

of the finest silks, and were fringed with pearls, the handles being of solid gold studded with diamonds. It has been said by many writers that the famous Koh-i-noor diamond was originally set in this Peacock Throne. This story is very possibly true, inasmuch as the Koh-i-noor was at one time owned by the Shah Jehan. This throne has been valued at \$30,000,000, and this figure is doubtless not exaggerated, for the Mogul Emperors were wonderfully rich monarchs. When the Persians sacked Delhi in 1739, they destroyed the Peacock Throne, and carried off its jewels. A simple block of white marble now stands in the private audience hall in the palace of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi to show where this gorgeous chair once stood.—*Harper's Round Table.*

TOO MUCH BRIC-A-BRAC.

The folly of excessive accumulation in the way of bric-a-brac, ornaments, and the thousand and one trifles scattered through the modern home, is never more forcibly impressed than when packing away household goods and gods, previous to the summer exodus. Each article has some association that renders it in a degree precious, and yet half of them disfigure rather than adorn the apartment to which they belong.

How much wiser is the mistress of the Japanese home, who while keeping it exquisitely neat, never cumbors and litters it with cheap or excessive ornamentation. She understands the rest to eye and brain in frequent change of surroundings. To-day she hangs up a piece of rare embroidery, and in fro. of it places a little table, with some one choice vase holding a few carefully arranged flower sprays. Across the corner a screen, with richly painted or embroidered panels, is set, and everywhere the eye looks upon some object worthy of study and admiration; and so few are they as to admit of genuine enjoyment and appreciation. After a few weeks a complete change is made—one set of art treasures removed and another put in their place. By this method a succession of charming interiors is secured, far more educating and refining in influence than the crowded tables, cabinets and mantels found in the American drawing-room.

The economy of this course in time and labor is too evident to require convincing argument, and only needs a little individual independence to establish it in this country as in the Orient.—*Table-Talk.*

A SCENE FROM A NEW STORY BY GEORGE W. CARLE.

It came—began to come—in the middle of the second week. At its familiar approach he felt no dismay, save a certain inert dismay that it brought none. Three, four, five times he went bravely to the rill, drowned his thirst and called himself satisfied; but the second day was worse than the first; the craving was better than the rill's brief cure of it, and once he rose straight from drinking of the stream and climbed the dune to look for a snail.

He strove in vain to labor. The pleasures of toil were as stale as those of idleness. His books were put aside with a shudder, and he walked abroad with a changed gait; the old extortioner was leaping on his nerves. And on his brain. He dreamed that night of war-times;

found himself commander of a whole battery of heavy guns, and lo, they were all quaker-cannon. When he would have fled monstrous terrors met him at every turn, till he woke and could sleep no more. Dawn widened over sky and sea, but its vast beauty only mocked the castaway. All day long he wandered up and down and along and across his glittering prison, no tiniest speck of canvas, no faintest wreath of smoke, on any water's edge; the horror of his isolation growing—growing—like the monsters of his dream, and his whole nature wild with a desire which was no longer a mere physical drought, but a passion of the soul, that gave the will an unnatural energy and set at naught every true interest of earth and heaven. Again and again he would have shrieked its anguish, but the first note of his voice rebuked him to silence as if he had espied himself in a glass. He fell on his face voiceless, writhing, and promised himself, nay, pledged creation and its Creator, that on the day of his return to the walks of men he would drink the cup of madness and would drink it thenceforth till he died.—From "Gregory's Island," in the August *Scribner's*.

DR. BARNARDO'S WORK.

It is idle to attempt to describe all that Dr. Barnardo has done and is attempting to do. He is a centre of spiritual, social, intellectual activity, perpetually in motion. He began by caring only for the saving of the city Arab; he now finds the whole social problem on his hands. He is facing the whole vast complicated congeries of difficulties which baffle churches and governments, and facing them also with marvellous success. Round his Homes have grown up a veritable church militant, the most amazing octopus of our time. Nothing that is human is alien to Dr. Barnardo. He imports cargoes of timber from the forests of Norway, and plants out human seedlings in the prairies of Manitoba. He is surgeon, editor, preacher, teacher, jack-of-all-trades, and a past master in all. One day he brings 3,700 of his children from all his Homes to the heart of the West End. It is a small army—a larger army than that with which Britain has won many of her most brilliant victories. Under his able direction they concentrate at the Albert Hall to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, bringing with them a vast paraphernalia illustrative of all their enterprises, their works, and their sports. With a skill the late Sir Augustus Harris could not have excelled, he puts this gigantic troupe through a programme lasting nearly four hours, a programme that goes without a hitch, that keeps everyone from Prince to pressman enthralled in unflagging interest, and that fascinates and delights every one, with one of the prettiest spectacles ever seen in London. And the troupe, what is it? One and all they are children, some mere babies, but all, whether old or young, perishing fragments of shipwrecked humanity, snatched one by one from the maelstrom of our cities. But for him these little ones would have been in the workhouse, in prison, in the grave, or, worse still, in the kennel and in the slum preparing, before they were well in their teens, to perpetuate their kind. And then, after having given the world this gigantic object-lesson in organized philanthropy, the company disperses. The mammoth troupe of 3,700 silently and swiftly retrace their steps. As was the concentration, so is the distribution. In twelve hours all is over, the Homes are again full of teeming life, and not a child has been lost or has ever missed its way. Those who have attempted to convoy a party of a score, boys and girls, from the circumference to the centre of London in mid-season alone, can appreciate what was involved in the march of 3,700 to and from Albert Hall.—From "Dr. Barnardo, the Father of 'Nobody's Children,'" by W. T. Stead, in *August Review of Reviews*.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop;
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the pence,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown;
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down;
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maiden ran, hand in hand,
To their fair estates in the grown-up land.

—*Grown-Up Land.*

LITTLE TANGLES.

Once upon a time there was a great king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were also given by the king, and he looked for diligent workpeople. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered around the child and said:

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah," said the child, "but I send directly I find a little tangle."—*Great Thoughts.*

A TRICKY PIG.

A pig and a dog were once passengers on the same ship, and quite warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was that the dog had a kennel, and the pig had none. Somehow the pig got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first, so every night there was a race. If the dog won he showed his teeth, and the pig had to lie on the softest plank he could find. If the pig got in first, Toby could not drive him out. One rainy afternoon, the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about on deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But when he reached the kennel, he found the dog snug and warm inside. "Umph!" he said; but Toby made no reply. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him, and, trudging off to the place where their dinner plate was lying, he carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and, turning his back to the kennel, began rattling the plate and munching as though he had a great feast before him. This was too much for Toby. A good dinner and he not there! Ah no, and out he ran. Piggy kept on until

Toby had come around in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate. Then like a shot he turned around, and was safe in the kennel before Toby knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.

A CLEVER DOG.

The London *Spectator* tells the following story:

"A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to and that the dog was a prisoner. Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and, as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and, having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. This same collie, when walking with me, ran on in front and rang the gate-bell of the house to which I was going, so that I had not to wait when I arrived there."

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the Prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the holdest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.