

the shore for about an eighth of a mile, and how when we came back I couldn't for the life of me remember the numbers of our bathing-houses, and so led the poor things up and down along the line of shanties until Marplot III thrust his wet and imbecile countenance out of one of the doors shouting, "Further on! 107!" Nor need I tell how that very day I insisted on carrying Miss Grace's little satchel on our way to the post office; how the thing when, without our observing it, flew open while we were talking Tennyson, and I was quoting—you remember the passage Bob—"Not Maude, not Maude, but a voice." No; how Marplot II followed a dozen yards behind, picking up one little stray thing after another, nor how Grace thanked the fellow when at the post office, he handed her his half-dozen trophies at once, she assuring him, with a reproachful glance at me, that they all were "precious mementoes from dear friends." Such trifling mishaps as these have almost passed from my memory. However it's best to be consecutive, and let you know just how things followed one another. You'll be better able to tell me what to do about it. But there isn't anything to be done. It's all up with me, I tell you.

Well as I was saying, at the post office Marplot II left us, while Mrs. Keese and her other daughters joined Grace and myself. [The arrangements might have been better; but, also, it might have been worse.] We were walking along pleasantly by a new way, when just as we were passing a farmhouse, some cattle grazing close by on the road, took it into their heads to plunge and caper, at the same time rearing us uncomfortably. The ladies screamed. There was no time to be lost. With great dexterity and presence of mind I managed to get Miss Grace safely over the abominable picket-fence; then Miss Kate. Meantime, Mrs. Keese, screeching and refusing to be comforted until all the daughters were safely over, jumped wildly up and down against the pickets. Finally at the risk of sacrificing Miss Ellen's life, I managed to pitch the frantic mother, now almost powerless with fright, into a briar-bush on the other side. Then came Miss. Ellen's turn, when, just as the terrified little creature was safely descending into the farm-garden, and I was hopefully intending to climb over after her—for all this time the snorting and plunging of those furious beasts had never stopped an instant—a sharp-faced woman came out of the open farm-house door with a pert, "Why didn't yer open it, young man, instead of a-makin' them all climb over?"

Why didn't I, indeed! But how was I to know it was a gate? The ringing of those girls' laughter will haunt me to my dying day. Mrs. Keese, overcome with her late terrors, could only gasp out "Shameful!" while the sharp-faced woman added scornfully: "Anybody might know you was city folks. Them beasts ain't doing nothing in the world but playin'."

The next day was Sunday. Accompanied Grace to church. At the portal a cruel bee lit upon her sweet shoulder. I dashed it off with my handkerchief before any harm was done, hurriedly thrust the valiant cambric into my vest, and just managed to get off my hat in time. The first hymn was nearly over. We took our places. We were alone in the pew. Instantly three stout elderly gentlemen joined us, but I did not care. Grace sat next to me. It is a blissful thing, Bob, to worship beside the girl you love. I felt this when the prayer commenced. Our bowed heads nearly touched. We could have heard each other's faintest sigh, when suddenly—couldn't help it, Bob—I gave a jump that nearly knocked her over! That confounded bee, you know. I had clung to my handkerchief. Comment is unnecessary. (Mem.—The bee is migratory in its habits.) By the third stinging, the workings of my countenance must have been fearful. But I sat it out, and finally, like Capt. Kydd, I killed him in his gore by grimly pressing my knee with the hymn-book.

Ashamed to show myself in the parlor that afternoon. Went fishing, I'm sorry to say. Was brought up to do differently. No fish came. Finally bobbed for eels. Successful. Was carrying a handkerchief full of 'em to the hotel (what for the ladies only know), when I saw them coming—the girls, the young ladies—

What was I to do? Fortunately, I had my umbrella under my arm, I slipped the eels into it, crammed the sloppy handkerchief deep into my pockets, fastened the umbrella securely, and soon we stood face to face. They hadn't noticed so all went merry as a marriage bell. Miss Grace was more divinely charming than ever. That evening old Kesse told me he had taken the liberty of sitting in my room for a change. Delighted at his sociability. Began to feel like one of the family. Marplot number I confined himself to Kate, and improved on acquaintance. II and III seemed to recognize my position. Things couldn't have been better. After dinner, repaired to my apartment for an extra touch or two, lit a candle to look for pimples. Fortunately, none. But what did I see! A pretty little bottle, with a picture of a bear on it. Some delicious kind of hair-wash, evidently. Was it possible? Could Grace have placed it there for me? (Ah! I remembered she had praised my hair. You see, old boy, I conceal nothing.) Inspired by the thought, I drew the stopper and poured some of the contents on top of my head, within a few inches of the candle. Instantly my hair was in a blaze. I flew about the room in search of an extinguisher. Where was my travelling shawl? Strapped tight. There was a blanket on the bed. I whirled it about my head—caught in the mirror a momentary glimpse of a Turk in agony—and the worst was over. The next process

was to thrust my blackened pate into the wash-basin. I remembered only a strong odor of kerosene; a horrid sensation, as if rubbing the hair from a cocoa-nut. When I looked into the mirror, I moaned. Perhaps I swore. Can't say exactly. Hope I didn't. I felt like a burnt prairie. Fortunately, there was a straggling vegetation left all around the smouldering stubble. I pushed my hat well on, and stole like a thief to the shop of the crack barber of Long Branch.

"Have to shave the top of your head, sir," he said sorrowfully. "Impossible!" says I. "No other way," says he, drawing his hand pitifully over my head. "It comes off when I touch it like so much felt." Confound the fellow—was he punning? Not a bit. His eyes were almost tearful. "There's a fair border left yet around the forehead, sir," says he. "I needn't shave it all off. Got a beautiful scratch in the shop, sir, that'll cover the center perfect. The brightest pair of eyes a-grin' couldn't detect it."

In my sensitive state of mind I took this as a pointed allusion to Grace, but it wasn't safe under the circumstances to resent. Well, it ended in my getting shaved, buying the scratch, and feeling quite like myself again, after all. The thing fitted perfectly, and was a stupendous match. Went back to my room. To bed. Jumped up twice in the night to look for my scratch; found it all right on my head each time. Next morning sat beside Miss Grace at breakfast, feeling like a delusion and a snare. The dear girl never suspected. Would I go on the picnic with them right after breakfast? Of course I would. Would I take my camp-stool and all? Of course I would. While they were putting on their hats, I rushed to my room, seized my traps, and got down just in time to prevent Marplot II from being principal escort and leader of the van. Marplots I and III were along also, but I didn't mind. Grace was sure to walk with me. Only once, under pretense of wiping my burning brow, I felt for my scratch. It was all right. "Good friend," said I, under my breath, "I shall reward thee." I felt jubilant. In less than an hour we were sitting on the green sward under the spreading trees. I had "William Morris" with me. "Won't you read me some of the poems?" whispered Miss Grace. Her hat hung carelessly over her shoulders; her beautiful hair swayed in the breeze. We sat apart from the rest—still it would do no harm to screen ourselves a little more completely. A few flecks of sunlight afforded an excuse. "Shall I?" I asked gaily, as suiting the action to the word I hoisted my umbrella. Horror of horrors! a shower of cold slimy eels fell upon that angelic, upturned face. She sprang from me screaming and shuddering. Mrs. Keese, Miss Ellen, Miss Kate, Marplots I, II, and III, rushed to the scene. I could only pick up eel after eel, flinging them far into the distance. I felt like the Lagoon. In my confusion, a heavy Marplot's eye. I was beside myself with vexation and rage. The cussedness of umbrellas in general and eels in particular took possession of my soul. I looked unutterable things at the nearest Marplot. I stamped desperately on an eel, thereby causing the very earth to scream. Then I flew to Grace's side, and implored her to listen; told her all about the day before—how I had hidden the eels and forgotten them—how I had seized my umbrella in a hurry, knowing it always rained on a picnic, and how not for worlds and worlds would I—in short, could she forgive me.

Another shriek! then a peal of laughter. I never heard Grace laugh so before. It was like hysterics. Marplot I was roaring, Marplot II howling, Marplot III bellowing—all with laughter, Elderly party and young ladies ditto. Had they all gone mad? Had I gone mad? I clapped my hands to my head. *It was bald as a mock-orange!* I shuddered audibly. Still the laughter. By this time every branch above me was giggling. The whole wood was in a roar. I think I saw my scratch hanging on a bush where it had caught. I have a vague idea that Marplot I handed it to me, politely, on the extreme end of his walking stick, in the presence of the company, but I'm not sure. I can't remember exactly what did happen. I only know that I spent that evening on the briny deep, with my travelling shawl, strap, and umbrella—all bound for New York.

Come and see a fellow. I'm at home always to you, though I'm supposed at the store to be still at Long Branch. I'm trying a new hair-cream—think it will work. By the way, I forgot to mention that I found out old Kesse had taken some kerosene samples into my room that day. He often uses his wife's toilet-bottles for the abominable stuff, it seems. He sent in that same night for his stray sample, but I sent back the empty bottle with the word that it had met with an accident. So it had. Come and see me. Got some prime Havanas. But say nothing of her, my boy. That dream is over. FITZ.

While Adam slept, God from him took
A bone; and as an omen
He made it like a seraph look,
And thus created woman.
He took this bone not from his pate,
To show her power ample;
Nor from his feet, to designate
That he on her might trample;
But 'neath his arm, to clearly show
He always should protect her;
And near his heart, to let him know,
How much he should respect her.
He took this bone, crooked enough,
Most crooked of the human,
To show how much crooked stuff
He'd always find in woman.

MY RACE FOR LIFE.

I was riding along the Tuolumne river one summer afternoon, when I came upon a camp of Mexicans, some ten or a dozen in number. The day had been unusually warm. No, that is not the word; it was hot, sweltering hot, and I felt tired and worn out with my long ride and hard exertions. In fact, my condition was such that I determined to accept the proffered hospitalities of the Mexicans, rather than travel eight or ten miles to town. So, taking the saddle off "Gringo," my tough little mustang, I staked him out and re-joined the party, a portion of whom were busily employed getting something to eat. They did not appear to notice my presence particularly; treating me, however, with that marked politeness which they generally show to a stranger. But one among them could speak English, and from him I learned that they were miners, who had come from an adjoining county in search of better diggings. On the way a quarrel had arisen between two of the party about that fruitful cause of man's troubles as well as blessings—a woman.

Antoine, my informant, stated to me that he had made every effort to stop the difficulty without effect, and now it was proposed to fight it out early in the morning with bowie knives. My arrival, Antoine stated, had caused them some uneasiness, as I was looked upon as an officer of the law; and they were even now undecided what to do, although the general idea was to postpone the combat until I had taken my departure.

Here, thought I, is a chance for me to play the part of peacemaker; and there and then, my work began. The aggrieved parties were brought together, and the folly and madness of proceeding to extremes strongly represented. My eloquence prevailed, mutual explanations followed, the Mexicans shook hands, and friendship was apparently fully restored. After this we all felt in such good humour that the bottle passed freely, and I fear that more than one of our number swallowed a little too much of the ardent. At all events I know that my head appeared to have attained a most remarkable growth the next morning.

During the evening, however, one of the Mexicans—a big, swarthy fellow, with an ugly scar on his cheek—evinced rather an unusual interest in a piece of personal property belonging to me—namely, a large sized six shooter, with a white ivory handle, and handsomely mounted. Twice he requested me to let him see it, and his eyes fairly danced with pleasure while examining and handling the beautiful weapon. Time and again, through the medium of the interpreter, he wanted to know how much I would sell it for; until worn out with his importunities, I at last consented to trade the revolver for one he had, and six ounces of gold dust into the bargain.

My friend assured me if I was always staunch, it would be a good thing for me in the end. This latter remark I very much doubted, and next day resolved to leave as soon as my week expired. The whole affair had transpired so suddenly, that I was in a measure bewildered and surprised at my own conduct. I was then an occasional speaker at temperance meetings, a member of a Temperance Society, and had only a few weeks before paid my subscription to the U. K. A. and now scribbling in the books of a Porter Merchant, and as I felt keenly helping in the downfall of my fellow beings. My employer rarely spoke to me, but I could perceive there was something troubling his conscience. Once he did mutter something about "sending souls to hell by the hundreds," and once or twice asked me if I would like to be a wholesale murderer. I told him I thought not, though I felt as guilty of the dark crime, as if I had been the perpetrator. Monday passed, Tuesday dragged along awfully slow, and I watched every five minutes of the hands course on the clock. On Wednesday I heard something which I was sorry for, but it strengthened my resolve to get shut of the whole business. The gentleman who was referred to for character was a strong temperance man, and on hearing that I, one whom he had faith in, had gone book-keeper to a liquor seller, he sat down penned a strong note of counsel reproof to my employer. My fellow clerk showed it me in the dinner hour, and I read something like the following: "Sir, I was painfully surprised to learn from you that Mr.— has obtained a situation in your office, as for a number of years he has been a strict teetotaler, and is a young man from whom I had expected to hear better things. I do hope sir you will not retain him in your employ, lest he should be ruined by the business which is so destructive to all that is good, and which is sending thousands of souls to hell every year. I would also urge you to abandon the direful business you are now engaged in, and no longer be the means of degrading and destroying your unfortunate victims. Yours &c. W. C. . . . A number of Temperance Pamphlets, arguments, statistics accompanied the letter, with a strong warning that the "Alliance" was coming. This letter made me also uncomfortable, that people should say I had violated my principles and gone over to the foe was too much to bear, and with the miserable countenances of bloated landlords hourly before me, beer and porter on every page, the smell of porter all round; all this made me the more anxious to quit the place at once. On the Thursday my employer told me if I liked to get orders from any of my friends, I could do so as it would add to my wages. I answered "my friends are all teetotalers" and like myself, are members of the "Alliance." He seemed much confounded, but after a few minutes said if that was the case, it would hardly do for me to re-

gladly gave the fellow the money he asked for, and resumed possession of my revolver. He then assisted me to catch my horse, and on taking leave I gave him to understand that if he wanted to be my friend for life he must never say a word about this adventure.—*Titusville News.*

(For Pure Gold.)

FOUR DAYS IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

AN EXPERIENCE.

I WAS about ten years of age when I first became an abstainer, and in my case the principles I learnt in my boyhood, became more deeply rooted within me as year after year added to my stature, and widened my experience. I hated the drink more than any other thing, or creature that deserves hatred and when I leapt from my teens into the full blown of 21, no firmer adherent to Temperance and Prohibition was to be found. And yet I got into the "Trade," that is the trade of making the drunkards. It occurred in this way. I had been several months out of employment, in a large manufacturing town in the north of England. One day I chanced in my endeavours to find a situation to answer the following advertisement, in the *Guardian*. Wanted in an office a young man as Book-keeper, must be thoroughly temperate. Apply with references, *Guardian 284*. I applied, and didn't omit to state that I had been 12 years a water drinker. It appears my referee (the Rev. W. C.) was written to but did not communicate with me till some days after, and then too late to break the engagement. My application was answered by letter, it was a merchant's office. I was to try it in one week at the handsome sum of 18 shillings remuneration, and accordingly on the Monday morning I wended my way to my new place. It was an office in one of the many gloomy lines bordering on Deansgate. My employer gave me some figuring to do in the morning, and in the afternoon I was initiated into the black and white mysteries of the Ledger and Day-book, from those volumes I was not long in finding out my new line of business. Before I was in doubt, but the "Ledger" put me right, and showed me the possibility and the probability of a teetotaler being caught napping. I found I was in the very trade that I set my soul and energies to destroy. There was no help for it till the week's end, so I figured amid columns of X and double X and treble X till I was exceedingly uncomfortable. My fellow clerk was brother to my employer, from him I gleaned that it was a Dublin Porter Agency, and that no one but a teetotaler would do for the office. The fellow they had once, got down into the cellar and took too much of the porter, and thus got discharged. My friend assured me if I was always staunch, it would be a good thing for me in the end. This latter remark I very much doubted, and next day resolved to leave as soon as my week expired. The whole affair had transpired so suddenly, that I was in a measure bewildered and surprised at my own conduct. I was then an occasional speaker at temperance meetings, a member of a Temperance Society, and had only a few weeks before paid my subscription to the U. K. A. and now scribbling in the books of a Porter Merchant, and as I felt keenly helping in the downfall of my fellow beings. My employer rarely spoke to me, but I could perceive there was something troubling his conscience. 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main. I heartily agreed with him and told him that had I known the kind of merchant he was before entering his office, it would have saved a good deal of trouble. Though at first desirous of keeping me, the fact of my being an "Alliance" man softened the desires and like the Israelites of old, who owed their freedom to Pharaoh's relenting, so I escaped on that Thursday night, with 18 shillings of blood money in my pocket. Next day was Good Friday and I was glad of it, it enabled me to get rid of some of my coin, that came from the liquor business. Though the money did me no good, the four days experience in a porter-shop made me abhor the whole fraternity of liquor-dorm, so intensely, that I would rather break stones on the Kingston Road, than ever again write the word porter for a Publican. I heartily agreed with his suggestion, and told him that had I known before entering his service what sort of a merchant he was, such a knowledge would have saved a deal of trouble and annoyance especially to me. The facts of my being an "Alliance man," enabled me to quit his services earlier than I otherwise should. He had an idea and a pretty correct one, that alliance men are rather dangerous customers to have about the liquor business, and though that man would have none to serve him but a teetotaler, he felt that a Prohibitionist was rather too much for him. A short time after this occurrence, I came all the way to Canada, and have learnt since there's wealth for honest labor to all who are able and willing to toil.

W. E. M.

Family Circle.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

BROTHER, sister, "if you knew" that soon "those little baby fingers" could "never trouble you again," would you be impatient or cross to your little play-mates for their childish, wilful ways?

Two little boys were playing together. Both wanted the rocking-chair for a horse. Full of health and animal spirits, their dispute ran high, and ended in a lull. Only a few days passed, and the baby hands of the younger were folded in "snowy grace" upon the cold and quiet heart and laid in the grave. A short time after, hearing bitter sobs in the garden, the mother found the lonely brother—himself but just past babyhood—lying under the peach-trees, watching with eager eyes some birds flying over his head, and calling, between his sobs: "Oh, birdies! little birdies! Fly up! Fly higher! and tell Jesus if he will only let little brother come down to me he shall have the rocking-chair all the time, and I never, never shall strike him again! Oh, never, never!"

Ah! how many brothers and sisters look back upon little disputes and sharp, childish quarrels, that would hardly have been remembered had both been spared to grow up together; but one having been taken away, that dispute, or the wrong done, remains through life, a sore spot in the heart of the survivor.

Father be not harsh with your son. He disobeyed your commands, has done wrong, and for his own good deserves rebuke; but remember he is "only a little one." Let your censure be tempered with gentleness. It was but the overflow of exuberant life, not wilful disobedience. If you could look forward to what soon may be, how leniently would you judge, how tenderly chide; and by your gentleness secure obedience much more effectually!

Ah, poor, tired mother! you are very weary and well nigh sick. Your eyes are heavy for want of sleep, and your head throbbing with the noise, and shouts, and wild frolics of your little ones. It is often very hard to bear; but it is health, and strength, and life overflowing in their untired and undisciplined hearts. Be patient! If soon with hot and tearless eyes, you watch by the little crib where fever may conquer that life, but late so joyous and full of activity, can you endure what God may see best to bring upon you, if, by impatience, you have "scattered thorns,—not roses,—for your reaping by and by?"

"I have asked you twenty times to mend this coat, and it is not done yet. No time! How long would it have taken, I should like to know? But—well—I can go ragged, I suppose. You give little heed to my wishes or comfort. You must take your own time and way, without regard to any convenience, or you will not be satisfied."

Husband! why do you say such ugly, biting things? You love your wife. You would be indignant if a looker on should hint that you misjudged her or were exacting. Your heart,—or that silent monitor, your conscience,—tells you that she did not intend to disregard your wishes or advice. She was tired, overtaxed with many cares and frequent interruptions; or perhaps sickness is creeping upon her unaware. Whatever the reason the offense was "out a little thing." Or even if she was self-willed, or irritable, be patient with her. You are fully aware that one mode of speaking makes her indignant, and stirs up all the offensive, opposing elements in her character; while on the contrary, a certain tone of your voice, a love look from your eye, would have brought her to your side in an instant, sorry, self-upbraiding, loving and honoring you with all her heart. Ah, "if you knew!" These first morose, fault-finding words are perhaps "leaving on her heart a shadow, leaving on your heart a stain," which may be the beginning of coldness, mistrust, and defiance, or perhaps a darker sin, when but for them you could have secured joy and gladness in your house, growing sweeter and purer day by day. Deal gently. You, her husband, can make her happy