The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

I stood at my lattice and saw the moon
Rise out of the Ruthven cliffs afar;
It was in the rare rose heart of June,
And the time was a time of war.

Up to me out of the dusk and damp,
To make one who was soul of the soul of me:
"Oh, love! from a far Virginian camp
I come at last to thee!"

The voice I heard I had longed to hear,
The face I saw I had longed to see;
But ah! for a universe dumb and drear
Still parted my love from me.

The moonlight flickered upon his face
And tangled itself in his shining hair,
As he lifted my hands with his old, fond grace
In the hush and the half light there.

As he lifted my hands to his lips he said:
"Beloved, be mine till we meet again
Beyond the dark and beyond the dead,
And the griefs and the graves of men."

The red moon staggered behind a cloud,
The pale stars shivered and sunk their light
In the trailing mirk of a misty shroud
That hid him from my sight.

"Oh, Ivon! Ivon!" I cried aloud,
As I started from my swoon, but no answer came.
Save the thrill of a terrible thunder blast,
As the wide sky flashed with flame.

The clock in the dim old Ruthven tower
Tolled midnight, and I measured the slow strokes well,
And his comrades said that it was the hour
My brave, bright Ivon fell!

Agnostic! go to thy gloomy lore
And seek for the secret spell that opes
The door—aye! the iast cold, cruel door!
To a shining troop of hopes—

That tells us our dearest one has died
At the moment his soul and his senses part,
Though rocks and rivers, all waste and wide,
May sever us from his heart;

That brings to our very senses the light,
Sweet, tranquil touch of his tender hand,
As he wings his way from the bale and blight
Of time to the Timeless land.

Will Hubbard-Kernan.

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault
The good deed kindly praise,
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress?
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to crown Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young heart's with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

A Bitter Reflection.

Oh why so sad, my lady fair?
What pales thy cheek and dims thy eyes?
Thy drooping face is mark'd with care,
Thy heaving breast betrays a sigh.
What lacks thy lot to make it sweet?
What joy is there that is not thine?
What makes that heart in sorrow beat
And give of happiness no sign?

Ah, woe is me! I loved a youth,
Handsome in face, and brave and strong,
The paths of honor and of truth
Were his, for he could do no wrong.
Two years ago he sailed away
To seek his fortune o'er the seas,
And I've been yearning every day
That he'd return his love to please.

But ah! I've waited long in vain
For my old sweetheart to return;
No message came across the main
From him for whom my soul did yearn
Until to-day, when I am told
His ship is due to come in port;
He comes back worth a pile of gold,
At least, so says the last report.

Then why repine, sweet maid? You should
Be overjoyed to hear the news;
You soon will wed a husband good,
How can you, then, this grief excuse?
The lady answer'd, "Would you know
Why tear drops from my eyes now fall?
To tell the true cause of my woe,
I-married-some-one-else-last-fall.

The Master and the Reapers.

The master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green;
And from off of the mist clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the nutmeg sedges
To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master
We will bring thee the yellow grain
That waves on the windy hill-side,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought, ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And the breeze of summer blow
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow.

"But out on the wide, bleak marsh-land
Hath never a plow been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea-wind
Are the only care they know.

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
There food hath been sharp sea-sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."

FRIENDS WHO HAD NOT MET.

Romantic Incident of the Great Michigan Prairie Fire.

One day this week a pleasant-faced young lady arrived at the Clinton House, Kingston, and said she was from Grand Rapids, Mich., and that she desired to be conveyed to the residence of Mrs. Augustus Elmendorf. The proprietor told her that Mrs. Elmendorf lived on the Hurley road, and if she would wait until after dinner he would take her to her destination himself. While in conversation before dinner the young woman said Mrs. Elmendorf was a dear friend of hers and had been since both were little girls, but had never met.

This statement caused astonishment among the young woman's auditors. Questions elicited from her the following romantic story: "In the fall of 1871 a disastrous fire swept over the portion of Michigan where I lived. In a few hours my father's house and many others for miles around were destroyed and we were left destitute. This was at the time of the Chicago fire, and besides doing so much for the sufferers in that city kind eastern people did not forget the sufferers by prairie fires. Ulster county people were generous, sending many boxes of food and clothing. In the town of Olive, at that time, lived Bertha, the little daughter of Ephraim Bishop. She had been told of the sufferings of the little children in the west, and among her offerings was a dress for a little girl. When she had finished the dress she wrote a note telling who had made it and asked that the little girl who received it write to her and let her know all about it.' In due time a letter was sent to little Bertha. It gave a history of the fire and its ravages, and how delighted the writer was when a letter was found in the dress pocket telling who had sent the garment.

"For seventeen years the correspondence thus begun was continued. The two little girls passed into womanhood, and owing to circumstances neither could control they never met. Photographs were exchanged, and woman's love sprang up between them. Bertha Bishop some years ago married Augustus Elmendorf, a farmer, whom you tell me you will soon take me in to see. I am the Michigan girl who received the dress. No, I am not married. This summer good fortune has given me the opportunity to visit the east, and I have come to Ulster county to see the friend who is so dear to me."

After this story had been told in a way that went direct to the hearts of her auditors, the young lady seemed no longer a ger in Kingston. During the after- s taken to the home of Mrs. Bertha, she was given a joyfu

on Freeman.

Candor.

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SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

He had not seen Shirley for more than a year, and only once or twice during his long exile had a letter from her reached him—frank and friendly letters, such as a sister might write to a brother who was absent from her. Guy had smiled a little sadly over the cordial words; they were the only letters he had received from her, save the few during the brief separation just subsequent to their engagement, and contrasting them with these, he saw how the eager young girl had grown into the grave saddened woman who had suffered and loved and borne a load of anguish rarely laid upon the shoulders of frail humanity. But all the letters breathed a spirit of tenderness and trust which touched Guy sensibly as he read them, and which made it easier to keep away from her until such time had passed after that peaceful death in Ashbrooke Castle as would admit of his claiming the precious charge Sir Hugh had left him.

He heard much of her from others, more especially from Lady Oliphant, who was a constant correspondent. She told him how useful and earnest and beautiful was the life which Shirley led in the pretty cottage home he had chosen; for she had steadily refused any of Sir Hugh's wealth save the small annuity he had left her in the will he so regretted at the last. She told him what good she did, how much she was loved, and she cheered him with a few words of hope which brightened Guy's lonely life abroad with the thought that perhaps, after all, the visions poor Hugh Glynn had seen with his dying eyes might become blessed realities in the time to come.

But, when the roses were in bloom a second time, Guy received his summons home in a pretty affectionate note from Madge Oliphant, asking him to come back to be present at her marriage.

And, with his heart beating with a sense of joyous expectation and a passionately tender longing for the sight of Shirley's face once more, Guy turned his own toward home.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was on a lovely summer evening that Guy Stuart got out of the train at the little country station, and found Madge and their ponies waiting for him in the golden sunlight. She greeted him joyfully, and as he bent and kissed her cheek, it seemed to him that he had seen nothing so fair in all his wanderings as this "bonny English rose."

"It was very good of you to come to meet me yourself, Madgie," he said, as he accommodated his long limbs to the limits of Madge's fairy-like little vehicle.

"Did I not always come to meet you when you came to Erindale?" she asked, gayly.

"Yes; but you were only a lassie then; now you are a young lady about to be married, and a very important personage altogether. When is the great day, Madgie?"

"The great day is to-morrow," she replied, with a laugh and a blush. "You will soon see outward and visible signs of it."

"To-morrow! Then I am only just in time?"

"Yes. We expected you quite a week ago."

"You gave me no date, Madgie. I suppose you were in such a wild state of excitement that you forgot that I was not likely to know what you had fixed."

"In a wild state of excitement!" she echoed, tossing her pretty head. "*A propos de quoi*, Guy?"

"*A propos* of a wedding! Young ladies are always wild about weddings, so what they must be about their own particular one passes the limits of my imagination completely!"

"Well, you see, I am the exception which proves the rule," Madge said, laughing. "I am much as usual, thank you."

"You are as saucy as usual, Madge. How are your father and mother?"

"Very well, indeed."

"And the Hall is turned upside down, I presume?"

"Nearly," Madge answered, gayly. "The dining-room is intact; so you will have your dinner in peace, which assurance will, I know, be a great comfort to you. You see, Guy," she added, more soberly, "I should have preferred a very quiet wedding, but mamma and papa did not like disappointing all the village people, who have been looking forward to all kinds of gayeties; so last night there was a ball for the tenants and household, and—"

"To-night?" said Guy, laughingly.

"There is a dance for ourselves. Mamma wanted it to-morrow night; but I said that I did not see why I should be out of it, so I begged to have it to-night."

"Quite right. And, if the bride-elect will honor an old fogy so far, I beg to put in a retainer for a dance or two."

"As many as Jack will let you have," she said, merrily. "Guy, how dare you call yourself an old fogy? You look over so much younger than you did when—when I saw you last."

"Do I? I am glad of that. I am glad too, Madgie, that Jack has been able so to arrange matters that he will not be obliged to take our sunshine away from us."

"No; that has been settled very comfortably. Mr. Kearton takes the management of the house at Calcutta, and Jack stays in England."

"It would have gone hard with your people to spare you, Madgie."

"Yes, my heart was almost broken when I thought of it. It was so terrible to think that I must leave either papa and mamma or Jack. It was miserable, Guy."

"Poor little Madgie!"

"Sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen Jack," she said, half ruefully; "and the next moment I felt that not even mother wanted me as he did."

"Poor Jack! The past shadow will make the sunshine of the present all the brighter."

"That was just what—" Madge began, impulsively, but she stopped, coloring a little.

"Just what, Madgie?" Major Stuart asked, looking at her with a little smile; but Madge shook her head, smiling also, and did not finish her sentence.

Perhaps he guessed what the conclusion would have been, for he did not urge her; but a great longing came into his gray eyes.

They drove on in the golden sunlight, down she pretty leafy lanes which were so pleasant in Guy's eyes. When he had seen them last they were bare and leafless and glittering with hoar-frost, now they were thorn, both pink and white, was blooming in the hedges, and the banks were ablaze with floral treasures.

Perhaps it was because the thoughts of both were so full of Shirley that neither of them spoke of her. Once or twice glancing at the grave face of the man by her side, Madge saw the yearning in his gray eyes, which she interpreted rightly; and she touched the pretty ponies lightly with her whip to increase their pace; for were they not bringing them home to Erindale Hall and to Shirley?

The golden sunlight was taking a shade of rose-color when they turned in at the park gates, passing the little ivy-grown lodge where Shirley and Madge had first met, and driving swiftly up the avenue, Sir Frederic and Jack were standing on the white stone steps, and as the great hall door was crowned with an arch of flowers, one of the unmistakable signs of the morrow's proceedings; and, while Guy greeted the two gentlemen, Madge disappeared into the house.

"The child would not let any one meet you but herself," Sir Frederic remarked, smiling. "We are glad to see you again, Stuart, and I hope your wanderings are over."

"I hope so, too," Guy said, smiling, but with a great earnestness in his voice; and they all proceeded together under the flower-crowned doors into the great hall, which was likewise full of unmistakable signs of the coming event, where they stood talking, until Madge returned, slipped her hand through Guy's arm, and led him away, talking fast and merrily the while, to hide her great agitation.

At the door of a little room which Guy remembered well as her own favorite sanctum she stopped, opening it very softly, and motioning to Guy to enter. She did not follow, but closed the door after him, and then slipped away with an April face of smiles and tears as she thought who was waiting for him within.

For a moment after he had entered the room Guy thought that it was empty, but the next he became aware of a slender woman in white standing by the open window, with her face turned toward the setting sunlight and his heart gave a sudden great bound of joy and gladness as his eyes ed upon her.

ow often during the long months of his nd waiting he had yearned for the her face, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand! Even as a thirsty man in the desert craves for water he had thirsted for her, his darling, whom he had loved so faithfully, so unselfishly, so perfectly, all his life long.

She was so lost in some day-dream or musing that she did not hear him enter, nor the closing of the door, and he was able to watch her for some minutes unperceived. He saw that she was no less beautiful than she had been in the old days, and that her loveliness had increased rather than diminished; and, as she stood there in the sunlight, in her soft white dress, with one deeply tinted rose nestling in the lace at her throat, she was a sight "to make an old man young."

As she stood, she sighed softly—sighed although there was a little smile upon her lips; then she turned quickly, feeling suddenly, as people do, that some one was watching her; whereupon Guy immediately went forward; and all her heart went out in glad welcome to him, although for a second she could not move. Then she held out both hands to him, and the next instant—how it happened neither ever knew—she was in his arms, held there in a clasp which spoke more plainly than any words of Guy's longing and Guy's love, while her eyes—the lovely, lustrous hazel eyes, so passionate—looking up to his, told him, better than the sweetest words could all he wanted to know.

In that moment it seemed to Guy that all the past suffering was forgotten in the the great joy and blessedness of their reunion. For many minutes he could find no words to speak to her; she was so true, so beautiful, so loving, that he could not utter what he felt; his joy and love were alike dumb. But she needed no words. He held her in his arms, crushing her in a close, fond embrace, looking down at the sweet face as if he would never tire of the rapt fond gaze: and, as they stood thus, the golden sunshine streaming into the pretty room fell upon them both, a presage of the happier days to come.

Shirley was the first to break the rapturous silence. Putting her hands upon his breast, she looked up into his face.

"You have come back to me, Guy?" she said softly.

"I have come back, my darling."

"You will not go again?"

The sweet voice was a little hurried and breathless now.

"Not if you tell me to stay, Shirley."

There was another silence as Guy watched the lovely pink flush mounting into the fair pale face up to the roots of the pretty hair. The sweet eyes were downcast now, the red lips quivering a little.

Guy stooped down and steadied them with his own and the flush faded.

"Shirley," he said very quietly, very tenderly, very softly, "if, during all these years we have passed far from each other, you have learnt to love me less than you used to in the old days, and not only to love me less, but to love me differently—as a friend, as a brother—let me hear it from your lips now. But—"

"But what, Guy?" she said, lifting her eyes now to his, with a little smile in their lustrous depths.

"But if not, Shirley—if you care for me still—"

"If!" she repeated, with a tone of tenderest reproach in her sweet voice, and her arms crept up about his neck.

Closer in his arms now, nearer to his heart, clinging to him with a love which had never swerved not faltered, a love which had endured, and would endure, they were very happy.

* * * * *

The tenants' ball given in honor of Madge's marriage had been a great success, and the ball given to Sir Frederic and Lady Oliphant's friends on the eve of their daughter's wedding-day was not less so. The entertainment gained considerably by the presence of the charming bride-elect, whose fair and radiant smiles were pleasant to see and to remember.

Out of consideration for the event next day, it was not to be a late party, but dancing was kept up with unabated vigor, and the bonny queen of the ball must have danced her tiny satin slippers into holes on the occasion.

Many of the guests were to remain at Erindale for the night, in order to be present at the wedding on the next day, and from garret to basement the grand old house was bright with light, while the gay strains of the dance-music rose and fell softly.

"Madgie," Jack whispered, when, having waltzed her cleverly out of the circle of the dancers, they found themselves for a few minutes alone in the solitude of the conservatory, "I like the light felt on the rich-hued flowers and on Madge Oliphant's golden hair and white dress, colorless and pure as the dress she would wear next day, "tell me, my dearest, are you quite happy?"

"Quite happy, Jack," she answered, leaning her bright head against him for a moment.

"You have no fears, no misgivings, Madge?"

"No fears—oh, no—and no misgivings, Jack—save one."

"And that, my own?"

"Is that I am not worthy of your love!" He caught her in his arms and pressed his cheek to hers.

"And you never think—you never fear that—Oh Madgie, even now, in my great happiness, I cannot help thinking of—"

"Jack"—she lifted her head and looked at him with deep earnestness—"this evening, when I went to Shirley, and she told me that what we had all so longed and wished for was to take place, she said that she had no regret now for the past, that all the sorrow had been blessed to her, that the present happiness was brighter for the past darkness, that there was no shadow—no one—upon her or Guy now. Jack"—the golden head was pressed closely against him now—"if you cannot forget, think of it as she does—with gratitude and love; and"—she looked up smiling—"out of that trouble has come something for which you at least ought to be thankful, you ungrateful boy, since without it you would never have known me!"

He drew her closer in his arms.

"And you are more than able to make me forget the past," he said tremulously; and the last shadow of the cloud fell away from them.

Other lovers beside Jack and Madge sought the solitude of the conservatory to talk to each other in uninterrupted felicity; but perhaps of all none were more peacefully happy than Guy Stuart and Shirley Glynn as they stood there toward the end of the ball, while Sir Frederic and Lady Oliphant were speeding the parting guests. Many an interested and admiring glance had followed Lady Glynn that night, for her story was well known, and it surrounded her with a halo of romance which her grace and beauty had increased: while to Guy, as well as to Guy, a ball-room was a sight unfamiliar enough to be interesting and pretty, and to have many a touch of pathos and sentiment.

"Shirley," Guy said softly, as he bent over, "when am I to take you home?"

"When you like, Guy," she answered, smiling.

"Thank you, my dearest," he said with a grave tenderness which pleased her; and there was a steadfast light in the deep gray eyes which boded well for the happiness of the future which rose before them with its rainbow of hope and joy. "Do you remember, Shirley," he added, "that once before I said that, looking into the future, I could see no shadow of parting with you?"

"I remember, dear Guy."

"But the shadow ought to have been there, dearest."

"I saw it, Guy," she said softly.

"I cannot see any shadow now, my darling. Can you, Shirley?"

"No—for there is none, Guy."

* * * * *

Unmistakable signs of a wedding were plentiful the next morning; and the sun shone gayly on Madge Oliphant's wedding-day, streaming through the stained glass windows of the parish church on the assembled guests as they waited for the bridal-party.

The old church was crowded, the chancel alone being reserved for the guests; the rest of the building was thronged with the good people of Erindale, the women in their gala dress, the men with nosegays in their button-holes in honor of Miss Madge. And in the carved pews of the chancel there were familiar faces—Sir Oswald and Lady Fairholme, the latter as bright and sweet and sparkling as ever, and Mr. and Mrs. Litton, who had been married a year or more, and were settled in London, where the young surgeon's skill and perseverance and genuine love of his profession were meeting with their reward. They had come down for the occasion, for Rosie Litton and Madge had been fast friends in their girlhood. There, too, was Shirley, grave and beautiful in her rich dress of shimmering silk and lace; and, as Mr. Litton's eyes rested upon her, he recalled the pale trembling woman who had come to him through the winter night, and their midnight walk through the snow. There also was Guy, so tall, erect, and stately, with a wonderful tenderness in his eyes as they dwelt upon Lady Glynn, his face that of one who has borne and endured, and conquered sorrow, and learned peace and faith through pain.

There was a low but irrepressible murmur as Madge and her dainty white-robed bride-maids came up the aisle and a gleam of passionate tenderness and joy flashed into the eyes of the handsome young bridegroom who stood waiting for her, and by whose side she knelt to make the vows which she purposed, with all the strength of her pure young heart, to keep.

It was a pretty sight and a touching one. Shirley's eyes watched them with a grave tenderness which had something a little wistful and sad in it. Perhaps she was thinking of her own wedding-day and its disastrous ending, and of the tears which had fallen upon the gleaming satin and lace of her wedding-dress. No such fate was in store for Madge, she thought thankfully; and, looking at Ruby, she met her earnest and sympathizing glance with a fond little pressure of the hand. The next moment they were both smiling at Bertie Fairholme, who, in a dainty court-suit of velvet and lace and silk stockings, brought up the rear of the bride-maids with little Amy Graham, and who had evidently given all his childish heart to his little golden-haired companion.

It was a pretty wedding, the guests said afterwards, the prettiest that some of them had ever seen. There was no lavish display of wealth, and the good wishes that followed the young bride were heartfelt and earnest. As she went down the path on her husband's arm the sunshine fell upon them both, as it fell upon their future lives.

Within a month from the day there was another wedding in the old church, a very quiet wedding, with no gay *cortege* of bride-maids and groomsmens, but which, notwithstanding, the village turned out to witness to a man, for there were a beautiful bride and a noble-looking bride-groom, and the old bachelor grew to love and admire his nephews and nieces. He finally selected James Luther Babcock as his particular favorite, whom, as he grew to manhood, the old man helped and put in charge of a bank at Ann Arbor. The favorite nephew prospered. He fell in love with a beautiful girl and was accepted. The wedding day was fixed but the dream of happiness was doomed to fade into mist. Uncle Luther James opposed the match and James Babcock accepted the fiat and broke of the match. He is now 45 years old and still unmarried, but some will say that his uncle's will has recompensed him for the loss of his bride. The banker can now marry if he pleases, and if he declines to fill the condition the property is to be given to the sisters, nephews and nieces equally. By his will, which was probated in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, the two sisters and twenty one nephews and nieces receive $5,000 each, the residue going to James L. Babcock on the odd condition named.—*Chicago cor. New York Sun.*

Complex Family Relations.

The way people can mix up themselves and their relations in the matter of marriage was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of a backwoods Maine family, of which a correspondent writes:

A father, son and grandson married three sisters.

That looks simple enough, doesn't it? It hasn't dawned on you yet.

Well, see here:

1. Amos, the father, married Abigal.
2. Benjamin, the son of Amos, married Betsey.
3. Charles, son of Benjamin, married Caroline.

What then?

Amos is a brother to his son.
Amos is grandfather to his daughter.
Amos is grandfather to his sister.
Amos is father to his grandson.
Amos is his own grandfather, his own son, and brother-in-law to himself.
Benjamin is brother to his father.
Benjamin is brother to his son.
Benjamin is brother to his mother.
Benjamin is brother to his daughter.
Benjamin is the son of his sister.
Benjamin is husband and father of his sister.
Charles is brother to his father.
Charles is brother to his grandfather.
Charles is brother to his mother.
Charles is brother to his grandmother.
Charles is grandnephew to his wife.
Charles is grandchild to his aunt.
Charles is married to another aunt.
Charles is the son of his aunt.
Charles is the husband of his sister.

Muscular Vegetarians.

"I'm not a vegetarian," a well known doctor said to-day, "but there are some interesting points in their favor. I suppose to-day that two-thirds of the exhaustive physical labor done in this country is done by vegetable eaters—that is, by European peasantry that grew up on a vegetable diet. A large part of our athletes are Irishmen and Scotchmen, and in Ireland and Scotland vegetarianism is practically universal among the poorer classes—the classes that furnish the athletes. Even China and Japan, with all their terrible poverty, even to the point of habitual starvation in their lower classes, give us giants and wrestlers; and of the two the better physical conditions prevail in Japan. We get the better athletes from Japan, which is even more given to vegetarianism than China.—*New York Graphic.*

Miss Katie Beach, once the fiancee of Alan Arthur, has become engaged to Mr. Thompson, a wealthy Philadelphian.

"William," said a minister's wife, "if you don't lay down that paper and make haste you will certainly be late at the church." "Yes," he said, laying the paper away reluctantly, "I suppose I have no time to lose, but it does beat all how the Giants are playing ball."

CURRENT TOPICS.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper has been issued, showing that in England there are 44 municipal boroughs with a population of 50,000 and upwards, 118 with populations between 20,000 and 10,000 and 121 with less than 10,000.

GLADSTONE'S private library contains 15,000 volumes, and the venerable statesman can lay his hand upon any book of them all at a minute's notice. "I haven't a single book," he says, "that I am not on intimate terms with."

BEN GRATZ, of St. Louis, the manager of the begging trust that threatens to add millions to the outlay of Southern planters in getting their cotton crop to the market, is a great grandnephew of Rebecca Gratz, the original of the Rebecca of Scott's "Ivanhoe."

THE whole of the German military plans for the conveyance of troops from Bavaria to Alsace-Lorraine will have to be worked out afresh, as the old ones have been betrayed to the French. The fact came out in the evidence given at a recent trial for treason.

DR. ZAMBACO, of Constantinople, who has lived for several years among the lepers of the far East, says that he has never met a single instance of contagion, although the malady is decidedly hereditary, the children of lepers becoming lepers at the age of 10, 15 and 20 years generally.

DR LESSEPS is approaching his 83rd birthday. It is said that the "Duke of Suez," as he is playfully called, when he went up for his bachelor's degree, in 1822, passed creditably in the humanities, but failed miserably in geography; he could not tell the cardinal points on the map.

GUM chewers, attention! A Pittsburg optician makes the statement that gum chewing hes a harmful effect on the eyes and when carried to excess is apt to cause blindness. The constant moving of the jaws affects the nerves that lead from the spine to the optic nerves and strains the latter until they give out.

THE appointment of the Rev. Warren A. Candler at the age of 32 years as President of Emory College in Georgia prompted the remark that he was "perhaps the youngest College President in the world." This distinction rightfully belongs to the Rev. De Witt W. Hyde, President of Bowdoin University. He is under 30 years of age, and has held his present post over three years.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was 79 on Wednesday. Once upon a time he wrote: "At 80 we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

Electricians and those employed around dynamos and electrical machines have the satisfaction of knowing that, however dangerous their employment may be, it is in all other respects healthful. It is a well-authenticated fact that rheumatism and nervous ailments take a speedy departure when their victim gets work that brings him constantly beside a dynamo. It is also said to be beneficial for consumption.

MUCH is being made by the London press about the likening by James Russell Lowell of the sound of London to "the roaring loom of time." It is thought to be original but it may be found in Sartor Resartus, where Carlyle translates from Goethe:

At the loom of Time I ply.
And weave for God the garment thou seest him buy.

THE new water supply for the city of Liverpool involves the removal of a whole Welsh village, including woods, cottages, churches, etc., this large space to be devoted to a reservoir four and one-half miles long by half a mile to a mile broad, and eighty feet deep. There are to be three lines of pipe, each sixty-eight miles long, with filtering beds and secondary reservoirs, and the cost of the aqueduct alone is estimated at $15,000,000.

THERE is so much badness in the world that it is a good thing to be able to tell of a good deed now and then. This from the Jacksonville *Metropolis* tells of some men who are true to their trusts: The Episcopal Bishop of Florida was absent from his diocese when the news reached him of the appearance of yellow fever in Jacksonville. He reached the city by the earliest train, and will remain here while the danger lasts. All the clergy of the city, Rev. Messrs. Knight, Bicknell, White, Barbour and Weller, are at their posts.

ENGLISH as she is wrote at Karlsbad appears to be a funny language. There is a "tailer" at that health resort who advertises his wares to the travelling Briton in the following terms: "Honorable Sir,—I take me the liberty, to make you attentive on my Etablishment. There I please you, to favor me by some uses of clothes, with your visit, and always keep a large choise of englisch, franch and brunner materials and clothes shall be made to measure on the best and newest facon; and I am like ready to full full your esteem wushes."

THE West may have lost a little of its breeziness, but it is still breezy enough for all ordinary purposes. For instance, J. M. McConniff, of the Burlington & Missouri, has caused a large number of placards bearing the following legend to be nailed to the various bridges along the line:

NOTICE.

Parties using this bridge for lynching purposes will be considered as trespassers, and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

MR. GEORGE M. PULLMAN relates that he first visited the island, among the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, on which he has just completed his splendid summer residence, in 1868. He spent several weeks there in camp with his brother and sister. Soon after he bought the island for $40. The next year he put up a little $600 cabin on it, and in that humble abode he once had General Grant and General Sheridan as guests. His new house cost a considerable fortune, and was dedicated to his mother on her 80th birthday anniversary.

RECENTLY a bankrupt was acquitted in London upon an indictment for fraudulent bankruptcy on the plea, held good by the Judge, that he filed the petition against himself. The British Bankrupt Act says that fraudulent acts must have been done within certain limited times of a bankruptcy petition "having been presented against" the bankrupt. Under this ruling all an insolvent has to do is to file his own petition before the crash comes. Then he can snap his fingers at any charges of fraud brought against him.

THE magistrate of a mixed court at Shanghai has proved himself a Haroun al Raschid of no mean ability. He had before him a most complicated family dispute about land. On investigating matters he found that all the litigants were related and that one lawyer represented them all. He promptly decided that the lawyer had fomented the quarrel, and ordered that unlucky gentleman to be brought before him and soundly whipped. Then he invited all the disputants out to dinner, in the course of which he lectured so successfully on the beauty of harmony among relatives as to induce them to settle amicably on the spot.

THE Emperor of China has been severely reprimanding certain officials who have caused the decapitation of a criminal sentenced to be strangled. Apropos of this, the North China *Herald* explains that decapitation is regarded as a much more dishonorable death than strangulation, there being a feeling of the utmost repugnance to any mutilation of his body in every Chinese. Hence it is that, when a Chinaman has a limb amputated, he always begs for the severed member, which, being cooked, he eats. If he does not eat it, he has it locked up in a box to be kept until the day when the rest of his body shall be buried.

Keely, the motor man, still lives and moves, but very slowly, so far as perfecting his promised "self-acting force." He comes out of obscurity long enough to say that if the threatened action against him is endorsed by the majority of the stockholders who have backed him, he will cease the prosecution of his work so far as it relates to a motive power for running engines. After thus threatening to stop Mr. Keely says: "My loftiest ambition is to complete my commercial engine and to see the stockholders of the company rewarded beyond their most sanguine expectations for all that they have suffered during the years in which it has taken to harness my force." To which utterance a thousand amens will be joyfully said.

INHALAC inhalations for various diseases of the lungs and air passages are advocated by Murrell in the *Medical Press*. He reports six cases greatly benefitted by inhalations of wine of ipecac in spray. He obtained most benefit from this in cases of chronic bronchitis and bronchial catarrh. In phthisis there was marked amelioration. A single inhalation will sometimes restore the voice in cases of hoarseness due to congestion of the vocal cords. The spray should be given warm, and the patient should remain in-doors some time after the inhalation. Care should be taken to be sure the spray enters the chest and is not stopped by the arching of the tongue against the wall of the mouth. Ten minutes spraying three times daily will suffice.

DR. ESQUIROL describes the "suicide mania" as a special form of hereditary insanity, and estimates that four out of ten self-murderers act under the impulse of a moral predisposition rather than of physical disorders, or the haunting memory of a severe bereavement. Dr. Esquirol mentions a case of a father, son and grandson falling victims to a preposterous propensity (a true mania, in fact) for duels; but a still stranger instance is that quoted by Professor Proctor from the memoirs of Dr. Lucas, who informs us that "a man in Scotland had an irresistible penchant for cannibalism, and his daughter, although removed from her parents, who were both sent to the stake before she was a year old, and, although brought up among respectable people, like the girl, like her father, yielded to the horrible craving for human flesh."

The manufacture and sale of bogus articles of ancient date seems to go on apace in all quarters. The London *Telegraph* of late warns visitors to Normany and other out-of-the-way parts of France against being entrapped by the stories of bogus dealers and villagers, who sing the praises of rare bits of old china, rococo cabinets and jars of "Old Gaul," buckhorn and javelins, which are to be found in certain out-of-the-way nooks, guarded perhaps by some old woman in whose family such things have been kept for generations and who will be most loth to part with them. The amateur collector will be sure to catch at the bait, seek out the treasures bid for them and after a good deal of pains get them. Next day the bric-a-brac dealers at Paris receive notice of the successful sale, and proceed to pocket the pelf, pay the usual percentage to the confederates and replace by others the treasures sold.

THE speed of locomotives has not increased with their weight and size, writes a specialist in *Scribner's Magazine*. There is a natural law which stands in the way of this. If we double the weight on the driving-wheels, the adhesion and consequent capacity of drawing loads is also double. Reasoning in an analogous way, it might be said that if we double the circumference of the wheels the distance that they will travel in one revolution, and consequently the speed of the engine, will be in like proportion. But, if this be done, it will require twice as much power to turn the large wheels as was needed for the small ones; and we then encounter the natural law that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and probably at even a greater ratio at very high velocities. At sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty miles. That is, the pull on the draw-bar of the engine must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other. But at sixty miles an hour this pull must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at thirty miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great in the one case as in the other. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders, and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, if the weight per wheel is limited, we soon reach a point at which the size of the driving-wheels and other parts cannot be enlarged; which means that there is a certain proportion of wheels, cylinders and boiler which will give a maximum speed.

Best Books for Sunday School Libraries

A writer in the New York *Independent* discusses what kind of books should be placed in Sunday School libraries. A supply of suitable new books is clearly very necessary, if it be true as stated that since the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society" came into being they have sold four tons of the old "goody-goody" kind of books as waste paper. The *Independent's* advice is as follows: I have learned that it is not safe to accept any book on the merit of the author without careful examination. Mrs. Burnett has written the sweet, helpful stories of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," but she has also written "Through One Administration," a book which should go into no Sunday School library. While Pansy is almost always true and helpful, her book, "From Different Standpoints," is considered objectionable by many. This is also true of Louisa Alcott's "Moods." Very few persons would think of disapproving of George MacDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" or "The Marquis of Lossie," but many object to "Robert Falconer" as unsettling to the simple Christian faith of the young.

Mayne Reid is an author whose books must be selected with care. They are very fascinating to the average boy and some of them may legitimately satisfy his taste for thrilling adventure. Such stories as "The Cliff Climbers," "The Wood Rangers," "The Plant Hunters," "The Forest Exiles" and "The Young Voyageurs" have undoubtedly stimulated many a boy to a healthful love of woods life. A minister who finds his greatest recreation and pleasure during his summer vacation in plunging into the almost unknown wilderness, testifies that his first taste for his healthful enjoyment was given by the reading of Mayne Reid's books. I suppose, however, wars the boys against some of them. Banish "Oceola," "The Scalp Hunters," "The War Trail," "The White Chief" and "The Wild Huntress" from the shelves.

Jules Verne is a writer condemned by many but some of his books I believe to be healthful and stimulating. It is a natural step his "At the North Pole" and "Desert of Ice" to Kane's "Arctic Explorations" and other works on exploration. It is true that Verne blends fact and fiction so skilfully that it is difficult to distinguish between them; but I believe that his books of the character of those mentioned do stimulate a taste for reliable works of travel and exploration.

The older boys and girls should be encouraged to read Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries," Livingstone's and Stanley's wonderful travels in Africa; Parkman's "Oregon Trail," Irving's "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures," Bayard Taylor's "Travels," and Isabella Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" and "Life in the Rocky Mountains."

Librarians testify that it is more difficult to supply reading for girls than for boys. This would not be true if girls were encouraged, as I believe they should be, to read the same books which their brothers read. Why should a girl not enjoy works of travel and adventure, historical stories and juvenile books of popular science, as well as fairy tales, the quieter pictures of home life, and the never-failing love story?

A girl has the advantage of a boy in her reading, in that her mind develops and matures much earlier; so that she may safely begin to read at the early age of 13 or 14 authors which boys had better leave until some years later. A girl of 13 may not appreciate the keen edge of satire and the fine analysis of character in Dickens' and Trackeray's novels, but she will find much that she can understand and enjoy, and her taste will be cultivated for the best reading. These authors are not so safe for inmature boys, for too often their pictures of certain vices are painted in a light to awaken admiration rather than abhorrence in the minds of boys.

Valuable Medical Advice Gratis.

We are not so sure that cheap quinine is such an unalloyed blessing. It has come about that nearly every family now has its quinine bottle, that it is sold at many general stores, and that the doctor rarely meets an invalid who has not been thoroughly dosed with quinine. The drug, when taken continuously or excessively, is an injurious one; and its therapeutic value is greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. The value of quinine in "colds," bronchitis, ephemeral fevers, anorexia, general malaise, and