

sweetin' tree you heard crashin'. It was my fault, Amri. That's why I kep' puttin' off your comin' out here—an', an' the curtains, Amri. I thought you would be dreiful put out. Oh, Amri, an' then I saw your face!

It was still shining. The old man put out his best hand to her, with a weak gesture of invitation. It was his turn to confess.

'Mary, all I can think of is it's there,' he said. 'That's all I've got strength to be thankful for. If it hadn't be'n—'

His breath caught in a sob.

'I've be'n laying in that little bedroom, repentin' Mary. You ain't ever had to go through that—you don't know how turrble it is! I kep' rememberin' too—I I couldn't get the little mite of a girl playin' house under that tree out o' my mind, day or night. Mary, Mary—it's there.'

Mary Trimble's face was beautiful to see. She laid it against his, as if it had been forty years ago.

'Yes, Amri, it's there,' she whispered.—Interior.

A Practical Joker.

'I suppose it was wrong,' said a well-known member of the Detroit bar, with a grin, 'but I couldn't afford to let the opportunity pass. My wife has become a convert to the mind cure fad, and for the last month I have heard nothing but the power of mind over matter. I said little, hoping that she would tire of it and drop it. But I was doomed to disappointment, for the longer she harped on it the worse she became.'

'This morning she discovered that a water pipe was leaking, and she went at it with that universal woman's tool, a hairpin, with the result that she only made the hole larger and caused a small jet of water to be shot into the room. Clapping a finger over the hole to stop the flow of water, she called loudly for me, and when I appeared on the scene I took the situation in a glance.'

'What is the matter, my dear?' I asked.

'There is a hole in the pipe,' she gasped. 'Get a plug while I hold the water back.'

'There is no leak there, if you will only think so,' said I, soothingly. 'Put your mind on it and remove your finger.'

'John Henry—she began, but at that moment her finger slipped and a jet of water hit her in the eye, and the valuable remarks that she was about to make were lost for all time.'

'John,' can't you see that the wall paper will be ruined if I let go?'

'Well, my dear,' said I, ignoring her question, 'it is time I was going down stairs, besides I am afraid that if I remain here I may interfere with the calm, reposeful working of your mind. Convince yourself, my dear, that there is no leak and remove your finger.' With that I left her. I took the precaution, however, to send up a plumber, but from what I heard when I left I am afraid that her mind was far from being in a reposeful mood.—Detroit Free Press.

There are now to be found in great Britain in plentiful variety the China Asters, the German Asters and the American Asters, the latter, seemingly being the best acclimatized.

Caller.—'I should like to see your mother if she isn't engaged.' Flossie (aged 5) 'Engaged? Why, mamma's been married ever since I knew her.'

At the close of the sermon.—Minister.—'I think I was rather impressive this afternoon, John.' Beadle.—'Imph! We'll wait, sir, till we see the collection counted up.'

Singing Away the Pain.

A party of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes. As they came within sight of a cottage standing back from the road, with a lovely garden of flowers in front, there reached them the sound of singing.

The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, then dropping to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep.

The little company was entranced. What genius in obscurity was here? Someone, surely, born to win fame and fortune when brought forward and trained by suitable teachers.

'If I could ever hope to sing like that!' exclaimed the young man who was driving, himself a student of music; and then, stopping his horses, he said: 'Let us find who he is, perhaps I might be of help;' but here he paused as a young girl came out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a courtesy as she did so, he asked, 'Will you please tell me who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?'

'Yes, indeed,' said the girl, turning a bright face toward them. 'It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the while.'

For an instant the company was speechless, then the young man asked, 'Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble? Tell these ladies about it, please.'

'O, he's getting a bit old now,' was the answer. 'No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but'—and her voice dropped into tender pathos—'he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest.'

'Amen,' said the young man, reverently; and with a 'Thank you, dear,' from the ladies, they drove slowly on.

'And there shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away,' said Aunt Myra, softly.—Christian Life.

The Pebbles' Lesson.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!

But, do you know,

The ocean worked a hundred years

To make them so.

And once I saw a little girl

Sit down and cry

Because she couldn't cure a fault

With one small "try."

A Laughing Plant.

The laughing plant, so named from its effects upon man, grows in Arabia. It is of moderate size, and bears brilliant yellow flowers and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds, which look like little black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows gather the seeds and after drying them reduce them to powder. A small dose of the powder has the effect of causing the most level headed and sober person to dance, shout and laugh in the most unrestrained fashion of a lunatic and to rush about and cut the wildest capers for almost an hour. By that time he is thoroughly exhausted and falls asleep, to wake after several hours without the least recollection of his previous excitement and antics.

Flowers which are kept in water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved will remain fresh for a couple of weeks.

Simpson's Discovery of Chloroform.

Simpson discovered that this new anæsthetic was an agent which might be used with safety and excellent effect by medical men. He wrote about it, lectured on it, practised it and freely experimentalised with it. Never did he spare himself, and on one or two occasions he was seriously ill, in consequence of inhaling vapors when in search of anæsthetic agents. Whenever he apprehended danger in any new agent, he invariably first experimented on himself. These were perils enough, requiring the same kind of heroism that is demanded of a soldier who falls uncomplainingly at his post of duty. But there was a form of peril to which all great discoverers in all ages have been subject, and to which many have fallen victims—opposition; this enviroed Simpson, touched his tenderest sensibilities, and became a force that not one man in ten thousand could have battled with single handed as he did. He had to face the opposition of custom, of professional jealousy, of prejudice; he had to fight a terrible warfare with opponents who cruelly found out the soft places in his heart.

In the public press of the day, he was charged with putting a premium on crime by his discoveries; it was alleged that the Burkes and Hares would find their fittest instrument for assassination; and it would be used in cases of abduction and other crimes; in short, there was hardly a criminal purpose to which, his opponents stated, it could not be applied. Others took up another line of opposition, and concocted untruthful reports of deaths from the inhalation of chloroform, reports which were almost daily in circulation in the newspapers; others sought to damage the reputation of the great physician, and retard the progress of the blessing which he was instrumental in bringing to the world, by circulating statements of cases occurring in which persons had been entranced by the use of chloroform, and in this state had been buried alive.

But the greatest storm of opposition was raised by short-sighted and narrow-minded persons of almost every religious denomination, who declared that it was in direct opposition to Scripture to endeavor 'to avoid one part of the primaevae course on woman,' and from pulpit after pulpit it was denounced as impious. Simpson wrote pamphlet after pamphlet to defend the blessing which he brought into use; and when the battle was about to be lost, it seems, he seized a new weapon 'My opponents forget,' said he, 'the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Genesis. There is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the Universe, before He took the rib from Adam's side for the creation of Eve, caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam.' This was a stunning blow, but it did not entirely kill the opposition, who maintained in reply that 'the deep sleep of Adam took place before the introduction of pain into the world—in the state of innocence.'

But now a new champion intervened—Thomas Chalmers. With a few pungent arguments he scattered the enemy for ever and the greatest battle of science against suffering was won. Chloroform was, at an early date, administered to the Queen; practitioner after practitioner adopted it, and after all the peril in its discovery, and peril in its defence, Simpson had the satisfaction of seeing the blessing acknowledged and in almost universal use.—From Heroes of Britain.

Kangaroos, which used to be a plague in Australia, are now getting so scarce that it pays to raise them in herds.