The Landlord's Prayer.

(William Allan in Dundee, Scotland, People's Journal.)

Lord keep us rich and free from toil,
Are honest holders of The soil,
Which democrats would fain despoil
With glee!
O, Lord, our fathers not the land
For serving men whom They thinks hand
Have chosen to be peasant grand
As kings.
We, by stealth, we're not to blame,
Lord, O, Lord! it is a shame
To see, of titled name,
Such things.
Let us live in Wealth's content,
Lord, we are by Thy money meant
To rule mankind, and make our rent
Increase!
The birds that haunt the moors and hills,
The fish that swim in streams and rills,
The beasts that roam as Nature wills,
We own;
Yes, Lord, the minerals that lie
Beneath the earth's periphery,
Belong to us—Thou knowest why
Alone.
Lord, on the ragged rabble frown,
Are foes to us, Thy Church and Crown;
Lord, bare Thine arm and grind them down
To clay!
O, Lord! [illegible]
Which they to us with old Adam's
Ye Tenant's hookie to our cash!
Amen!
They scorn us [illegible] Lord,
Their reverence now not Squire nor Lord,
Lord, then consume with fire and sword
Asleep!
Lord they are poor and ignorant,
And scorn,
Compared with us!—how different
In manner, garb and lineament,
A pound!
Lord, never let them get or see
The power which lies in unity;
Keep us apart from th m—for we
Are men!
Protect us from their greedy hands!
Protect us from their vile demands!
Protect us in our wealth and lands!
Amen! Amen!

My Fiddle.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know?
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers were more limber like and capriish and spry.
Yet I can plonk and plunk and plink
And tune her up and play,
And just lean back and laugh and wink
At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' that the folks call cordurey;
"The Old Fox-Chase" and "Rye-straw" and "My Sailor's On the S-a,"
Is the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me,
And so I p unk and plonk and plink,
And rosum up my bow,
And play a tune to make you think
The devil's in your too!

* * * * *

That' how this here old fiddle's won my heart's enduris' love!
From the strings across her middle to the screechin' keys above—
From her bright, red bridegroom to the ribbon round her throat,
She's a sweet'n' an' pigeon, singin' "Love me" every note!
And so I pas her neck and plink
Her strings with knowin' hands,
And, jist'nin' at it, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands!

James Whitcomb Riley.

A Gem of Epitaphy.

The following lines are copied verbatim et literatim from a stone in a cemetery near Buckhorn, in Knox county:

My wife so dear, he of good cheer
We will meet you there, your children dear
In a few more years, if the Lord do please.
Your world y gear gon left your dears
In their small years with hope and fears
Without your tears which sadly vexed the little dears.
Your voice so clear, your mare can't hear
Your feathery tribe the same, my dear
The loving kine, thereof the swine
The lambs in time will miss you sair
If they shou d lose their mothers dear.
Wheeler [?] my dearkins not been here
So Jerry's clear for this new year.

A loving mother who lies here
As ever left her children near
Heavens nor hell, I know not where
She is the wish of the e left here.

[? "Wheeler," is a cattle buyer and butcher well up with the western counties, and "Jerry" was an ox that was fattening in the stall at the time death robbed the farm of its mistress.]

The Joke of Long Ago.

He stops you on the corner, and he gaily spins it o'er,
And you pause and listen, silent, though you've heard it all before.
You remember every syllable, anticipate each pause,
And can point the usual time for interruption and applause.
'Tis to him a thing of beauty, as an everlasting joy;
He finds the entertainment fraught with charms that ever cloy.
A side of things forgotten as its call begins to flow
That good old joke—that dear old joke—that joke of long ago.
You have heard it in the orchard as you lolled beneath the trees,
Shirking the demands made for the humming of the bees;
You have heard it at the corner when the day's dull labor's o'er,
The leisure-hist assembled at the village general store.
Though each mother altered it for fear it might grow tame,
It lived in the affection staunch and faithful—still the same.
Ah! one does to hear him tell it—take his time and tell it slow—
That good old joke that dear old joke—that joke of long ago.

From Night to Noon.

MUDAR THE SHUNTH.

How can ella man be justified with God?
And how can he be clean of woman born?
Behold, the very moonlis dark before Him;
The very stars [illegible] Him are impure!
How much more man that's but a worm, that reeds,
And festers in the dark and loathsome earth?

JOB.

Man is indeed unclean and worthless; but With joy I know that my Redeemer liveth;
That He shall stand at the appointed day
Upon the earth; and, that although the worms
Destroy this body, yet in my flesh, yes!
In my own living flesh I shall see God.

PAUL.

The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Doth purge my conscience from dead works,
And wash away my sin from all its stain.
There is no condemnation, but, instead,
Acceptance, life and joy for evermore,
Procured and purchased for them on the cross.

—W. M.

Baby.

One little head of golden hair,
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant signs,
One little nose and two blue eyes,
Two little hands as soft as a peach,
Two little feet pink as the rose each,
Two little shoulders and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees,
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no'll do sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots of pins,
One little cheek and plenty of frocks,
One little mouth and two little socks,
A big disposition to hand to pull,
One little stomach that's never full,
One little mouth of the rose's tint,
One little bottle of peppermint,
Plenty to eat a lot to chase,
And baby's as cross as a bear.

Literary Poison.

More Trash Read During Hot Weather Than any Other Time.

Almost everyone starting off for the summer takes a book for reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than at all the other 10 months of the year, writes T. De Witt Talmage in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on hotel piazzas, or under the trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes, there is no need that you take along into a watering place Hamilton's "Metaphysics," or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or Faraday's "Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratebane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the vermin of a corrupt printing press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry cantos; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Excusable Profanity.

Managing Editor—William, go into the next room and see who is swearing. Such language cannot be used in this office.

William—Please, sir, it's Mr. Jones. He filled his fountain pen with mucilage by mistake, sir.

Traveler (in Boston)—I want to take the next train to Albany. Ticket Agent—Sorry, sir, but we can't spare it.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

"No, no; the sooner the house is empty the better," said Cornelia, thinking only of Esperance's quiet, and George hurried away, inwardly blessing his little French cousin for her opportune illness.

The Lowdells, too, were packing with all possible speed, for their mother had considerately proposed to go that evening. "Not the least because I am nervous about the girls, you know, but we shall only be in the way," she exclaimed to Cornelia, proving her kindness all the rather by staying to Esperance's room till the curse arrived.

So the deanery was speedily emptied, and the next day found only the dean and Cornelia left behind, to hear with dismay that they had all been drinking water from a poisoned well, and that Esperance's illness was fully accounted for. She had for long been very much out of health, owing to the privations and shock of the siege, and had naturally been the first victim.

Cornelia had never dreamed of acting as a sick-nurse before, and felt hopelessly at a loss when the trained nurse went to take her rest, and she was called to take her work with the patient. Luckily, at first, Esperance was fairly quiet, but later on Cornelia was frightened out of her wits by her wild ravings, and the strange language seemed to make it all the more terrible. Those hours revealed to her more of Esperance's life and character than she had ever known before, and her father's name was so continually on her lips, that Cornelia was more and more rebuked for having ever ventured to call French love shallow and fleeting. The all important twenty-first day was one of disappointment and double anxiety, for there was no shade of improvement, and the fever ran frightfully high. The doctor took Cornelia aside after his second visit.

"If Mademoiselle de Mabillon has any near relations they should come at once," he said, gravely.

"She has none in England," said Cornelia, thinking with a shudder what poor Gaspard would say when he heard. "She is really in such danger, then?"

"The most imminent danger," replied the doctor, accustomed to regard Cornelia as a hard, matter-of-fact lady, able to stand anything. "In fact, Miss Cornelia, I fear it is my duty to tell you that I think it a great question if she pulls through the next twenty four hours."

Cornelia turned ashy pale, and the doctor, a little surprised, hastened to add, "Unless we find there is more fever tonight, it is just possible then that she may get through."

In the evening, the dean came to the door, as usual, to make inquiries, and the doctor brought him into the room, having prepared him for the worst. He was quite overcome, and the mere sight of Esperance was a shock to him, as she lay pillowed high, her forehead bandaged, her brown eyes wild and glittering, her face drawn with pain, and crimson with the flush of fever.

She was moaning Gaspard's name piteously enough, and the dean felt a keen pang of remorse as he remembered how gladly he had seen the last of his nephew a few weeks ago; he almost wished him back again now. Scarcely knowing what he did, he bent down, and took Esperance's thin, burning hands in his. She had not noticed his entrance, but this made her look up suddenly; a glad smile passed over her troubled face, and half raising herself with the strength of delirium, she cried, "Papa! papa! have you come?" then, falling back again, said, much more quietly, "I am so tired! Won't you carry me?"

She closed her eyes, and they all watched in breathless suspense, till at length a look of entire peace stole over her features, and her quiet, regular breathing showed that she had fallen into a natural sleep.

For two hours the dean stood in this novel position, personating M. de Mabillon, and patiently holding the hands of his old enemy's child. He was growing undoubtedly fond of Esperance and, moreover, he felt something of the sense of responsibility which had been oppressing Cornelia, and had a great terror of her death, feeling sure that it would burden him with that sense of guiltiness which had haunted him when his sister died. He wished he had not overheard that cry for Gaspard, it rang in his ears tormentingly, and though he reminded himself that the Ceylon appointment was a very good one, he could not but remember that if he had chosen he might easily have found a situation for Gaspard in England.

In the sick-room matters went on very hopefully. Esperance took some nourishment, and then fell again into a long, dreamless sleep, and in the morning the doctor was so well satisfied with her improvement, that Cornelia began to take heart again. She slept at intervals through the day, and did not take much notice, but on the following day she was much more herself. In the afternoon, when the nurse was lying down, Cornelia was startled by a sudden question in Esperance's weak voice, the English words coming with a very hesitation:

"Gaspard does not know that I am ill, does he?"

Cornelia crossed the room to the bedside.

"No, dear; but now you are better I will write."

"Perhaps I shall be well enough soon to write a letter. What day is it?"

"It is Saturday, the 13th of July. We will write by the next mail, on Friday."

Esperance was too weak to talk any more. She lay musing over Cornelia's words, greatly surprised to find how long she had been ill. But she had still many days of pain and weakness to look forward to, for although she was out of danger her recovery was very slow and wearisome. She was as helpless as a baby, and though good and patient, she could not withstand the sense of aching loneliness that weighed upon her spirits. Every one was kind to her, but she longed unspeakably for Gaspard, and day after day she lay crying quietly, wiping away her tears and trying to smile when any one spoke to her, but far too weak to be able to control herself.

She saw a good deal of Cornelia, for the nurse always went to lie down in the afternoon after her night's watching, but unluckily she was rather in awe of her, and Cornelia herself, though extremely anxious to be kind, had not the quick observation and ready tact which are needed in sick nursing. Her diffidence, too, was a great hinderance, for she never ventured to do anything for Esperance without an anxious questioning.

"Would you fancy this?" or, "Shall I give you this?" till the poor child was so worried that she would negative everything rather than be troubled with the decision.

Her native politeness, however, stood her in good stead, and Cornelia never found this out, but was only touched by her gratitude, and as the weeks passed by she grew more and more fond of her.

One afternoon early in August, Esperance was sitting alone in her bedroom wearily watching the tops of the trees as they waved gently in the summer wind, and wondering where Gaspard was, and what he was doing, while the tears coursed silently down her cheeks. Just as she was feeling a momentary relief at the last stroke of the bells, a knock came at her door, and to her great surprise the servant announced "Lady Worthington" Esperance felt a thrill of joy as she looked up, and saw Lady Worthington's sympathetic, unchanged face, and heard again her low, comforting voice.

"My poor child! why, how pale and thin you are! but they tell me you are better."

"Yes, I feel better, thank you," said Esperance, wearily.

"But convalescence is always dull work," said Lady Worthington. "I met Cornelia just now, and she gave me leave to come and see you; she tells me you have had a long illness."

"Yes, it has seemed long," sighed Esperance. "You see, I can't do anything even now; and it is hard to sit and think all day, and then—I do so want Gaspard."

"This great fly is worrying you, my dear, I shall put an end to his noise," and kind-hearted Lady Worthington rose with alacrity to flick the poor insect mercilessly with her handkerchief, till it fell out of the window stunned. After that she felt a little better, and came again to Esperance's side, determined to make the most of her present opportunity. A bright idea had struck her—the deanery was forlorn and uncomfortable, but what if she could get Esperance away from the deanery? She revolved various plans in her mind, while fondling the little invalid in silence. At last she made up her mind, and began by a judicious course of questioning.

"Ought you not to have a change of air, dear? Has Cornelia said anything to you about going away?"

"No; and I hope we shall not go," said Esperance. "We should only go to Scarborough, where Mrs Mortlake and Bella are staying, and I would much rather be alone with Cornelia."

"But I think you should have a change, you want a great deal of setting up yet. I wonder whether you would like to come and pay a visit to France, she is down in Wales with the children. Sir Henry and I only left them on Saturday, and they are to stay for another month."

Esperance started forward, a glow of color rising in her pale cheeks, "Or, Lady Worthington, do you really mean it? How good—how kind you are!"

"You would like it then?"

"More than anything in the world! It seems too good, too wonderful! only I have been so cross and fretful, that I really don't deserve it."

"Poor child, that is not your fault, I am sure, you will soon get better when you are away, there is nothing like Welsh air to my mind, and Llanfairfechan, the little village where Sir Henry has taken a house, is a charming place, with sea and mountains too. Frances will be so delighted to have you."

They were still taking over this plan, when Cornelia came back from the service.

"I wonder whether you will spare us your invalid for a little while," said Lady Worthington, when she had joined them. "I have been asking Esperance whether she will stay with us in Wales for a month."

Cornelia felt a sudden pang. Was she to lose this child whom she had watched over so anxiously? she felt as if she were being robbed; then looking up she saw the glow of of animation on Esperance's face, and felt sadly than the Worthingtons had been kind to her in the days of her own coldness, and that naturally they were more loved. With an effort she spoke cheerfully.

"I think it would be very good for her indeed, if you are sure it is quite convenient to you, Lady Worthington."

"Perfectly, there is a room doing nothing, and Frances will be so glad of a companion. Sir Henry and I are going to Switzerland, but she is not strong enough really to enjoy traveling, and prefers staying in Wales. I wonder whether Esperance would be well enough to travel down on the 8th; I could take her myself then."

Esperance declared she was well enough to go that very minute, though an hour before she had not felt equal to walking across the room; but the prospect of change seemed to put new life into her, and Cornelia was so pleased to see her better, that she was glad the invitation had been given, and promised to talk matters over with the doctor the next day, and to let Lady Worthington know.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The doctor highly approved of the proposed change, and as the re were only a few days for preparation, Cornelia's hands were full. The 5th of August was as fine as could be wished, and toward the middle of the day Lady Worthington and Esperance started on their journey. Poor Cornelia felt very sad when the actual parting came, though Esperance's good-bye was as warm and affectionate as possible. She threw her arms around her cousin's neck, "Dear Cornelia, you have been so kind to me, and I have been such a trouble, perhaps when I come back you will let me wait upon you."

"You must get quite strong again, dear," said Cornelia, quietly returning her embrace. "And be sure to let me know how you are after the journey."

When they arrived, Harry and Fred were waiting on the platform, looking cool and comfortable in their brown holland suits.

"Aunt Fanny is waiting in the pony-carriage, mamma," they both cried in a breath. "We will bring all your things from here."

"Very well," said Lady Worthington, who was fond of making even ten-year old boys useful. "Harry, you bring these cushions and bags, and Fred, see that a black trunk and my small box are sent round at once in the cart—now, Esperance, we will come," and putting a supporting arm round her little charge, she led her through the station to the pony-carriage, where Frances was waiting, looking fairer and prettier than ever, in her light summer dress.

Esperance received a homelike greeting in French, and was made comfortable in the carriage, while Lady Worthington talked to Frances.

On the Monday afternoon Esperance was quite well enough to enjoy a drive, and Frances took her in the pony-carriage along the shore; she was enchanted with the sea, and was very desirous to go on it at once.

"I am not sure what your doctor would say to that," said Frances. "But in a week or two you will be stronger, and then we might try."

"And we will row to that little island, of which I cannot say the name," said Esperance, eagerly. "I like it so much, it looks so lonely, just broken off, as it were, from Anglesea. It will be delightful to be really on the sea. I shall know what the voyage to Ceylon will feel like—it will be good practice."

Frances smiled. "I was thinking about your letter—shall we call at the post-office and see if it has come?"

"Oh! if we might!" and Esperance breathed more quickly as Frances turned the ponies' heads, and drove up the village street. She tried hard to believe that she did not expect anything, and waited, trembling with excitement, till Frances appeared at the door of the post office with a reassuring face, and—yes, it really was—a letter in her hand.

"It has the Rilchester post-mark," she said, and Esperance let fall the reins, snatched at it, and almost tore the envelope to pieces in her hurry to open it. Within there was another envelope and a thin, blue envelope, directed in Gaspard's flourishy, copper-plate writing.

Frances drove home quickly, and then in the quiet of her own room Esperance opened her letter.

It was delightfully long and closely written, each day so fully described that she seemed to be living through everything with him, and her happiness was all the greater because she had not expected such details, for Gaspard's letters from London had been comparatively poor in this respect, and had generally been written in a strain of forced merriment in order to veil from her his sufferings. But this was a really journal-like description, written with delightful ease, while little colloquial expressions here and there brought the tears to Esperance's eyes. "Ah, Esperance if you could have seen this," or "when you come, cherie, you will enjoy that."

She lived with him throughout the voyage, learned to know the laconic captain, and the graphically described passengers, entered into the landing at Colombo with its bustle and confusion and heat, laughed over Mr. Seymour's jokes, and the amusing of the shopping and bargaining in the town, then traveled with him to Dickoya, and saw his future home in Mr. Seymour's bungalow, tried to understand the size of the estate given to her in an almost fabulous number of square kilometres, and sympathized with Gaspard's difficulty in learning Tamil. And if, when at last it was ended, she came back to the present wish something of a shock, and was obliged to have a good cry, yet Frances understood all perfectly, and instead of adopting Cornelia's plan of pointing out the extreme ingratitude and foolishness of such behavior, petted and caressed her till her smiles returned, and she was eager to read some extracts from the letter to any one who could appreciate its delights.

Whether the pleasure of receiving her first letter from Ceylon had anything to do with her recovery, it would be hard to say; but certainly from that day Esperance took a fresh start, not only in bodily strength, but in spirits.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Aunt Fanny, we really must take you to Aber," said Harry, very beseechingly, one morning toward the end of August.

"Yes, auntie, we were there yesterday after the rain, and the water fall is just splendid. Can't we go to-day altogether?"

Frances looked across the table at the invalid, and being reassured by her looks, thought that it might, perhaps, be managed.

They started early in the afternoon, a very merry party, Frances driving, Esperance and Eashie squeezed in beside her, and the boys in the back seat. The day was most glorious, and the richly wooded glen looked so beautiful that Frances was obliged to drive slowly in order to give her full sympathy to the eager entreaties to look at some especially lovely view, either of the sea or the river, or the mountains. Leaving the carriage at the rest-house, they walked slowly on toward the falls, and whether it was due to the beauty and novelty of the way, or to the fresh mountain air, Esperance was not at all over tired, when at last they reached the end of the glen, and sat down on the great, gray bowlders at the foot of the waterfall

She gazed in wonder at the down-rushing torrent, as it came foaming over the brown rocks, here, white as snow, there, separating itself into little silvery streamlets, but all mingling in the pool below, and hurrying away down the rocky bed of the river. Frances was amused and charmed by her naive expressions of rapture and amazement, and watched with pleasure the healthful glow of color in her cheeks, and the happy brightness of her eyes. She looked delightfully at her ease, leaning back among the rocks, in her shady straw hat and blue cambric polonaise, and Frances was just wondering what constituted that happy-looking family of pleasure-seekers, and contrasting it with the weary, bored looks of a party of tourists who were finding fault with everything, when a sudden cry and splash made her look round in terror to see if the children were all safe. To her relief they were all there in sight, scrambling about the rocks on the other side of the river, but Esperance had quitted her easy posture, and was bending over the bowlders down to the water, and just as Frances hurried to the spot, she had helped to drag up a terrified little girl of above seven years old, who had slipped into the river.

"There, do not cry, you are quite safe," said Esperance, panting a little with her exertions.

But before Frances could speak, a little, dark, middle-aged lady bustled up, her round, brown eyes all anxiety.

"Marguerite, *ma chere!* what is it then? Ciel! you have really been in the water! ah! what a pity, with your new boots, too. And this lady has kindly helped you? I hope Marguerite has thanked you, mademoiselle?"

Esperance was on her feet now; her color came and went, and waited impatiently till the little lady had finished speaking, then bending forward she said in a half-choked voice, "Madame! Madame Lemercier! do you not know me?"

Mme. Lemercier looked, threw up her little hands, and then, with many exclamations, embraced Esperance with fervor, quite regardless of the tourist eyes around.

"*Mon enfant!*—Esperance!—ah! but this is a happiness. We meet in a strange land, my child! ah! who would have thought it?"

"Dear Madame! how long it seems since we parted! how much has happened!" Then turning to Frances, "I must introduce you to Madame Lemercier, a very dear friend of ours, who took care of me in the siege. Miss Neville knows you well by name, madame, I have told her how good you were to me then."

"Ah! *mon enfant*, we each consoled the other. But let us sit down and talk. I forgot you, though, *ma pauvre* Marguerite, pardon me; are you very wet, my child?"

"Not very," said the little girl, blushing; "my stocking will dry in the sun. See, here comes papa."

A pleasant-looking man, of three-and-thirty, came striding over the rocks toward them as she spoke.

"Ho! Miss Maggie, so you have been in the river, I hear, frightening the fishes, eh? What do you say madame? should she not get her things dried?"

"I fear she will en-cold herself," said madame, anxiously. "Perhaps, monsieur, we had better return at once."

Maggie interrupted, however.

"But, papa, madame has met a friend. The young lady who helped me out of the water know madame at Paris."

"Ah, indeed!" and the gentleman took off his hat to Esperance, while madame gaively introduced "Monsieur Henderson and Mademoiselle de Mabillon."

"I hardly know how to thank you enough for helping my little girl," he said, pleasantly. "I hope madame will insist into Maggie some of the ready adroitness of your nation. But as to these wet clothes," he continued, turning to Madame Lemercier. "Suppose I take Maggie to the inn, and let her dry them by the fire; we shall be back in an hour, and you will like to have some talk with Mademoiselle de Mabillon."

"Monsieur is too good, but it will prevent you from searching for the ferns. Let me take Marguerite back?"

No, no; I will find ferns on the way back," said Mr. Henderson, good naturedly. "We will be back in an hour. Come, Maggie."

"A good gentleman, a kind gentleman," said Mme. Lemercier, relapsing into French, as she waved her last farewell to Maggie and her father. "She is my little pupil, Marguerite, you know, and a very amiable little girl. But *ma chere*, come, tell me all that happened to you—you are thin, my poor child, thinner than in the siege; that is very wrong; and you are altered, ah! very much altered; and there is more of the angel in your face; it is no more a naughty little piece of humanity; you must have suffered, my poor little one. But I fear you grow too good, and then you will die; keep a little naughtiness, *ma chere*, do not become like a saint."

"Do not fear that, madame; I assure you there is too little danger. I have had an illness; that is why I am thinner."

"An illness? Ah! I was sure you would suffer from the effects of that siege, it was rigorous, too trying for one so young. I myself have never felt so well since that time of starvation. But tell me of Gaspard, *mon enfant*."

"He is in Ceylon, on a coffee plantation," said Esperance, and she told Mme. Lemercier all the detail's of Gaspard's letter. Madame noticed that there were tears in her eyes.

"Ah! *ma chere*, we women have our part in the hardness of life; it is not easy to be left behind," she said, gently laying her hand on Esperance's. "But we must have courage, my child, and it is easier for us, for we know they are strong, whereas they know we are weak and unprotected. You heard of the course of monsieur's arrest?"

"Yes, dear madame; Gaspard told me. But do let me hear what happened to you after we left."

"Ah, cherie! what a history it is! a thousand times did I thank Heaven that you were spared the horrors of that second siege. I know not what to think; I scarcely saw Victor—he was always engaged either with his writing or—or with more direct means in the furtherance of his cause. At first he was certain of success, and I could bear the tumults and the horrors better, because I hoped that in the end his party would be victorious, and that we should have peace and a better constitution. What can a woman know of the rights and wrongs of such questions? I trusted my husband. But then came the furious reprisals. Victor was in despair. I entreated him to fly, to hide himself; but no, he was always brave; he refused to do so; he said to me, 'Antoinette, the people I have incited and led on can not fly; I must stay with them.' So he stayed, my brave husband, he stayed and was arrested."

(To be Continued)

The Open Patrol Waggon.

The New York *Tribune*, describing an arrest in that city says: "The children, to whom an arrest is great fun, gather around the policeman and his prisoner, and march along to the police station, a shouting, yelling rabble, almost rivalling Babel, so great is the confusion of tongues. Sometimes, if the prisoner happens to be drunk, he or she has a voice in the proceedings, and this makes it worse than ever. When the police station is reached, the vanguard of the escort falls behind the policeman and follows him to the very doors. Then the children quiet down somewhat and endeavor to see what becomes of the prisoner. In doing this every point giving a view into the building is occupied, and the children crane their necks trying to see what is going on inside." This description would do very well for an arrest in Toronto. The patrol waggon is in many respects an improvement upon the plan of dragging a prisoner along the streets by the arms or legs. But so long as it is an open patrol waggon it does not diminish the interest of the spectacle. And the spectacle is bad, not only for the parties more immediately concerned but for the children who look on. It helps to familiarize them with crime and to present crime in an aspect which to thoughtless people may seem entertaining. The open patrol waggon is a nuisance all round, and it must go.—*Toronto Globe.*

What They May Learn.

A deputation representing the Toronto City Council will soon arrive in this country to pick up information regarding street railways, Toronto having decided to modernize its system. When the members thereof reach Chicago they will probably learn from Baron Yerkes how to kill conductors in tunnels, how not to give transfers, how to pack one hundred persons on one car, how to obtain valuable franchises for a mere song, how to block elevated road projects by tipping aldermen and several other things which our great street railway magnate is popularly supposed to know.—*Chicago Canadian-American.*

Fred Stimpson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., has a bobtailed cat which has inflicted her lack of tail on a litter of offspring. The faculty is at a loss to explain the freak, and the kittens mew a ceaseless tale of woe.

It is funny what a difference it makes whether a horse has a strain in his leg or his blood.

The men employed in the British syndicate breweries of Indianapolis were formerly allowed each fifty glasses of beer a day free. These have been cut down to a daily allowance of five glasses each, and they threaten to strike.

A KISSING MATCH.

How a Long Island Congregation Was Scandalized.

REV. DR. DERRICK A WITNESS.

Woe to those who meet in a place of worship and give way to worldly deeds! Woe unto those colored brethren and sisters who look too much into each other's eyes during service! Woe! Woe!

The New African Methodist Episcopal Church of Northport, L.I., was to begin its soul-saving career last Sunday amid all the surroundings of religious fervor which only Long Island colored society can give on an occasion of the kind. The church was to be organized, and dark-skinned belles and beaux from Kings, Queens and Suffolk assembled in garments that rivalled a October Island sunset in its most glorious ascendancy. There had been meetings of the elect all day. Rev. Dr. Derrick, who was one of the Republican Presidential electors of last campaign, was there and smiled his benign smile and told his stories with his usual contagious chuckle. All seemed to promise that the new church would be the keystone of Long Island African Methodism. But, oh, and alas for hope and radiant promise. There was in that throng Miss Graham, whose mulatto beauty came all the way from Smithtown, and there was, too, Mrs Mary Meghar, pretty as a dusky She. They both had sung, and their voices had inspired love.

Mr. Perry Smith was there. Every member of African society in Suffolk knows Perry! And so was Mrs. Mary Smith and—alas! she mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Townsend.

Religion was becoming very lively in the assembly. The anxious seat was rapidly filling up and the influence of the time was strong upon the congregation. The spirit of sincerity and brotherly love was present. Perry knew it was there, for the sheep's eyes which he and Miss Graham had been exchanging had become so large that he suddenly discovered the necessity of depositing his contributions manually. He started from his seat. The congregation watched! Here was a convert! But no! Horror! He had advanced upon Miss Graham like a swarthy Captain Lovelace and, gracious! he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her—kissed her right upon her full red lips!

But law! he didn't stop at that, for he said, and all the church heard him:

"Lord bless you, ma sister! How I does love yer! Kiss agin!"

"Perry," she murmured, "I loves yer like I was all a-chicken flesh!"

Alack, the course of true love always did run turbid at its flood! Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Perry Smith arose, and so did Mrs. Mother-in-law Townsend, and with a whoop of three hundred buzzards they fastened upon his curls. But encouragement was needed so the injured females, and so Miss Mayhew, who because she is as beautiful as the smilit meadows is called "Roxy," hit Mr. Smith twice upon the nose and set the crimson fountains aflow.

The congregation of the New African Methodist Episcopal Church then took a hand and the brethren and sisters, forgetful even that Presidential Elector Derrick was there, filled the place with the echo of passions by calling each other names which are not in the Brooklyn directory and making maps of the Congo Basin upon each other's faces.

But the dignity of Dr. Derrick could not tolerate this Zululsic head dance. Some say he did it by praying, some that he pleaded, others that he did it all with the back of a wooden bench, but, however it was, the thunder storm of rage was swept away and Mr. Perry Smith and Roxy Mayhew were arrested.

Deacon Samuel Balton, the northeast pillar of the New African Methodist Church, appeared as complainant against courtly Perry and beautiful Roxy. He told Justice Strawson that "day hat been scrappin' like de debil himself, and for the honorh of de glory of religion day should be put in the lockup."

But misery strikes the silver chord of sympathy in every breast, and Perry paid $10 and Roxy $5, and they were free. Miss Graham thinks than Perry was too bold.—*New York Herald.*

A Great Waste of Energy.

Mr. Bills Kistridge, of this city, the champion microscopic postal-card writer of the world, has just finished writing President Harrison's last message, containing 10,000 words, on a postal-card, being about twenty days doing the work. In writing he uses nothing but a pair of common spectacles. It would seem almost incredible that anything done with a common pen could be deciphered after being crowded into such a small space, but with the aid of a microscope every letter and word stands out in bold relief and is very distinct. The 10,000 words of the message were written on a space of one-fourth of an inch in depth to three inches in length, or six lines to one sixteenth of an inch. Mr. Kistridge, who is nearly 79 years old, showed the writer the Lord's Prayer, distinctly to be seen, written on the head of a pin of a silver 5-cent piece. He also has the same written on the size of a three-sixteenth inch circle, being equal to more than 85,000 words to a postal card.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

About Chloroforming.

The statement that when a handkerchief is thrown over a man's head he immediately goes into a trance is interesting and raises a curious point. There are many lawyers who are wont to declare that the evidence given from time to time at criminal trials leaves no doubt that there are in some drug which, when spread upon a cloth and placed over the nose and mouth, immediately produces unconsciousness. On the other hand, chemists assert that the thing is an impossibility, and that no such compound has ever been discovered. Chloroform and the other recognized anæsthetics require at least three d stinct inhalations to produce the loss of sensation To reconcile this conflict of testimony seems impossible, unless, indeed, we adopt the sensational theory that some demons among the criminal classes is in possession of a trade secret as yet unknown to science. Probably, however, this notion is too fantastic, and we should rather incline to the supposition that the immediate loss of consciousness is due to something comparable to mesmeric action.—*Spectator.*

A Cure for Asthma.

Mr. Hamilton Fraser, proprietor of the Summit House, at the head of Lake Joseph, Muskoka, is a humanitarian. He believes in doing all the good he can for suffering humanity. The other day while conversing with a number of his guests he said: "I do wish that all the world knew the cure for spasmodic asthma that I know." Being asked for it Mr. Fraser said: "Three ounces of saltpetre and three ounces of the best black pepper. A number of strips of brown paper, that manufactured wholly from rags preferred. Make a solution of the saltpetre and pepper, soak the paper therein and then let it dry. Place the patient in a close room and burn the paper, allowing the fumes to be inhaled. It is a certain and permanent cure." Mr. Cox, the owner of the large hotel at Port Sandfield told the writer that it had cured him of the asthma, after he had been a sufferer for years.

An Italian Tragedian.

The Italian tragedian, Giovanni Emanuel, is creating a furor among the Neapolitan theatre-goers. In spite of the summer heat the Florentine threatre is crowded out, and a few nights ago when "Hamlet" was performed, Emanuel achieved a grand success. He was called before the curtain three times after the platform scene, four times after the soliloquy "to be, or not to be," four times after the death of Polonius, and cheered to the echo after the cemetery act. The performance was not ended till 1 30 a. m.—*London Daily News.*

A Fair Adjustment.

Doctor—Your services are required at Mr. Poorman's late residence. He died this morning.

Undertaker—How much did he leave?

"Not over $1,000."

"What will your bill be?"

"About $400."

"Well, I'll bury him for the rest."

George Hugo, grandson of Victor Hugo, was recently bankrupt out of $82,000, the basis of the transaction being a played out stone quarry.

There is a man in Southern Illinois who laughs at the idea that marriage is a failure. He has just married his sixth wife. Each successive spouse brought him a farm, and he is now one of the largest land owners in that part of the country.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

IN SUMMER TIME.

Now the teacher, the preacher,
Most every made creature,
The doctor, the sawyer, the dude and the tiller
The minister, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
Are each of them wear ng the negligee shirt.

But laundryman hate it
And sadly lament it,
For reason the shirts' business so vitally hurts.
They'd made stacks of dollars
On starched cuffs and collars
If 'twern't for those terrible negligee shirts.

—Keep milk in glass jars.

—The floating population is now pretty largely at the seaside.

—Next winter's gloves will be loaded down with embroidery.

—The "cream" of the soda counters is a preparation of condensed milk.

—The poor variety set for it, while the rich are indifferent to it—Trust.

—A man can study both sides of a question without sitting on the fence.—*Tower Road.*

—Doctor—What kind of exercise do you take? Bookkeeper—I run up several columns daily.

—"A man cannot afford to make a fool of himself." But consider how reckless of expense some people are.

—Tourist—Do we stop here long enough for luncheon? Brakeman—We do, unless you insist on eating a whole sandwich.

—Boy (to his friend who has fallen down a hole)—I say, Tommy, if you shouldn't ever come out of there alive can I have your ball pup?"

—A Cincinnati girl has been taken to a Pasteur institute for treatment because she bit at a man who tried to kiss her. Too bad. Why didn't she stab him with a hair pin

BY A CAN'T-GET-AWAY.

Out of the dust and grime,
Far from the city scene,
Where the 'skee-er's song sounds all night long
And when daylight comes repeats!
Where pies are leather backed,
Where the milk is thin and pale?
No! the town for me—not the wild countree—
I'd sooner go to jail.

—"I am going to the shore, yes," said Miss Angeline, "and I am not going husband hunting; but if any nice young man is out wite hunting I shall be easily found."

—Advertising needs to be done persistently. What would be thought of the farmer who simply put his grain in the ground and did nothing further?—*Geo. P. Rowell & Co.*

—Rescuer (to drowning woman)—Now, madam, don't struggle and we're safe; the lake is as clear as a mirror, and——Drowning woman—Oh, let me look in it! I think my back hair is coming down—*Puck.*

A SUMMER IDYL.

Picnic morning.
Bright and fair;
Golden sun shine,
Balmy air
What a pleasure
This to go
Where the wo dland
Breezes blow.
Happy hours,
Free from care,
Joy and bounty
Everywhere.
Through the leafy
Woods we'll stray,
Gracious gladsome
Picnic day.

Picnic evening.
Wha a plight
Rained from 10
O'clock till night.
Fussy garmen s,
Once so nice,
Filled with mud
And beggars' lice.
Dinner ruined,
Pie and cakes
Food for ants
And garter snakes.
Full of clothing,
Dank dismay,
Dirty, drizzly
Picnic day.

—Mrs. Gazzam—All through his works Shakspeare shows his antipathy to dogs. Gazzam—Yes, I remember he advised throwing physic to them.

—"Good gracious, Fritz, where have you been?" "I fell into the canal, papa." "And wish your new trousers on?" "No, I had just time to take them off before I fell in."

—Lady of the house (to her servant)—You tell me that you are going to quit my service, and you know that I have done almost all your work? Servant—Yes; but you don't do it to suit me!—*Judy.*

—Solicitude for the Living. Family doctor—I should no longer conceal the truth from you, sir. You have only a few days to live. Mr. Lovebleed (weakly)—Then, doctor, I wish you would buy me a ticket to Europe and have me placed on board a steamer. "But you could not live to reach Europe." "I do not wish to. I want to be buried at sea, so that my family will be sa