

A MAN OF JUDGMENT.

"'Send 'em through on the jump.

"So the six horses lines out at a ten-

pallin' shricks. The female gets spesh-

ul mad at this, thinkin' as how they're

Monte begins pourin' the whip into the

team, and them hosses goes into their

wishes I had that whisky I hurls over-

"This yere is the way I figgers it. If

on the fight mese'f. This'll stop the

chase, an', to tell the fact, it's about the

"'He wouldn't be no earthly use,

"But he didn't, though, 'cause Bogg

an' the first move he makes he tips over

"Well, the stage comes into Wolfville,

ten miles further down, on the lope.

Boggs is still in a faint an' about bled

to death, while them exhortin' people

is shorely outen their minds. In no

time a dozen of us lined out for Chero

kee. Did we find him? Well, I should

say we shorely found him. They'd got

one bullet through his laig an' thar he

was, with his back agin a rock wall, an'

his eyes glitterin', a-holdin' the can-

by him. Of course they all runs when

says Enright, 'playin' even on this yere

'over behind that big rock to the left.'

"Sure enough he's got one Injun, too dead to skin, an' comin' along a little

board a minute back so graceful.'

knows he's creased.

ond, says to Boggs:

win or lose.'

the trip alone.'

goes into the center too.

him thar on the trail.

....... THEN I looks backward down | so he throws the bottle outen the stage the trail," said the old cat- an' don't get no drink. tieman, "if there is one man "After a while the stage strikes into I reflects on with satisfaction it's Cher- the upper end of a dark, rocky canyon. okee Hall. This yere Hall was the This yere canyon was about two miles modestest, decentest longhorn as ever long an' was lately reckoned some bad. shakes his antiers in Arizona. He was Nuthin' has ever happened on the line, slim and light, with a thin face and but these yere was the days when Vicgray eyes. This yere man was a card toria and his Apaches was cavortin' sharp from his moccasins up, an' I 'round loose, an' it was mighty possible never knows him to have a dollar he they was a layin' somewhar in the hills doesn't gamble for. Nuthin' tinhorn, along the trail to Tueson. If they ever though. I sees him one night, an' he gets a notion to stand up the stage, they sets calmly into some four-handed po- was shore due to do it in this yere canker \$15,000 table stakes an' he's jest yon, wherfore Cherokee an' Boggs an' that sanguine an' hopeful about laudin' Old Monte, who's drivin' regards it on his feet as a cimmarron sheep. Of plenty suspicious. course, times was plenty flush these days, an' \$15,000 don't seem no such Monte, says Cherokee, stickin' out his giant sum. Trade is lively an' values head. high-aces up callin' for \$500 before the draw-still we aln't none of us a makin' mile gait, which rattles things a whole of gunwaddin' of no such roll as \$15,000 lot, an' makes the black-coat man sigh, even then. The days ain't quite so hal- while the young ones sets up some apcyon as all that, neither.

"But what I likes most speshul in Cherokee Hall is his judgment. He's playin' it low down on her fambly. But every time right. He ain't talkin' much, she takes it out in cuffin' the yearlin' an' he ain't needin' advice, neither, now an' then, jest te keep 'em yellin', more'n a pig needs a six-shooter; but an' don't say nuthin'. when he concludes to do things you can "Well, the stage gets about half gamble he's goin' to get it plenty right. through the canyon when all at once

"One time this yere Cherokee and up on both sides in the rocks about Dan Boggs is a comin' in from Tuscon | twenty Winchesters begins to hop and on the stage. Besides Cherokee an' Jump mighty permiscus, the same goin' Boggs along comes a female, a close hand in hand with some whoops of onherdin' of two young ones-which them usual merit. With the first shot old infants might have been stringin' lizards an' every one a heap happler; an' sorter in charge of the whole outfit is a collars like six lions. It's plenty lucky long, lean man in a black coat. Well, aboriginees ain't no shots. They never they hops in, an' Boggs an' Cherokee gives 'em the two back seats on account of the female an' the yearlin's.

"'My name is Jones,' says the man in the black coat, when he gets settled Boggs. About the beginnin a little back an' the stage is goin', 'an' I'm cloud of dust flies outen his shoulder an' evangelist, an' plucks brands from an' his face turns pale, an' Cherokee

'I'm powerful glad to know it,' says Boggs. 'Them games of chance which says Cherokee, some anxious. enjoys public notice in this yere clime are so various, an' I did think I shorely tests 'em all; but if devices you names was ever open in Wolfville, I overlooks the same complete."

"'Pore sinkin' soul,' says the blackcoat man, 'be's a-flounderin' in the mire of sin. Don't you know, my perlshin' friend, you are bein' swept downward in the river of your own sinful life till your soul will be drowned in the abyss?

" 'Well, no,' says Boggs, 'I don't. allows I was makin' a mighty dry ford of it.

"'Lost! Lost!' says the black-coat man, a-leanin' back plenty hopeless. 'It is a stiff-necked generation, an' a sorely perverse lot.'

"Well, the stage jolts along two or three miles an' nuthin' bein' said. The black-coat man groans occasionally, which worries Boggs, an' the two infants, gettin' restless, comes tumblin' over onto Cherokee an' go searchin' of his pockets for mementoes. This yere is about as pleasant an' refreshin' to Cherokee as bein' burned at the stake, but the mother she leans back an' smiles, an' of course he's plumb help-

"'My pore worm,' finally says the black-coat man, addressin' of Boggs, 'whatever avocations has you an' your lost companion?

"'Why,' says Boggs, 'this yere's Hall -Cherokee Hall. He turns fare in the Red Light; an', continues Boggs, a-lowerin' of his voice, 'he's as squar' a man as ever counted a deck. Actoolly, pard, you might not think it, but all that man knows about a cold deck or dealin' second, or any sech sinful schemes, is jest

" 'Brother,' says the female, bristlin' up an' tacklin' the black-coat man, 'don't talk to them persons no more. Them's gamblers an' awful mean men, an' with that she snatches away the yearlin's like they was contaminated.

"This was some relief to Cherokee, but the young ones howl like coyotes an' wants to come back an' finish robbin' their victim. But the mother, she spanks 'em, an' when Boggs was goin' to give 'em some cartridges outen his belt to amoose 'em, she sasses him scandalous, an' allows she ain't needin' no attentions from him. Then she leans back an' snorts at Cherokee an' Boggs mighty contemptuous. The young ones keeps on yellin' in a unmelodious way. and while Cherokee is c'am an' don't nervous, an' finally lugs out his bottle, no fight.

"I hopes you nails one, Cherokee, "I hopes you nails one, Cherokee, "I hopes you nails one, the cherokee, "I hopes you nails one, "I hopes you let on like he minds it much, Boggs gets | they hears us a-comin', so we don't get inig they shoots?
"'I win once, I think,' says Cherokee

"'Well, I never,' mays the woman. 'I horely sees sots before now, but at ad the decency not to drink

This stampedes Boggs complete, an' further Jack Moore finds a se

makes even on Boggs.

"That's right, says Cherokee, 'I remembers now; there was two. The cards come some fast one time an' I overlooks a bet."

" 'Yere's nauther,' says Moore, 'willeb

"Well, we gets in Cherokee all right, an' the nex' day around comes the female tenderfoot to see him. " 'I wants to thank my preserver,' she

says. "You ain't under no obligations whatever, marm,' says Cherokee, raisin' up a little in the bed, while Faro Nell puts another goose-ha'r pillow under him. 'I simply prefers to do my fightin' in the canyon to doin' it at the ford, that's all. It was jest a matter of straight business-jest a preference I has. Another thing, marm, I know you'll excuse it, seein' I'm a single man mighty glad for an excuse to get away from them blessed children of your'n." San Francisco Examiner.

An Illinois Rip Van Winkle.

One afternoon last week an old man had none of that "vegetable dandruff" about him which denotes the countryman, but it was clear that his clothes had not been made by a city taffor. He shrank instinctively from the pass ing wagons and he lacked that indefinite something which marks the dwell. Mrs. L'Estrange.

"Fortunate people," returned Marsden. up and down the street and then turn ed his eyes toward the sky, but seem so evident that a hurrying business trict man, moved perhaps by memories of the time when he himself got up in the L'Estrange, carelessiy.

asked by way of leading up to the question gently.

The old man looked at him distrustfully before he answered.

"Wal, no," he said guardedly. can't hardly say that. I was here in

"Considerable change since then," said the business man.

"Somewhat," answered the old man, still distrustfully.

"Can I help you in any vay? You seemed to be looking for something." "No, I don't much think you kin help me," the old man said reflectively. "I know the streets pretty well. Studied em up on a map afore I left home. But say, stranger, kin you tell me which way is north? These blame buildin's is so high a man can't see the sun, and how he's goin' to keep the p'ints of the compass straight without it is more'n

I kin see."-Chicago Times-Herald. Languages of Palestine.

As regards the languages spoken in Palestine in the time of Christ, much seems to get the philosophe of a hind that is of high importance has resulted sight none, an' generally you can't from recent exploration. A dedication reach their bullets with a ten-foot pole. The only thing gets hit this time is of Herod was written both in Aramaic and in Greek, and there are a great Brookdale?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange, "I'll many Greek texts of this age in all go and fetch it."

parts of the country, which show us "With pleasure," said Marsden. "Now, parts of the country, which show us that the old Canaanite religions had not yet died out, but were mingled with Greek mythology so that the "'Did they get you hard, old man? with Greek mythology, so that the you'll ever give me. It is extremely abnames of native and of Greek deities sured this superstition, and must mean I No, says Boggs, tryin' to brace him. self. Til be around in a second. 1 stand side by side. The region am going to die, for if I live I shall unwhere the Greeks were most numerous was apparently Well, the Injuns comes tumblin' capolis, east of the sea of Galilee. down onto the trail an' gave a chase, a and it seems to me probable that the shootin' an' a yellin' a heap zealous. people of Gadara, who kept swine, As they was on foot and the bus was were Greeks, for the pig was regarded makin' fifteen miles an hour by now, as an unclean animal by the Phoenithey could jest manage to hold their clans and other natives as well as by own in the race, about forty rods to the the Jews. It has often been disputed r'ar. Finally Cherokee-an' yere comes whether the gospels were originally In his jedgment-after thinkin' a secwritten in Greek or Aramaic, but it has now been rendered certain by exploration that Greek was very widely L'Estrange re-entered the room. we keep on this way these Injuns will used in Palestine at this time, and that shore run in on us a half mile further it was understood by the Jews as well at the ford. They're due to down a as by the others. We have recovered horse or Monte-maybe both-in which | the stone written in Greek, which warncourt of the temple, and have found and her step-daughter drew nearer the ble life is!" event the stage shorely stops an' it's a fight. This yere bein' troo, an' as I'm elected for a fight anyhow, I'm goin' to early Jewish bone boxes on Olivet in. fire, and sat for some minutes in silence. hop outen the stage right yere an' pull scribed in Greek.

Had a Window in His Head.

only chance in the box this yere pore Although "every dog has his day," female an' her offsprings has to live a says a London paper, few of the spelittle bit, an' I'm goin' to play it for 'em, cies attain to the distinction and celebrity of one which formerly belonged to " 'Them's my notions,' says Boggs, a the late Arthur Durham. The fame of tryin' to pull himse'f together; 'shall this animal was spread far and wide gone. we take this yere shorthorn along? about five and twenty or thirty years an' he p'ints to where them four ten- ago, and "Durham's dog" was as well derfeet is mixed up together in the back | known in scientific circles as the prestdent of the royal society. For the better pursuit of his investigations into the state of the brain in sleeping and says Cherokee, 'an' you're too hard hit, Dan, yourse'f. So jest take my regards waking, Mr. Durham had removed a to Enright an' the boys, an' smooth this large part of the animal's skull and had all you know for Faro Nell, an' I makes glazed the orifice with a stout watch glass. The operation had been perform "'Not much,' says Boggs, 'my stack ed with the assistance of anesthetics and the dog was quite unaware that anything of the kind had occurred to had bled a heap more'n he thought, him or that he had a transparent crown to his cranium. But through this watch in a faint. So Cherokee picks up his glass the state of the circulation in his Winchester, an' openin' the door of the brain in sleeping or waking could be stage jumps clean free, an' they leave observed with the greatest accuracy and ease, and much useful information was thus supplied by him. I believe that he lived happily for many years afterward, and that he suffered no inconvenience from having a glass top.

Horned Toads.

Boys living in and about San Diego, Cal., are making money catching horned toads for the Hawaiian Government, which is importing them to destroy a Japanese bug which is ruining many crops in the island. The Government wants 5,000 toads, and is paying the boys \$1 a dozen for them.

Oil and Gas. Oil and gas stoves, while coming in competition with the old-time coal stove, have had no effect upon the sales of the latter. This is somewhat remarkable, but the history of a great many improvements in civilization is like it.

cried Nora, infinitely surprised.
"There might have been a mistake

somewhere; but it all came hard enough

"There was a gentleman in our neighbor-

hood who wished me to marry him-a

very good fellow. I was inclined to like him, but after Mark made me believe he

loved me I thought of no one else, and I

refused my first admirer. Then Mark

went away to India. He wrote to me

once or twice. Then came my great sor-

afficient to pay his debts. I was very

friendless, we had lived away from all

a letter from Mark, but none came for

more than a year. Then I had a curious

epistle, bidding me farewell, and expres-

sing deep regret for any pain he might

have caused me, but that marriage was

out of the question for him. I never re-

trange, quickly, "it was not Red Mark,

whom you know, who behaved in this

way! I do not fancy be ever was in love in his life. Oh, no! It was his cousin.

well remember when, owing to the

away a certainty for a will-o'-the-wisp,

as, no doubt, I did. Ah! that was a dreadful time. Its bitterness and morti-

fication sting me still! My life, under its

new conditions, was dreary and trying

enough to make me very grateful to your

father for giving me the chance of leaving

it—and you know the rest."
"Then—" Nora paused, and, chang-

ing her sentence, observed, "Do you

know, I fancied, at one time, that you

"That is curious," she said, "for I fancied you and he were taking to each

other, until after the Evesleigh ball-

There was a pause of a few minutes.

Then you would not marry Mr. Win-

"It is extremely unlikely he would even

ask me," said Mrs. L'Estrange, laughing.

"And as to me, all ideas of love or matri

mony are over forever. Bea is, and will be,

A dull sense of despair numbed Nora's

"Do you think Clifford Marsden knew

not heard anything of him for a long time,

and I was grieved to think of his wasted

hidden from us! There, dear, is the

little dreamed what a sting it left in her step-daughter's soul. Was Clifford Mars-

den's memory really defective? Or, had

he misrepresented facts? Surely he was

too much of a gentleman to do so? At

any rate, she (Nora) had been juggled

out of the best chance of happiness ever

offered her; for she now felt convinced

Mark Winton had loved her from the

"Dear Helen," she said, rising with an

returned Mrs. L'Estrange, kissing her.

You look dreadfully pale and tired,

"Incomprehensible!" the word kept re-

peating itself in fiery syllables all night long; strive as she would, Nora could hear

nothing else, think of nothing else. What

an incomprehensible destiny that which

doomed her and the man that loved her

well, as she now believed, to separation

Was she deceived or only inadvertently

misled? If deceived she would never,

CHAPTER XIV.

for Mrs. Ruthven, and her own resolute

eagerness to regain health and strength

noble and distinguished invalids, sojourn-

ing, like herself, in that famous resort,

soothed and satisfied her. Lady Dorring-

ton had written glowing eulogiums and recommendations of her friend and guest,

and all things promised fair for the en-

suing spring campaign. But though sweet and placed to those few favored

visitors who were admitted to her pres

ence, the real vivifying influence which

was bringing back energy to her system

was the hope, the prospect of revenge. To lose Clifford Marsden, by whom she had been so fascinated, was bad enough:

to lose the lord of Evesleigh, the hero of

a hundred conquests, was worse; to lose

him to a simple, inexperienced girl, whom

she had herself praised and patronized

Already society had begun to talk of Clifford Marsden being about to marry

some country nobody; but as yet there was no certainty in the report, and, deep in her heart, Mrs. Ruthven swore the mar-

riage should never take place.

It was part of her scheme to preven

Evealeigh from going into atrange hands,

Was worst of all.

The attentions and inquiries of various

The balmy air of Torquay did wonders

never forgive. And she must find out.

Is it not incomprehensible?"

The whole history! Mrs. L'Estrange

How well it is that the future is

my only love. I want no more."

could collect herself to say:

Mrs. L'Estrange laughed softly.

would marry Mr. Winton?"

said:

all this?

whole history.

first.

Norn.

forever!

Atherley got for me.'

My dear father died, leaving barely

me," returned Mrs. L'Estrange.

CHAPTER XIII - Continued.) you'll excuse it, seein' I'm a single man One evening, shortly before Christmas, an' onused to childish ways; but I was Marsden had looked in later than usual, nfter diving with some friends at his club, He stood on the hearth-rug retailing the political and other gossip he had heard, and questioning Mrs. L'Estrange and

Nora respecting their shopping.
"Mrs. Ruthven is coming to town next week," he said. "I had a talk with Shirstood on LaSalle street, near the Rook- ley to-day. He has been down to see her; ery building, in evident perplexity. He she has not deigned to communicate with me, but I hear through my solicitor she has sold that villa she was so wild to get a month or six weeks ago, and made fifteen hundred pounds by the transaction.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Nota.
"Some people seem to have the power of turning all they touch to gold," said

Talking of gold, I see Winton's old made died rather suddenly on the thirteenth, so, I suppose he'll have plenty to ingly without finding what he was do settling his affairs, instead of rushing searching for. His embarrassment was back to punish the unworthy in his dis-

"Was old Mr Winton rich?" asked Mrs.

cold gray of morning to feed the stock. that he made money or saved money of stopped to offer help. box he had on the edge of a Yorkshire moor. I don't think he ever held up his head since 'Black Mark' went to the

"Do not say that, Mr. Marsden!" exclaimed Mrs. L'Estrange, earnestly. "Father and son misunderstood each other; but the son was more sinned against than sinning." Her delicate face flushed as she spoke.

"You are more charitable than most people. Mrs. L'Estrange, to one who, if not sorely belied, did not care for any one save himself; at any rate, it is likely Red Mark, as we used to call him, will step

into his shoes."
"Old Mr. Winton had a daughter, I think?

"Yes, who married against his will. I don't know what became of her. Perhaps she may come in for some of the father's money. But I must bid you goodby, as well as good-night. I am going down to Evesleigh to-morrow to see after some matters. I don't fancy, after all, Mrs. Ruthven will take the place, she has made so many difficulties and stipulations.

"How long shall you be away?" asked Nora, who had grown very silent of late. "Well, quite three or four days. You will write to me, will you not, my sweetest sweetheart?

"Yes, certainly." "And will you take a parcel for me to

days that are coming." "Do not think of such things, Clifford," said Nora, more touched by his words than he was aware, and she leaned forward to press her lips gently to his cheek. years before you.'

Will you make me happy?" "I will do my best for you, dear Clif-ford. I will, indeed."

"God bless you, darling!" kissing her hair, her brow, her cheeks quickly, pas-sionately, and letting her go as Mrs. "It is not very large, and if you will

shall be much obliged," she said, handing the packet to him. After a few more words Marsden bid effort, "I have kept you up too late; let us

send it over to the cook at Brookdale, I

"I did not think Mr. Marsden as bright as usual," said the former, at length "No. He was a little more serious than

usual," returned Nora. "But he is always pleasant and kind. I really think, dear Nora, you are wonderfully fortunate. Yours is a case where true love has run smooth." "The Ides of March have come, not

"That is quite an uncanny speech,

Nora." There was another paus Then Nora, gathering up her resoution, said quietly:

"Did Clifford Marsden know Mr. Wir ton and his cousin when they were all

"Yes. They used to be in Oldbridge now and then, and he was at my father's rectory once. "Will you think me unwarrantably in trusive if I ask you a few questions about those by-gone days?' laying her hand

gently on her step-mother's knee. Mrs. L'Estrange smiled thoughtfully. "No, dear, I can tell you anything, and there is not much to tell." "Did you know Clifford before you mar-

ried my father?" "Scarcely knew him. I met him several times. He was a delightful boy at nineteen or twenty."

Was he a great friend of Mark Win-

"No. More the friend of the other

Mark. You know both the Wintons had the same name, it used to make confusion They had not been brought up exactly together. They were at different schools, but both were sent to study with my father—one for the army, the other for India. We used to distinguish them as Black and Red Marks. They made Clifford Maraden's acquaintance at his aunt's, Mrs. Atheriey's, at Oldbridge, and he came down from London to see them once, for a few days, to my father's rec-tory in Hampshire. Oh! what a sweet home it was. What ages away back that time seems!"

even for a season. She was determined to rule there herself. Captain Shirley's visit was a stimulating tonic; but she was not too confidential with her right-

den's devotion to Nora, the steadiness and sobriety of his life in consequence

he possibly could upon his bride elect, etc. to all of which Mrs. Ruthven listened almost in silence, with downcast eyes, and a elight, inscrutable smile

In vein, Shirley tried to draw some observations from her, which might indicate in what direction the current of her feelings was setting. He could not even make up his mind if she had resolved to renounce Marsden. The only sentence which escaped her lips on the subject was when Shirley reiterated the report that the marriage was to take place immediate. ly; then Mrs. Ruthven said, languidly; "If it does not take place soon it will probably not take place at all."

'May I ask your reason for saying so?" "Well, chiefly because Mr. Marsden is not a man of very fixed purpose and something may occur to change his views. Talking of change, did I tell you that I have got rid of that place at Twickenham? It seems that a rich stock-broker took a violent fancy to it, and he has given me a thousand pounds for my bargain.

"Did you tire of it so soon?" asked Shirley, in surprise.

Yes, sickness and seclusion have wrought a radical change in me. I now feel I must be in London and in the com-

our relations, and I waited and waited for plete country, alternately. "I am afraid, Mrs. Ruthven, that I have unconsciously done something, or left undone something, that has induced you to withdraw the confidence you once placed in me," said Shirley, with a wounded air, looking straight into her eyes.

plied. I felt that chapter was closed for-"Then you are mistaken; I give you ex-That was just after I went to live acily the same amount of confidence I alwith Miss Webster-an engagement Mrs. ways did a good deal, but by no means You have been useful to me, and I "I could never have believed that such have been useful to you. I am still disa man as Mr. Winton would have acted so basely," exclaimed Nora, her heart posed to be your friend, but do not suppose you have the smallest power to injure beating, her eyes lit up with indignation. me. The day is long gone by for that: How can you—"
"But, Nora," interrupted Mrs. L'Es-

"Injure you! Do you suppose that such an idea ever crossed my mind? My in-clination is only to be your best devoted servant more, if you would accept me."

Mrs. Ruthven laughed softly. she said; "I quite believe you,"

Our friend was always true and steady. "You have never been quite the same similarity of name, some knowledge of since you were robbed of your rubies," he interrupted. "You seem to have grown his cousin's engagement to me reached him, he warned me against throwing doubtful of every one.

"I am," she exclaimed, with sudden fire. "Utterly, conseletely distrustful; and you mutter feeble complaints because I will not tell you the vague hope I have of recovering them. Leave that alone; I may confide even that to you one day, but never if I find you presuming to try discovery on your own account. I alone have a slight clew, and I will have no one

Shirley looked at her so completely startled and surprised that she laughed a strange, almost hysterical, laugh.

"You must not excite yourself," he exclaimed; "you might bring on another

when a sort of change came to both of "That would never do," she returned, in an altered voice. "I want to be well soon; I have a good deal to do. Tell me, The light died out of Nora's eyes—the color from her cheek. At length she Shirley," she went on, "why did you not make love to Nora L'Estrange? She

would have been a suitable wife for you." "I was quite willing to do so, but somehow it was impossible. I could never get beyond the weather, or the last new

waltz, with her." "What is there different in her from other women?" she asked, scornfully; you have been tolerably successful with other women.

heart; it was a few seconds before she "I don't know: Miss L'Estrange is frank and pleasant, and all that sort of thing, but she is the most inaccessible woman I ever came across.

"Yes; I imagined he did. He was very "Shirley, you are a fool: A young friendly with Mark and continued to be creature fresh from the school room and after our friend, Red Mark, went out to educational irons, is the easiest game of India. My fiance, as I fancied him to be, all! Man, have you so little experience did not go till after. He was appointed a regiment stationed at Delha and, I at least one traitor within the trenches? believe, was very unfortunate and weak. "Perhaps the game was not sufficiently Mr. Winton gave me an account of his He died two years ago. I had

exciting: anyhow, Winton did not give a fellow a chance." "Winton! Yes, that is a man I should enjoy mortifying. I think he was fond

of Nora L'Estrange, and I suspect she liked him. But who would refuse Marsden of Evesleigh?"

"He is not so great a catch."
"Listen to me," cried Mrs. Ruthven, not heeding him. "I want to go to London-let me see-I think I could bear the journey next week. I want you to take rooms for me at the Alexandria Hotel; I shall keep them for awhile. I like this place, and can go up to town as I like. You must secure good rooms, and have everything made comfortable and warm-

above all things, warm." Captain Shirley took her directions with profound attention, and then their talk flowed in ordinary channels. Mrs. Ruthven, was quiet, and in rather a more cheer. ful mood; she was more civil and friendly than usual. Yet Shirley left her with an impression that there was danger in the

(To be continued.)

Mushrooms as Food in Europe. As an article of food mushrooms are becoming more widely and favorably known each year. Immense quantities are grown for market in caves near Parls, some of the beds being seven miles long. One grower has twentyone miles of mushrooms growing at Mery. In Italythe truffle beds are so valuable that they are guarded as carefully as are game preserves in England. But the poachers, quite equal to the necessity, train their dogs to go among the beds, dlg up those mushrooms of marketable value, and bring them out to the edge, where they are waiting to receive them. Mushrooms bring in a revenue of £4,000 a year to Rome, and M. Roques calls the despised toadstools the "manna of the poor."

Mr. Julius Palmer, our own authority on mushrooms, says: "Were the poorer classes of Russia, Germany, Italy or France to see our forests during the autumn rains, they would feast on the rich food there going to waste. For this harvest requires no seed-time and asks for no peasant's toil. At the same time the value of mushroom diet ranks second to meat alone. America is one of the richest countries in mushroom food."-St. Nicholas.

The Gorilla's Lung Power.

Recent investigations have brought to light the fact that the gorilla is equipped with a sort of air bag in the chest over the lungs, and connected with the traches or wind-pipe. By striking this organ the animal is enabled to emit his terrible shricks and

Bulwer-Lytton knew all the odes and other poems of Horace by heart. He translated large portions of Horace's