The Tribune
—PUBLISHED—
Every Thursday Evening
—AT THE OFFICE—
MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.
$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Space	1 year.	2 year.	3 year.
One column....	$20	$40	$55
Half column....	40	25	15
Quarter column	25	15	10
Eighth column	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $5 per year, $3 for 6 months, including copy of paper.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than 9 a.m. on Wednesday.

Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under 1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING.

We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

WM. MALLOY, B.A.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LEGAL.

G. SMITH MACDONALD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
Has removed to the office in Sanders' block formerly occupied by the late F. W. Hill.

$100,000 to Loan,
At 6 per cent. on terms to suit borrowers.
Special attention given to commercial collections.
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

JAMES McCULLOUGH, LL. B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
Daley's Block,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

Money to Loan.

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St.
Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
J. R. KERR, Q.C. W. McDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATERSON.
R. A. GRANT.

GEO. F. DOWNES
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY, &c.
Spofford's Block,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.
MONEY TO LOAN.

DENTAL.

DR. SMITH,
DENTIST,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.,
(L.D.S. of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons Ont., D.D.S. of Toronto University.)
Begs to inform the public of Stouffville and vicinity that owing to the increase of his practice and the solicitation of his many friends he has permanently located here, and his office will be open daily, except Monday, for consultation and practice in Mertens' block, where he has been during the past year. Anæsthetics for painless extraction. Gold and crown work a specialty. Call if possible on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday to make appointment.

PATTERSON & FENTON
DENTISTS.
Spofford's Block, Stouffville.
Office open every Thursday and Friday.

A. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.
Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville, on the 18th; and at the Tremont House, Mansion, on the 20th of each month. Roseman's Hotel, Mt. Albert, on the 21st; Queen's, on the 22nd. When these dates fall on Sunday the following Monday will be understood.

VETERINARY.

J. T. STOREY,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
GRADUATE IN HONORS
of Ontario Veterinary College, and Honorary Fellow of the Veterinary Medical Society. All diseases of domestic animals treated skilfully on the latest scientific methods. Orders by telegraph or mail, night or day, promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Special attention given to Dentistry.
Office and residence—Same as J. G. Clarke's, West End, Stouffville.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. E. SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc., attended to on shortest notice and reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

JAMES O'BRIEN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

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CALL AT
THE PARIS TONSORIAL PARLOR
for first-class Hair Dressing and Shaving. Satisfaction guaranteed.
My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetique, Magnesia, Leather Strops, Razors, &c., is complete. Also first-class Razors for sale and guaranteed. Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening a specialty.
J. W. SHANKEL, Proprietor.

P. R. HOOVER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
GREEN RIVER, ONT.

J. L. BAKER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Residence corner of Main and Albert Sts., west of G. T. R.
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

W. P. HARTNEY.
DEALER IN LUMBER,
Lath, Shingles, Salt, Plaster, Coal, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, Coal Tar, Tar Paper, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, &c., &c.
Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep Skins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite Railway Station, Stouffville.

FINANCIAL.

R. J. DALEY,
INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Financial Broker.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
The Sun Life Insurance Company.
Agent for Leading Fire Insurance Co's.
Money to Loan
On Farm and Village Property.
Farms and Village Property for Sale and to Rent
Office: Daley's Block, Stouffville.

What Hurt Him.

"I don't mind your refusing me cold victuals, ma'am," said the time-worn and travel-stained pilgrim at the kitchen door, buttoning his faded remnant of a coat under his chin "but when you call me a worthless tramp you do me a cruel injustice. I have a standing offer of $15, ma'am, from one of the best medical colleges in this country for my corporosity, just as it stands!"

And with a stately bow he turned away, shuffled down the steps, and carried his insulted corporosity to the next kitchen.

McAvoy C C dec 31 93

The Stouffville Tribune.

Support Legitimate Home Manufactures and Enterprises.

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MILLER, STARK & CO.
BANKERS,
Daley's Block, - - Stouffville.
MONEY TO LOAN
ON GOOD SECURITY.
Sale and Farm Notes Cashed
AND TAKEN FOR COLLECTION.
Drafts Issued on the Imperial Bank and its Branches, and on all points in Canada and the United States.
American Currency Bought and Sold.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed on deposits.
NOTES COLLECTED AT LOWEST RATES.
—Office Hours—10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.—
W. J. STARK, - Teller.
WALTER MILLER, Manager.

STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
CAPITAL PAID UP, - $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND, - $525,000
AGENCIES AT
Bowmanville, Cannington, Harriston,
Bradford, Chatham, Markham,
Brantford, Colborne, Newcastle,
Brighton, Durham, Parkdale,
Brussels, Forest, Picton,
Campbellford, Stouffville.
—ALSO AGENTS AT—
Montreal, New York, London, Eng.,
Winnipeg, Northwest Provinces and British Columbia.
Drafts issued and collections made on all points in Canada and the United States. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes and good business paper negotiated at current rates of interest. A
SAVINGS BANK
Has been opened in connection with the branch at
STOUFFVILLE
Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at current rates. Deposit of special interest, trust funds, &c., received on favorable terms.
Office Hours: From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
For further information apply to
JOHN ELLIOTT - AGENT.

FAMOUS METEORIC STONES.

The Largest Known Weighs 50,000 Pounds and Was Found in Greenland.

A meteoric stone, which is described by Pliny as being as large as a wagon, fell near Ægospotami in Asia Minor in 467 B. C. About A. D. 1500 a stone weighing 1,400 fell in Mexico and is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The largest meteoric masses on record were heard of first by Capt. Ross, the Arctic explorer, through some Esquimaux. These lay on the west coast of Greenland and were subsequently found by the Swedish exploring party of 1870. One of them, now in the Royal Museum of Stockholm, weighs over 50,000 pounds and is the largest specimen known.

Two remarkable meteorites have fallen in the west within the past twenty years. Feb. 12, 1875, an exceedingly brilliant meteor, in the form of an elongated horseshoe, was seen throughout a region of at least 400 miles in length and 250 in breadth, lying in Missouri and Iowa. It is described as "without a tail, but having a flowing jacket of flame." Detonations were heard so violent as to shake the earth and to jar the windows like the shock of an earthquake," as it fell about 10:30 p.m., a few miles east of Marengo, Iowa. The ground for the space of some seven miles in length by two to four miles in breadth, was strewn with fragments of this meteor varying in weight from a few ounces to seventy-four pounds.

On May 10, 1879, a large and extraordinarily luminous meteor exploded with terrific noise, followed at slight intervals with less violent detonations and struck the earth in the edge of a ravine near Katherville, Emmet county, Iowa, penetrating to a depth of fourteen feet. Within two miles other fragments were found, one of which weighed 170 pounds and another thirty-two pounds. The principal mass weighed 431 pounds. All the discovered parts aggregated about 640 pounds. The one of 170 pounds is now in the cabinet of the State University of Minnesota. The composition of this aerolite is peculiar in many respects: but, as in nearly all aerolites, there is a considerable proportion of iron and nickel.

It is generally held that meteors at one time or another formed integral parts of a comet. The meteor enters the earth's atmosphere from without with a velocity relative to the earth that is comparable with the earth's velocity in its orbit; which is nineteen miles per second. By the resistance it meets in penetrating the air, the light and the other phenomena of the luminous train are produced. Many small meteorites are undoubtedly consumed by this fire, caused by friction, before they reach the earth's surface.

GO TO THE MOLE, THOU SLUGGARD.

The Hard-working Little Animal at Least as Industrious as the Ant.

A mole's life is by no means a gentlemanly sinecure, according to the Cornhill Magazine. He has to work harder, in all probability, for his pittance of earthworms than any other animal works for his daily bread. His whole existence is spent in perpetual raising and removing large piles of earth by sheer force of muscle. In order to sustain such a constant toll and to replace and repair the mined city tissue the mole requires to be always eating. His appetite is voracious. He works like a horse and eats like an elephant. Throughout his waking hours he is engaged in pushing aside earth and scurrying after worms in all his galleries and tunnels. The laborer, of course, is worthy of his hire. Such ceaseless activity can only be kept up by equally ceaseless feeding, and so the mole's existence is one long voyage alternation of labor and banqueting. His heart and lungs and muscles are working at such a rate that if he goes without food for half a day he starves and dies of actual inanition. He is a high pressure engine. His drinking is like his eating; immoderate in all things he must have his liquor much and often. So he digs many pits in his tunneled ground and catches water in them to supply his needs at frequent intervals. He doesn't believe, however, in the early closing movement. Day and night alike he drinks every few hours, for day and night are all alike to him. He works and rests by turn, after the fashion of the navvies employed in digging tunnels, or measures his time by watches, as is the way of sailors.

The cheapest way to get rid of rotting tree-stumps, if there is no suitable means of pulling, is to bore a one and a quarter inch auger hole down the centre of the stump about eighteen inches deep, and put in one and a quarter pound of saltpetre, fill the hole with water, and plug it tight. In the spring take out the plug, pour into the hole a half-pint of crude petroleum oil, and set it on fire. The stump will burn and smoulder to the ends of the roots, leaving nothing but ash.

On the island of St. George, one of the Pribilof group in Behring Sea, the breeding of blue foxes has become very profitable. They generate rapidly, and when an island of good *size one* becomes well stocked it is impossible to depate it, as the law provide that they must not be shot, but trapped, the restriction being imposed mainly to keep them tame.

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS.

BY ROBERT BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XIV.

Yates stood for a moment regarding the dejected attitude of his friend.

"Hello, old man," he cried, "you have the most 'hark-from-the-tombs' appearance I ever saw. "What's the matter?"

Renmark looked up.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Of course it's I. Been expecting anybody else?"

"No. I have been waiting for you, and thinking of a variety of things."

"You look it. Well, Renny, congratulate me, my boy. She's mine, and I'm hers,—which is two ways of stating the same delightful fact. I'm up in a balloon, Renny. I'm engaged to the prettiest, sweetest, and most delightful girl there is from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What d'ye think of that? Say, Renmark, there's nothing on earth like it. You ought to reform and go in for being in love." It would make a man of you. Champagne isn't to be compared to it. Get up here and dance; don't sit here like a bear nursing a sore paw. Do you comprehend that I am to be married to the darlingest girl that lives?"

"God help her!"

"That's what I say. Every day of her life, bless her! But I don't say it quite in that tone, Renmark. What's the matter with you? One would think you were in love with the girl yourself, if such a thing were possible."

"Why is it not possible?"

"If that is a conundrum I can answer it the first time. Because you are a fossil. You are too good, Renny, therefore dull and uninteresting. Now, there is nothing a woman likes so much as to reclaim a man. It always annoys a woman to know that the man she is interested in has a past with which she has had nothing to do. If he is wicked and she can sort of make him over, like an old dress, she revels in the process. She flatters herself she makes a new man of him, and thinks she owns that new man by right of manufacture. We owe it to the sex, Renny, to give 'em a chance at reforming us. I have known men who hated tobacco take to smoking merely to give it up joyfully for the sake of the woman they loved. Now, if a man is perfect to begin with, what is a dear ministering angel of a woman to do with him? Manifestly, nothing. The trouble with you, Renny, is that you are too evidently ruled by a good and well-trained conscience, and naturally all women you meet intuitively see this and have no use for you. A little wickedness would be the making of you."

"Do you think, then, that if a man's impulse is to do what his conscience tells him is wrong, he should follow his impulse and not his conscience?"

"You state the case with unnecessary seriousness. I think that an occasional blow-out is good for a man. But if you ever have an impulse of that kind, I think you should give way to it for once, just to see how it feels. A man who is too good gets conceited about himself."

"I half believe you are right, Mr. Yates," said the professor, rising. "I will act on your advice, and, as you put it, see how it feels. My conscience tells me that I should congratulate you and wish you a long and happy life with the girl you have—I won't say chosen, but tossed up for. The natural man in me, on the other hand, urges me to break every bone in your worthless body. Throw off your coat, Yates."

"(Oh, I say, Renmark, you're crazy."

"Perhaps, a little. But the more from your speech, it is evident you believe it is. Altruistic sentiments sometimes dangerous."

"Oh, go away. You're dreaming. You're talking in your sleep. What fight? To-night? Nonsense?"

"Do you want me to strike you before you are ready?"

"No, Renny, no. My wants are always modest. I don't wish to fight at all, especially to-night. I'm a reformed man, I tell you. I have no desire to bid good-by to my best girl with a black eye to-morrow."

"Then stop talking, if you can, and defend yourself."

"It's impossible to fight here in the dark. Don't flatter yourself for a moment that I am afraid. You just spar with yourself and get limbered up while I put some wood on the fire. This is too ridiculous."

Yates gathered up some fuel and managed to coax the dying embers into a blaze.

"There," he said, "that's better. Now let me have a look at you. In the name of wonder, Renny, what do you want to fight me for, to-night?"

"I refuse to give my reason."

"Then I refuse to fight. I'll run, and I can beat you in a foot-race any day in the week. Way, you're worse than her father. He at least let me know why he fought me."

"Whose father?"

"Kitty's father, of course,—my future father-in-law. And that's another ordeal ahead of me. I haven't spoken to the old man yet, and I need all my fighting grit for that."

"What are you talking about?"

"Isn't my language plain? It usually is."

"To whom are you engaged? As I understand your talk, it is to Miss Bartlett. Am I right?"

"Right as rain, Renny. This fire is dying down again. Say, can't we postpone our fracas until daylight? I don't want to gather any more wood. Besides, one of us is sure to be knocked into the fire and thus ruin whatever is left of our clothes. What do you say?"

"Say? I say I am an idiot."

"Hello! reason is returning, Renny. I perfectly agree with you."

"Thank you. Then you did not propose to Mar—to Miss Howard?"

"Now you touch upon a sore spot, Renmark, that I am trying to forget. You remember the unfortunate toss-up; in fact, I think you referred to it a moment ago, and you were justly indignant about it at the time. Well, I don't care to talk much about the sequel; but, as you know the beginning, you will have to know the end, because I want to bring a second promise from you. You are never to mention this episode of the toss-up or of my confession to any living soul. The telling of it might do harm, and it couldn't possibly do any good. Will you promise?"

"Certainly. But do not tell me unless you wish to."

"I don't exactly yearn to talk about it, but it is better you should understand how the land lies, so you won't make any mistake. Not on my account, you know, but I would not like it come to Kitty's ears. Yes, I proposed to Margaret—first. She wouldn't look at me. Can you credit that?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I ——"

"Exactly. I see you can credit it. Well, I couldn't at first, but Margaret knows her own mind, there's no question about that. Say! she's in love with some other fellow. I found that much out."

"You asked her, I presume."

"Well, it's my profession to find things out; and, naturally, if I do that for my paper it is not likely that I am going to be behindhand when it comes to myself. She denied it at first, but admitted it afterwards, and then bolted."

"You must have used great tact and delicacy."

"See here, Renmark, I'm not going to stand any of your sneering. I told you this was a sore subject with me. I'm not telling you because I like to, but because I have to. Don't put me in fighting humor, Mr. Renmark. If I talk fight I won't begin for no reason and then back out for no reason. I'll go on."

"I'll be discreet, and beg to take back all I said. What else?"

"Nothing else. Isn't that enough? It was more than enough for me—at the time. I tell you, Renmark, I spent a pretty bad half-hour sitting on the fence and thinking about it."

"So long as that?"

Yates rose from the fire indignantly.

"I take that back too," cried the Professor, hastily. "I didn't mean it."

"It strikes me you've become awfully funny all of a sudden. Don't you think it's about time we took to our bunks? It's late."

Renmark agreed with him, but did not turn in. He walked to the friendly fence, laid his arms along the top rail, and gazed at the friendly stars. He had not noticed how lovely the night was, with its impressive stillness, as if the world had stopped as a steamer stops in mid-ocean. After quieting his troubled spirit in the restful stars, he climbed the fence and walked down the road, taking little heed of the direction. The still night was a soothing companion. He came at last to a sleeping village of wooden houses, and through the centre of the town ran a single line of rails, an iron link connecting the unknown hamlet with all civilization. A red and a green light glimmered down the line, giving the only indication that a train ever came that way. As he went a mile or two farther, the cool breath of the great lake made itself felt, and after crossing a field he suddenly came upon the water, finding all farther progress in that direction barred. Huge sand dunes formed the shore, covered with sighing pines. At the foot of the dunes stretched a broad beach of firm sand dimly visible in contrast with the darker water, and at long intervals on the sand fell the light ripple of the languid summer waves running up the beach with a half-asleep whisper that became softer and softer until it was merged in the silence beyond. Far out on the dark waters, a point of light like a floating star, showed where a steamer was slowly making her way, and so still was the night that he felt, rather than heard, her pulsating engines. It was the only sign of life visible from that enchanted bay,—the bay of the silver beach.

Renmark threw himself down on the soft sand at the foot of a dune. The point of light gradually worked its way to the west, following, doubtless unconsciously, the law of empire, and disappeared around the headland, taking with it a certain vague sense of companionship. But the world is very small, and a man is never quite as much alone as he thinks he is. Renmark heard the low hoot of an owl among the trees, which cry he was astonished to hear answered from the water. He sat up and listened. Presently there grated on the sand the keel of a boat, and some one stepped ashore. From the woods there emerged the shadowy forms of three men. Nothing was said, but they got silently into the boat, which with oars muffled in Charon's craft for all he could see of it. The rattle of the rowlocks and the plash of oars followed, while a voice cautioned the rowers to make less noise. It was evident that Yates had detected fugitives from the authorities of both countries. Renmark thought with a smile that if Yates were in his place he would at least give them a fright. A sharp command to an imaginary company to load and fire would travel far on such a night, and would give the rowers a few moments of great discomfort. Renmark, however, did not shout, but treated the episode as part of the mystical dream, and lay down again to sleep and again. He noticed that the water in the east seemed to feel the approach of day even before the sky. Gradually the day dawned, a slowly-lightening gray at first, until the coming sun spattered a filmy cloud with gold—and crimson. Renmark watched the glory from his bed, took the blushing look on the curved beauty of the bay shore, shook the sand from his clothing, and started back for the village and the camp beyond.

The village was astir when he reached it. He was surprised to see Stoliker on horseback in front of one of the taverns. Two assistants were with him, also seated on horses. The constable seemed disturbed by the sight of Renmark, but he was there to do his duty.

"Hello!" he cried, "you're up early. I have a warrant for the arrest of your friend: I suppose you won't tell me where he is?"

"You can't expect me to give any information that will get a friend into trouble, can you?—especially as he has done nothing."

"That's as may turn out before a jury," said one of the assistants, gravely.

"Yes," assented Stoliker, winking quietly at the professor. "That is for judge and jury to determine,—not you."

"Well," said Renmark, "I will not inform on anybody, unless I am compelled to, but I may save you some trouble by telling where I have been and what I have seen. I am on my way back from the lake. If you go down there you still see the mark of a boat's keel on the sand, and probably foot prints. A boat came over from the other shore in the night and a man got on board. I don't say who the man was, and I had nothing to do with the matter in any way except as a spectator. That is all the information I have to give."

Stoliker turned to his assistants, and nodded. "What did I tell you?" he asked. "We were right on his track."

"You said the railroad," grumbled the the man who had spoken before.

"Well, two were in two miles of him. Let us go down to the lake and see the traces. Then we can return the warrant."

Renmark found Yates still asleep in the tent. He prepared breakfast without disturbing him. When the meal was ready he roused the reporter and told him of the meeting with Stoliker, advising him to get back to New York without delay.

Yates yawned sleepily.

"Yes," he said, "I've been dreaming it all out. I'll get father-in-law to tote me out to Fort Erie to-night."

"Do you think it will be safe to put it off so long?"

"Safer than trying to get away during the day. After breakfast I'm going down to the Bartlett homestead. Must have a talk with the old folks, you know. I'll spend the rest of the day making up for that interview by talking with Kitty. Stoliker will never search for me there, and now that he thinks I'm gone he will likely make a visit to the tent. Stoliker is a good fellow, but his strong point is duty, you know, and if he's certain I'm gone he'll give his country the worth of its money by searching. I won't be back for dinner; so you can put in your time reading my dime novels. I make no reflections on your cooking, Renny, now that the vacation is over, but I have my preferences, and they incline towards a final meal with the Bartletts. If I were you I'd have a nap. You look tired out."

"I am," said the professor.

Renmark intended to lie down for a few moments until Yates was clear of the camp, after which he determined to pay a visit; but Nature, when she got him locked up in sleep, took her revenge. He did not hear Stoliker and his satellites search the premises, just as Yates had predicted they would, and when he finally awoke he found, to his astonishment, that it was nearly dark. But he was all the better for his sleep, and he attended to his personal appearance with more than ordinary care.

Old Hiram Bartlett accepted the situation with the patient and grim stolidity of a man who takes a blow dealt him by a Providence which he knows is inscrutable. What he had done to deserve it was beyond his comprehension. Resilently hitched up his horses, and for the first time in his life drove into Fort Erie without any reasonable excuse for going there. He tied his team at the usual corner, after which he sat at one of the taverns and drank strong waters that had no apparent effect on him. He even went so far as to smoke two native cigars; and a man who can do that can do anything. To bring up a daughter who would deliberately accept a man from "the States," and to have a wife who would aid and abet such an action, giving comfort and support to the enemy, seemed to him traitorous to all the traditions of 1812 or any other date in the history of the two countries. At times, wild ideas of getting blind full and going home to break every breakable thing in the house rose in his mind, but prudence whispered that he had to live all the rest of his life with his wife, and he realized that his scheme of vengeance had its drawbacks. Finally he untied his patient team, after paying his bill, and drove silently home, not having returned, even by a nod, any of the salutations tendered to him that day. He was somewhat relieved to find no questions were asked, and that his wife recognized the fact that he was passing through a crisis. Nevertheless there was a steely glitter in the eye he unceasily quailed under, which told him a line had been reached, which it would not be well for him to cross. She forgave, but it mustn't go any further.

When Yates kissed Kitty good-night at the gate he asked her, with some trepidation whether she had told any one of their engagement.

"No one but Margaret," said Kitty.

"And what did she say?" asked Yates, as if, after all, her opinion was of no importance.

"She said she was sure I should be happy, and she knew you would be a good husband."

"She's rather a nice girl, is Margaret," remarked Yates, with the air of a man willing to concede good qualities to a girl other than his own, but indicating, after all, that there was but one on earth for him.

"She is a lovely girl," said Kitty, enthusiastically. "I wonder, Dick, when you knew her, why you ever fell in love with me."

"The idea! I haven't a word to say against Margaret; but, compared with my girl——"

And he finished his sentence with a practical illustration of his frame of mind.

As he walked along down the road he reflected that Margaret had acted very handsomely, and he resolved to drop in and wish her good-by. But as he approached the house his courage began to fail him, and he thought it better to sin on the fence, near the place where he had sat the night before, and think over it. It took a good deal of thinking. But as he sat there it was destined that Yates should receive some information which would simplify matters. Two persons came slowly out of the gate in the gathering darkness. They strolled together up the road past him, absorbed in themselves. When directly opposite, Renmark put his arm around Margaret's waist, and Yates nearly fell off the fence. He held his breath until they were safely out of hearing, then slid down and crawled along in the shadow until he came to the side-road, up which he walked, thoughtfully pausing every few moments to remark, "Well, I'll be——" but speech seemed to have failed him; he could get no further.

He stopped at the fence and leaned against it, gazing for the last time at the ten glimmering white, like a misshapen ghost, among the sombre trees. He had no energy left to climb over.

"Well, I'm a chimpanzee," he muttered to himself at last. "The highest bidder can have me, with no upset price. Dick Yates, I wouldn't have believed it of you. You a newspaper-man! You a reporter from 'way back! You up to snuff! Yates, I'm ashamed to be seen in your company. Go back to New York, and let the youngest reporter in from a country newspaper scoop the daylight out of you. To think that this thing has been going on right under your well developed nose and you never saw it,—worse, never had the faintest suspicion of it,—thrust at you twenty times a day,—nearly got your stupid head smashed on account of it,—and yet bleated away like the innocent little lamb that you are, and never even suspected! Dick, you're a three-sheet poster, fool in colored ink. And to think that both of them knew all about the first proposal!—both of them! Well, thank heaven, Toronto is a long way from New York."

[THE END.]

BRIEF AND INTERESTING.

England has 4,000 idle clergymen.

Women of rank go bareheaded in Mexico

Most workers in Switzerland labour about eleven hours a day.

Only 9 per cent. of cases of am putation are fatal.

The catgut in tennis rackets is made from the entrails of sheep.

The island of Malta is the most densely populated spot on earth.

Two-thirds of the gold now in use in the world was discovered during the last fifty years.

Pawnbrokers are not allowed to take wine and spirits in pawn.

The Czar's Royal yacht, the Polar Star, cost over £1,000,000 sterling.

Three persons are cremated, on an average, every week at Woking, England.

Thirteen million four hundred thousand Bank of England notes are issued yearly.

An oculist says that scarcely one in twenty of watchmakers suffers from weak eyes

The Greek Church employs two rings in the marriage ceremony—one of gold, the other of silver.

The longest artificial water-course in the world is the Bengal Canal, 900 miles; the next is Erie, 363. Each cost nearly $10,000,000.

Some of the healthiest children in the world are found in the Scottish Highlands, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than twelve and thirteen.

It is said that pansy leaves, spread among furs and woollens, will protect them from moths.

The United States have 245 life-saving stations—181 on the Atlantic, 48 on the Lakes, 18 on the Pacific, and one at the Ohio Falls, Louisville, Ky.

The slag that accumulates about iron furnaces, and that heretofore has been a great nuisance, has been discovered to contain valuable fertilising qualities and the German farmers are using it freely.

Mr. Sims Reeves, it is said, receives 30s. per hour for teaching at the Guildhall School. This is in addition to the fees he receives from pupils.

Statistics show that 23,010,000 inhabitants of the United States are maintained by agriculture, 15,020,000 by manufactures.

Clusters of clover, if hung in a room and left to dry and shed their perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of lo asses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands six against six, the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

A frog cannot breathe with its mouth open. Its breathing apparatus is so arranged that when its mouth is open its nostrils are closed. To suffocate a frog it is necessary to prop its jaws so that they cannot shut.

A lady physician attends the Queen of Corea, and receives pay at the rate of £5,000 a year. When the queen is sick the salary stops, and of course the physician, at such time, feels almost as wretched as her noble patient.

A rainmaker now operating in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether, is thrown out in a fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapour and produce a limited shower.

While making some excavations beneath a church in the Prussian town of Augerburg, the workmen made a horrible discovery—a small walled-in space in which they found a human skeleton a broken chair, and the remains of a helmet, and a pair of boots. The walls bore marks as of finger-nail scratches, and there was other evidence that some person had been walled in alive.

IN THE SHERIFF'S HANDS.

The Cariboo Gold Mine to be Sold to Satisfy a Claim of $1,600.

A Tale With a Moral.

A Halifax, N. S., special says:—The Truro Gold Mining Company's mine at Cariboo, including all its machinery, is to be sold by the sheriff to satisfy the claim of Mr. Gardiner Clish, one of its directors, for sixteen hundred dollars. This is an object lesson to people who invest in gold mines. Less than two years ago the company was floated with a great boom. A brick of gold said to be worth $15,000, and alleged to have been taken out of the mine in a few weeks, was brought to town, and on the strength of this the property was boomed as one of the richest gold mines ever discovered in Canada. Its manager was George W. Stuart, a well-known mining speculator. Three hundred thousand dollars of its stock was offered to the public at fifty cents on the dollar and so confident were the directors of the wonderful richness of the property that they undertook to reserve from the proceeds of the stock, viz., $150,000, a sum sufficient to pay six per cent. dividend on the whole issue for three years. The prospectus declared that the mine was yielding at the rate of four thousand dollars of gold to the ton of quartz and that the prospect was steadily improving. Special efforts were made to unload this stock in Toronto, but the Torontonians quickly caught on to the fact that the stock of a Nova Scotia mine producing $1,000 to the ton of quartz (where ten dollars a ton would be a good paying investment) would not be offered to outsiders at fifty cents on the dollar. They refused to swallow the glittering bait and had a lucky escape.

WHERE OLD RAGS GO.

Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, the Great Centre—But the Cholera Fear Has Paralyzed Business.

Those familiar with the street traffic of Dewsbury will know that its distinguishing feature during ordinary business hours is the great number of lorries laden with bales of rags. These bales—says a writer in the "Manchester Guardian"—are being conveyed to the great warehouses erected specially for their reception, and belonging to auctioneers known far and wide, or are being carried from door to door by the promises of buyers in and around the town and neighbourhood, or are being sent to the railway companies' goods stations for conveyance elsewhere.

With the public generally old rags are old rags, and nothing more; and very few people outside the clothing districts of Yorkshire know what an important position they take in trade and commerce.

Old rags for the purposes of this article are of woven, or have in their warp and woof a mixture thereof. They are brought to Dewsbury by hundreds of tons weekly, are put under the hammer at the well-known sales, and in a very short time are rags no longer, but rag-wool, otherwise "shoddy" or "mungo," according to their quality and kind.

Just now Dewsbury, to use an expressive Yorkshire word, is "pining" for rags. The bale-laden drays are comparatively few, and the extensive warehouses, except in cases where British and Irish rags are dealt with, are empty, or nearly so.

The cause in Dewsbury is only too well known. When cholera began to ravage certain parts of the European Continent, and threatened to extend to this country, the Local Government Board issued an order prohibiting the importation of rags. It was a most necessary measure, but it inflicted a severe blow on the woollen trade; and now an effort is being made to bring about a relaxation of the order, so as to permit of rags being received from the Continent, for examination, after they have undergone a process of effectual disinfection.

In rags there is an immence variety, as everyone will know. A torn dress of mousseline-de-laine differs widely in texture from the discarded ulster or the soiled wrap of its original owner; and those fabrics have but faint resemblance to the jersey of the sailor, the coat of the policeman or the soldier, or to the done-with evening-dress suit of the man of fashion.

Rags come to Dewsbury from all parts of the world. The debris, so to speak, of the clothing of most nations is brought, ordinarily, by every tide and from almost every foreign and colonial port. The Russian, the German, the Italian, and the Turk ish soldiers, as well as the men of arms of other nationalities, surrender their uniform at stated periods; and when these habiliments have perhaps found other users, and are ragged beyond repair, they are put into bales by native buyers, and shipped to England for the Dewsbury sales.

It is the same with the discarded carpets and blankets, the bed curtains, the window hangings, the woollen shirtings, the stockings, &c., of the people of all countries; they are packed up and consigned to firms here, some of whom pay as much as from £3,000 to nearly £5,000 a year for carriage alone.

An experienced buyer will look over a few score bales in an hour or so, and will be able to tell you where this and that came from. By the packing in some cases, by the smell of a bale in others, he can say whether the Levant, Germany, New Zealand, or Ireland, for example, has sent the goods. He arrives at an estimate of value very quickly, and checks his catalogue accordingly.

At the sales hundreds of pounds quickly change hands, and soon the railway companies and other lorries are taking the bales away, and the auctioneers' clerks are actively employed in advising consignorsas to the prices realised, and on specified days forwarding cheques in payment. In many cases merchants in Dewsbury and the neighbourhood receive bales that have been purchased from agents abroad, and these are sorted and classified and then sent to the sales.

The rags composed entirely of wool go direct to the grinder, whose "devils" pull them into shoddy or mungo, the material being according to the class of rag used. The dust—and there is much of it—is blown into a receptacle, and in due course is sold for manure, the Kentish hop-grower taking a large proportion.

Rags of cotton and wool mixed require to undergo the "carbonising" or the "extracting" process; in other works to have the vegetable fibre destroyed without the woollen material being injured. This is soon done and then the "raw material," as it is called, is sold to cloth manufacturers, not only in Yorkshire but on the Continent and in America, and in due time—it may be months or years—it returns to Dewsbury and passes through the sales there to undergo once more the same processes already named.

INSANE AT SEA.

Pacific Mail Steamer Becomes a Floating Lunatic Asylum.

A San Francisco despatch says:—The Pacific mail steamer Rio de Janeiro, which arrived yesterday from China, was a floating lunatic asylum during the voyage. It brought the corpse of American Consul-General Alfred D. Jones, of Shangport, who died seven days after leaving port, a raving maniac, and it also brought Purser J. H. Mahar, late of the steamer Peru, who was also violently insane.

Consul Jones seems to have been suffering from melancholia when taken aboard at Shanghai, but he soon became violent and smashed articles in his cabin, and tried to run amuck on deck. He was manacled, and a watch put over him, but he steadily grew worse, and died on Dec. 9.

Purser Mahar became insane at Hong Kong, and was sent back here for treatment. He smashed windows in the steamer's saloon, and had to be put in irons. On the voyage to China one of the Rio's Chinese passengers developed insanity, and ran amuck with a big carving knife. He was knocked down before he hurt any one.

Six anarchists have been expelled from Buenos Ayres.

BRITISH DEFENCES UNMASKED.

The Plans of Four Important Anglo Indian Forts Taken by a French Spy.

Advices just received from Rangoon British Burmah, show that the British Government defences at Aden, Kurrachi, Bombay, and Rangoon are probably as well known now in Paris as they are at the army headquarters in London. The plans of these most important defences of the Indian Empire were secured by a Frenchman, who, under a German name, obtained employment as an engineer in the British India service. Last September he obtained leave of absence at Rangoon, but when he failed to return an investigation was made, which revealed his treachery. The disclosure created great excitement in Rangoon and Bombay, and there was much cabling between those cities and the Home Office in London, but it was a case of locking the stable door after the steed was stolen.

The man who secured accurate plans of the fortification of these four Indian ports was known as Wald. His real name was De Boulanger, and he came of a prominent family in Marseilles. He was educated for the army, and when still under age served in Pondicherry, but a quarrel over a woman forced him to leave the colony. He was transferred to Algiers, but soon tiring of this hard life, he came back to India and obtained a position as corresponding clerk in a Bombay commercial house. While there he fell in with some British officers, and, as he went by the name of Wald and claimed to be a German, he was induced to enlist in the Royal Artillery at Colaba, Bombay. This was six years ago. He was assigned as gunner at Aden, and it was noted then that he spent much time in his room, making drawings and notes, all of the latter being in French. He was soon transferred to Kurrachi, then to Bombay, and finally to Monkey Point, Rangoon. He was noted at each place for his close attention to work and his studious habits. At Kurrachi he gained a place on the staff and became chief clerk, which gave him unlimited opportunities for securing information about the defences. He spoke English, French, German, and Italian, and his command of Hindustani and Burmese was perfect. His labors in his room were supposed to be supplementary to his regular work and no one suspected that he was a spy in the service of France.

His disappearance coincided with the departure of Mme. N——, a French woman of Rangoon, and it is thought the couple left together. At Bombay he b