Succumbed to His Wife.

Worcester *Gazette*:

In southern archipelagos he fought the bloody cannibal;
He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable;
Not a work of fear he'd uttered, not a word nd not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable,
No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

Just then the wife came in and said, "I'd think it quite commendable
If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find him very tendable."
The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very leadable.

The Farmer's Easy Time.

Chicago *Post*:

The bees have left the clover
And the season's work is over,
They're busy playing checkers, are the farmer's hired men.
And the lively yellow-jacket
That in haying raised a racket
Has packed away his stinger till the summer comes again.

'Tis now the honest yeoman
Idly loafs around his home and
Enjoys his three square meals a day in kingliest content,
Or he visits in the city
And awakens people's pity
By telling them how hard he works and can't lay up a cent.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS";

A Tale of the American Revolution.

From that moment the evening was like a delightful dream to Betty. The music sounded, and her heart and feet kept time to its beat. She began to feel that people were looking at her, that she was admired. Gentlemen crowded around, and her animated face grew beautiful with the simple pleasure of a girl's gratified vanity.

She was taken in to supper by young Mr. Tilghman, who was painfully shy, and made amends for lack of conversation by piling her plate with new supplies, the supper being, in the old hospitable fashion, of the most substantial order, the sideboard furnished with wines, where the gentlemen resorted frequently during the evening to refresh themselves and discuss politics, the one absorbing topic which entered into all things at this exciting time. Tom Rozier was much in demand, as the last arrival from the Old World, to explain European views on the probable trouble.

Betty caught sight of him once or twice, standing with what she fancied a preoccupied expression, as if he had some secret cause of anxiety. Once he saw her looking, and smiled, when a strange anger filled her that she should have been seen watching him. He did not join the circle of her admirers, but, just before the minuet, came up and begged the favor of being her partner.

"Thank you, I am bespoke," she said, tossing her pretty head; and danced it with Mr. Philip Reed, who was the most violent patriot in the country, a tall, large man, and a noted drinker and high liver. Will Ringgold hovered around her, helping her into the coach when, immediately after dancing the Sir Roger de Coverly, the party dispersed.

The dawn was breaking as, well enveloped in wraps, they descended the steps of the hospitable mansion. Lights streamed from open windows and doors, where the gentlemen had assembled to see the ladies depart in coaches, leaving them to remain and prolong the conviviality until daylight. As the coach rolled down the road they heard the sound of a bacchanalian chorus.

"Those men!" said Miss Stacy, admiringly. "They are going to make a night of it. Well, I protest I've passed the most enjoyable evening. La! Miss Bab, warn't Betty a prodigious belle, making a conquest of all the beaux? What did you think of our new spark, Tom Rozier?"

Miss Barbara was too exhausted by her unusual exertions to reply, but sat nodding, the dim light gleaming on her worn face and closed eyelids.

Betty was fresh, and flushed with triumph, humming some bars of the Minuet to herself.

"I think," she said, speaking with severity, "that Mr. Thomas Rozier is a prig and Mr. Will Ringgold a coxcomb—a mincing coxcomb and a conceited prig. But, oh, I've had such a lovely time, Anastasia, my darling!"

"They say," said Miss Stacy, confidentially, "that Tom is a Tory. There was a quarrel after supper which may lead to something serious. Some gentlemen were in the dining-room drinking, and Philip Reed called Tom 'a d—— Tory,' and Tom slapped him in the face. They drew rapiers, and would have fought it out at once, but since was patched up. I'm afraid Tom will make trouble, though, for Mr. Reed's got a great deal of influence in the Convention. Such a pity!"

Betty leaned her head on her hand and looked out at the gray morning landscape.

"He's a prig," she repeated, not so decisively, "but handsome enough and manly, I grant."

Then she wondered if this was the cause of his troubled and preoccupied expression, and began to hum the minuet again, vexed at her own wonder.

CHAPTER IV.

After the party came two weeks of Indian summer weather, when November sighed and remembered June. Through the calm days, when the earth in fulness of matured beauty rested in a golden trance, premonitions of impending change broke into the usual quiet of country life.

From the village came the sounds of drum and fife; mysterious strangers came and went, who were said to be spies of either party. Every shop was a debating society and pandemonium, where every man had a right to exercise the prerogative of a free man, and to declaim for his own pleasure, for or against resistance to England. The Tories became less and less confident and bold. Many who had been loudest in their avowed allegiance to the old and now-powerless government left their homes and sailed for England, while others, to whom Mr. Rozier was one, by their assumed neutrality, became objects of suspicion for what was deemed their interested cowardice.

As was natural under such agitating circumstances, there were few gayeties to follow the assembly at Lord's Gift.

After that unwonted excitement, life, for Betty, settled into a routine of which she had never felt the lack of interest before. True, Mr. Will Ringgold came to see her several times, poured into her ear his polyglot compliments, and presented her with verses: "To my Charming Fair," where "ardent swain" rhymed with "pleasure's train," and Miss Stacy kept them informed of the affairs of the neighborhood—how Mrs. Paca had boxed the jaws of a strapping negro wench just from Africa, and Miss Ramsay had gone riding with Tom Rozier, making an elegant appearance, on a white horse, clad in a mulberry-colored riding-habit with a scarlet cocked hat; but something was lacking which Betty could hardly define.

She grew very restless during the long mornings when she and Miss Bab sat opposite each other on the two horse-hair sofas in the lower hall, each busily engaged in sewing up the seams of homespun trousers for the field-hands. Never, thought Betty, did men have such long limbs; they had the tallest negroes in the neighborhood—sons of Anak. Her weariness would gain the upper hand sometimes, and she would follow her longing gaze out of the open door to the garden and stand on the hill, looking over the placid water and the russet meadow promontories to the melting blue of the horizon.

Returning, one noon from such an expedition, when the sun had kissed her cheek to a deeper glow, and the soft breeze had blown her hair into little tendrils and curls around her cap, she found that Bab had disappeared from the sofa, the trousers bundled under a cushion, and heard the sound of a man's voice from the parlor, which she entered with some trepidation as to her long, white apron and unruly hair, that increased as she heard Miss Clem mention Tom Rozier's name, and saw his tall form rise between her and the window.

He laid his hand on his heart, and she made a step backward on the polished floor. It was but an instant, but, in that time, her quick eyes took the never-to-be-forgotten impression of sunshine on a bowl full of yellow chrysanthemums on the window-sill, and against the blue sky, a keen, dark face, earnest and strong, the face, not of "a conceited prig," but of a brave, honest gentleman, as she felt him to be.

Then, because of the fair day and the flowers, a bird somewhere near began to sing. Tom raised his powdered head, and Betty seated herself in a prim, upright chair, where a stray sunbeam touched her throat and cheek.

Another sunbeam pierced the shadowed room, brightening some of its accessories—oblong mirrors with carved, gilt frames, three-cornered mahogany tables supporting grotesque china ornaments, and straight chairs reflected on the shining floor.

"Well," said Miss Clem, contemptuously overlooking the interruption, "I do not doubt but that the classics are necessary to a gentleman's education, by giving an idea of the letters and the polite arts of the Greek and Roman civilizations; but, prithee, why not have a tutor at home? I never went to Oxford, but, under the direction of my father, at the age of ten I had mastered Cornelius Nepos———"

"Yes; but, Miss Clem, we do not all possess your natural advantages," said Tom, with a courtly bow; "I am sure that I have learned something by having travelled."

"And there is Will Ringgold," said Betty, speaking for the first time, "is he not a shining example of foreign training and polish?"

"A fair case of showing

'How much a fool that hath been sent to roam
Exceeds a fool that has been kept at home,'"

laughed Tom. "But he is not a bad fellow, Will, only his trip to France, and his introduction and acquaintance among the *beau monde* there, hath somewhat turned his not over strong wits."

"Indeed, he seemed to me very pleasant charactered and of a most polite address," charitably interposed Miss Bab, who was almost obscured by the harpsichord.

"But such a coxcomb," said Betty, " h his *ma foi's* and grimaces!"

"There is some good in him: but, i'faith, I can't like a fellow that's not enough of a man to enjoy a run after the hounds, but must sit at home and cap verses like a mincing French abbe!"

"Enough, enough," was the fiat of Miss Clem, listening frowningly. "I vow I do not know what to make of you young people nowadays, with your talk about character, and this quality, and how people feel. No doubt, a hundred years from now they will be writing books about the symptoms of the mind, and what the hero and heroine *think!* All fiddle-faddle! Take a man for granted, and 'let well enough alone.'"

"A saying, my dear madam, which is often urged as an excuse for negligence and sluggishness," interrupted Dr. Wells, who had entered the room behind her. The reverend gentleman was, at first sight, far from conveying the impression which his learning and goodness inspired in those who knew him better. As is often the case, the precious soul was encased and hidden in a defective casket. Short and fat, with a broad face, hooked nose, and little eyes, he looked even swarthier and more untidy than was natural by the contrast of the snowy powder of his bob wig, traceable on his upper lip, and falling over his shabby, black clothes.

"Humph!" said he, "Tom Rozier here! Quite opportune. Sir, I wish to enter a formal protest and complaint against that white, bound, serving-man of yours—Peregrine, I think they call the varlet." The little doctor was quite excited, dancing up and down, his eye flashing fire, and speaking in a high, pompous squeak.

"I hope, sir," said Tom, respectfully, "that the fellow, who is a pernicious wag and bubbling over with pranks, has not dared to molest you?"

"Molest! I do not know what you call it, then. Why, look you. As I was walking here, ruminating on the beauty of the day, the glory of God, and many such kindred subjects, here comes along this fellow of yours on a sorry nag———"

"Confound him!" cried Tom. "He must have stolen it. I've got no such nag in my stables, and he's wont to be a good judge of horseflesh."

"That is neither here nor there. This varlet rides in front of me, pulls off his cap, and speaks very respectfully, so I stop. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have long had a matter of conscience which only you can heal, a religious point that, for my peace of mind, I must have settled. I am aware of the disadvantage and publicity of our present meeting, but, if you will give me the benefit of a few minutes' explanation, you may make me a reformed man.' The rascal spoke so engagingly that I feared he might have some crime on his conscience, so I halted, for it little behooves one of my cloth to refuse ghostly aid. 'Speak,' said I, 'my son.' 'Well, doctor, the point is this: Can a man marry his widow's sister-in-law?' 'Certainly not, certainly not,' said I. 'If there is one point upon which the canons of the church and of civil law are explicit, it is this.' Then I proceeded to give him certain authorities and judgments of various tribunals and councils, deduced from a long course of reading; until I began to see the absurdity of my standing in the road arguing a knotty ecclesiastical point with a groom, by the fellow's eyes beginning to twinkle, and, by the soul of me, had I not been a clergyman and he on horseback, I'd have punished him for his impudence, and applied my cudgel to his pate!—I animadverted upon him with great severity. But the fellow reasons well and is a cunning rogue. I can't help smiling at his waggery."

The doctor was in a broad grin, which burst into a good-natured laugh, in which he was joined by Tom and Betty.

"I'll charge him with it, sir," said Tom, "and he shall apologize; but the fellow means no harm. He has lived from hand to mouth in most of the countries of Europe, been in many services, and picked up a deal of the odds and ends of learning."

"We will appeal to the doctor," said Miss Clem, reverting to the argument which she dearly loved, especially when she was pitted against the masculine intellect. "Doctor, I hold that the education of young men here should be conducted in the country where they are to live, and that education in England serves to unfit them for their own home."

"But, Miss Clem," urged Tom, "England is my mother-country, my home. Surely we, here in the provinces, should feel that, and wish to know more of our parent."

"A parent who is at best but a step-mother," declared Miss Clem. "No mother ever burdened her offspring with a tax so disproportioned to their strength as England has laid upon us."

"But we owe her allegiance," said Tom. "I will always feel that. No doubt the law will be repealed; if not, we can take measures to lighten this tax, which I, with you, think unreasonable, by cutting off superfluous luxuries and by encouraging home manufactures."

"No plan of non-importation will prove available. We will be driven to extreme measures, even to resistance. The policy of England has ever been, with us, that of extortion, and the result will be final alienation."

"Say the policy of the Ministry," interposed Dr. Wells, pacing restlessly to and fro, scattering snuff with zealous enthusiasm. "Now, Tom," he continued, "which are you, patriot or Tory; for your country, or for supporting the action of the Ministry."

"Sir, answered young Mr. Rozier, with a proud gesture of his handsome, well-set head, "I cannot conceive that there will ever be but one course open to his Majesty's subjects; allegiance to their oath of fealty. As troubled as matters look at present, they will, no doubt, be satisfactorily adjusted; and, if not, why, as loyal subjects, we must submit to the right of taxation."

"Tut! my boy, you are wilfully blind not to see whither matters are tending, that no active man can idly withdraw his support from what he thinks right; or will you emulate the stupid clown of whom I read the other day? When the Royalist and Parliamentary troops were encamped just before the decisive battle of Marston Moor, when the civil war had been waging for five years, a horseman, galloping over the country, came across a countryman at work. 'Well,' cried the Cavalier, 'for which side are you, King or Parliament?' 'Why,' gaped the bumpkin, staring stupidly, 'is them two fell out.'"

"Ay, sir, and at that very battle my ancestor fell fighting for the king, and his great-grandson went into exile following the fortunes of Charles Edward."

All parties were becoming excited, and the air was rife with one of the disturbing political debates imminent at all times and in all places.

"The time is coming, Thomas Rozier," said Miss Clem, solemnly, "for you to make your final choice and abide by it. Will you be a tame coward, submitting to all that these scornful masters over seas may choose to impose upon you, or will you, like another Brutus, be handed down to a glorious posterity as one of those patriots who, against overwhelming odds, chose to suffer odium as a traitor—death, maybe—drawing your sword in defence of your liberty as a man and freedom from galling slavery?"

The moment was electric with excitement. Tom had risen, his head thrown back, facing the earnest little group to whose opinions he was antagonistic.

"If," he said, quietly, "it comes to the choice of determining between my estates, comfort, and a happy future, such as I have always anticipated, and exile in poverty; and if the former is to be gained by treachery and disloyalty to my king, by subverting all laws of peace and order, I will choose exile, death even, before such dishonor. God grant that I will never be in such a predicament; but if it comes I shall not stain the roll and record of my ancestors, who have fought and died for their king—loyal gentlemen, a line never soiled by treachery or sedition!"

His eyes were glowing. As he paused they rested on Betty, who felt the nobility of his words, and as though another sunbeam had entered the room. There was an awkward moment. Tom made a low bow, to leave the room.

"Hem!" coughed the doctor, nervously, "I fancied you were thus affected—one of those who believe in the 'divine right of kings to govern wrong.' Not that I myself doubt the right of kings, and that they derive their prerogative direct from divine power, for the Church holds —"

"Hark ye, Tom Rozier," cried Miss Clem, "I like you none the less for saying what you think, like a man. You have a right to your opinion, only be out with it, and don't be a neutral, a nonentity. Come again when you choose. You've got sense, and there are too many fools in this neighborhood for the sensible ones to quarrel, be they Tories or patriots."

"Betty," said Miss Bab, who was much discomposed, and wished to make the visitor feel at ease, "put on your hat and walk down with Tom to the landing, and as you pass by the store-room, stop and get some cookies."

At this reminder of their youthful days and the panacea which Miss Bab had administered to their every woe, Tom smiled, and seeing that Betty hesitated, said; "Will you not come?" with the desired effect, for Betty arose and left the room with him.

CHAPTER V.

When they were a few steps on the sunny lawn, Miss Clem put her long face out of a window and called after them: "Tom Rozier, remember to come again, and we can discuss the matter more logically."

On a shady bench by the kitchen wall sat Uncle Mose, his corn-cob pipe in his mouth, and several lank hounds capering around him. He rose and shuffled toward them with a bow-legged, shambling gait, peculiar to himself.

"Lord A'mighty! Mars Tom, yer sut'nly hez growed. An' wuz'nt you a mischievous boy? I minds me er de time Jed's baby died, an' dey couldn't find de coffin no whar, no whar, an' I come down ter de crick, an' dar war de coffin an' you a paddlin' 'round in it jes' as happy. He! he! I 'spec Mars Rozier dun guv yer sech anodder wallopin'"—looking sadly sympathetic, and ending in a chuckle of delight. "He! he! but yer wuz a lim' er Satan." At the mention of his supernatural enemy, the sable Pharisee heaved a deep sigh.

"Uncle Mose has a trying time with the devil," explained Betty.

"Deed I has, Mars Tom, a mighty close fight wid him. Sometimes I gets him under my feet, an' den I jes' stamps on him."

"Stamp on the devil!" exclaimed Tom, with an air of horrified surprise. "Don't do that, old man. Think how strong he is. Better make friends with him, and not make him angry."

"Dat de truf, massa; dat's de truf."

Leaving them to determine Uncle Mose's future relations with the powers of darkness, Betty ran into the house for a moment and returned under the shade of a big straw hat, for the autumn sun was hot. The air was balmy, laden with the out-door murmurs which sound like summer, the clatter of the kitchen yard, clucking of fowls, noise of children's voices, and all the indescribable hum of the country lying low and level and golden under the deep sky.

"Fur de Lord's sake, massa," pleaded the old man, "gimme some terbacker fur my pipe. I ain't got none in de world."

"I haven't any in this coat, Uncle, but, I'll send you over a pound."

"Bless yer, massa, de Lord will shorely bless yer. I ain't got a bit in de World."

"That is a way the old man has of salving his conscience," said Betty, as they walked along. "He has a pocket which he calls 'the World,' and when there no tobacco in it he fancies he is telling the truth."

"The old rascal," laughed Tom, "I have a mind to give him two pounds for his shrewdness."

Tom was rather moody and silent as they went along the path through the field. He looked very fine, Betty thought, in his coat of deep claret color, buckskin breeches, and high-topped boots, which he restlessly hit with a switch. His brows were ent, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I regret," he said, "that such issuesion should have arisen, but, under the circumstances, no man of honor could withhold his view; and, by heaven! I cannot conceive how any man of honor can hold but one view of the subject. Had I, before leaving England, imagined that affairs here were in such a crisis, nothing would have induced me to return; but"—looking around—"it is a lovely and a peaceful land, and I am glad to be home. Betty, you have not fulfilled your aunt's bequest. Where are my cookies?"

"I have them here," said Betty, diving into the depths of a capacious pocket and extracting several; at which they both laughed, and Cassius, rejoicing in the possession of one, tore on wildly down the path.

Betty had felt rather constrained with him before, and awed by the travelled young gentleman's polish and courtliness, but this demand put them on their old, familiar footing. War might be imminent, but it was hidden in that future which is full of delightful possibilities to youth, and they laughed and were happy for no better reason than that they were young.

Cassius turned his attention to chasing the shadow of a buzzard sailing with perfect poise over the fields, yellow with stubble and stacked corn. Betty looked up at it, and her lips moved as she repeated something to herself.

"What is that, you are saying asked Tom, curiously

"Only a silly charm; 'Hail, lonely buzzard, hail! Who shall I see between now and this time to-morrow night?' Then you make a wish, and don't look at the buzzard again, and you will see whom you wish for."

"'Pon honor, that's a pretty easy way of seeing one's sweetheart. And you wished for—whom?"

"Oh, I can't tell you. It wouldn't come true."

They had reached the landing, two wooden steps to the water, where a row-boat lay. Tom leaned against the scarred trunk of a weather-beaten pine-tree, while Betty seated herself on a stone in the sunlight, Cassius resting his head on her knee, seemingly satisfied by this communion with a higher nature.

(To be Continued.)

Knowledge is Wealth.

First Tramp—Where did you git that fine overcoat?

Second Tramp—In the big house at the corner.

First Tramp—I went there only dis mornin' shiverin' wid cold an' they wouldn't give me a rag.

Second Tramp—I didn't ask fer clothes fer meself. I told 'em it was fer the poor heathen in Central Africa.

He Amended.

"Look here, I understand that you referred to me as an educated hog."

"Yes, I did; but I am willing to modify the statement."

"You'd just better."

"Very well, I'll take back the word educated."

"Canadian Minister" is Good.

New York *Press*: Sir Henry Tyler, a Canadian minister, said in a recent speech that reciprocity in coal between Canada and this country is under negotiation.

The latest phase of the Newfoundland trouble is M. Ribot's rejection of Lord Salisbury's request that the matter of the French bounty system be referred to arbitration. An early agreement having been found to be improbable, negotiations have been opened for the prolongation of the *modus vivendi*, but a difficulty has arisen in Lord Salisbury's demand that the present arrangement be amended.

THERE is a great scarcity of "stiffs" in Toronto for anatomical purposes and the medical students are wroth at the Salvation Army, because it claims and buries all the bodies it can get hold of. The '*Varsity* of this week says:

What the Army's reason for acting as they do is, we cannot say. We believe that the officers do it out of kindness to the poor, but in many cases it is misplaced philanthropy. There would be more real kindness in letting them go to the medical students. Do they fear that these human beings would be denied the right of a decent interment? We assure them that every subject, when the dissection is finished, is carefully and decently buried in the cemetery. Every respect which their humanity entitles them to is paid them. And we have no doubt that, as the resurrection morn, those who have been dissected will be found in as good condition as their more fortunate brethren whom the army has taken care of.

This may be, but we never hear of a medical student being "carved" for the benefit of his fellows.

ABERDEEN ON CANADA.

His Lordship Says the Canucks are Sober and Loyal.

He Talks About the Crofters, Prohibition Imperial Federation and Other Things.

A reporter of the London *Canadian Gazette* interviewed the Earl of Aberdeen on his arrival in England, and the following conversation took place:

"I see you visited the crofters at Killarney, among others?"

"Yes; but I ought perhaps to say that in the interview between Mr. McLeod and myself, which I see in the last *Canadian Gazette*, Mr. McLeod seems to have said a little more of himself than he said to me. I have no doubt it is perfectly correct, and when I asked him as to the dark side of the Crofter settlement, he did say there was none. But that was not always Mr. McLeod's opinion. I spoke to a great number of the crofters, visiting them individually, and it would not, of course, be reasonable to suppose that they all spoke in the same *couleur-de-rose* manner as did Mr. McLeod. It was natural and inevitable that, at first, amid new and strange surroundings, there should have been difficulties to overcome. For instance, they arrived in the Northwest at a time of the year—the month of July—which did not facilitate their immediate prospects. Then they had one bad crop. But it is very gratifying to find that despite these initial difficulties and discouragements, the prevailing sentiment among the crofters is one of hopefulness; and, what is very important for the extension of the system of aided colonization, they understand now, as they did not seem to do at first, that this colonization scheme must be carried out on common-sense business principles."

PROHIBITION AND HIGH LICENSE.

"You, no doubt, saw something of the working of the so-called prohibition in the Northwest?"

"Well, of course I kept ears and eyes open for everything, but I must confess I feel some diffidence in speaking publicly on such a topic. I went to Canada merely as a visitor and I have no wish to appear to obtrude my views upon the Canadian people. Still, if you really desire my opinion, I would say that in the prohibition districts complaints are made, and evidently not without cause, that the permit system does not work satisfactorily. It is obviously reasonable that there should be permits, but where is the line to be drawn? One man may get a permit for a case of wine, nail the permit outside and keep on refilling the case. As it is, there are no doubt many evasions of the law though in the Northwest, as in Ontario, I was delighted to note the sobriety of the people, even when brought together in such masses as at the great Toronto show—a remarkable illustration, by the way, of Canada's fertility and agricultural progress. There was, despite the crowds, the most perfect order and good behavior; and it should be borne in mind that no intoxicating liquors were allowed to be sold on the grounds, so that the adoption of that system on this occasion may be regarded as a complete success, and it is very interesting that the committee should have felt able to introduce and carry out this rule. I found the same thing at the Central Fair, Ottawa, another indication of healthy public opinion on the question of temperance.

"How would I deal with the temperance question in Canada? Well, I hardly like to presume to give an opinion, but so far as I can judge the high license system is the one I would advocate, and I would apply it to the whole of the Dominion. I have reason for believing that some of those who used to advocate stringent measures of prohibition are now coming round to the high license system. By it you make those who hold licenses interested in checking evasions of the law. As it is, I am sure the police have great difficulties in carrying out the law, and I hope the Canadian people will not leave the question until they have put it on a satisfactory footing. They have already set a noble example in their efforts to deal with this and other questions of social legislation."

IS THE ESQUIMALT DRY DOCK USELESS?

"Of course after we had visited the Northwest we went through to the Pacific Coast, and were much pleased with what we saw. I notice that something is said in the papers about the Esquimalt dry dock being useless and must be replaced by a larger dock. That is, I would suggest, an overstatement. When I was there H. M. S. Amphion had recently, unless I am mistaken, been in the dry dock for two months receiving necessary repairs. There is, no doubt, with the new Canadian Pacific mail service and other developments on the Pacific Coast, plenty of scope for a new dock, and I have reason to believe that in a very short time you will hear that the requirements for the extension of accommodation in this direction will be adequately met."

THE REALITY OF CANADIAN LOYALTY.

"You have praised the sobriety of the Canadian people, what has your lordship to say about their loyalty?"

"That was to me most striking and gratifying. Take for instance the schools we visited in Ontario. I never heard children sing 'God Save the Queen' with more heartiness and precision. At Winnipeg I had the honor of being invited to a luncheon, and I shall never forget the way the company—men of all parties and creeds—rose and sang the National Anthem. There was a swing and a reality about the proceedings which would have gone to the heart of every loyal Briton as it did to mine. Even, as regards the Commercial Union movement—which is sometimes pointed to as a movement hostile to the British connection, those who advocate it do not in their public utterances, so far as I can judge, express any desire to alter the present relations of Canada to the Mother Country. Of course, the obvious query is, 'Can you stop with Commercial Union, and not go on to Political Union?'"

IS IMPERIAL FEDERATION FEASIBLE?

"Did it strike you that this feeling of loyalty was likely to take practical shape in any measure of Imperial unity?"

"Well, I met a good many Imperial Federation friends, and I am myself a member of the League and a hearty supporter of the principle of Imperial unity; and this feeling of loyalty and attachment to Britain seems to me to be a guarantee that if a feasible scheme could be devised the Canadians would endorse it. At the same time it must not be ignored that there is a considerable amount of misgiving in many quarters in Canada, including the most attached to this country, as to the practibility of Imperial Federation. One method of Federation, which would prove acceptable in many quarters of Canada, would be a double-column tariff within the Empire—each Imperial country discriminating to some extent in favor of all other Imperial countries as against the foreigners. But in the present state of public opinion in England, this can hardly be looked upon as feasible, and this fact induces a good many Canadians to hold aloof from the Imperial Federation movement. They consider that to forward it on that basis would be misleading, and I think it must be admitted that at present there is force in that. With regard to the Province of Quebec, so far as I could gather, the feeling of loyalty is nowhere expressed more strongly, though there seems little disposition towards Imperial Federation among the French Canadians. Partly, no doubt, that may be because they do not fully understand the movement, and the word "Imperial" is perhaps unfortunate. Some Canadians seem inclined to regard it in the sense of Cæsarism and centralization, and I tried to point out how entirely different its real character and object is from that.

"With regard to the 'race difficulty,' which has certainly been the cause of anxiety, I may say that what I saw and heard makes me very hopeful that the growing sense of Canadian nationality will tend gradually to overcome it.

THE MCKINLEY SCARE

"Of course, when I was in Canada, the McKinley Bill was the universal topic; but the perturbation at first created, especially in Ontario and Quebec, seems happily to be diminishing, and no doubt the result of the Congressional elections in the United States will not hinder this tendency of Canadian opinion. Twenty years ago, when the Reciprocity Treaty was rescinded, the Canadian people were told that their whole trade would be destroyed, but Canada, with her unlimited resources and native energy, proved equal to the emergency, and no doubt she will do so again. Of course, whatever their tariff differences may be, Canada and the United States must remain neighbors, and have intimate social and commercial relations the one with the other. Every consideration, therefore, points to the desirability, in the interests of both, that they should keep good friends."

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

How a Woodstock Boy Was Lost and Found in More Ways Than One.

Five years ago last summer, says the Owen Sound *Advertiser*, two Woodstock boys whose heads had been turned by a course of dime novels ran away from home equipped with a revolver and a stock of remarkable ideas about the world. One of these lads was Fred W. Bale, the son of a well-to-do contractor in Woodstock, and about 15 years old. On leaving home he changed his name to Wood. The pair walked some twenty miles from home, and then took the train to Port Elgin, thus escaping detection. From Port Elgin young "Wood" came over here, and was engaged by M. Forhan to work on his place, where he stayed a year and a half. He then drove cattle for Mr. Kennedy and other buyers for a year or so. On the 1st of December, three years ago, he engaged with Mr. C. A. Fleming as janitor of the Business College. Finding good metal in the youth Mr. Fleming the following July apprenticed him in the College printing department, where he readily acquired the business, and bids fair to be an excellent printer. He has all along been a trusted and valued member of his employer's household. Whatever longings the youth may have felt for home and friends have been combated in his mind by a settled conviction that his relatives could no longer care for him. No one here knew that the name of Wood was an assumed one, though he made no secret of having run away from home when a boy. Two weeks ago, however, in attending the special services in the Disciples Church young Bale experienced that marvellous change which always sets the wanderer back into right relationships, human and divine. The secret could no longer be kept but the poor fellow, still doubting his welcome, wrote to his mother over the name of C. Wood, asking if she would like to hear news of her runaway son. Any mother who reads this can imagine what sort of an answer the first return mail brought. The eager mother and family could not await a response, and closely following the letter came young Mr. Bale to learn what news he might regarding his lost brother. He canvassed the different families of Wood or Woods in town, and was finally set right by Archie Trout, of the post-office, who went over with him to the Business College. We will leave our readers to imagine the surprise with which he greeted his brother and the genuine pleasure of the meeting to both. That was a week ago Saturday. The following Monday Fred went home with his brother, and, after a week of happy re-union with his relatives returned last night. Mr. Bale had been out on the Pacific coast executing railway bridge contracts for the past three years, and was not expected home at present, but when the brothers reached Woodstock they found the father there before them. Fred deserves credit for the bravery with which he has "roughed it," and the good use he has made of his later opportunities.

SEAL SKINS.

Prof. Elliott wants the U.S Congress to enforce a suspension of seal hunting for seven years, because the labors of the past few years have so reduced the number of seals that hardly enough are left for breeding purposes. Seals have undoubtedly become scarce, and the aggregate catch has been reduced to less than a fifth of its former proportions, thus causing a rise in price of the furs. But it seems hardly possible that seals should become absolutely extinct—that the last seal in the ocean should be killed, as the last wild boar and the last wolf in England were killed many years ago, or even that the number should be so summarily reduced as that of the buffalo has been in North America within the last ten years. The land is occupied by men and cattle, and there is no chance for boars, wolves or buffaloes to breed and live. But the ocean is not so occupied. As soon as seals become so scarce that it does not pay to fit out ships to hunt them, their number must remain stationary or increase. Meanwhile the fashions will change, and sealskin sacques will become as uncommon as buffalo robes and coats are now. There is another point to be kept in mind. Seals live on fish. The destruction of the seals implies the multiplication of fishes, which are of much greater value to man than the seals are. Prof. Elliott's scheme of cheapening sealskins by letting the seals multiply unmolested for seven years would be a costly one if it resulted in a great diminution of the fish supply. Again, there are men so stingy that they would be glad to hear that the last seal was dead; we mean men with large families of daughters. In all its phases, the seal question ought to furnish material for a lively debate in the United States Congress, and when that august body shall have reached a decision the rest of the world will have to be consulted.

Clergymen's Big Pay.

The following information regarding the salaries of some of the clergymen of New York and Brooklyn is believed to be authentic: Dr. Morgan Dix, of Old Trinity, has $15,000 a year, and his assistant $6,000; Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, has $15,000 and a house the rental of which is worth $5,000 more; Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's, receives $19,000, and being wealthy retains nothing of it for himself; Dr. Brown, of St. Thomas', has $15,000; Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, has $10,000, and like Dr. Greer gives it all away. A dozen episcopal parishes pay from $4,000 to $8,000, and the bishop receives $15,000. Among the Presbyterians Dr. Hall draws $13,500; Dr. Paxton, $12,500; Dr. Parkhurst, $8,000; Dr. Taylor, $15,000; Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian, has $10,000. Dr. Talmage receives $12,000 from his congregation and doubles this income in literature and the lecture field. Dr. Abbott is paid $8,000. The pastor of the largest Methodist Church has $5,000 and rent of an elegant parsonage; and the Methodist bishop receives $5,000.

Time is Money.

Teacher (of class in grammar)—What is that familiar short sentence which brings time and money into close connection? Voice in back seat—I know. Teacher—Well, Tommy, what is it? Tommy—Ten days or $10.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

LIVERPOOL, England, is said to have the best paved streets in the world. The American consul there notes that the laying of the impervious pavement which was adopted in 1872 for the carriageways of the city has been continued without intermission, and is still in progress, resulting in nearly 1,750,000 yards superficial of impervious carriageway pavements and a saving by the execution of this class of work unprecedented in municipal experience. Among the regulations are these:

1. Permission is never given to private companies or persons to cut through the pavement in any street for any purpose. When such work is necessary the city corporation will do it in its own thorough way, and the interested parties must pay the entire cost.

2. All the street railway tracks (tramways) are laid and owned and kept in condition by the corporation, and the company leasing them for traffic pays an annual rental of 10 per cent. on their cost. The manner in which these rails are placed is fully shown in an illustrated report of the former City Engineer, who says: "The Liverpool city lines as now laid are conclusive proof that when tramways are well designed and properly constructed they do not form the slightest impediment, even to the narrowest wheeled vehicles."

The streets are divided into three classes, the pavement designated as first class being usually laid down in the main streets in the central parts of the city where the traffic is heavy. The principal material is granite, both for roadways and footways.

LEARNED IT BACKWARD.

"V stands for Voter," the schoolboy remarked,
As he stood squarely toeing the line,
And he thought of the freeman with ballot in hand,
power that was semi-divine.

The boy grew in years and he found out at last
How wrong one's first lessons may be
An hour at the polls gave him plenty of proof
That the voter oft stands for a V.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Beggar (to gentleman)—Can't you give a poor man a dime? Gentleman—Haven't any change now. Will be back this way soon. Beggar—Ah, sir, it's giving credit to men like you that keeps me poor.

The C. P. R. Telegraph Company are arranging to lay in the spring a three-wire cable in the gulf of Georgia from Victoria, B. C., to the mainland. The cable between Victoria and Dungeness will also be kept in repair, and other measures taken to insure transmission of messages promptly. A fourth wire is also to be put on between Donald and Winnipeg.

Mrs. Elma Stuart has been an invalid for many years, during which time she had 38 different doctors, all of whom had different treatments for her disease. Strange to say, Mrs. Stuart lived through it all, and has written a book on "How to Get Well and Keep Well." Doctors and their pills are "not in it." Her recipe is, in brief, to eat rare beef and drink warm water.

Feeding Swine on Food Ground and Unground.

SIR,—An experiment was conducted at this farm during the early part of the year which clearly indicates the great relative loss sustained by farmers who confine pigs to a diet of unground grains during the winter season. Pigs are very frequently fed in that way, it may be partly from lack of thought, but oftener because it is convenient. The particulars relating to this experiment are now going through the press and will be issued in bulletin form a few days hence. The gain on the investment from the pigs fed on a ration of peas, barley and oats, all of which are ground, and wheat middlings, was 39 9 per cent in 134 days. On the other hand the returns arising from those lots which were fed on unground peas and barley, and ground peas and barley respectively, were far from satisfactory. There was a lack of general thrift in their appearance throughout the experiment. Some of them also became rheumatic and did not wholly recover although fed on a proper ration for some months after the experiment closed; whereas those fed on the mixed ration of ground grain and wheat middlings grew well from the first and were quite ready for market at the end of the 134 days during which the experiment lasted.

I would also like to state here that the importance of having pork ready for the early markets has never been duly considered by the farmers. They have been accustomed to bring it into market during the last half of October and the two months following. This custom which is almost universally prevalent has arisen from two causes—First, the pigs which are kept on a low ration until the fattening period are not sooner ready for the market; second, the pork has nearly all been slaughtered at home, and marketed in the dead carcass form until recent years, and it has been found more convenient to do this late in the season. The practice of marketing on foot is growing rapidly. No one should feel better pleased over this than the farmer, as it saves him the necessity of engaging in the unpleasant work of killing it himself, and it relegates this work to the pork packer, who has it done in the best form. If, however, the farmer could have his spring litters ready for the early market, say in the months of July, August and September, he would get much better prices for his pork. The following figures, which give a list of the prices paid for pork on foot in Ontario during the summer and autumn months of 1889 and 1890, will show the differences in the prices paid during those months. They also show the extent of the advantage in the price of pork the Ontario farmer possesses over the farmer in the Western States. The figures given have been furnished at my request by the leading pork packing house in Toronto, and are assuredly reliable. They represent average prices for the whole month. The prices given for the American pork were those paid in St. Louis and Chicago; and if to these 25 cents per hundred is added, it gives us the price of the same delivered in Toronto:

PRICES PAID FOR PORK ON FOOT IN 1889.

	Ontario Hogs.	American Hogs.
June	5.60c per lb.	4 50c per lb.
July	5 63 "	4.36 "
Aug	5.70 "	4.44 "
Sept	5.50 "	4.37 "
Oct. 1st	5.40 "	4 37. "
Nov. 1st	5.00 "	4.17 "

PRICES PAID FOR PORK ON FOOT IN 1890.

	Ontario Hogs.	American Hogs.
May	5.58c per lb.	4 87c per lb.
June	5.43 "	3 81 "
July	5 25 "	3 75 "
Aug	5 31 "	3.81 "
Sept	5 51 "	4 40 "
Oct. 1st	5 37 "	
Oct 24th	4.62 "	.12 "
Nov. 1st	4 00 "	

These figures are of much significance to the Canadian farmer. They prove to him: First, that during the months of June, July, August and September, excellent prices were paid for pork last year and this year. Second that the average for these months was $5.61 per hundred on foot as against $5 on November 1st, and that in 1890 the averages for the same months respectively were $5.37 as against $4, that is to say, the famers who this year marketed hogs in the four months named, got on an average $1.37 more per hundred on foot, than those who marketed them on November 1st. Third, that in both years the decline in price was considerable during October. Fourth, that for the four months named in 1889 the Ontario farmer obtained $1.20 per hundred more than the American farmer, and that during the corresponding period in 1890 he was paid $1.42 more per hundred, that is to say, our pork merchants were willing to pay us $1.42 more per hundred for our pork during these months, than they were willing to pay for American pork. Our experience at this institution throughout the entire season strikingly confirms the correctness and importance of those figures. During the months of spring and early summer we had no difficulty in obtaining from 5 to 5½ cents per pound live weight for our pigs; whereas, for the last lot turned off, Nov. 14th, we only realized 4 1-10 cents per pound. The pigs in this lot were fed for purposes of experiment through the summer, and although the figures are not yet made up, I feel satisfied that they were fed at a loss or at most at a very slight profit; whereas, those fed on a proper ration in the experiment already referred to in this letter and sold in June made a gain of 38 9-10 per cent. on the money invested in 134 days. From these figures two important questions arise which demand an answer at the hands of our farmers. First, can we make our spring litters ready for market prior to the end of September, and second, why do our merchants have to go to the United States at all for supplies? My answer to the first question is: Yes, and with much advantage. If the spring litters come in April and are well fed they will do to go to market in September at from 150 to 180 lbs. dressed. Those who have warm pens may have them come in January, February and March, when they may be marketed in June, July and August. This way the merchants would be supplied in these months, which they are not at present, at least by our farmers. The dams producing these litters could then produce again in August and September, and not in October and November as now. No farmer requires to be told that pigs farrowed in August and September are immensely superior for wintering over to those farrowed in October and November. The cause of the rapid decline in prices towards the approach of November is the glut in the market. Nearly all our farmers have their pork ready at that time, hence there is an excessive supply at that period; whereas, if the supply were distributed over the summer months, this glut would be prevented and the buyers would not have the same necessity for going to the United States for supplies during the months indicated. A quarter of a million of Canadian money now goes annually to the United States for pork for purposes of slaughter. Here is one place at least where the McKinley tariff does not and cannot harm us. It remains with our farmers to determine whether in the future the gold of our pork merchants now going to the United States for pork shall continue to do so, or whether it shall go to them instead. With the vantage ground we stand on as to prices, and with the fine capabilities we possess for pork production, we can assuredly shut the American out of this market, if we are but true to our interests in the line of pork making. Yours &c.,

THOS. SHAW.

Ont. Agr. Col., Guelph, 20th Nov. 1890.

The Gilded Youth of Paris.

The gilded youths of Paris are going in for circus amusements. Baron de Kusth, a member of the oldest Danish nobility, nephew of the Minister at Vienna, has become director of a horse circus. The Baron is certainly not in want of money, as he is extremely rich, but does it only of sheer love for that kind of pleasure. At present this interesting person has planted his tent at Copenhagen, and every evening he himself presents his horses to the public. Monsieur Molier is turning the splendid house which he had expressly built for himself in Paris into a circus, the company of which will be formed from the fine fleur of the gilded youths of Parisian society.

To Tax Teetotallers.

Montreal *Gazette*: "The National and Provincial Alliance for Promoting the Taxation of Teetotallers" has been formed in England. Their claim is that people who drink provide more than one-third of the entire revenue of the country, that they are as intelligent, loyal, law-abiding and useful to the State as teetotallers are. It might be said for the new association, also, that the people it represents are subject to much abuse by the teetotallers, and that the indulgence in this is a luxury that should stand taxation as well as the imbibitions of the new organization. The result of the movement will be watched with amusement if not with awe.

Hard on Doles.

St. Catharines *Journal*: Mr. D. Spence is laid up with a fierce attack of erysipelas in the face, and his nose is swelled like a red sausage. That's what men get who go out of town to see a man hung.

THE people of England are not all title worshippers. The following in the London *Weekly Times* has a democratic ring; "I think we ought to keep snobbery out of a police court. Why should people like Viscount Royston, Lord Dungan, Lord Greenock, and other morbid-minded noble cadets be politely invited by a magistrate to take a seat on the Bench and stare at their leisure at the criminal charged with the Kentish-town murder? These people and the women who were with them are no better in the eye of the law than the humblest frequenter of the police courts. I should be the last to object to courtesy offered to a really distinguished man. If Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Tennyson, or Professor Huxley have reason to visit a court of justice, let them, by all means, be enabled to do so with the minimum of inconvenience; but these titled nobodies, nine out of ten or whom are practically better-class paupers, why should they be thus lifted above the rest of their fellow citizens in a place where all should be equal?"

The late Mrs. Astor had a lace dress which cost $15 000, and it is stated that another was recently sold to an American lady for $25,000. There are a number of ladies in New York who each own laces valued at from $20,000 to $50,000.

Physician—My dear sir, you need sleep. Tell me, do you sleep well at night? Patient—Doctor, I have not had a night's sleep for eleven years! Physician—Why, it's a wonder you are not dead or insane? Does it interfere with your business? Patient—No, doctor, not a bit. "Indeed? What is your occupation, may I ask?" "I am editor of a morning paper." Doctor leaves in disgust.

Nearly twenty thousand pounds of bread are daily eaten in the sultan of Turkey's household.

—She—Will you believe me if I say that I am only 29 years old? He—Why not? Young ladies are seldom more than 30 years old.

LAMONTAGNE'S CASE.

An Effort Being Made To Secure a New Trial For Him.

Special advices from Quebec state that there is good authority for the statement that Remi Lamontagne, the condemned murderer of Sherbrooke, is not likely to be hanged on the day fixed for his execution. His lawyer, Mr. F. X. Lemieux, M.P.P, has determined to make an effort to save his life, as was done in the case of Morin, the Montmagny murderer, and it is believed also on similar grounds. It is expected that the Supreme Court's judgment on the writ of error in the latter case will be favorable to the doomed man, and in that event the Attorney-General will be applied to also to order a stay of Lamontagne's execution and to grant a writ of error, to test his right to a new trial.

DRINKS FROM THE SLOT.

A New Catch-Penny Device Which is Used in England.

The latest development in the "penny-in-the-slot" system is an automatic coffee tavern now on exhibition at Birmingham, says London *Tid-Bits*. The purchaser drops in his penny and pulls out a knob labelled with the drink he desires. Then, by pressing the tap he is able to draw the exact quantity. There are two plated cups for the use of customers, and a second tap gives a constant supply of water for rinsing. Each reservoir of drink holds seven gallons, and tea and coffee are kept hot by an unseen gas burner. The automaton turns the gas out when the reservoir is exhausted and displays a notice "Empty" in front. Iced drinks are to be sold through the same machines, which can also be utilized for the sale of sandwiches, pies and cakes.

The Turf.

The sudden death of August Belmont, the wealthy banker, social leader, politician and turfman, which was recorded yesterday, brings to mind many notable events of the past season and, in fact, for the last quarter of a century The New York *Herald* in referring to his turf record says:

Mr. Belmont's connection with racing began with the opening of Jerome Park in 1866, and his colors were first seen on Maid of Honor, who ran second to Ruthless in the Nursery Stakes of that year. During the three succeeding years the "maroon and scarlet" was carried by Finesse, Attraction, Telegram, Fenian, Glenelg and Nellie James. In 1869 Finesse won the Champagne Stakes, Fenian the Belmont Stakes and Glenelg the Jerome Stakes.

In 1881 Mr. Belmont retired from the turf, and in 1887 from the presidency of the American Jockey Club, which he had held for over twenty years. The same year he surprised the turf world by buying George Oyster for $10,000 and Raceland for $17,000. With these horses and a large number of his own breeding, he again took a prominent place on the turf, and from that time on held his own against the greatest racing stables. His fine estate at Babylon, known as "The Nursery," and his extensive breeding farm in Kentucky turned out many high-class youngsters. Mr. Belmont's chief pride on the turf was to breed his own horses, and he has often been heard to say, "I would rather win a purse race with a colt of my own breeding than a stake worth thousands with a horse I purchased."

RECENT WINNINGS.

In 1888 Raceland's victories included the Emporium, the Melrose and the Grand National handicaps and the Spindrift, Stockton, Barnegat, Raritan and Jerome stakes. Prince Royal's best race was the Coney Island Derby, while George Oyster took the Choice Stakes and Lady Margaret the Independence and Atlantic Stakes.

In 1889 Mr. Belmont started twenty-three horses and won over $128,000. Raceland was the largest winner. Other stake winners from the stable that year were St. James, Fides, St Carlo, Padishah, Belinda, Forest King, She, Lady Margaret and Magnate.

The maroon and scarlet was remarkably successful during the past season. Fides scored the Toboggan Slide Handicap at Morris Park, and Prince Royal won the Rancho Del Paso Handicap. Fritz, Lord Dalmeny and Flavia were also winners at this meeting. At the Sheepshead Bay spring meeting Her Highness won the Mermaid Stakes, Prince Royal won the Coney Island Stakes, and La Tosca the June Stakes. At Monmouth Her Highness landed the Oaks, Prince Royal the Shrewsbury, Midsummer and Harvest Handicaps, Potomac the Red Bank Stakes and La Tosca the Select Stakes. Beauty and Clarendon also earned brackets at the track by the sea.

But it was at Sheepshead Bay in the fall that Mr. Belmont scored his greatest victory. The Futurity, the richest stake of the American turf, worth $74,000, was won in a canter by his favorite colt Potomac, son of the Derby winner, St. Blaise, which he had imported. La Tosca secured the Belle's Stakes before the meeting closed.

At the Brooklyn fall meeting Raceland was in winning form and he showed his heels to good horses in the Woodlawn Handicap. Again at Morris Park the gelding beat Firenzi and others in the Manhattan Handicap, and La Tosca romped home in the Fashion Stakes. The year's winnings aggregated $169 615.

Testing the Young Lawyer.

Insurance Man—I don't know whether to pay this policy or not.

Young Lawyer—What is the difficulty?

I. M.—The only proof of death I have received is a letter from the man himself saying that he died ten days ago.

Y. M. (impressively)—H'm. That does seem suspicious. What is the deceased's reputation for veracity?

AT least one city minister has of late been anxious to instil habits of thrift and industry into the members of his church by some practical means. In a conversation with the writer he made it evident that he was desirous to see his people, when they are able, lay by something for a "rainy day." Here is something from the Detroit *News* in the way of a savings bank scheme which may help him and others to realize their desire:

The Home Savings Bank presents an original method of collecting savings accounts that is at once unique and meritorious. This bank has, since its opening under the personal management of Cashier John S. Schmittdiel, made a wonderful advance, doubling, trebling, multiplying its saving accounts more rapidly than any bank ever opened in Detroit. They now propose to place in every home, business place or office, upon application, a miniature house 5 inches square by 10 inches high. This house or miniature savings bank has four apertures for receiving money, is a handsome nickel affair and is marked in plain letters as the property of the Home Savings Bank. All money dropped into the bank can only be taken out by an employe of the Home Savings Bank, whose duty it is to call at the various places where the "Banks" are used to collect the savings and give credit for the amount collected on a "Savings Book" at the same time. Interest starts from the day money is collected, and this system will take splendid care of the pennies and make the children saving, thrifty and economical. There is probably no method that relieves the depositor of less trouble than this new idea of the Home Savings Bank. The banks can be utilized by the children as toys, as well as serving the purpose for which they were intended, as the banks are so constructed that it is absolutely impossible for any money to drop out of the apertures. All persons can have these banks by sending in their name and address by telephone, postal card or by personal application.

In 1820 Italy was a land of beggars. The people were so poor that in a city of 20,000 inhabitants a traveller was unable to purchase a pair of gloves, or in one of 11,000 a cake of soap.

A little 4-year old, while viewing the cemetery with his mother, noticed two gravestones which were moss-covered and in a rather dilapidated condition, and said, "Mamma, I dess there must be tramps buried there."

The queen of Italy is exhibiting a tendency toward stoutness, a state of things that is most unwelcome to her. To ward off this increasing corpulence she spent the greater part of last summer in long and exhaustive mountain tramps, which reduced her weight but used up the royal ladies who attended her.

A little girl had just been read the story of Jonah and the whale from the Bible, and on its completion she remarked, "Oh! do read that to Georgie (her brother); he likes that kind of story so much, and I dare say he'll believe it."

DON'T SASS THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

A Reporter Learns a Lesson from the "Hello" Queen.

The horse reporter put on his hat this morning and started out for something, says the Washington *Star*.

"Where are you going?" inquired the city editor.

"To kill that telephone girl," was the blood-thirsty reply.

"What's the matter?"

The horse reporter gasped for breath.

"A few minutes ago," he answered hoarsely, "I rang her up and asked for the observatory, and she said that wire was engaged; then I asked for the race track, and she said that wire was engaged; then I asked for the arsenal, and she said that wire was engaged; then I asked for the White House, and she said that wire was engaged."

"Well?" inquired the city editor as the horse reporter stopped as if the occasion were too much for him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Then I became very, very sarcastic," resumed the horse reporter, "and I said to her in my most cutting manner, 'will you be kind enough, please, to give me any wire that you have in stock, which is not entirely preoccupied in the discharge of its duties? Anything will do, so long as it is a wire that is not engaged.' That's what I said to her, and in a minute there was a whirr-rr-rr at the telephone and a voice came faintly: "Hello,' it said; 'hello, who wants the Government insane asylum?'"

And the horse reporter hurried out to wreak his vengeance on the simple-minded and innocent telephone girl.

Dr. John Perowne.

Dr. Perowne, Dean of Petersborough, has accepted the bishopric of Worcester. The new dean was educated at Corpus Christi college, Cambridge, where he had a very distinguished career, being Bell's university scholar, and carrying off the Crosse scholarship, the Tywhitt Hebrew scholarship, and the member's prize. He was admitted to the deaconate in 1847, and advanced to the priesthood a year later. In 1862 he went to Wales as vice-principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, and it was probably owing to his ten years in Wales that early last year he was offered the bishopric of Bangor. In 1872 he returned to Cambridge, holding in succession the offices of praelector in theology in Trinity college, of Lady Margaret professor, and of Hulsean professor. In 1873 he took his D. D. degree, and in 1874 was appointed Cambridge preacher at Whitehall. In 1879 the earl of Beaconsfield appointed him dean of Petersborough, where he has greatly improved the services, and succeeded in restoring the cathedral under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty. He has been a prolific and successful author.

Willie's Question.

Washington *Post*. "Pop," said Willie, "our joggerfy says there ain't nothin' but snow and ice at the north pole. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"And is it the same way at the south pole?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that's why these men you read about are constantly talking about being frozen out at the polls, ain't it?"

The Lady or the Mitten?

Jack Hustle—Will you marry me?

Rita Hustle—This is so sudden—give me time.

Jack Hustle—You can't afford to waste any more time. You must be 26 now. Say yes, Rita.—*Puck.*

A Football Rusher.

Week's Sport: "Clara," said old Mr. Summet, "who is that fellow that is hanging around you every night lately?"

"I don't think you care to have much to do with him, father," replied the young lady, with the air of repose which comes from perfect trust. "He is one of the rushers on a football team."

Unsteady.

City Directory Man (to boarding-house mistress)—How many men boarders have you, madam, that are steady boarders?

Boarding Mistress—Well, I've ten men that board with me right along, but there's only one of them that I call steady.

Unfair Comparison.

New York *Weekly*: Caller—What do you think of the Berlin idea of uniforming reporters?

American editor—Put reporters in uniform? Nonsense! Uniformed reporters would be of no more use in detecting crime than so many policemen.

She will Think of Him.

Rochester *Herald*: She—That was such a funny story you told me yesterday about a donkey, Mr. Griggs!

He—Do you think so?

She—Yes, indeed! After this, whenever I see a donkey it will remind me of you!

The Champion Glutton.

William Crenshaw, of Kansas City, has failed in his task of eating three quails per day for 30 days. His 86 h bird floored him yesterday.

"I can't stand the strain," remarked the nervous man as he threw a brick at the hand organ grinder.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith:
"A lengthy tongue an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart.

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue.

The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."
—*Cape Cod Item.*

DONL. 59 90.

FARM FOR SALE,

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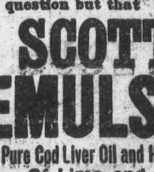

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