

Victoria's Father in America

About seven miles west of the center of Halifax, near the head of Bedford Basin, is a beautiful spot, now much used as a picnic ground, which every Halifaxian knows as "The Prince's Lodge." It is part of the estate in old times leased by Sir John Wentworth to the Duke of Kent for his royal residence during the seven years that that prince, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Nova Scotia. Sir John Wentworth had his country mansion there, and called it, in allusion to Romeo and Juliet, "Friar Lawrence's Cell." The duke enlarged the original house until it was a fine two-story villa, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south, and a great hall and drawing-rooms in the center.

Back of the house were stables for his horses, and the grounds, though rustic, and having all the marks that nature had originally put upon them, contained many charming surprises. His Royal Highness, who was at this time commander of all the forces in North America, had a telegraph battery on an adjoining hill, by means of which he could send his orders to the citadel in town. In the neighborhood of the lodge were artificial floors of various sorts, so that the place was like a little feudal town. Indeed, the Prince himself used to put his hand to the jack plane or drive the cross-cut saw, and I fancy there was little that went on that he did not personally oversee.

He was a strict disciplinarian, but was very kind and affable in social life, and especially interested in young men, for whom he often did much. His life had not been a luxurious one, and he inherited many of the simple tastes of his father, plain old "Farmer George," which, on the whole, commended him to Nova Scotians. Society in Halifax in those days was very gay, and it is said that the Prince, by his moderation in the use of wine, and by refraining entirely from cards, had a good influence over the young men of the town. To cure intemperance among his men, it is said he used to make them turn out at 5 o'clock in the morning for drill, which, of course, made late hours away from the barracks impossible.

His punishments were very severe. For one poor soldier he ordered 1,000 lashes on his bareback, and on the grounds of the lodge is shown a cave where another was confined for two or three years until he died. Once or twice, it is said, men committed suicide from fear of his punishments.

Prince Edward's friend and companion during his Nova Scotia life was a clever French woman, Mme. Alphonse Therese Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson, whom he first met in Marignac, and who, when he married the Queen's mother, retired to a convent.

The Halifax people were dazzled by the presence of royalty among them, and when the Prince's seven-year term had expired it took society a long time to settle down to its normal condition. In 1800 the Duke of Kent began the erection of the present citadel in Halifax, first removing the old insecure fortifications, and then building the massive walls that now enclose the fort. A conspicuous monument of his Royal Highness still remains in the square wooden clock tower below the glacis, directly above the middle of the town.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Preservation of Fruit.

Executive World's Fair Commissioner Ezra Meeker, of Washington state, has got hold of a process for preserving fruit in its natural color and condition which, he says, will make Washington's fruit exhibit the most novel at the fair. It is thought the preservation process will apply to vegetables as well, and the commissioner says he will try it. David Hummon, of Fillmore, Andrew County, Missouri, brought the secret to Washington. He is visiting his brother, William Hummon. He showed a Ben Davis that was three years old and a Willow Twig apple which he said was picked in his Missouri orchard in the fall of 1887, nearly four years ago. The fruit looked almost as fresh and stable as on the day it was picked. Hummon says the inventor of the process, which is a chemical one, is a man named Conrad Hartzell, of St. Joseph, Mo., a former neighbor. He says Hartzell, until recently, did not realize that the discovery was worth anything, and had used it for years to preserve his own fruit through the winter and following summer without thinking much about it. Hummon brought a few apples to Washington to show his brother, and from a neighboring rancher the news reached Executive Commissioner Meeker.

To Get Rid of Rats.

The house of a St. Louis, Mo., man was recently overrun with rats. He tried traps, but not a rat did he catch. He placed poison where the rats could not fail to find it, but the pests refused to partake. At last he mixed cornmeal and flour in equal parts and to the mass added a third of its weight of dry plaster of paris, stirred in a little sugar to sweeten it to taste, and set the pan containing it in a cellar, placed near by another pan full of water.

The theory was that the rats would eat abundantly of the rats mixture which would make them thirsty, and they would go and drink, and the plaster they had eaten would set and inspire them with a yearning to die at the earliest opportunity. The receipt worked like a charm. All night long he could hear the rats squeaking and fighting in the cellar for a chance to get to the meal pan, and he chuckled to himself as he thought how miserable they would be after their repast. In the morning the dish was empty, the water was all gone, and he waited for the rats to die. He had not long to wait. They died plentifully enough, and as time passed he knew from the odors which arose from every wall and floor that his experiment in rat killing had succeeded.

Weighty Avalanches.

A statistical memoir, issued by the Italian Government, enables us to form some idea of the great destruction caused annually by avalanches in the Alpine districts of Italy and the Tyrol. In the single districts of the Val di Susa, two avalanches fell on January 18th, 1885; one at Denzies, between Exilles and Salbertrand, was estimated at about sixty metres long and six deep, and slid down the slope a distance of about a kilometre. Its volume is supposed to have been 300,000 cubic metres, and the weight of snow composing it 45,000 tons. It destroyed sixteen houses and killed forty-three persons. The second avalanche of January 18th, which fell near Venas, was 150 metres long; its volume was about 3,000,000 cubic metres, and it bore nearly a quarter of a million tons of snow. But although the slide extended to nearly four kilometres, only twenty-four houses were wrecked by it and six persons killed. A third avalanche, which fell at Mafotto, and was computed to contain little less than 1,600 tons weight of snow, was much more destructive, killing seventeen persons and destroying eighteen houses.

The Bicycle.

Everybody will agree with that most admirable publication, the *Youth's Companion*, that the bicycle has come to stay. It certainly has established itself among the permanent utilities. In war and in peace it will alike be found useful. Not that it has ever been tried, to my knowledge, in war, but it has figured to advantage in sham battles and pretty well every modern army has its bicycle corps. A couple of seasons ago I was present at a military exhibition in the South of England at which the silent steed was made to play a very prominent part. It was shown how it could be used to silently and swiftly steal upon an enemy; how with a little dexterity it might be used as a shield when approaching a fort or in any position where a cover is needed; how it might be enveloped in a light net and made almost bullet proof; how useful it would prove in carrying dispatches and messages and how it could be practically applied in military service in many other ways. As the *Companion* says, already bicycles and tricycles are extensively used in England as economical substitutes for horses, needing no barn and feed, no grooming and no medical care. With such a machine the stork easily makes his calls in the most distant parts of his parish. The country doctor finds it still better suited to his needs, ready at the most sudden and urgent call, and able to wait at the patient's door with no risk from cold, however long the visit. With its aid, too, the traveller explores the country on roads far removed from railways, and in its most picturesque parts. The bicycle must have a great future. But its utility is not confined to the more practical ends of locomotion. It furnishes a new means of valuable exercise. This exercise is exhilarating. It is in the open air, and the rider is not forced to rest for his health, but drawn to it by anticipations of pleasure.

Women are employed as hod carriers in Austria, and get twenty cents a day for their labors.

It is stated that the retirement of Prince Bismarck was decided upon by Emperor William, and that the old Emperor also selected Gen. von Caprivi as his successor.

A New Leaf.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf," he said feebly, his pallid lips wearing just a ghost of a smile.

"Still delirious," said the doctor with professional gravity.

"No," said the sick man's wife—she was also his nurse and sole watcher, "Jim is in his right mind when he begins to turn a new leaf."

"Oh, that's a habit of his, is it?" asked the doctor kindly, as if he didn't know what everybody else knew, that poor, weak, shiftless Jim Worthen was always going to do something that he never did.

"I've seen it all since I've been lying sick." It was Jim's feeble voice now. "I've been such a worthless, selfish husband to you, Nellie—such an idle, good-for-nothing fellow!"

"No, no, Jim," protested his wife, crying softly, "you were always kind to me. It wasn't your fault that things went wrong."

"Oh, I can see now as I never saw before, how I have wasted the great opportunities of life. But I'll turn over a new leaf—this time I am in earnest."

He had done it many times. All the fair white leaves of his life he had turned over, and now the recording angel had them in his keeping, soiled, blotted, illegible, nothing to compute from their poor mortal arithmetic but the time he had wasted.

Hush! the sick man is talking. Not turning the leaves over now, but backwards, for in his troubled sleep his pale lips move, for he bubbles of his boyhood's days—of a deep still tarn in the woods where the trout leap—a place that he only knows of. His wife smiles. He is dreaming, she says.

When he awakes with a start, he looks strangely at them all:

"Why—why—where am I? Where is another?"

His faithful wife is forgotten. Another face—one that has been under the graveyard mosses for years—is in his memory now.

"I thought she was here," he said faintly, "Oh, I remember now. I was sick and dreaming. Let me get up. I want to begin all over again. I have turned over a new leaf."

"Yes, dear Jim." Nellie held his wan white hands in hers. He did not feel the tears that were softly dropping upon them.

"We'll go home first and visit the old folks. I never took you home, Nellie, and they'll be glad to see us. I've been the prodigal son, but they'll forgive me. What was that mother used to read? "In my Father's house are many mansions." There'll be room for me there, for I've turned over a new leaf—it's all white and clean—a new leaf."

"Jim, oh, Jim!" His eyes gently closed—he had turned the new leaf.

About Finger Nails.

Fortune-telling by means of the finger nails, onychomanomy, as it is called, was not uncommon in ancient times. The practice was to rub the nails with oil and soot or wax, and to hold up the nails thus prepared, against the sun, and upon the transparent horny substance, were supposed to appear figures or characters which gave the answer required. In more recent times people have been found predicting by means of the nails of the hand, and telling the disposition of persons with certain descriptions of nails. According to these sages a person with broad nails is of gentle nature, timid, and bashful. Those whose nails grow into the flesh at the points or sides are given to luxury. A white mark on the nails foretells misfortune. Persons with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Indolent people have generally fleshy nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Melancholy persons are distinguished by their pale or lead-colored nails; and choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails. A man whose left thumb nail bears the fresh impress of an eight ounce hammer will quarrel with his own shadow.

Delicately Tinted Lamb Chops.

"Now," said Mrs. Wilson, of the West End, to her young lady daughter, just home from boarding school, and who was undertaking the marketing for the first time, "don't let the marketman impose upon you and sell you mutton chops for lamb chops. You can easily select the one from the other,



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for lamb is so much more delicate in color than mutton."

"I would like three pounds of lamb chops, if you please," said the young lady, later, to the white-aproned, white-capped marketman, "and I would like to have it very delicately tinted."

"How will this suit you miss?"

"A shade lighter, if you please." "Evidently, you're not of the fashionable color," said the meat-seller, after the departure of the maiden, addressing himself to the rejected mutton; "guess I'll have to bleach you. But who ever heard of buying by the shade, any-way?"

Sage and Savory.

Indolence abhors exercise.

The spark of envy kindles the fires of hate.

It is easier to refuse another than to deny self.

If pain is taken satisfaction should be given.

Hope will not revive until confidence has been restored.

Even those who live high are not out of harm's reach.

The wrong-door may succeed in eluding justice only to be overtaken by remorse.

He whose wit is his livelihood can ill afford to be out of humor.

The eye telegraphs its message of love; the tongue expresses the sentiment.

The man who wants nothing could not possibly wish for less.

It would seem absurd for one to plead that the vengeful things one has said about another were uttered in spite of one's self.

The Government of Persia has prohibited the exportation of corn from that country. The crops in the southern provinces have been destroyed by locusts.

There is only now and then an opportunity of displaying great courage or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature.

From 200 to 300 families of Jews are arriving in Palestine each week, and they are entirely destitute.

In 1890 there were 9,951,608 pupils' names registered in the United States; 1890 the number was 12,592,721.

