INPIRMITY.

What is the truth to believe,
What is the right to be done?
Oaught in the webs I weave,
I halt from sun to sun.

The bright wind flows along, Calm nature's streaming law, And its stroke is soft and strong As a leopard's velvet paw.

Free of the doubting mind, Full of the olden power,
Are the tree, and the bee, and the wind,
And the wren and the brave May-flower.

Man was the last to appear, A glow at the close of day; low clambering now in fear, He gropes his slackened way.

All the up thrust is gone Force that came from of old, Up through the fish and the swan, And the sea-king's mighty mold.

The youth of the world is fled, Spheres that are chilled and dead, And the close of an age is nigh

The time is too short to grieve, Or to choose, for the end is one; And what is the truth to believe, And what is the right to be done?

A MYSTERIOUS LOVE EPISODE.

"You mean, then, Trevor, that you have the serious intention of marrying this Miss Craigie?"

"I don't think, Cousin Barbara, that I ever mentioned the word marriage; before I speak of such a thing I must first discover if sweet Madge Craigie loves me."

"Sweet Madge Craigie, indeed! Fancy calling her sweet! Commend me to a man for being taken in by a pair of bright eyes and a silly giggle! No man ever knew yet who was his truest friend -Miss Craigie isn't yours."

"My dear cousin, you are prejudiced. Madge has lived a great deal abroad, and acquired manners which I will acknowledge do not exactly resemble those you are accustomed to see every day; but she is none the less true and loyal and womanly on that account, while she is certainly ten times more fascinating than most of the people one meets."

"Humph!" growled Cousin Barbara. Well, those who live the longest will see the most."

Then there was a silence, Trevor Lane, who was an artist, went on with his painting, and the middle-aged spinster he called Cousin Barbara sewed her white seam with much dillegence as she sat in the sunlight on an old settie by the window.

Cross-gained though Barbara was, there was one being she loved with a deep, fervent devotion, and that being was Trevor Lane. And so she ought, for he had been the kindest of friends to her. Left at the age of fifty, without a sixpence, Trevor Lane, who was only her second cousin, had invited her to come and live with him and manage his house for him. This for the last five years she had done right conscientiously, both as regards housekeeping and the giving of such good advice as she

considered a young man required. Trevor Lane accepted both services with apparent gratitude, bearing the infliction of constant advice with so much resignation, even cheerfulness, that he proved himself to be a thoroughly good

tempered fellow. The fact was he was truly sorry for his cousin Barbara, who had, he considered, been soured by bad treatment in the past; and, though it was no fault of his, yet he was resolved, if possible, to make her life fair and happy in the future. Hence every cross he answered with a caress, every recommendation that he should alter his ways with a

promise that he would be circumspect. And so five years had dawdled on, and the summer at Heathfield, about ten miles from London, where Trevor Lane's studio and pretty home were situated, came and went with but few incidents to disturb the current of the cousin's ways-till Madge Craigie came.

This was the evil day for which Cousin Barbara had never ceased to lookthe day on which Trevor Lane would elect to devote to another some portion of the love she wished to appropriate wholly to herself.

"Trevor was not yet thirty, how could she expect it to be otherwise?" she would ask herself, repeatedly. Then she would shake her head and mutter: "If I could only like her; but this Madge, this flighty, silly Madgeto marry my Trevor! Ah, me!" Cousin Barbara failed utterly to recognize that whoever the girl was on whom Trevor bestowed his affection, she would consider her objectionable and

For a long while there was no sound heard in the studio save the flies buzzing on the window panes and the old clock ticking on the mantel-shelf. Tre-

vor himself at last broke the silence. "Madge is coming here this evening, Cousin Barbara—you will be civil to her for my sake will you not?"

Miss Barbara looked up suddenly and saw the light of love in Trevor's flashing eyes, the glow of a deep passion on his bandsome face, and the sight of it seeemed to chill her heart to ice.

She answered coldly: "Miss Craigie wants no warm words from me; since you can utter them so glibly it is enough;

but for the last time I say-beware. Trevor Lane went on working deliberately at his picture; and Miss Barbara huddling up the white work on which she was engaged into a bundle, escaped with it into her own apartment.

When this scene took place the afternoon was already pretty far advanced, and the month being May, it was not very late when the sun finally departed behind the western hills. Trevor could no longer see to paint, but he lingered on in the studio, gazing dreamily at his picture till it was nearly dark.

At last he shook himself back into reality, and raising some portieres which divided the studio from the dwelling-room in which he and Barbara usually sat, he went in, sturck a match and lighted a lamp which stood on his own

particular writing table.

rights which society must respect

of cousin Bab's is overruled I must try andkeep her from the house. I would worlds that she should know that Bab has taken fancies into her head about her "

And, half murmuring his thoughts aloud, he proceeded to answer two or three business letters which had arrived during the day. One of them necessitated reference to some old papers, and, taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the side drawer of his table and began to look for the documents he

So absorbed was he in his search, or the subject that caused it, that for the time Madge Craigie and the trouble with Cousin Barbara was forgotten.

It was not till a light hand was laid on his shoulder and a rippling laugh fell on his ear that he looked up from the open drawer into the sweet face of the lady who had bewitched him.

"Is this what you call meeting me by the garden gate and bringing me in to tea with Cousin Bab? Look you, sir, I

have a mind to be very angry.' "Not with me to-night, sweet lady. I have had much to trouble and vex me -a letter here which gives me endless worry. Beside, Cousin Bab has gone to bed—she is not well."

'Gone to bed! Oh, then, I ought not to have come, I suppose." "Since you are here, however, you will not go. Let us chat together for a

little; later on I will see you home." And he rolled an easy chair to where she stood and invited her to sink down into its softness, for Trever Lane was a sybarite in his home. Madge Craigie obeyed him, and, tossing her straw hat from her head to the ground, lay back among soft cushions—her golden, wavy hair and white skin forming a striking

contrast to their crimson hue. For a moment or two he sat and gazed at her in mute admiration, till her merry laugh recalled him to himself.

'One would think that I am a picture -a lovely picture-," she said, instead

"So you are a picture—a lovely picture—the embodiment of my perfect ideal. Say, Madge, beautiful Madge, will you be my own, my wife, my very true, devoted, loving wife?" She looked into his eyes, still laugh-

"Dear me, what an amount of truth and devotion and tenderness you seem to require. And pray may I ask how much you intend to give in return?" "My thoughts by day, my dreams by night-everything I have shall be yours

if only you will consent. My dearest Madge, do not keep me in suspense, but tell me-"Stop your raphsodies, foolish, man!

Believe me, I am not worth them. I'll acknowledge, however, that I am rather fond of you, perhaps on account of the spontaneity there is about you. Hope it will last, though—there, don't gush again. I believe you'll try and be true to me, and"-with more seriousness of manner-"'I will never be false to you."

He tried to take her in his arms but she repulsed him gently, bidding him be rational and discuss their future prospects calmly, and so, for awhile, they did, no illusion being made to Cousin Barbara, or the part she was likely to play in their lives.

On a sudden Madge's eye fell on the

open drawer.
"Wilfrid Lane!" she exclaimed pointing to some papers on which that name was written. "Wilfrid Lane? is he a relation of yours? How odd I should never have thought of that before."
"Why? Do you know him?
"I know Wilfrid Lane! As well as

though he were my own brother." "How strange! He is my halfbrother."

"Yes, he is much older than you are. When did you see him tast? "I have not seen him for seven vears.

"Ah! of course; he is always abroad. But you go abroad sometimes; why not to see your brother?"

"There have been family differences, Madge."

"Oh! It will be awkward when we are married if I may never see Wilfred. I wonder what he will say when he hears that I am going to marry you." A sort of a shiver passed over Trevor

Lane. "My brother Wilfred is scarcely the sort of man with whom I should care for my wife to be on intimate terms," he said.

"Oh, yes, I know he is a vaurien, but that can't hurt me, and he is very amusing. Quite a treat to see his dear old handwriting in your drawer."

"He ruined Cousin Barbara-that's why she is here," persisted Trevor.
"Very likely. He ruined my father and my father ruined him; that's why I am poor. Yet I owe him no grudge. Trevor; why should you?" and once more she looked into his eyes with that strange mesmeric power she had, which

set every nerve in his boby vibrating. And from talk of Wilfred Lane they drifted back once more to thamselves and their own affairs, murmuring together softly in the light of the pale moon, which had risen and cast a magic spell over the scene; broken at last, however, by a little scream from Madge.

"What is it? I heard something moving. Is it a bogey or Cousin Bab?" "Cousin Bab!" And Trever, indignant lest Bab should have been listening, went through the portieres into the painting room, the moon, as it were.

"No one to be seen-on into the garden he passed. Barbara was in her room; he could see the reflection of her form on the drawn blind. Instead of returning to the spot where he had left Modge he walked down the garden and called her to come to him. was so beautiful, the moon so bright,' he said, "it was better there than indoors.

From the garden they strolled into an adjoining wood, along a pathway leading to the village where Miss Craigie dwelt. The vicar was her uncle, and she was on a visit there for a while. Nor did they come back to Trevor's cottage that evening; on the contrary he went into the vicarage and stayed talking to the vicar till past 10

o'clock. How he should tell Barbara that he was absolutely engaged to Madge Craigie puzzled him not a little during "I wonder if she will come—I almost his walk home, and probably would

hope she will not. Till this prejudice have engrosed him even more had not I and he thought their joss might worry his thoughts been diverted from it by almost a feeling of annoyance that his Madge should be on friendly terms with the half-brother whose very name was never mentioned in Heathfield Cottage.

When he reached home all was silent as the grave; the glass door leading from the sitting-room to the garden was njar, as Miss Craigie had left it when she joined him, the lamp was still burning on the writing table, everything was as she had left it. No—the draw was still wide open, but the papers had been touched. He noticed it at a glance; those which had attracted Madge Craigie's attention, with Wilfrid Lane's

name on them, were gone.

Pearly drops burst forth on Trevor's brow as he perceived it, and staggering into the seat which Madge had but recently quitted, he remained there for a time immovable. What did she know of Wilfrid Lane was the question he asked himself over and over again. Were the details of this man's shameful past known to her-had she aught to do with them? Could it be possible that she had made the excuse of sending him away in search of bogies, while she possessed herself of letters and documents inculpating Wilfrid Lane? Nono-the thought was madness.

Yet the papers were gone, and that they did inculpate Wilfrid Lane very heavily there was little doubt, since more than one of them was a forgery of his half-brother's name, and it was by the holding of them that Trevor succeeded in keeping the vaurien out of England, and his own hearth and home

Cousin Barbara's warnings against Miss Craigie rose like spectres into his mind, and would not be chased away, let him struggle as resolutely as he would. Madge and none other had been in that room, and the papers were gone-the case was conclusive. And he had promised to marry this woman! What should he do! Go to her as soon as possible, accuse her straightforwardly of the theft, demand the return of the stolen papers, and then spurn her image for ever from his heart.

That was the decision he arrived at while he sat gazing at the open drawer, and the clock struck four before he attempted to go to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep; and when he met Cousin Barbara at breakfast he looked pale and haggard, and was very silent, while Bab grumbled away in her usual style over the thousand and one petty annoyances which she managed to find at every turn.

At last Trevor rose and took up his

"Going out, Trevor, instead of to work?" He leaned over her and kissed her. Ay, only for a little while, dear cousin.

I shall soon be back, and we will have some long hours together in the painting room." "Yes-silent hours, while you are

dreaming of that Miss Craigie's false, bewitching face. You'll rue it. Trevor -you'll rue it, as I'm a living woman.' 'He was gone, but her words followed him all through the woods; seemed to be echoing through the leaves.

In the vicarage garden stood Madge. fresh and pure and lovely looking, in the daintest of blue muslins. She kissed her hand to him when from some distance she perceived him, and he scarcely returned the salutation as coldly as he intended, for at the sight of her more than half of his suspicions seemed to disappear.

Her love a sham, her kisses but to betray? Could woman be so false?

"Oh. Trevor," she cried out when he was within hearing, "such glorious news I have for you. Your brother Wilfrid has not so utterly ruined my father as which looked like rapturing happiness. was at first imagined! Some of the property is saved, and I shall have a dot, and not come to your home an utter

beggar."
"I do not want money," arswered Trevor, scarcely graciously. "I have enough for both." "Why, Trevor, what has happened.

How gloomy and stern you lock: "Something has happened which has apset me exceedingly. Those letters-Wilfrid's letter, that you saw in my drawer last night-are gone." and he looked at her fixedly while he spoke.

'Gone-what do you mean?" "Some one has taken them away; do vou know who it is?"

"Trevor, you frighten me-don't glance at me like that-but tell mewhose interest would it be to take them? What are they about?"

"I am afraid you know too well what they are about." I! Why, it is only last night I discovered that Wilfrid Lane was your

"Ah! You are a good actress, Miss Craigie."

"Trevor-great heaven, Trevor-you do not believe that I-oh, this is too ab

"You know nothing of the disappearance of those letters?

"Nothing, upon my word; as I stand here a living woman, I swear it." He shook his head; her very determined assurance made him doubt her

more, and he turned away. "Alas, Miss Craigie, that I should live to say it, but till those letters are found I can enter into no further en gagement. Robbing me of them could be the act of no common thief, attracted by an open door; other valuables which were in the room have not disappeared.'

her head proudly. "If you can believe this of me, it is indeed better that we should part." And so, as Trevor had promised, in

"As you will," she answered, bowing

less than an hour he returned to Barbara in the studio; but during all that day, and for many days to come, both the conversation and the painting went on haltingly.

Miss Craigie he did not see again, and report said she lay ill at the vicarage; but this report did not reach Trevor Lane, since he never went out of the house now; and so no one but his cousin Barbara heard it, and she, in her gruff, rough way, said: "It was wiser to let sleeping dogs lie, and make no allu-sion to Miss Craigie, with whom it was evident that Trevor had quarreled," though be had never vouchsafed to tell Barbara about the letters. He did not care to allude to them, for one reason,

Barbara for another.

Heavily the weeks passed by, and the autumn tints were mellowing the trees in the little wood. Madge Craigie had left Heathfield, and already the episode of her love passages with Trevor Lane were forgotten. Forgotten by all but him; he could never forget the vision of beauny that had crossed his path and changed so speedily into a hideous spectre.

No, he would never marry now. So e had told Baabara more than once of late, and a smile had for a moment lighted up her wrinkled, soured face at his words.

Toward the end of October a change came to the everyday routine of Heathfield Cottage. Barbara fell ill. Siezed with a paralytic stroke, she lay speechless and powerless. The grand doctor Trever sent for from London said she might rally, but it was doubtful; at all events she would nover be the same

The solicitude and devotion Trevor showed her was rather that of a son than a cousin, forsaking even his beloved painting to remain by her bedside and minister to her every want. But content was not one of her acquirements and she kept up her character for fretfulness to the extent of trying Trevor's patience not a little. There was evidently something she wished to say and that her loss of speech prevented and Trevor's repeated recommendation that she should remain quiet till she

was better, only served to annoy her. He was sitting with her at the wane of the day, the room only lighted by a feeble gleam of departing twilight, and an occasionol flicker from a wood fire Cousin Barbara made a strange, unearthly sound, and pointed with the forefinger of her left hand to an old bureau which stood in the corner. Trevor took little notice at first, but she was so presistent that at last he rose and unfastened the bureau. Its carved doors shut in rows of small drawers, one after another. He opened several of them, but found nothing, and was beginning to think that he was merely the victim of a sick woman's caprice when on a sudden he uttered a cry. There, in one of them, was the bundle of documents marked Wilfrid Lane.

He turned and glared on the woman who lay in the bed looking at him almost piteously. It was the first time Barbara had ever seen anger against herself expressed in Trevor's eyes, and she cowered beneath it, closing her own, and pulling the bedclothes over

He did not attempt to speak to her, but taking up the letters walked out of the room, called the little maid of the establishment, and bade her go to her mistress. Then, the letters still ir his hand, he put on his hat and went out.

Poor, wretched Barbara; her punishment, when they told her he was gone, was almost more than she could bear. He had never forgiven Madge Craigie when he believed her to be the thief, how then could Barbara hope to be forgiven.

All that night he did not return, and during the next day there was no sign from him; the servants and neighbors did the best they could for Barbara, who was so quiet and enduring and patient that they all believed the end must be very near, since no one had ever seen her so subdued before.

Twenty-four hours had passed since Trevor Lane went away with the letters when a London hansom drove up to the garden gate, and he, himself got out, accompanied by Madge Craigie. She looked very ill and wan, and was by no means the handsome Madge she

had been five mouths ago; still there was a bright expression in her eyes Trevor led her straight up stairs to Barbara, whose agitation on beholding her was painful to witness, but Madge knelt down beside the bcd, and taking the old woman's hand, she kissed it

gently.
"You loved him so well you grudged him to me, did you not, poor cousin? Well, he has promised for my sake to forgive you, and together we will try and nurse you back to health, and you will on your part try to love me just a little."

Barbara nodded her head in assent. and the doctor coming in at that mement ordered no more talking, so the lovers, restored to bliss in each other's society. went down stairs into the studio, and the old lady, with a load taken off her mind, was left by means of one of the doctor's draughts to have a few hours of quiet sleep. Nor did cousin Barbara She fought vigorously with death for a day or two, and for a while she succeeded. She would never be able to speak quickly or sharply again, but she managed to make herself understood, and in expressing her deep contrition for the past she kept her word when she said she would always be gracious and pleasant to her new cousin in the future.

So Trevor and Madge were married. Of course Barbara had to give up the housekeeping to the young wife; but she still kept her place in the studio window, though the white work was no longer on her lap, and instead of it the powerless right hand lay on her knee as though seeking strength in the sunshine.—From the Argosy.

Electrical Inventions.

The Electrial Exposition which opened in Philadelphia on Wednesday ought to bring many novel inventions before the public. Some of the curiosities are thus described:

Many who attend this exhibition will doubtless be surprised to learn that the subtle power of electricity can be made to hatch a chicken as well as to slay a horse. That man can make this marvelous force a generator as well as a destroyer of life will be demonstrated by a curious electric incubator which is big enough to work upon 2,100 eggs at once. It is already practicing upon several hundreds, and the incubator will be so managed that every day of the show will witness the event of a new brood of gav young fledglings. Perhaps the sight most pleasing to the eve will be that of the great electrical fountain which stands in the center of the main building. From the apex of a stone shaft twelve feet high a column of brella, beautifully illuminated by a weight of the accumulated ice.

crown of incandescent lights, over which the water flows as it takes its concave form. From the bank about the flower-decked basin twelve jets of gleaming water are so directed as to catch the rays of colored electric light thrown upon them from invisible points. Under the central blaze of the lights in the arch span a hundred feet above, these brilliant jets look like streams of liquid fire; and as their many-hued shafts meet and break the water is dashed into myriads of sparkling jewels, falling in a shower of rainbow splendor. But electricity has been made to please the ear no less than the eye. In the eastern gallery stands a great electric organ, built by the Roosevelt company. The keyboard by which the organ is operated is located on the main floor, 150 feet away, and the Le Clanche battery, which furnishes the current, stands in the southwest corner of the gallery, at least 130 feet, distant. A vocalion, also operated by a key-board on the floor, has been suspended from the roof. Thus from these lofty perches will be wafted constant strains of "music in the air." played by invisible hands.

Helpmeets or Companions? From the Philadelphia Times.

The daily papers are constantly sprinkled and stained with records of quarrels between husbands and wives. Divorces are as frequent as they are destructive of every finer domestic feeling and Chasing to every higher quality of human character. And the cases of domestic tragedy that get into the papers are as units compared with the unwritten thousands of cases that ache themselves out to some sanity and charity or into silent graves. Plainly the remedy for all this is neither multiplied divorces, which simply multiply the wrongs, nor in bachelorhood and prostitution, nor in polygamy. Perhaps the reform, if any is possible, must come from a different view of the marriage relationship, from a renewed and higher conception of domestic duties. or a sort of swinging back to the old

Biblical conception of things. No man in his senses will war against modern education. No man who has tasted the advantages of knowledge will throw anything, even a hint in the way of others who are seeking the same possession. But that modern education in its purely narrow secularism, with its eye on individual rights rather than on individual duties to a higher law in the first instance, has invaded the sanctity of marriage and made a byword of marriage vows few people will deny who have watched the business in communities where the secular ideas have had most perfect sway.

The old notion of a wife was that she was a helpmeet. The modern termagant idea is that she must be a companion or nothing. There is more difference in these two conceptions than at first sight appears. The secular person says certainly there is. Your Bible idea was that woman should be a drudge to her lordly husband. So the secular person gets in his abuse of the Bible and at the same time adds to his own poor blindness. Plainly, the Scriptural idea of a wife, as a helpmeet, was that in all conceivable ways and especially in the temper and tone of her life she should be a joy and an inspiration to her husband, who, as shepard or warrior or mechanic or priest, was recognized as the main burden-bearer in the outside world.

Because to-day there are perhaps a larger number of women who take up these outside burdens and carry them that does not alter the essential, prevailing and eternal order of things. Nor does it follow that women the world over are any more fitted for companions to men in the sense of sharing their actual world's work than they were of old. Mrs. Carlyle wanted to be a companion to her Thomas, and so made his life misreable and her own. If, instead of prating about companionship and stitching his boots for spite, she had wrought the hidden charm of her nature into his weary hours Mr. Froude would have had a different story to tell. George Lewis and "George Eliot" tried the companionship theory and sunk the best of both their lives in the business. So did John Stuart Mill and his Mrs. Taylor. These are noted examples that little people of chromo culture are aping and so setting burning examples for a giddy world. Perhaps there is a distinction worth considering in the contrast of this old Bible and this modern idea of marriage, and the young people, at all events, may as well look at the vision through both glasses for awhile.

The Great Niagara Crash.

An exchange says:

The portion of the rugged bank nearest the Horseshoe falls, on the Canada side, known as "Upper Table Rock," fell at midnight last night with a deafening crash, that was heard and the concussion felt for a mile away Thousands of tons of solid rock fell into the gorge below, and with it hundreds of tons of ice. The extact posidreds of tons of ice. The extact posi-tion of the break is between the Prospect house and the great Horseshoe falls, just above the old Table Rock and next to the spiral stairway leading to the path behind the sheet of water. It was only by a miracle that the stairway was not demolished

The government iron railing for over 150 feet was carried away. It is at this very spot that nearly all the visitors stand and get the inspiring view. Had this fall of rock occurred in the daytime, doubtless a heavy loss of life would have occurred. The formation of the precipice is now entirely changed. One can now stand on the bank and see behind the heavy sheet of water into a dark chasm. greatest curiosity is manifested by the villagers and tourists, and throngs of people are moving to the spot. A mass of limestone and slate 1,000 feet in length by about 60 feet in width and 170 feet deep is piled in a heaping mass below. One hundred and twenty-three thousand yards of rock is calculated to have fallen. The supposed cause of the rock giving way is the low water, steady freezing weather water issues in the form of an aquaticum- for the past three weeks and the heavy

A Russian Trick.

A Cossack rode up to the door of s

little inn at Braile, dismounted, drank a succession of glasses of brandy, and then made a show of remounting his horse. The landlord reminded him that he had not paid for his drink. The Cossack with a heavy sigh, drew out his dirty purse, and began fumbling for a coin, when his horse gave a sudken snort and fell to the ground. The Cossack was in despair, he did everything he could to raise the beast upon its legs, but all was in vain. "He is dead! He is dead!" cried out in chorus a number of bystanders, who had been attracted to the spot by the accident. The poor Cossack would not believe it. The crowd, knowing that a Cossack's horse is his own property, and that the loss of the animal would strike a terrible blow to the owner, began to make a collection, in order to mitigate his sufferings as far as possible. Even the landlord was touched, forgot his bill, and presented the bereaved man with another glass of brandy, refusing any pay. The Cossack lifted up his saddle, slung his lance over his shoulder, dropped a farewell tear over the faithful beast, and walked sorrowfully away. When he was about one thousand paces distant he suddenly stopped, turned round and gave a long shrill whistle. At the sound of the well-known signal, the horse sprang up, neighed a friendly answer, and darted off with a lightning speed to his grinning owner. The Cossack was soon on his back, making significant symbols of thanks to the assembled crowd for their generosity and sympathy. In a few minutes he was out of sight, and the landlord of the krottchma was loudly registering his vow that he would never again trust a Cossack.

Wonderful Automatons.

[From the Danbury Correspondence Boston Globe.]

Very mamy of the tiny screws used in this country in watchmaking are turned out on three little automatic machines in this place. One of them, while turning out a perfect screw at a fair rate of speed, is considerably improved on by its companions. The machine takes up but little room. A man could carry it under his arm without much difficulty. A wire is fed through a tube into the machine. It is carried forward by revolving teeth. As it appears, a knife cuts away the surplus metal to make the stem for the thread, just as the chisel operates at the lathe of the wood-turner.

As this is finished, a small tube, in which the thread is formed, advances and clasps the stem, forms the thread at lightning speed, and falls back. As this is done, two knives cut that portion of the wire off, and the completed screw falls down. The wire again advances and the process is repeated. The marvel of the machine is best grasped when the size of the screw formed is understood. This week the largest size are being made. They are an eighth of an inch in length, and it would require 200 of them to weigh an ounce. thread of the stem is so small that it is scarcely discernible to the naked eye. Each machine will make 5,000 screws a day. The machines have been at work a little more than a month, and are the result of years of patient investigation.

anadian Railway Kings.

The railway kings of Canada are getting on fairly well for the limited country they live in. The magnates of the Canada Pacific who are just now pressing the people for several more millions to complete that road do not seem to stint themselves of anything in order to carry out their contract. President Stephen has just got comfortably located in his million dollar residence. It is built in Paladin style, the pillars that support the portico being wonderfully carved. The floor of the lobby is of three varieties of marble. The ceiling is of polished mahogany, as are also the window sashes. The walls are of polished Italian marble with paneling Vienna of marble, except the central panel, which is of Mexican onyx, polished until it looks like a jewel. The furniture of the waiting room is of rosewood with surperb carving. Mrs. Stephen's room is requisite in a set of furniture of cherry and satinwood which cost \$20,000. The embellishments of the different rooms are said to be beyond description. The palace built by Mr. McIntyre is equal in every way to that of Mr. Stephen. and that of Mr. Angus is said to have cost more than either, These are the three chief men of the Canada Pacific who got \$25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land to build that road and are now asking

the country to aid them further. A Wanting Element of Education

Some say train the intellect and life will become better and surer. But experience is against them. Learning does not beget virtue. The worst crimes of the past twenty-five years have been committed by men of the highest education. You must present virtue to the mind day after day in its brightest light, so that the mind will become enamored of it. You must endeavor to make the practice of virtue a habit, What is done for the hand and the intellect must also be done for the will. Moral training begets the one great thing wanting on earth—the thought of duty; duty to God and man. In the education of this country teaching men to be servants, to drive horses and labor in the street? I think not. It is largely without a moral side, and the sense that it is noble to labor, that every man has a duty to preform, is being destroyed. It produces a dream that it is ignoble to labor, that the purpose of life is to be a grand gentleman. All education that affords no moral training is incomplete. With all possible training we all know how difficult it is to be good.—Monsigner Cap-