

YOUNG FOLKS.

SINGING FOR LOVE.

One of the stories told about Miss Cary (now Mrs. Raymond), the famous singer, is very full of instruction.

One summer, as was her custom, she spent some little time in her father's old home, a short distance from Portland, which she made her own during her vacation. It was after she had been feted at home and abroad, had sung before crowned heads and nobility, and diamonds had been but one of a profusion of gifts showered upon her. One morning she ran into a neighbor's kitchen, as if "she were not Miss Cary," as the girl said, where a girl of eighteen or twenty stood ironing. Like many bright New England girls, she longed to get away from her small surroundings and try a larger sphere. "Why, I have my trials," said Miss Cary, "and you could not understand them."

"Oh," answered the girl, "what are troubles to you! You can do as you please with the world instead of waiting to see what the world is going to do with you."

"You are tired, let me iron a while," said the famous songstress.

The girl protested. Miss Cary insisted, and carried her point. As her iron moved to and fro, she entertained the weary girl with stories of her own life, showing with what labor she had achieved her present success, and the trials incident to a public life. When she, too, became weary, she changed places with the girl, who had become rested and contented, and saying, "Now, I'll sing for you," the voice which had held hundreds entranced now filled the little kitchen. For a long time, she held the girl entranced by the spell of that charming voice, and, when she went home, left her happy, where she had found her restless and discouraged.

HER DOG WON.

The other day a dog which was following a carriage turned aside and ran into a yard on Park street. He might have expected to pick up a fall and winter stock of bones, but in this he was disappointed. He was about turning away when a dog, owned in the house, flew out and rushed upon him in the most reckless manner, and in the course of ten seconds there was a bite-as-bite-can contest of the fiercest description. A woman considerably past the prime of life came out of the house as the dogs rolled around, picked up a club lying on the grass near by, and seemed about to enter the struggle. She raised the club two or three times, but let it fall as often, and finally stood an interested spectator of the fight. Among the dozen pedestrians halting at the gate was a man, who called out: "Say, stop 'em! Stop 'em!"

The woman raised her club, but hesitated to strike.

"Why don't you stop 'em?" shouted the man.

"I'm waiting," she replied.

"For what? Don't you see they'll kill each other?"

"I'm waiting to see how it comes out. If my dog can lick him, it's all right. If he gets the bulge on Rover, I'll even up the chances with the club."

Rover got a neck hold, and shook the stranger until his yells were heard a block away, and, when he was finally permitted to sneak off, the woman flung down her club and mounted the steps with the remark:

"Nobody nor anything has been killed as I know on, and every one of you could see that it was a square fight, and victory for the best dog. Please don't rub the paint off that gate."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PLEASURING.

Every man has his own views of pleasure. Henry Taylor the poet, expressed his view, when, writing of three days' festivities at Oxford, he said: "Human nature is not equal to more than one day's hard pleasuring at a time."

A friend of his, Mr. Hammond, Under-Secretary to the British Foreign Office, had another view. It was his pleasure to sit at his desk and work. A gentleman, returning from abroad, called at the Foreign Office and asked to see Mr. Hammond.

"He is not here, sir," answered the junior.

"Not here!" exclaimed the gentleman, knowing that the Secretary was rarely elsewhere. "What has become of him?"

"Well, sir," answered the junior, feeling that he must defend his chief, "he has gone to a funeral; and it is the only day's pleasuring he has had for two years."—*Youth's Companion.*

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

A few days ago, George Farbusch, the stable keeper, was piling some dressing beneath his stable where two or three hogs are running. For comfort, Mr. Farbusch pulled off his vest and sticking his knife into a post out of range of the hogs, as he supposed, hung his vest over it and kept on at work. He was soon after called upstairs to hitch up a team, remaining upstairs about twenty minutes. When he went back the vest was no longer on the post. The hogs had reached it and caught it, and were making it over into pork. A pocketbook containing \$124 was in the vest. They had pulled this out, and one of them had chewed the end off the book, and in a very brief time would have been chewing national bank notes. The animal had also pulled Farbusch's gold watch out of the pocket, and had broken the chain. The vest was ruined, but the watch and money were recovered intact.—*Leviaton, Me., Journal.*

MAKING BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

We were recently shown a very entertaining little volume which the compiler had "made." It consisted of humorous pictures and jokes compiled from the English, German and American humorous papers. The compiler had cut out of these papers and saved the comicallities that had seemed to him to have the most pith and point; had made a neat scrap-book of them, and presented this book to a friend.

The friend who received it was the owner of a fine library, but among his choice books of entertaining literature no volume was more valued than this.

"There is a whole evening's entertainment in it," he said, "and the fact that my friend saved these bits of humor for my reading gives them a particular interest to me. I always feel as though I were enjoying these jokes with him when I look them over. It is just the thing for a lonesome winter night."

Books may be "made" in this manner for holiday presents, especially dainty little volumes of favorite poems.

Many people place the poems that please them most in scrap-books, or between the leaves of some old ledger, or between the leaves of the volumes of poems that they most admire. Some even place them in an old family Bible.

These poems represent the reader's own feelings and sentiments, and voice his own individuality. "He is a genius," says Emerson, "who gives me back my own thoughts."—*Ex.*

CONFEDERATE MATCHES.

The first match factory in the Confederacy was in or rather near Atlanta. The owner was an Atlanta man. These matches were sold from Richmond to the Gulf. Unlike some of our recent experiments in that line there was no trouble about igniting the matches. A man did not have to strike one sixteen times, and finally hit it on the head with a hammer or light it by a fire. His main trouble was to keep the thing from going off prematurely, and the only effectual safeguard was to keep it in a bottle of water. They were the most utterly too previous matches ever seen in this or any other country. The enterprise was never profitable, because half the stock was invariably consumed by spontaneous combustion. Wagon loads of matches on their way from the factory to the city, would burst into a blaze half way on the road, scaring the driver and his mules out of their senses. Several Atlanta stores handled the useful marvels of home enterprise, but customers were cautioned to tread lightly for fear of jarring the matches into a conflagration, and clerks were detailed to sit up every night to watch the troublesome stock.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CHASED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

An exciting chase between two bloodhounds and a negro took place near Dallas a few days ago. The negro, "Jim" Johnson, was arrested for crap shooting. While on his way to gaol he broke from the officer and took to the river bottoms below the town. The bloodhounds were immediately loosed and took the fugitive's scent. Johnson had something over a mile the start of the hounds, but they soon overhauled him, when he took to water, there being streams in the bottoms. As the negro emerged on the other side of the stream and took to the woods the hounds would go around the stream and renew the hunt. Thus the chase continued for hours, the negro running fifteen miles, and finally eluding the terrible brutes, who returned whining mournfully. It is said to be the first instance on record where a negro was 'cute enough to outwit bloodhounds after they had sighted him.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"WE MUST DO KIND THINGS."

The following interesting incident is related by the Rev. B. T. Dowbiggin of Cotta, Ceylon:

"A youth of eighteen, whom I baptized some two or three years ago, a student in the English school, was asked to take a loaf of bread to a little sick boy. He put the loaf into a drawer of the school table, but forgot it. His village is on the opposite side of the Cotta Lake, and next morning he remembered the loaf of bread, and as he had no boat, and there was no time to walk round the lake, he swam across and got the loaf of bread, which he tied on the top of his head, and then swam back again and gave it to the little boy, who is about six years of age. When asked if he gave the loaf, he said that at first he had forgotten it, but afterwards gave it as I have described, and remarked, 'I know it is what the Scripture says, that we must do kind things, and Jesus was kind to the sick. I was sorry that I had forgotten the bread.'

"OILING A CRANK."

Practical jokers are often the victims of their own smartness or jokes, and they are never the recipient of much sympathy when this is the case. *Texas Siftings* gives an illustration of this truth: The palatial steamer "Mary Powell" was on her daily trip up the Hudson. A number of

passengers had gathered around the open door of the engine-room, looking with interest at the movements of the ponderous machinery.

Among the passengers was Sam F—, a New York gentleman, who is a practical joker. He is a young gentleman of means, and fond of fashionable attire. He is, moreover, a good amateur ventriloquist.

"Now, boys," said F—, "let us have some fun with the engineer."

A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and lubricated various parts of the machinery with great industry and an oil can which contained a pint of oil.

F— nudged one of his companions and very soon the machinery squeaked again. "Oil the cranks," said the ventriloquist.

Once more the engineer took his alleviator, and removing the cork, poured the entire contents down the back of the festive joker.

"There," said the engineer calmly, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry!"

CURIOSITIES.

London has an organization for holding religious services in theatres and music halls. More than six thousand meetings have been held in thirteen places, the average attendance being nine hundred. It is found that multitudes who will not come to the churches will gather to hear the Gospel in secular halls.

A Manufacturer in Breslau has recently built at his factory a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction, instead of being brick or stone, were made of layers of compressed paper jointed with a silicious cement. The advantages are the fire-proof nature of the material, the minimum of danger from lightning, and great elasticity.

Mose Case was an albino, whiter than a Caucasian, though his parents were pure blacks. He went to the Mexican war as a musician in a Kentucky regiment. He was supposed to have made a precipitate retreat on one occasion, and, on being asked if he did not run, replied, "not exactly, but if I had been *gou'f* for a doctor you would a thought the man was very sick."—*Galveston, Texas, News.*

The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him, can find out by sticking a needle into a mill pond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

CARRIER RAVENS.—Successful experiments have lately been made at Coblenz in the training of ravens as carrier birds in place of pigeons. The latter are more subject to the attack of birds of prey than ravens. The trained ravens were made to fly a distance of forty miles, and their performances give much satisfaction.

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