

UNTIL DEATH.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give

A DAY IN TADOUSSAC.

When the head of the shipping firm of Freyteau, Wall et Cie, in Montreal sent young Noel as their agent along the lower St. Lawrence, the other partners grumbled loudly.

The two men, one August afternoon, met in the orchard of arid pension behind the village. The wind was frosty, and Noel brought a bench out from under the trees into the open sunshine, for a young girl who was with them.

James Wall sat down upon it beside her, crossed his legs comfortably, drew out the Quebec paper, and looked at the quotations in lumber.

Mr. Wall shuddered, then laughed, compassionately glancing at Miss Page. They were both admirable musicians and often sang together with that accuracy and neatness of effect which peculiarly marked the words and movements of both.

James Wall's thick tones grew complacent and intimate with Miss Page. Were they not both Americans? This Noel, and all unfortunate foreigners belonged to the great Ultima Thule outside of the States.

Mr. Wall scanned her over his paper, pursing his thick lips with gusto. He had been calculating her merits, and defects for a long time, but his mind was now made up. True, she had not money enough to pay her share of the board bill, nor brilliant beauty to push them on socially at Montreal.

"Noel!" he called; "here, Noel!" (It was just as well to let her know their relative positions, and that this scampish fellow, whose infatuation for her was the talk of the village, was only the partner of the firm.)

"Bring me that money!" he said very sharply. Louis ran up to his chamber. There were steps overhead, then a pause. Ten minutes, half an hour passed. Then the door opened, and he stood on the threshold. He looked shrunken and years older than when he went in.

At the foot of the hill rolled the silent, fathomless tide of the Saguenay—that mystery of the North, black as the line drawn by death through the live beauty and comfort of the hills and villages. Just then the notes of a French horn filled the air with a melancholy sobbing.

fellows—his comrades—on the pier caught sight of Noel. "Hil hil Louis!" they called. He shouted back, waving his hat to Pere Mathieu, who laughed and nodded. Two Sisters of Mercy, paing decorously in their black robes to the church, glanced furtively up and smiled to each other. The whole village knew and liked the merry fellow and the old father of whom he was so fond.

The gate clicked. Wall, tired of waiting for him, had gone angrily away. "Thanks to God!" said Noel. He hurried toward Hester, then stopped short in a spasm of shame. Who was he? To go to her to ask her to give herself to him? The best man in the world was not fit to touch her.

"I heard you singing, Monsieur Noel," she said, after a while. "Oh! Did you like my voice?" eagerly. "My father does. I don't know. He is a great musician. Perhaps—you would like me to sing to you now?"

"No," Hester smiled. "You—you can talk to me instead," she added shyly. He did not answer. He rose slowly, and leaning against a tree, looked steadily down into her face. She saw how he trembled, though she did not raise her eyes.

"Hester," he broke out at last, "you must have known it this long time! I suppose it seems like mad folly to you. I know! I'm only Louis Noel. I'm a headlong, good-for-nothing fellow! But—"

"No, don't speak yet!" he cried. "Don't send me away yet! I know the Americans think me flighty—a vaurious. But I can work. I can make you such a happy home here in Tadoussac."

Hester looked at him thoughtfully. She had known for a year that each of these two men would ask her to be his wife, and she knew precisely what answer she would give them, but she was not going to be hurried out of her orderly course.

"The money," stammered Noel; "it is in a sealed package. Is it necessary to count it?" "The money? Gone? What do you mean?"

"The package. I sealed it yesterday. I locked it in my desk—"

"Bring me that money!" he said. Noel pushed him away steadily. "Keep your hands off of me. I must think—this means more to me than to you."

"It means ruin to you. Look at me, Noel. This will not surprise the firm. They have long suspected you. You cannot pass it off as an accident. Now, listen. If that money is not within my hands in an hour, I must return to Montreal to-night, and will make all known. Even if Freyteau will not consent to your arrest, you will be discharged." Then he lowered his voice.

"What of Miss Page?" said a clear voice behind him. Louis stood up. Wall turned and faced her, a slow heat of triumph resting in his heavy jaws and half-shut blue eyes.

Not for Freyteau, I would order your arrest at once." He turned irresolutely to Miss Page, bowed, and without speaking left the room, going immediately down to the little steamer that lay at the pier.

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his well-kept nails as though in embarrassment. "He returns to the firm—there is a deficiency of several thousand pounds."

Hester went quickly up to Noel. There was something wholesome and invigorating in her decisive step, in the keen common sense lighting her brown eyes.

"I have not spent the money. It was in my desk yesterday." She looked at him a moment, then for the first time in her life laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur Noel, you are not yourself! You have been robbed. Why do you stand here? Why do you not make search? Arrest the servants?" Noel avoided her eye. "I will not do that," he said. "They did not take it."

"He does not understand of what you accuse him," she said impatiently to Wall, who laughed contemptuously. "I do understand. I will search for the money again." He turned to Wall: "The boat will not be in for an hour. Give me that time."

"Unfortunately," he said, "suspicion has been directed against this young man for some time. A charming fellow, too! A thousand pities!"

Noel, on the upper floor, halted at the door of a chamber next to his own. Within the French horn sounded a wailing cry. He stood a minute, drew a long breath of gathered strength, and went in smiling. M. Noel, seated by the window, rose quickly to meet him, laying down his instrument carefully.

"It is time for our walk, my son," he said, speaking the pure French of the old families of Quebec. Louis, with the smile still on his face, placed a chair. "We will talk a little first, father."

"He is alive," he said. "Carry him—"

"With my music, Louis, and I strolled across the mountains."

"With these also?" taking from a drawer a pack of greasy cards. M. Noel started up pale and trembling as a guilty child.

"You hide it as you used to do? Here—where Jacques cannot find it?"

"There was some money in a package in my desk, father. It is gone. Do you know where it is?"

"The tenderness faded out of the blue eyes. They grew by turns perplexed, vacant, then cunning. "Ah, Louis! You want to find out my hiding-places to store your money. Val Val! We old people have our little secrets, eh?"

"No, no! It's all right, father, all right," kneeling down before him and soothing him. He thought if he told him the truth surely God would waken some spark of intelligence in the poor dead brain to help him.

"The money is gone, Wall," he said. "The money? Gone? What do you mean?"

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How Globes are Built.

This heading has no astronomical meaning; it refers to mechanical manipulation. Our library and school educational globes have perhaps been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind—they being so light, so easily turned on their axis, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radial pieces, from centre to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere.

The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mold and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sandpaper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coat of paint or enamel that will take a clean smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly the same as though the peel of an orange was cut from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland, generally, although there are two or three establishments elsewhere which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections, the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagos and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe making, and yet it appears to be easy, because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fall-nesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians and stands—is finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.

The changes which have been going on in the Holy Land are beginning to make themselves felt by the tourist. While Palestine must for a long time wear the oriental aspect it has maintained from time immemorial, it shows already the distinctive marks of modern times and western progress. A good carriage road has been built from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and thence to Bethlehem. A telegraph wire runs from the seaboard to the interior, offices being established at "Nablour, the old city of Shechem, where Jacob's well was, and where the blessing and the cursing were read from Ebel and Gerizim, also at Nazareth, Tiberias and Damascus."

When James Wall, clothed and in his right mind, entered the pension an hour or two later, he found the three together chattering and laughing. They grew silent as he approached. "They tell me I owe you my life, Noel," he said, hoarsely.

Louis turned away. It hurt him to see the man's humiliation. It did not hurt Hester one whit.

"Here is the money," she said, sweetly smiling, tapping the package. "Monsieur Noel will himself transmit it to Montreal."

Wall looked into the soft, taunting eyes, one breathless moment. "I did it for you, woman," he said, and turned away.

Louis Noel never mentioned Wall's name after that day. But his wife often did, always adding: "There was much good in that man, after all."

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One pint of boiling water, two tablespoons of butter, a pinch of salt, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of flour to taste.

Dogs and Snakes.

Mr. Titworth, living in what is known as "the Ciove," a delightful part of the roadway a short distance from Deekertown, N. Y., is the possessor of a large and powerful Newfoundland dog called Rover. Of large and commanding stature, Rover has a kindly eye, and is one of the most intelligent beasts in the country. One Sunday last winter, when the family returned from Deekertown, where they had been attending church, Rover did not greet them as was his invariable custom. The members of the family were quick to notice his absence. After they had been but a short time in the house they were startled by the low baying of Rover, and on opening the door the dog rushed in on them, and going over to where Mr. Titworth stood he looked up appealingly in his face, and gave utterance to low sounds of distress and tagged at his master's feet. At Mrs. Titworth's suggestion a lantern was procured and Rover was followed to the stables, where five cows had been yoked together in their stalls. A heavy beam had fallen out of its socket and the cows, when found, were prostrated with this beam over their necks. A few hours more and the whole number would have perished. They were speedily liberated from their perilous position.

This is but one of the many instances where Rover has displayed his rare intelligence. When Mr. Titworth is at home the dog seldom notices Mrs. Titworth, but when his master is away from home Rover follows her and watches her every move with jealous care. A few days ago the lady planted a few Virginia creeper vines down in the lower end of her garden, for the purpose of having them cover an old water wheel that many years ago served to do the churning on the large farm. Recently she went to see how the vines were prospering, when she was horrified at seeing an immense blacksnake coiled up on the water wheel, apparently sunning itself. The lady was startled, but quickly regaining her courage she called for Rover, and the faithful beast was sent by her side. Pointing out the reptile to the dog, without a single utterance, Mrs. Titworth stepped aside to witness the fray. Although thirteen years old, Rover is still very game, and in another instant he had attacked the snake with a ferocity quite remarkable for one of his age, and in a few minutes it lay dead on the grass. Mrs. Titworth was about to leave the place when she heard a hissing noise, and, looking around, she saw the mate of the dead snake coiled up and ready to strike her. Rover, although nearly exhausted from his combat, quickly attacked the second snake and succeeded in dispatching it. In a few minutes countless numbers of small snakes issued from the mother snake and sought refuge in the grass. These small snakes varied in length from two to four inches, and displayed great activity. The old snakes were measured by a farm hand. One was found to be six feet and a few inches and the other nearly seven feet in length.

A man who had not been long in this country was employed as a domestic in a family, and upon one occasion he was sent to the express office to obtain a package. He was about to leave with it when the clerk called his attention to the three letters C. O. D.

Pat had no idea what the letters meant, but he cleverly guessed at them. "It's all right," he said; "the old man's good for the money."

"But you know what these letters say, Pat?" "Indade I do. Call On Dad. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

There is almost a pathetic truth in the understanding conveyed in this old story. Many a man is hounded to death by the unreasonableness called made upon him by the members of the family who are educated up to this very end by himself, at first in that fond, slavish spirit of indulgence which the American father displays toward his children, as if it was some kind of unthinking mechanical pet, and afterwards on the unfeeling principle that they who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Business is dull, notes must be met, but appearances must be kept up. Mrs. Shoddy is going to the seashore. "Our girls" must go, the money is to come out of "dad."

At first he refuses firmly, but as one reason after another is brought to bear on him like a battering-ram of persuasion, he gives way. New bonnets, new dresses are bought, a railway journey's expenses defrayed, and that is only the beginning. Incidental expenses are always the straws that break the patient camel's back. They accumulate in heaps, stacks, and at last rise to the dignity of a monument, a rider which has a pale, peaceful man, no longer pursued by the legend: "Call on dad."

The Director-General of the New Orleans Exposition says that Mexico bids fair to redeem its promise to "astonish the world" with its exhibits in that city next winter. A Mexican architect has just completed details for the Mexican buildings, which are to be constructed of iron, wood and glass. In the centre of the Mexican Garden a Moorish octagonal building will be erected. In the inner court of the portico is to be a specimen of silver, valued at \$240,000, supported on amethyst pillars. One palm tree for this garden required the work of more than 200 natives to take up and transport it. It is a source of satisfaction that our sister republic can show such indications of progress and prosperity.

Lead baths in tempering mill-picks have taken the place of everything else. The picks come out of the bath clear, and the temper can be well defined. Oil is also being used for cooling instead of water.

AIR SLAKED lime dusted over the plants while the soil is unquestionably beneficial, and in dry weather its effects are quite lasting.

Clear Water.

At Lake George the water is so clear and the sand at the bottom so clean that the depth can be appreciated, and the ease of drowning is apparent there. A mother of a six-year-old boy, while averse to denying him the pleasure of boating, sought to rob it of its perils. She said to herself that he would be safe if he couldn't fall overboard; and so, having set him carefully in the exact centre of the broadest seat in the craft, she fastened him down by driving a series of tacks through the slack of his favourite book and corner of the piazza. Soon there arose an outcry that a boat had capsized in the lake. The scream with which she received the news was quite articulate. It called frantically for a tack hammer with which to arm the man who should dive for her boy. "Gracious me!" she remarked, after the alarm was found to have been baseless; "I guess my inventive genius isn't comprehensive enough to be reliable."

HEADACHE almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.