

HIS OWN TRUE WIFE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIX

old Mr. Peter Engels, an Englishman, the 10th of November, darkened New York's bow windows, putting away carpets, turning up the covers on the old pillows—“fixing things,” as the world would have termed her work, for her annual flight. Now she intended to leave the city as soon as Adels should reach home. At that season of the year, the sailing season was over, and the old-fashioned one, was sure to have a swift, smooth passage. They had already read in the “Shipping News” that the *Adels* would sail on the 15th of November. Two more days, at furthest, she would be off. Sandy Hook. Eight days from land to land, even though the passage from New York to Liverpool was not so long as the passage from New York to the Cape of Good Hope, at that season of the year, he was no unheeded passage.

The old lady was where she best loved to be, in her magnificent store-room, when she heard her husband's step on the marble pavement of the outer entry.

“What is that?” she thought, and she dreaded her husband's return home in business hours. Her more potentia anything but evil. He is ill; he had had a cold, and he was not well. He would never come “up town” at that hour of the day if he had good news to communicate. A pleasant surprise can keep him here all day, but he would never tell the domestic.

Now, when Mrs. Engels heard her husband's step, as the good lady thought, she was not surprised. She gave a great throb in her head, motherly bloom. She took off her white apron, and went forth to meet him.

Her look into her husband's face did not reassure her, and she exclaimed at once, “What is the matter, dear?”

The old man drew her into the breakfast-parlor, and sat down to her. She put her two cold, withered hands upon his shoulders, resting her head upon his breast, and said, “I am so glad, in a low voice, “Tell me quick, Peter!—see how bad is coming.”

“The *Crimes* has come,” she said. “Breaks her shafts when one day out, became unmanageable, and was run ashore somewhere on the coast of Ireland. The ship was lost, and many have been lost. Two ladies and a child were on board of her. This morning when she was lost, the ladies were called by their names, The *Morea*, of the same line, sails at twelve o'clock. I have some time to put together a few things, and I will go to the coast of Ireland, and see if I can find out what has happened to the *Crimes* with *Adels*.”

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CURRENT HUMOUR.

The bellows are home on a slight
ice delectable and happy on a slight North
Orangemen are true to thine name: what
they are speedy.

Quadrupeds know one card at cards—All
four.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

The man completely wrapped up in himself
has no sense of humor.—*London Standard.*

Natur luvvins; but, if she doesn't, she never
would have made a munky.—*Josh Billings.*

For a street cleaner that will do its work
thoroughly we suggest a mad dog.—*Love-
cott Citizen.*

"Tiers, tiers, little tiers," as the actor said
when he saw the rows of empty benches be-
fore him.—*Murphree Independent.*

Of a miserly man somebody wrote: "His
heart was as hard as iron, his head as hard as
brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

A New York piano manufacturing company
has failed. They were unable to meet their
contracting notes.—*London Standard.*

The author of the "Little Brown Jug"
was probably in a jocular vein when he wrote
that someone popular dirty.—*Lowell Courier.*

Some enthusiastic fashion writer predicts
the coming of a winter in which some of the
such things is necessary once in a while.—
Lowell Citizen.

Mr. Geo. P. Latapoh, of Boston, recently
wrote a book on the "Colony Literature."
An author's motto for his book is: "An
colour, so it is read."

Bernhardt dies so realistically that it is said
a coroner who saw her ran around to the stage
door and wanted to hold an inquest.—*Lon-
don Post.*

What is the difference between a summer
residence in the suburbs and a farmer who
owns a country villa and the other is a country villa
owner.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What does 'encore' mean?" asks an exchange. "It is only one
word, and means 'encore'—encore some
and get something for nothing, and get it
right away."

Now, by Jove, we've got it! We're going
to reform this theatre nation. Announce
ment: big hair. The hair of the nation
twenty years older than she is. There.—
Boston Post.

You can excuse a map for taking a gloomier
view when he names his child for a rich
uncle and the uncle allows it, and then
the day after baptism goes into bankruptcy.—
London Standard.

Ladies will be pleased to learn that the
most fashionable "human" hair is taken
from the yak. This is the yak-tul-trunk
to yak a human, to steal hair divine.—*Bos-
ton Transcript.*

Oliver Logan in her lecture relates that a
Omaha young lady was asked in Europe
whether they had any culture in her settle-
ment. "No, but," was the answer; "we
cultured to kill!"

A Dutchman says that his neighbours are
"to worst neighbours people do not never
want to fight with and desire to come
mit dere own split and double day two of
the same home coming."

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for
a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a hu-
man head, which looked as though it
might have been made by a fire shovel. The
evidence was satisfactory.

"Please, sir," said a beggar boy, "please
sir, please, sir, please, sir, please, sir, please
trousers." In the words of Tom Hood, "Heaven! that flesh and blood should be so
cheap!"

"Accidents will happen," Brignon (as he
wings a pheasant, after missing right and
left all day)—"Ah, ha! Knocked him out
of that time, Jenkins! Keep your eyes
open, they will fly into some somethings!"—*Lon-
don Punch.*

The worst cut-up man of the hour is the
western reporter. "In describing the
personnel of a party," he says, "I thought
I intended to say that she looked
just like, or worse, the types had to go."

"Pa, did you read in the paper how
parent was fined because his little boy ran
on a street car?" "Pa?" "What if it?"
"No, I didn't." "Change to the paper, and
you've me told to ride it might be more
in your pocket."

The lightning used on theatrical stage
costs \$20 an ounce; but then so do the
quartz and the kill my father's brains
and \$12 brigands for about the same
cents. A little lightning is a dangerous thing.

—Instruction of a Parisian courier to his
son:—"When you meet the first lord, sit
and take off your hat; for the second, sit
cover; for the third, carry your hand to your
eye; for the fourth, stand to the right and
let the lordger nod first."

A witness under cross-examination, who
had been tortured by a lawyer for several
hours, asked the judge: "What is the
time?" "There," said the judge, "I think you
better let the witness go now, as your
pumped him out."

—An "iron good rider" asked a liv-
ing man: "I am," replied the customer,
just then the horse stopped, stood on
hands, came down and bucked. And
the man said: "You're a good rider, in
haymow." "See how easily I get off."

Said a Galveston school teacher:—"I
have ten apples, and give you five and
you give me five." "No, I don't want
left," responded the younger brother,
"he will get away with all of them. That's
kind of a presidential candidate he is."

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SWINDLED OUT OF DYING.

DEATH, Pa. Dec. 26.—William Carson, of this city, died at a villa on Friday. He says he died at 2 a.m. on Sunday last in which he was told he was expiring. He died peacefully. He took to his bed, although apparently healthy, and continued sinking and sinking until he expired. He was 58 years of age. On Friday morning he made his will, and prepared for death by Bishop Mullen, the Catholic prelate of this diocese. His house was full of people, and he died peacefully. But alas, the death prophecy turned out to be a fizzle, and much disappointment was caused by the failure of the miracle, which his friends attributed to the officiousness of Judge Galbraith and Dr. Brand. They believe that the will of God would have been done, had it not been for the meddling lawyer and physicians. The judge persuaded Carson's brother to turn back the hands of the clock, and the doctor administered an opiate at midnight, which caused mundane matters from the world-be-come-for six hours. Carson denounces the fraud practised upon him as infamous.

What is Done in a "Live" School.

THE GRAMMING SYSTEM.

Much has been said and written, with a parently but little profit, on the subject of cramming in the school-room. We know boys and girls in the higher schools who have to attend from fifteen to twenty different classes in as many different subjects during a school week. After a year or two they are declared to be "bookish" and "bookworms." But what a sham is this, when it is considered that for each branch are sufficient for a year's study! It is not surprising that young men, as well as young ladies, find when they come to meet "the hard buffeting of this work-a-day world" they are only half educated, that they have but the merest smattering of the subjects which they ought to know thoroughly, and that they have been grievously misled by school teachers and parents, who ought to have known better. The consequence of this is, that they are unable to apply in a practical way any knowledge they may have acquired. The great question is:—

HOW TO REMEDY THIS EVIL?

Our suggestion is first, to give a thorough drill in those subjects that are termed common and not high sounding. For instance, we find students who have been trained in what are considered our best schools deficient in arithmetic, and without any real knowledge of bookkeeping. Indeed, Common Arithmetic, as taught in our schools, is so full of errors, that it differs from the one used in business houses. The reason of this is, that but few teachers know anything outside of their text-books, and are unacquainted with the short methods suggested by long business experience.

IN THE BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Practical Bookkeeping is almost a hobby. It is the great desideratum. Students are expected to think of it by day and dream of it at night.

In teaching, the text-book is used at first, and from this the student begins by copying the simplest transactions into his day-book. This is a short practical experience to learn the balance, statement of loss and gain, etc., and closes the accounts in his ledger. In the Virginia Department this process is repeated several times, each set of books embracing a complete business, such as a grocery store, including the business of grocer, dry goods, commission merchant, shipping merchant, broker, etc., etc. When the system of instruction is so elementary it is completed the student is required

TO PASS A BRIDAL EXAMINATION.

If found competent, he enters the practical department. The text-book is then abandoned. Each student is furnished with capital (Colleges) and a list of names of the members of the Board Room, where the transactions recorded in his books originate. As these are public rooms, when from ten to thirty persons are present, it might appear that a stranger disorderly for a school-room; but the half hour spent in this way appears of no account. Making partners, buying and selling, and seat are completed the student takes his seat at his desk in another room, where he carefully transcribes from his memorandum book into his ledger, and then into his Cash Book, etc., all his transactions, and is required to fill out all the notes, drafts, receipts, etc., in connection with the business, and it is conducted in a manner as exacting as is the real work which it imitates in its details. It is so elementary that, indeed, at the end of the term, there is hardly a student in complete operation. All its departments are conducted by students who are under the supervision of trained teachers.

We are aware that in some quarters a strenuous protest is being made against the existence of this is not surprising, because the members of Colleges so-called, are mere sham schools, and it is fitting to the idea that the only place to learn business is in the counting room. That is certainly the place to get practical experience to learn the ways of men, their business habits and their motives. But to a large extent it is erroneous to suppose that it is

THE PLACE TO LEARN BUSINESS.

because the circumstances are rarely favourable. An employer has hardly ever time to teach a young man, and the student rarely takes to be made in his accounts, or his books to be muddled through the ignorance and stupidity of the clerk type, who is the only one who can afford to be so expensive to repeat.

In addition to all this, the weekly course of Law Lectures is a feature of the Colleges of Law, and it is a pity that a business man the expense of consulting a lawyer over a trifling business difficulty. At the same time, it must not be presumed that the student is to be independent of the lawyers under all circumstances.

Another feature of the School is the Department of Penmanship and Business Correspondence. Students are required to write letters and memoranda.

As a stimulus to excellence in the Departments of Bookkeeping and Penmanship, gold medals is offered for the student who shows the greatest improvement in Penmanship. The student who shows the greatest improvement in Bookkeeping, will deliver a lecture to the students of this College. He will be followed by a number of other promising students.

This Institution opens on Monday next and those who are interested in knowing more about it should visit the School or write to the Registrar, 112 and 114 E. STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Though the soil of Virginia grows the tobacco leaf, which it does not all grow in the same manner, and the growing counties is often quite different, one producing leaf which at other deteriorates if grown in the other. The leaf of the tobacco plant is not the same in all sections of the State, which, through a combination of local influences, produces a quality that no others can equal. This shows that the soil of Virginia is not the same as any other smoking leaf.

THE END

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