

THE GLENCOE TRANSCRIPT

JOBBER'S DEPARTMENT

In Good Order.

We have every requisite for the prompt execution of

ALL KINDS OF WORK,
IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

And with Neatness and Despatch.

Orders by Mail promptly
attended to.

C. B. SLATER, Proprietor.

The Transcript.

"EQUAL JUSTICE TO ALL."

VOL. 2.—NO. 14.

GLENCOE, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 66.—SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS.

THE GLENCOE TRANSCRIPT

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
Morning, at the Office, Front Street,
Glencoe.

Terms.—Paid strictly in advance, \$1 per
annum; paid within six months, \$1.50.
No paper discontinued till arrears are
paid up, except at the option of the Publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For each line, first insertion, \$0 05
Subsequent insertion, per line, 0 02
Cards, 5 lines or under, per year, 4 00
Each subsequent line, 0 50
Number of lines to be reckoned by the
space occupied, measured by a scale of "solid
Nonpareil."
C. B. SLATER, Proprietor

In Early Days.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

In early days, when fancy held
My heart in bondage strong and sweet,
And youthful aspirations swelled
To glad fruition 'neath my feet,
No dream of fame allured my soul,
Requelling it to heights above;
A sweeter influence had control,
And all my dreams were dreams of love.

The skies above were always bright;
The earth around me ever fair;
For hearts whose love is infinite
Can make an Eden anywhere.
I thought the future held for me
The calmest joy, the gentlest fate,
And planned that household gods should
be
The precious things of my estate.

How strange all on which I gaze!
The past—how far away it seems!
Ah, me, but those were foolish days!
Ah, me, but those were foolish days!
The love that came to other men,
Around my doorway never grew;
I waited years and years—and then?
Why then I planned my life anew!
—Arthur's Home Magazine.

Ever Near.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

Above the surging of the sea,
I hear a sweet voice say to me,
Be calm, my love, nor fear!
The saddest hours move on apace,
I soon shall see my life anew,
And be forever near.

The darkest night must meet the day,
So, doubt shall turn to gladness always.
In God's good land above,
The eternal years that He controls
All wrap in peace all fearful souls;
Immortal shall be Love's reward.
—Arthur's Home Magazine.

The Story of a Released Convict.

The *Youth's Companion* says: It is not impossible for one who has been in State's prison to succeed in life and make a record for himself, in spite of the coldness and suspicion with which society looks upon such people. In most prisons, when convicts are released, the authorities give them a small setting out, and make efforts to provide them employment. One case is published in the *Charlestown Chronicle*:

"Last year a man, known by the fictitious name of Jack Hunt, who had been confined in the Charlestown (Mass.) State Prison, was discharged on account of good behavior five months sooner than his sentence specified. He had been a pickpocket, and while confined in the jail at Springfield had been induced to turn from wickedness by the influence of the Sunday-school at that place. His story after his discharge, as related by himself, is substantially as follows:

"The State agent paid his fare to Chicago, and from that place he took passage for St. Louis. On the way, notwithstanding his good resolutions, he was tempted to return to his old trade, and pulled 'an old woman's leather'; but his conscience smote him so that he returned the pocket-book to her before she left the train, first asking her if she had lost anything.

"He says he felt mean enough when she said, 'well, if you aint an honest fellow!'

"He arrived at St. Louis with only \$1.20, and at the end of three days paid his last ten cents for something to eat. Tired and discouraged, he felt that there was no way for him but to go back to his old trade. In this distress he prayed most heartily for help, and going out on a street heard a great noise, and saw a runaway horse dashing toward him.

"Quick as thought, he grabbed a piece of dry goods box, and as the team came along, smashed it over the horse's head and seized the reins. Two children were in the carriage, and when their father came up he gave Hunt a \$50 greenback; and when the poor fellow told him he would rather have a good job than the bill, took him into his employ. Hunt some time after told the man the whole story of his life, and, as a reward for his confidence, his employer gave him books, and time to study, and they taught him himself.

[An interesting story, with just enough of the marvelous or wonderful in it to make it romantic—stopping that horse, and at the peril of his life, carrying a fifty dollar greenback, was the miracle that bridged him over the River Jordan. Without that, where would he have been? and what his condition? Most young men, who have not the odor of State's prison on their garments, find it all they can do to make headway up the stream. Now, the question arises, what ought we to do for the less fortunate members of society?—are, the released prisoners? If society would protect itself, it must do something. Will it not try to reform and improve the

A New Preserve.

Sister Bodkin had a new kind of preserve, that we all liked very much. While she was washing dishes, I wiped them, so I could have the chance of asking her how she made them. She said, take fair sweet apples, with firm flesh, pare them nicely, cut them across the core in slices the fourth of an inch thick, remove the seeds, but not the core, as it improves the appearance of the preserve. Boil very gently in a little water till tender, and then lift them carefully on plates. Take half the number of lemons that you had of apples, cut them across the core in slices the same thickness of the apples, remove the seeds, and spread the slices on earthen platters. Take pulverized loaf-sugar—the weight equalling that of the fruit weighed before boiling—sprinkle half of it over the lemon slices, let it stand a few hours till liquid enough has formed to cook them in, then drain it off and put it over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle with the rest of the sugar. When it boils, drop in both lemon and apple slices, and boil gently till the fruit is clear. For those who dislike the flavor of lemon peel, the apples can be used as above, substituting lemon juice for lemon slices; or, the apples can be left whole, if the cores are carefully cut out.—*Pipsissinaty Potts, in Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A Bold Exploit.

The following is from the diary of the late Mr. Adolphus, the barrister and historian:

"May 8th, 1840.—We had a dinner party, among them Mr. Mathews and Curran, who told an amusing story of an agent to a nobleman in Ireland. It was known to some ruffians in the neighborhood that he had collected a large sum for rents due to his employer. In the middle of the night he heard thieves breaking into his house. He jumped out of bed, and, armed himself with a carving-knife, stood behind the door, and closed it, so that only one could enter at a time, which one would be shown in the moonlight while he remained in the shade. Four of the thieves entered and were dispatched one after another, those without not knowing what happened. The fifth saw a gleam of the blade in the moonlight, seized the man, and a tremendous scuffle ensued. The agent struck several blows with his weapon, but made no impression. He was got down, and his antagonist over him, when, feel the knife, he found the point was bent. He had the presence of mind to press it strongly against the floor, so as to turn it back, stabbed his adversary dead, and, as he was alone in the house and could have no assistance till the morning, retired to bed. He was knighted for the exploit. Some one said to him, 'I wonder you could go to bed while there on the floor the corpses of five persons whom you had killed?' His answer was, 'I did not make me very uneasy; I could not get a wink of sleep for very nearly an hour!'

A Great Fiddler's Care.

Paganini, upon one occasion, was journeying from London to Paris, when his famous Guarnerius met with an accident, the case in which it was carried having fallen down with so violent a concussion as to unglue one of the inner blocks of the instrument. On reaching Paris he took it to the best and most celebrated maker he could find, to whom he related, in the greatest distress, what had happened, and that his violin in consequence, and lost its tone. The gentleman applied to informed the disconsolate performer, that, in order to ascertain the precise amount of mischief it would be necessary to open the instrument, but to this Paganini would by no means consent, unless the operation was performed at his own house, and under his own eye, and the torture he underwent while it was in progress was indescribable; he seemed, indeed, to be suffering the pangs of martyrdom, and absolutely writhed in his chair at each crack caused by the breaking away of the glue at the action of the knife. The success achieved by the operator in removing the body of the violin induced him, however, to entrust him with it for the space of three whole days, at the end of which his violin was returned to him perfectly restored. A few days afterwards, meeting the musical doctor who had by his skill effected so complete a cure of the internal injury, the grateful violinist took him by the arm, and saying, 'Thank you, my dear friend, it is as good as it was before,' drew from his waistcoat pocket a little red morocco box, which he presented to him, with the observation, 'I have had two pins made, one for the doctor of my body, the other for the doctor of my violin.'

Popular Similes.

The faculty of Comparison leads one to perceive resemblances in form, size, color, or condition, and gives a disposition to use a simile or metaphor instead of an abstract description. The following are the fruit of the faculty of Comparison:
As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone.
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat.
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole.
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pickstaff—as rough as a bear.
As tight as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather.
As steady as time—as uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind,
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a gig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post.
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball,
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks.
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crooked as a bow,
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle.
As neat as a nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch,
As light as a day—as dark as a pitch;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass;
As lean as a greyhound—as rich as a Jew.
And ten thousand similes equally new.

Development of the Human Face.

The human face indicates the moral training of the owner, to the same extent that the human form denotes the extent of his physical exercises. This is proved by the appearance of man wherever found. The moral discrepancies between the varieties of the human race are as great as those in the physical. Those engaged in physical labor alone, have a stolid, meaningless expression, while those parts of the body most exercised are fully developed. Those engaged in mental labor have a bright, intellectual countenance. The most savage people are always found to be the ugliest. Instead of their prominent features being developed by mental exercise, they are deformed by violent unskilled passions.

Those who are endowed with great sensibility have beautiful faces which are full of pleasing expressions, but very strong emotions of any kind are unfavorable to regularity of feature. The refining effect of high culture, aided by religious feelings, are certain to subdue the evil passions, and enable the unfortunate and sorrowing to preserve through all troubles.

All persons can beautify their countenances if they will exercise a reasonable control over their passions and cultivate their moral nature. If they permit their mind to concentrate its efforts upon but one course of action or line of thought, they will necessarily develop more prominently one feature while the others will gradually become less distinct, and thus, as it were, deform the whole face.

Has the doctor, as well as the rest of the world, to seek for a variety of mental recreation and pleasure, being careful to abstain from those of an immoral nature. A portion of time should be devoted each day to mental exercise and recreation.

The Parisian authorities have determined to impose a duty on chestnuts imported into the capital. As Paris consumes no less than 10,000,000 chestnuts yearly, it is reckoned that this tax will produce the modest sum of \$144,000.

The ex-Prince Imperial is going to the Vienna Exhibition. He says he will feel as if in France while visiting the French section, and will be past most of his time there.

The duke's son, once heir to the throne, went to Vienna a few days ago and never felt at home.

The Sun and the Earth.

Professor Balfour Stewart, in a recent lecture, compared the sun and the earth to great heat engines, and said that in the same way as the air of an engine is caused to pass from a warm place to a cold one, currents of air passed from the hottest parts of the earth towards the poles, and vice versa. The sailor who raised his sail, and the miller who ground his corn, took advantage of the work done in this way. There was no direct evidence that currents of air passed from the sun's poles to its equator and back again, but there was evidence of ascending and descending currents in the atmosphere of the sun. The currents moved at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. In the course of their progress they carried with them metallic vapours in the shape of clouds, which caused the mottled appearance on the sun's surface. The clouds afterwards descended again in the manner of rain-clouds of the earth. If they imagined themselves on the solar surface, they might, as they travelled, come to the brink of some enormous chasm, some three or four thousand miles in depth and wide enough to contain thirty or forty worlds like ours. The bottom of the pit would be found to be very dark; the sides are not quite so dark, but darker than the surface of the sun. This chasm was in fact what was called a sun spot. They knew it was a chasm because when the spot was at the edge of the sun, the light of the sun nearest the earth was invisible while the other side was in view, and the same thing occurred at the opposite side of the sun. There were also bright spots to be seen in the sun's atmosphere which had been proved to be projections from the surface. These projections were seen during an eclipse in the shape of red light shooting out from the edge of the sun. These showed that terrible disturbances must be taking place in the sun's atmosphere, for the columns he had mentioned in reality consisted of currents of hydrogen, carrying with them sodium and magnesium. No doubt the sun spot was caused by some cloud matter, that was falling in the same atmosphere of the sun. It was not at present known as a certainty that the spots on the sun had any influence on the weather of the earth, but a remarkable coincidence that during the past few years, which had been very good wine years in Germany, the spots on the sun had been few in number, which led to the suspicion that some connection existed between the sun spots and the vegetation of this earth. He also stated that during those years when there were most of these spots there were most magnetic disturbances in our atmosphere. There also appeared to be some connection between the epidemics which took place on this earth and the appearance on the earth's surface; for during the years 1846, 1860, 1870 and the present year, in which the potato disease was very prevalent, the spots on the sun were at the maximum. As near as could be ascertained, also, the sweating sickness, which broke out at different periods about the end of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century, was more virulent near the times of the maximum than at the times of the minimum sun spots. He thought he had succeeded in convincing his audience that the problem of the connection between the earth and the sun was a most important one, and a very expensive one to work out. It was a problem that should be taken up by all the civilized countries of the world.

Drinking to Excess.

Five-sixths of an animal body is made up of water. A man weighing two hundred may be dried into a mummy not weighing over about sixteen pounds including bones of the skeleton. Water, therefore, is largely employed in giving form, flexibility and beautiful lines. Enough is taken in with the food to meet all demands of the system. The precise quantity, and indeed quality, is regulated by a sense of thirst. But that vital sentinel may be corrupted by excessive indulgence. When simple water is taken, a morbid thirst never follows. If, however, stimulating fluids are swallowed, a morbid craving may be generated, which, if not restrained, may become an unsatisfied passion, to the positive injury of organs on the regular functions of which sound health depends. There is danger in indulging in artificial drinks. Nature purifies the stomach by her own chemical process—separating the water from them, which is used for legitimate purposes, but rejects all the rest, throwing it out of the body through the kidneys and skin. By working the renal apparatus beyond a normal gauge, to carry off offending elements, they fall into disease beyond the resources of medicine. This explains a prodigious advance of Bright's disease—that is, a degeneration and loss of ability in those organs to do what they must accomplish for stability in health. None of the lower animals have kidney disease, because they never drink to excess or burden the stomach with compound beverages.

A lawyer, to avenge himself on an opponent, wrote "Rascal" in his hat. The owner of the hat took it up, looked ruefully into it, and turning to the judge, exclaimed, "I claim the protection of this honorable court; for the opposing counsel has written his name in my hat, and I have strong suspicion that he intends to make off with it."

It is probable that the Jesuits will shortly be expelled from Hungary.

Relics of a Traditional Age.

Those who are Bible readers, and Bible readers only, are liable to fall into a natural error. They see the Jews from the Jewish standpoint alone, and come to regard them as a people superior in intelligence and cultivation to the races with which they went to war. They are accustomed to look upon these antagonistic races, whom they believe God specially appointed the Jews to destroy, as but little more than barbarians, either living nomadic lives, or else dwelling in rude huts, their cities but a collection of those huts, and their kings petty chieftains of insignificant tribes. That which we call history tells us little of these people—the Philistines, the Canaanites, the Moabites, the Midianites, and the other nations with whom the Jews were constantly at war, conquering and being conquered.

But there is a record, a record more reliable than printed words, which tells a different story. This record is everywhere to be seen in Syria. It tells us that as the northern barbarians poured down upon civilized Rome many centuries afterward, first destroying and then assimilating with the people, so the Jews came up, a barbarous, ignorant horde, fresh from the slavery of Egypt, but armed with a stubborn purpose, and an invincible will like that which keeps them intact as a race even to this day commanded by a man who, among the heroes and sages of all ages, stands pre-eminent, power, wisdom and governing ability; and guided, as they believed, by the divine hand. They found nations far advanced in arts and sciences, who had built magnificent cities, and whose civilization was unattained only by that of Egypt. But the destiny of these nations had been fulfilled. They had arisen, reached maturity and now were ready for decadence, their perishing civilization ready to foster the growth of nations just springing into life. So they fell before the vigorous blows of their younger nation, who had been taught endurance and strength of purpose in the brickyards of Egypt, and who were inspired by such leaders as Moses and Joshua. But the struggle was a long one, and the land, which they came up out of Egypt to possess, the sons of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob never quite possessed, until they finally affiliated with their enemies, intermarried with them and were "lost."

The early inhabitants of Syria have left traces of themselves scattered all over that country, most wonderful to behold, some of them promising to endure as long as the world itself. They were heathen, and in one sense idolaters, inasmuch as they set up images in their temples. But their religion was in reality sun-worship. Their deities were Baal and Astarte or Asherah. Baal represented the Sun, Astarte the earth or nature. There is a certain poetry in this religion which no doubt made itself felt in unsophisticated natures. The sun is the giver of light and life, the earth the receiver of light and the producer of life, and by the union of the two all visible things are created.

In all the ancient cities of Syria are found ruins of temples dedicated to Baal or the sun. At Baalbec (probably identical with the Baal God of the Bible, as both mean literally the City of the Sun), are some of the most wonderful and imposing architectural remains to be found in the world, among the most prominent of which are those of sun temples.

The founders of Baalbec are unknown. They were probably dead and forgotten when Solomon laid the foundation of his temple. The ruins of the city show that the architecture belongs to various periods. Mr. Prime says: "If all the ruins of ancient Rome that are in and around the modern city were gathered together in one group, they would not equal in extent the ruins of Baalbec." Nevertheless, these ruins covered by these ruins is only half a hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide. The magnificence and magnitude of the columns, and the Cyclopean masonry, has for centuries been the wonder of the world, and no description I can possibly give will approach the reality."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

It is said that a Republican Conference was held at Sheffield, England, on Saturday night, at which resolutions were passed in favour of a Republican form of Government for England. This, in all probability, was some hole-in-a-corner meeting, altogether unworthy of being telegraphed.

An old Scotch lady once met a gentleman friend who possessed a large nose. As was her custom, she offered him a pinch of snuff, which he indignantly refused, saying, "Do I look like a snuffer?" The old lady retorted with, "Well, I cannot just say ye do, though I maun say ye have a grand accommodation."

A lawyer, to avenge himself on an opponent, wrote "Rascal" in his hat. The owner of the hat took it up, looked ruefully into it, and turning to the judge, exclaimed, "I claim the protection of this honorable court; for the opposing counsel has written his name in my hat, and I have strong suspicion that he intends to make off with it."

A Legend of the Holy Grail.

Once in the days when men wandered through the world seeking that cup made of a certain precious stone, holding the real blood of Christ, a knight left England to search for the same in distant lands. As he passed from his door a poor sufferer cried to him for help. Absorbed in his grand hope, the knight heeded him not, but went on. He wandered to the Holy Land, fought in many wars, endured much, but found not the precious cup; and at last, disappointed and dejected, he returned home. As he neared his own house, the same poor sufferer cried to him for help.

"What dost thou require?" asked the knight. The aged man said, "Lo, I am perishing with thirst."

The knight dismounted and hastened to fetch a cup of water. He held the half-clad sufferer in his arms, raised his head, and proffered the water to his parched lips. Even as he did so the cup sparkled into a gem—the knight saw in his hand the holy grail, flushed with the true blood of Christ; and so we, my brothers, may wander far and traverse many realms of philosophy and theology, to find the truth which represents the true life-blood of the noblest soul; but we shall find it only when and where we love and serve as he did. If we but give to the faint, ing soul at our door a cup of water from the well of truth, it shall flash back on us the radiance of God. As we can save, so shall we be saved, and when we are ready moved by the outcries of famished hearts and brains, as by the wailing of helpless babes—when we deeply long to be a light and help to men—these ways of doing so will open before us, even as undreamed energies to fill them shall be born within us.

How to Rest.

The best mode of resting when fatigued depends upon the cause of the fatigue, and the condition of the person at the time. There is one thing, however, which will always rest a tired person, and that is a sponge or towel bath over the entire surface of the body, followed by a thorough rubbing and friction of the surface. Of course the temperature of the water and the vigor and amount of rubbing must be graduated to the strength of the person. When the fatigue is mental, arising from over-exertion of the brain, the muscles should be called into action, as by walking, horseback riding, rowing, playing ball, pitching quoits, gymnastics, etc. Generally muscular fatigue is quickly relieved by lying on the face and having some one rub and percuss the back vigorously. Also, but less readily, by lying flat upon the back upon a hard couch or bed, or upon the floor, with the hands back or under the head, but the head not otherwise raised, and taking full, deep breaths. Local muscular fatigue may be relieved by rubbing and percussing the part, or by changing the position and bringing other parts of the body into action.

Nine Ways to Commit Suicide.

1. Wear narrow, thin shoes.
2. Wear a "snug" corset.
3. Sit in hot, unventilated room still midnight.
4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room.
5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times.
6. Use coffee, tea, spirits and tobacco.
7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionary and sweets, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them.
8. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment.—*Dio Lewis.*

No Place.

A great many boys complain that there are no places. Perhaps it is hard to get just such a place as you like. But when you get a place—and there are places—in this big country, we are sure, has need of every boy and girl and man and woman in it—when you get a place we say, make yourself necessary to your employers; make yourself so necessary by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low price at first, on matter what the work is, if be honest work. Do it as well as you can. Begin at the very lowest round of the ladder, and climb up. The great want everywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a place for you and a good one, too.

At a sale of works of art which took place some time ago, at the Hotel de Ventes, Paris, a pistol of the time of Henry II., reached the enormous price of 22,000fr.

Even in Constantinople there has been a heavy fall of snow. The *Levant Times* of the 19th ult. reports that on the previous day the tramway traffic had to be suspended in consequence.

The Radicals of Montpellier in France are reported to have created very great disturbances by their misconduct in the celebration of a republican festival, the memory of the Emperor Napoleon.

Kid Gloves.

We call them kid from courtesy, but they are generally made from lambskin; or, if they are extra nice three-button gloves from Paris, they undoubtedly grew on the back of a colt. For there are not kids enough in the whole world to supply the glove-makers. There would be no colt-skin gloves if they came to America for skins. We are too fond of horses to kill colts for their skins. But they get them easily from Tartary, for the people of that country eat their colts, as we do lambs. Besides kids, lambs and colts, sheepskins are made into gloves in Germany and Italy, and sold in America for kids. They have the advantage of being cheap, so that Biddy can buy gloves for a dollar that look as well at a little distance as yours that cost three dollars. But whether sheep, kid, lamb, or colt, the skins have to go through several operations before they are put into snug packages of one dozen pairs of gloves. In the first place they are collected from the ends of the earth, and sent to the glove-maker, we'll say in Paris, since all gloves profess to come from that city. The first operation in the factory is to remove the hair. If it were a common skin for shoes it would be taken off with lime, but delicate skins require a different method. So it is soaked in water and Indian meal. What properties the meal possesses we can't tell; but when it is beaten out the hair comes off with perfect ease. The skin is then stretched down thinner, and is then ready to be colored. For this operation it is laid right side up on a large, flat stone, while the color is put on with a brush, painted, as you may say. That's why gloves, of whatever color, are always white inside. When the color is dry the skin is ready to cut, and this is a very singular operation. The glove cutter has a steel frame, shaped like a pair of open hands, and all around the outside of the frame is a sharp edge. Having laid the prepared skin on this frame he takes up a club, which is stuffed and padded so as to be soft, and with it he gives the out-stretched skin one blow. The sharp edges of course cut and the glove is ready for the sewer. The strips for the inside of the fingers are cut from the edges of the skin. They are tied up in bundles of a dozen pairs, and sent out to be sewed. This is done in the country by women at their homes. Holes are punctured for the stitches, and that is the reason why you can never mend a rip in a glove and have it look as nicely as it did when new. After being sewed they go back to the dealer, who puts them up in the packages you've seen in the shops, a dozen different colors in a package. There are, for ladies, ten different sizes made. The smallest is five and one half, and the largest is eight, though the largest numbers are not sent to America. In fact, we use the smallest gloves made.

One of the chief amusements of the Roman Carnival this year has been to throw about live birds sewn to oranges and flowers.

It is said that shortly after the arrival in Rome of ex-King Amadeus he will address a memorandum to all the European Powers with regard to his reign and abdication.

EARLY INFLUENCE.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh, young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind and heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked! But children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good food; and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greater danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on itself.

"Thousands fail every year, but they need not. The fact that they live through the same crises which sweep them away, is proof that they might have done the same. That men have lived through many crises in which men stronger financially than they were, have been ruined, and that through some of these storms have been terribly severe, have nobly braved them all, not perhaps with capital unimpaired; but with credit unaffected, and with character untarnished. Men, who guided by the principle, scorned the idea of taking advantage of a panic to propitiate a promise; never asked what was expected, but what was right; whose bark when the rage of the tempest was past, was not at anchor; while white here, and there, and yonder, lay stranded and broken wrecks in wild and endless confusion. That such men should survive such storms is a thing to give thanks for; others could do the same, and that it is no more necessary for a man to fail because he goes into business than it is for a man to be drowned because he goes to sea."

—*Bus. Success.*