

from three to seven "pelts," and each man drags a bundle toward the boat.

By night, after a "seal-meadow" has been attacked, the decks of the vessel are hidden under a deep layer of fat, slippery pelts. After these have lain long enough to get cool they are stowed away in the hold in pairs, each pair having the hair outward. The hold is divided by stout partitions into compartments, or "pounds," in order to prevent the cargo from moving about and so rubbing the fat into oil, which would speedily fill every part of the hold and the cabins, spoiling all the provisions. A vessel once had to be abandoned from this accident, because it had not been "pounded."

The European ships, however, generally separate the fat at once and stow it in casks. When a cargo of pelts is brought home, the fat is carefully removed and converted into oil, either by the sun or, in less time, by the aid of steam; but the latter produces a quality poorer in some respects both for lamps and for the lubrication of machines. The skins are salted and packed, and become cured in three weeks, finding ultimate use as shoe-leather, and as covering for knapsacks, valises, small trunks, &c.—*St. Nicholas.*



Temperance Department.

RECAPITULATION.

Glass number one, only in fun,
Glass number two, other boys do.
Glass number three, it won't hurt me.
Glass number four, only one more.
Glass number five, before a drive.
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in the pate.
Glass number nine, whiskey, not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again.
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty.
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends; thus it all ends.
Glass number one, taken in fun,
Ruined his life, brought on strife,
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth.
In a few years brought many tears;
Gave only pain, stole all his gain,
Made him at last friendless, outcast.

* * *
Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can;
Taste not in fun glass number one.
—Selected.

THE MAN IN THE WELL.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

It was one of those dark, dismal, murky days of February which follow the breaking up of a cold spell of weather. It did not freeze, but it was cold; as chilly, cold, wet, and disagreeable as one can possibly conceive a day to be. Everybody who could, shut the door and sat down by the fire, shivering. "Oh, how disagreeable it is!" Those who had to go out, buttoned up close, and hurried through the shower as best they might.

There was a man building a foundry in our village, and to supply his engine with water he was having a well dug beside his furnace, which was a heavy pile of stone work. This well was nearly completed, and the men engaged in digging it held a consultation whether they should continue their work.

The elder and wiser of the two said, "No, the earth is too full of water, the ground is too soft, the pressure of the stone too great; it will cave in," and he refused to enter.

But the other laughed at his fears, descended in spite of all remonstrance, and began his work. In vain his brother entreated him to desist. His reply was, "No danger; I know what I'm about."

But he did not know. The burdened earth gave way, and he was buried many feet beneath an avalanche of sand and gravel.

Wild went the cry over the village,

"Fisher's well has caved in and buried Cus-tard beneath!"

"The storm, the wind, the rain, the mud, were all forgotten. The merchant dropped his yard-stick; the farmer left his market waggon in the street; the lawyer threw down his book, the mechanic his tools, the minister his pen.

All rushed with throbbing hearts to the rescue. Women caught up their infants and ran amid the storm to sympathize with the frantic wife; and all looked into each other's faces, and asked in gasping whispers, "What can we do?"

Ropes, ladders, spades and shovels were wanted. No one stopped to ask, "Whose is this?" No one said, "That is mine;" but the cry was, "Take it! take it! make haste! oh, make haste!—he will die!"

Down they leaped into the dark abyss. None said, "'tis not my business—do it thou;" but all were so eager that the police had to form a circle to keep off the crowd, lest they should shake down the surrounding earth and bury the workers.

Then there was the stone work; it was pressing heavily. "Tear it away," cried Fisher; "save him!" And with giant strength, aided by the other men, he hurled the huge rocks from their places.

"It will cost him a great deal," said one, more prudent than the rest.

"Don't talk of cost; we'll all give him something and help to rebuild. Save him! save him! don't let him die for a few pounds' expense."

They worked like giants, till the big sweat drops rolled from many brows, and strong hands trembled with fatigue; then others took their places, and thus the work went on.

A tin tube was forced down, through which they shouted, and asked the prisoner, if alive, to answer; and his voice came back to them from his grave, "Alive, but make haste; it is fearful here."

He was alive; and with a wild, joyous shout they redoubled their zeal to save him. No one said, "He went in himself—let him die;" no one bade the pleading, weeping wife "mind her own business; they had nothing to do with her perishing fool of a husband; let him die." No one urged the matter as to the legibility of taking this man's spade, that man's ladder, and the other man's boards; or the penalty attached to destroying the masonry and despoiling the works.

No, no; there was a man to be saved. All else was forgotten, and in the full tide of of human sympathy they risked themselves to save him. And he was saved.

"He is saved! he is saved!" went up with a shout of joy that seemed to rend the skies. "He is saved!" was echoed from every street and alley. "He is saved!" cried the young wife, as with streaming eyes she clasped her infant to her breast, and thought of his relieved wife and little ones. "He is saved—blessed be God!" murmured the aged mother, and the image of her own son flitted before her. "He is saved!" burst forth as from one voice from the whole village.

And yet this was but one man, a day laborer, famed for no extra virtue. Had he died, his would have been but a short agony. His wife would have shed tears of sorrow, but not of shame. His children would have been fatherless, but no dark stain would have sullied their lives; no withering memory would have blighted their young hearts.

Oh, men! oh, women! how strangely inconsistent we are. There are hundreds dying this very day in our Christian land; tens of thousands are being crushed beneath a weight more terrible than the ground in the well; dying a suffering lingering death, that will as surely come to them, if no hand is raised to save them, as it would have come to the man in the well.

Frantic wives are pleading—frantic mothers are imploring—"Save them, save them!"

Dig away the temptations that have covered them up. Tear up the masonry of law and public opinion that is pressing upon them and burying them still deeper, and endangering those who are now safe. Hurl those stones of selfishness from their places. Take this man's rope, that one's ladder; but help, help, in mercy help, ere those thousands die!—die in torments awful, terrible—die in misery, shame, and sin.

Help, help! they were once the wise, the good, the great; the artisan, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, and the student.

Save them, oh! save them from the drunkard's tomb. Let them not be buried alive in passion and temptation. Up through the dark aisles of life, with the hollow voices of despair they are calling you to save them or they perish! Oh! lift that load that is crushing them, and that they have no power to resist.

Look into the faces of the loved ones, growing pale with anguish. Look at the deep furrows which tears have worn in the sister's cheek. Look at the sunken eye and wan lips of the wife. Look at the bowed form and gray hairs of the mother, and let your hearts be moved. Stand no longer idly watching, while yon victims perish day by day.

What if the jeopardy is self-imposed? So was that of the man in the well; but did you withhold your hands? What if property will be destroyed and the rights of others interfered with? So was it with the property that covered the man in the well; but human life demanded the sacrifice, and it was cheerfully made.

Up, then, men and women! Work to redeem the drunkard as you would your neighbor from other danger. Save him by force. Take him from the mire of intemperance. Drag him from the horrible pit and place his feet upon firm ground:

REMOVE TEMPTATION!

—*British Workman.*

A "BACCA" FED BABY.

A visitor among some of the English poor during one of the lockouts, when mills were stopped and labor suspended, gave the following account of how one baby lived and grew fat through the hard times.

The wife of a laborer while looking on at a game of "hop-scotch" in which her husband was engaged with other idlers, was describing their way of living. While she was speaking there came toddling in at the door a splendid specimen of Suffolk infantine humanity, aged about four years and with limbs like a baby giantess.

"There, sir!" remarked the old lady, "she don't look much the worse for the lockout, do she?"

I replied that she did not, but rather as though a large amount of the fat of the land fell to her share.

"What do you feed her on?" I asked.

"'Bacca, sir," replied the old lady with a grin.

"Tobacco!"

"Well, that's what they say about here. You see, sir, it's this way. She's my gran' young un, and her poor mother has seven of 'em, and the father is locked out like the rest; and so a month ago my old man—him as you see making such a donkey of himself a minute ago—he says, says he. 'Old woman, dashed if I can enjoy my pipe—which cost ten and a half pence a week, half an ounce of three-penny a day; a cruel hard smoker he's allers been—I can't enjoy my pipe,' says the old man, 'and see our Joe's young uns wanting a meal; so I'll make over my 'bacca-money to help 'em, and put my pipe out till things mend a bit.' And this is the young un that get's the benefit of it in milk night and morning."

A good many other babies, and their mothers too, might be well fed and well clad if they had the "bacca-money" and the whiskey-money which husbands and fathers squander.—*Selected.*

NICOTINE POISONING.

A rather unusual case of poisoning by nicotine is remarked upon by the Paris medical journals. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp knife, and with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently; the wound, however, being of a trivial nature, no attention was paid to it. But, five or six hours later, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen, the inflammation rapidly spreading to the arm and shoulder, and giving such intense pain to the patient as to cause him to take to his bed. Medical assistance was called and the ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the usage to which his pocket-knife had been applied adding that he had omitted to wipe it after cleaning his pipe. The case was now understood, and, it becoming alarming, removal to the hospital followed; there the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON I.—ALCOHOL IN THE FAMILY.

What earthly relation is nearest and dearest?

The earthly relation nearest and dearest is the relation of parents to children, and children to parents.

Whose love is the broadest, and deepest and most enduring?

The broadest, and deepest, and most enduring love is the love of parents.

What earthly blessing is the greatest that children can have?

The greatest earthly blessing that children can have is the blessing of good parents.

What earthly blessing is the greatest that parents can have?

The greatest earthly blessing that parents can have is the blessing of good children.

What place on earth is intended to be the happiest?

The place on earth intended to be the happiest is the family—parents and children, brothers and sisters, united in common aims and bound together in a common love.

To what is a happy home most truthfully likened?

Heaven.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

"Karl Marsh is sold into slavery!" said a man to me the other day.

"Sold into slavery!" I cried, "is there anything like that now-a-days?"

"Indeed there is," was the answer.

"Who bought him, pray?"

"Oh, it's a firm, and they own a good many slaves, and make shocking bad masters."

"Can it be in these days? Who are they?" I asked.

"Well, they have agents everywhere, who tell a pretty good story, and so get hold of folks; but the names of the firm are Whiskey and Wine."

I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad reputation, and yet how extensive are their dealings! What town has not felt their influence? Once in their clutches, it is about the hardest thing in the world to break away from them. You are sold and that is the end of it, sold to ruin sooner or later. I have seen people try to escape from them. Some, it is true, do make their escape; but the greater part are caught and go back to their chains.—*From Chatterbox.*

CROSSING THE LINE.

A boy who went with his father on a voyage to South America was anxious to see the equatorial line, and said to an old sailor: "Jack, will you show me the line when we cross it?"

"Oh! yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line. The old tar said: "Yes, my lad."

"Why didn't you tell me, and show it to me?"

"The sailor replied: "Oh! my lad, we always cross the line in the dark."

Moderate drinker, you always cross the line between moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral night settle down on you as you cross the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, blinding you to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little way farther on in the road you are travelling.

MR. SPURGEON, speaking on Wednesday at the opening of a bazaar in Stockwell, said he did not go in for cranning a bit of blue ribbon down people's throats, but he was always glad to see the blue ribbon when it was worn. Some people thought the blue ribbon unnecessary; but it was exceedingly useful sometimes. When he was at Mentone he put on "the blue," and he noticed shortly afterward that down the whole length of one of the tables at the hotel there was only one bottle of wine, while at the other table there was none at all. People began to say that wine was both sour and dear; and they took to drinking orange water, and lemon water, which were cheaper. The landlord of the hotel had no fault to find with him, except to say that it was dreadful to find the whole of the consumption of wine cut off.