A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXV.

Philip lost no time after landing in setting his face homeward, as he called it. He stepped out upon the platform at Cleeve railway station in the afternoon of a cold, clear January day, and was surprised not to see a face he recognized in the familiar place. The flyman, on being told to drive to Redwoods, asked where it was.

"Sir Arthdr Medway's place, Marwell Court? Yes, known that. 'Tis a good nine mile ride and the roads heavy," he said.

"Marwell village, farm on the right. Drive as fast as you can."

The streets were silent with the dull and ghostly silence of snow, silent but not white, snowy, but not picturesque; town snow is a sorry spectacle, chill, depressing, suggestive of all the soils and stains incident to poor humanity. Yet there was no sludge, no muddy deliquescence penetrating to the very marrow with its chill; the sun was shining, the white topped roofs were outlined upon a clear pale sky, the icicled eaves sparkled as the long spikes melted and froze, and melted and froze again; the snow was trampled into yellow-brown powder in the roads, on which the horse's feet struck now and then with a muffled thud.

The grammar school alone looked more venerable and picturesque than usual, its gray walls tufted with feathery drifts of unstained snow, its gabled roof, mullions, and drip stones traced in white snow-lines, its leafless lime-trees showing a tracery of mingled pink and white branches against the freezing sky. Philip thought of his early battles in the play-ground, and of that "big brute Brown," now a peaceful and substantial young tradesman, a good deal hen-pecked by a fierce little scrap of a wife. Matthew Meade had pinched to send him there at first.

It was scarcely two years since the death of Matthew and Martha; he almost expected to see the former leaning over the half-door of the mill when he passed. The wheel was still, adorned with jewelry and lace-work of icicles sparkling against its black stops; ice sheets spread from the banks half over the water, swans floated in the centre, pigeons wheeled in the sunshine, but a strange face looked from the open half-door, leaning there as Matthew had leant. There was no gold-haired child clinging to his hand. The great willow, under whose leafy boughs he had lain and longed to be a man, dropped its yellow branches over the snow-covered grass.

The town passed, the country spread pure and stainless beneath the pale blue sky, into which the rose of sunset was softly stealing. This white, soft, soundless robe is a bridal vesture or a shroud, according to the gazer's mood; to Philip, driving too slowly over the noiseless road, it was a wedding garment. With every hushed fall of the horse's feet he drew nearer to Jessie, to the one being who shared the memories of youth and the affections of home with him. How glad she would be! Perhaps, after all, he ought to have written to announce his arrival, but there is something so attractive in the thought of coming unespectedly upon long absent friends, and surprising the warmth of their hearts. A dream of Jessie's joyous surprise and warm welcome had floated before him for weeks—another and brighter dream belonging to the warm country of mystery and marvel he had left behind, was resolutely banished to a deep recess of memory. Some day Jessie must hear of it, but not yet. Perhaps they would each have something to forgive, but Jessie's shrift would be short and easy, he was sure.

They drove but slowly, for the snow was deep and drifted in places; the horses feet balled from time to time, after he might almost as well have walked and so warmed his blood in the pure keen air. What a charm the dazzling white country with its blue shadows, its peeping roofs and trees, had for one fresh from India! how truly English it was! He had almost forgotten the deep ineradicable dearness of England to a true Englishman in the fascination of India, and almost forgotten in another more powerful fascination the strength of family ties. But now he remembered that Jessie was all he had in the world—father and mother, home and country, duty and domestic affection, all met and were symbolized in Jessie. Hitherto he had thought of her as depending on and needing him, but now in the strong and sudden inrush of long dormant feelings, caused by the sight of home and country, he realized his own dependence on and need of Jessie. She was to know nothing of his reasons for throwing up his appointment and coming home so suddenly, she would doubtless be pleased that he should come for her rather than have her sent out to him; it would appear in the light of a chivalrous deference that could not fail to charm a girl.

The snowy fields were stained in pure hues of rose and crimson, orange and amber, as the sun sropped down in the west; then they paled to violet and dead white; a ghostly gleam was reflected upward on the cold dusk air. There is nothing so desolate as the white gleam of snow after sunset, before the stars sparkle out and the darkness broods over the corpse-like pallor. Body and mind alike yield to the gray and lonely chill of the moment. Philip's heart sank with an indescribable foreboding, and he was glad to see the red gleam of cottage windows as they reached the village and saw the boys sliding and snow-balling on the green. He jumped down and walked swiftly on, telling the flyman to follow to the farm, the chimneys of which were now visible in the distance. The woman of the village shop and post-office looked after the tall-grown, foreign-looking man and wondered who he was.

"Somebody for the Court, I reckon," she said, turning away to sell bullseyes to a ruddy boy as she had often served them to Philip, who had passed many a holiday week at Redwoods.

Here was the great elm to the top of which he had once dared Roger to climb, and from a limb of which Roger had fallen with an appalling thud, but quite unharmed, to the ground. He hastened on, thinking that this rough, bluff Roger was after all a strange housemate for so dainty a creature as Jessie. His pace quickened to a run, hurrah! There was the red light of the sitting-room fire, suddenly leaping up and streaming over the shining snow-laden evergreens without, like a beacon light to guide him home; Jessie's hand perhaps had stirred the fire to that leaping blaze.

His hand was on the wicket and he was about to open it, when the red glow vanished, strangely daunting him, a hand closed the shutters, he felt himself shut out in the chill gray snow-light, and instead of entering by the front door went round through the farm-yard, where the cows were pulling hay from racks, and so in by the kitchen.

"Hullo!" sang out Abraham, who was stumping heavily in with a pitchfork in his hand, on feeling Philip's strong grasp on his shoulder; "who be you? What be ye up to?"

They were just in the red glow of the outer kitchen doorway. Sarah was busy at the hearth, breaking and piling up faggots of furze to boil a swinging kettle, the dark smoke-browned walls were lit up by the dancing blaze. "Lord a mercy!" Abraham cried, recognizing Philip on turning, "here's Master Philip. Whatever be us to do, Sarrow?"

"Master Philip!" cried Sarah, dropping the billhook with which she was chopping her faggots and coming forward. "Why ever couldn't you bide out in India? Whatever be ye come here for?"

"For Jessie, to be sure," he replied giving her a hearty kiss. "How are they all? You look as sound as a bell, Sarah."

"There, sit down by the fire, do," she replied, hysterically, at the same time pushing him into a wooden chair. "I lows you be pretty nigh shrammed with the coold. Shet the door, ye girt zote, do," she added, falling foul of the unlucky Abraham, who had remained in the doorway as if transfixed, with the fork held trident-wise in one hand and his mouth and eyes wide open. "And Missus 'll be that mad," she added.

Just then Roger came in by another door, and Philip rose to shake hands with him, scarcely noticing that Roger's once ruddy face was pale, and that he walked with a stick.

"Glad to see you," Roger said, from habit and courtesy, "but whatever's the good of shutting the door when the steed's stolen!" he added.

Philip scarcely heeded this enigmatical speech, but followed Roger to the sitting-room, where Cousin Jane was seated by the fire opposite her husband.

They looked tranquil enough; all surely was well, and yet an uneasy foreboding checked the words upon his lips when, his eyes having swiftly and vainly sought the gleam of Jessie's golden hair in the ruddy light, he would fain have asked for her.

"Merciful Powers!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer, lifting her hands in dismay, "if it isn't Philip!"

"Philip!" echoed Mr. Plummer, rising, "Lord help the boy, whatever brought you here?"

Philip stopped, looking at them silently, with a nightmare dryness in his throat. Mrs. Plummer's round face had a pinched look, the corners of her mouth had a more settled downward tendency than formerly, her gown was black. Nat Plummer had a bewildered air, the set of Roger's once jovial face was tragic, he pushed his tangled curls off his strong white forehead, and his blue eyes gazed at Philip's boding face with a wistful pity. Old Sebastopol the maimed cat, rose and limped up to the new-comer on her three legs, purring and rubbing affectionately against him, the only creature who had a welcome for him. Philip stood very squarely in the midst of them, his bronzed face growing bloodless, his heart beating with low hurried throbs.

"Where," he said, at last, in a strained, unnatural voice, "where is Jessie?"

"Jessie!" the three echoed in differing tones of dismay. "Why, you don't seem quite right, somehow, Philip," cried Mr. Plummer.

"Trouble hev turned his brain," added Mrs. Plummer, dismally.

"Can this be a bad dream?" asked Philip, his eyes dilating. "Where is my sister?" he repeated.

"Haven't you heard?" asked Roger. "Why, mother," he added, "Philip don't know! There wasn't time for him to get the letter, come to think of it."

"Sure enough, more there was," echoed Mrs. Plummer. "You don't mean to say, Philip, you've a come all the way home not knowing? Dear heart, what trouble, what trouble!"

The walls seemed to be rushing round him, his lips were so dry and stiff, he caught at a chair to steady himself, and stammered: "Is she—is she—dead?" the last word in a raised voice.

"Hullo!" cried Roger, stepping forward and catching him while he pushed a chair under him. "Drink, mother, give him drink."

Mrs. Plummer bustled quickly to the cupboard by the fireplace, whence she brought a spirit decanter and a tumbler, and pouring out a draught of raw brandy, gave it to Philip.

Then the dark-red mist cleared from his eyes, he looked at Mrs. Plummer's black dress, thence to her tearful face, and thence to the troubled faces of Nat and Roger.

"She was so young," he said, "they were so devoted to her."

"She had grown up fine and slim, poor maid," added Nat Plummer; "you'd scarcely have known her again, Philip."

"How was it?" he asked, choking something down and speaking steadily; "how did it happen? She was always so healthy, never ailed that I heard of. Tell me all."

He looked straight before him; they looked at each other mutely.

"All's a good deal, when all's said," Mrs. Plummer replied at last, oracularly; "you've come off a journey and had a shock, hadn't you better wait till you've taken something?"

"No, no," he replied, quickly, "nothing can matter if she is dead."

"There's worse than death, Philip."

"Mother!" cried Roger, starting up.

"If you must have the worst, Philip," said Mrs. Plummer, "the best we can hope is she's dead."

"She is dead," muttered Roger through his clenched teeth.

"There is a doubt? There was an accident?" asked Philip, trembling with he knew not what, sickening horror and remembering his vision of Jessie months back.

"She's gone, poor child, and we hope she may be dead," continued Mrs. Plummer, "for there's disgrace behind."

"No, no," cried Roger, "it is talk, Philip, vile talk, and it drove her beside herself. If any man uses that word of her," he added, excitedly, "I knock him down. As sure as fate I knock him down."

"So do I," echoed Philip.

"Lord save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer. "For pity's sake, take Roger away, Plummer."

"Go on out, Roger, and leave it to mother and me," said his father, laying his hand on the young giant's shoulder and pushing him to the door, which he closed and locked upon him.

"Tell me all," Philip said, when he was gone.

"To be sure 'tis a hard hearing for ye, Philip, and a hard telling for me," Mrs. Plummer replied, "and sorry I am for her, heaven knows. I acted for the best, I'm sure, and I never had any fault to find with her and never knew but all was right the very day she went off—"

"Went off—" echoed Philip, staring blindly before him.

"We thought she was gone to Miss Blushford's," added Nat. "We heard nothing of him."

"And all the country talking," continued Mrs. Plummer, "and even Abram and Sarah knew it; there wasn't a creature in the place that didn't know. I wouldn't speak against her, and she, poor child, gone, but I must say there was deception in her, such as never was."

"Yes, she kept it close, poor lass, poor lass!" added Mr. Plummer, with agitation; "'tis always like that with girls when led away."

Philip's head sank into his hands; he thought of Matthew's and Martha's pride in the child, and the care he had taken to fence her from the very knowledge of evil, the thought of his own reverence for her. Jessie had been the very symbol of purity to him, and he had to sit still and listen while she was pitied and partially excused, to see her honor trailed in the dust in the sight of all the world, to hear her name in the mouth of drunkards and at the mercy of all evil thoughts and venomous imaginations. Little Jessie, his own sister! Matthew's innocent child!

"Go on, tell me all," he said, heavily.

And so gradually the whole pitiful story came out, the stolen meetings in the wood, the talk, the secret distress that was wearing the unhappy girl's life out, the supposed visit to the old school mistress and the disappearance discovered so late. Then all the fruitless efforts to discover Jessie, the interview with Sir Arthur, the written disclaimer of Claude Medway, which was shown him, as well as Jessie's own farewell to her cousin, lastly the discovery of the handkerchief by the riverside and Roger's surmises based upon it.

He did not interrupt the narrative, discursive and often irrelevant as it was; he sat still in a kind of stony patience, while the story poured upon his tingling ears like molten metal. And when the tale was done he sat on silent in the same posture.

"I am afraid," he said, "I am afraid she is still alive. And yet—if she had died—in her despair——"

"Well, there, we can't alter it, whatever 'tis," said Mr. Plummer. "We did all we could to find her. But that box staggers me. Whatever went with that box?"

"And her paints and—things she was so set on," added his wife. "Roger he will have it the box was stolen."

"But why should she pack it?" asked Philip.

"Roger thinks 'twas for a blind. Roger would have found her dead or alive, if anybody could a done it; he'd a pulled the moon out of the sky before he'd give in. But there he fell off a wagon loaded with straw and broke his thigh soon after, and I often think it was a mercy in disguise, heavy as it come upon me, and my daughter Eliza confined, and her husband with no more sense than a addled egg. There we had him on his back for a couple of months as helpless as a babe, else he'd a been all over the country looking for her and stirring up talk upon talk."

Philip listened as one who hears nothing, mechanically stroking his old Crimean comrade, who sat purring on his knee the while, until he touched a tender place in her scarred body and made her swear.

"Poor Sebastopol," he said, stroking her with more circumspection, "poor old puss!" Then he burst into tears.

(To be Continued.)

MAKING THE RICH PAY.

Socialistic Town Council Raises Price of Soaps.

The new Town Council at Brest, France, which is socialistic and revolutionary to a man, held a characteristic sitting recently. After deciding upon the dismissal of practically the whole police force for daring to interfere with the outbreak by the dockers and laborers on strike, and passing a resolution calling upon the commander of the troops either to withdraw or disarm his men, the Council proceeded to raise the octroi duties on all luxuries, including a special tax of 12f. upon scented soaps.

"My wife has to put up with plain yellow soap," said one member, "and if the fine ladies must have theirs scented let them pay for it." The observation met with cries of "Hear, hear!" The maximum duty was decided upon for full-length looking-glasses and dressing tables, the deputy mayor pointing out that members' wives had to be content with hand mirrors, whereas grander folk were not satisfied unless they could see themselves from head to foot. (Loud cries of "Shame," and "Make the beggars pay.")

When the meeting was adjourned the mayor intimated that several other propositions of a similar character would probably be brought forward at the next meeting of the Council. It is not often, he added, that the working man had such a glorious opportunity of retaliating upon his task-masters.

LOVE BACILLUS.

Dr. Cotton, of Chicago, member of the Rush Medical Society, says there cannot be the slightest doubt that love is caused by a bacillus, like scarlet fever or influenza, and that it affects the brain, even producing effects similar to madness. When this bacillus is discovered, says the doctor, and means are found to destroy it, it will be possible to put marriage on a sound practical basis.

Skin on Fire With Eczema

Mr. McDougall Was for Twelve Years a Dreadful Sufferer—Now Proclaims the Virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment

Eczema's itch is torture, the skin seems on fire with the burning stinging humor, at times it becomes almost unbearable, and in desperation you could tear the skin to pieces. You dare not exercise for fear of aggravating the itching, neither can you sleep, for no sooner does the body become warm than the trouble begins, and instead of restful, refreshing sleep, it is scratch, scratch, scratch all night long. There is scarcely a moment's respite from this maddening malady at any time. Of course you have tried nearly all the washes, salves, lotions and medicated soaps, but like thousands of others have been disappointed and disgusted.

Mr. Alex. McDougall, postmaster, Broad Cove Marsh, N.S., writes: "For twelve years I was a great sufferer from eczema on the inside of the leg. There was a raw patch of flesh about three inches square, and the itching was something fearful. One-half box of Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me, took away the itching and healed up the sore. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a wonderful cure for itching skin disease."

You may be skeptical regarding the ability of Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure you. Most people are, after trying in vain to get relief from a host of remedies, but Dr. Chase's Ointment will not disappoint you. You will be surprised at the marvellous control which it has over all itching, burning inflammation of the skin, and the wonderful healing powers which it possesses. It takes time to thoroughly cure eczema, but Dr. Chase's Ointment will do it. You will find relief after a few applications, and gradually and naturally the cure will follow. Besides being a positive cure for eczema, Dr. Chase's Ointment comes useful in a hundred ways in every home for every form of skin irritation and eruption.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

RYE ON POOR SOILS.

The growing of rye can be made quite profitable in many sections of the east upon the cheaper farm lands, giving perhaps better money returns than almost any other crop would from the same soils, writes John T. Fox. If you have some thin land that will not grow good wheat, or if you have better land and are tired of growing wheat, plow early in August fully as deep as the soil has been turned before, give frequent cultivation after plowing so as to get the soil free from weeds and in fine condition, with good, firm seedbed.

For fertilizer, common barnyard manure well worked in the surface soil will give good results. If this cannot be secured, commercial fertilizers rich in phosphoric acid always produce good results. The profit of the crop depends upon the production of straw as much as grain, consequently any fertilizer that will produce large crops of good stuff, heavy straw increases the money returns.

This fertilizer should be used in quantities varying from 300 to 600 pounds per acre, as the needs of the soil demand. I would apply with fertilizer drill as even as a very large quantity of this kind of fertilizer can be used without injury to the germination of the seed. If soil is very poor use more nitrogen in the makeup of fertilizer. A good proportion for me is 400 pounds ground bone, 1,000 pounds acid phosphate, 400 pounds muriate of potash, and 200 pounds nitrate of soda. Rye can be seeded earlier than wheat, because it will not be injured by the hessian fly like wheat. It can also be seeded later, because the plant is more hardy; in fact, on high, dry land, it often makes a good crop seeded as late as November 1. I would not advise late seeding at all, if it can be avoided.

It should be sown between September 1 and October 1 for best results. About 1½ bushels of well-cleaned seed per acre is sufficient. No additional care or attention need be given the crop until harvesting time.

Cut with a self-binding harvester before it gets too ripe. As soon as the milk hardens in the grain it should be cut and shocked with about a dozen sheaves in a shock. After standing two or three days, in good weather, it is ready for stacking. It can be threshed as soon as the sweating period is passed, or will keep in good condition if well stacked until ready to thresh. Always use the self-binding long straw thresher, unless the work is done by hand, which method is now almost entirely abandoned. Rye is also a good crop to follow corn. After the corn is removed, if the land is clean, a thorough disking is sufficient; if not clean, plow, roll and harrow the ground until you have a moderately firm bottom with the surface well fined, and you will get good results.

This treatment ought to produce 18 to 20 bushels and three-fourths of a ton of threshed straw per acre; under very favorable conditions considerably more. Avoid low or undrained land. The demand for straw for paper making and other purposes will increase year by year. The progressive farmer, if he has a rather poor farm, had better not abandon rye growing. On the richer and higher priced lands, rye should not be sown, perhaps, unless it is to plow under to increase humus in the soil. If seeding to grass is intended, apply timothy seed five to six quarts at time of sowing rye. Sow clover seed in it in the spring.

A PROFITABLE HOG.

My experience in the raising of hogs has included the Berkshire, Yorkshire and Tamworth breeds. The latter were found profitable for crossing with the two former, says W. Owens.

Of late years I have confined my attention to the improved large Yorkshire for several reasons. They mature early, as pigs farrowed in March are ready for market in August or September, when they command the highest price. It is generally possible to receive $2 per hundred weight more in August and in the early part of September for pork than in October or November, when the majority of farmers market their hogs.

An excellent point with this breed is the fact that the sows produce large litters, are good mothers and are quiet and easy to handle when in the breeding pens. My Yorkshires give two litters yearly of 10 to 18 pigs each, or an average of 13 pigs a litter. Animals of this breed have good limbs and are seldom troubled with rheumatism or paralysis, making it possible to keep good breeders for years.

It pays to keep a certain number of old sows for breeding purposes. There are 22 sows on my farm. Six have farrowed since February 1 and eight are expected to farrow early in March. The remainder are young sows and will come in about the latter part of April. Had I sufficient warm breeding pens, my swing would be bred to litter about March 1. As soon as the pigs are weaned, the best sows are bred for a second litter, and the remainder are fed off for the spring market.

The majority of the pigs are sold when six or eight weeks old at $5 each for breeding purposes. The balance are fed for market. There is a large piggery on the farm, but the pigs winter better in the basement of the cow and horse barns, where they receive plenty of exercise turning over the manure. The brood sows are invariably in a good healthy condition when moved to the breeding pens. I consider swine as profitable as any stock, especially on a dairy farm.

DRY WALKS.

Nothing is appreciated more around the house and barns during the winter and spring than dry walks and drives. A plank walk is the finest but is too expensive for working farmers. But a good graveled walk is within the reach of nearly everybody. The usual way of making them is to draw bank or creek gravel and spread it several inches thick where the walk or drive is wanted. It should be made high in the centre and sloping to the sides. If you cannot get gravel, then ashes, cinders, slag from blast furnaces or even swadust may be used.

A much better job may be made by laying out the walk or drive of the desired width and digging out the surface soil to a depth of several inches or a foot. Fill up with stones, placing the largest at the bottom and smaller ones in between and on top. Over this spread a layer of gravel, or other material as mentioned above, and you will have a walk that is dry at all times. If it runs through a hollow or wet place it will not be necessary to do any excavating, but pile the stones on top of the ground and the gravel on top. Such a walk will last for years and be of great comfort and service.

INVENTIVE ENGLISHMAN.

Some of the Contrivances He Has Recently Produced.

The chief fault with most inventors is the way they rush hastily to conclusions, almost before they have formulated an idea. In fact, their method of work is analytical instead of being synthetical—that is to say, they start with a conclusion and work backward to discover the fundamental principles ruling it, says the London Daily Mail.

To inventors who have ideas, but are without means or ability to carry them out, Mr. Braun of Pentonville road, King's Cross, comes like an angel in disguise. He is an inventor's modeller, and constructs from mere skeletons of ideas complete models of almost everything imaginable. Last year 2,300 inventions were brought to him, and out of this number he made models of 1,400, varying from a patent shirt button in two pieces, which can be fastened to a garment without being sewn on, to a gun for firing the higher explosives, such as dynamite. This latter invention, it may be remarked, was refused by our Government, and is now about to be accepted by the Russians.

A very curious fact about inventors is that they usually invent out of their trade or profession. It is rare that a man connected with the railway invents anything to do with trains, or a military man anything connected with the art of warfare. Mr. Braun finds that clergymen are the most inventive of mankind, and their inventions are usually articles of domestic value. Tailors and bootmakes rarely invent anything. Of nations the English are the most inventive, while the Americans possess the greatest imitative faculty, and that of adapting their inventions to commercial purposes. Germans are also prolific inventors, their inventions usually being of

A SCIENTIFIC CHARACTER.

The inventions that come beneath the notice of Mr. Braun are of a heterogeneous nature, being simple and complex, useful and foolish. These inventions emanate from men and women of all classes and professions in life and stool combined, whereby the milk is partially sterilized by means of a charcoal filter as it runs into the pail.

A device for preventing seasickness by destroying the oscillation of a boat has also come into Mr. Braun's hands. The feature of this is a spring to which a chair can be attached by iron rods, and thereby remain horizontal when the deck is aslant. This invention is soon to be tried on the P. & O. liners.

Another invention, which was not quite perfect, but had great possibilities, was an autocar to traverse the ocean bed. The motive power was to be compressed air, and the car was to sink by means of a huge worm, through which the water was forced up a shaft in the car. The car was not destined for warfare, but for treasure seeking of scientific research. Its great feature was that it would rise to the surface of the water upon any derangement of the machinery.

One of the wildest inventions ever thought out was that of a clergyman. This gentleman had conceived the idea of traversing the Sahara Desert with a tricycle, and his plan was for the cyclist to lay his track as he travelled. For this purpose two flexible boards were attached to his tricycle, so that as he rode over one the other worked round over his head and planked itself on the sand in front of him when necessary. A little petrol engine was to drive the contrivance, and the petrol for its consumption was to be carried in the hind wheel, which was to be made in the style of the front wheel of a steam roller.

REMARKABLE TREE.

There is at the present time in the gardens of Mr. W. R. Armstrong, at Benwell, England, a remarkable tree. It is a Niphetos tea rose, and was planted under glass eighteen years ago from a 5in. pot into a prepared border. At present it covers an area of 1,300 square feet. The blossoms are well formed and white, with petals beautifully tipped with pink. Last year, in spite of the lack of sun, 16,000 blossoms were gathered from this rose. This year more than 4,800 have already been gathered, and it is thought that the number will be about 18,000.

The poor, deluded bride thinks she is marrying the best man at the wedding.

RELATIONS OF ROYALTY

A PROSPEROUS BUTCHER OF LONDON IS ONE OF THEM.

Descendants of Royalty Who Have Come Down in the World.

According to a recently published work on genealogy there are 11,728 persons of British royal blood now living in Britain and on the Continent. Most of these persons are members of royal or princely houses, and are to be found in the Almanach de Gotha, Debrett, or Burke's County Families.

But there is no Sovereign in Europe who cannot boast of a number of poor relations.

There is a chemist in Liverpool, who is descended from the Plantagenet kings, and who is cousin, seventeen times removed, of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. This gentleman is well aware of his descent.

A greater fall from grandeur, still, is that of a carpenter, named Emsley, who died not long ago, near Portsmouth, England, without being aware of his kinship with King Victor Emanuel III.

There is a whole family of prosperous farmers in Cumberland who can claim descent from Mary Tudor, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Henry VII., and in a suburb of Hull lives the ex-master of a small coast-steamer, who is descended from James III. of Scotland.

London boasts quite a number of humble inhabitants, who, if about ten thousand other claimants were suddenly wiped out, might put in claims to sit on

THE BRITISH THRONE.

One of these, nicknamed "Forty-Pockets," was some years ago the butt of the Clerkenwell street-boys owing to his unkingly appearance. He kept a small general shop, and was often to be seen running after his tormentors, armed with a cudgel, which, had Fate been kinder, might have been a sceptre.

The West Central district of London claims a prosperous butcher of royal blood, and in one of the slums of Lisson Grove lives a gentleman of German name and "no settled occupation," who is descended from James I. of England, through his daughter Elizabeth, and her husband Frederick V., Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia. This gentleman is also a distant cousin of the present Kaiser.

Descendants of Irish kings are numberless in the Emerald Isle, but Ireland also possesses at least two lowly scions of British royalty. One, a woman named Hammond, was lately living near Waterford, where she was cook to a well-known resident-magistrate. Her name before marriage was the curiously Irish one of Cullen, and she was descended in the female line from Edward IV. The pedigree of the other, a farmer in Kilkenny, is not so well substantiated, but he claimed as ancestor

"BLUFF KING HAL,"

whose lawful issue, better authorities assert, was extinct in 1558.

Descendants of Mary Queen of Scots can be counted by hundreds, but most are settled on the Continent. Her son by Lord Darnley was James I. of England, whose humblest descendant is a tailor at Bonn, in Germany. There is, however, a Pole from the Duchy Posen, now living in the East End of London, who shares the blood of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen, through her great-granddaughter Sophia.

Mary's eldest grandson was ancestor of the French Dukes of Orleans, and a genuine poor relation of the present Duke of Orleans now lives in Montmartre, where he is employed as a model by art students.

All these "poor relations of Royalty" share the blood of the Plagagenets, through their common ancestor Edward IV., but most of that King's known British descendants are members of the "Peerage" or of county families allied to the Peerage. About thirty, however, are scattered over England and Scotland.

One, a London tailor, makes his living out of robes and Court costumes for peers and peeresses. He is aware of his relationship to King Edward, and is said to be one of the best amateur genealogists in England.

Every Summer at Scarborough a cheap photographer makes his appearance with his studio and room on wheels. This man is a lineal descendant of Edward IV. Another of that Sovereign's posterity is to be found working as under-gardener at a ducal mansion in the Midlands.

One of the biggest jobbing printers in Manchester is of the same lineage. He began life as

A PRINTER'S DEVIL,

and probably regards his success in life as proof that "blood will tell." There is no other case on record of a man of low estate, but royal blood succeeding exceptionally well in life.

On the borders of Exmoor lives a decrepit man who claims that he is descended from Peter the Great. As he is half-witted and bears the English name of Smith his neighbors had always laughed at him. They were, however, much surprised when a tourist, who claimed to be expert in genealogy, upheld his claim. The man's grandfather, it appears, married a Russian woman named Lensky, in the port of Revel, and this woman's family is admitted to be of the blood of the great Tsar. Probably he is the only Smith Russian Royal blood, but the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Italy have several "poor relations" in the United Kingdom.—Pearson's Weekly.

COUNSEL'S BIG FEE.

The largest counsel's fee for legal work ever known has been paid to Mr. William Cromwell, of the American Bar, who appeared for the French shareholders in the recent Panama Canal case. He received 5 per cent. of the purchase money, making a sum of $200,000.