Up Comes McGinty.

"RIGHT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA."

When McGinty slipped away, faith said he I think I'll stay
Till the neighbours give me up a drowndid man;
Then I'll bob up to the top, and hustle round and find a cop,
And I'll chrop around and call on Pat McCann;
I the satory gets about that five dollars sold me out,
Its the ruination of Bedaley's heart.
So I'll step no foot ashore till this wonderment is o'er,
For McGinty has the name of being shmart.

CHORUS—

Up comes McGinty with a sculpin in his fist,
And a fish hook in his nose,
And a chain around his wrist;
He's all ready for a tussle or a social game of whist,
Right from the bottom of the sea.

When he found Bedaley Ann she was married to a man,
By the name of Dennis Fagan o'er the way,
And she thought a spanded shine was McGinty for the fish,
While he slumbers at the bottom of the sea.
So he took a drop of gin, faith says he I'll now begin,
For to straighten all these funny matters out,
If they take Dan for a fool, or they think his head was wool,
Shure they'll find McGinty knows what he's about.

CHORUS—

Up comes McGinty and he looks his very best,
With a lobster in each ear,
And with seaweed in his vest,
And he wants to fight the Fagans and the judge and all the rest,
Right from the bottom of the sea.

Now McGinty take my hand, says his good friend Pat McLean,
And we'll call the shindy a mighty funny joke;
Tell the folks you lost your route, and you couldn't quite swim out,
For your head was rather dizzy when you woke.
Go and get a barn new suit, and give this old one the shoot,
Take a hatchet, scrape them whiskers from your chin,
And we'll call around to-night, and we'll set the matter right,
And Bedaley'll take you to her heart again.

CHORUS—

Up comes McGinty and he raps upon the door,
And Bedaley gives a yell;
And the Kid begins to roar;
For she said she never saw Dan when he looked so fine before,
Right from the bottom of the sea.

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

"Like Tom Doster, eh?"

"Well," she replied, in yet more animated tone, "if you so mind, I'll answer, yes, Tom Doster! for he is moving now, or if he ever be will moving, in the matter of which we are talking, it is or it will be on that line, just as he has been doing ever since I have been old enough to form any judgment on his movements compared with other men's. Now, my dear brother I am going to ask you a question, which, of course, you'll answer directly or not, as you choose. If you felt perfectly sure that Ellen would never consent to marry you, would you be entirely willing for me to take Hiram?"

The question embarrassed him, but it fretted also. He answered, petulantly, looking away from her, "If you'd accept Hiram, Ellen would engage herself to me to-morrow.

"And you would take her on such terms? Yes," blushing with pain, she said, "if my own brother virtually admits that he would, if he could, barter his sister to a man in exchange for that man's sister to wife, although well knowing the infirmities of that man's nature, which would make it impossible for any woman of spirit to live with him happily. Well, my brother, I cannot be a party to such a bargain, even if it were possible it could be made. But oh dear! on dear! how you have mistaken that sweet girl! She is too fine a gentlewoman to talk, even with me, her most intimate friend, about such things; but I am without a doubt that Hiram often and often has conducted himself towards her in that same way, but more offensively, according as he has a domineering spirit, which you have not, and little of affectionateness for his sister or anybody else. Now let me tell you: Hiram Joyner's interference has been the worst possible for you. But for it I am inclined to believe that you might have gotten Ellen in time, if you could have shown to her that your hope and your wishes to win her were based only upon honest endeavors to deserve her. As it is, brother Will, whatever chances you may have had are now gone."

"What?" he cried. "You mean to tell me that Ellen Joyner is going to throw herself away on that whining preacher?"

"Brother William!" She was about to respond with the generous indignation provoked by this insult to an absent friend, but she repressed it, and said: "I choose not to betray a trust which Ellen has not given me permission to reveal. I said what I did for the purpose of convincing you of the uselessness of any further indulgence of whatever expectation you may have had. Honorable, noble girl that she is, she would not object to that, but would rather desire it. I will not say if the man to whom she has given her affections is or is not Henry Doster, of whom my brother, I am sure, forgot himself just now when he spoke in such grossly unkind and unjust words."

"Oh, confound it all! I take that back, of course. Indeed, as between Henry Doster and Tom, I rather think, if I were a woman—However, I ought not to say that either, to you, though you haven't told me whether or not there's any truth in the blamed report about yourself. The fact is, Harriet, the whole thing has taken me by such surprise that——. Hang it all! let it go. I'm left, it seems; and it's some satisfaction to find that out so soon, and by you. All right. I shall bother with the thing no more. I can outlive it, I'm thankful to believe. But Hiram!"

Then he laughed outright, and continued: "Harriet, that young fellow don't know Hiram Joyner. He don't know anything at all about him. You are going to hear of some interesting news when Hiram finds out what you tell me. By the way, Cousin Emily told me this morning in town that you and Ellen had promised to spend camp-meeting at her tent."

"Yes, I'm going, if ma does not object. haven's asked her yet."

"Methodist stock seems to be rising down here on Ogeechee. Wonder what old man Bullington will think of that; and Hiram I tell you, and you may tell the rest of them, that when that boy finds out how things are, they'll hear from him."

He rose, and, mounting his horse again, galloped back to the field. Mrs. May, coming in shortly afterward, asked what had they been talking about so loud that she could hear their voices from the door of the kitchen, where she had been standing. When Harriet had answered, she sat down, and after some reflection, said:

"Ah, well! Your father and Mr. Joyner set a great deal by the hopes they had about their children. If they could have lived to raise their boys so as to be fit for making the right sort of husbands, things might have been different. As it is, they've nobody to blame but themselves, though I've always tried to count on nothing else than for poor William to get Ellen. It would have been the making of him. As for Hiram, I was always afraid of such as that with his rough temper and his disposition to rule everybody about him. But poor Will!"

Then she shed tears.

"But, Harriet"—suddenly rousing herself—"if I was in yours and Ellen's place, after such a—I suppose I may call it disappointment—I just declare I wouldn't be engaging myself to the first man that offered himself. I have nothing against Thomas, who is a good, industrious young man; but I've never even so much as dreamed of your marrying him. The whole thing has taken me by such surprise that I hardly know what to say about it. As for his cousin Henry, I don't know that I ever met a more gentlemanly, well-mannered young man, and between the two, even if he is a Methodist preacher——. Oh, you needn't be smiling in that way, when I'm in dead earnest."

"I beg pardon, ma. I was smiling at your speaking so positively just after declaring that you knew not what to say. I am not going to act precipitately in this matter, my dear mother, and I shall hope to have your approval of whatever I may conclude to do. I'm not much surprised at your preference for Henry over Tom, partly because he is not in Tom's place, and partly because you consider him more brilliant, perhaps; and I haven't a doubt that Mrs. Joyner has put before poor, dear Ellen the same comparison reversed, emphasizing Tom's being such a good Baptist."

"You are right there," replied she mother, her natural cheerfulness somewhat restored. "I was over there a little while this morning when you and Ellen went to the Andersons'. Hiram came in where his mother and I were, and he went on terribly about Henry Doster."

"What did Mrs. Joyner say?"

"Not one word. She knows she can't stop Hiram when he begins. But I told the young gentleman plain that I didn't agree with a word he said about him."

"I'm glad you did. Bless your dear heart, ma, it was like you to refuse to hear in silence abuse of a man who in your opinion had fairly supplanted your own son. Hiram will not hurt Henry Doster by such talk especially in the estimation of Ellen, grown to be his at last so ignoring his imperiousness. If it hadn't been for him, Ellen, I do believe, would have taken brother Will. His constant, dogged interference prevented. Did he say anything against Tom?"

"Didn't mention Tom's name; but his mother did, and while she was praising Tom to the skies he looked out the window, and let on as if he were not hearing. Poor sort of behavior, to my opinion. Well! well! but it showed that if he finds out there's anything serious between Henry Doster and Ellen, he'll do his very best to break it up. They are the strongest kind of Baptists, you know; that is, all except Hiram, who, I'm afraid, has no religion of any sort, at least not enough to do him any good; but Ellen and her mother are, Mr. Joyner being the original starter of Hiram, and Hiram, if he can's work it with Ellen, will bring in old Brother Bullington and so him as his mother. I pity the poor little thing when that's the case."

Then Mrs. May laughed, this charitable thought having brought that much relief. Harriet joined in heartily to enhance this frame of her mother's mind. Indeed Mrs. May, though a good Baptist woman, would say sometimes that in her opinion there were in the world people as good as those of her own denomination—an admission that Mrs. Joyner might have feared and Mr. Bullington would have known to be imprudent.

This good man lived in a small house with a small farm attached, about a mile north of the Dosters', and about half that distance from Horeb. Tall like Mr. Swinger, but much heavier both in body and in spirit, gloomy-looking at all times, his brows grew darker at any thought of harm done or meditated against either himself or the religious faith of which for many years he had been a very bold, a very loud, and a reasonably acceptable public exponent. It was not often that he laughed, although he did laugh, at least he tried to laugh, sometimes when he had gained some personal or denominational triumph or believed he had some well-founded hope of it. The seasons of his heartiest gayety, if the word could be employed fitly in his case, were wedding feasts, the degrees of his enjoyment thereat depending upon contingencies. Country churches in those times contributed but small stipends to their pastors, some excusing themselves with the authority that at its first institution, and admitted to have been done then at its very best, preaching of the gospel was furnished without money and without price. Mr. Bullington perhaps had never said so in words, yet he honestly suspected that somewhere or other there might be a flaw in this argument. Still he felt contented to think that the sums received from his four churches, with the occasional mite dropped in from a fish Sunday, were at least as much as he could have earned had his powers been exerted in other professional or in agricultural endeavors. Specially consoling and grateful was the supplementary help of fees, ranging from one dollar to five, obtained from liberal, happy bridegrooms; so much so that he was a noted encourager of marriages among his own flock, not only early but repeated, whenever death had made them possible. At wedding feasts, notably when the enclosure in the license was at maximum or approximate to it, and when he was full up to the brim of good things, his struggles to be merry like the rest were both commendable and interesting. If his face on such occasions could have corresponded with his huge body, those efforts would have been entirely, even immensely, satisfactory. As it was, when his sides were shaking, that countenance, as if restrained by a sense of duty behind an expression of hilarity not becoming his sacred office, took on a most painful sternness that seemed to fix a just equilibrium.

For two or three years last past he had been counting upon being called to the May and the Joyners' on some fine evenings at candle-light, where he would feel sure—they being the richest and most liberal among all his people—that handsome things would be done for him who should tie the knots as fond as indissoluble. Only once had he encountered face to face his rival, Mr. Swinger, and the latter admitted afterwards that he had the worst of it. Now that Mr Swinger, or any other Methodist preacher, would come within the verge of Horeb on a mission which, next to its public ministrations, it had ever been his fondest pleasure to serve, had not entered his mind, liable as it was to gloomy apprehensions. Therefore, when the report arose about Ellen Joyner and Henry Doster, a sprout, as it were from the trunk of Mr. Swinger, he tried to scout it as an evil, malicious, idle tale. Yet he could not but be anxious, and, while meditating on his own most prudent line of action, news came that both the girls were going to the camp-meeting, now at hand.

"Thar, now!" he exclaimed to his wife; for of these occasions he ever had a dread, not unmingled with horror. "However, mighty nigh everbody, special young people, will go to that whirlypool. A body must try and hope for the best."

But a deep groan told that this reflection had brought no relief.

CHAPTER V.

To an old-time Georgian it is very pleasing now to recall the camp-meetings of the long ago, particularly those in the county wherein the scenes recorded in this story are laid. Four miles south of Gateston, and nearly one mile distant from the public thoroughfare, ground of about ten acres, parallelogram in shape, had been selected by the Methodists for this purpose shortly after the first settlement of that region. Here the level land on three sides ended, and at a few rods' distance in their front declined several feet, becoming some what precipitous shortly after leaving the camp at a spot where was a spring of abundant cool water. A large wooden shed, called "The Stand," without floor or weather boarding, capable of covering, say, four thousand people, stood near the centre. Rudely constructed tents of unplaned boards, also without floors, were on three sides, and on the only rising ground of the last was one floored and otherwise more elaborate, known as "The Preachers' Tent"; for the clergy, married and single, during the camp, which lasted four days, not often longer, were domiciled together, but took their meals promiscuously among the tent-holders.

Observing the waggons and ox-carts during a couple of days before, laden with hon ehold goods of every kind, moving in one direction, a stranger might be led to suspect that a large number of the population were emigrating to foreign parts. By Friday night, where three days ago naught of animate nature was to be seen except the birds and gray squirrels in the surrounding forest, was a village of several hundreds of inhabitants ready for the entertainment of relatives, friends, acquaintances, and strangers o almos every degree. On either side of the passage, extending from the front to the eating-place in the rear of each tent, were the sleeping-chambers. In front was a shed to defend from the sun's rays the men who sat there and smoked cigars and chatted, while the women, except in the evenings, remained within. Behind the tent was another shed for the cook and her utensils. If she slept anywhere, I suspect it must have been under the dining-table. Further yet in the rear were rail pens holding pigs, lambs, and domestic fowls. Vehicles of burden travelled back and forth continually for supplies for the ever threatening void. Hundreds of waggon-loads of wheat and oat straw were brought daily to be spread afresh upon the ground inside. Beyond the carriageways some near the edge, some deeper within the woods, were booths whereat one could purchase cigars, confections of various kinds, and perhaps, in a quiet way, a bottle or a flask with something which could not be licensed, but which claimed to be excellently good, considering everything. At night the grounds were lit with bonfires kindled from pine knots upon wooden scaffolds thickly covered with earth. Public services were held four times a day, at eight and eleven in the forenoon, three in the afternoon, and candle-light. All were expected to rise from bed for morning prayers, which were offered by one of the preachers or other pious person, and to retire at bedtime, the signal for which occasions being announced by a long tin trumpet. After the services for the whites were over, reasonable time was allowed to the negroes beneath the trees in the rear of the stand, who, them as now, preferred to do their own worship among themselves.

The numbers eating at any one of these tables in many rounds of seatings were very large. People from all parts of the county, from several adjoining—cotton factors and merchants from Augusta and Savannah, from Milledgeville and Macon, some with pious, the greater number with other intents—resorted there. Housewives vied among one another in putting forth abundance and variety of hospitable entertainment. As for Gateston, particularly on Saturday and Sunday, not a fourth of its population would be left at home, those not having tents, and many of other religious denominations, unwilling to endure the solitude, repairing, some with their wives and young children, to the general rendezvous.

On the east side—called by humbler folk "Quality Row," because taken by the leading families—were the Ingrams, whereat the Mays and Joyners sojourned, not only the girls, but the young men also. Tom Doster, although invited there, was busy with saving his crop of fodder, and did not appear until Sunday, and that with expectation of returning home in the afternoon.

Among the clergy were several possessed of a high order of eloquence, and others less gifted in this regard, but hoping to make up by abundant strength of lungs habituated to sounding on loftiest keys platitudes of warning, mainly upon the conditions of the infernal world. With four sermons a day, most persons, except the notably devout, as well inside as outside the denomination, the young especially, elected which they would attend. It was in vain that, in order to prevent such discrimination, announcements were withheld, and it could not be known who was to preach at any particular hour until after the first prayer and the second hymn, for from nearly every tent door the pulpit could be observed, or, when not, the speaker could be guessed from the numbers seen hurrying to the stand.

Mr. Swinger, devoted with all his heart to his calling, always feeling prepared with a sermon of any length requisite upon any text of Scripture, yet, with becoming consideration for visiting brethren, had requested that he be not called upon during the meeting, proposing, however, to "do the ex'orsis," as he styled it, after the sermon of Henry Doster, which had been appointed for Sunday night.

"Young man like Henry, you know, brothin, it'll mayby sorter encourage him up in the back to know his old father, as I calls myself, is behind thar a-ready and a-waitin' so prize him out if he git stuck in his first camp-meetin' splurgin' He's a powerful modest boy, but if he can keep his head clear before so many people, I sha n't be oneasy; for the the thing's in him, if he can fetch her out. Let me back him up in his first off-start. He know, Henry Dawster do, he can 'pend on old Allen Swinger till everything turn blue."

I should remark here that although he had not sought from his young friend the confidence which he doubted not his having good reason for withholding, yet he had been intensely interested in the rumor connecting him with Ellen Joyner, and he had been as deeply resentful as so pious a man could be at what he had heard of Hiram's fierce hostility, as evinced by utterances not only most disrespectful, but threatening, towards Henry. Other things had contributed to put him rather out of his accustomed humor by this time. A much smaller number of mourners than with some confidence he had counted on had responded to most persuasive and urgent appeals to come up to the altar. Never before, it seemed to him, had sinners been more obdurately unconcerned about their spiritual condition. More talk than usual, he felt sure in his mind, had been about politics, crops, money-making in general, county and neighborhood news, than at any camp-meeting in he would not like to say how long. Lastly, there was a matter of family trouble on his mind. Jerry Pound, son of his own dear, widowed sister, a great, lubberly, careless fellow, his mother had brought her brother to try yet again to do something with, as it had seem to her that he cared more for his soul's salvation than if he never had a soul to be saved. Mr. Swinger during the two past days had held some talk with the youngster what times he had been able, in spite of his dodging, to catch him within hearing, and by a because sufficiently disgusted with the little impression made by his remonstrances. That very evening he had said to Jerry, loud enough to be overheard by several young persons of both sexes who were sitting or standing near: "Jerry Pound, your hide's as tough as the jogrophy books tell a sheep's mutton fetches, but I'm worth a man a while to shoot a rifle at 'em; and your back is hard same as a logger-head turkle that you has to put a coal of fire on him before he'll move when he don't want to. But never you mind."

It was not true that Jerry was not a hard-working youth; but ever since he had grown too big to be whipped for doing such things slyly, he was in the habit of playing marbles openly on Sunday, and going with others to the creek a-swimming, and by his mother was suspected even of occasional swearing.

In the whole, therefore, the state of mind in which Mr. Swinger found himself all that afternoon was far from confident or cheerful. Yet he was not a man to be put back by such considerations from the prosecution of his duty. Indeed, they conspired to make him more eager to put forth his word of exhortation. He said afterward:

"Fact of the business, I were sorter mad, and I had to let out. Then, spite of it all, I couldn't be convinced in my very bones but what so much good preachin' and exortin', and so much hard wrastlin' in prayr, wasn't a-goin' to be let frazzle out jes so to the little end o' nothin'. I had heard older people than me say the darkest time o' night is jes before day, and I determined to govern myself accordin'."

Thus far Henry Doster had seen little of the Ogeechee girls, except when in the great congregation, or at the Ingram tent doorway when happening to be walking past. People said that it looked well that at such a solemn time he postponed for a more exalted society than of Ellen Joyner, whom they were sure that, preacher as he was, he was dying to be with. Once—Saturday afternoon it was—he did stop in for a few minutes only, but even then he talked more with Harriet than her. At the time of this visit Will May was not present being at the tent near by, where Miss Mary Anderson, whose family dwelt across the river, was staying. Hiram was on hand, and sticky as a leech, some said. He barely nodded to the visitor on his entrance, and, when the latter left, was so absorbed in the Milledgeville *Recorder*, a weekly newspaper then four days old, that he did not notice him.

As soon as Tom reached the camp on Sunday, leaving his horse at the public inn, he repaired to the Ingrams', where he expressed himself sorry to decline the invitation to dinner, being under promise to one of his neighbors, a humble man on the opposite row. Mrs. Ingram declared that she was just as mad as she could be; but she was appeased when he said that, having decided to remain until after the night service, he would sup there.

"And don't he look splendid?" she said to Harriet, when he had gone out to sit with she men under the front shed. "I declare, when a man like Tom Doster, who has been working hard all the week, comes out on a Sunday in his nice broadcloth and the other nice things he's got to put on, I—. But bless your heart! child, I've got too much business on my hands to be running on about Tom Doster; and indeed, handsome as he is, I think Henry—. However, many birds of many kinds, and I've got to miss Brother Duncan's sermon, and look after Simon and that pig in the pit. Mr. Ingram will have a duck-fit if it isn't barbecued just right."

Merrily she kissed her beautiful cousin, and retreated to those regions, in the rear, out of which to this day it remains a mystery to me, and to all except such housewives as she was, what breakfasts and dinners and suppers, and handings round on waiters between times, were evolved. When a man far away from such scenes, both in space and in years, begins to talk about them, he is prone to indulge too fondly. He cannot at least but love to muse, amid other recollections, on those long, so long ago, camp-meeting days, and more on those camp meeting nights. Religiously inclined, earnestly so, indeed, but not taking part in the exciting scenes which so many with varying purposes gathered there to witness, when the bugle would sound the call for silence and repose, when even all mourners' wailings would be hushed, it was a pleasant thing to take a rustic chair, and, leaning against a post of the tent, sit and listen to the night music then rising in the woods, and dream and dream and dream of hopes and destinies for this life and the life eternal.

(To be Continued.)

Effect of Over Indulgence.

Landlady—I hope you find the turkey tender, Mr. Growler?

Growler—H'm—well, so-so. But I fear the bird was an only child, so to speak.

Landlady—Why so?

Growler—Because it seems a trifle spoiled.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

The docking or cutting off the tails of horses is a cruelty that lasts through life. They can never, after this cruel operation, brush off the flies and mosquitoes that will make their life every summer a torment.

Never put iron or steel bits in a horse's mouth in frosty weather without first warming them. They will take the skin off the horse's tongue.

THE WORKMEN'S WORLD.

Cullings from the Labor Field of Interest to All.

Glassblowing is beneficial to the lungs.

In Europe every brewery has a chemist.

Michigan lawyers talk of a State Union.

Some Buffalo dealers sell beer at 5 cents a glass.

San Francisco ship-caulkers work 9 hours and get $5.

The silk workers talk of a national organization.

St. Paul unions demand the closing of stores on Sunday.

The Brooklyn framers pay a walking delegate $21 a week.

Union shipwrights at San Francisco get $5 a day, nine hours.

A 73-year-old woman runs six looms in an Augusta, Me., mill.

Haverhill, Mass., has 235 factories. They employ 17,000 persons.

Boston union bartenders must not work for less than $15 a week.

A Welaka, Fla., firm shipped 60,000 shingles to Philadelphia.

The International Tailors' Union, of New York, runs a trade school.

Baltimore car drivers were out from $1.67 to $1.50 a day. No strike.

There are only 450 table-knife grinders in the country. They don't live long.

The cigarmakers of Tampa, Fla., got a voluntary advance of $1 per thousand.

At New York 400 cigarmakers won a strike against a cut of from 20 to 60 per cent.

The Cigarmakers' National Union has $400,000, and its members work eight hours.

The Lasters' Union has cut its hours from thirteen to ten and gained an increase in pay.

All union men in Detroit will boycott barber shops not closed on Sundays after March 1st.

New York, Brooklyn and Newark bakers get $12 a week, and their average hours are ten per day.

Buffalo newsboys struck because the penny evening newspaper raised their price from 50 to 60 cents per 100.

The German-American Typographia Union contains nine-tenths of the German printers. They work 8 hours.

San Francisco bricklayers' helpers work nine hours and get $3; plasterers' helpers work eight hours and get $3.50.

New York retail merchants want a law allowing them 10 per cent. of a debtor's wages till the debt is liquidated.

The New York Clerks' Union has informed the Postmaster-General that they are worked over the Eight-Hour law.

The Working-girls' Club, of Jersey City, has classes in the study of dress making, millinery, cooking, music, dancing and embroidery.

New York Central engineers get 3½ cents per hour, conductors, 25 cents, and brakemen, 16 cents. The switchmen demand 18 cents per hour for work over 12 hours per day.

The coopers of Minneapolis get 33 cents for the best barrel. Six years ago the pay was 53. The co-operative shop pays only $7 per week. Men hooping off after the machine get 4½ to 5 cents a barrel.

HINTS ON DIET.

Some Directions on Dieting That Should Claim Attention.

Many diseases are due solely to a disregard of established rules relating to eatables and eating rules which every one ought to know and be willing to heed. Gout is caused by rich foods and stimulating drinks; dyspepsia usually by eating unwholesome food at unseasonable hours, and diseases of the liver and bowels result from the same cause. Apoplexy is produced by drinking too much wine. In Bordeaux, France, more wine is drunk, and a greater portion of the people die of apoplexy than in any other city in the world. Eat slowly and masticate your food thoroughly. Mr. Gladstone, it is said, gives thirty-two bites to each piece of meat that he puts in his mouth. This is a good rule to follow. By swallowing your food without chewing it, you cheat your palate as well as your body. You fail to prepare the meat for the action of the gastric juice, and you do not permit the salivary juices to mix with the starchy foods, to prepare them for further elaboration and assimilation. Never eat when very tired, or when worried or excited, and never work immediately after a meal. Exhaustion and worry preclude a normal appetite and prevent digestion, as does labor too soon after eating. Rest for twenty or thirty minutes after meals Do not overload the stomach; it is best always to leave the table with the feeling that you could eat a little more. The proper quantity of food eaten at each meal will strengthen the stomach; by eating too much, you distend and weaken it Do not wash down each morsel of food with a swallow of water; drink what you wish at the conclusion of the meal, and not while it is in progress.

Milk should not be drunk in copious draughts, but in sips, so that it will coagulate in small lumps or flakes, and thus be more easily digested. It is best eaten with a spoon in the form of bread and milk. Remember that meat broths contain little or no nutritive properties; they are simply mild stimulants. With the addition of vegetables, bread or boiled rice, however, they become valuable foods. During the spring months, after living all winter on meats and stale vegetables, the system needs a radical change of diet. At this season one should eat fresh fruits and succulent vegetables for their effect on the liver, the bowels and the blood. Oranges, cherries, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, greens of various kinds, including dandelion, are all valuable. Good health is worth cultivating, even at the expense of a little time and a measure of self-restraint. If men would set a watch upon their lips, they would less often have to send for the doctor. *Youth's Companion.*

Last Words to Young Men.

The following is taken from the last article written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death: "I rejoice to say I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come, when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to use one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The Nicaragua Canal will be 170 miles long from ocean to ocean. There will be 16 miles of excavation on the east side, 11½ miles on the west, ¾ miles for six locks, making a total of 28 miles. Free navigation will be had in the San Juan river for 64½ miles, and in Lake Nicaragua for 56½ miles. There will be space for vessels to pass each other in opposite directions in all parts except in the rock cuttings. The time of the passage is estimated at twenty-eight hours.

—Seasickness and defeat on the diamond are frequently caused by the same thing—wild pitching.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze—atchoo," she said.

—Nature's tendency is to restore the balance; as a man gets "short" his face gets long.

HE DOES INDEED.

"To Sunday school, to Sunday school,"
The little urchin sings,
There's something in the season's trill
That seems to give him wings.
He loves the little cushioned pew,
The teacher, too, loves he,
And very much he loves the fruit
Upon the Xmas tree.

—"My dear," whispered a man to his wife as they seated themselves at the theatre, "I left my pocketbook at home." "Haven't you any money at all?" "Only forty cents." "Won't that be enough?" "Enough!" he repeated impatiently. "It's a five act play."

A NEWS TO CROSS.

(Josephine Pollard in Christian at Work.)

There's always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder's the charming scene;
But deep and wide with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

Gen. Lew. Wallace's favorite novel is said to be "Ivanhoe." It is the favorite novel of a great many other people in this world.

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

The Commotion Which Followed the Entrance of an Ill-looking Stranger on a Western Train.

The last weary traveller was stowed away for the night; the last curtain was drawn across the section, and the low rumble of the train through forest and clearing, farm and valley, was only broken by the occasional snore of a heavy sleeper. Miles and miles of the dreary outlinde of Missouri night scenery were left in the distance; the train went whizzing by small unimportant stations, and now halted at some wayside tank and took in solid and liquid refreshment for the bloodless horse. But why should it now slow up in the dreariest of all the many dreary unforbidding places along the road? What ill-looking stranger was that who just entered the car and passed down the aisle between the slumberers with a scowling face stamped with a sinister brand?

"Crack!" Surely a pistol shot!

"I knew it! I've been looking for this sort of thing for the last six months!" shouted a Kansas City drummer, diving for the aisle and getting there with both feet. "I surrender!"

"Crack!"

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord—besides that I haven't got a pistol," echoed a muffled voice from the sepulchre of an upper berth.

"Crack!"

A rather shapeless female form, robed in white and ruffled nightcap, bounded into the aisle and rushed at the Kansas City drummer with open mouth and a discrepancy of teeth. As she fled she tripped, recovered herself and plumped squarely into the drummer's arms.

"Oh, save me from the Jim boys. Landlord, save me!" shrieked the woman from Parsons, "save me for my darter's sake!"

"Crack!"

"Throw up your hands!" said the drummer, trying to squirm away. The woman from Parsons complied rapidly, and he slipped out on the rear platform. The train was just starting away from a ghostly tank looming up against the rosy-hued horizon of approaching day. The conductor entered the car from the other end. "Crack!" He dodged into the smoker's apartment and peered out along the aisle where the old lady was "sashaying" and balancing before the curtained sections in a stately, single-handed minuet. Capped and undressed heads were thrust without the curtains, and white, anxious faces looked up and down the aisle.

"Any train robbers at your end?" shouted the drummer above the din of the howling Parsons woman.

"Not any down my way," answered the conductor, stepping out in front of the old lady's berth. "Thunder and Mars! What's this? A soda fountain?"

"Crack!"

"Why, for the land's sake!" broke in the Parsons woman, "of that ain't my yeast, six bottles of it, all fer Jane, and busted, busted, busted. I was afeered all along that the rattle of the keers would get the stuff a workin'."—*Drake's Magazine.*

AT THE WRONG FUNERAL.

A Chicago Man Lays His Floral Tribute on the Wrong Deceased.

The Secretary of a certain organization had a novel experience last week. It is a joke on him, and he feels too "sore" to make it adviable to publish his name. A member of his Order had died, and at a meeting it had been resolved to send flowers to the funeral and have some member attend as a representative. The Secretary was the member selected. He was directed to procure a suitable floral offering, engage a carriage, and be on hand. The Secretary had never been to the brother's house, but, of course, he had the street and number, and he told the driver of his carriage to go to such a corner. The driver followed directions, and reaching the corner and seeing a funeral the driver took his place among the carriages along the line of the curb. The Secretary was abstracted; he got out and went into the house; he took his society's floral offering and entering the house of mourning he went forward and placed the flowers upon the casket. He did not recognize any one in the room, but that was not all strange, as he had never seen any of his dead friend's people.

The services at the house were gone through with, and the pall-bearers took up their burden and bore it to the hearse. The Secretary went out with the others and took a seat in his own carriage, giving no directions. The driver naturally followed the others, and when the cemetery was reached it struck him that the place looked like Oakwoods, and he knew his friend's remains were to be buried at Waldheim. Being worried at this thought, he asked who was being buried, and receiving in reply a name entirely unknown to him, he knew that something was wrong. He got into his carriage and was driven back to the house he started from. There he discovered it was not the right number, though the right street. Finding the right number, he learned the funeral from that house had started a short time before he had appeared on the scene. He had made a mistake all around; he had got the wrong house and the wrong funeral, and the flowers his society had presented had been left with strangers. He could say nothing; it was a sad mistake, and the fact that there had been two funerals on the same street within a block of each other, and that the one sought had gone but a few minutes before the one he found, was his only excuse for the error.—*Chicago Herald.*

To Bridge or Tunnel.

The latest bridge or tunnel scheme is one proposed by Senator McMillan, of Michigan, who has introduced a joint resolution at Washington, requesting the Secretary of War to cause an examination to be made into the practicability and expense of bridging or tunnelling the Straits of Mackinac. At present transportation between Mackinaw City and St. Ignace is carried on by means of ferry-boats, but this system has now become inadequate to meet the demand of the rapidly increasing traffic. The distance between the two points named is eight miles, but the bridge or tunnel would be located at a place in the Straits where the terminal points would be about four miles apart. Two railroads run to Mackinaw City, and the idea is to give them direct connection with the roads of the upper peninsula, thus opening up all rail routes to the south from the Lake Superior mines.

A Partial Convert.

Miss Eyeglasse, of Boston—I should think, Mr. Westwylde, that life so close to nature's heart—out on the great plains, face to face with the splendors of sun, moon and stars, the sweep of the winds, the majesty of the wide prairie—would tend to make one a Pantheist. Is it not so?

Mr. Westwylde—Well—yes—at least, partly. There ain't much fancy cookin' a cowboy can manage, but some of us can flip a pancake with any hotel cook alive.

The San Francisco Brewers' Union has $4,000.

The G. A. R. Post at Lawrenceburg, Ind., has been given a powder-horn that was once the property of the great Indian Chief, Tecumseh. The horn was cut from the head of a buffalo killed by the chief.

A WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Oh, Nellie Bly,
Since you dared fly
Around the globe so soon, we hear,
Your trip secures
The earth as yours;
Henceforth 'twill be a woman's sphere.

But yet, you know,
To vanquished foe
You should be ladylike and nice.
The earth you've got,
But yet you ought
To give Miss Bisland quite a slice. —*Ex.*

—Cinderella found that a low menial position led to a hymeneal one.

—A young man has been fined $25 for hugging a St. Louis girl, and if he was a Chicago young man, he probably will be lynched on his return home.

—The poet says that "'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go round" quite frequently on Sunday nights.

—Here is a fairy-like tale all the way from Ohio. Some years ago a pretty girl who was versed in palmistry looked upon the palm of Calvin S. Brice and said that within 10 years he would be a millionaire. He replied, "If I am, I will send you the finest diamond ring I can get for $1,000." Both prophecy and promise were fulfilled.

—Mr. Green—Miss Wobbash may I take you under the mistletoe? Miss Wobbash—What the matter with taking me under the nose?

John Olsen got $20,000 damages from a Duluth (Minn.) railway for a lost foot. The company claimed that he was a tramp stealing a ride.

PROSPECTIVE CANADIAN KNIGHTS.

The New York Post Office Steal—A Crazy Cigarmaker Kills his Son—A Crimean Veteran's Death—A Tramp and his Razor.

It is stated the Duke of Aosta bequeathed to his three sons $75,000,000.

Sergeant James Ward, a veteran of the Crimea, died on Monday at Kingston.

The storms in Northwest and Central Germany continue to do much damage.

The miners at Lens, France, have struck owing to the dismissal of three union men.

North Oxford has gained 697 voters since 1886, and South Oxford has decreased 203.

Sir Richard Cartwright was yesterday elected President of the Ontario Reform Club.

The first time table of the Brantford, Waterloo & Lake Erie Railway has been issued.

The Serguefeff, of St. Petersburg, cotton spinners, have failed for several million roubles.

Hon. A. Mackenzie completed his 68th year yesterday, and was the recipient of numerous congratulations.

Montreal has invited the South American delegates to pay her a visit, promising to extend to them the city's hospitality.

The new Nicholls Hospital, Peterboro', was, with its endowment of $85,000, handed over to the Trust by Mrs. Nicholls yesterday.

Postmaster Vancott, of New York, states the deficiency in the accounts of Cashier Lounsbery, who committed suicide, is $47,350.

It is stated that Chief Justice Johnson and Mr. Chapleau will be knighted at the next distribution of honors on the Queen's birthday.

Fricatelli, a prominent man in the clerical world, treasurer of the Academia dei Lincoi, has absconded. He is a defaulter and a forger.

A motion was introduced into the York County Council yesterday approving the issue of all bank bills by the Dominion Government.

Mr. W. B. Wood, M.P.P., was again chosen by the Liberals of North Brant yesterday to contest that constituency at the Local elections.

The Czar has declined to act as arbitrator between Holland and France in their dispute regarding the boundary between French Guiana and Dutch Guiana.

Mr. Gladstone issued a whip to his followers yesterday, in which he indicated that questions of more than usual importance to Liberal interests will be discussed.

Milton Clark, cheesemaker, formerly of Lyons, Ont., died at 4.50 o'clock yesterday afternoon from injuries received on the Michigan Central Railway at Springfield.

Suits are being entered against the Chicago & Northwestern Railway by grain shippers for alleged violations of the Inter-State Commerce Act and discrimination.

It is rumored that Sir James Hannen will retire from the bench on the presentation of the Parnell Commission report, and will be succeeded by Sir Henry Charles Lopes.

There were 53 deaths in Montreal last week from diseases of the respiratory organs. The entire death rate was 165, compared with 82 for the corresponding week last year.

The North Brant Reform Convention met at Paris yesterday. The delegates were unanimous in choosing Mr. W. B. Wood, M.P.P., the present member, as their standard-bearer.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey has compelled the first militia to cancel an invitation which it had tendered to Gen. Boulanger, asking his presence at the regimental dinner.

In the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday a committee on the customs tariff was elected. It is composed of thirty-nine protectionists, thirteen free-traders and three whose views are uncertain.

Dr. Tanner, M.P. for Cork, has been required to furnish two sureties in £100 each or serve three months in prison for betting against him for much of promise or to make up with him, marry, and there sue for divorce and alimony.

He Was Full Already.

She—Just think! Cousin Fritz while coming home from his club last night fell into the water.

He—Great heavens! I hope he didn't drink!"

She—He couldn't drown. He was so full he couldn't swallow any water.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Star Chamber Session.

Landlady—Jane, has Mrs Second Floor Front gone out?

Jane—Yis, mom.

Landlady—And is the o closed leading upstairs?

Jane—Yis, mom.

Landlady—Then you may shut the kitchen windows and pound the steak for dinner.

It was a Clear Case.

Boarding Mistress (after watching a boarder eat three sausages with great celerity)—You must be an Odd-Fellow, sir?

Boarder—You've guessed it; but how did you know?

Mistress—I