the refuse of the iron and acres of dead trees from the sulphur fumes, and explored Pleasant river, leaping from one flat stone to another, and gathering in the cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old Chairback and Saddleback Mountain upon its polished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two fierce bear cubs in their cages at the hotel told what the woods contained.

Under Mrs Cronin's touch the plain wooden cottage grew into a home. There were a few pretty pictures and ornaments she had brought with her—the remainder of better days, and Mary helped to arrange them in the bare living room. The curtains of the windows were coarse but white, and the new stove shone resplendent with its silver plated ornamentation and lettering.

"The Star of the East, Bangor, Maine." Mary read on the oven door many times a day.

"Mother," she said, holding her stove-rag in her hand as she knelt before the range. "I always give the name an extra polish, for it seems to mean so much to us. This is our first real home. Nobody under us and nobody over us, and such heaps of room all round!"

Mary's intense delight in all she saw, and the deep gratitude she expressed for all that was done for her, made every one anxious to give her pleasure. She was thoughtful and unselfish and the whole settlement learned to love "Cronin's Daughter."

Was a child unruly? The mother would call Mary in to help her, and soon the unhappy little one was listening with open eyes and dirty mouth expanding into a smile, to her account of some St Patrick's day parade, or a Fourth of July exhibition of fire-works on Boston Common. To Mary versed in city lore and sights, the country was one thing to be desired; but the Katahdin children, tired of monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of the crowds and noise.

So "Cronin's Daughter" became the story-teller of the settlement Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children and crowded around her in the summer twilight and listened to her story.

"Seems a different place, somehow, since 'Cronin's Daughter' came," said many of the people. "The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the critters. They're nice folks, them Cronins."

Before her mother was taken ill, Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the whole settlement. Every one loved, petted and tyrannised over her.

In spite of her mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now recovering, the summer and autumn had passed happily with Mary. Her father had kept sober, and no one suspected his past shame. John Cronin was a good workman and soon rose from being a driver of the four-horse wagons which carried the ore down from the mountain to the works, to being a "top-man."

The duties of the top-man were of a very responsible nature. Eight times an hour the elevator, built beside the chimney, came creaking and groaning up to the top-house with its load of ore and limestone. The top-man fastened the elevator with a bolt, and the car to the rear mouth of the chimney. Over this the car rested while the top-man pulled a chain which opened the bottom and precipitated the mass of ore and rock down the chimney and into the furnace below. The car was returned to the elevator, the bolt pushed back, a bell rung, the man below started the machinery and the elevator began its downward journey.

All this required methodical care and wakefulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful night, two winters before, owing to the neglect of the night top-man, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the works and brought all the men in the top-house to a fearful death.

No wonder Mary's heart stood still with fright when her father reeled through the door, nor that she resolved to follow him to the top-house to make sure that he had not fallen asleep. She had watched the furnace and knew by the shower of sparks that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly; but at any moment sleep might overtake him—sleep that means dismissal and disgrace, and possibly death to himself and others.

The road was white and lonely. The frozen river had no word of encouragement as she crossed the old red bridge, and the stars were far away and cold. She avoided the front works for fear of being seen by some of the night-force in the casting-room. Around the charcoal-house and through the thick smoke, up the hill, over the bridge and up the ladder the child went, with chilled hands and feet but with a heart warm with love and desperation.

Surely that is the elevator rattling up beside her. Now she, stops for breath on the landing, waiting for welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father will laugh and kiss her, and, with a cheery word, send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she thinks.

There was an ominous silence above and the child hurried up the ladder. John Cronin lay asleep on the floor.

Mary had no time for thought. She drew the bolt and secured the elevator. Then she seized the handles of the car and wheeled it toward the fiery pit. The heat grew more and more intense. Could she guide the car and dump it? Before she knew it, it was done. The car was replaced, the bolt pushed back and the bell rung. The elevator had gone down and the floor had been replaced.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried:

"O father! father! Wake up! I can't stay here all night! If I call for help you will be dismissed. I'm afraid to stay here alone."

(To be concluded.)

IT WAS MARY SHERLOCK'S WAKE.

"THERE lays a hundred years o' peace and happiness."

It was the wake of Mary Sherlock, who had died of old age; and it took place on the night of Thursday, March 19, 1891, in the City of New York. The room was crowded with men and women, old and young, and an aged junkman, who sat on a keg in the middle of the room, said to every new comer, "There lays a hundred years of peace and happiness," to which the party responded in a chorus, "Faith, Mike, niver truer words did ye speak."

For Grandma Sherlock had come to America from Ireland before any of them, and, no doubt, was at least 105 years old when she ended her long journey.

But she was one of the old stock and never knew what illness was.

How different is such a story as this, for instance, told by a woman! "I was never well in my life." she says, always weak and ailing, constantly sick, and troubled with giddiness and swimming in the head. People who did not know me would at times think I was tipsy. I always had a poor appetite, with bad taste in my mouth in the morning, and pain after eating. I had great pain and tightness in the chest and side, and was languid and tired after the least exertion, so I was unable to do any work or get my own living.

"As to sick headache, I was seldom free from it, and often my heart would palpitate, so I had to stop and hold myself, for fear of falling. I was nearly always under the docter, and when I was so, something formed in my mouth that the doctor called 'ranula,' and and I was confined in the Exeter Hospital 17 weeks with it.

"From that time I was worse than ever; and after eating the least morsel of food I heaved at the stomach and would spit up a sour fluid

Better and worse I continued until April 1889, when I became much worse, and my abdomen swelled until it reached a great size, and a pain in the side and back made me scream out. Indeed, I was in such agony I could not stir hand or foot. Just then my neighbour, Mrs Harris, wife of Joshua Harris, the road contractor, came in, and I had to be carried to bed. So dreadful was the pain that I broke out into a heavy sweat, and a faintness came over me, Mrs Harris stayed with me and poulticed me, but as I got no better, my mother, who lived at Rousdon, was sent for. She came at once and sent for a doctor, as I was in terrible distress, and fighting for breath. The doctor said he could not tell what was the matter, and a second doctor was sent for from Smeaton by the clergymen, who thought I was dying. So critical was my condition considered that prayers were made for me at the church.

"The swelling of the bowels increased, and the doctor said if this swelling did not go down I could not get better as it must be a tumour. He seemed puzzled by my case and kept changing my medicine, but I got no relief. My brother and others who came to see me all believed me to be dying.

After two months of this a lady named Mrs Stocker who lived at Rousdon came to see me and told me about a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup, and said, 'you try it, for it once saved my life."

"I sent to Mr Gage, the grocer at Seaton, and got a bottle, and before I had taken the contents I felt better, the pain was easier, and the swelling I have spoken of gradually went away. After having taken three bottles I was able to move about, and now feel better than I ever did in my life before, and am stronger than when I was a girl. But oh, if I had known of Mother Seigel's Syrup sooner, it would have saved me years of misery.

(Signed) "MRS MARY HOARE.

"Combpyne, Axminster, Devon, Feb. 16, 1891."

This was a case of chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, with terrible constipation; the swelling was caused by matter in the intestines which had probably been accumulating for months. In the meantime this festering mass filled the whole system with poison causing all the other symptoms described. Women are subject to this far more than men, on account of their careless habits. It occasionally happens that surgical interference is necessary. There was no tumour, of course, but in the end there might have been, had not Seigel's Syrup removed the loathsome deposit before it was too late

What a pity that women (and men too) will not check the first symptoms of disease, and thus, like Mary Sherlock, enjoy a hundred years of peace and happiness.

An immense wooden box, bound in iron, was recently found at Helsinfors, in Finland, by workmen engaged in excavating in the cellar of an old house. Upon opening the box the men found that it contained a large parchment and a quantity of pieces of iron of odd shapes. Being unable to make out the contents of the parchment they carried it to Mr Rizeff, the nearest magistrate, who found that it was written by Father Suger, one time Minister to Louis VII. of France. It was an elaborately written treatise upon the use of steam as a motive power, and further examination revealed that the bits of iron were numbered parts of a rudimental but complete steam engine. It is proposed to fit the parts together and to exhibit this pioneer steam engine at the Exposition. This machine would, if put in operation at the time, about the year 1137, have given the people the same facilities as were had in the days of Newcomen, Watt, and Fulton, for which they had to wait something like 600 years.