Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1900. NO. 37

Professional Cards.

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EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
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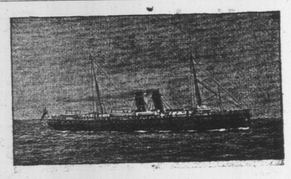
Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



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On and after October 6th, this Company will make
Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:
Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival trains from Halifax.
LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.
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Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
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FALL STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL LINES!
MEN'S LEG BOOTS, Grain and Wax.
MEN'S HEAVY GRAIN BELLOWS TONGUE. Five different lines to pick from.
WOMEN'S HEAVY GRAIN SKATING BOOTS. Six different lines.
BOOTS FOR WEAK ANKLES. I have got a line of Boots with stayed ankles for children with weak ankles
HALF SOLES AND TOP LIFTS, WOOL SOLES.
LEATHER AND RUBBER CEMENT.
RUBBER BOOTS for Men, Women, Boys and Children.
MURDOCH'S BLOCK, - E. A. COCHRAN.

Poetry.

Judge Not.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many like sepulchres, are foul within,
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so,
How near the God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness, ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the great and true,
More do they need our help and pity, too.
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day—
God help us all.
We cannot walk along the perfect way,
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall,
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!

The Petrified Fern.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the winds crept down so low,
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it.
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it.
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their gaint branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain,
Nature revelled in great mysteries,
But the fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its own sweet way,
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one day put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood.
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—
Covered it and laid it safe away.
O the long, long centuries since that day!
O the changes! O life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

—L. Boller Branch.

Select Literature.

Lawrence Thorne, Junior.

BY GRACE S. RICHMOND.

(From the Boston Youth's Companion)

He closed the door of his father's library with a hand which trembled on the knob. He stole swiftly through the hall and up the stairs into his room, the door of which he instantly locked. Crossing the floor, he flung himself, full length, face downward, upon the bed.

The attitude of the figure, with its boyish outlines of rumpled hair, square young shoulders and strong legs beneath the gay golf stockings, suggested both grief and despair. At eighteen these forms of suffering are sometimes intense, but seldom prolonged. Yet it was a full hour before the shoulders stirred, except with an occasional long-drawn breath.

An onlooker might have fancied Larry asleep, but when he slowly drew himself erect, it was not sleepiness which made his eyelids droop so heavily. His handsome face was angry, and the lines about his mouth were straight and hard.

He began packing a leather travelling-bag, moving softly about from closet to chiffonier, selecting and rejecting with care. He glanced down at the modish bicycle clothes he wore, and after some hesitation decided to make no change in them except to replace the gay stockings with a more quiet pair. In the bag he put one light-weight summer suit, and a store of shirts, collars and neckties which he chose from a lavish stock. He took a handsome top-coat from its yoke in the closet, but shook his head and replaced it with a sigh.

The packing accomplished, he glanced about the attractive room. His eye lingered upon a fine rifle which stood in one corner with a collection of oars, golf sticks, tennis-rackets and the like, then turned to the photographs upon the top of the low bookcase. He walked slowly over to these.

His lips curved into something very like a quiver for a moment as he took down one photograph. The sweet face of his mother looked into his eyes which spoke to him of a very tender relation sundered all too soon. Her son, standing motionless for a long minute, suddenly kissed the picture with a smothered cry of pain, and put it carefully into a pocket of the bag, then drew himself up with his habitual proud air. Setting his lips again, he picked up his cap and the bag, and strode downstairs to the library door. There, after an instant's hesitation, he knocked. A voice bade him enter, and setting down his bag outside, he went in and closed the door.

He advanced to the desk, where sat a keen-eyed man of features like his own. The father, smooth-shaven, clear-cut, and fresh-colored of face, was Larry grown older.

Mr. Thorne, turning in his revolving chair and looking sternly at the boy, waited for him to speak.

"I came to tell you, sir," began Larry, respectfully, "that I will leave home to-night. I am ready to go."

His father looked at him steadily for a moment, then said quietly, "You will leave home? You mean—without my permission?"

"I don't think you can refuse to let me go, sir."

"Why not?"

The boys eyes dropped, but he answered firmly, "You told me why not to-day."

"In what words?"

"You have said you were disappointed in me,—ashamed of me,—that you" Larry's voice nearly broke, but he controlled it, although the words came in a lower tone—"couldn't trust me. I think, since you feel that way, there is no reason why I should stay."

There was silence again for a minute. Then Mr. Thorne asked, in a dry voice, "Do think that I spoke more harshly than you deserved?,'

The father waited for a reply, but receiving none, went on: "My son chooses to defy my commands, to break his promises to me, to disgrace my name at college where I have placed him, and to allow himself evil associates. His misconduct happens not once, but many times. When I tell him that I am disappointed in him, ashamed of him, that I cannot trust him, he feels that I have been unduly hard upon him. But is all this sufficient for his determining to leave my roof—for his threatening to do so without my consent?"

The boy looked up quickly.

"No," said Mr. Thorne, "you did not say so, but I think I am to infer, am I not, that if I refuse, you will go, notwithstanding?"

"I could have gone," said Larry, prondly, "without saying a word."

"I appreciate that. At the same time—you intend to go. Are you willing to tell me where you are going?"

"I meant to do that, sir," said Larry. "I shall go to my cousin Barrett Warner in Montana."

"Have you money enough?"

"I have my last month's allowance, sir."

Mr. Thorne turned back to his desk, and resumed the writing which Larry's entrance had interrupted. The boy watched the pen travel steadily over line after line until the firm handwriting had covered half a page. Then Mr. Thorne rose and spoke, slowly and decidedly, holding himself in his usual erect fashion and looking into the eyes of his son—on a level with his own, for the two were the same athletic build.

"Lawrence," he said, not harshly, but so gravely that the words sounded very stern to the listening ears, "for twenty-four hours I forbid you to start on your journey. If you care to preserve any tie whatsoever between us, you will not disregard this command. At the end of that time, if you still feel that the best thing you can do in the circumstances is to take yourself off, I shall not say or do anything to restrain you; but you must understand that from the time you go your allowance ceases. If you remain it will be cut down one half."

The boy's eyes met his father's in one long, steady gaze. A strong will looked out of both pairs, the inflexible determination in the elder matched by the full grown purpose in the younger. Then Lawrence Thorne, junior, turned and went quickly from the room, saying bitterly to himself, "He doesn't love me—he can't! Why, he may never see me again in this world—the only son he has left! He doesn't understand me a bit. He's as hard as flint. He wouldn't even say he wanted me to stay. Stay! I couldn't stay now!"

Lawrence Thorne, senior, dropped into his chair with a breath which was almost a groan, and sat leaning his head upon his hand.

"Am I taking the right course," he asked himself, "or am I carrying it too far? I have tried every method with him, and failed to arouse what I am sure is in him. His careless, reckless ways will ruin him as surely as he is a Thorne. Perhaps a year with Barrett would bring him to his senses—yet he is only eighteen—I cannot see him leave me for that rough life with a man who is none too trustworthy. My only son,—my little lad,—how short a time it seems since he was that! His mother could have managed him, but somehow I have failed to hold his heart; and he thinks I do not care!"

Larry, roaming moodily about his room, while the sounds and odors of the early May afternoon came alluringly in at the open window, was conscious of a very heavy heart.

Somehow it was far harder for him to wait the required twenty-four hours than it would have been to go at once from the house. He had thought when he came to the room that he would not leave it until the time of his permitted departure, but after an hour of intolerable boredom, he found himself unable to abide by his decision. He went hastily down-stairs, flung himself upon his bicycle, and in a moment more was speeding toward the nearest avenue which led out into the open country.

Action was such a relief that he wheeled on and on without the pause of an instant, until the suburbs were far behind, and he was flying over the smooth cycle path to a neighboring summer resort. Many others were riding on this path, and to avoid some too exuberant friends whom he saw coming, he turned aside into a quiet road. Not long afterward, as he approached a fine old country house, he saw a girlish figure upon a bicycle come out from the gateway and turn in his direction. He recognized her with surprise.

"Why, it's Juliet!" he thought. "How does she come out here? This must be her grandfather's place. Of course it is—I remember now. Well, I didn't mean to say good-by to anybody, least of all to Juliet; but I can't get out of it now, and I suppose she'd feel it if I didn't. So here goes—but I'd rather be shot!"

"Why, Larry Thorne!" cried the girl, as he dismounted and pulled off his cap. "What are you doing here? I didn't know you had a vacation now."

"This is luck to meet you, Juliet," he said, as the two looked smilingly at one another in the middle of the quiet road. "No, there's no vacation. This is one of those enforced leaves of absence, you know. Yes," in answer to the astonished expression on her face, "I'm suspended again. Fine record, isn't it, for a fellow's first year?"

He tried to speak lightly, but the quick change in her look from one of happy surprise was hard to see. He went on rapidly, feeling that he must make his explanations as soon as possible and be gone. He realized, as he faced her, that it would not be easy work to explain to Juliet.

"You see," he began, finding himself unable to meet the clear gray eyes, and shifting his own as he talked to the meadows, the sky, the ground, to anything but that sober girl face, "the faculty had warned me that a second offence would mean suspension to the end of the year. I fully intended not to displease them again, but—of course I can't make you understand—our crowd had reasons for wanting to get even with a certain set in '99, and the fun of it tempted me—as usual. Well, the result is, here I am; but I wont be—long. I—I'm glad to have met you, for I shan't see you again very soon. I'm going West—to Montana—to morrow."

A rapidly approaching carriage saved Juliet an immediate reply, and the two retreated to a fence at the side of the road. Here Larry disposed of the wheels and leaned against the fence, feeling that while he dreaded what Juliet might say, it would be rather a relief to talk things over with her a bit. He had talked over so many things with Juliet! Since the days when they made mud pies and snow forts together she had been his neighbor and friend, and until the last year she had shared nearly all his plans and secrets. He could trust Juliet, and it was better that he should not go away leaving her to think what she would of him.

She did not speak, but stood with her face turned aside, while he wondered if she would lecture, scold or snub him. It was not Juliet's way to do any of these things. At the same time she never left him in any doubt as to her position in matters of right and wrong.

"Do you mean," she asked him slowly, at last, "that you are going away on account of that?"

"What—suspension? Oh no, that's only part of it! The truth is," he hesitated, "you know well enough I hate to study worse than—well—than a girl like you who adores books could possibly understand. There's something in me like a steam engine under tremendous pressure; and after I've plugged away about so long with a steadily mounting steam gauge, I've got to break bonds or burst. That's what gets me into scrapes. Why, if I had been old enough when the Spanish war broke out, I'd have been the happiest man on earth. Yet I couldn't stand the discipline of a military school, so it's no use going in for that. If can get off on Barrett Warner's ranch, where I can live the life of a wild Indian pony—"

"You," she interrupted skeptically, with a glance at the handsome bicycle suit, at his well kept hands, at the fine lines of his face, "you going in for the rough life of a Western ranchman!"

"I don't suppose I look it now," he acknowledged, with a flush, "and I'll own that it's not my ideal, But—I'll tell you, Juliet. The greatest of all my reasons is one I can't say much about. Perhaps I ought'n's even to hint at it, but I must or you'll misjudge me. You see father has come to the end of his patience with me. I don't know as I can blame him, for I have disappointed him in every way. But his face darkened, "he has said things to me I can't stand—I don't have to stand them. He told me—"

"Larry," interposed the girl, "I don't think you ought to tell me."

"I will," cried the young fellow, fiercely, whether it's dishonorable or not, because I must make you understand, and you can't do it unless I tell you? He said—no I won't stop—that he was ashamed of me—that he couldn't trust me. There! That's what cuts worse. He never said things like that before. I suppose I'm a miserable good-for-nothing, but I—I don't think I could stand it to be with him and know he didn't care for me better than to say he couldn't trust me. He might as well have said—"

Larry's voice broke; he turned away to hide the angry tears which were welling into his eyes, but Juliet did not seem to be observing him. She was breaking little splinters from the rough rail fence. Below the downcast gray eyes were a pair of very pink cheeks which testified to her interest in her old comrade's fortune.

When Larry had waited what seemed to him an interminable length of time for Juliet to speak, he broke the silence gruffly: "You may as well tell me what you're thinking. It can't be any worse than I'm imagining all this while."

The girl looked up. "I'm sorry for you, Larry," she said in a low tone, "because I can see you are very unhappy. I don't suppose it's any use to beg you not to go, and I'm not wise enough to say the right thing; perhaps I ought not to say anything. But what I can't help thinking is that it seems a pity for you to—to run away from your record."

"To run away from my record?" repeated Larry slowly, while a singular gleam came into his eyes. "Is that what you think I'm doing?"

"I don't see what else it is," she answered, gently. "You've made this record, and now when things are at their worst, you go off and leave them so. Even if you do well in the West, you'll always have to remember what you left behind you here."

"But you don't understand," Larry told her, hurriedly. "What else can I do? I've failed in every way to please everybody—you included. What's the use of my trying to do what I'm not adapted to, and be what it's not in me to be? And now that Lawrence Thorne, senior, has shown what he thinks of me—"

"I don't believe he thinks it!" cried Juliet, eagerly. I think you misunderstand him. Even if he really doesn't trust you any more, why don't you *make* him do it? You can earn his confidence all over again. As for your not being fitted for study, what difference does that make? You wouldn't take a dare in the gymnasium. I've known about other fellows of a different build doing a thing it was twice as hard for you to do, but you wouldn't be outclassed, and you kept at it till you could do it—and better than he could too. Why don't you go at your books in the same way, whether you like them or not? Even on a Western ranch, you'd find use for your knowledge, and even if you didn't your mind would have had the training just the same. Think of your father—such a splendid mind he has, and what a disappointment it would be to him to have his son an—"

"Ignoramus," finished Larry, grimly.

"You know I didn't mean that," she said, with a deepening of the excited color in her cheeks. "And Larry—I don't mean to preach—but—I'm afraid when you get out there you'll find it—perhaps—still harder to—keep right."

The boy turned away abruptly at the low spoken words. He was not sure how much Juliet knew of the fast set of his class, leader of which he had come to be; but a vision of one of the evenings spent among them flashed before his eyes, and it occurred to him that if he were not strong enough to influence for the better his own mates, he might easily be dragged downward by the association with a far wilder, rougher sort.

The sun was sinking rapidly toward the west. Juliet looked back at the house from which she had come, and consulted a tiny chatelaine watch at her belt. "Grandma expects me in time for tea," she said, "and I must go."

Larry picked up the wheels and began the slow walk by Juliet's side to the gate, saying not a word. She glanced at him shyly once or twice, but he had pulled his cap visor far over his eyes, and his lips were firmly compressed. The girl waited anxiously, and getting no word, as they reached the gateway she turned and laid her hand softly on Larry's arm.

"Chum," she whispered, it was their old name for each other, "you don't forget how this would make her feel?"

It had needed only that to break up the deeps in the boy's softening heart. He desperately tried to recover his emotion with a muttered, "Ah, that's different! She cared."

"Larry," breathed Juliet, her heart beating painfully fast, "you may think I don't know, but I do. She did care, but so does he. I know you misunderstand him. Dignified as he is, one has only to look at him when you are by, and it shows, although you may not see it. Go back to him—tell him that you will do your best to make up for your mistakes—tell him—oh, tell him what you like, but do it! I know you can make him tremendously proud of you, if you only will. Show him what you really are. I—believe in you, Larry. Don't run away from your record—change it!"

The boy's eyes came slowly back to her face from the ground where they had been steadily fixed. He drew a long breath, pulled himself erect, looked squarely into the pleading grey eyes in which his little "chums's" confidence in him was plainly written, as he gave her her wheel and prepared to leap upon his own made this brief speech, than which a far more eloquent one could not have pleased her half so much.

"Juliet, you're true blue, if a girl ever was. Thanks to you, I will."

Then he was off like the wind down the road toward home.

An hour later Mr. Lawrence Thorne was surprised by the sudden entrance to him of his son. The young fellow no longer looked either angry, proud or sullen, and his step was light. He came up to the desk, and stood looking straight into the eyes of the elder man.

"Father he said, quietly, "I've made up my mind. I want to tell you that I beg your forgiveness for all I've done to make you disappointed in me. I'm ashamed of myself clear through. If you will let me, I'm going to stay and try to earn your trust again."

Was that his father's face, with that glad smile breaking up all the cold, hard lines? Perhaps neither could see the other's face quite distinctly, for there was a very perceptible huskiness in the voice of the senior Lawrence Thorne as, grasping the hand Larry had not dared hold out to him, he said heartily:

"My son, you have it—now!"

General Baden-Powell's Letter To Boys.

The *Runcorn Parish Magazine* for October mentions the formation of the Weston Church League of Health and Manliness, or Anti-Smoking Society in which the members guarantee not to smoke before they are 21 at least. It consists of two sections, senior and junior—the former for those who work, the latter for schoolboys. Major General Baden Powell as a well-known non-smoker, was elected patron, and 15 members of the senior section wrote, asking him to accept the position, incidentally mentioning that most of them had passed through the choir as boys or were at present the eldest boys in the choir. The popular hero writes:

"I quite agree with your principles, that it is at your time of life that your habits and character are formed and remain yours during your manhood. A feeble youth who smokes because he thinks it is manly is just as liable to drink or to swear because he has known grown-up men to do it—not because it is any pleasure to him—then he gets into the habit of it, and the fault becomes part of him for the rest of his life. The stronger-minded boy thinks a bit for himself, as you in your—or may I say in our?—club do, and keeps himself clear of faults which he recognizes are failings in men. Your recognition of the good work being done by the soldiers out here in their devotion to their duty shows that you are looking in the right direction to see what is the proper example of man to follow. And I think that if the boys would take the line of always trying to do what is their duty, it would become, in a short time, part of their nature, and would thus guide every action of theirs as men. You who are choir boys—or past choir-boys—will recognize that if each sings his part in the harmony under the direction of the leader—that is, if each one does his duty—the result is a pleasing anthem; whereas, if each sang what he liked best, there would be a fine old cats' chorus. So it is in life—if each does his duty in his proper line or profession, the whole community moves prosperously and successfully. Fellows are very often in doubt as to which of two courses may be the proper one to take—or are tempted to take one line because it is more pleasant or easy than the one which their conscience tells them is the right one. Well, if ever you are in such doubt, there is an easy way of deciding, and that is to ask your conscience: "What is it my duty to do?" and that will nearly guide you right. In this way you will soon find that it comes as a habit to do your duty to your leader—whether that be the choir master, the head of your department, employer or officer, or the Queen. And remember always that in thus doing, conscientiously, your duty to your leader you are also doing your duty to God. And also remember that as you lads may often—without knowing it, perhaps—be imitating the examples of men before you, so, also unknown to you, there may be, and probably are, other boys watching you and imitating your example. So let your example to them be always a good one. In this way the whole of England's boys and men will in a short time be what the best of them are now, viz, a lot living honorably up to what their conscience tells them is their duty. Wishing the club every success, I am,

Yours truly,

R. S. BADEN POWELL.

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A Very Sad Story.

One of the most pathetic instances of misfortune that has ever come to our notice is the following account of a young girl who went insane from despair and starvation, while seeking to find employment. The *New York World* thus describes the occurrence:

Miss Margaret A. Carroll, of Chicago, driven insane by starvation in New York, walks up and down her little cell in the insane ward of Bellevue Hospital, asking imaginary storekeepers for work. The story of her search of three months for work in this city has been told. When her money ran low she reduced her food to one meal a day. The privation and daily disappointment drove her mad.

Yesterday she would stop in the hasty walk of her little room and, assuming a dignified air, say:

"Sir, can you find me a place in your store? I am a good saleswoman. Have had long experience in Chicago. Worked in some of the largest department stores. Can give you recommendations." Then her face would fall a little and she would say:

"What? Come around in a few weeks? Well, sir, that is what they all say. Perhaps I will. But isn't there anything that I can do? I'll work at anything. I'll work cheap, too."

Another pause while her imaginary storekeeper was talking, and then she would bow politely, turn on her heel and walk away. In a minute after she was out of the imaginary store she would begin to cry.

Over and over she went through the performance.

When Dr. Foster found that she was insane from hunger it became a very delicate affair to feed her. First a little light broth was given to her. This she drank ravenously. Then, when it was all gone, they brought her a little beef tea. This she started to drink, and laid it aside saying:—

"There, I'll save the rest till to-morrow. I may not have any then. Oh, what shall I do? What would mamma say if she knew that I was starving in New York?"

The nurse said last evening that there was no improvement in her condition.

Could anything be more sorrowful? Could anything form a greater contrast between the lavish luxury of some in that gilded city and the utter want and misery of others? The lesson of it all will not be lost, if young girls are warned by it that the metropolis is a wolf to the poor though a spaniel to the rich.

German Cruelty in China.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS TELL OF SLAUGHTERING OF PRISONERS AROUND PEKING.

A dispatch to the London *Daily News* from Berlin quotes from private letters from German soldiers in China confirming the reports of the severity of the German methods there. One writer tells of 19 prisoners being tied together by their cues and driven to Peking by troops. They were flogged until the blood flowed from their bodies. Afterward eight were compelled to dig graves for themselves, after which they were shot. Another soldier says:

"What is going on here during the war is impossible for me to describe, for such murdering and slaughtering is awful. The reason is that the Chinese are outside of international law, so no prisoners are taken. All are shot or, to save cartridges, stabbed. Sunday afternoon we had to stab 74 prisoners with the bayonet. They had shot one of our patrols, whereupon the whole battalion was called out to pursue them, and 74 were captured. It was cruel and cannot be described as it really happened. I hope it will not go on much longer; otherwise one will forget whether one was ever a human being."

—What a wonderful power there is in consistency! When the man, who can get up in meeting and give a long testimony or make a long prayer for the general betterment of mankind, goes to his home cross and exacting, taking the best for himself; always pleasant and talkative when a neighbor drops in, but glum as an oyster, surly as a bear when by themselves—surely the family sometimes thinks of consistency, even if the world does not, and his power for good in that home circle is limited. And the woman also who is light and sparkles abroad, the personification of gentleness and affection to others; but among her own, scolding, fault finding, hard to please, doling out meagrely the praise and appreciation due her own willing, hungry hearts; is her life consistent? When we attempt to call ourselves diamonds and fail to reflect the true light of the diamond, but rather give out that of the onyx, then are we failures as both, and sooner or later the world will know it."

—The longest electric Railway in the world is to be built in Montana. The proposed line is from Billings to Great Falls, some two hundred miles, and the plan is to operate it entirely by electric power, which is to be supplied from Yellowstone river. The road would have considerable traffic in coal, ores, and other heavy freights, and would be the first line with such traffic to be worked by electricity. The plan is perfectly feasible and seems to present advantages, especially where large water powers are available, as in Montana—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

—This is how the habits of white men are described by a Chinese observer in a recent Chinese publication: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities, with knives and prongs. They never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid for it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.