IENUSHIP.

HER NEIGHBOR TORTH.

Articles - The St. Opposes British Ining Germany.

Pekin says:-The has granted Ruster a squadron at Britain demands cessions have been It has been sugmese and British jointly. The sit-Bay is unchangedi. yielding and the fivided as to whe-

ace or war with ards Russia as is asking her adof official denials, red that Port Arav were promised treaty. British g suffered greate of the loan nenow negotiating he latter demands British railroad hina, and it is demand will be drill instruct t the expiration will be replaced in officers have ed to drill the

Petershurg says: British article on says:- 'In conssion of England for the Russian rthur by the acmilton or Lazarhe possibility of of Japan, Europe grave diplomatic herefore, well to preement of the the Pacific perand Germany efdisturbance of etween the three and Great Brite other, such as y violent seizures nclusion. The Noope that the isoain in regard to owers will "paraciently to perm. eace from the danit the present mo-

nceris maintained circles. The cenn the press to atcount of the ochau Emperor, n Thursday at 17 e Council at Alexing the Grand military and naval ese situation was rumered that der Michaelovitch te strengthening fron in China.

AL SUPPLY. ars' Estimate - Mr. ic View - The Iron he Inited tintes, ondon says:-The s of the past week il, but industrial. ney's address besti al Society on after thirty years. may is now well t. like Mr. Fawotes, but has his to read statistics He has however. sur for scientific in making dry esting. His commented was ce he contended in his main premust come when in the coal and impaired. Mr. the output of ites, and the exin the cost of he mouth of the

UL SUSPENSE on the engineer ething enormous. other day. Not ussengers are at he constant fear er how innocent s a kind of hoo-

hillings lower a

ritain. He plain-

America, with a

I wealth and su-

roduction, must

this industrial

accident? If it had been by a streak sof we made a more happened one it in November. er the rails a ry, where there ig at that time ed out and saw ing across the ront of the entick as possible. e. We had run eless body was

k for him and of his coat sleeve at the rest seemunder the train. ne and got out lay the body. I saw its distortmurderer. No not perrecrow from a

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

down George Wildair spared Vic- leaning upon his arm. Mr. Latour leaning upon his arm. Mr. Latour tor Latour. He was there, pale as a looked much the same-dark, and cold, dead man, with a look in his wild eyes and sombre, and wrapped in his dignithat made people recoil in terror; but fied gloom, as in a toga. there he was, and the ceremony went tete, waited upon by Nurse Carry and

It was over-Amy was a bride. There touched the tempting viands; but Mr. was embracing and congratulating. Latour ate and drank with the relish Breakfast was eaten; the wedding dress was changed for the traveling suit; was on the qui vive the following Sunthe happy pair were in the carriage day to see the happy pair at church. and away.

and drove to the Grosvenor Hotel. And sure of scores of eyes. Mrs. Latour shone all through that day's journey Victor resplendent in all the glory of London Latour's lips had not opened half a millinery; her dress was exquisite, her dozen times. Silent, sullen, moody, mys- fect love, but-St. Jude stared with all terious, he sat wrapped in gloom; and its eyes. What was the matter with the light of his weird black eyes made Amy? The Christmas snow-drifts were Amy shiver like an aspen leaf. Oh! not whiter nor colder than her face. what was this that had come upon him sparkling and starry, looked out of that on his wedding day?

"I have something to tell you, Amy. A secret to tell you-a terrible secret, that you must swear to keep." They were alone in a spacious cham-

ber, and these were the first words he had spoken to her. His face looked livid in the gaslight, his eyes were blazing like coals of fire. " Victor !"

"You must swear, Amy! Never, to your dying day, must you breathe to living mortal the secret I shall reveal to you now. Here is a Bible, lay your hand upon it and swear."

The spectral black eyes held her with a dog." their horrible, irresistible, light. She could no more have refused than she could have fallen at his feet and died. She laid her hand upon the sacred vol- ed; and Mr. Latour was there to assist ume, and repeated after him a terrible her. Call when they might, the ladies oath of secrecy.

"And now listen to the secret of my

this supreme moment the old leaven of romance thrilled Amy with a little tremor of romantic delight. She sat calls. And Amy sat like a white autdown at his feet and listened to the few slowly-spoken words that he ut-

Ten minutes later, Mr. Latour left of a frightened child. the room, hurriedly, ringing the bell |- Mrs. Sterling and her son were amas he left. He met a chambermaid on the landing, hastening to answer the of her charge to be frightened away by

"My wife is ill," he said. "You had better try cold water and sal volatile; I am afraid she is going to faint."

after him aghast; then opened the I'm not going to give up my poor litchamber door, and entered. And there, in a white heap on the carpet, lay the bride in a swoon.

CHAPTER VII.

The waving trees around Blackwood Grange were arrayed in the sere and yellow leaf long before Mr. and Mrs. Latour returned from their bridal tour. The shrill winds of October had blown glades and leafy arcades around that stately mansion; and the ides of November had come when the happy pair

returned home. her life, proved herself a bad correspondent. She had written but one let- ently unsatisfactory. Strong-minded as ter and that of the briefest and brus- Mrs. Sterling was, conversation was quest to Mrs. Sterling. It was a po- impossible with that frigid face, and

lite notice to quit. wrote, "my husband thinks newly mar- "I shall call and see you again, Amy," fortune may be the means of spurring seded by steam power. The threshing Nurse Carry is quite competent; tell you alone." her to take charge, and have everything prepared for our arrival. We face, but Mr. Latour answered for her good one, but he wasn't in favor with out through the other and deposited shall return by the middle of Novem-

Mrs. Sterling smiled bitterly over this effusion.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble of ordering me out, Mr. Victor Latour, if that be your name. I would not have dwelt under the same roof with you for a kingdom. Oh, my poor little Amy! You are the veriest puppet that ever danced helplessly in its master's hand." Mrs. Sterling departed to St. Jude's

and took up her abode in the bachelor agartments of her son. There came no more letters, and Amy had always been addicted to note scribbling. "But what can you expect," said

Mrs. Sterling, with a bitter laugh, "wrapped as she is in post-nuptial bliss? The scheme of the universe holds but Mr. Victor Latour just at present. It is to be hoped the illusion will have worn off before her return."

"It is to be hoped the illusion will never wear off," said John Sterling, gravely, "if the illusion makes her happier. Don't be so bitter, mother; the poor little girl will pay dearly enough for her folly, I dare say. Heaven knows I wish I could save her." His mother looked at him almost con-

temptuously. "I don't believe you ever loved her,

John Sterling. "That is your mistake, my good mother. I love Amy so well, that if I could see her happy, with the husband of her choice, I should be almost happy myself. You love her, mother, and so do I, but in a different way, I

think." The November day that brought the bridal pair came swiftly round. The house was all in order; fires burned in every room; the dinner table was spread and the servants in gala attire, were waiting to welcome their

young mistress home. The short November afternoon was darkening down into a cold, raw twilight when the carriage came rattling Dr. Sterling made no reply. His face up the avenue. It had been a dull day, wore a look of pain, almost remorse. threatening snow; a few flakes had Poor little Amy! How unhappy she lookfluttered now through the opaque air, ed! And he had loved her, and might and the wailing wind was desolation have made her his happy wife. Itself. In the cold, bleak gloaming the There was a round of dinner parties

(little bride's teeth chattered as he He came. The fate that had struck husband handed her out, and her face

FOR THE THIRD TIME.

her understrappers. The bride scarce of a hungry traveler.

The quiet little village of St. Jude Mr. Latour had resigned his office of They reached London that evening, organist, of course; and he and his and drove to the Grosvenor Hotel And bride walked up the aisle the cynopallid face with a fixed look of unutterable fear; she stood before them the wan shadow of the radiant little fort.

Amy of ten months ago. "She has awakened," said Mrs. Sterling, with a momentary thrill of spirit, notwithstanding her compassion. The delusion is over; her idol of gold has turned out potter's clay."

Dr. John looked at the altered face of the girl he had loved; then at the dark, impenetrable face of the man eside her, and his heart hardened.

"He is a greater villain than even gave him credit for." he said. "He egins the work of breaking her heart etimes. I would have spared him for her sake if I saw he made her happy; visit from me, did you? But it is so now I will hunt him down as I would long, oh! so long, since I saw you, that I could not resist the temptation."

The numerous friends of Miss Amy Earle began at once to call upon Mrs. Latour. Mrs. Latour received them in her spacious parlours, exquisitely dress- Citadel; I mean to dine at Major Malof St. Jude could never find her alone. Near her, bending over her chair, the dark, handsome face, and fathomless black eyes of Victor Latour shone, There was a secret, then. Even in freezing every attempt at confidential conversation. He was scrupulously polite, but these ladies went away with no courteous request to repeat their omaton, and talked in monosyllables; she, who had been the most inveterate of chatter-boxes, now looked up at her husband with the wild, wide eyes

> ong Mrs. Latour's callers. The lady was too strong mindel and too fond the bridegroom's black looks.

"I'll go there now, and I'll go again and again, and still again," she said grimly. "I don't think Mr. Victor Latour will open the door and order me He hurried away. The girl looked out, and nothing less shall affront me. tle girl altogether, to be eaten alive by this black-eyed ghoul." The pale face and scared blue eyes

of the little bride lit eagerly up, for the first time, at sight of her old friends. She sprang up to meet them with a low cry, but a hand fell lightly on her shoulder from behind. Its touch was light as down, but a mailed grasp could not have checked her quicker.

"My dear Amy," the soft voice of Victour Latour murmured; " pray don't excite yourself; be calm! You are glad to see Mrs. Sterling, no doubt. Tell her themselves bleakly out in the green so by all means; but don't make a

The black eyes looked down into the blue eyes, and the bride cowered before the bridegroom, as a whipped hound before its master. She held out her During the two months of her ab- hand to her old friends, with a few sence, Mr. Latour, for the first time in very coldly-murmured words of greet-

The interview was short and eminthose weird dark eyes, staring her out "Dear Mrs. Sterling." the bride of countenance behind Amy's chair.

ried people are always better entirely she said, pointedly, as she arose to go, the crushed one to more ambitious ef- machine itself was usually placed crossbut of course it must be as he says. is a prospect of my being able to see

with a short, mocking laugh.

"Tell your kind old friend, Amy, that sess many friends among the boys. He a stack. our honeymoon has not yet commenced. was disposed to be sharp and quick with An early start is always made in ing, never cease to impress us by their have no secrets from your husband, nor sensitive lot. he from you, and that he really cannot There was a vacant room that had- of the horse power took his stand upon sevarate himself long enough from his n't been occupied for a long time and the platform, the teams all having charming bride, even for a confidential the chief one day took possession of it been hitched to the poles, and with a gossip with Mrs. Sterling."

strange a light in their sinister depths savage fashion. The washroom was sep- his skill in handling the teams, and

Sterling, "and a mysterious man, tried to stop the tirade, but he could-There are dark and deadly secrets in a't catch his eye, nor could he get his life. I am sure. There is a look in near enough to him in time to shake his face that repels me with absolute him. Finally the other man exhausted horror at times. I have doubted--" himself and turned around with a towthen he paused.

"Doubted what?" "It is a terrible suspicion, mother; knew that he was doomed. but I have doubted whether Victor! Latour is really sane. There is a wild, with a jaunty air he met the chief. unnatural light in those great black eyes of his, on occasions, that never are ready to express your personal shine in the eyes of a sane man."

"There appears to be method in his your victim's back?" madness, at all events," retorted his mother. "He was sane enough to secure for himself the little heiress."

breadth.

ity is a very good substitute for a sane said." And with that he expressed his was not known and sheaves were bound ily are always so glad to see one, and man's worldly wisdom. But it is a re- opinion of the chief in still more vig- with straw bands made on the harvest there is always great luxury to me in volting subject, mother-let us drop it, orous language, took his hat and stalk- field. As each sheaf then was drop- getting back to my own house, where

thank yourself for it. The game was idler since he was a boy. He felt a in your own hands before this man little dazed. Then he resolved on a bold feeder who stood just in front of the A friend explains speeches of this came along. She might have been your stroke. He would go straight to anwife now, instead of Victor Latour's, other city.

ary of at least \$6000.

COUNTRY THRESHING.

and Mrs. Latour always the same pale,

one; and absolutely froze the blood in

Sterling left, to call no more.

her veins with the glare of his black

Christmas came, and the New Year

came, with their festivities. It was

Christmas eve, and Mrs. Sterling sat

fast and the winter wind wailed. In-

side, firelight and lamplight and a

The door bell rang. "John at last,

said Mrs. Sterling, and rising, she open-

muffled up from the storm, glided in.

It threw back the hood of its cloak, and

Mrs. Sterling dropped into a chair, with

"Yes, Amy; but so unlike herself,

"Gone to meet the captains at the

sence and stole out. I have but a mo-

the submissive slave.

To be Continued.

LUCK IN DISGUISE.

An Ill-Guarded Speech Led On to the

Operator's Fortune.

said Mrs. Sterling, bitterly.

trample you under his feet.'

Amy Earle pluck up a

so like a spirit, that for an instant the

gasped, "where is he?"

cover this visit."

panie of fright.

possibility of gay society.

scared, cilent shadow. And last of all How the Old Horse - Power Machine there was a grand party at Blackwood Grange, to wind up these entertain-Worked - Toll in a Dust-Laden Atmosments-a very superb affair, indeed; phere from 6.39 a.m.

and, after that, society saw little of The old-time horse power threshing the newly married couple. Further inmachine was doomed from the day vitations they declined-Mrs. Latour's when a smokestack was invented which health, Mr. Latour said, precluded the prevented sparks from finding their December came with high winds and way from the fire box to the straw snow, and Amy ceased to appear even stack. Some "horse powers" may still at church. Mrs. Sterling grew seriousbe found, but for the most part they ly uneasy, and rode over to Blackwood Mr. Latour met her in the hall, and have been displaced and the steam told her his wife was suffering from whistle governs the hours of starting a chronic headache, and could see no and quitting work at fall threshings.

Now a threshing is just about the eyes-and, cowed and conquered, Mrs. most important work transacted on a farm in a year. When a farmer gets his grain all nicely garnered in his big barn he naturally wants to know how alone in her little parlor, waiting for many bushels of wheat, etc., he is goher son. Outside the son fell thick and ing to have for his summer's work, and he also wants to be in a position to bright little supper table, made a take prompt advantage of any high charming picture of home-like com- prices of grain which may be going shortly after harvesting. So he makes arrangement with the proprietor of a threshing machine to give him a couple But it was not John. A little figure, of days and turn his sheaves of grain into a marketable commodity. Now a threshing machine is, or was a few years ago, seldom owned by a single proprietor. Two or more brothers are frequently joint owners, or sometimes there is a partnership of others "Have I frightened you?" said the than kindred. And it is easily the threshing machine and falls upon a sweet voice, "You did not expect a hardest life in the world while it lasts. Only a man who has stood the dust tention to build a stack in the yard, and heat and exertion of a hard day's But, whatever is the intention, "And Mr. Latour?" Mrs. Sterling threshing can really know how hard

loy's; and I took advantage of his ab- ers that they will

HELP EACH OTHER

ment to stay; I don't wish him to disat threshings. Apart from the pro-"He plays the tyrant well!" prietors of the machine, and the ordinary farm help, eight or ten men are required, and these are supplied from the neighbors' round, who receive help tle spirit-defy him! Don't let him in turn when their own threshings Amy covered her face with both come off. Bill Smith sends over his two hands, and burst out crying convulsboys to help Bill Jones thresh, and when the Bill Smith threshing comes off a "You don't know! You don't couple of Jones' boys are al. ays found know! And I dare not tell you! Oh, Mrs. Sterling, [wish I were dead!' in the mow to pay off the obligation, to build it symmetrically and proper-"Amy, for Heaven's sake, tell me!-

What is the secret of this man's power over you? Something more than portant one in the household of a a wife's fear of a cruel husband.; Tell farmer. The women know by past exme; it is not too late to save you perience what appetites are possessed by those who are engaged in threshing Too late! too late! too late!" and enough food is cooked and othercried Amy, wringing her hands. "I wise prepared to feed a small army. have sworn, and I dare not break my A sheep is nearly always killed the day oath. His wife? I am no wife! Oh! before, and roast mutton is a favourwhat am I saying! I must go, Mrs. ite and much appreciated dish with Sterling. I shall betray myself. I hungry threshers. Pies, too, are made have seen you for a moment-that by the dozen, and plates, knives, is all I wanted. Good-by! Good- and forks and other table ware are borrowed from near neighbors to ac-She rushed from the room like one commodate the expected helpers. The insane. Mrs. Sterling followed in a night before, also, the threshing ma-

chine is driven into the barnyard and "Amy! Amy! for Heaven's sake, fixed in place on the barn floor. Out come back! You will perish in the in the yard the old "horse-power" was set up and connected by an iron rod

be seen but the black night and the ness for the morrow. ceaseless snow that was falling, falllike a circular platform, capable of be- them! Usually some girls from neighing turned around upon a massive bouring farm houses come over to help framework beneath. At intervals in serving the table, and the young there projected from it long polessome half dozen in number—to which the teams were attached. Upon these at a threshing, good nature and the

THE WHOLE PLATFORM well by a man. Some of her apparent- power with the threshing machine in- season ly hardest knocks are all for the vic- side the barn. This was the motive jower which caused the machine to work, tim's good. A crushing piece of misforts. It did no in one case to a cer- wise of the barn floor between the two main doors. The power rod came in Amy looked at her with a startled He was a telegraph operator, and a ers" of the machine took the straw the chief. In fact, the chief didn't pos- it in the yard, where it was built into

As to seeing you alone, tell her you them and telegraph operators are a threshings. At half-past six or a frequency and by their-let us hope but that was the old man's chance. quarter to seven o'clock, the driver as a sort of private office. The oper- crack of his whip and a prolonged He bowed her blandly out, as he ator whose story we are telling didn't whistle, started the machine going. spoke; and, wonderful to relate. Mrs. know about his change, and that very The driver of an old-time horse power Sterling went without a word. She day when he happened to be in the was always looked up to in country looked up into his face defiantly, but washroom with one of the boys he open- districts. The amount of threshing long curls. the black eyes had met hers with so ed up on the chief in a particularly done in a day depended largely upon that she absolutely quailed before it. arated by the thinnest kind of parti- his whistle was always the same-whee "He looked like a demon!" she burst tion and every word could be heard oo-oo-wheet-and was always folout to her son. "The light of those distinctly on the other side. The op- lowed by a crack of his whip. Somefierce black eyes was absolutely hor- erator dipped his face over the wash- times he and a chair to sit upon, more imagine how he will look when those rible. Good Heavens! I don't believe basin and as he sputtered and splash- times he had a chair to sit upon, more ed he blessed the chief in a shockingly often an old box, and he always chewed "He is a bad man," answered Dr. left-handed way. The man with him tobacco, and could swear like a trooper. He used to be the admiration of all the small boys at the threshing.

Imagine then a mow packed full of heavy sheaves rising high on either side of the red painted threshing mael in his hands. Then he saw the look chine. In this mow stands three or last week. I said to my husband af- the duck eggs which are produced in of horror on his companion's face. He four sturdy sun-burned country youths terwards that if Mr. A- should or men with pitchfork in hand As he stepped from the washroom

READY FOR THE START. "I suppose," said the latter, "you ient distances from each other so that get a big price for it." opinions in public as wall as behind they may readily pass along the heavy The same woman, while making a The operator rever wavered a hair's stands just above the machine drops tess as the time of her departure drew "I am," he said, smilingly, "and I board, where was stationed the band thing about making a visit is the re- til they resemble fish-glue, when they "The subtle cunning of partial insan- can add a little to what I have already cutter. In the old days binder twine turn to one's own home. One's fam-"Poor little Amy, indeed! You may It was the first time he had been an with one stroke of a sharp knife and please, and order whatever I want the loosened mass passed on to the to eat." feed box and whirling cylinder. Once kind by the theory that in some cravolve this cylinder, which was full of bump of tactfulness ought to be. How-That night he was on his way. Within a week he had secured an excellent spiked teeth began to revolve at a great ever that may be, a certain kind of situation. To-day' be commands a sal- velocity, and when the sheaves were tact may be cultivated. It is the best "And I owe it all .- he said, not long be heard a quarter of a mile away. | the doctrine that As the sheaves with their cut bands Politeness is to do and say ago to a friend, "to the fact that I

given in honour of the bridal pair and Dr. Sterling and his mother often met Mr. and Mrs. Latour in society—Mr. Latour always dark, cold, politely fri-Latour always dark, cold, politely fri-Scenes and Incidents at a Sash and Door Factory.

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going through the machine. A man with two half-bushel measures took away this grain, carrying one measure been left unsaid." They will be while the other was filling and keeping tally with a piece of chalk on a board. His job was supposed to be an easy one. After the grain has been separated the

THE HARDEST JOB around a threshing machine is at the It is an unwritten law among farm- head of the carriers. The men in the first mow have a hard time, as the for forty years." sheaves are heavy and hard to get out, but for downright toil, the man at the head of the carriers gets by far the worst of a threshing. In the first place the carriers keep piling straw in front of him in a never-ceasing stream and in the second place he works in an atmosphere of dust and chaff from morning to night. He moves along the straw to the man who stands next to him, and then it finds its way through many hands to the second mow or the a nice job for a man who understands his work, but it is not an easy trick The day before a threshing is an im- ly, and requires both skill and experi-

the horse power turned round, the sheaves fell from the mow and were fed into the machine, which turned them into grain and straw and chaff. good job for a small boy or an old man, as the work was light. Long bewould be black with grain smut. At a threshing for hour on hour the only men are filled with it. They come out laughing and "jollying" each other about being "bushed," all the while coughing up saliva that is black with itself mad. I'd been in the show busi-But there was no reply. The little with the machine inside. Heavy posts the dust which they have inhaled, ness some time, but I'd never seen anyfigure had fluttered away into the were driven down to keep the "horse- They wash their grimed faces and chill blast, and there was nothing to power" in place, and all was in readi- hands in tin basins filled from rain water barrels, and maybe they don't The horse power itself was something do justice to the dinner provided for men banter each other about these or other girls. But it is all good nature teams being driven around in a circle hardest kind of hard work. When the threshing is over the farmer is in a turned around also and caused the rod position to sell his grain, pay off his It isn't easy to tell when Fate means to revolve which connected the horse help, and count the profits for the

THINGS PEOPLE SAY.

Perhaps nothing else in society astonishes one so much as the things peo- in, as he always did in any real emerple say. Not the clever speeches or | gency. He was walking around the through one of these, and the "carri- cruel speeches, not the complimentary remarks or improper remarks, aston- to him as he could, and waiting for a ish us, but the tactless speeches, the chance. Presently the giraffe, slashspeeches that have no excuse for le-- upintentional rudeness.

"What a dear little fellow that is!" said a caller to a mother of a three-

"He is a great comfort to us." replied the mother, stroking the child's

ful now, that at the first glance one would call him pretty. But if you golden curls are cut off, you will see that he will be a very plain child." Said another woman to an acquainpardon me for saying that I think I never saw a more beautiful piece of lace than the flounce on the gown that you wore to the Assembly ball again fail and lose everything as he has done once or twice already, They are placed in the mow at conven- you could sell that lace and easily

sheaves. The man in the mow who visit of several weeks, said to her hossheaf after sheaf down upon the feed near: "I always think that the nicest ped upon the board the band was cut I can do what I please, say what I

the horse power outside began to re- niums there is depression where a fed to it a roar was set up which could kind, for it is the exemplification of

threshing machine, a little spout at He whose tact or politeness is of the should think it was dogwood.

the side began to emit the grain which | kind that considers other people, that had been separated from the straw in | fears to wound, that strives to soothe. that is selfless, will not readily say the "things that would better har

straw goes up the carriers of the TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN. platform, whence it is passed along The Circumstances Attending the Loss of a

Large Anaconda "We lost a big anaconda once," said the old circus man, "in the most singular manner you ever heard of; you couldn't guess how if you should guess

rial

"This was at the time when we had the great eighteen-foot giraffe that I've told you about and, by a very singular coincidence, this anaconda was just the same length-just eighteen feet long. It got out of its cage one day, how nobody ever knew, and strolled over to where the giraffe was lying, outside the big tent, asleep on the stack. Building a stack in a yard is ground. What under the canopy could have possessed the anaconda to collar the giraffe, I don't know, unless it was because it was the first living thing it came across; but it began coil-And so all day long at a threshing ing itself around the giraffe's head it had taken two turns, I guess, wher

the giraffe woke up. "Frightened? Well, now! The show Taking away chaff was considered a was going on-just started for the afternoon performance. The clown was fore noon the whole barn would be walking around the ring cracking his full of dust, and when the dinner horn | whip, when in rushed the giraffe, swaysounded the faces of all the men ing his long neck and cracking his whip, the lash made of fifteen feet of air breathed is la 'en with fine particles anaconda, which the giraffe lashed of chaff, and the very lungs of the around in the air and slatted up against the canvas roof and slammed down on the ground, jumping around thing like that.

> The people didn't know what to make of it first; they kind o' thought it was part of the show, though they acted as though they thought it was a pretty skeery part; but in about five seconds they realized what it was, and then they thought they'd had their money's worth, and they wanted to go; and they did go; dropping down from the backs of the seats, and down through the seats, and getting out any way they could; and leaving the Mg giraffe there 'rastling with the anaconda and thrashing it around and slatting it down, and making every effort to shake it off, but without any

effect. "Then's where the old man come ring, now back of the giraffe and alongside of him, and keeping as close ing the great snake around in the air in all directions, doubled it around the centre pole. It just happened so. When the anaconda's tail swung around he seized it, and fourteen other men tallied on in less than that number of seconds. A canvasman came out

"'Chop!' says the old man, and one blow on the bend of the big serpent where he went around the centre pole was enough. And that's the way we "Yes, I should think so! He is not lost the lig anaconda; but as compared pretty, is he? His hair is so beauti- with giraffes, anacondas were cheap; and we were glad to get out of it as

USE OF DUCK EGGS.

tance: "Mrs. A--. I hope you will Fifty Thousand Broken Every Day in an Albumen Factory.

Near Chingkiang, China, is a great albumen factory, for the utilization of that region in enormous quantities, flocks of 4,000 and 5,000 lucks being by no means uncommon. The eggs are broken at the rate of from 40,000 to 60, 000 per day by women, who separate the white from the yolk, the former being carefully cleaned and dried unare packed in 400-pound cases lined with zinc. The yolks are passed through sieves into twenty-five gallon receptacles, mixed with a salt and borax solution, packed in 500-pound barrels, and used in Europe for preparing and dressing articles of superior quality. The albumen finds a ready market in England, France, and Germany for dyes for the best cotton goods.

A LOUD KIND.

Perkasie-What do you think of the timbre in Hyjee's voice? fired myself out of the old operator's were fed to the voracious maw of the The kindest things in the kindest way | Mullins-From the way he barks I