

color rattle. She could scarcely support herself under it.

"Do I?" she said. "Am I to understand that Mr. Francis Barold does not meet with your approval?"

Mr. Binnie struck his stick sharply upon the floor of the carriage.

"Yes, by George!" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with chaps like that. If she'd taken up with him, she'd never have heard from me again. Make sure of that."

When they reached Oldcough, her ladyship followed Lucia to her room. She stood before her, arranging the mantles of her white gown.

"I begin to understand now," she said. "I find I was mistaken in my impressions of Mr. Binnie's tastes—and in my impressions of you. You are to marry Mr. Burmiston. My rule is over. Permit me to congratulate you."

The tears rose to Lucia's eyes.

"Grandmother," she said, her voice soft and broken, "I think I should have been more frank, if I had been kinder, sometimes."

"I have done my duty by you," said my lady.

Lucia looked at her, pathetically.

"I have been ashamed to keep things from you," she hesitated. "And I have often told myself that—that it was silly to do—but I could not help it."

"I trust," said my lady, "that you will be more candid with Mr. Burmiston."

Lucia blushed guiltily.

"I think I shall, grandmother," she said.

I was the Reverend Alfred Poppleton who assisted the pastor of St. James to marry Jack Belsays and Octavia Bassett; and it was observed that he was almost as glib as his surplice.

Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding, or such a bride as Octavia. It was never admitted that Jack Belsays was a singularly handsome fellow, and had a dashing adventurous air, which carried all before it. There was a rumor that he owned silver mines himself, and had even done something in diamonds, in Brazil, where he had spent the last two years. At all events, he was a well-to-do man, and his bride, being at least a married woman, and entitled to splendor of the kind, Octavia would not lack them. Her presence to Lucia, who was one of the bridesmaids, dazzled all beholders.

When she was borne away by the train, with her father, and husband, and Miss Belinda, whose bouquets were bedewed with tears, the Reverend Alfred Poppleton was the last man who shook hands with her. He held in his hand a large bouquet, which Octavia herself had given him out of her abundance. "Slowbridge will miss you, Miss—Mrs. Belsays," he faltered. "I shall miss you. Perhaps we may even meet again. I have thought that, perhaps, I should like to go to America."

And as the train puffed out of the station and disappeared, he stood motionless for several seconds; and a large and brilliant drop of moisture appeared on the eyelid of the lily which formed the center-piece of his bouquet.

**A Romantic Story.**

At the regular monthly meeting of the directors of the Montreal Society for the Protection of Women and Children yesterday the Secretary's monthly report contained a recital of a number of cases in which destitute or oppressed females had been relieved and protected by the society. One case in which the society had most beneficially intervened was somewhat romantic. Some time ago a young woman came to the Secretary and stated that she had been betrayed under promise of marriage, which her betrayer refused to fulfill. On inquiry it was learned that the young man had acknowledged this to an Anglican clergyman in the city. On the advice of the society's counsel the young man was arrested and placed in jail. It appeared that \$25,000 was coming to him in England under a will, provided his widowed mother remarried. This she had done, and having become entangled to the girl, he was released, a license and ring procured, and having settled \$15,000 on his bride they were married and are now living happily together. The report also stated that it was through the instrumentality of Mr. Wm. Darling, Mr. Bernard and the Secretary that Vaughan, alias Melbourne, had been arrested. Mr. Darling had raised about one hundred dollars for carrying on the prosecution.

**Not a Complete Operation.**

Mother—Johnny, I don't want you to play with that little Brownjones boy any longer; do you hear?

Johnny—Yes, m.

"Now, don't let me hear of you disobeying me."

"No'm; but I may fight him, mayn't I, if I want to?"

**One Qualification.**

Samway—I am in hopes of getting an appointment in the Agricultural Department.

Maddox—What qualifications have you? You don't know anything about agriculture, do you?

Samway—Well, I'm getting pretty seedy.

**What His Crime Was.**

First Texan—We had a lynchin' here yesterday.

Second Texan—Hoss thief?

First Texan—New. 'Twas a N'York dood who couldn't say nothin' but "just fawny."

**Cremona is coming more and more into vogue in Germany, in spite of the expense and certain legal difficulties which render its performance in some parts almost an impossibility. At Gotha no less than one hundred bodies have been cremated during the present year.**

Woman (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—You seem to have a good appetite.

Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—Yes, madam, that is all I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own.

Heaven, I imagine, is a much larger country than most of us are apt to think. If ever I get there—and I do hope I will—if ever I get there; if ever they let me in—I don't know—I can't see how, with any reason or upon any grounds, they are going to shut anybody else out.—*Burdette.*

—Nothing provokes an old man so much as to hear a young one speak of his youth.

**DISPERSED FIGHTING.**

The Idea Gaining Ground That the Method is Doomed.

The real trunk of the matter was this, says the *St. James Gazette*, London, the German and Prussian armies, both in 1866 and 1870, were deficient in war seasoned regimental officers. They were led into action at the commencement of the war in formations from which the common sense of the intelligent rank and file revolted, and the discipline under fire was not strong enough to prevent them actually disbanding under fire and submitting to a species of "survival of the fittest" sitting—the bravest going to the front in order individually to get to their enemies, the less brave hanging back to see what would happen, and the parsimonious sinking off to the rear, as they always do. Under like conditions the same thing had happened 60 years or more before in the French army; and, indeed, it was in this way that the idea of the present style of fighting, which many believe to be a modern invention, was first introduced. But it is interesting to note that the same conditions of the battlefield did not have the same effect on our own troops, who had been trained up to fight in line and under an iron discipline in which any attempt at cowardice was ruthlessly punished. It is, therefore, fair to assume that it would not have occurred to our troops even had they been exposed to the same ordeal as the Germans in 1870; for the fighting discipline of our old long service army was of a far higher order, and the spirit of the line formation in which it had been trained was entirely opposed to this opening out. We do not, of course, wish to be understood as advocating the wooden, senseless style of fine tactics which obtained in our army as a model. Far from it. We should have had some pretty stern lessons, too, had we been compelled to take the field. But the essence of the idea is that, starting from the tradition of the line as a basis, we should have adapted ourselves far more readily to the changed conditions than the Germans did. The proof of the correctness of our idea is that the Germans themselves are every year coming round more and more to think that the present order of dispersed fighting is doomed, and that before long its place will have to be taken by something embodying the chief element of line fighting, namely, a line of groups in close order and single rank, closing in constantly to the centre as casualties occur. Everything tends to show that, in spite of the mechanical inventions which lessen losses in battles, are becoming less and less; but the moral stress is also shown to be in the length of time during which men are kept under fire. Therefore, the main point to be considered is not how to avoid material losses no greater than those which our forefathers faced bravely enough half a century ago, but how to maintain the moral courage of the men at its highest. Experience has abundantly shown that for this purpose nothing like close order, shoulder to shoulder in line, has ever yet been invented.

**Freedom of Dundee to Lord Lorne.**

On the 24th ult., the Marquis of Lorne was presented with the freedom of Dundee in the Albert Hall there. Provost Hunter presided, and there was a brilliant gathering of county gentlemen and citizens, including Lord Camperdown, Lord Airlie, Lord Strathmore, etc. In presenting the charter containing the freedom, Provost Hunter said that some time ago the Queen had raised the good old town to the dignity of a city, and they proposed to enrol the Marquis of Lorne as the first burgess under the new charter. In his reply the Marquis alluded to the ancient connection of the Argyll family with Dundee, which extended back for six centuries. He referred to the fact that Sir Niel Campbell of Lochawe was the schoolmaster of Sir William Wallace at the burgh school of Dundee, and said that to the martial feats of these two leaders Scotland was largely indebted for her independence. He expressed himself as anxious to be as worthy a burgess of the important city as his ancestors had been.

**A Sweet Proposal.**

"The sweetest proposal ever dreamed of," said Eli Perkins, "I think is from Angus Dobson."

"May I call you Paula?" he asked modestly.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Dear Paula—may I call you that?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you know I love you?"

"Yes."

"And shall I love you always?"

"If you wish to."

"And will you love me?"

The Paula did not reply.

"Will you, Paula?" he repeated.

"You may love me," she said again.

"But don't you love me in return?"

"I love you to love me."

"Won't you say anything more explicit?"

"I would rather not."

They were married and happy within three months.—*Exchange.*

**Lawyer Questioned Says**

Having no correspondent at a certain town in Pennsylvania, I wrote to the postmaster of the town there, asking him to give me the address of a reputable lawyer to whom I might address myself. The answer came back as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Thank Good there are no lawyers within 20 miles of this place."

**Quite Delicate.**

Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little son does not appear to have much appetite.

Mrs. Gadd—No; he is quite delicate.

Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man?

Little Man—No, m. You see mom made me eat a hull lot before we started, so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.

Sir Frederick Young, who is past the age of seventy, has just returned to London from one of the most remarkable journeys ever made by a man of his years—a South African tour that covered 16,000 miles. He was not sick a day during his absence from home.

Henry J. Steere, the millionaire philanthropist, of Providence, who died last week, left in his will \$100,000 in cash to his private secretary, and \$50,000 to his housekeeper.

**FIGHTING DISEASE.**

**A University Professor's Surprising Discovery.**

Consumption of the lungs, that dread disease which has long fought humanity to the death, may be the next to yield up its fatal sway before the march of medical research. Professor Samuel G. Dixon, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently made a discovery within the realm of bacteriology which, it is thought, will revolutionize the fight against the disease. It is the bacillus tuberculosis which consumes the lungs in the dreaded phthisis, and it is in the study of this animal organism that Professor Dixon has gained such a signal triumph.

During the past summer Professor Dixon was in England, and, while pursuing medical research there, he decided to experiment in bacteriology. It has long been one of the teachings of that science, as propounded by Dr. Koch, of Berlin, one of the most eminent students that the bacilli never undergo any change under varying conditions. According to this theory there are various bacilli—one appearing in consumption, another in leprosy, another in anthrax, and each having a distinct, unvarying species. Dr. Dixon, however, found that this was not the case. Taking the virulent bacilli, which, in the human lungs, would speedily bring death, the Professor bred from them new bacilli. But in the breeding process, he, so to speak, starved or devitalized the growing organism. He introduced conditions unfavorable to full development. Great was his surprise on discovering that the newly bred bacilli, instead of resembling the virulent original, according to the Koch theory, was of an entirely different form. It was, as Dr. Dixon believed, the bacillus tuberculosis deprived of its virulence, and on the truth of this theory rests the discoverer's hopes. In the more refutation, however, of Dr. Koch's thesis, bacteriological science has been revolutionized.

Once sure of his discovery Dr. Dixon began experiments with his new bacillus strain of virulence. As he reasoned, this organism, though bred from a fatal type, would not prove fatal if inoculated into the human system. Guinea pigs and rabbits were inoculated one month ago. Yesterday they were strong and free from disease of any kind. Then taking the animals thus harmlessly inoculated he injected the virulent bacilli which under ordinary conditions would speedily cause death. The animals are still strong and well, and the doctor's theories have as yet proven correct.

This, then, will be the new preventive of consumption. As the human being by vaccination is secured from small-pox, so by inoculation with harmless bacilli the terrors of consumption will be warded off. The human tissue will be so treated that the virulent type of bacilli cannot exist. Indeed, so far-reaching may be the effects of the discovery that even after consumption has begun the fatal organisms may be deprived of their virulence and the disease thus stayed. It is believed that other bacillary diseases as well as consumption may be similarly treated.

Mr. Dixon is slow to say that he has discovered a preventive of consumption, but he is inclined to believe that his present investigations will prove that his theories are correct.—*Philadelphia Record.*

**Underground Wires Abroad.**

There seems to be no difficulty in the management of underground electrical wires in France, Germany or England. The *Pull Mall Gazette* gives the following description of a safe underground device: "The mains are in twenty-foot lengths. The largest is 2½ inches over all, and the smallest 1½ inches. There is no cable. First is a tube of copper having a quarter of an inch of sectional area, through which the current is sent out. This has a cover of insulating material, and a second copper tube is compressed round that for the return current. Another thin layer of insulating material is used, and over all is placed an iron tube, made tight for mechanical protection against pickets in the street. The main has no box or brick-work, as it is put naked into the earth. The outer tube is of wrought iron ¼ quarter of an inch thick, sufficiently flexible to bend at right angles without breaking, and strong enough to resist any weight over it without damage. There will be a joint for service at each twenty feet, so that every house can have the light if required. The main is absolutely safe. A man can touch the naked copper with impunity, as it is already, as it is technically called, 'to earth.' He is on the earth, and is, therefore, touching earth. The only way in which he could get a shock is by cutting the main open and getting to the interior tube, but he would have to cut through the iron, a thickness of copper and the insulation before he could reach the point where damage could be done. There is the same protection against danger from the connecting wires."

**Big Joke.**

Curious Passenger—Are these conductors all military officers? I notice they wear pretty nice uniforms.

Old Timer—Oh, no; they belong to the railroad police, though; civil officers, you know.

Curious Passenger—Civil officers! Ha! ha! Oh, come now, that's too good. Civil officers! By hokey! that's the best joke I ever heard. I must remember that and spring it on the folks down our way.

When the old timer left the train the curious passenger was chuckling in most ridiculous fashion, and repeating to himself from time to time, "Civil officers! By thunder, but that's a good one!"—*Boston Transcript.*

**Snore-Proof.**

Mr. J. A. Morris, of New York, snored while asleep in such a high key that his wife and he agreed to have an addition built to the house in which Mr. Morris was to sleep. He stipulated with the architect that the cost should not exceed \$5,000, but his wife ordered it to be made "snore-proof" at a cost of \$27,000. The architect probably a sympathetic man obeyed the wife and afterwards sued the husband, but the case went in favor of Mrs. Morris. The architect thought to make him pay through the nose.

**Was newspaper advertising a success with you last year? If not—why not? It pays others. It ought to pay you; and will, if wisely done.**—*Age's Newspaper Annual.*

**A "DAUGHTER OF THE LORD."**

How Her Heirs Sought to Claim the Church, But the Verdict Was the Other Way.

There has just been decided a very remarkable suit in Philadelphia, the verdict being favorable to the defendants. More than 40 years ago there came an emigrant woman to this country from Switzerland. Her name was Anna Meister, and to the ordinary observer she seemed but a common Swiss peasant, with nothing to distinguish her from the herd. She tried her hand at two or three things without much success, including dressmaking, and then suddenly announced that she was "the daughter of the Lord," that she was sacred, and that as she was of the essence of the Holy Ghost she could perform no manual labor. She had traces and "signs," and finally gathered a congregation of Germans about her, who ever since provided her with all sorts of luxuries. They worshipped her under the name of J. Elmar Mira Mitta, supported her while she travelled luxuriously in Europe, and when the people who owned the house in which she lived were about to sell it she told her followers this would be a sacrilege, and they must buy it and make it her church to worship her in. After having lived sumptuously all her life she died not long since in the odor of sanctity, and then her relatives in Switzerland, who seemed to have a good deal of Mira Mitta's nerve, brought suit to claim the church, as her heirs. Happily the decision was in favor of the poor creature who had talked and slaved all their lives to keep the peasant woman decently clad and luxuriously fed in indulgence.

**Late Scottish News.**

The Edinburgh Public Library already contains 50,000 volumes, and it is expected that other 10,000 volumes will be added before the library is opened.

Dr. Robt. W. Reid, of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, has been appointed Professor of Anatomy in the University of Aberdeen, in room of Professor Struthers, resigned.

**Shipbuilding on the Clyde, according to the returns for October, continues brisk. The output during the past ten months is 40,167 tons in excess of that for the same period last year.**

The Marquis of Lorne on the 26th ult. opened the Victoria Art Galleries at Dundee, which have been erected at a cost of £13,000, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, is evidently doing all he can to get the Free Library Act generally adopted throughout Scotland. He has now offered the people of Peterhead, on condition of their adopting that Act and raising a fund for a building to act the last £1,000 required for a suitable structure.

**An Evening.**

Salesman—Well, whacher want?

Customer—I want to buy a hat.

Salesman—Why didn't yer say so? Move lively now. This ain't no morgue.

Customer—I don't like to be spoken to like that.

Salesman—Yer don't? Well, whacher stoppin' the wheels 'f trade fer? Did you ever see a real hat?

Customer—That's enough. Good day.

Salesman—Just wait a moment, sir. I recognize you as the ticket seller at the Imperial Central station. I tried to buy a ticket of you yesterday, and I've just endeavored to give you an imitation of the way you treated me. What's the size, sir?

—*Puck.*

**House Moving.**

Chicago, probably, is the only city in the Union in which the raising and moving of houses, including dwellings and stores of all kinds, can be considered a regular industry. There are about 100 firms in the city who engage in the business and find it extremely profitable. Three or four of the leading house-movers have more than \$50,000 invested in the business, and have been steadily growing rich at it. One of these furnished some interesting statistics to a reporter for the *Times*. He volunteered the information that there are at least 6,000 people who live off the profits of the business and the wages paid.

**Degeneration.**

Young Lady—I think that the young man of the present day are very deficient in mental culture, don't you, Mr. Storkhor?

Mr. Storkhor—Very. Why the other day I actually met a young man who didn't know what I meant when I said that Kelly umbled a foul ball.

**Baby's Bedtime Song.**

Shy to and fro in the twilight gray;  
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;  
It always sails at the end of day,  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,  
A sleepy zzz is the only face;  
Drifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I in a rocking chair.

See where the fire-flies glow and speak,  
Glisten the lights of Shadowland;  
The pelting rains on the window, hark,  
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glistening dim,  
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;  
Blossoms are waving above its brim,  
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,  
Silently lower the anchor down;  
Dear little passenger say good night,  
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—*Frederick Neave.*

**SCOTCH REMOVED.**

**It Does Not Seem to be of a Very Lively Character.**

In order to disprove the frequent assertion that the Scotch are not humorous, says the *New York Sun*, the editor of a Scottish paper recently declared his columns open and invited all the jokes of the people which his constituents would send to him. These are fair samples of what were handed in:

"Two boys having met a man in white 'spats' one of them says he wears 'white pants' breaks below his knee seam."

"This is but the forefront of the battle—his name, what this boy said 'in a waggery.'"

"A woman, having forewarned whisky in a glass, drank it out of a cup."

"A man took the hat worn by a score-crow."

"Whiskey having been ordered for outward application the patient drank it."

"A man, having eaten a herring at tea, wished also for some treacle, which was refused."

"A boy, being asked if he had 'passed the doctor'—in a medical examination—said, 'Yes, I passed him up at Cochrane's corner.'"

"A clergyman said that he would visit the families in his district, embracing the servant girls as he went along."

"An undertaker, being asked to pray at a funeral, said he would rather make a coffin gratis."

"A woman in a shop, wishing to ask for a dolman, asked for a donkey."

"A horse falling down dead, a man asked, 'Did it ever do that before?'"

"Heaven was defined as a place where 'whiskey is plentiful and policemen scarce.'"

"Have you seen Tom since he left?"

"No; but I'm gawn to write tae him tae spair his address."

Intellectually the Scotch are one of the very greatest people in the world, but they don't seem to be very funny.

**The Deepest Hole in the World.**

The deepest hole in the world, claimed at different times for a number of places, is, according to the latest accounts, at Sohladebach, a small German village near Leipzig. It measures 1,748 metres, or about 5,735 feet. The time expended boring to this depth amounted to six years, and cost of \$52,000. A peculiar experience encountered in connection with this and other deep holes in different parts of Germany is, according to Unland's *Wochen-schrift*, that the observed temperature, while steadily increasing with the depths, show a smaller ratio of increase in the lower strata.

**A Good Word for the Sparrow.**

To the enemies of the English sparrows, who are making an unavailing attempt to eliminate the plucky little creature from the list of European immigrants to this country, the British Consul at Baltimore points out that as a result of the terrible mortality resulting from the blizzard of March, 1898, there has been an increase of grubs and caterpillars corresponding to the decrease in sparrows. The sparrows eat the larvae of destructive insects, preferring, so to speak, the egg to the chicken; but they get little credit for their usefulness.—*Philadelphia Record.*

**New Way to Advertise.**

Brown—And so you have got a first-rate cook? What paper did you advertise in?

Fogg—Didn't advertise in any. My wife told Mrs. Gray we wanted a girl, but made her promise not to tell anybody.

"Well?"

"Well, we had the door bell ringing for a fortnight from morning till night. No less than a hundred applications for the place."

**Wanted It Good.**

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mrs. Symphony of an elderly relative from the country.

"Well, yes, I am," was the careful reply; "that is, when it's good music, Larry. Now, you take a good accordion an' a fiddle an' a pair o' bones an' a fife an' let 'em all play 'Old Noddemus' all at the same time, an' I tell you it's sweet!"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

**An Autumnal Proposal.**

He (as they stand on the balcony) It is very bright within and very dreary without, is it not?

She—Without what?

He (inspired)—You.

**But Probable Loss.**

Namby—I just lent \$10 to Pamby; I wish you would make an item of it, Mr. Bookkeeper.

Bookkeeper—Shall I debit it to cash?

"I guess you don't know Pamby very well. Put it in the profit and loss account."

—Last night two tramps from Hamilton registered at the police cells. Their names were John Eagan, aged 45, and Michael McCaball, aged 40. They left this morning on their way to London.—*Brantford Telegram.*

"What is your salary, Dr. Stiggins?"

"My salary," said the clergyman slowly, "is \$3,000. But my pay is about \$1,200."

The pay-roll of officers and sailors in the United States Navy this year will amount to nearly \$6,000,000. The feeding and clothing of the men will cost another million and a half.