of afterthought: "Not but what I have had several most eligible offers at various times."

"Lor! mum, didn't it make you feel all-overish like when they went flop on their knees and asked you to marry 'em?"

"Gentlemen don't often go on their knees nowadays. Still, I have had them do that to me more than once. I remember that when Mr. Tubbins, the eminent brewer, did so, he was so very stout that he could not get up again without assistance."

"My! I'd have stuck a pin into him; that would have made him jump," cried the girl with her strange laugh.

At this juncture the door opened and Mrs. Brooke came in. She was plainly dressed in black, and was closely veiled. Since Margery's arrival she rarely ventured out of doors till dusk, and then only when she wanted to do a little shopping such as the girl could not do for her. Any one who had not seen her since that April evening when M. Karovsky's ill-omened shadow first darkened the terrace at Beechly Towers, might have been excused for failing to recognise her again. It was not merely that she looked older by more years than the months which had elapsed since that day—anguish, anxiety, and the dread which never ceased to haunt her of what the next hour might bring forth, had marked their cruel lines on her features in a way that Time's gentle if inexorable graver never does when left to labour alone. The clear dancing light had died out of her eyes long ago; they looked larger and shone with a deeper and more intense lustre than in the days gone by; but a sudden knock at the door, an unusual footfall on the stairs, or the voices of strange men talking in the court below, would fill them on a sudden with a sort of startled terror, just as the eyes of a deer may fill when first it hears the baying of the far-away hounds.

She took off her bonnet with an air of weariness and sat down. "Has not Gerald returned yet?" she said to her aunt. "What can have become of him?"

"The evening is so fine that he has probably gone for a longer walk than ordinary."

"It makes me wretched when he stays out longer than usual. And yet, poor fellow! what a life is his. To be shut up in one miserable room from morning till night; never to venture out till after dark, and then only with the haunting dread that he may be recognised and arrested at any moment! How will it all end?" She sighed and went into the other room. Presently she returned, and a few moments later a knock at the door made every one start. Margery hastened to open it. Outside stood Picot carrying a bunch of flowers. "Bon soir, madame," he said, addressing himself to Clara, with a low bow, and then favouring Miss Primby with another.

"Bon soir, Monsieur Picot. Entrez s'il vous plait."

"Merci, madame," he answered as he advanced into the room. "I have here a petit bouquet—a few flowers—which Henri has sent for madame, if she will have the bonte to accept them."

"I shall be charmed to do so," answered Clara as she took the flowers. "How fresh and sweet they smell! I am much obliged to Henri, and to you also, monsieur." The mountebank made another low sweeping bow.—"I hope that Henri is quite well?"

"Parfaitement bien, madame."

"The first time he has a holiday he must come and take tea with me; I will not forget to have a nice cake for the occasion."

"He will be enchante, madame. Ah! if madame could see him on the trapeze—could but see him jumpez from one bar to another—it is splendid, magnifique!"

"I think I would rather not see Henri go through any of his performances, monsieur."

"Mais, madame!" with an expressive shrug; "there is no danger, nothings to be afraid of. Oh, the grand artiste that Henri will be one day! He is twice so clevare as I was at his age. He will be what you call in England great man—big fellow."

"I am very glad to hear it. Meanwhile, you will not forget that he is to come some afternoon and take tea with me."

"Ah, madame, he talk about you every day.—But I go now. I hope that monsieur your husband finds himself quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you, monsieur."

With that the mountebank made his adieus and bowed himself out.

It here becomes needful to explain that just then Henri was engaged to a certain hippodrome as one of a troupe of juvenile acrobats who, under the pseudonym of "les freres Donati," and under the tuition of a celebrated "Professor," were performing a number of well-nigh incredible feats before crowded and enthusiastic houses.

"Ain't he polite!" said Margery as Picot closed the door. "But what a pity the poor man talks such a lot of gibberish."

"What can have become of Gerald?" said Clara for the second time, as she went to the window and drawing aside the curtain peered into the darkness. "I never knew him to be so late before. I cannot help feeling dreadfully uneasy." Then turning to Margery, she said: "Here is a list of things I want you to fetch from the grocer's in Medwin Street. Do you think you can find your way in the dark?"

Why, of course, mum. I never gets lost, I don't." Half a minute later she ran down-stairs, whistling as she went.

The minutes dragged themselves slowly away, and Clara was working herself into a fever of apprehension, when a well-known footfall on the stairs caused a cry of gladness to burst from her lips. "At last!" she exclaimed as she started to her feet and hurried to the door. "How glad I am that you are safely back," she added, as her husband entered the room. "You were away so long that I grew quite frightened."

"The evening was so pleasant that I extended my walk farther than I intended. I must be a caged bird now for the next four-and-twenty hours. Heigh-ho!"

"Will you not have something to eat?"

"Thanks; nothing at present," he answered as he proceeded to lay aside his slouched hat, his overcoat, and the muffler which had shrouded the lower part of his face. Then he took up a book and sat down in an easy-chair near the fire.

His wife's eyes brimmed with tears as they rested on him. "My poor boy!" she said softly to herself. "This life is killing me. When, oh, when will it end!" She sat down to her needlework.

Miss Primby was the first to break the silence. 'Do you know, my dear," she said to her niece "that Monsieur Picot puts me greatly in mind of the Count de Bonnechose a French nobleman who once made me an offer of marriage. He used to speak just the same delightful broken English—and then he had such great black eyes, which seemed to pierce right through you, and the loveliest waxed moustaches; so that when he clasped his hands and turned up his eyes till nothing but the whites of them were visible, and murmured "Mon ange," and called me his beautiful Engleesh mees," can you wonder that my heart used to thrill responsively?"

Clara could not repress a smile. "I am by no means sure that I should have cared to call that count my uncle."

"It was a mercy that I sent him about his business. He turned out to be no nobleman at all, but only a hairdresser's assistant, whose father had left him a little money. But certainly he had remarkably fine eyes."

Again there was a brief space of silence. This time it was broken by a knock which sounded all the more startling because no one had heard the faintest sound of footsteps on the stairs. All three started to their feet and looked at each other. Then, at a sign from Clara Miss Primby crossed to the door and opened it.

Framed by the doorway and shone upon by the lamplight from within, they beheld the black-clothed figure, the statuesque, colourless face and the statuesque, colourless face and the inscrutable eyes of M. Karovsky.

"Karovsky—you!" cried Gerald as he sprang forward.

"Yes, I—why not?" said the Russian with a smile as he raised his hat and came forward.—"Ladies, your servant." Then to Gerald: "You stare at me, mon ami, as if I had just come back from Hades. But this is scarcely the hand of a revenant, if I may be allowed an opinion in the matter."

"It seems incredible that you should hav efound me out in this place," answered Gerald as the tw oshook hands.

"Incredible? Peuh! I had to see you;

"Incredible? Peuh! I had need to see you; and I am here."

"Will you not be seated?"

As Karovsky drew up a chair, Clara made a sign to her aunt, and the two ladies passed out through the folding doors into the room beyond.

"Pardon," said the Russian as he glanced around, "but this place seems scarcely a fit home either for madame or yourself."

"You know that I am in hiding; you doubtless also know that a large reward is offered for my capture?"—The other nodded.—"While such is the case, it is impossible for me to touch a penny of my income. My wife's aunt has lost her property by a bank failure. We are very poor, Karovsky; but there are worse ills in life than poverty."

"Part of my errand to-night is to tell you that I have instructions to place certain funds at your disposal. You can leave this place to-morrow, if it please you so to do."

"Thanks, Karovsky; but I cannot accapt a penny of the money you offer me."

"How! Not accept! But this is folly."

"It may seem so to you; but that does not alter the matter."

"It is unaccountable," said the Russian, with a lifting of his black eyebrows. "But why remain in these wretched apartments? Why not go abroad—on the Continent—to America—anywhere? The world is wide, and there are places where you would be far safer than here."

"I doubt it. One reason why I am here is because I believe this spot—in the heart of one of the most populous quarters of London—to be as safe a hiding-place as any I could find. My other reason is that were I to go abroad, I feel as if I should be throwing away my last faint hope of ever being able to prove my innocence to the world."

Karovsky stared at him in wide-eyed amazement. "How! Your"——

"My innocence of the murder of Baron von Rosenberg."

"Pardon; I fail to comprehend."

"When we parted last, I told you clearly and emphatically that, let the consequences to myself be whatever they might, mine should not be the hand to strike the fatal blow; but when you left me, you evidently did so in the belief that in a little while I should change my mind, and that of the two alternatives you had placed before me, I should choose the one which you yourself would in all probability have chosen had you been in my place. Time went on, and, within the period you had prescribed, Von Rosenberg was found dead, shot through the heart. Such being the case, it was perhaps a not unnatural conclusion for you to arrive at that it was I, Gerald Brooke, who was the assassin.—But I ask you, Karovsky, to believe in the truth of what I am now going to tell you. I had no more to do with the death of Von Rosenberg than you yourself had."

"Es-il possible!" exclaimed the Russian in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper. For a few moments he sat staring silently at Gerald; then he went on: "Not often am I astonished at anything I hear; but you Gerald Brooke, have astonished me to-night. The evidence against you seemed so conclusive, that I never doubted Von Rosenberg fell by your hand. Yet more than once I said to myself: "What an imbecile Brooke must have been to leave behind him such a condemnatory piece of evidence as the weapon with which he did the deed!"—But who, then, was the individual who so kindly spared you a necessity so painful?"

"That I know no more than you do."

"C'est un vrai mystere."

"From day to day I live in love that the real criminal will be discovered and brought to justice; but with each day that passes that hope grows fainter within me."

"I know not what to say.—When I remember the past, and when I look round and think that this is now the home of you and madame"——He spread out his hands with a gesture more expressive than words.

Before more could be said, there came a peculiar knock at the door—three taps in quick succession, followed by a fourth, after a longer interval. At the sound, Clara and Miss Primby emerged from the other room.

"That summons is intended for me," said Karovsky quickly as he rose and opened the door.

Then those inside saw that a man, a stranger, was standing on the landing, who seemed to retire further into the shade the moment the light fell on him. He said something rapidly in a low voice to Karovsky, to which the latter replied in the same language. Then the Russian gave a nod as of dismissal, and closing the door, turned and confronted Gerald with a grave face and distended eyes. "That man is one of us," he said. "When I entered the house, I left him on watch outside. He now comes to tell me that a policeman in plain clothes is on guard outside the court, and that another is stationed inside, so that no one can pass in or out without being observed. He also tells me that there are two more constables in uniform patrolling the street close by; and that from what he can gather, they are awaiting the arrival of some one probably a superior officer. Is it possible, Brooke, that you can be the quarry on which they intend presently to swoop?"

"There can be little doubt of it," answered Gerald who had risen to his feet while Karovsky was speaking. He had turned very pale; but his lips were firm-set, and the expression which shone out of his eyes was something far removed from craven fear.

Clara stood with one hand resting on the table, her frame trembling slightly. Was the blow she had dreaded so long about to fall at last?

Miss Primby sat down with a gasp.

"Well, let them come," went on Gerald after a moment's pause. "It will be better so. I am tired of this life of hide-and-seek. Why not end it here and now?"

"No no!" cried his wife. "Even at this, the eleventh hour, there must surely be some way of escape."

"Even if I were eager to escape, which I am not, I know of none."

"Madame is right," said the Russian in his impressive tones. "There is still one way of escape."

"And that is?"——said Gerald interrogatively.

But before Karovsky could reply, Margery, breathless and dishevelled, burst into the room. "O Muster Geril! —O mum," she exclaimed, "the polis is in court—four or five of 'em, and I believe they're coming here. But I shut and bolted the door at the bottom of the stairs; and it'll take 'em some time to break that down," added the girl with a chuckle.

Picot who was on his way down-evening; and O, what an exquisite her words, and he could now be seen dimly outlined on the landing, his eyes piercing the obscurity like two points of flame; but for the moment no one observed him.

(To be continued.)

THE GLORY OF RAT PORTAGE.

Ex-Mayor Barnes Tells How the Town Got Its Name and Why the Citizens Love It.

In the mining convention recently held at Rat Portage, Prof. Goodwin of Kingston advised that the town change its name from Rat Portage to some one of the many musical Indian names so plentiful there. The audience plainly showed its disapproval of the idea.

Before the close of the session ex-Mayor George Barnes secured the floor. He is a tall, lank, bony fellow, droll and humorous to a high degree. He said that in times past movements had been started to change the name of the town, but for good reasons the people were so attached to it that they defeated all such movements. "I will tell you how the town got its name," said Barnes, and he kept his word.

"Long years ago, ages ago in fact, around Rat Portage there were numerous water bodies connected by narrow necks of rock. These bodies of water fairly swarmed with countless numbers of muskrats. When they passed from one lake to another they had to use these rocky necks as portages.

"Now a muskrat has a long, rough, scaly tail, which drags behind. Year after year, and age after age, those rats dragged their tails over those portages until deep creases were worn in the hard rock. In time, water commenced to run through those creases, and it kept running through until a deep broad channels was formed. In that way we secured the falls and water power between the head of the lake and what is now the Winnipeg River.

"The rats kept portaging, the paths kept deepening, and in time, there was lots of time in those days, our second water power was formed. The thing kept on until the third fall, the Dick & Banning site, was formed.

"But just then the white men came and caught almost all the rats and their great work came to a stop. If the white man had not come, undoubtedly other water powers around here would have been formed, and no one knows where the good work would have ended.

"Now that is how this place came to be called Rat Portage. One of our chief glories is our water power here, and that's why the people here love the name of their town."

Barnes then sat down, and the packed house with thunderous applause showed that it indorsed his statement of the case.

GREAT INGENUITY.

Made a Watch Out of Rubbish for the Czar of Russia.

A mechanic who constructed a watch for the Tsar of Russia from apparently hopeless rubbish proved himself a master of his art, and fairly won the reward he received. His name was Jules Curzon, and he was a Pole who had made his home in Chicago. Some years ago he received a gold medal for his inventions.

The tsar, hearing of his marvellous inventive genius, determined to put him to the test, and accordingly forwarded to him a box containing a few copper nails, some wood clippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire, and a few cribbage-board pegs. The box was accompanied by an extraordinary request that Curzon should transform these unpromising articles into a timepiece.

It was a challenge, and one that few watchmakers would have cared to take up. But it would have taken a harder task than this to daunt Jules Curzon. He set to work on the unpromising materials, and out of them fashioned a watch that was quickly despatched to the tsar.

Just eight hours after he began his work of transformation the watch started on its journey to Russia, where it arrived safely, to the great delight of the tsar. It was a most unique timepiece, its case being made of china, and its works composed of the material that had accompanied the old cup. Yet it kept good time, and had to be wound up only once in three or four days.

So pleased was the tsar that he sent for Curzon, and conferred upon him several distinctions, beside granting him a pension.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE.

K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS

SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life:—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

WM. A. WALKER. WM. A. WALKER. MRS. CHAS. FERRY, CHAS. FERRY

BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT — Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED

Wm. A. Walker of 10th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my "gay life." I was indiscreet when young and ignorant. As "One of the Boys" I contracted Syphilis and other Private diseases. I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, emissions, became thin and despondent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. "Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. Their treatment is wonderful. You feel yourself gaining every day. I have never heard of their failing to cure in a single case."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

IMPOTENCY VARICOCELE EMISSIONS CURED

Capt. Chas. Ferry says:—"I owe my life to Drs. K. & K. At 14 I learned a bad habit. At 21 I had all the symptoms of Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhœa, Emissions were draining and weakening my vitality. I married at 24 under advice of my family doctor, but it was a sad experience. In eighteen months we were divorced. I then consulted Drs. K. & K., who restored me to manhood by their *New Method Treatment*. I felt a new life thrill through my nerves. We were united again and are happy. This was six years ago. Drs. K. & K. are scientific specialists and I heartily recommend them."

We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. **CONSULTATION FREE.** No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. **BOOKS FREE**—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS-K&K

A NEW INDUSTRY.

A Big Bed of Pyrites Being Worked Near Schreiber—A Basis for Manufacture of Sulphuric Acid.

A new industry is about to be established on the north shore of Lake Superior, about one and one-half miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Schrieber, and about the same distance from the great lake.

A year or two ago a body of pyrites was struck. Last year the Messrs. Morley, shipowners, of Detroit, spent $3,000 or $4,000 in stripping the vein, erecting buildings, and cutting a waggon road to Schreiber. Quite recently they had an expert go over the property who examined it and pronounced it to be the greatest bed of pyrites that he had ever seen. A correspondent saw it recently and was very much impressed with the size and value of the ore body. A recent report, which he is able to confirm, is that the Davis Sulphur Ore Company of Davis, Mass., have purchased the mine, and will at once commence active operations. This pyrites is used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and it is very rarely that a body of ore as pure as this is found. It contains over 50 per cent. of sulphur, and is absolutely free burning. There is said to be no other deposit of equal purity in America. It is expected that ore docks will have to be built and a tramway from the mine to Lake Superior, in order to reduce the cost of shipment to the lowest possible amount; and if the expectations of the owners are realized, the importance of the mine will be quite in keeping with a large iron mine. The ore is found in a similar manner to what iron ore is and it contains practically nothing but iron ore and sulphur.

QUEEN AND PEOPLE.

Of all Victoria's ministers she liked Disraeli most and Gladstone least. Disraeli made her Empress of India, and she made him Earl of Beaconsfield. He flattered, Gladstone dictated. It is said that once Victoria objected to signing a bill.

"But you must, madame," urged the Grand Old Man.

"Must, sir? You forget, I am the Queen of England."

"You are, madame," returned Gladstone, "and I am the people of England."

She signed the bill. But that is one of the reasons, why she has no love, and never had any love, for the foremost of the democrats in England.

DEGREES OF KLEPTOMANIA.

Divided Into Three Classes by a Paris Court.

A Paris court has recently acquitted a young married woman arrested for stealing nearly 200 black silk cravats, for men. In the course of the trial kleptomania was discussed and shop thieves divided into three classes—conscious, semi-conscious and unconscious. Conscious theft, it was declared, may be premeditated or unpremeditated; type of the former the professional shoplifter with her big pocket; of the latter the woman who suddenly yields to an irresistible temptation. Semi-conscious thefts are the result of "temporary modifications in the intellect with momentary diminution of the moral sense," and these are frequently committed by most respectable women, "under determined conditions of sanitary trouble." Parisian shoplifters have of late taken to pleading pregnancy and an overpowering desire, but the medical experts and others apply an infallible test. The professional takes all she can lay her hands on and seeks to dispose of it; the pregnant woman always teals the same thing, and, having stolen it, and satisfied her craving, makes no attempt to profit by the theft. Frequently, as in the case of men's cravats, it is a useless or absurd article she affects. The unconscious kleptomaniacs often make no effort to conceal the article stolen. This condition is frequently the symptom of the beginning of a mortal organic affection.

A freak of nature, a kitten with eight legs and two tails, was lately added to the family of Christopher Jeffries, of Rahway, N. J. Two of the legs grow out of the back.

HYGIENE OF THE EYE.

When the eyes ache, close them for five minutes. When they burn bathe them in water as hot as can be borne with a dash of witch-hazel in it. After weeping bathe them in rose-water, and lay a towel wet in rose-water over them for five minutes. When they are bloodshot, sleep more. When the whites are yellow and the pupils dull, look after your diet; you are bilious.

IN BOSTON.

Emerson—Little Browning Jones used a shocking expression to-day.

Mama—Was it very naughty, Emerson?

Emerson—It was ungrammatical!

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO