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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

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A Forgotten Singer

Twilight had gathered in Miss Trevor's little sitting-room, but the fire burned cheerfully, and the dancing flames lit up Miss Trevor's face as she sat back in her chair. Her attitude was one of repose. Some needlework lay idle in her lap: she had dropped it unheedingly. Her eyes were absorbed, her calm white forehead drawn together in a puzzled frown.

Lucy Trevor always dressed in grey. Somehow the neutral color suited her. She was not at all an old woman—barely past her thirtieth birthday, in fact; yet all the joy that should be youth's dearest gift had died for her before she was twenty.

Beneath her work a little black volume lay in her lap, and could one have peeped inside it one would have seen that its leaves were covered with a beautiful, neat handwriting, in ink that was just beginning to fade.

Miss Trevor's dreams were of the person who had written in that book, but she was suddenly brought back to real life by an insistent knocking upon the outside door; and rising to open it she welcomed the visitor, a bright-faced girl with sunshine in her eyes and a pleasant, merry ring in her young voice.

These two were rare friends. The newcomer, Susie Merling, lived with her mother in a flat in the same building as Miss Trevor, only on a lower floor, which made all the difference in the rental.

The small amount that Miss Trevor paid for her tiny suite was as much as her slender means could afford. She earned a fairly steady income from pen-and-ink sketches, and of late she had increased her connection amongst editors of popular journals, and this year promised to be the best she had as yet known.

"I declare I must have been far away in dreamland," she said.

"Not a favorite occupation of yours either, is it, Miss Trevor? I believe I have disturbed you. Shall I go away?"

"Dear child, no," replied the other, brightly. "I was thinking some few minutes back how much I wished you were here to share my lonely cup of tea. Sit down, my dear; it shall be made in two minutes."

So they sat down now before the fire and drank their tea, and talked as women who have much in common will talk, enjoying each other's society.

When she had started up to let Susie in Miss Trevor had reverently placed that small, black-bound book on a tiny gimcrack table, and now a hasty movement on her part overbalanced this fragile piece of furniture, and the book fell almost at Susie's feet. Miss Trevor pounced upon it with a bright flush on her face, and the girl looked at her with questioning eyes.

"Miss Trevor," she said, solemnly, "you've been in a sentimental mood this afternoon."

"What should make you think that?" asked Lucy, with a questioning smile.

"Because I see you with that book. There is some mystery about it. I suppose you think me very inquisitive, but I would give worlds to know what is in that book. In a way I am jealous of it; you think a great deal more of it than you do of me."

"Nonsense, dear," said the other, but her pale, sweet face went crimson once more. "It was a present, given me years ago by someone I cared for."

"I am sorry," said the girl quickly; she had detected the note of pain in the elder woman's voice.

"It is all right," smiled Miss Trevor; "it—it happened long ago. He has forgotten me by this; but once we were very dear to each other; at least, he was to me."

"And is still," said the girl to herself.

"He was a poet," went on Miss Trevor, and her voice was a little tremulous. "We met in London when he was unknown. He used to tell me of his dreams of fame, used to read me his poems, before he found any other public to take interest in them. He called me his little sweetheart. I was only a girl then, little more than a child—and I took his words more seriously, perhaps, than they were intended. He had a very hard struggle—but he would say that the thought of me comforted him, that so long as he had my symoathy, my love—and I gave him both—the world's coldness would not trouble him.

"But one day fortune smiled on him. A volume of verse attracted a great deal of attention, was praised in all the important reviews, and, like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous."

"And then?"

"Well, we seemed to drift apart, somehow. He was made a lot of in society, invited to the best houses as the chief guest. He—he became a little careless of old friends as his success increased. I did not see much of him, and when he visited us there was no more talk of love or of marriage—as there had once been.

"My father lost all his money," she went on, after a pause, "and the shock of this killed him. My mother died when I was a child, so that I stood quite alone. I was left very badly provided for, and I had only such relatives as did not believe in the practice of holding out a helping hand to those in poor circumstances.

"By-and-by things became a little easier. I found employment. Soon after this I was one night walking through one of the fashionable squares in the West-end of London. It was late, but I had a headache, and thought that the cool summer air would refresh me. Outside one of the big houses I paused. The light was streaming through the open entrance-door, and I had a fairy glimpse of a flower-filled hall, and stately rooms beyond. There were voices in the hall, then the door closed, and a man's figure came so swiftly down the steps that I had not time to move away, and he almost ran into me. A cry of recognition came from both of us. It was my old friend.

"I could not escape, as I would rather have done, and he held my hand and looked into my face, the sparkle of triumph in his eyes, the flush of success on his face. Oh, it made me glad to see him like that. I knew that he had spent a delightful evening amongst his aristocratic friends. His voice rang out jubilant in the night air.

"'Dear little woman,' he said (I can remember every word), 'I am so pleased to see you. It was all I wanted to complete my happiness this evening. It is the night of my life, Lucy. There was such a crowd of people, and all invited to hear me read to them a play of mine.'

"He went on talking to me very kindly—almost as he used to do—I think he fancied that he had slighted me and that I might feel a little hurt. But I did not really. I quite understood how his engagements demanded his time and his thoughts.

"Just as I was leaving him he thrust this little book into my hand. 'It is a play—my first; perhaps the best thing I have ever written or shall ever write. Take it. I give it to you, Lucy, for—for the sake of old times. It shall never be published; it is yours. Will you accept it? And—and forgive me, dear.' He said that; and before I could stammer out thanks he left me there.

"It was almost with reverence that I touched the volume. I knew the sacrifice it must have cost him to give me this—the child of his brain which no other eyes than mine would ever look upon. I have not seen him since."

"Then he really deserted you? It was despicable, Miss Trevor," said the girl, in low, indignant tones.

"Ah, dear, don't speak harshly of him. You cannot understand. His success exceeded anything he had dreamed of. He was the comet of a season."

"And now—what is he now?"

Miss Trevor looked down. "I don't hear of him very often now," she faltered. "He wrote something that the critics did not care about—they were dreadfully severe—and somehow his name seems almost forgotten. They said that his work had lost all the dainty charm that had once distinguished it, that his later poetry has never equalled his earlier work."

"That is easy to understand," said the girl, with quiet scorn. "The world had not spoiled him then. He was less selfish, his ideals less material."

"You would not have said that he was selfish had you known him," replied Miss Trevor, earnestly. "He was merely weak and carried away by success until he was false to what was best in him. That was all."

Susie had other matters to attend to besides taking tea with her dear friend Miss Trevor, so presently she said good-bye and went on her way.

Miss Trevor, left alone, cleared away the tea-things, took them out into her little kitchen, washed them up and put them away in the cupboard, and then, returning to the sitting-room, took up the morning paper, which she had not yet looked at.

Suddenly she gave a little cry, and leaning her head forward read with strained eyes the few lines that had caught her attention:—

"We learn with regret that Mr. Wilfrid Marchmont, whose poetic gifts attracted considerable attention some years back, is lying seriously ill at his apartments, 5, Westover Street, Hampstead. Mr. Marchmont has not been before the public very much of late years, and we fear that he has fallen into poverty. That his popularity has declined is, we venture to think, due in no small measure to himself. His later poetry has decidedly lost those qualities which first won him fame. But his public still exists—as a public must always exist for those who have good work to offer—and if Mr. Marchmont has in his portfolio anything equal to his first published book of verse there is little doubt that both pecuniary and artistic success will be his once more."

The paper dropped from Miss Trevor's shaking hands and a mist came over her eyes. He was ill and in want, needing a woman's help, a woman's pity. Oh, why had he not sent for her? He might have known that, though all his butterfly acquaintances had left him to die alone, she would be true.

"What can I do?" she asked herself, desperately.

She got up from her chair with a quick, impatient movement.

"I cannot stay here," she said aloud; and yet she realized that it was too late for anything to be done that night. Taking up his book, she fingered it with loving hands that were even more tender than usual in their touch. She glanced at the picturesque writing. Here, in this little book, was the best work he had ever done. If only the world possessed that! It would express its admiration, its delight; would perhaps give back to the forgotten singer the fame and riches that it had once showered upon him; all that he had lost would be within his grasp again.

Then a thought occurred to her. She could sell this book to a publisher. It was a brilliant idea, but her heart grew cold at the thought of it, and her lips trembled. The book which had been for her eyes alone had become so sacred to the lonely, deserted woman. She had felt that with this gift, precious beyond all telling, there was a subtle link between her and the man she had loved—loved still. Could she part with it—could she give it up into alien hands?

"It is for his sake," she whispered, "and I will do it."

* * * * * * *

The next morning saw her early astir. She had some experience amongst the world of writers and publishers, and had decided the night before at which houses she would stand most chance of disposing of this book.

But the first house she called upon would have nothing to do with it.

"Mr. Marchmont's day is over," pronounced the head of the firm. "Quite an ephemeral reputation. Scarcely remembered by half a hundred of the reading public. To produce it would mean a dead failure."

The next house she visited was more sympathetic. One of the partners saw her, glanced over one or two pages of the precious manuscript and was visibly struck with the poem. But after some hesitation he told her that he was afraid to make an offer for it—the publishing risk was too great, despite what the newspaper had said.

Still persevering, Miss Trevor went to the last name upon her list—a comparatively new firm, noted for their enterprise. Here she obtained better success. The junior partner saw her. He took the book from her, retired with it to his private room, and kept her waiting an hour. At the expiration of that time he sent for her to come to his sanctum, and informed her that he would accept the poetic play for publication.

"It is a fine thing," he said; "it should go well. We shall build up Mr. Marchmont's reputation once more. I suppose he has commissioned you to dispose of it for him?"

Miss Trevor hesitated and succeeded in evading the question.

She went away jubilant. The publisher had promised to have the work produced without delay. He was not a man to lose time.

Having concluded this business Miss Trevor visited sundry shops, where she bought a variety of delicacies such as would be likely to tempt an invalid appetite, and then with a queer little thrill in her heart she told the cabman to drive to Westover Street, Hampstead.

At last the cab drew up before a shabby house—a typical lodging-house—and in answer to her ring a slatternly maid-of-all-work came to the door and looked with astonishment at the quiet, lady-like woman, dressed in pearl-grey, who stood before her and asked to see Mr. Marchmont.

"Ain't 'ere. Was took to the 'orspital this morning," said the damsel.

"Which hospital?" asked Miss Trevor, falteringly.

"The Metropolitan," answered the girl; and, thanking her, Miss Trevor turned away and re-entered the cab, telling the man to drive her to that home of suffering.

When she reached there she asked to see the house-surgeon, who, after listening courteously to her request, referred her to the nurse who had charge of the case. Upon interviewing that person, a bright, capable woman, with a strong face and quiet, steadfast eyes, Miss Trevor was given permission to see Wilfrid Marchmont.

"He is very ill," the nurse warned her; "enteric fever, but we hope to pull him through."

Lucy Trevor had prepared herself for a shock, but when she reached the bedside she could hardly recognize in this still figure, with the emaciated features, the man she had loved and last seen with the triumph of youth upon his face. She gave a tiny cry, and the nurse uttered a warning hush. But the patient had heard, and he opened his eyes. There was no recognition in their depths, though his blackened lips mumbled strange and incoherent words.

She sat there a few minutes, stroked the thin, white hands, and then she felt her self-control was equal to no more, so she left the hospital, saying she would come again the next day.

* * * * * *

There was a sharp tussle between life and death, but Wilfrid Marchmont pulled through, and Miss Trevor could never forget the day when his brain cleared and he recognized her.

"Lucy!" he murmured, as she took her place by the bedside and the nurse discreetly vanished. He looked up into the calm, sweet face, eloquent with all love, all sympathy, and his heart throbbed with remorse and pain, and dropping her hand he turned his head away.

"Are you not glad to see me?" she asked.

"Glad?" he echoed, looking at her once more. "What can I say to express my gladness? All my friends have failed me except you—you whom I treated with such carelessness and indifference."

"We can forget that now," she said, gently. "You had other interests in life—other friends."

"I was a fool, who mistook the false for the real, tinsel for gold. I was a fool, Lucy—such as all men are when they allow themselves to become intoxicated by the foolish flatteries that people utter—flatteries that sound so much and mean so little. It was you I should have turned to in the hour of my success; you I should have asked to share good fortune with me. But I worshipped at other shrines, and I have been punished. My power of writing languished and died in that artificial atmosphere. It was not suited to me, Lucy. I should have kept up my former standard away from society, cheered by your companionship; for, now that I have had time to think over things, I realize that it was your gentle sympathy and encouragement which taught me to write. Without them I should never have succeeded. And how ungrateful I was! If my position were otherwise than it is, if I had anything to offer you that was worthy of your acceptance, how gladly would I lay it at your feet—how gladly! But I have nothing—neither fame nor fortune—nothing but the love of a man who has recognized his mistakes."

She turned away to hide the glad tears that came into her eyes. Poor, faithful heart, it seemed too beautiful to be true. That he should care for her, have found her necessary to his happiness, his work!

And when next she came she read to him from a number of papers she had brought with her reviews upon his new book—published a week before. There was no dissentient voice. The critics had nothing but praise for it. The poet was raised once more upon the pedestal of fame which he had earned years before, and then lost. The book promised to be a financial as well as an artistic success. An impetus was given to the sale of his published works. Fortune smiled on him once more.

"When I get better, if it is God's will that I do," he said to himself, in all humbleness of spirit, "I will ask this faithful woman to share the rest of my life, and try to atone for my past folly and neglect."

He did get better, and found that happiness which might have been his years ago had he only, by being true to Lucy Trevor, been true to himself as well.—London Tit-Bits.

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NON-SINKABLE SHIPS.

Successful Experiments Tried at Portsmouth.

A large party of experts journeyed to Southampton, England, recently to inspect a new patent fitted on the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland by an English firm, by means of which a steamer can be rendered practically unsinkable. The method is one known as the Stone-Lloyd system, and the demonstration took place in perfect smoothness, and fully showed the value of the invention. All steamers are now-a-days divided into water-tight compartments by bulkheads, and for greater security passenger steamers of the first-class are so divided into numerous compartments. For the purpose of working the ship these bulkheads have to be pierced with openings for the passage of officers, engineers firemen, and others, which openings are fitted with water-tight doors. There are twenty-four of these in the Deutschland. At the approach of danger orders are issued for all bulkheads to be closed, and if these orders are carried out each compartment is rendered individually water-tight and secure. On the other hand, should mishap occur suddenly or any other cause prevent the closing of the bulkhead doors the division of the ship's hull into water-tight compartments is ineffective. The list of disasters arising from a failure to close the bulkhead openings is the measure of the importance of a system that removes the possibility of failure.

WORKS AUTOMATICALLY

By means of the Stone-Lloyd system all the water-tight doors in a ship can be closed in a few seconds, either individually or collectively, from the captain's bridge or any other convenient point, and should this precaution be neglected the entrance of water into any one or more compartments would automatically close the bulkhead doors of those compartments. The system obviates all risk of failure from any conceivable cause. A warning bell sounds before the door commences to descend. The door descends gradually. The violent method in other systems of allowing doors to fall by their own weight in order that the impetus may be sufficient to crash through obstacles in the path of the descending door is entirely obviated, and the doors close at a regulated speed under pressure amply powerful to cut through three or four feet of coal. In the event of a sudden mishap—say a collision—the officer in charge on the bridge by moving a lever sounds warning bells throughout the ship, and at the same time releases the action which sets all the bulkhead doors in motion. Within a few seconds all are effectively closed. An automatic indicator fixed on the bridge shows the position of every bulkhead door, so that the officer in charge can never be in doubt as to whether one or all are open or closed.

CHRISTMAS FIRES.

If one would revive a memory of the old Yule fire, a backlog of hard wood, the largest to be had, should be chosen. The hearth should be clean and cold before Christmas even, and the log set in place with the cedar or pine or other "light wood" kindlings at hand. As the sun goes down fire is applied and the big log set ablaze. In the days of the Druids, whence Yule-log lore is derived, the priests lighted the annual log with an ember from the sacred perpetual fire they guarded.

In the mountain regions of the South the hearth fire is kept with an almost equal fidelity, scarcely ever being permitted to die out from October to March, and in the cabins of the negroes it is no uncommon sight, upon a Christmas night, to see within the fireplace itself, their heads up the chimney, pickaninnies of various sizes, busied in warming their toes, their bare feet resting on logs of cedar or hickory or oak, and their black eyes rolling with anticipations of coming good things.—Harper's Bazar.

SOME BRITISH STATISTICS.

There are, says Engineering, 2,000 building societies in Great Britain and Ireland, having 600,000 members and £62,000,000 sterling in funds; 28,000 bodies, registered under the Friendly Societies' Act, have 12,000,000 members and £43,000,000 in funds; 2,000 co-operative societies have 2,000,000 members and £40,000,000 in funds; and 600 trade unions have more than 1,500,000 members, with nearly £5,000,000 in funds. In the 13,000 postoffice and other savings banks, there are more than 10,000,000 depositors, and over £2,000,000 sterling invested. It appears that in the nearly 50,000 thrift organizations with which the Registry of Friendly Societies has to deal, there are 27,000,000 of persons interested, and £360,000,000 engaged.

It's useless to be in a hurry unless you can make it contagious.

About the ....House

SAUCES FOR PUDDINGS.

Orange: The juice and a little grated rind of one orange, one cup granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons butter and 3 of cornstarch. Mix the cornstarch and sugar, add enough boiling water to the orange juice to make a 1½ cup of liquid. Pour this into sugar and cornstarch, stir constantly over the fire until it boils clear, then add butter and serve hot.

Clear Sauce: Boil together until clear and thick, one pint water and one cup white sugar. Flavor with white wine or lemon juice.

Plain Sauce: Cream 1½ cups sugar and one cup butter; add two well beaten eggs and just before serving add enough boiling water to make a thick cream. Flavor with almonds.

Lemon: One tablespoon cornstarch, two scant cups sugar, two tablespoons butter, juice and rind of a lemon, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix and cook in a granite saucepan, adding slowly one pint boiling water Cook until it thickens.

Chocolate: Boil together one cup thick sweet cream, one cup brown sugar, one cup white sugar and ¾ cup grated chocolate. Boil hard for 20 minutes, stirring all the time Remove from fire and add teaspoon vanilla. Serve cold.

Almond: Drain off from canned fruit one cup of juice, add to it half cup each of water and sugar. Let it come to a boil and add 3 tablespoons arrowroot, dissolved in cold water, to thicken it. Remoke from fire and stir in a cupful of finely chopped almonds.

Raisin Sauce: Mix together one cupful each of molasses and hot water; the juice and grated rind of a lemon, also a cupful of seeded raisins, chopped fine. Cook ten minutes add a tablespoon of carnstarch, moistened with milk, and two tablespoons of butter. Cook until creamy.

Pineapple Sauce: Beat well the whites of two eggs, add pulverized sugar till creamy, then three tablespoons of thick sweet cream and a teacup of grated pineapple. Serve cold.

Nutmeg: Mix together one tablespoon cornstarch and one cup cold water. Pour over this one cup of boiling water and place over the fire; stir till it boils, then add one cup granulated sugar, a pinch of salt and half of a grated nutmeg. Simmer 20 minutes, then add two tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Strain and serve.

Hard Sauce: Cream one cup butter and 2 cups sugar; stir in gradually one glass wine, grate nutmeg on top, and serve on a flat dish. The juice and grated rind of a lemon may be used instead of wine, if preferred.

LAUNDRY HINTS.

If you have gingham or calico dresses that you think will fade, dissolve a handful of coarse salt in a gallon of hot water, and put the new garment in it. Leave it in the water until it is cold, then wash it and you will usually find the colors set so that subsequent washing will not fade it. Always remove colored clothes from the line as soon as they are dry, for exposure to sunshine fades them.

Thin places in table linen and towels can be greatly strengthened by running linen thread back and forth through them to prevent the fabric from flaying out. The little dresses and aprons are easy to mend if attended to at once, but if the garment is washed first, they often come out hopelessly torn.

Before beginning the washing separate the white clothes from the colored ones, cut up a bar of soap in a porcelain kettle and cover with three pints of boiling water. When it is dissolved, add four tablespoons of powdered borax, let it come to a boil and set it off of the stove. Your clothes should be soaked the night before the washing is done. Put the wash boiler on the stove with enough water to boil the clothes and when it is hot, add half your soft soap, stir well, then wring out the finest white clothes, put them in the boiler and scald twenty minutes. Drain them out of the boiler into clear warm water, rub them well and rinse. Treat the other white clothes in the same way. No rubbing is necessary except for the dirtiest pieces, for the borax cleanses them with very little work. Colored clothes are washed through two waters, but not boiled, and rinsed thoroughly.

To make good clear starch, wet the lump starch with cold water, and stir until it is smooth, then pour boiling water over it and cook until it is clear. It will take about a quart of boiling water to every two tablespoons of starch used. If it is too thick when it cools, thin with clear water and add a little blueing.

E. J. C.

JUST LITTLE THINGS.

Prunes improve in flavor if cooked with one-fourth as many apricots. Wash them in several waters and allow them to soak over night in cold water. In the morning place them on the back of the stove, add the sugar and allow them to simmer gently, never boil, under tender.

Pudding sauce will never be lumpy if it is made backward, that is, mix the dry flour and sugar together, then add the boiling water and, lastly, the butter and flavoring.

The wild flavor can be removed from rabbits and water fowl by soaking them over night in sweet milk.

Nobody likes to remove the eyes from a pineapple, but it can be done in a very short time if it is the first cut in slices. The slices can then be easily and quickly pared.

Bread is ready for the oven if, when touched with the finger, the dough springs back, leaving no dent. The old theory that bread must be kneaded stiff with flour in order to be good is not altogether reliable. It is much easier to work if mixed soft, rises quicker and is just as delicious as if made the old way.

Lemons will keep for a long time if placed on a shelf in a cool, dry place and covered with glass tumblers.

Chicken loses much of its delicate flavor if put on to cook in too much water and allowed to boil furiously It should simmer gently until the water is nearly evaporated from the juices. The salt should not be added until the last hour of cooking.

If apples intended for a fruit salad are pared with a silver knife and put into cold water that has a drop or two of lemon juice in it, they will not turn dark.

Lard is much nicer for pastry, and, indeed, for every purpose for which it is used, if, when it is rendered, it is mixed with suet in the proportion of one-third suet to two-thirds lard. Suet cannot be rendered in water, but should be placed in a dripping-pan and set in the oven to bake out. The lard and suet should then be put together before they are strained.

THE CARE OF OILCLOTH.

When washing oilcloth, whether for the table or floor, use no soap if desirous of preserving the polish. Skim-milk is serviceable, but milk rots rubber. Hot vessels, onion juice, and such drippings discolor light oilcloth. Varnish floor oilcloths and linoleums fall and spring, to rejuvenate their appearance and to lengthen their days of use. Heavy canvas, painted yellow and spotted with shadier colors, makes a durable and handsome kitchen or entry carpet. New canvas absorbs much paint, but will outwear many common oilcloths, washes easily, and saves the floor and the good wife's muscle. Wherever else one may economize, let it not be in floor paint. Next to washing and hot weather cooking scrubbing comes on the list of wife killers.

FIG POINTERS.

Cutting figs with scissors, instead of chopping them in a tray in the old-fashioned way, is much easier. The sticky, tough nature of the figs makes chopping them a long and hard job. They can easily, and quickly be cut into tiniest of pieces with a pair of scissors and a great saving made in time and strength. The white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and mixed with the figs, after they have been boiled into a thick, smooth paste, with the addition of a little sugar, makes a tasty and delicious filling for layer cake.

FOR TABLE DECORATION.

A few sprigs of wandering Jew in a vase of water make a pretty centrepiece for the dining table that will last all winter. It will grow and thrive as well in water as in earth, and though it requires light, sunshine is not necessary to its existence. So it can be kept on the table continually. All that is needed is to keep the vase well filled with water.

FOR SURGICAL WORK.

Surgeons Are Interested in New Cinematograph.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Mail says:

Dr. Doyen, the eminent French surgeon, has invented an apparatus which is likely to excite considerable interest in the scientific world. The novelty consists of an ingenious appliance by means of which cinematographic projections are thrown upon the screen with the relief which accompanies the object in nature.

Dr. Doyen was good enough to receive me in his splendidly-equipped institute in the Rue Piccini. In a room off the operating theatre was fixed an ordinary cinematograph, and when the instrument was set in motion I saw Dr. Doyen and two assistants engaged in an operation for the removal of an abdominal cyst.

At first I remarked nothing unusual, but when Dr. Doyen said, "Now look through that." I took hold of something which appeared to be a padlock, but which, on examination, I found to consist of two small semi-circular aluminum plates, with some mechanism between, and a couple of apertures for the eyes.

As soon as I looked through this the scene was changed. Instead of the usual cinematograph picture, with everything on the same plane I saw Dr. Doyen, in his operating blouse, standing in the foreground, his skilful hands manupulating sharp, wicked-looking instruments, his assistant helping him on the other side of the "subject," and another doctor administering the chloroform which kept the patient unconscious of the great crisis through which he was passing.

The illusion was perfect, and while the cinematograph band was running off the picture it all seemed so life-like that the spectator felt as if he were actually present at the operation.

The utility of the invention consists in the possibility of displaying before the eyes of almost any number of students typical surgical operations in their minutest details and in the most lifelike aspect.

THEY BOTH HAD DOUBTS.

A certain professor, who shall be nameless, tells the following good story against himself, relating to an experience he had when crossing the Atlantic from the United States recently. He had been unable to get a state-room for himself, but, on assurances by the purser that he would have for a room-mate some companionable gentleman, he accepted what he could get.

"Now, after a short while," says the narrator, "I began to find myself thinking of some valuables that I had about me, and went with them finally to the purser, to entrust them to his keeping.

"'I would explain to you,' I said to the purser, 'that I am very much pleased with my room-mate. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that—that is—I wouldn't have you think my coming to you with these valuables is—er—a—any reflection upon him, you know. His appearance is in every way——'

"And here," the narrator says, "the purser interrupted me, with a somewhat broad smile.

"'Yes, sir, it's all right; he has come to me with some valuables also, and he says the very same thing about you.'"

HOUSES THAT ROTATE.

The novel house of Eugene Petit, a French architect, turns to the sun at the will of its occupants. It is mounted on a steel platform, which is rotated on ball bearings by a pinion geared in a circular set of teeth. An ordinary three-storey dwelling can be turned by two men. Water, gas and electricity are brought in through a central passage and sewage finds its exit in a similar way. Hauses of this kind, costing not more than 10 per cent above the ordinary, are required for the patients of Dr. Pellegrin, the advocate of heliotherapy.

It's funny how a man will blow up his wife because the telephone won't work, when he doesn't dare ask the cook for hot water to shave.

It's as difficult to see how many makes the man as it is to see how some men make their money.

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IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET

WIDOWERS ARE AT A DECIDED PREMIUM.

A Man Who Has Been Married Before Understand Women Better,

A girl remarked not long ago, with reference to the impending marriage of a friend, "Really, and the man a widower?"

Does this mean that a prejudice exists against widowers? Evidently it does, but why? There is surely no good reason why they should not make as desirable husbands as any man; indeed, one would think they would make better husbands upon the whole.

Do they not, having been married, known all about women's little ways, her little eccentricities, her humors, and such like? They should, for in these things one woman is singularly like another.

The main argument in favor of girls marrying widowers is this, namely, that widowers know what to avoid, as well as what to do. The one is as important as the other, if not more important.

A widower knows the kind of things which offend or raise the temper of women, he has learned when it is unwise to use his tongue: he understands the many signs which show that trouble is likely to arise, and in obedience to them, he acts in a manner calculated to keep matters going smoothly.

HAS NO GREENNESS.

Then the "greenness" is off a widower. He has had experience of married life, and can guide a wife in many ways, and he is more tolerant than the average hot-headed youth; he knows that woman is a creature of moods and fancies, and acts accordingly. Therefore, a girl marrying a widower will, certainly have much more of her own way than if she married a single man.

The first year of married life is usually a somewhat difficult time for a young wife. She has so many things to learn, so many trifling items to discover; and, of course, if she married a bachelor he is in the same boat.

The first year is a time of surprises—some pleasant, others distinctly the reverse.

If a girl marries a widower, however, she won't have such a long time of the surprise business. He will be able to teach her many things. The girl, in fact, is in the hands of one who, if he be a sensible man, is a capital tutor and wise counsellor.

GIRL HAS EASY TIME.

Now these things greatly trouble a young and experienced couple. They don't know what to do; often enough a neighbor has to be asked for advice. One can thus see that the girl who marries a widower has an easier time of it from the start than if she married a youth who had never been through the matrimonial mill.

A young couple, too, are often bothered with relations, some advising one thing, some another. You have no idea what a nuisance relatives are to a newly wedded couple. But the widower will soon put his foot down on that sort of thing; he remembers what it was before. He will have none of it, and relatives are kept at a distance.

It cannot be explained here all that this last sentence means, but if any girl asks a few married women about the bother connected with relations she will get her eyes opened with a vengeance.

HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE.

A widower, having been married, knows the right kind of women to select as friends for his wife; the average young man cannot be expected to gauge the character of different women accurately. The married man can, as a rule, and thus the girl who weds a widower is kept right, so far as society goes.

It has been said that a widower makes a harsh husband, but this is not true. He may not be so loving or sentimental as the average youth, but there is more real worth in the love he does display.

A widower is really very tender with a girl, and treats his young wife with great respect, and as something to be greatly treasured.

It must be granted that a girl who marries a widower does not thoroughly appreciate what the early days of matrimony really mean, in the usual sense. Her life is much smoother; there are not the worries, the battles, the inconveniences, which are so common when two single persons wed.

TO-DAY.

How little we think, my brother,
When the evening shadows fall
O'er the light of day
As it fades away
For ever beyond recall,
That the day has gone for ever
With the sunset of the west,
And the toiling hands
Of a hundred lands
Are one day nearest rest!

But a fleeting time to tarry
In journeying down life's way,
So put all your might
In the good old fight,
For now is the time—to-day;
There's sunshine in the midnight,
There's starlight in the clouds,
If only you keep a courage true,
Though dire misfortune crowds.

It's hope that will buoy ambition,
It's grit that will pull you through—
It's ever a work,
With never a shirk,
And a grim resolve to do;
The living present is with you—
Improve it while you may;
Procrastinate and you challenge Fate—
Now is the time—to-day.

Wife: "The Swintons are going to move out of this neighborhood after being here a year." Husband: "That's strange. All the people are just getting to know them now." Wife: "Yes, that's why they are going."