WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER V.

Alice awoke early the next morning. She had indeed slept but little. Her wounded pride and aching heart proved veritable thorns in her pillow.

She was haunted all night by the vision of Roy's fair handsome face bending over Valerie's head, gazing into her eyes with an eternity of love.

She did not like Valerie, yet she was just.

"It is I who keep them apart. What can I do—what can I do?" was the thought that raged in her mind, and to this she could find no answer.

She rose and took her bath, then robed herself in her simply gray gown, and wrapping a mantle round her, for the morning was chilly, she left her apartments and stole through the silent corridor to the gardens and grounds.

Through the two months that had elapsed since the strange and terrible episode that had changed her whole life, the girl had lived entirely alone.

She gave herself up to study, and books, and for recreation walked a while in the park, till she knew every nook and corner by heart.

No thought of pride or joy that she was part owner of this proud estate came to her mind as she passed through the avenues of leafless trees, and caught glimpses of the castle, standing like a grey sentinel in the background. Instead, she wished now, day and night, for something that would free her from her husband, and take away the shame that hung over her.

She walked on quickly. The wind was sighing in the trees, sounding mournful and weird to the ears.

At last she reached a spot she frequented most. It was thickly wooded, and even now, though autumn was at hand, the leaves were scarcely thinned. It was quiet and secluded, and Alice loved it.

She flung herself down on an old trunk, and gave way to her thoughts.

She heeded not the chill wind or the mournful rustle of the trees, but after she had sat some time, she became conscious of the approach of some person or persons—and roused herself to listen.

The voices came on the air.

"I tell you, Paul, I can do no more: I have nothing—nothing now but my few jewels, and you know I must keep them, even if they were worth much, which they are not."

"Can't you ask the old lady?" spoke the deep tones of a man.

"Impossible — utterly impossible, Paul!"

"Then the devil knows what is to become of me, Valerie."

She was surprised, and a little alarmed, but she thought it wiser to sit still, and perhaps the speakers would pass.

"You know;" went on the man surlily—"you know how I am situated. I consented to wait while you came here, but time has gone, and now it is two months, and you have done nothing for me."

"Have you forgotten how I am placed?" asked Valerie angrily. "Have you forgotten the murder?"

The man laughed.

"No, I forget nothing, but I, none the less, am angry. Why did you not grasp Roy Darrel when you had your chance? What fool's nonsence was in your head?"

"What? Love," said Valerie quietly.

The man laughed again.

"Pooh and bah! You, Valerie Ross, stayed by love. No, no, my sister, some other tale—not that."

"It is the truth, nevertheless," broke in Valerie's voice, broken, harsh, and agitated. "I loved Eustace Rivers. Ah, you may shake your head: you did not see, you were blind as to what was going on in our little cottage home in Everleigh, when Eustace's regiment was quartered near: you little thought of the dreams that came to me for one brief moment of my great happiness."

Alice sat motionless, she heard the man strike a match against a tree as if to light a cigar.

"If I had known it I should have ended it pretty soon," he said quietly.

"When I came to the castle," said Valerie, "you thought I did so to please you. It was to follow Eustace. I had grown jealous, he was altering to me. Lady Darrell had written often pressing me for a visit, so I embraced the opportnity. Roy did at once what you prophesied he would—fell in love with me, but I was blind to it then. I cared only for Eustace. All my life was for him. Roy haunted my footsteps, yet I gave him no encouragement. Then Eustace and I quarreled. I pressed for our marriage, he demurred again and again, and a coolness arose between the two men over me. I know not how, but—God forgive me—I believe now Eustace maligned me to his freind, and that Roy in his love for me resented the affront. But let that pass. I shall never know the truth now. The day before the murder Roy sought me, begged for my love: he asked no questions, but gave me two days to consider. I wanted no time, I was bound to Eustace forever. Then—then came his death, and then my eyes were opened. I was no longer a fool; I knew that what I had thought love was a pastime to him—that I had thrown my heart's best before the feet of one unworthy."

"If you had confided in your brother you would have known in good time what class of man was Eustace Rivers: but——"

"But I did not," answered Valerie's voice, "and now let the past go, it is dead and buried, and with it my fool's nonsense, as you call it. You must be quick or some one may see us, and it will do me no good to let the servants observe me walking in the early morning with a most questionable-looking scoundrel like you!"

"True sisterly affection, upon my word. But you do not keep to the truth. You do not mind the servants; you fear Roy Darrell. What would he say to see you walking with a man—a questionable-looking scoundrel?"

"Paul, you are absurd! Do you forget he has a wife."

"No," answered Paul very slowly: "but I fancy you will be tempted to do so before long."

"What do you want?" broke in Valerie sharply. "Money is scarce with my. I cannot keep on this constant supply.

"You have a good banker to go to—Roy."

"Paul!"

"Well—well, Valerie, desperate cases need desperate ends. I tell you money I must have to get me away from here. Dalton is on my track. Only fifty pounds."

"Only fifty pounds!" repeated Valerie in alarm. "I have not half that sum about me, nor in my possession. It is impossible."

"Twenty, then."

"I will give you fifteen pounds, and that will leave me just ten pounds to get to the end of my visit."

"The end of your visit," laughed the man scornfully: "why, if you play your cards well you will visit here forever."

"Leave me alone to play my cards," Valerie exclaimed passionately. "I wish you were separated from me by worlds—I wish we might never meet again—I wish——"

"I were dead—exactly," sneered her brother.

"You have debased and degraded me," went on Valerie. "I am alone in the world but for you, and you are the very scourge of my existence."

"Get me this fifty pounds and I will go. I will leave you forever. Curse it all, the sum is a trifle! You can get it in a second if you will."

"You mean borrow it from Lady Darrell? I will not do it. Paul: she would be surprised, might question me, and that would never do. They do not know of your existence—they shall never know if I can prevent it."

"You are quite right ma cheere. Valerie Ross, beautiful, gifted patrician, would look ill-classed with Paul Ross, No. 29, Con—"

"Hush!"

There was a sound as of something put over his mouth, then Alice heard him laugh outright.

"You think these trees have ears, my sister?"

"I do not know what I think, but take care, Paul—breathe but once again your shameful disgrace, and I will never—"

"Help me again. Well that is just what I don't want, so trot away, my dear: the secret is safe. Be quick with that money. I am due at Nestley in an hour's time."

"Stay here, and I will bring it to you."

Alice heard a light step pass away, and she sat on undecided what to do.

She was in a corner, hidden well from sight. Any one peering round would scarcely have distinguished her gray dress and cloak from the tree-trunks, but she could see a little way out on to the wider pathway, and as Valerie disappeared, she heard the man laugh softly to himself and saunter to and fro while he waited.

Alice drew herself back as she saw his figure cross the small space at the opening of her hiding-place, and as he turned and strolled back she glanced nervously at him.

He was like Valerie, but coarser and harder, and his cheek was disfigured with the scar of a wound that gave a sinister look to his face.

He was humming to himself, and did not glance up or down, and Alice drew a deep breath of relief as he passed.

Something about the man gave Lady Alice a sense of alarm, and she was glad when after some moments she heard Valerie's fleet footsteps returning, and heard her panting voice say:

"Here, Paul! And now go. There is no use hanging about. I must return to the house."

"Thanks, my sweet sister. Yes, I will go. That is my address should you desire to hear from me. I shall know where to find you."

"Leave me in piece for a while," Valerie said abruptly.

"Give me fifty pounds, and I will leave you altogether."

"I cannot, Paul. I have not the money: If I had, you——"

"Should not have it," finished the man.

"Paul, you are ungenerous: but I am a fool to do as much as I do for you!"

"You are no fool, Valerie! You don't want to have me come boldly up to the castle, and ask for my sister—eh?"

Alice heard Valerie's sudden exclamation, and then she heard the man kiss his sister, and leisurely depart.

She waited to let them both pass away, then, rising, made her way slowly back to the castle.

Paul Ross strolled leisurely through the woods, until he came to a pathway that led to the village, and past the dreaded Madman's Drift.

Here he stopped and uttered a soft, low whistle.

In an instant a man had crept from beneath some bushes, and stood upright

Paul Ross moved towards him.

"Well," said the other man, "how much?"

"Fifteen pounds!"

"Fifteen pounds!" repeated the other. "Your sister is not generous."

"Valerie swears she has only ten pounds more, and I believe her."

"She may have no more, but——"

"Have you examined the entrances well?" queried Paul Ross.

"Not all; but they are not difficult to manage."

"Where do you sleep?"

The man laughed.

"In the guest's corridor—a most noble apartment, my friend. The earl knows how to lodge his company."

"Much valuables about?" asked Paul Ross eagerly.

"Much?" echoed the other. "The castle is a veritable gold-mine! By Jove, Ross, that was a good notion of yours, the trip abroad."

"Yes; I flatter myself that I am not so stupid as Valerie thinks me. She is the fool in this case."

"You mean in not snatching the earl before the murder and the row?"

Paul nodded.

"Well, it was a mistake; she has lost her chance now."

"Paul Ross looked up suddenly.

"What is the girl like?"

"Who?"

"Well, 'my Lady Alice,' as Valerie calls her," laughed Paul.

"Like?" repeated the other. "She is most lovely. Paul, can it be true about her lowly birth? I have never seen a more beautiful creature among all——"

"All the ladies of family and fortune with whom you are on such very intimate terms—eh mon garcon?"

Paul leisurely puffed away a cloud of smoke.

"Well, she is plebeian for all that, merely a farm-wench: her people were bought off the estate and sent away, but my Lady Alice is part of them for all that."

"Sent away!" repeated the other man as if he were thinking; "then she is alone here—quite alone."

"Except for the Earl, her husband; but mind, George," added Paul Ross, with his expression changing suddenly and darkening, "no fooling: we are here for work, not play—you understand?"

"Perfectly, my good Paul: now au revoir. I must go back there is the gong for breakfast. The plans shall reach you to-morrow or next day, and we must meet once more before—"

Paul nodded, slouched his hat over his eyes, and walked away quickly.

The man called George dived back into the bushes, crept along for a time, then emerged into one of the avenues leading to the Castle.

Then he overtook a slight girlish form in gray, hurrying towards a side entrance.

Good-morning, Lady Darrell," he said softly.

Alice turned and blushed slightly.

"Good-morning, Count Jura. I did not hear you coming. You have been for a walk, I, too, like the early morning best."

"Will you not enter this way?" asked George otherwise Count Jura.

Alice shook her head.

I always breakfast in my own apartment."

She bowed and turned away.

"'Alone,' Paul said," muttered Count Jura, as he stood watching the girlish form vanish, "alone. What a fate is hers! And how beautiful! Pshaw! Paul is right. I am here to work, not play; so now to breakfast with my friend, the Earl."

CHAPTER VI.

Valerie reached the Castle in time for breakfast. She ran quickly to her room, threw off her long mantle, and after a few hurried touches to her magnificent hair, swept leisurely down the wide stair-case, looking as if she had but just left her bedroom fresh from her maid's hands.

She met Count Jura at the door of the morning-room, and smiled graciously to his courteous greeting, little thinking that as he bowed a look of amusement settled in his eyes as he recalled Paul, and her pride.

Roy hastened to meet the tall beautiful woman, his eyes speaking the truth of his love as he approached her.

Lord Radine came in while they were speaking.

"I have been thinking all night, Roy, and I cannot remember who it is that I trace a resemblance to in your wife," he said as he sat down to the table.

"Does not miladi the fair countess breakfast with us?" demanded Count Jura, as Roy made no answer.

Roy flushed, and Lady Darrell looked uncomfortable.

"The countess, or as I playfully call her, my Lady Alice, always breakfasts in her own room. She prefers it," answered Valerie.

Count Jura bowed.

"What are our plans for to-day, my lord?" continued Valerie, easily to the earl.

"I thought a ride to the Old Abbey?" said Roy. "Radine, you would like that?"

"Very much," agreed Lord Radine.

"And you, Jura?"

"I regret I have important letters to write, you will pardon me?"

"Oh, of course," said Roy, quickly; "I like everyone to do as they please here."

"Why not ask you wife to join us?" proposed Valerie.

The Earl looked pained. The very sight of Alice seemed to him torture, recalled the agony he had endured, and the fact that he was separated from Valerie forever.

"If you will ask her, I dare say she will come," he replied.

Valerie rose with a laugh.

"I shall be ready in ten minutes, and my Lady Alice, also."

Count Jura held the door open for her, and she swept out: she mounted the stairs, and turned into the corridor that led to Alice's room.

"Get on your habit and dress quickly; your husband desires you to ride with us this morning."

Alice rose from her books.

"I will be ready," she answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ibsen and His Ways.

It is said that Ibsen reads very little, he declares that he "will not be drawn away from himself." He has been afraid of the judgment of Paris. "Parisians," he said, "are so refined that it is strange they should take any interest in my ways." He doesn't understand why they should indulge in philosophical speculations concerning his felicitous personages, who are very real and perfectly simple to him. "I live in the reality of my characters," he says, "and to such an extent that I could count the number of buttons they have on their coats." One who knows Ibsen well says that he has no intimate friends, that the only person who has any authority over him is his wife. He has a high opinion of women and a very poor one of men. He doesn't care to engage in a crusade of social changes. "I am a spectator, and no more," he says.

Relic of the Tichborne Case.

Jean Luie, who will be remembered as one of the most important witnesses on the claimant's side in the celebrated Tichborne trial, has just turned up in Sydney, Australia, in connection with a lawsuit for malicious prosecution. He is now a debt collector, and is 74 years old. To this day he continues to strongly adhere to the statement which he made on oath in London during the great trial, that he was steward of the Osprey at the time she picked up the survivors of the Bella, one of whom was Sir Roger Tichborne, who, according to his firm conviction, was identical with the claimant. Luie declares that the last of the Tichborne case has not yet been heard.

SOME women do not make any endeaver to earn a living until they make the discovery that they may never marry.

A MAN who is dishonorable with his enemies is seldom true to his friends.

A LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
Mother her watch is keeping;
Slowly, slowly fades the light,
Softly, softly falls the night;
Moonbeams tender round us gleaming,
Whisper that 'tis time for dreaming.
Hush, my dear, the world is sleeping;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go,
Where the fairies' mystic song
For us sweetly all night long;
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to slumberland we go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
Dreamland vespers are ringing!
Gently, gently flows the stream;
Sweetly bright stars gleam;
Silver dews are softly falling,
Dreamland spirites are calling, calling;
Visions sweet to those they're bringing;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go;
Down the stream we're floating now,
Mother's kisses on thy brow,
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Little one, to Dreamland go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Sweet, sunny eyes now closing,
Smiling smiling in your sleep,
At the fairies' secrets deep;
Golden curls in wavy splendor
Nan he shall harm thy sweet reposing;
Sleep, baby, sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off, to Slumberland we go.
List engage to the fairies' song
Floating round us all night long;
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to slumberland we go.
Off we go—off we go
Sleep, baby, sleep

—Good Housekeeping.

DENNIS.

Dennis was a pig, but not by any means an ordinary, common porker. Ask any of the sailors who were acquainted with him on the U. S. S. Vanderbilt, and they would indignantly repel that idea. When you have finished the story of his life, perhaps you will agree with them in thinking him a rather remarkable pig.

Dennis was a very little fellow when he was first taken aboard his floating home, with a number of his companions, to serve as fresh meat for the officers and crew. One by one the members of the porcine tribe were slain and eaten; but Dennis, because of his diminutive size, was reserved until the last, and then missing his mates and not being confined to a sty, he began to hang about the men and to seek their acquaintance in his dumb fashion.

The sailors, having had their fill of fresh meat, were gratified by these marks of friendly feeling in an animal usually considered to be somewhat obtuse in such ways, and concluded that they would rather have the pig as a pet than as pork. So a petition was sent to the captain to that effect, and was readily granted.

Now Dennis became a privileged character on board ship. He took his meals with the crew, trotting from one man to another to get his portion of the viands and you may be sure he was always generously served. What games of tromps the tars used to have with him on the gun deck in loafing hours!

The pig would find a hiding-place behind one of the guns and ensconce himself there, his little eyes fairly twinkling with the fun of the proceeding, while the men pretended to hunt for him, carefully avoiding his place of concealment until at last, as they passed that particular gun, Dennis would rush out on them with a squeal of delight, and away they would all go in a race for the other end of the deck, the pig generally contriving to trip up one or two of his playmates on the way.

Another of his tricks was to secure a piece of rope and go about with it in his mouth, grunting, until some one was obliging enough to take hold of the other end, when he would enjoy a pulling match with his opponent quite as much as a dog ever does.

As the ship drew near the tropics Dennis, having grown decidedly fat with his good living, felt the heat very much, and his one solace was to climb into the water trough and lie down under the spout of the pump, making known his whereabouts with loud grunts, until one of the old captains of the forecastle, hearing him, would call out to the younger sailors:

"These two of you lazy lubbers, why don't you go and pump on Dennis? Don't you hear him calling you?"

Dennis was accordingly pumped on until he signified he had had enough of it by rising and waddling off.

The ship touched at Valparaiso, a few sheep were taken on board, destined to the same end that Dennis had escaped. The pig had rare fun with these timid creatures, chasing them all about the deck, and delighting in seeing them fly before him.

He persisted in these tactics until but one lamb was left, and the sailors predicted that Dennis would save the butcher the trouble of killing that one by worrying it to death, since he was now free to concentrate all his energies upon it. Therefore, what was there surprise on turning out one morning to find the lamb and Dennis sleeping close together, the lamb's head pillowed on the pig's fat side. Who can say that Dennis did not remember his own former loneliness, and therefore took compassion on the forlorn little creature who was left in the same condition?

His actions afterward certainly seemed to point to that conclusion, for losing his character of persecutor, he became Billy's protector and friend, and "everywhere that Dennis went the lamb was sure to go."

This devotion was irksome to the pig sometimes, and particularly so on those occasions when, comfortably disposed in the water-trough, he was taking his noonday bath, his two willing slaves at work at the pump-handles and the cooling steam of water trickling down his sides. Just then, in the height of his enjoyment, a mournful bleat would rise in the still air and denote that Billy had missed his companion and was lamenting his absence.

At first Dennis would pay no attention. He was so comfortable that he really could not afford to disturb himself; but as the bleating became louder and more importunate he would become manifestly troubled, giving vent to his dissatisfaction with low noises until finally, no longer able to hear the lamb's pleading, he would with a mighty effort hoist himself to his legs, stick his head over the edge of the trough and grunt loudly at Billy, saying as plainly as possible in pig-language

"There, you silly little thing Now you see where I am, and can't you be good enough to leave me in peace and quiet for a while?"

The bleating would thereupon cease, and Dennis would lie down and resume his bath with a serene sense of duty performed.

It did seem as if Dennis had every prospect of living to a green old age, surrounded as he was with such devoted love and care but sad to say, his end was an untimely one, and this was the manner of it. The man who did the butcher's work on the Vanderbilt was a sour, surly fellow, with an inborn taste for his trade. His disposition was just ugly enough to afford his messmates pleasure in making him the butt of their jokes, and sore from one or two recent specimens of fun, he cast about in his mind for some suitable piece of revenge.

Having matured his plans, he went one day to Lieut. G——, who was then caterer of the ward-room mess, and informing him that all the fresh meat had given out, inquired whether he should kill the pig. The officer nodded a careless assent, probably thinking, if he gave the matter any thought at all, that the animal referred to was the last one of several porkers that had been taken aboard not long before. The idea that such a question could apply to Dennis, the spoiled darling of the crew, never entered his head.

Words cannot describe the grief and commotion forward when Jackson, the butcher, was discovered dragging Dennis along the deck, and his intentions in regard to the pig were ascertained. He was quick to say that he had his orders from an officer, justly apprehending that some violence would be done him otherwise.

At first the sailors were so confused by this unexpected turn of affairs that they could only exclaim and wonder over it; but as Jackson calmly continued his preparations they took hasty council together, and finally a detachment of them went to the mast to ask Lieut. G—— if it were really true that he had given such a command. The Lieutenant was greatly surprised when informed of the true state of the case, and told one of the men to run forward immediately and countermand the order.

The message, alas! arrived too late. Poor Dennis had already received his death blow, and the sorrow of the crew knew no bounds. The men resolutely declined to have any of the meat served out to them, and one grizzled quarter-gunner expressed the general sentiment when he said, in a voice suspiciously husky, "D'ye s'pose, lads, I'd touch a bit of that pig? Eat Dennis! I guess I'd just as soon eat one of my friends. Where'd be the difference? Might as well turn cannibal at once and be done with it."

So bitter was the feeling against Jackson, the butcher, that when his death occurred later in the cruise the current opinion among the men was that a rightful retribution had overtaken him, and one thing is certain, that his mourners were by no means as numerous or as sincerely afflicted as those of Dennis, his victim.—Youth's Companion.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The famous Colossus of Rhodes, which was made of bronze and was 70 cubits (or about 105 feet) in height, was twelve years in making, and was said to have cost only 300 talents, or about £75,000, if we reckon the Attic talent, or £102,000, if we reckon the other talent, and probably the latter is to be reckoned in this case. At all events the so-called Colossus of the Sun, in the Capitol, which was a bronze of Apollo, only thirty cubits—or forty-five feet English—high, brought by Marcus Lucullus from Apollonia, in Pontus, cost 500 talents, which, if reckoned even as Attic talents, would be over £125,000, and it would hardly be probable that the Colossus of Rhodes, which was twice its height, could have been executed for so much less. But this is a trifle compared to the price paid for a colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of Averni, in Gaul, by Zenodorous. On this work he was engaged for twelve years, and the cost of it was £335,000. What the gold and ivory Athena of Phidias in the Parthenon or his Zeus at Olympia cost is not stated by any ancient author. For the famous statue of Diadumenos, which was a bronze figure of life size, representing a youth tying a fillet around his head Polycleitus received 100 talents, or about £25,000.

Could Make Use of It.

A farmer, whose practical mind was altogether superior to any regard for things beautiful, had the good or bad fortune to marry a wife who brought with her a wooden substitute for one of her nether limbs.

He was at once remonstrated with on such an exercise of his choice, but he answered the objector in a manner that undoubtedly showed he had the shrewd utilitarian character of a Scotsman.

"Hech, sir," said he, "it's maybe no' a verra bonnie thing to marry a woman wi' a wooden leg; but, mon, she'll be awful useful at settin' time when I'm puttin' doon my cabbages, turnips, and tattles. She can gang on in front an' make a hole wi' her stump, while I come behind and put in the seed."

A WOMANLY EMPRESS.

Proofs That the First Lady in Japan Possesses a Warm Heart.

The Empress of Japan has upon many occasions openly evinced her interest in children, giving freely to institutions that exist to benefit them in any way, even practicing all sorts of little economies that she may be able to swell her contributions to certain charities that most interest her. The conduct of this woman upon a certain sad occasion her devoted subjects are never weary of describing, says Harper's Bazar. Prince Iwakura, a fearless Japanese leader, in the momentous days of the crisis—from which the lovely archipelago is still trembling in its subsidence to what seems assured stability—lay dying in his yashiki. The Empress announced her intention of paying Iwakura a visit in person. The poor Prince, weak and about to die, was thrown into a dangerous state of excitement upon receiving the news, but he managed to borrow from some hidden nervous force sufficient strength to grasp his writing box and brushes and to paint her an urgent but most respectful request not to think of coming to him. He forced upon her as excuse for declining so great an honor the fact of his rapidly approaching death, and his consequent inability to acknowledge her visit with even a sixteenth part of the homage it demanded. He begged her to deign to kindly consider how ill he must be when it remained an impossibility to throw off the malady even for her entertainment. In reply, winged with speed, came a missive whose import was as follows:

"I come not as your Empress, but as the daughter of your fond well-wisher and coadjutor and as your own anxious friend."

Shorn of all ostentation and display the Empress arrived and remained beside her grateful subject until his final summons. Some years ago, when the imperial palace was burned, the unselfish Empress, amid all the excitement and discomfort she was for the nonce called upon to endure in a hasty flight to a comfortless old yashiki, thinking first of her subjects' natural concern for her comfort, sat down and wrote them a dainty little rhyme, which proclaimed as erroneous the report that she had changed her residence. It coyly asserted that her home had always been in the hearts of her people and that she sincerely hoped that neither by flame nor by cold could she be driven from that dear abode.

Nothing Unusual.

When the Captain of the steamship Aviana, from Dundee, came into port a few weeks ago and told a yarn about a ball of fire doing insane things about the decks of his ship, there were some people who heard the tale with scorn, and others who wrote poetry about it. And now here comes another Dundee skipper who tells of a similar electric display.

He is Captain Lord of the British steamship Croma, which lately arrived from Dundee. Captain Lord says his ship encountered heavy weather from the start. Seas beat high and the barometer dwarfed itself to 28.4°. That was on December 5.

That night there was a succession of heavy hail-squalls, and the Captain asserts that during each squall every mast-head, yard-arm and sail was ablaze with composants, or St. Elmo's lights, as mariners prefer to speak of them. They came and went as the squalls blew and subsided, and, as these lasted throughout the night, the ship was several times illuminated with the dancing tips of fire.

The ship during this time was driving before the gale with engines stopped. She was lightly laden, and the seas were swinging so high that it was found necessary to stop the engines to check the frightful racing of the propellers. Waves constantly dashed over the ship, and one of the vessel's crew was badly injured by being thrown to the deck.

Toward morning the wind fell light and then came in fitful gusts. Then the lightning got in its play, and for an hour or two the ship was in a perfect blaze of sheet lightning.—New York Times.

Funerals on the Continent.

More outward manifestations of respect are paid to the dead in Paris then in any other city. When a funeral procession passes through the streets of Paris every man takes off his hat and bows his head until the rear of the cortege gets past him. The women stop and express their conventional sorrow by courtseying.

In Germany the hearses are peculiar. A common style is a sort of combination hearse and hack. A place in the forward part is constructed to contain the coffin, while in the rear are seats for the near relatives. Another style consists of a low, long waggon, with little wheels, and the body of the contrivance is like a flat car, with no covering.

The biggest corteges the writer has ever seen were at St. Petersburg. There a funeral is quite a jolly affair, and the city is full of professional mourners. The richer the man the bigger the funeral, because the more mourners his family can hire. The employment of these professionals is a recognised custom, and many men and women at the czar's gay capital make a good living out of their curious business.

The stipend of St. Petersburg mourners varies according to the length of time their services are required and the character of costumes they are required to wear. They are also expected to make the church hideous with their moans and wails, and at the grave they engage to scream and yell as if in a wild paroxysms of grief. If they discharge their duties with proper unction they are treated to a banquet after the funeral.