CHAPTER XIX.

Of that night's fatal work the countryside remains in complete ignorance. Of Mr. Dysart's sudden death it hears the following morning with a feeling of strong curiosity, but with none of regret. The funeral that takes place on the third day is small, certainly, yet, considering all things—the dead man's open hostility to his neighbors, and the dearth of hospitality that characterized his sojourn among them—larger than might have been expected, and at all events select. Among others Lord Riversdale attended—out of compliment, it was supposed, to Seaton, as he and the old man had never so much as seen each other's features.

But it was found impossible to conceal the existence of Sedley from the two girls. Peyton had undertaken to give them a rather careful account of what had happened; and in truth, when all was told, he was almost as much at sea about it as they were, as the stranger remained a stranger to him. Sedley had determined to reveal the secret hold he had had on Mr. Dysart to Seaton, thinking the latter would make good his father's promises.

It is in the old man's private den that he does this. Going up to the old-fashioned bureau he, by a subtle touch, unlocks the secret spring.

The door falls back, the hidden shelves and their contents lie all unconcealed. Seizing upon a fast yellowing parchment, Sedley draws it out, and overcome by fatigue and excitement, drops upon his knees. Eagerly he opens and scans it, and then holds it out to Dysart.

"Compare that," says he, in a high tone of triumph, "with the will of your grandfather, that left all to Gregory Dysart, cutting out the elder son. Compare it, I say, and you will see that this was executed three years later than that other—that other which is now in force, and has been these twenty years."

Mechanically Dysart takes it. No word escapes him. Speech, indeed, is impossible to him, so busy is his mind trying to take in all the miserable dishonor of the story that as yet has but the bald outlines laid before him.

"No one knew of it but me," says Sedley, feverishly, yet with an undercurrent of delicious excitement in the recital. "But me and Grunch. What she made out of it no one can tell, as the old chap's gone, but she's as knowing a file in my opinion as you'd meet in a day's walk. You can see our two signatures. Eh, can't you read 'em? We witnessed it. We alone knew, and he bought us over. Well, 'twas worth a quid or two; 'tis a fine old place."

Dysart makes no answer. He has supported himself against a table near him, and is gazing blankly, hopelessly, through the window at the dull landscape outside. He sees nothing, heeds nothing, save the voice of the man who is speaking.

"'Twas felony, mind you, besides the fact of having to give up the money, and property, and all, so I knew I could turn on the screw as tight as I liked. But," he laughs, "you see, I counted without my host. I never dreamed the old man would show fight like that. He took it hardly, my return—guess he believed me dead, and resented the breath in me—and I shouldn't wonder if, after all these years, he had got to believe the place, money and everything, was legally his own."

Still Dysart says nothing. He has indeed withdrawn his dull eyes from the scene without, and is now staring with unseeing eyes at the parchment that tells him how the property was never his father's, but was left to his uncle, and how his father suppressed the will, and kept the property in spite of law and honor, and all things that go to give a sweet savor to man's life on earth. It had never been his father's, all this huge property, it never would be his. And if not, whose? Vera's? He starts as if shot.

"Is that all?" he asks.

"Well, no. Not quite. Your face says very politely that you'd be glad to see my back, but business first, pleasure afterward." He grins. "It is as good for us to come to terms now as later."

"Terms?" repeats Dysart, gazing at him darkly.

"Ay, why not? D'ye think you'll get out of it scot free?"

Dysart stares at him as if scarcely comprehending.

"Want time to think it over like your respected parent?" with a sneer. "Not for me, my lad. We'll settle now or never. You see you're in my power, and I'm not the one to——"

"Sir, I am in no man's power," says Dysart, calmly. "I trust I never shall be. This will," striking it with his hand, "through which my uncle and his daughter have been—been fraudulently"—he says the word with difficulty—"kept out of their property for so many years, shall be at once restored to its proper owner."

A yellow tint overspreads Sedley's face. As if entirely overcome, he sinks upon a chair.

"You'll surrender?" he says with a gasp. "And your father's memory? How will you like to hear him branded as a common swindler, whom death alone saved from the law's grip?"

Dysart blanches. Involuntarily he puts out his hand and seizes the chair next him and clings to it as if for support. No, no, that he could not endure.

"I will give you £500 the day I see you on board a steamer sailing for Australia," says Dysart with dry lips and a heart that seems dead within him. "I am now, comparatively speaking, a poor man," his words coming from him slowly, mechanically, in a dull, expressionless way. "I can offer you no more."

"Double it," says Sedley, "and I'll leave the country to-morrow."

"I haven't it at this moment, but I dare say I shall be able to manage it," says Dysart, in the same wornout, indifferent manner. "In the meantime, while I try to get it, I shall require of you that you stay within this house and hold speech with no one save Grunch."

"Well, I guess I'll chance it," says Sedley after a long glance at the young man's pale, earnest face.

CHAPTER XX.

With the fatal will clasped in his hand, Dysart goes straight to the small morning room, where he knows he will be sure to find Vera. Twilight is beginning to fall, and already the swift herald of night is proclaiming the approach of his king. She starts slightly as he comes in.

"I am sorry to disturb you," says Dysart, with an effort at calmness, "but it was so necessary that I should come, that——"

"I am glad you have come. I, too, was anxious to see you," says Vera, a touch of nervousness in her tone. "I—you must know it is impossible that we should stay here any longer. Our uncle, who was our guardian, is gone and"—she has risen to her feet and is looking at him in sore distress—"I have wanted to speak to you about it for a long time; I thought, perhaps, you would help us to find another home." He can see that she suffers terribly in having to throw herself upon his good nature, to openly demand his assistance. "We must leave this, and at once," says she, stammering a little, and with a slight miserable break in her voice.

"You will not have to look for another home," says he; "this is your own house."

"Oh, no!" drawing back with a haughty gesture; "I have told you it is impossible. I shall certainly not stay here."

"As you will," quite as haughtily. "It will be in your power for the future to reside exactly where you please, but if the fear of seeing me here is deciding you against this place, pray be satisfied on that point: I have no longer the smallest claim to consider myself master here."

Warned by a change in his manner, Vera looks at him.

"Something has happened?" she says, abruptly.

"Yes; something I find it difficult to explain to you."

Still he manages to tell her all and to show her her grandfather's will—the will which his father had suppressed all these years.

"But this is horrible!" she says, faintly, when he had finished. "I won't have it!" She throws out her hands as though in renunciation. "Why should I deprive you of your home? Give me enough to live on elsewhere with Griselda, but——"

"You are quick to fall into error," says he, grimly. "I have begged you already to try to grasp the situation. It is I, it appears, I who"—he hesitates, and after finding it impossible to speak of his father, goes on—"who have deprived you of your home. You must see that. I beg," slowly, "that you will not permit yourself any further foolish discussion on this subject."

He turns away abruptly. There is something so solitary, so utterly alone in his whole air, that without giving herself time for thought she springs to her feet and calls to him.

"Where are you going? To sit alone? To brood over all this? Oh, do not. Why," going swiftly to him and standing before him with downcast lips and trembling fingers and quickened breath, "why not stay here with me for a little while and let us discuss all this together and try to see a way out of it?"

"My way is plain before me; it wants no discussion," says Dysart, resolutely, refusing to look at her.

"You mean," tremulously, "that you will not stay?" One white hand hanging at her side closes upon a fold of her soft black gown and crushes it convulsively.

"I mean," in an uncompromising tone, "that I fully understand your mistaken kindness—the sacrifice of your inclinations you would make—and decline to profit by it."

"You are disingenuous. What you really mean is," in a low tone, "that you will not forgive."

"There is nothing to forgive, save my presumption."

He opens the door deliberately and closes it with a firm hand behind him. Vera, left standing thus cavalierly in the middle of the room, with the knowledge full upon her that she has been slighted, spurned, her kind intentions ruthlessly flung back upon her, lets the quick, passionate blood rise upward, until it dyes cheek and brow. She presses her hand upon her throbbing heart, and then all at once it comes to her that she is no longer poor, forlorn, but rich, one of the richest commoners in England. And with this comes, too, a sense of deeper desolation than she has as yet known. Dropping into a chair, she covers her face with her hands and cries as if her heart is broken.

CHAPTER XXI.

Three months have come and gone.

Great changes have these three months brought. They have unhoused Seaton Dysart and given his inheritance into the hands, the most unwilling hands, of his cousin. Hands too small to wield so large a scepter.

But Mr. Peyton has nobly come to her rescue. It is to him that most of the innovations owe their birth. The handsome landau, the pony trap, the single brougham, all have been bought by him. He has perfectly reveled in the choosing of them, and but for perforce dragged the reluctant Vera up and down to town, aided manfully by Griselda, now his wife, who has also been reveling, to view the several carriages, and give her verdict thereon.

To-day is rich in storm and rain. The heavens seem to have opened. Down from their watery home come the heavy drops, deluging the gaunt shrubberies, and beating into the sodden earth such presumptuous anemones and daffodils as have pushed their way too early to the front to show their faces. Vera has just ensconced herself cozily before the leaping fire, book in hand, having resigned all hope of seeing visitors today, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel outside the window, the echo of a resounding knock, startle her out of her contemplated repose.

And now there is a little quick rush through the hall, a springing step up the staircase, the rustle of silken skirts in the ante-room beyond, a voice that makes Vera start eagerly to her feet, and presently Mrs. Peyton, looking supremely happy, and, therefore, charming, flings herself into her sister's arms.

"Oh, I am too glad to be surprised," says Vera, fondly.

"You're an improvident person," says Mrs. Peyton, beaming on her from out the masses of furs that clothe her dainty form. "Grace telegraphed for us, to help her with a dinner party that is to come off to-night; so come we did. And, being so close to you, I felt I should see you or die."

"It's selfish, I know, but I'm so glad to have you. Let me take off your furs. What a delicious coat! You hadn't that when I was down with you, eh?"

"No. It's a new one. Tom gave it to me. He's absurder than ever. But I haven't braved the elements to talk about him. It is about Seaton I want to tell you."

"Seaton? To come out such a day as this to talk of Seaton! But why? It must be something very serious," says Vera, changing color perceptibly.

"Vera, I cannot help regarding us—you and me—as in part criminals. Poor, dear fellow, it must have been a blow to lose everything in one fell swoop. And yet what more could we have done than what we did do? To the half of our kingdom we offered him, but, as you know, he would none of us!"

"I know all that. We have discussed it a thousand times."

"The face is, Seaton is leaving England forever, and he has a desire, a longing he cannot subdue, and, I'm sure, a most natural one, to see his old home before he goes."

"Well?" says Vera, coldly.

"Well," in exactly the same tone, with a little mockery thrown in, "that's the whole of it. He wants to get a last look at the old place before leaving it forever. At least, that is how he puts it. Can he come? that is the question. I really think it would be only decent if you were to drop him a line and ask him. It would be the most graceful thing, at all events."

An hour later Griselda drives back to the F'Ogars with the coveted note from Vera to Seaton in her hand.

(To be continued.)

BREAD 1,800 YEARS OLD.

Loaves that Were Being Baked When Pompeii Was Destroyed.

Sufferers from indigestion are advised to eat stale bread; the staler the better, they are told. There is in the museum at Naples some bread which ought to be stale enough for anybody. It was baked one day in August, 79 A. D., in one of the curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii.

More than eighteen centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the oldest bread in the world. You may see it in a glass case on the upper floor of the museum. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name.

In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized, and if eaten would probably remind one of charcoal biscuits. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and were most likely raised with leaven, as is most of the bread in oriental countries at the present time.

The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called by the Italians lapilli. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over to a depth in places of fifteen and even twenty feet.

Other comestibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There are various kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shriveled, as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honeycomb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out. It is so well preserved that it is hard to realize that the comb is no longer wax, nor the honey, honey.

A piece of the comb seems to have been cut out, and one can imagine some young Pompeiian having helped himself to it and sitting down to eat it, when he had to jump up and fly for his life. One cannot help wondering what became of the piece—whether the young fellow took it with him and ate it as he ran, or whether he left it on his plate, intending to return for it when the eruption was over.

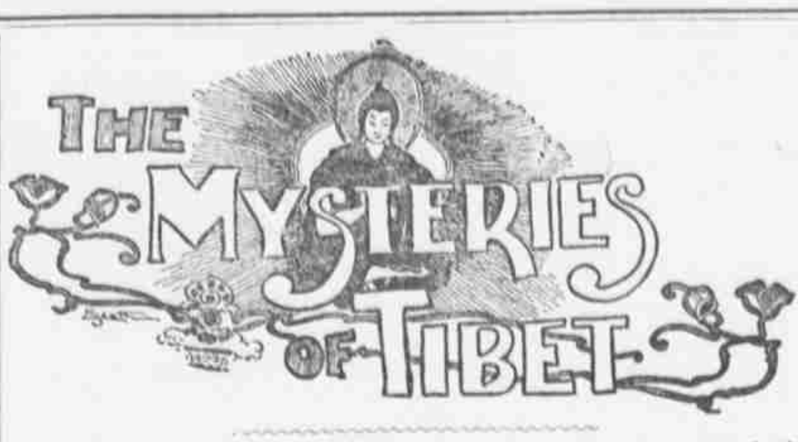
Made It Herself.

"Did you dream on Amy's wedding cake?"

"Mm—yes; I thought it was safer to put it under my pillow and dream on it than to eat it and have the nightmare."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence; else who could bear it.—Rowe.



Tibet, the one land of mystery yet remaining in the world, has at last been invaded by the photographic camera. Every foot of Africa has been explored and that continent is now gridironed with railroads. The railroad also runs through the whole length of Northern Asia. But in the heart of Asia is one great mysterious, semi-savage land, guarded by stupendous mountains, from which the innovating white man is fiercely excluded. That is Tibet. It seems as if all the strangest and most fantastic customs on earth had taken refuge in this last retreat, for there one woman has many husbands, the ruler is a child who dies before he comes of age, the inhabitants wash themselves with butter and pray by machinery.

The attempts of the Tibetan government to keep foreigners absolutely beyond the borders of Tibet have not been entirely successful, but they have succeeded in keeping them away from the sacred white city of Lhasa, in the heart of the land. That is the holy of holies, the mystery of mysteries, where the Grand Dalai Lama dreams away his sacred, but brief existence. Explorers from time to time cross the wild mountain borders, but they must advance amid great natural difficulties and in face of a murderous population. The rulers at Lhasa hear of their coming months before they can reach the capital, and can make ample arrangements for murdering them. When Henry Savage Landor crossed the frontier in an attempt to reach Lhasa, he was seized, tortured and barely escaped with his life. Mr. William Woodville Rockhill, the distinguished diplomat, lately special American envoy in China, has explored Eastern Tibet and written the most valuable modern account of the people and their customs. He did not try to reach Lhasa.

Tibet lies between India, Asiatic Russia and China. On the southern side are the Himalaya Mountains, the highest in the world, and the whole of Tibet consists of mountainous table land, rising 20,000 feet and more above the sea land. The inhabitants die of bilious fever when taken to a normal level. On the northern or Russian side are great deserts. The least explored part of China lies on the remaining side. Tibet has an absolute religious government or theocracy. The head of it is the Grand or Dalai Lama at Lhasa, who is supposed to be an incarnation of Buddha, but the real ruler is a person, curiously named "the Gyalpo," or temporal chief. He, too, is a lama.

Years ago the lamas were not so anxious about excluding foreigners from their land as now, probably because they believed the visitors would reverence their greatness. It is one hundred and forty-one years since the Jesuit priests were expelled from Tibet, but even for many years after that it was not difficult for a foreigner observing the Buddhist religion to enter the country. In 1811 an Englishman named Manning entered Lhasa disguised as a lama, and in 1846 the French priests, Fathers Huc and Gabet, did the same thing. But since then no white man has seen the sacred city. Every one attempting to approach has been killed.

This fierce exclusiveness has naturally stirred civilized curiosity to the uttermost and much information has been gathered from Asiatic Buddhists concerning the Sacred City. This curiosity has now received an unusual gratification in a remarkable series of photographs of the Holy City and its most holy places. These were all obtained by Asiatics. One of them was a Kalmuk chief named Ovche Novzounof, a Russian subject, and the other a member of the Nepal Embassy to China. Nepal is a native state between India and Tibet. These photographs confirm the most extraordinary statements that have been made concerning the place. The Potala or Grand Lama's abode is situated on a steep rock, about 1,500 feet high, and rises nine tall stories above that into the sky. The lower stories are occupied by the Gyalpo and hundreds of Lamas, while the Grand Lama is hidden away at the top.

The Grand Lama, who is regarded as a reincarnation of Buddha, is usually chosen at the age of five or six. Under the influence of the Gyalpo he dies of some mysterious malady at the age of fifteen or sixteen. His spirit then passes into another child. Fathers Huc and Gabet are the only white men who have left a description of the enthronement of a new Grand Lama. When one dies the Tibetans watch for a rainbow, and when this appears it is a sign of aid from Buddha. The lamas come out in procession and their oldest member says to them: "Your Grand Lama has reappeared in Tibet at such a distance from your Lamasery. You will find him in such a family."

The lamas go to the place named and there they find a child who always proves to be the true reincarnated Grand Lama. Doubtless all this business is arranged by the crafty Gyalpo and his assistants. The poor little Grand Lama is conducted in triumph to the great palace outside Lhasa. There he is hidden in the top of a nine-story palace and never comes forth again. A bell announces to the world that the Grand Lama is installed in the sacred chamber. This enthronement is accompanied by ceremonies so strange and elaborate that it would require volumes to describe them. Each one of the nine stories is the scene of some symbolical and mysterious performance. The Tibetans say that the wealth of the Grand Lama in Potala is ten times that of the rest of the world put together. Outside Lhasa is the sacred grazing ground, where 300 brood mares feed, from whose milk a fermented liquor is prepared for the Grand Lama. A great temple of Lhasa contains the greatest image in the world, called the Jo-Vo, representing Buddha. It is 120 feet high, rises up through four stories and is covered with jewels.

About one-third of the population of Tibet consists of lamas, who dwell in lamaseries, or Buddhist monasteries. They possess practically all the wealth of the country and rule it absolutely. The lamaseries are situated in the most fantastic places, some on the tops of mountains, others on the sides of them, hanging over precipices so that one can only reach them by ropes. The noble philosophy of Buddhism is almost entirely lost among the degrading superstitions and mummeries of these lamas. Many of them do not know its elementary principles.

The lamas of a certain superior order have the strange custom of manifesting their power to die and come back to life. There is another equally interesting class of lamas known as Skooshoks. These are men who have attained such a pitch of virtue that they are fitted to attain Nirvana, the last reward of the Buddhist religion. But, instead of entering Nirvana, the Skooshoks consent to be reincarnated and live again for the good of their fellow men. When an old Skooshok is dying in the flesh, a newly born child is selected and the sacred one transfers his spirit to this child. The new Skooshok is then carried away to a Gompa, or retreat, where he dreams away his life in meditation. It is considered probable that the Mahatmas, about whom considerable has been heard in Europe and America, are really Skooshoks.

It is well known that Buddhists are in the habit of praying with the aid of a wheel, but the extent to which the system is carried in Tibet is impressive. The Buddhist, it should be remembered, has to pass through a long series of incarnations in various animal forms until he has so purged himself of sin that he is fit to enter into Nirvana. The process may be accelerated by prayer, and for convenience the the prayer is written and fastened on a wheel, which the devotee turns. In Tibet a devout and prosperous man has a collection of prayer wheels driven by wind and water power. In this way he may in a few years, make progress which would otherwise occupy millions of years of reincarnations.

Kipling as a Guide Book.

Henry Sturges Ely of Binghamton has just returned from a journay around the world. The trip has induced in him an exalted idea of Rudyard Kipling. "There is no guide book in the far East like him," said Mr. Ely. "The crews of the freighters and tramp steamers and all the deep-sea wanderers know him by heart. He is Baedecker plus imagination, yet an absolutely faithful reporter. Take his line, 'And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the bay.' I not only saw the dawn do that a hundred times from the deck of a tramp steamer on the northeast route from Singapore, but I have heard deck hands quote the phrase. The effect of the line reproduces the phenomenon perfectly—the utter suddenness of it, as if it leaped at you from ambush. It is even truer of the sunset. 'The night comes down like thunder,' he might have said. Kipling as a statesman may or may not be correct, but as a guide book for the East he has no equal."—New York Tribune.

New Wall Paper.

A new wall covering is being placed upon the market. It is an artificial leather and is the invention of a Frenchman. French leather papers have not been sold in this country to anything like the extent they were twenty and even ten years ago. Decoraline and the various high reliefs, Anaglypta, Lincrusta, Lignomur, Camcold and Tynecastle, which lend themselves so readily to decorative treatments, have very properly taken the place of the foreign leathers. The new paper consists of pieces of refuse skin and hides cut exceedingly small, mixed in a vat filled with an intensely alkaline solution.

His Ring.

Mr. Lothario—Who was that girl you just spoke to?

Mr. Benvolio—Why, was her face familiar to you?

Mr. Lothario—No, but one of the rings she's wearing was. I must have been engaged to her once.—Catholic Standard and Times.

SHIPBUILDING OF THE WORLD.

America Ranks Second to England, Including Colonies.

United States Consul Monaghan at Chemnitz has made a report to the State Department in regard to the world's shipbuilding for 1900.

The total number of vessels of over 100 registered tons built during 1900 is given in German returns as 319 sailing vessels and 966 steamships, with a total tonnage of 2,268,938 tons. Of this number, 20 sailing vessels and 70 steamships, with a tonnage of 211,850 tons, were built by Germany.

The following table gives the relative position of the shipbuilding countries for 1900, number of ships and registered tons:

England (exclusive of colonies)	698	1,471,475
America	197	297,931
Germany	90	211,850
France	65	101,318
Italy	37	54,382

According to these figures 10 per cent of the whole falls to Germany.

During the six months ended Dec. 31, 1901, there were built in the United States and officially numbered by the bureau of navigation 717 rigged vessels of 154,073 gross tons, compared with 568 rigged vessels of 179,229 gross tons for the corresponding six months of 1900. Canal boats and unrigged barges are not included.

The principal decline, 19,752 tons, is on the Atlantic seaboard, and is attributable to work on several large ocean steamers, which will be completed during the coming six months. Included in the six months' figures are thirty-eight vessels, each over 1,000 tons and aggregating 103,832 tons. Of these fourteen steel steamers, aggregating 52,310 tons, were built on the great lakes. Four are for the seaboard, two banana steamers, Watson and Buckman, each of 1,820 tons; the Hugoma, 2,182 tons, and the Minnetonka, 5,270 tons. The Minnetonka will be cut in two to pass the canals.

On the seaboard fifteen wooden schooners of 24,864 tons were built, says the Washington Star, five steel steamers for the coasting trade and one steel ferryboat, aggregating 20,964 tons. Square-rigged vessels are the steel ship William P. Frey, 3,374 tons, and two barkentines on the Pacific, aggregating 2,310 tons.

About Gems.

The diamond, although not so rare or precious as the ruby, holds the first place as favorite among precious stones with almost every one. The high estimation in which it is held is due to its remarkable hardness, rarity, and brilliancy. In spite of its beauty, it merely consists of carbon—a simple elementary substance, and in its greatest beauty. Although diamonds are usually colorless and clear, like water, occasionally—from some slight foreign inter-mixture—they are white, gray, yellow, green, brown, and more rarely orange, red, blue or black. The hardness of the gem—as everybody knows—renders it incapable of being scratched by any other substance, and in cutting and polishing diamonds diamond dust is employed. The art of cutting diamonds, although long practiced in India and China, was not known in Europe until after the middle of the fifteenth century.

Poor Actresses' Costumes.

In Germany there is a society for the relief of needy actresses. As ordinary actresses have to supply their own costumes it is often most difficult for those who are poor to obtain good engagements, says Home Notes. Accordingly certain practical philanthropists started a society for their benefit.

The society is now in its second year, and in the first report it is stated that "branches have been established in Berlin, Cologne, Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe and Mannheim, and it is intended to have a branch in every German city of importance before the end of another year. In every city the business of the society is conducted by a joint committee of wealthy society women and the most conspicuous actress in the place. So far the demand for costumes has been much larger than the supply, but this condition has only impelled the women workers to greater activity."

Faith and Works.

A piece of bright class-room repartee comes from a Western college. The professor had been annoyed by the tardy entrance of a student into the lecture-room, and pointedly stopped talking until the man took his seat.

After class the student went to the desk and apologized.

"My watch was fifteen minutes out of the way, sir. It's bothered me a good deal lately, but after this I shall put no more faith in it."

"It's not faith you want in it," replied the professor; "it's works."

British Electric Railway.

The estimate of the cost of constructing the electric railway between Brighton and London is in round figures £7,338,403. The stations will cost £330,000, and accommodation bridges and viaducts £1,128,361, while no less than £2,408,720 is to be spent on tunnels.

Pass It On.

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears.
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on."

Women in Glasgow University.

Among the 2,038 students at Glasgow University last term there were 350 women.

The man who is willing to lend you money to-morrow always wants to borrow to-day.