

# A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

## CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

"His plans!" she echoed, with a low, bitter laugh. "His plans last only as long as his money. If that fails him, if fortune continues to turn its tide against him, how long am I safe? How can I describe to you the ineffable torture of the moment in the square, when I lifted my eyes and met his, fixed in wondering, triumphant recognition, upon my face? I wake now in the night and start with horror, expecting to see him staring at me out of the darkness. I fear to go out lest I may meet him. I fear to stay at home, lest he may force himself upon me, and yet, I must look the horrid secret of his existence in my breast, and smile and laugh, and let no one suspect the burden that I bear. Ah, when I remember that that man is alive, and that the shadow of the old life hovers over me, I can't bear it—I can't bear it!"

All this time he had made no effort to stop her hurried utterances. Not once had her voice risen above its low monotone, but it sounded like a wall of agony. The long repression she had been forced to sustain now revenged itself. When she paused, he spoke:

"Courage, Helen!" he whispered, and then he lifted the hands he so tightly held to his lips. "Look at me, my girl! We both are saved! Money will buy Tom Windom's soul, if he has one. It certainly will buy his body. If he returns, we will purchase his silence, as we bought it now. He is too wise to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. What has to be gained by exposing you?"

"You don't know him as I do, Harvey. He'll do it, when the devil gets in him, just to see me suffer, to watch me writhe under the torture! Besides, where is more money to come from?"

You used the signature, Harvey?"

Her pallor deepened as she put the question. The man dropped his hold.

"Yes, I used it," he said, doggedly, "and—and I had to indorse my own name, Helen, on the back, I hoped to get it through without that. It will be an ugly witness against me when the three months are up, unless—unless—"

"Unless what?" she asked.

"And, intuitively, she braced herself for some new confession of infamy.

"Unless, between us," he answered, "we can get Grace Hawthorne in our power."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Silence followed his last speech—silence which the woman broke; but there was a new tone, and a new pain in her voice as she spoke.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Speak plainly. My brain is not clear enough to guess at riddles."

"I mean what I have said," he retorted. "Perhaps in my own brain the way to the end is not quite clear; but the end is plain enough. Grace Hawthorne refused me. You know that. Well, she must be made to accept me."

"And to make her your wife, you wish my help? Sooner than that—"

"Fush, Helen!" he interrupted.

"You might say what we would both say to ratify that acceptance. Do you, indeed, love me so well, Helen, that, possessing all my heart, you will not let me give an empty shell to any other?"

"I love you so well, Harvey," she whispered, "that there are moments when I hate you. Can you understand such love as that?"

"Perhaps," he answered, with a smile. "But don't put stumbling blocks in my way, Helen, through a jealousy which may prove fatal to us both. I am not a candidate for matrimony, believe me; but not every one takes orders who prepares himself to do so."

want control of Grace Hawthorne's money, not Grace Hawthorne's self. If I can gain for a few weeks the privileges of an affianced husband, I'll take care not to ratify the bond; but it will leave our future free, Helen; and, if the worst comes to the worst, why, we'll be our own agents. What's to be gained by thwarting me? Won't you trust my love?"

"I dare not, Harvey—I dare not!" she answered, in low, tremulous tones.

"How do I know but, whispering love, you would feel love? That lips once cold would turn to warmth? That from the ashes of the past a new flame would spring? No, Harvey—no! Rather than know you false to me, I would find strength to kill you! Ah, you have been playing too long with fire. Fiercer and brighter has the hot flame kindled. Take care that it does not grow impatient of control, and leap into the master's place!"

His face had grown pale as her own, and his eyes shone luridly, while hers, beautiful and defiant in their golden light, met his.

"You are excited and overwrought," he said, gently. "Poor child! It is little wonder. But listen, Helen. I do not propose winning this girl through love, but fear—fear for the man she loves! Ah, I a looker-on, have guessed her secret, while she has not betrayed herself to you. She loves your husband! You doubt it? It is true! Then, on that love we must build. Let me approach and win her confidence. Then I will tell her that I am his debtor, to the amount of the note. I will tell her, later, that he has paid me, when she receives it, my signature on its back will be explained. But I shall have gained her confidence, and she will be ready to make me further advances to save his honor. You see, dear, this does not savor much of love-making. Ah, Helen, what could any woman hope to be to me while you live? Let me work out the means for our future, dear—a future when we may defy Tom Windom to wreak his worst. Inasmuch as we have no secrets from each other."

She lifted her eyes to his, and he knew that he had conquered—that through her love she had put into his hand a new weapon for future treachery.

She pleased his senses, it was true, but she fettered his feet, and he could

bear no obstacle in the path which was to lead him on to victory.

In his own soul he had decreed that Grace Hawthorne should become his wife, but this knowledge was locked in his soul's inmost recesses.

Let Helen help him on the first stage of his journey, and he could attain the goal without her further aid.

And, as for Grace, a worse fate might await her than to become his wife. After all, with money in his possession, he could turn out an honest man.

"Your husband has never liked me, Helen," he continued. "Latterly, I think he begins to distrust me. You see how necessary it is to win Grace to our side."

"Yes, I see," she answered, dully, passing her hand mechanically over her brow. "I can't think, Harvey; my brain is turning."

"Don't try to think. Leave that part of it to me. Come—let me take you back to your husband."

"My husband! Oh, Harvey, the mockery that name may hold! My husband! Ha, ha!"

And she laughed shrilly—a laugh which fell that instant on Harry Reynolds' ear, as he passed in front of her retreat in search of her.

"My husband!" she again repeated.

And then she lifted her eyes, to find him of whom she spoke standing before her.

"You called me, Helen?" he asked.

And his voice was stern and sad.

"I was about to ask Mr. Barclay to help me to seek you," she replied. "He is engaged for the next dance with Grace, and the first strains of the waltz I already hear. Au revoir, Harvey! We shall expect you to-morrow at the house. Come, Harry—it is cool and quiet here. Sit down—will you not?—in the place Mr. Barclay leaves vacant?"

They were idle words, but they jarred on the listener's ear.

The place Mr. Barclay left vacant? Was that, indeed, the place he occupied?

"Our dance, Miss Hawthorne!" said Harvey Barclay, as he offered his arm to Grace, who stood surrounded by a little group, whose dissatisfaction at having her taken from them was plainly written on their faces.

Dancing was one of Harvey Barclay's versatile accomplishments, and as he made with his partner the circuit of the ball room, many eyes rested admiringly upon the perfect grace which characterized the movement of the waltz; but, unlike his wont, while yet the enticing strains rang out, he paused, and led Grace into the large hall beyond.

"I want a word with you," he said, gently. "Do not fear that I am about again to press my suit, Miss Hawthorne," he added, quickly, in answer to an unconscious shadow which swept over her face. "Your decision was too firm to leave me any room for hope; but I have feared, in my ardent desire to win your love, I may have forfeited what is the next highest gift you can bestow upon me. I want to be your friend. It may seem strange to you—young, beautiful, an heiress, and home and protection yours—to look into the future and see a moment possible when I, a poor, penniless subaltern, could be of service to you; yet I feel that moment will arrive—the moment when your confidence in asking my aid, the service of my strong arm or loyal heart, will, in some measure, wipe out the bitterness of the disappointment I have already suffered in relinquishing the dearest hope of my life. Miss Hawthorne, because I failed to win the prize I so madly coveted, will you forbid my struggle to attain that, perhaps, within my reach?"

There was a frank humility in his avowal and appeal which could not fail to awaken the chord he struck.

Moreover, in her new dread as to Harry, and her belief in his terrible fault, she fancied she divined the hidden meaning of his speech.

"You are more than generous, Mr. Barclay," she answered, after a little pause, "and though I hope sunshine rather than storm may prove your words, I never can be so ungrateful as to forget them."

"Then you will seal our compact?" holding out his hand. "Henceforth we are friends?"

She laid her own, in silent assent, a moment within his grasp; but, as its firm pressure closed upon it a sudden shiver passed over her spirit and struck the chill of a terrible premonition within her soul.

## CHAPTER XV.

March had announced, in name at least, and in name alone, spring's advent, ere Helen Reynolds' fears concerning the man who held such terrible power over her, were realized.

As the slow weeks had dragged themselves along, she felt that each snapped asunder a thread which held her suspended over an awful abyss.

She was growing hard and desperate under the cruel strain. She sometimes wondered if her mind would not give way beneath it.

Day by day her wicked love was kindled; day by day, as she watched Harvey Barclay's attentions in the guise of friendship toward Grace, she fanned the fire of hate toward his innocent cause.

It was the 10th of the month, and as she sat before the fire, hugging its warmth and the misery of her own thoughts, while without the cold winds blew and the cold rains fell, the butler entered, bearing on the silver in his hand a note.

She had not seen the inscription, she had not touched the paper, but she knew that the sword had fallen. She knew that this was a message from her past; she knew that it was the silent voice of her master; she knew that what it commanded she must obey.

"A note for you, Mrs. Reynolds," said Andrew, in low, respectful tones.

"Every drop of blood had left her face as she stretched forth her hand to lift

the envelope from the tray; but she bent her head that the servant might not see her sudden pallor.

"No answer, Andrew," she said.

She had not the strength to break the seal with any eye upon her.

As the man withdrew she cast one quick, covetous glance at the inscription, and then a strong shudder, almost a convulsion, shook her frame.

She held the paper as if it were a snake and possessed of fangs or sting.

Tom Windom had returned, and, like the leech, only her heart-blood could satisfy him. She forced herself to unfold the sheet and master its contents.

"I have returned, my lady," were its opening words, "and I want a few words with you, face to face. I need not tell you, luck has been against me. Perhaps you've guessed that. But, do you know, I wasn't more than half-sorry, for I've a sort of hankering to see you again; to look into your eyes and hear your voice. It reads like a love-letter, don't it? Well, I'd rather make love than write it. I'll be in the square where I met you first, this evening at 8 o'clock, but if the night's too stormy, and you're too fine a lady to venture out alone, don't disturb yourself. I'll wait for you half an hour, and then I'll call on you in your fine house, and you can introduce me to your husband. Remember, I wait for you just one half-hour."

The paper dropped from her nerveless hands. It had no signature. It needed none. It was signed and stamped with the seal of the past, and from its dread message there was no appeal.

The foe to her peace had returned. The money she had given to buy his silence already was exhausted; or, at least, he made it the pretense to come back and torture her. Ah, he loved it well! He had seen her writhe ere this on the wheel of agony to which he had bound her, and to-night—to-night he again would have his triumph.

She cast his message from her into the very heart of the glowing fire. It seemed to her the flames laughed as they consumed it—laughed as though they, too, mocked her—wondering if she fancied, because she had the poor power to destroy the message, she could, any the less, refuse to remember and obey it.

Mechanically, she glanced at her watch—a pretty toy hanging at her side, another gift from her husband.

"I can't go—I can't," she said aloud. "I can't go—I can't go—I can't go!" she swayed to and fro in the blindness of her fear, and passion and misery.

The momentary distrust did her good. She rose, and, standing before the mirror, pushed her hair back from her temples, and forced her eyes and lips to smile at her reflection. Still, it was a very white and haggard face that met her husband's eyes as he entered the room a moment later, closely followed by Grace, leaning fondly on her guardian's arm.

My head aches," she said, in answer to his tender inquiry. "I need rest, perhaps, after all our gaiety. Good-night!" she called gaily, as dinner ended.

They had all returned to the library, and drew their chairs before the fire.

"I do not think I shall be missed, and I am going to my own room. No, Harvey," as he rose from his chair to follow her, "you are not to come. At 10 o'clock you may knock, very faintly, at my door, and if I do not answer, you may know that I am sleeping off this wretched pain. Good-night!" And she was gone.

The clock was striking 8 as she hastened up the stairs. There was, indeed, no time to be lost. If she and Tom Windom should fail to meet, what would be the result?

With trembling hands she threw her cloak about her and fastened her hat under her chin; then she tied a thick veil over her face, and, drawing on her gloves, hurriedly descended a back stairway, first taking the precaution to lock her chamber door and drop the key into her pocket. By a side door, opening into the garden, she gained the outer air. What excuse to make if her absence was discovered she had not thought. The dread of the present strained every faculty to its utmost tension.

She raised her umbrella, but the wind forbade its use. She was compelled to lower it and brave the wind and rain, debarred even of its poor protection. The latter beat upon her; the wind blew so fiercely in her face that she seemed to make no headway against it. Every minute was so precious that it might mark the limit to the patience of the man who awaited her coming.

At last the square was reached. She entered and hastened to the appointed spot. For the moment she fancied it deserted. Merciful heaven! was she, indeed, too late? Had she and Tom Windom passed each other in the darkness? Was he, even now, hurrying to the house, whose doors, after his story should be told, would forever be barred against her?

She sank in utter exhaustion, upon a seat, when a coarse laugh close at hand dissipated the last awful fear which had tortured her.

A form strode out from the shadow of a tree, whose bare branches soured in the blast, but for once, her tormentor was almost a welcome sight.

"Five minutes more, my lady, and you'd have been too late. Five minutes more, and I'd have been on my way to call on you. Ah, Tom Windom doesn't give many idle threats. Perhaps you've learned that much—"

"Never mind what you would have done if I hadn't come," she answered, interrupting him. "What did you want, that you sent for me like this? Has the money all gone?"

"I wrote you that much, didn't I? Yes, it's gone, and I want more; and I'm not going away when I get it, either. I fancy the climate of Washington would suit me, and I fancy I'd like you a little more under my eye. Five years or more I've been deprived of that blessing, and I've all that time to make up for."

"I've no more money to give you. You'll have to do your worst," she answered. "Oh, Tom!" she went on, in quick, appealing tones, "what have you to gain by torturing me? Go away and leave me in peace!"

"Never!"

And as he hissed the word close to her ear, it revealed a depth of passion and intensity of suppressed feeling in strange contrast to the light, almost frivolous manner which had characterized his former speech.

She shivered and shrank as if he had

struck her a blow.

"Never! You hear me? I owe you a debt, my lady; and, as there's a heaven above us, I'll pay it, too. You and I have a long account to settle. I'll pay my score! See to it that you do the same. And now answer me one question—where's Henry George?"

"I don't know, Tom," she answered.

"And I told you, the other day, your suspicions concerning him were all wrong. He had nothing to do with my flight. I've never seen him since I left you!"

"I believe you lie!" he answered, brutally; "but it's no surprise to me if you do; you come of a lying race. Well, I can be my own sleuth-hound. I don't ask your help, except that I want my pockets filled. A thousand dollars to-morrow, my lady. Not a cent more nor less. You needn't take the trouble to bring it. I'll give you an address that will reach me, or I'll call at the house and ask your husband for his cheque. Perhaps you'd prefer to send it?"

"Where am I to get it?" she answered. "Tell me that. What good will you do by forcing me to the wall? Give me time, and I'll help you if I can; but don't ask me to wring water from a stone!"

"Spare your platitudes," he answered. "and remember that if I don't have this money by day after to-morrow, your game is up. By Jove! you play it well. Luck never turned against me until you took it into your head to play me false. Perhaps, now that I have got you again, it will return to me; but, whether or no, you and I are fellow-travelers after this, on the same road. If you forget the fact, I'll be close at hand to jog your memory. But I don't fancy you'll forget. Well, is your decision made? Am I to have the money?"

"You'll leave me in peace?" she asked.

"Till I want more—yes! why should I have it?" he added, fiercely. "It isn't every day a man stands by while his—"

"Fush!" she interrupted, springing to her feet. "Don't torture me any more. Make your excuses for your devilry to yourself; but take care, Tom Windom, lest you try me too far. Women have been known to murder—"

He laughed cruelly.

"I don't fear you, my beautiful tigress. I learned long ago how to tame you, so long as I was within your reach. Here is the address," and he held a slip of paper toward her.

She took it from his hand, and in the act his fingers closed on hers, and he drew her toward him.

Then, powerless to resist him, he bent and kissed her lips.

"I told you I'd rather make love!" he said. "You have until day after to-morrow to make up your mind—day after to-morrow, at noon!"

She stood a moment as he turned and walked away in the darkness—stood silent and motionless, until the echo of his retreating footsteps had died away.

The night hid the expression of utter malignity and hate which crept over the otherwise beautiful face.

His kiss seemed to have branded and scorched the last lingering remnant of goodness and womanhood.

"Take care, Tom Windom—take care! You have gone too far this night!" she muttered.

But even as she listened to the sound of her own voice she knew that it was for him to command—for her, to rebel as she would, to struggle and obey.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The clock had not struck 10 when once more the wretched woman had made her way, undiscovered, to the safety and protection of her own room. Here she hurriedly threw off her wet things, and strove, before the blazing fire, to restore some warmth to her frozen limbs.

She was drenched to the skin. Her face was deathly white, and her eyes gleamed with a fierce, unnatural luster.

"You look like your own self to-night, Helen Windom," she mentally articulated, as she caught sight of herself in the mirror.

A gentle knock sounded on her door, but she made no movement that she heard.

Crouching before the fire, and holding out her white, jeweled hands to the warmth of its blaze, she tried to believe herself the victim only of some hideous nightmare. Could it be that that poor wretch who stood, an hour ago, unsheltered in the storm and darkness, shrinking at the sound of a coarse voice and brutal threat, with the rain beating on her head and the wind whistling about her, was one with the woman hugging the warmth of the bright fire, whose red glow spread itself through the luxurious room, and revealed it a fitting nest for bird of bright-hued plumage?

Well, if the latter were the dream—the former, reality—at least the dream should last a little longer.

She let the warmth penetrate every nerve, and then she rose, and taking from a case within one of the bureau drawers, a tiny vial filled with some dark liquid, she carefully dropped a small measure of the contents into a glass, and lifted it to her lips.

Then she threw herself upon the bed, and in fifteen minutes she was sleeping the quiet sleep of a weary child.

The family had assembled when she entered the breakfast room next morning. Her husband sprang up to greet her.

"I would not disturb you, dear," he said. "You are better?"

"I am quite well," she answered, with a smile, and took her accustomed place.

As they rose from the table, Edgar Reynolds paused an instant beside Grace.

"I want to see you a moment in the library, dear," he said. "Are you aware, Miss Puss, that you have been very extravagant of late? You see, I am going to call you to account."

Grace felt herself grow suddenly pale. A force stronger than her will forced her to lift her eyes to Harry's face.

He must have overheard his father's words. Would he suspect that it was her money which his wife had given him for payment of his debts?

She found his eyes fixed almost inquiringly upon her. He had noted the strange and sudden pallor, and wondered what had caused it.

A singular trouble and unrest took possession of him.

Clearly, Grace's money was her own. Why should his father, in any way, call her to account concerning it? Could it

be that he had been tempted into the further involving of any portion of her fortune?

He put the idea from him, almost as it was conceived, but its shadow, nevertheless, darkened his face, as, when Grace rose from her seat, he followed her to the door.

"Grace," he said, detaining her for a moment as she was passing out. "I don't know what father meant just now, but I hope you will not find it necessary to economize in any of your expenditures, or to account for your extravagances. I know no one more entitled to them."

Did he fear, she wondered, that she would betray to his father to what use she had put the money?

He must know, then, that it had come from her. Did he believe she would not keep his secret to the death? Yet the fact that this ignoble secret hid hers to keep, and her belief that in his preservation, brought an unconscious scorn into her eyes, and its thrill into her voice, as she answered him:

"I will render your father no account," she said, proudly, "nor will he ask for one. Your anxiety is needless."

Something like a knife cut into Harry Reynolds' heart, as the girl passed on. He slowly closed the door behind her, and went back to his seat.

What had happened? What had changed Grace, his little child-sweet-heart, into the cold, scornful woman, who so plainly had resented his interference in her affairs?

He felt at once angry and ill at ease. He little dreamed of the hot tears of disappointment which welled into the girl's eyes at the fancied change in him. She brushed them away as she entered the library, and, coming behind her guardian, twined her arms about his neck.

He raised his hand and drew her down beside him.

(To Be Continued.)

## Did Not Know It in Italian.

Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, the eminent Boston surgeon, was very fond of music, and knew something of it theoretically—enough, at least, to carry in his head the tunes he liked. Street musicians were used to his requests for repeating a melody, but in one case he had some difficulty in tracing a song, which he wished to procure for himself.

His quick ear had caught a new air upon a hand organ, and he at once asked the Italian grinder its name. The man could not speak a word of English, and it was only with difficulty that Dr. Bigelow learned the title of the tune and wrote it down—*Silva tredi mo digo*.

Then he went to a music shop and set the clerk upon its trail.

Nobody could guess what it might be and one Italian collection after another was overhauled, until at last all the clerks in the shop were brought into requisition. Finally, one of them had a bright thought.

"Till tell you what you want," said he. "It's 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.'—Youth's Companion."

## Care of Children's Teeth.

That children should be taught to take care of their teeth has frequently been maintained by the physicians of this country, and that such advice is salutary is evident from an investigation which has recently been held in Schleswig-Holstein in regard to the condition of the teeth of the children attending the schools of that country. The number of children examined was 13,725, of whom 8,145 were girls and 5,580 boys. Of this number, 95 per cent were found to have teeth which were more or less diseased. Only 218 of these children had never been treated by dentists, and only 10 per cent of them had been taught to use tooth brushes.

The dentists of Schleswig-Holstein have published these startling facts, and have petitioned the government to pass an ordinance requiring the school authorities to give some attention to the teeth of the children under their care.

## The Woman and the Editor.

The Baltimore American traces this bit of local color:

She wept.

"Oh, you editors are horrid!" she sobbed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor, as he blue-penciled two paragraphs that had come as an inspiration to the young man who was "taking up journalism."

"Wh—, I—boo—boo—I sent in an obituary of my husband, and—boo—hoo—and said in it that he had been married for twenty years, and you—oo—oo—boo—hoo—your printers set it up 'worried for twenty years.'"

She wept.

Put the editor grinned.

Perhaps it was all right, all 'round. Who knows?

## A Sermon in a Mining Camp.

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't believe God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid me my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and by their fruit ye shall know them." Brothers, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of the penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot now come. I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."—Jim Wardner, of Wardner, Idaho.

## Candor.

"How much will your opinion in this case be worth?" asked the prospective client.

"I can't tell how much it will be worth," answered the lawyer, who is accustomed to make fine distinctions, "but I can tell how much I am going to charge for it."—Washington Star.

## The Real Essential.

"It takes courage and ability to succeed in literature, doesn't it?"

"I don't know about courage and ability, but it takes postage stamps."—Baltimore Herald.

## Entirely True.

Hicks—"What a romancer you are! You say you slept like a baby last night, and we heard you half the night howling like all possessed."

Wicks—"Yes, that's the way my baby sleeps, you know."—Boston Transcript.

## HANDLES PADDLE.

Cleveland Indian Claims to Be the World's Best Canoeist.

Without doubt the most expert canoeists in the world are those of the Chippewa tribe of Indians who dwell in the country adjacent to and north of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Only the marvelous skill of the Eskimo of the northern seas can be compared to the dexterity of the Chippewa voyageurs. Both peoples, the Eskimo and the Indians of western Ontario, are bred as much to the water as to the land, and with each the use of the paddle has become second nature. In like manner the Apache Indians of the western plains are brought up on horseback, so to speak, and become the most perfect riders to be found anywhere. One of the Chippewas, a descendant of the illustrious Chief Showwano, formerly of Sault Ste. Marie, has been for many years a resident of Cleveland, and declares himself to be the champion canoeist of the world. He rests the validity of his claim upon the character of his performances with the canoes and paddle, and he is ready and willing to meet any and all contestants for the aforesaid world's championship. Baymosing Onaquod, or Flying Cloud, as rendered in English, was so named because he was so swift of foot. His tribal name is equally appropriate to the winged flight of his canoe, as it is guided like a darting arrow through the rushing rapids of the most turbulent rivers. Flying Cloud, who is known in Cleveland by an English name, resides on a well known residence street. It is his wish that the English name by which he is known in Cleveland be not given to this connection on account of family and business reasons. The tribesmen are equally adept in ascending or descending the swift water of the St. Mary's rapids and the latter accomplishment is called running or shooting the rapids. No effort is made to withstand the force of the current on the part of the canoeemen. One is stationed in the bow and another in the stern. With deft strokes of the paddle the fragile bark is guided and steaded upon its perilous course, the channel being well known throughout, and about three-quarters of a mile in length at the St. Mary's Falls.

A false stroke of the paddle would cause not only the immediate destruction of the canoe, but the drowning of the boatman in the raging waters. Many passengers are carried through the rapids in this way with the Indian pilots. There is so seldom an accident that summer tourists and others, who chance to be sojourning at the Sault, find the making of this trip a novel, exhilarating and not a dangerous pastime.

## England's Twenty-Eight Administrations.

The present conservative government of Great Britain celebrated its fifth birthday on July 2. England has had a total of twenty-eight administrations in this century, eight of which were longer than the present one. The longest was that of Lord Liverpool, which lasted from 1812 to 1827, a period of fourteen years and 319 days. Lord Salisbury's second administration endured for six years and fifteen days, in which time there were six changes in its composition. The remarkable thing about the present one is that there has not been a single change, despite the fact that it has nineteen members.

## Parrot's Practical Joke.

Parrot stories are always in order, whether they are true or not. The latest comes from Bridgeport, Conn., where during a Saturday night prayer meeting in the Mission chapel the worshippers were suddenly startled by a voice exclaiming: "Lucy's in the water!" So distressing was the cry that every one sprang up and the clergyman led a chase down to the Housatonic river. The pastor got into a boat and rowed up and down without finding Lucy. When he and his flock returned to the church they beheld an old green parrot in a cage in an adjoining house. It greeted them with shrieks of laughter and cries of "That's a good one!"

## Lions and Tigers for Zoos.

No fewer than seven specimens—three lions and four tigers—are about to be presented to the lion house at the London Zoo. Two of the latter are sent by the Viceroy of India; whilst the former, it is understood, includes the Honess which was presented by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to the Museum at Pretoria, but was subsequently returned when the situation became strained. The society recently lost by death the famous tiger named Prince, leaving only the two presented by the Maharana of Oodneyore and the Goakwar of Baroda in 1892 and 1896 respectively.

## To Wake the Duke.

At the church of Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and when he ended the verger went up stairs, opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to, and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out. The preacher asked the verger in the vestry why he had shut the door again while opening it and the verger replied, "We always do that, sir, to wake the duke."

## Government's Voluminous Publications.

If the average man were to attempt to read everything the government publishes in one year he would have to devote about half a century to the task, taking eight hours a day.

When a marriage engagement is broken it is another matrimonial failure.