

"My eye!" I exclaimed, quite involuntarily.

The pawnbroker hastily scrambled it up, but not until I had seen all I wanted," resumed Mrs. Nickham. "He scowled savagely at me; but I looked as innocent as a baby, so he thought it was all right, and called his young man to attend to me. Owning to the partition, Mrs. Hellip, of course, could not see me from her box. The young man came, and—Would you believe it, Dick? I had not till that moment thought of what excuse I should make. I had to pawn nothing, and I offered the first thing I thought of. What do you think it was, Dick?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you had to pawn the hoop?" I replied. "To pawn the hoop" is to pawn the wedding-ring, and the term is generally understood in professional circles.

"That's just what I did!" exclaimed my wife. "He lent me five shillings on it, which I think was pretty fair."

"Quite liberal, my dear," I said. "But about Mrs. Hellip?"

"Well, there is not much more about her," returned Mrs. Nickham. "While the young fellow was making out the ticket and all that, I saw the master pass twenty sovereigns over to her; and then she went out. I got into Long Joe's cab again, and came home. Here is the ticket, Dick, and you must get the ring out to-morrow."

"All right, my dear," I replied. "But now you must hear what I have to say."

"Not yet," interrupted my wife; there is just a little finish to my story. Did you notice a light in the front parlor?"

"I did."

"Well, then," she went on, "there is a friend of yours in there. You had better go and see who it is; and as Hellip is upstairs having his supper, you may perhaps get an idea of what I think you ought to do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Girl at the Front Gate.

Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach-bloom on her cheeks and lovelight in her eyes. Some men would shut her out of our literature, but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stifled, and the memory of the cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithful to the end.

What if the old gate does sag and its hinges rattle, and its latch refuse to hold it shut? What if the poets are shaky and some of its pickets gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips.

We held the old gate up and counted the stars, and bid good bye and then counted the stars again. How many times of a night was good-bye said? How many times did lips meet over the dear old gate? The old gate knows, but it will never tell. The old front gate may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am sure that the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks never did.

And what of the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks? Ah, no! She married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, as some girls will, and married a richer and handsomer man. And I? Well, I went off to another front gate where there were other peach-bloom cheeks and other lips as sweet, and just as many stars to count.

And now I have a front gate of my own, and of my own with peach-bloom cheeks who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true, good boy, and my girl is a good, true girl, and heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.

Good Hens.

A young married lady who moved into the country from a city home considered the keeping of hens as a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit, her enthusiasm increased, and hens and their care were the favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation.

During one of her animated descriptions of her success, a friend inquired—

"Are your hens good hens?"

"Oh yes," she replied in a delighted tone. "They haven't laid a bad egg yet!"

FLASHES OF FUN.

Noah made the arc light.

A pawnbroker advertised for an assistant who must be "able to take in in the absence of his master."

"Who is the lady Dooflicker is walking with?" "His wife." "Think so?" "I know it. Don't you see he is coming?"

"Did you hear that lecture last night?" asked Williams of his neighbor Beasley. "No," replied Beasley, "my wife wasn't at home."

The blacksmith is a queer fellow. When he goes on a strike he refuses to strike, and when he refuses to strike he keeps on striking.

"Ma," exclaimed a youngster at a party, pointing to an elaborate epergne in the middle of the table, "have you hired that? I never saw it before."

A musical exchange has an article on "What Music Teachers Should Avoid." In justice to a long suffering public, we think they should avoid "Sweet Violets," and possibly "See Saw."

Materializing medium—"This is the spirit of Harry Hardup. Does any one recognize him?" Voice—"Ach; yah." Medium—"He does not seem to know you." Sufferin' Isaac, "Neh. He was owing to me \$10.79."

Timid tourist, in San Francisco—"I am told there was a man murdered here last night." Sand Lot tough—"You're way off, boss. The boys had a little fun and killed a Chinaman, but there wasn't no one murdered."

"What makes the milk so warm?" the milkman was asked, when he brought the can to the door one morning. "Please, mum," he answered, "the pump-handle's broke, and milkers took the water from the boiler."

"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impudently. "and he said he didn't care."

A scientist says—the scientist is always saying something—that each adult person carries enough phosphorus in his body to make forty thousand matches. They who knew how hard it is to make a match of two persons will begin to lose their faith in scientists.

Ochre—"I saw that picture of yours, Danbs, when I was in Chicago." Danbs—"What, that Italian Sunset I sold to old Porkrib?" Ochre—"Yes, I guess that's the picture, but he called it the great Chicago conflagration."

Jeff Davis declares there is no such thing as the "lost cause"; that it is not lost. Of course it isn't. It is only in the same fix as the Irish sailor's dipper. "Captain," said he, "is anything lost when you know where it is?" "No, Pat." "Well, then, the dipper is in the sea."

"Have your church at your place?" asked a friend. "Church?" "Yes a church." "Oh, yes; I know what you mean—one of those things where they ring a bell like thunder every Sunday morning. Yes, we've got one." "Don't you ever attend?" "No! No, I never have yet. I paid in \$25 though toward building it." "How did you come to do that if you don't take interest enough to attend?" "Oh, I know what I was doing. We couldn't sell any town lots without one. There's nothing will catch the average speculator when he comes out to buy real estate like a church with a long, slender steeple sticking up on it like a needle on a tin oil-can."

There was a large attendance at Friday Evening's prayer-meeting at the Blue Light Tabernacle. After the exercises were over and the benediction had been pronounced, Jhn Webster got up and addressed the pulpit as follows: "Parson, does you know dat dar am gwinter be a colder 'scarcum to Houston next Lord's day?" "I has heard so, Brodder Webster." "Well, parson, a two-third majority of dis congregation aks deseighs disseccatin' dis dar Lord's day by gwetter Houston on de 'scarcum, and as de apokeamen I has to submit a proposition for your consideration." "What am dat 'preparation?" "De preparation am ter de 'scarcum dat de you will 'scarcum dis congregation from 'tendin' de services in de mawah' de o 'scarcum will 'scarcum you from 'scarcum de services in de ebentah'."

Young Folks' Department.

Hal's Misfortune.

"Have you pined your wood, Hal?" "No, not yet; but I'm just going to." "Picked up your apples?" "No; they won't take long." "Father said we were to do our chores early, you know."

"Yes, I'm just going to." But Hal kept on trying to make Carlo sit upright and hold a pipe in his mouth. The sitting up was a success as long as Carlo was held up, but he weakened down in a most provoking manner as soon as left to himself. The pipe fell to the floor and went to pieces just as Hal's father looked in at the shed door.

"All done boys?" "Yes, sir, said Hal's brothers promptly. "Well—almost," said Hal.

"The General and his staff, with a detachment of soldiers, are going to pass along the Winburg road this morning; I thought if you had all finished your work we might walk over there and see them. Hurry, then! there will be no time to lose."

"Hurrah! what a fello!" The boys whose work was done ran to get ready. Hal knew better than to leave his work undone, for his father, with all his indulgence, was strict, and Hal had had enough disappointments through his heedless, dawdling habits to have taught him better.

"I'll help you," said little Tom, kindly, as he made a rush to pick up the apples. They were soon gathered, but in poor order, and then Hal insisted on Tom's leaving him and going with the others.

"I'll catch you," he said. "I'll ride the pony and go 'cross lots."

He pined the wood, but so badly, in his hurry, that it fell down and had to be done over. Then, out of breath and fearing he would entirely lose the fine sight, he threw himself, coatless, hatless and shoeless, upon the pony's bare back and rode quickly across the fields.

"I won't go around by the bridge," he said to himself. "I'll go by farmer Allen's ford; it'll shorten the way a great deal."

But as he came to the break he saw that it was so much swollen by late rains that he felt a little doubtful about the wisdom of trying to cross, and wished he had gone around by the bridge.

"But it's too late now," he said. If I don't hurry up I shan't see a thing." He dashed in and urged the pony on.

"Hello, there!" cried a man's voice. "Don't you try to cross; it's too deep. Look out now! there's a big hole right ahead of you; if you get in it's ten to one you'll never get out."

Hal retraced back his pony, which was already floundering about as if in great doubt of his footing. From farther down the bank Farmer Allen came on his own horse, picking his way along the shallower places and growling at the folly and stupidity of boys.

"There!" he grumbled as he at last seized the pony and turned him the other way. "The next time you come foolin' round in deep water I'll leave you to get out as best you can—see if I don't!"

In a very crestfallen spirit poor Hal turned the other way.

"If only the General's a little after time," he said, "perhaps I'll be there soon enough yet. I do believe I hear the drum and see now. Get up, Pony!"

Pony did his best, but alas! when Hal at last reached his brothers, whom he found in a state of delighted excitement, he could only catch a faint glimpse of nodding plumes over a cloud of dust in the far distance.

"Oh, if you had only been here. We cheered and waved our hats."

And the General took off his hat to us.

"And I'm going to be a General myself some day," added Tom. "Such a horse as he had—and a sword!"

"Always late, poor Hal!" said his father, looking pitifully at his boy's red face.

"When I'm a General," said Hal prettily. "I'll take my own time to do things, and not always have to be hurry-ing."

"If you are ever a general or any other great man, my boy, you will find it your duty to be prompt and diligent in all you do. But be sure that no one who is a trifler and a laggard as a boy will ever be a great man or a good one, which is far

better. A soldier of Christ must always be up and about his Master's business. If you ever expect to do Him good and loyal service, Hal, you must make your first fight against the faults that beset you now. When you reach home go to your room and learn this verse:

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

CANADA'S WOMEN.

Their Progress and Advancement Explained to the American People.

Dr. Jenny Trout, of Toronto, in an article in the Chicago Inter Ocean says of woman's progress in Canada. In education women are making steady advancement. As teachers they are gradually supplanting men. In 1854 there were less than 1,000 female teachers in Ontario, while more than 2,500 males were employed. At the end of 1883 their positions were reversed, there being 1,200 more women than men engaged in this vocation.

About a year ago a new theological college was opened in Winnipeg, the capital of the province of Manitoba. This is under Presbyterian control, and appears to have been intended for men. But it was soon ascertained that there was nothing in its character to prevent women from entering as students. One woman is now in daily attendance and doing remarkably well.

In the province of Ontario, the wealthiest and most important in the Dominion, the women have for years made commendable and continued efforts to gain admittance to the university. Finally Toronto University, which is a government institution, opened its doors, and

ABOUT A DOZEN WOMEN

attended its lectures last winter. They demonstrated at the examinations that they were fully capable of performing the work which they had undertaken. Five of them passed with honors, two of these carrying off gold medals, while another now enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in the province who has qualified for the position of principal in the high schools or collegiate institutions. In view of these facts it is not surprising that the 400 gentlemen attending this university should treat the dozen ladies with the greatest respect and courtesy. No doubt their number will be largely augmented this winter. The experiment of educating both sexes in the same classes has been so satisfactory that the government and the college council are preparing better accommodation for women next session. The government has provided an efficient superintendent for them, and if they distinguish themselves as in the past winter they will enjoy still greater advantages. At the last matriculation examination twenty-one girls applied. Among this number was a colored girl, who will attend the college.

McGill University, of Montreal, which first opened its doors to women about a year ago, has received another munificent donation of \$50,000, making in all something over \$100,000 invested in that city for the higher education of women. Progress is also being made in the medical education of women. Both the Kingston and Toronto

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGES

have had an increased attendance during the past winter. The former is disadvantageously located, but this is more than compensated for by the fact that it is on a decidedly better financial basis than the latter. It has, too, a more liberal curriculum being controlled by women, consequently has the largest patronage. In a word, a women's college, while the other is only a man's college for women.

The business colleges have each increased attendance of women, and are gradually becoming more popular in stores, etc., than they were some years ago. Indeed they are becoming more numerous in all places where skill is of more value than muscle.

I very much regret that I cannot, as requested, the statistical figures in this department published by the Government. I have no report last from the above it will be our women have advanced favorably, similar to the progress of the men. Canada.