

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)
"Oh, if you would?" she said, timidly.

"You have roused my interest," said Mr. St. Cyril. "and here we are at the Reef House. The service you have rendered us makes us like old friends; come in and let us hear your story."

Seated in the parlor, Ralph began: "I will not make it a long story. It can just as well be told briefly. And now that I come to think of it, I greatly wonder that I should speak of it at all. Perhaps there may be a fate in it. Years ago, there was a ship wrecked in a great storm, off the harbor of Portland. No living thing came ashore from it but a little child—a girl of six or seven years. I was standing close down by the water, and the waves cast her up at my feet. She was unconscious, but by proper treatment soon recovered her faculties, with the exception of her memory. That never returned to her. We questioned her vainly with regard to her previous life. She remembered nothing. Even her name had flown from her. My mother decided to adopt her, and she called her Marina, because she came to us out of the sea. I loved her from the moment the waves had cast her up to me, and when she was of suitable age, I told her my love, and won from her the sweet confession that it was returned. The marriage day was set, the guests were all in waiting. The bridesmaids went up to her chamber to call the bride, and they found her sitting in her chair, snuffed to the heart."

A sharp spasm of pain stopped his utterance, but he rallied directly and went on: "Circumstances led to the discovery of the murderer, though his motive we have never known. He lies in the jail a few rods from here, under the sentence of death."
Genevieve had listened to Mr. Trenholme's narrative with strangely eager interest, and her brother seemed none the less intent.

When Ralph paused, St. Cyril said: "Was there no clue, no possible mark, by which this child, this Marina, might have been identified by her friends if any survived?"

"Yes. Upon the right arm, just above the elbow, there was a small scarlet cross. It might have been made there with some indelible substance, or it might have been a birthmark."

Miss St. Cyril drew the sleeve away from her snowy arm, and held it out to Mr. Trenholme. And he saw, faintly glowing through the white skin, the very fac-simile of the cross that had marked the whiteness of Marina's arm. He started back, pale and trembling.

"What am I to think?" he said. "You are the same! It is my Marina come up from the grave, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," said Miss St. Cyril. "We were twin sisters, I and your Marina." He looked at her in silent amazement. Mr. St. Cyril spoke:

"I think Genevieve is right. It is all so strange. Our search is ended, then! But how different from what I had hoped! We know her fate; but she is dead—gone from us beyond recall!"

He bowed his head upon the table while Genevieve laid her arm over his neck. "Brother, we are left to each other. And the fault was none of ours."

"True. I have much to be thankful for. Mr. Trenholme, you are wondering over much that you do not understand. My sister and myself came to this country, not on a pleasure trip, but in obedience to a sacred promise given to the dying. If you have time to spare I will make you acquainted with the saddest part of our family history. I will tell you why Evangeline St. Cyril was on the ship which was wrecked."

"Thank you," responded Ralph. "I am all attention. I have longed all my life that the mystery might be solved. Would to God that she could have lived to see this day!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOU must know," began Mr. St. Cyril, "that my mother was the second daughter of Lord Charles Hillland, an Englishman of large estates and unbounded pride. She was possessed of uncommon beauty, and early in life developed remarkable powers of fascination. She was educated with great care, and no pains were spared to make her as accomplished as she was lovely. She had two sisters and one brother."

"When Regina, from that was my mother's name, was about sixteen, there came to Hillland Manor a young man named John Rudolph. He came as a sort of tutor to an orphan nephew of Lord Hillland's, whom he had adopted into the family. Rudolph was just the sort of a person to attract the fancy of a romantic young girl, whose only glimpse of life had been through the

highly-drawn novels she had read. He was gloomy and stern enough for a hero. He had suffered much in his short life, and had struggled hard with poverty, and by his own indomitable perseverance had worked his way through college. His pride was strong even as Lord Hillland's, and his cunning craft unequalled. Far back for some generations his ancestors had belonged to the gypsy race, and perhaps to this fact he owed his dark complexion, and his great, passionate, black eyes.

"His gloomy melancholy touched the sensitive heart of Regina, and she began to be kind to him in various little ways. She gave him books from the rare old library, she showed him choice engravings, she asked his assistance sometimes in her little flower garden, and by and by she learned to love him. I think he, also, in his cold, rude fashion, loved her, but he was too selfishly calculating ever to feel a genuine passion. At one time he so wrought upon her innocent heart with his pitiful story of wrong and desolation, and his ardent profession of love, that she gave him her promise to be his when she became of age. No sooner had he obtained this promise than he began to persecute her. His calls for money were incessant, and she, poor girl, was obliged to supply them, or to be denounced to her father. It is doubtful if the rascal would have risked going to Lord Hillland, but he held this terror up constantly before Regina. And she, from loving him, grew to loathe him.

"By some means unknown to me Lord Hillland discovered the situation of things, and his wrath was terrible. Rudolph was kicked from the house like a dog, and Regina was sent to the continent under the care of a paternal aunt. While in Paris, my mother first met Pierre St. Cyril, a young Frenchman of noble family and fascinating personal appearance. The beauty of Regina attracted him powerfully, and when he became acquainted with her, his admiration rapidly deepened into love. There seemed, for once, no impediment to the marriage. They were of equal birth, both were possessed of a strict sense of honor, and both were strikingly handsome.

"St. Cyril's only fault—if fault it can be reckoned—was a severely stern sense of honor, that could not tolerate for a moment the semblance of deception. Although he had been brought up in the frivolous French capital, his heart was as pure as that of a little child.

"My mother's first error lay in the decision which she took by the advice of her aunt, not to make St. Cyril acquainted with the episode touching John Rudolph. She, to do her justice, was anxious to speak of it to him, but her aunt, who was a fashionable, worldly woman, treated the idea with contempt, and won from Regina a promise never to mention the affair to her lover. The ambitious woman knew something of St. Cyril's sensitive temperament, and feared that he might object to taking one whom he knew had at some time fancied she loved another.

"They were married, and St. Cyril took his wife to his chateau near Auvergne. They were very happy. St. Cyril was the most devoted of husbands; they had abundance of wealth, and there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete their content. At the end of two years it was there. I think it was about this time that my mother's real trouble began. Rudolph sought her out. By some means he had managed to ascertain that Mr. St. Cyril had been kept in ignorance of their old love affair, and rightly judging that my mother would sacrifice much before she would now have it revealed, he came to her, and threatened her with exposure, if she did not at once deliver over to him a certain sum of money. My mother was terribly frightened, and she gave Rudolph all the ready money she possessed. For a while he left her in peace—but not for long. The dissipated life he led demanded large sums of money, and he was too indolent to work, when it could be obtained in any way. His calls upon my mother became very frequent. She did her best to satisfy them. She sold all her jewels, and little trinkets which would turn for money, and gave him the proceeds. But the more she sacrificed for him, the more grasping and arrogant he became. He asked her twice for money when she had nothing to give. He suggested her husband's desk. He knew St. Cyril kept by him large sums of money, and she could easily abstract what he wanted without being mistrusted. This my mother peremptorily refused to do. She would run all risks rather than steal from this man who loved and trusted her. Rudolph went away in fierce anger, vowing vengeance.

"About this time twins were born to my parents—two girls. They were named Evangeline and Genevieve, and upon the arms of each of them there was a faint scarlet cross—a birth mark. When these children were four months old, the nurse took them out for their airing one day, in a little carriage, and while she left them a moment to speak to a friend, Evangeline was stolen from the side of her sister. The terrified nurse knew nothing beyond the fact that she had left them for a moment by the side of a fountain in the public gardens, and on returning to take them away, had found only Genevieve—Evangeline was gone!

"The old woman is 52 years old. You could not expect my wife to work as good as a woman with seventeen years' training. The old man would not trade, so I made him take his girl back. We parted good friends and I will take her back trained in a few weeks and pay double price for her. The old man's place on the Preston street pike is good and he has thirty-nine acres."

"All right," replied the Post reporter. "I'll make you a correction. Let's have your statement."

"Now, you write it down just as I say it," replied the countryman.

His statement was as follows: "The balky wife, the wife of Johnnie Snawder, the daughter of A. J. Childers, has sued for a divorce. Her father recommended her as a good worker when I bought her, and when I hitched her to the plow she failed to pull and balked. Her father came over where we was at and offered his mule, but I objected, as the mule looked thin. I thought I would try her a little longer, but she still failed. I offered to take the old man's wife, as she was the best trained."

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"My mother was distracted! The shock threw her into a fever, and in her delirious ravings my father learned the whole story. Nothing was kept back. He knew that she had loved Rudolph—that she had deceived him every day since their marriage, and that this unscrupulous man had visited her several times since their residence at Auvergne. He was a proud and painfully sensitive man, and his whole soul was outraged. He fancied himself the most bitterly wronged of all the human race. He grew cruel and relentless toward the woman he had so loved. When at last she returned to consciousness, she found herself deserted by her husband. He had gone to the east, he said in a brief epistle which he left behind him; he knew everything. He never wished to look upon her face again. He had left ample provision for her, and begged her to bring up her children in the paths of virtue and honor.

"This was a terrible blow to my mother, but her affection for her children, and the care she was obliged to bestow on them, kept her up. She made every effort in her power to ascertain the fate of her lost Evangeline, but vainly. She never heard from or saw John Rudolph for ten years. She wrote to her husband, putting aside all her pride for her child's sake—wrote to entreat him to try and find the lost girl; but if the letter ever reached him he gave it no heed. It was never replied to. Then she applied to her father in England. But he was a stern old man, and he fancied his pride injured and his house dishonored by the fact that his daughter had been deserted by her husband, and he refused to take any step in the matter. So my poor mother was left desolate. Nothing, I think, but her strong love for Genevieve and myself kept her alive.

"Ten years after Eva was stolen, late one evening there came to our house a tall, dark man, whom I now know was John Rudolph. He was cloaked a long time with my mother, and when she came out her face was paler than its wont, and her eyes were red with weeping. Then I did not know wherefore, but now I know that he had come to tell her that Eva still lived; that she was in America, and that if she would raise him a certain sum he would reveal the child's exact whereabouts. This condition she could not comply with, and he left her in a rage.

"I think the constant worry about this missing child wore out my mother's life. Her days were shortened by it. Two years ago she received a letter from my father. He was lying on his death-bed, in an obscure Russian village. He confessed how much he had wronged her, expressed a sincere repentance, and begged her to come to him. He longed so inexpressibly for a sight of her face. She was not really able to undertake the journey, but could not be dissuaded from attempting it. I went with her. We found my father just on the borders of the mystic river, but waiting to see her ere he crossed over.

"It was a solemn scene. He lay on a great bed, heavily curtained, in a lofty room, gloomy with shadows; his face as white as marble, but for the hectic flushes in his cheeks. His great, eager eyes were fastened upon the door by which we entered—he was watching for her to come. He started up at the sound of her footsteps, and extended his feeble arms.

"O Regina! O Regina!" he cried, pitifully, "you have come at last!" "She went forward, and lifted his head to her bosom, and put her face against his. She did not weep, but shook like an aspen, and grew so very white that I feared it would be too much for her.

"Will you forgive me?" he cried. "O, I have wronged you so deeply! If you had only told me all that at the very first!"

"I know, Pierre, I sinned then; but you persuaded me it would be best. And afterward, I feared to lose your love. We have both erred; let us mutually forgive."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS WIFE WAS BALKY.

When She Was Hitched to a Plow She Failed to Pull.

A young man with a long, worn out Prince Albert coat and a pair of purple pants tucked into his boots that were incased in mud, walked into central station this morning, says the Louisville Post, and asked:

"Are there any reporters here?"

"Yes," answered Captain Basler, "there's about four here."

"Well, I'm the feller who bought a wife for \$7 last week, and she wouldn't work," replied the Rube, "and I got er divorce to get. These here papers have writ me up wrong, an' I want er correction."

"All right," replied the Post reporter. "I'll make you a correction. Let's have your statement."

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SHEEP ASTRAY" CHOSEN FOR SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Wave He Turned Every-one to His Own Way, and the Lord Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All"—Isaiah, liii, 6.



NCE more I ring the old Gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment: All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too wide a

circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer; and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My next text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the east, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasture somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasture than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasture, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the club house when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life.

There is a happy land Far, far away, Where saints immortal reign, Bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any special condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasture. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried: "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasture for your soul you find in the world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow On Nature's barren soil; All we can boast till Christ we know, Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasture; others by being scared of the dogs. The hounds get over into the pasture-field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost

sheep never gets home unless the farmer gets after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were clogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the floundering of your earthly failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything bemoaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh! no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes, the loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Appennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts; put them on my shoulder, put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is as black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just

the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

Some one comes here to-day and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say: "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say: "Whence comest thou here?" He says: "I came from Calvary." I say: "Who comes with thee?" He says: "No one; I have trodden the wine-press alone." I say: "Why comest thou here?" "Oh!" he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels. He says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulder, and I say: "Canst thou bear any more?" He says: "Yes, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" He says: "Canst thou bear more?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" He says: "Canst thou bear more?" He says: "Yes, more." But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins to-day? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line. A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of his audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh! no," the other replied: "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. To-day the Savior calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—suicide—if the man persists, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come;" whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

While God invites, how blest the day, How sweet the Gospel's charming sound; Come, sinner, haste, O haste away, While yet a pardoning God is found.

A Grand Kiez.

Rev. Dr. Ferguson, at a gathering of the Scottish Temperance League, in Glasgow, pertinently said: "The visit of the three African chiefs has been a great blessing and a great help to the temperance cause. They have been going through our land giving object lessons in this, that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; whether he be black or white. I could use of them the words of the Song of Solomon: 'They are black but comely; comely with meekness, with humility, Christian comeliness, and also temperance firmness. What better can I call it than temperance missionary zeal? for they have come to us to teach us, and to teach the queen and Mr. Chamberlain a great lesson in prohibition. I think that the lesson has gone to the heart of the country with this impression, that if we prohibit drink in King Khama's territory should it not be prohibited at home?'"

CHIPS FOR CAPITALISTS.

The shipment of frozen salmon from British Columbia is found to be a commercial success.

Fifteen coal companies in Iowa have organized to keep up prices and reduce the cost of production.

A charcoal iron furnace which is said to be the largest in the world, is now being built at Gladstone, Mich.

Within four years New York has spent \$3,000,000 for asphalt pavements at prices per square yard ranging from \$2.50 to \$3.14.

South Africa produced 56,950,114 of gold last year, an increase of nearly 12,000,000 over 1893, and of over 12,500,000 over 1892.

Negotiations are reported in progress for the organization of "an excelsior trust, comprising thirty manufacturers, operating chiefly in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan."

In its industrial items Bradstreet's reports that a Louisville dispatch says that a firm in that city has succeeded in forming a "trust" of all the cotton mills in Alabama, producing Osnaburgh, a staple in the dry goods trade much resembling duck.

It is said that "the recent settlement of the wage question by the Southern Railway has caused so much dissatisfaction that there is a possibility of an extended strike on the part of the American Union, which in the Tennessee district has had a large increase in membership."

ABOUT WOMEN.

Twenty-one neighboring farmhouses in North Paris, Me., have sent out twenty-four schoolma'ams.

New black lace butterfly evening bonnets are styled with tiny rhinestones, with very brilliant effect.

There are said to be over 1,000 women in New York, who, in one way or another, make their living by their pens.

It is said that the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is the godmother of more children than any other woman in the world.