THE BAD CHAPLAIN

Caused Strife in Lord Salisbury's Household.

ORGIES OF BACHELOR'S HALL

Warned by Friends he Escaped While the Police Were Looking for Him.

A London cable says: The horrible scandal which has just been mentioned publicly for the first time in the newspapers regarding the immoral conduct of Rev. John Edwards has been known and commented upon privately for weeks. The difference between English and American election methods could hardly be better illustrated than by this fact. Though the family of Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader, is unpleasantly involved in the affairin respect of conspiring to defeat justice even if in no more lamentable way, not a hint of the scandal has crept into print or been used for political purposes by the opponents of the Premier. The facts in the case are as follows: In 1883 Lord Salisbury, while visiting Oxford, was struck by the ability shown by Rev. John Edwards, curate at St. Mary's. Soon after Edwards accepted an offer to become Lord Salisbury's domestic chaplain at Hatfield House. In this position he acquired an ascendancy over the ladies of the family to such an extent that both Lord Salisbury and his son, Lord Carnbrook, thought it advisable to protest. Some dissensions in the family resulted, but finally the matter was ended by the appointment of Edwards as rector of Essendon, about three miles from Hatfield House, of which living Lord Salisbury is patron. Edwards, who is a bachelor, occupied the rectory house, and according to village gossip frequent orgies took place there. The scandal that resulted from these doings gradually grew worse until a crisis was reached last May, and formal charges of criminal immorality were made against Edwards before the local magistrates. These officials, who were friends and beneficiaries of Lord Salisbury, and incidentally friendly to Edwards, took no action. The persons who were bent on exposing the scandal did not cease their activity, however, and the police were kept advised of what was going on. On June 11th, the day of the great Primrose demonstration in Hatfield Park, Rev. Lord William Cecil, son of Lord Salisbury, and rector at Hatfield, was seen in earnest conversation with Rev. Mr. Edwards in the park. It is supposed that Cecil warned Edwards that he was in danger; as that same night, when the police suddenly descended upon the Essendon rectory, they found that Edwards had fled. The next day (Sunday) Rev. Lord Cecil conducted the service at Essendon. On Monday a warrant was issued for Edwards' arrest, the visit of the officers to the rectory on the previous Saturday having been made in the hope of capturing the accused parties in *flagrante delicto*. The same day that the warrant was issued, and before the officials had attempted to serve it, the Bishop of St. Albans arrived at Hatfield House and consulted with Rev. Lord Cecil. Edwards has not been seen since. The police were unable to get any information when they arrived at Hatfield and Essendon. It is believed, however, that Edwards is now in New York, and the police of that city have been warned to look out for him. The *Official Police Gazette* describes the fugitive as follows: Age 43, height 5 feet 9 inches, stout, pale, black hair, clean shaven face, thick color test lips, good teeth, broad shoulders. The publication of the bare police record of the case has sufficed to create a tremendous sensation. Owing to the severity of the English libel laws only the most distant hints as to what developments are in the background are indulged in.

A Visit to the Pioneer Fish Ponds.

As there has of late been considerable talk, concerning artificial fish ponds, Mr. E. F. Snyder, of Caistor, determined to visit Mr. Joseph Garner's ponds in Fenwick, Pelham and verify the truthfulness of the general talk. He accordingly made his visit on July 19th. Passing through Caistor, Gainsboro' and Pelham, the fields showed fair signs of an over-average crop, and the farmers of that district seem to bear their burdens with a lighter heart than has been their custom for a few years back. The crops of the sandy land of Pelham are rather superior to those of the other two townships. Mr. Snyder was sorry to find his old friend, Mr. Garner, ex-Warden of Pelham, and a good old Reformer, suffering from an illness, but his sickness did not check the hospitality of his genial spirit. Mr. Garner sent for his son, who after showing to his visitor their fine dwelling and roomy barn, which is furnished with sufficient water from a long distance by a rain pump, he proceeded to give information concerning the fisheries. This farm contains three artificial ponds filled alone by surface water during rains. Two of these ponds are smaller, but the larger one contains about half an acre, being in the deepest places about six or eight feet deep. Mr. Garner imported his fish, which are three kinds of German carp, from Germany four years ago, and now, Mr. Snyder says, many of the millions which abound in his ponds weigh from 15 to 17 pounds each. It seems odd, yet he says it is true, that you may easily see these fish by taking a little soaked wheat to the side of the pond and giving three loud whistles. The fish will rush to the shore in waves and so throw the water with their tails that to keep dry you must keep a distance from the side of the pond. The warm water does not hurt these fish in the least. Mr. Garner has, in the last two weeks, supplied three other farmers with fish for their own ponds. He presented Mr. Snyder with a few for trial, and he finds them equal in flavor to any of our best Canadian fish. Mr. Snyder now intends putting up a pond of his own, and many other farmers might add to the value of their farms by doing likewise.

Wonders of a Kaleidoscope.

The following curious and interesting calculation has been made on the number of changes that can be made in the picture presented in that remarkable instrument, the kaleidoscope.

Supposing the instrument to contain but twenty small pieces of colored glass and that you make ten changes each minute, at that rate it would take the inconceivable number of 462,980,888,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense number of changes that can be produced! Verily, the human mind shrinks from the contemplation of such immense numbers. We have no more of an idea of what such a length of time means than we have of the meaning of the word "eternity."

According to another eminent mathematician, if only 12 pieces of glass are put into the slide it will take 33,264 days or something over 91 years to exhaust its variations.

A Human Fiend.

A Montreal despatch says: A beast in human form was brought before the recorder to-day and charged with inhuman conduct at home. Labrie was his name. He had been living with a woman for the past two years and the couple had a child three years old and another aged 3 days. Yesterday the monster came home, seized the infant and hung the little thing at its mother's head, following up this act by a desperate attack upon the 2-year-old. There would, in fact, have been murder had not the police intervened, and to-day Judge De Montigny expressed regret that he could not send the scoundrel to St. Vincent de Paul for seven years. Labrie, however, got 15 months in the common jail with hard labor and all present said that it served him right.

The City Gawk on the Farm.

A countryman tells this pretty tall story in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*: "When in the city we do not act half a few for total folks do on a farm. Why, do you know, last summer a student from the Cincinnati University visited my farm, and one day when I started to get some young potatoes took the basket from my hand and said he'd get them. Half an hour later he came back with an empty basket, saying that he had hunted all over the patch and could find nothing but blossoms. There was not a single potato on the vines. I thought he would drop dead when I took the hoe and began digging them out of the ground. He said he thought they grew on top of the vines."

Did you know that a brown veil is one of the best beautifiers in the market? If you have the least bit of color it will be sure to bring it out. You must, however, be careful and select the right tint. This is a tone in which there is not a vestige of yellow. Snuff-tinted veils are bound to give a sallow tinge to the complexion.

There is a wide difference in horse sense and horse talk.

A GAIETY GIRL A COUNTESS.

Miss Connie Gilchrist Becomes the Wife of an Earl.

The Earl of Orkney Imitates the Earl of Clancarty.

A London cable says: Miss Connie Gilchrist, the ex-Gaiety burlesque actress, who yesterday became Countess of Orkney, wore at her wedding a magnificent dress of pale blue bengaline, with a ruche of the same material around the skirt; the bodice was of the same material, with cuffs and a collarette of lace and puffed sleeves of roseda velvet. Her hat was of straw, ornamented with roseda velvet bows and sprays of pale pink roses.

The only ornament worn by the bride was a massive diamond brooch, and she carried a neat bouquet of white gladioli and lilies tied with white satin streamers.

She was attended by her niece, Miss Doe, who was the only bridesmaid, and who wore a gown of dark corded silk trimmed with brown velvet, and a broad sash of brown ribbon en suite. Miss Doe's waistcoat was braided in pale pink satin, her hat was of brown straw, ornamented with brown satin bows, with sprays of varied blooms, and her present from the bride was a massive initial diamond brooch. She carried a bouquet of pale pink carnations tied with streamers en suite. The best man was Mr. Gerald Pratt, cousin of the bridegroom. The newly-married pair will take up their residence at Leighton Buzzard.

Miss Connie Gilchrist commenced her life as an artist's model, for as a child she was remarkable for her almost faultless form. She is now 28 years old, and appeared for the first time on a music hall stage ten years ago, first becoming conspicuously known to the public through her portrait painted by Whistler, and entitled "The Golden Girl."

The young lady had many notable admirers, among them Earl De Grey, Reginald Shirley Brooks, Carlton Blythe, Hughie Drummond, and she finally found sanctuary in the friendship of the very elderly Duke of Beaufort, who claims she is his natural daughter, and for this reason and upon this introduction she entered society.

The new Countess of Orkney has always been a bold and accomplished horsewoman, and has been one of the most dashing and picturesque personages in fashionable hunts. It was on the hunting field she met the Earl.

Edmund Walter Fitz-Maurice, seventh Earl of Orkney, who also bears the titles of Viscount Kirkwall and Baron Dechmont, was born on May 24th, 1867, and succeeded to the title in 1889.

A PAPOOSE BURIAL.

The Wild Lullaby of a Mother Over Her Little Dead Baby.

One who roamed the Nortwestern territory years ago relates the following pathetic story, says the Helena *Journal*, of the burial of a papoose near Seattle, which he happened upon by hearing the mother's lament:

"Creeping nearer," he said, "I saw two squaws in the door of the tepee, cowering over the embers of a dying fire. Both were waiting, keeping the wake for the dead, and one held clasped to her breast a little stiffly-bound bundle. Starting in a low, gurgling sound, their wail rose louder and louder on the still night air, until at last it culminated in a prolonged shriek. It came and went and came and went again, that lament for the dead over the little body incased in its stiff wrappings that had been all the world to her.

"To-morrow would see it pass from her sight forever—to night it was cradled in her arms. After a little the passionate lamentations subsided, and by and by the mother began to croon to herself a lullaby, used by the women of the Flatheads for hundreds of years. Roughly translated, it runs thus:

Swing, swing, little one, lullaby,
Thou'rt not alone to weep,
Mother cares for you—she is nigh,
Sleep, my little one, sleep.
Gently, gently, wee one swing;
Gently, gently, while I sing,
E-we wa, wa, lullaby.

"In all my life I have never heard anything so heartrending. Silently I stole away and left the mother rocking her dead baby in her arms.

"Next morning when I resumed my journey I came across the two squaws, who were arranging the grave for the dead body. Bending over the tightly swathed bundle, they kissed it again and again, then, sobbing, threw in clods of earth, until the grave was filled; then leaving meat and berries for the child's nourishment, they kissed the ground and slowly turned their steps toward the darkened tepee, never again to hear the patter of the little restless feet, the baby voice, or feel the clasp of the tiny hand. The baby tongue was stilled forever, and in that Indian mother's heart was an unutterable longing, a grief that could never be healed.

"The Indians always bury with their children the little playthings they have loved in life. Among the Flatheads especially, the toys and small belongings of the children are sure to be placed under the little tent which is placed over each dead body."

M'LUCKIE'S BAIL HEAVY.

Homestead Strikers Resort to Force to Keep Out New Workmen.

A Homestead despatch says: The second skirmish in the legal battle between the Carnegie's steel works and the strikers was begun this morning before Judge Magee, when the application for the release of Burgess John McLuckie, of Homestead, was called up. After listening to the testimony and argument Judge Magee fixed the amount of Burgess McLuckie's bail at $10,000.

Considerable excitement was caused in the neighborhood of Thirty-third street this morning by the attempt of about 53 non-union men to get into the upper union mills. They were surrounded by a large body of strikers. No arms or clubs were disp'ayed, but the situation looked serious for a time. One of the new men made a show of resistance and was roughly handled. But cooler heads prevented a disturbance, and the new men were finally induced to leave. Another altercation took place by the big gate. An old employee tried to enter the mill, when he was stopped by a guard, and after a brief wrangle forced to depart without succeeding in his mission. At noon everything was quiet about the mill.

The strikers are anxiously waiting to see what will be done to-morrow, when the date for the old men to return expires.

Restoring the Drowned.

Prof. Laborde's simple method of restoring life in persons apparently drowned has been recently tried in France with signal success. The other day at a watering place in Normandy two bathers, a young man and a boy, who were unable to swim, went out of their depth and disappeared. They were brought on shore inanimate, and were taken to the village. Two doctors were sent for, but the young man gave no sign of life, and they declared he was dead. M. Laborde, who was fishing at half-an-hour's distance, came up as soon as he heard of the accident. He examined the body, and found that the extremities were cold and the heart had stopped. Then taking hold of the root of the tongue he drew it violently forward, giving it a succession of jerks in order to excite the reflex action of the breathing apparatus, which is always extremely sensitive. At the end of a few minutes a slight hiccough showed that the patient was saved. In addition to the usual restorative means, Prof. Laborde, in extreme cases, rubs the chest with towels soaked in hot and nearly boiling water, although the skin is blistered by this.

Private Dancing.

In the matter of private dancing parties London society seems to be progressing toward the adoption of the Oriental custom that was recommended some years ago by a Turkish Bashaw on a visit to England. The Bashaw was entertained one evening at the house of a gentleman of high official and social standing, who had invited a large company to meet him. After seeing the host take part in a dance and come back tired and overheated, the placid Turk inquired why such fatiguing labor should be performed by gentlemen and ladies. "In my country," he said, "we have slaves to do it for us."

A Warning to Foreigners.

When American cruisers, with American crews and American pilots, cannot go for a day's outing without striking rocks, wrecks and sandbars, it behooves foreign Governments to ponder well the dangers of getting into a squabble with a people who own the Atlantic coast, Hell Gate and Sunken Meadows.—*New York Herald.*

Tupper—While I was fishing the other day I saw two fish come up and bite at my hook at the same time. Jagway—That's nothing. I came home from the club the other night in two cabs.

PARIS PICTURE GALLERIES.

Sights and Scenes on the Streets of France's Capital.

POLITENESS OF THE PEOPLE.

Visits to the Theatres and the Circuses.

OTHER HOLIDAY NOTES.

WHEN the Americans say that "Paris is short for Paradise," they must surely have been there in May. "Then, if ever, come perfect days"—in Paris. The chestnuts, one of its most noticeable features, are then in full bloom. The Champs Elysees are indeed a dream of beauty, the laburnums and wisterias are also at their best, in the Bois, parks and gardens. Everything in Paris looks so clean; the many lovely buildings are so purely white, and the gilding about them so untarnished and brilliant. The streets are frequently and regularly watered, not by drenching water carts, but by carefully wielded India rubber "serpents," so that one may walk about without fear of soiling the daintiest skirt. In May the picture galleries open, the rival salons and the Societe des Beaux Arts. Of the two salons, the original one at the Palais de l'Industrie (Champs Elysees) was to me far the more interesting. At the Champs de Mars impressionism reigns supreme, and to the uninitiated has gone to strange, wonderful, and even appalling lengths! True there are exceptions. Carolus Duran, for instance, has some lovely works in the rival salon, as has also Madeline Lemaire, one of the best of the *fin de siecle* women painters. Paris possesses one decided advantage for strangers, in the nice looking little open Victorias, with their drivers tidily liveried in brass-buttoned coats, red vests and shiny high hats. These voitures may be picked up every few yards, the charge being 2½ francs an hour, with a small "pour-boire," as the drivers have, as a rule, more tender consciences than the London growler Jehus. One may, in two hours, enjoy a drive along the Champs Elysees and in the Bois, and see all the "monde elegant" to the best possible advantage. For a change it is pleasant to sit under the shady trees in the Bois, chairs being amply provided, and watch—besides the passing equipages—the knots of people sitting about, and the prettily-dressed little children with their picturesque bonnes. Indeed even the poodles—black, white, and grey, and the dignified Russian bear-hounds, the prime favorites for the moment of the Parisian belles, have their interesting features, the various modes of shaving the poodles being a study in themselves, to say nothing of the gold and silver bracelets, and the ribbon bows, which complete their toilettes. There, as elsewhere in Paris, people look happy and contented, not the least bored nor blase, and there is something infectious, surely, in their gaiety and light-heartedness? You feel that, for the time at least, you can do with less happiness of your own, than in other more serious and sober places. The Parisians, one and all, find, or make, time to play, and enjoy their play to the fullest extent, not being ashamed to let people see their enjoyment. I was constantly struck with the politeness and grace of manner of the Parisians of all classes; one hears it called "French polish," "veneer," etc., but whatever it be it is pleasant to meet with. In the trams, shops, Seine boats, public buildings, wherever you go, you find information pleasantly bestowed, and your questions are courteously answered. On Sundays all the public rendezvous are thronged with pleasure seekers, the lower classes perhaps preponderating over the world of fashion and elegance. The restaurants, the cafes, the quarters where the bands play, are all crowded, yet everywhere one finds perfect decorum, combined with gaiety and good humor. At the theatres there are some good things on at present, "Par le Glaive" at the Theatre Francais, "La Famille Pont-Viquet" and "Miss Helyett" are all favorite pieces. In "Miss Helyett," the heroine's part is taken by Mlle. Duhamel, one of the most bewitching and espiegle of the French opera bouffe actresses. The Parisian cirques, are in their way as enjoyable as the theatres. I went to the Cirque d'Ete, and was delighted with the horses, "chiens savants" and acrobats. Rain-Hill also, mounted on his prancing steed, went through his repertoire of songs. He is a tremendous favorite with the Parisians, who applaud him to the echoes, why or wherefore is a little difficult for outsiders to say. I was fortunate enough to go to the cirque on a Saturday evening. It is on this night the dukes and duchesses, and all the celebrities usually go! In a letter like this, I cannot of course begin to tell you of all there is to do and see in Paris. I can only assure you you will find three weeks fly as if on wings, and it will be difficult indeed to leave the enchanted city, above all, if you time your visit so as to be there "im Wunderschoenen Monat Mai."

—MAY FLY.

WHISKEY IN THEIR SODA.

These Women Thought They Were Poisoned at Asbury Park.

An exciting incident occurred in a Kingsley street drug store in Asbury Park, N. J., on Monday. The clerk had drawn what was supposed to be soda water for some men, when a party of women entered and ordered soda requesting the clerk to hurry. He handed the concoction to an assistant who by mistake handed it to the women.

"Oh, I'm poisoned! I'm poisoned!" cried each of the women as she tasted the liquid. The frightened clerk then explained the mistake and admitted that he had put whiskey in the drink for the men. One woman refuses to believe that the mixture she drank was not poison. She does not want to believe she drank whiskey, as she is a strong prohibitionist. The clerk is looking for a new position and the drug store proprietor fears every man that enters the store has a warrant for his arrest.

An Ideal Kitchen.

Some day it will be regarded as cruelty to women to build kitchens out of wood. A large part of the drudgery of domestic work comes from wood and its care, says the New York *Evening Sun*. The scrubbing of floors and the cleaning of paint have come somehow to be regarded as belonging to the practice of the virtues, such as long suffering and forgiveness. Many a devoted woman has got up from her knees and regarded her shining floor with the same inword peace and comfort with which she arises from her devotions. But her back grows bowed and her hands get rough. In city kitchens the wooden stationary tubs and sinks soon decay and are constant sources of unsightliness. But the most grievous complaint against the city kitchen is its wooden wainscotting, in whose ribs the familiar and populous croton bug makes its home. From the croton bug the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. In new houses of the better sort the floors are of mosaic or tiles, the walls are of enamelled brick or tiles, the tubs and sinks are of porcelain or enamelled iron. The rats cannot gnaw through and the croton bug finds his feet uncomfortable on the cold stones. When the day's work is over the hose is turned on, and the next morning the cook comes down to a kitchen spotless and shining as no weekly house-cleaning rite could ever accomplish. Aside from their cleanliness, the use of faïence and glass tiles makes the kitchen one of the prettiest rooms in the house. A tiny kitchen in an apartment house fitted up by a resident was pretty enough for an enchanted princess. To give it light it was lined and ceiled with lustrous white enamel tiles. It cost nothing more to add the pretty colored frieze. The floor was of brown tiles. The sinks of white porcelain and the dresser of iron and glass, the cooking utensils of copper. A cook installed in such a kitchen has plenty of time to read novels, sew and visit her cousin. Accordingly she finds her situation worth keeping.

Educational Notes.

Travers—How long a course does your son take at college?

Dobson—That's just the question I asked. He wrote back that it would be "two miles with a turn."

After Gambetta's death his brain was given for examination. The report read that if it were not known to whom the brain belonged, the physician would have said that it belonged to a woman who used all her faculties well. As Gambetta was an opponent to woman's advancement, the decision might not be flattering to their pride.

DEATH OF THOMAS COOK.

He Was the King of Tourist-Travel Throughout the World.

Thomas Cook, the head of the well-known firm of excursion managers, who died the other day, was born in Derbyshire in 1808. In early life he was a florist and then a printer, and afterward a wood-turner. It was in 1841 that he first took up the excursion business. A temperance society organized a picnic to meet at Loughborough. It struck him that the railroad company might perhaps be induced to run a special train from Leicester for their accommodation and bring them back again. The company consented. Five hundred and seventy people were taken at a shilling a head, and on their return they were welcomed by a vast concourse and treated as persons who had performed a notable feat. At once Mr. Cook began to be in demand as an advisor when other societies wished to use the new means of conveyance for the purpose of cheap excursions.

In a short time he abandoned his trade of wood-turning and began to plan excursions as a business. In 1843 he took 4,000 children from Leicester to Derby and back for sixpence apiece. In 1845 he carried out a bigger scheme—a trip to Liverpool, with excursions to the Isle of Man, Dublin and North Wales. Then came the turn of Scotland. The first Scotch trips were great successes, but they were as nothing to the trips to London which Mr. Cook organized in the year of the Great Exhibition, and in which he conveyed to the capital and back to their homes no less than 165,000 persons. This made his name and his business widely known, and made the railway companies regard him as an important person.

In 1855 he ran his first excursion to Paris, where the first of Napoleon's exhibitions was then being held. A still more epoch-making date was July 4th, 1856, when the first "personally conducted" touring party left Harwich for Antwerp, Cologne, Baden-Baden and home via Paris. This was Mr. Cook's first personal introduction to the German railways, over which his name is now so well known. It was not till 1864 that he began to open out what has been to himself and the hotelkeepers the gold mine of Switzerland. The success of these tours was secured from the first by the liberal policy adopted by the Swiss railway companies in issuing coupons which left much liberty to travellers.

Then, when Mr. Cook had settled his business in Switzerland, he began to look across the ocean to America; and, fortified with letters from Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster, he travelled to New York and began to extend his system over the United States. Since that time the name of the firm has been a household word. It has known how to turn to its advantage circumstances which might at first sight have been thought most unfavorable, such as the war of 1870, when Messrs. Cook organized a completely new service to the South and to India by the German lines. Of late years, too, the East, and especially Egypt and the Holy Land, have been their special province, and in the expedition to Khartoum it was they who were charged by the Government with the greater part of the transport service.

Only last year Mr. Cook celebrated the jubilee of his firm. Many distinguished persons were present at the grand banquet, and congratulatory letters were received from the late Khedive of Egypt and many more notables. A few days later appeared Mr. Fraser Rae's book, "The Business of Travel," which gave a history of Mr. Cook's firm.

No Time for Sentiment.

The ship was rolling and tossing frightfully. The wind howled. The waves ran mountain high. The lightning flashed. The thunder rattled.

"My God," groaned the thick-set man with his night-dress only partly tucked into the top of his trousers. "We're gone."

Just as he seized a life-preserver his arm was stayed by an elderly female, who fell upon his neck.

"Oh, William!" she screeched, "oh, Willie! We shall be drowned!"

The thick-set man made no effort to controvert the declaration.

"My darling husband!" yelled the female, "what'll you do without a life-preserver?"

The thick-set man gave no heed. He was buckling the heavy cork belt under his arms. The female shrieked in horror.

"Willie, Willie!" she wailed, clutching her husband's arm, "what are you doing?"

It was perfectly obvious that Willie purposed, primarily, his own rescue, and the elderly female pressed the inquiry no further.

"And you're going to leave your dearest w—w—wifey to d—rown?"

She was hysterical. With blanched cheek and set lips he gazed silently upon the awful warfare of elements. She frantically clung to his trembling form.

"Willie, Willie, d—don't you want to s—s—save your w—wifey?"

Willie either did not hear or else was not sufficiently decided in his views to venture upon a reply.

"D—didn't you s—s—ay it would be your h—h—happiness to—to—die for your little wifey?"

For the first time Willie noticed the distracted woman by his side.

"Mary!" he petulantly shouted, "don't you realize that this is no time to discuss sentimentalities?"

The ship did not sink, nor was any one lost, but forever after the thick-set manand the elderly female seemed to have a better understanding of each other.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Tobacco and the Teeth.

It causes the teeth to turn yellow and decay, and the gums to grow soft and spongy until even the sound teeth often drop out.

Dr. John Allen, the father of dentistry in New York, says it is almost impossible to fit false teeth closely in the mouth of a tobacco user, because of the flabbiness of the gums.

Eminent surgeons testify that the most terrible cases of cancer of the lips, tongue and stomach, are often occasioned by smoking.

Senator Hill, one of the most eminent men of the South, United States Senator from Georgia, died in 1883, of cancer of the throat, caused by smoking.

The use of tobacco almost always stunts a boy's growth and makes him puny, weak and cowardly. No boy who smokes or chews can expect to grow to be a strong upright man.—*Ex.*

She Handles Lots of Coin.

Miss Calhoun, one of the most expert money handlers in the Treasury Department at Washington, has the remarkable record of counting 85,000 coins in a single day, each coin passing through her hands, and so delicate has her sense of touch become that should there be a counterfeit coin in the lot she would detect it even when counting at this tremendous rate. She spreads the coins upon a large glass-top desk and draws them off with the tips of her fingers, one, two, three or four at a time, as she pleases, for her four fingers are equally educated in the work. Her eyes have nothing to do in the detection of false coins. Her fingers do it all. They have become so very familiar with the exact weight of a true coin, the feeling of it and the amount of resistance upon the glass desk that a piece of spurious gold, silver, nickel or copper money attracts her attention instantly.

An Expensive Place.

Little Miss Isabel has a weekly allowance, the amount of which depends on her good behavior, for when she is rude and naughty she is fined a small sum for each offence. A few mornings ago she transgressed and her mother fined her a penny. She erred again, and a second fine was imposed. A third time the same rule was broken, and her mamma said: "Now, Isabel, I shall fine you two cents this time, and if you disobey me again I shall double it and make it four cents." "Oh! dear me!" sighed Isabel, "I think this is a pretty expensive place to live in."—*Detroit Tribune.*

There are 19,550 men and more than 4,500 women engaged in the retail liquor business in Chicago.

A typewriting machine which will print on the leaves of a blank book of any thickness is one of the latest inventions.

Friend of Hotel Keeper—How in the world do you stand such cooking as your wife is giving you and don't say a word about it? Hotel Keeper—Keep still for Heaven's sake; if she were to hear you she would say that she would send at once for her mother and she would do the cooking.

Arabi Pasha has been given nominal charge of a Ceylon tea garden, with $3,000 a year simply for the use of his name. Arabi the blest.

I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN."

(By Mrs. F. M. Howard.)

"My son," there was a pathetic quiver in the voice.

"What is it, mother? Don't look so downcast. I'm not going into a lion's den."

"Alas! dear boy, there are lions in every pathway in life. I should feel so much safer if you were a Christian."

"But I'm a gentleman, I hope, if not a Christian," and the young man straightened himself up proudly.

"Yes—well, I can pray for you still when you are gone. Your mother's God go with you, my dear boy. You are all I have, the hope and pride of my life."

She clasped her arms around him, and the old, old form of heart-breaking farewell was said—as old as the days in which mothers have parted from their sons, to see them go from home to the temptations of life in the great busy world.

He waved his hand to her at the turn in the street which hid his home from view, and while she sank down by her arm-chair in an agony of tearful prayer, he passed on to the railway station.

From the first few days the excitement of seeing the new sights of the busy little city effectually drove away all thoughts of loneliness, and his leisure hours were devoted to looking up its manufacturing interests, in watching the steamboats coming and going upon the great Mississippi. But after a time these things, so interesting in their novelty, began to get stale, and as the evenings grew longer, an uneasy sense of quiet took possession of him.

He had a room at his boarding-house—a box-like affair—the regulation bed-stead, wash-stand and chair and a rickety table its only furniture. No pictures or draperies to make it seem cozy or home-like, and he soon grew unutterably weary of its prison-like dimensions. Yet where could he go?

He had a horror of saloons, and he had never acquired the habit of lounging about the stores. He had made several acquaintances among young men of his age, one of whom in particular had repeatedly invited him into a club, which in its associations was only a saloon in principle, but he had so avoided it and obtained for himself the title of "goody-boy," in consequence; but in his exceeding loneliness he had concluded to accept should the invitation be again pressed upon him.

"Come on, Baker, let's go out to church. The leading pastor in the city is giving a series of sermons to young men, and perhaps he'll have something for us." There had been a new recruit in the boarding-house ranks of late, a stranger like himself but of a stronger, firmer mould, and the two had felt strongly drawn together, to Harry Baker's advantage.

The house was filled when they arrived, but a skilled force of young men were acting as ushers and they were taking especial pains that young men, particularly strangers, should be well seated, and one of the best seats in the church was found for them. It was a strong sermon, full of pointed and helpful suggestions, and at its close the speaker said that in trying to solve the problem of what could be done for the young men who came from their homes to the city, that a number of ladies had offered to open their homes on stated evenings, for the entertainment of any young man who wished to enter the circle of an intelligent Christian family.

"I cannot tell you the pleasure it gives me to make this announcement," the speaker said earnestly, "and I trust that many of you here to-night will use the opportunity." He then read the names, the number of the residences, and the evenings upon which each would entertain.

"We design that two or more Christian homes shall be open every evening in each week, until we have had time to prove our plan a success or a failure, and cards containing the list for the week can be had of the ushers."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Harry Baker.

They had each taken a card as they passed out.

"I think preaching and practice have got a mighty sight nearer each other than they usually get," was Ernest Duncan's reply. "It's easy enough to preach against questionable places, and tell a fellow he mustn't do this, and he mustn't go there, but if they take away all these things they ought in reason to suggest something in place of it. Shall we go?"

"We'll let circumstances determine," Harry Baker was naturally timid and dreaded the *entree* among strangers.

Monday evening they were both busy, but on Wednesday evening the subject was renewed.

"Come on, Harry, we'll dress and hunt up the places, anyway," said Ernest, coming into the small, uninviting room of his fellow-boarder.

"Clark wanted me to go to the theatre with him this evening," replied Harry. "They're going to have an oyster supper afterward—some of the boys."

"Something you'd better avoid, if you'll take my advice. That is one of the lowest of variety theatres, and I don't fancy that Clark."

"I can't say that I do particularly, but a fellow must have some fun or fossilize."

"Better fossilize than go there. Come, Baker, I'd counted upon you to go with me to-night."

"All right, old fellow. I believe you're the safer man of the two," replied Harry, with a little secret relief in making the decision.

There were three homes open for the evening, and they found the first number on the list readily, the blinds were shut, and there were no outward signs of hospitality.

"Pshaw, do they think we are going to bombard such a formidable-looking castle as that?" said Harry impatiently. "Come on, Duncan, let's go up to the theatre. This Christian hospitality is a failure."

"Don't judge too hastily; we'll go on to the next place."

Very fortunately Clark did not cross their line of march for Harry would have broken ranks at the first fire of his sarcastic raillery, and as it was, Ernest barely succeeded in holding him until the next number was reached.

It was a pleasant cottage home, and a friendly light streamed out of the unshaded windows—a lovely white-haired mother placidly rocked in an easy chair, and a bright-faced girl was playing a lively tune upon the piano, while a young man carried a rattling accompaniment upon a violin.

"There's the place!" exclaimed Ernest, heartily. "This looks more as if they were ready and expecting company," while a big, uncomfortable lump rose up in Harry's throat—he had not even seen anything so homelike since he had left his own white-haired mother.

There was a little natural restraint just at first, but the music proved a bond of sympathy, and in ten minutes they were chatting easily and joining in with the family pleasures.

Others came in a little while, drawn there by the spell of that friendly open window, and several plans were proposed and gotten under way for spending the winter evenings pleasantly and innocently, a reading evening and musical evening each week among them.

"You will help us to bring in other young men who need home influence, will you not?" The dear, motherly hand was laid on Harry's arm with affectionate seal.

"Yes, indeed I will, Mrs. Wayne. You po not know what this evening has done for me," his voice trembled in spite of him, as he contrasted its pleasure with that which he had contemplated.

That night was the turning point in Harry's career, as it branched out into avenues of usefulness and respectability, and as he and Ernest became interested in the work, many others of equal need were introduced into Christian homes, and furnished with innocent and intelligent amusement.

When spring again opened her avenues of interest and out-of-door recreation to the unoccupied, the pastor made another announcement:

"I am greatly pleased to report that the plan of opening Christian homes to young and homeless men has been a noble success, and I am permeated that the ripples of influence which have gone out from the movement will be immortal. In watching its workings I have noted one fact, however, which I will bring before you as a suggestion: It has been those who have fished with open windows and bright, cheerful firesides who have caught the most fish. Do not shut your blinds and present a dark front when you hope to entice a wanderer; rather hang out a banner with an illuminated 'Welcome' upon it, and give the saloon no advantage of brightness or monopoly of attractions for homeless or idle men."

Mrs. Alright—John, I do wish I could cook like your mother did. Mr. Alright—You have enough to answer for already, Betty, without that.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

Enigmas.

I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather,
The wind's long lash, and the rain's free fall,
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,
The measureless gray that was over them all;
Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken,
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry,
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them even,
The trees, and the sky, and the stretch of the land;
But they give us a word of their secret never;
They tell no story we understand.
Yet haply the ghostlike birch out yonder
Knows much in a placid and silent way;
The rain might tell what the gray clouds ponder,
The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?
Do you know why the wind is so sad, so sad?
Have you stood in a rift 'twixt a day and a morrow
Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow glad?
Is the tree's pride strong at its top's abasement?
Is the white rose more of a saint than the cloud?
What thinks the star as it sees through the casement
A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?

Any pretty woman can cure a sick husband by simply looking in the mirror when he talks about dying.

He—I called on you the other night and you were out. She—Yes. You rang the bell twice, didn't you?

Chapley—My man struck this morning, confound him. Van Pelt—What was the trouble? Chapley—I let my wife buy me some new cravats.

Dashaway—How did you like my friend, Hunker? Travers—He hasn't any backbone. Why, the fellow let me have $5 as soon as I asked him.

"No," said Mrs. De Porque, "we don't mind expense when it comes to our library. Some of the books, I am informed, are printed from diamond type."

Drummer—And do you mean to say that you never have any of your goods thrown back on your hands? His travelling acquaintance—No, sir; I'm an undertaker.

Mr. Bullion—Yes, my wife and daughter are in Europe, shopping. Mr. Scadds—In Paris? Mr. Bullion—No. I told them I wouldn't pay for any but an English-speaking nobleman.

In these days of putting up jellies it should be recalled that cotton batting is more often used by experienced housekeepers to cover the glasses than paste or papers dipped in liquor.

Jess—I thought you hated Jack, and yet you accepted him. Bess—I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused him he would let the rain drip on my new hat.

Mrs. Bingley—How is your daughter getting along with her new music teacher? Mrs. Pinkerley—Splendidly. She has only known him three weeks and he has already proposed three times.

Cholly—Why don't you discharge youah man if he gets drunk? Chappie—He sevah gets dwunk except on English holidays. Cholly—The dooce you say! Then I shall discharge my man foh not getting dwunk in the same way.

She—Your parents had always objected, eh? He—Yes. She—But when you came to ask her parents for their consent you found that the shoe was on the other foot, eh? He (simply)—I didn't stop to see which foot it was.

"I judge that you have not written much poetry," said the editor to his caller after examining his manuscript. "No, sir; but how did you know?" "In these verses you speak of a maiden as sitting at her window. Now, in poems maidens never sit at any thing common as windows. They invariably use casements."

The Doctor's Daughters is a new organization of women in San Francisco, whose object is to relieve the need of poor people who are in distress on account of illness in the family. The "daughters" number about forty and there are 200 associate members who devote themselves to the work of raising funds and distributing them personally among the deserving sick poor.

Much damage is done by brushing off dried mud from thin calf and kid boots with hard bristle brushes, and still more by the use of common blacking. In the case of ladies' boots, made of fine and soft leather, both treatments are ruinous. When boots are very muddy remove the dirt with a damp sponge or a painter's sash tool and a little water. Glace kid boots, etc., should be sponged, allowed to dry and then thoroughly polished with a soft rag or handkerchief which is slightly oiled occasionally.

If a woman's hair shows much care, being glossy, well kept and every pin in its place, you may rely upon it that she is a lady, born and bred, whether her own or the deft fingers of a maid arranged it. Coarse hair shows humble birth. Brown hair as a rule, if of the peculiarly fine character that it seem very thin, will indicate a good disposition. Hair that splits in the ends is a representation of the owner's tendency to quarrel and have bickerings and differences on all occasions. Black, glossy hair shows treachery; blonde, fluffy hair, weakness and vanity, and red hair, temper but truthfulness. The sort of hair known as drab, the kind so hard to match and awfully high priced when one wants a false bang, reads thus—highly sensitive and touchy.

Miss Ella Potts, a Chicago teacher, told her pupils one "composition day" that they might each write a letter to her making an excuse for not inviting her to an imaginary birthday party. The scholars were called upon in turn to read their letters aloud. One little girl made her excuse as follows: "Dear Miss Potts: I want to apologize for not asking you to come to my birthday party yesterday. I fully intended to do so, but—as I always do in everything—I put it off until the last minute. When at last I started, and reached your gate, I saw the doctor's buggy standing there, and, thinking some one was very ill, I did not go in. What was my consternation the next day to learn that the doctor was courting your sister!"

In the halcyon days before the conquest of the industrial world by the hustler a carpenter who had occasion to screw two pieces of wood together never thought of hammering in