Oe'r fields of the South, of tropical growth,
And flowers in perannial bloom,
A spirit presides; wherever i glides
The seadure breaks forth from its tomb.
It wakens from death the flowers with
breath,
And baca in its train the birds come;
From rivers and lakes the fetters it takes,
Gives life to the trees that are numb,
Until earth is seen in a mantle of green,
The trees in a robe of the same,
And waters made free are tossing in glee
The wind of the South is its name.

Far off in the East a spirit is pleased
To make its abode on the brine,
Making the waves obedient slaves,
Moving as it may incline;
Or else, when it lists, it gathers the mists,
And holding the clouds in its hand,
Till, open it flings their wide-spreading wings
And earries them over the land,
Obscuring day's lamp with curtains of damp,
Then sweeping with fury increased,
Changing its form it breaks in a storm:
The keen, chiliy wind from the East.

While never at rest, o'er plains of the West
A fourth of these spirits holds sway.
Where, under clear skies, it merrily liles,
Waving the grass on its way.
As softly it blows, wherever it goes
The clouds are borne back to the sea—
Again to their home on old ocean's foam
They skim as a wild bird might flee.
Pursuing its course, sometimes with a force
where the tell treas to a test. Pursuing its course, sometimes with a force
That puts the tall trees to a test,
It thunders along, destructive and strong:
And this is the wind of the West.

Park street north, Hamilton, Oct. 29th, 1886. A Drinking Man.

We N V not a drinking man; His habit E Z grows To an X S do what he can Naught can X L its woes.

'Tis very R D finds to stop,
Though oft he will S A;
Then fail and C K whiskey shop
His tortures to L A.

His pocket always M T is, And C D are his clothes; He can't attend to N E "biz," Red doth B A his nose. Drink holds him in its I N grip;

Soon DP gets in sin; Sure in the ND down will slip, Filled with DK within. Though of no U C often takes
H U of cloves to quell
His breath and then in D D makes
Those C Q know who smell.

His friends all have an I C way

When for their A D goes.

They can't X Qs his vile display,
And P T not his woes. In KC has a wife to slay. Her heart will A K lot : The debts he O Z makes her pay, And tears her I I will blot.

SKP can't his doom aright; Sick ere old A G lies;
The snakes he C Z tries to fight,
And without P C dies.

THE HAT MY FATHER WORE.

THE HAT MYFATHER WORE.

You are looking at my
daddy's old hat, Which for twenty
years he wore; His father before him
sported it For twenty years or more.
It was intended to hand it down
Straight on from sire to son, 'Twas
mentioned so in my father's will.
But I guess its day is done. You'll
notice its shape is a little odd. But
it was once in style, And its furry nap and color of gray Would
be sure to make you smile.
"Twas strongly built, and there
isn't a dent To be seen in the
rim or crown, Which shows
the former proprietors had
No habit of painting the
town. It was never
mashed—o'er election
news, Nor kicked in an
opera hall, 'Twas gallantly doffed to the
dames of old With a
grace that would now
appal. Its years endear it. I will not

Wear it; For how would the people r
To see me airing the old gray hat my
father and grandfather wore!

TRAINING CHILDREN. A Protest Against Interference

Marion Harland thus writes in Baby-hood: Not the least of the trials that the mother has to contend with is outside interference. It begins before the baby comes and says, "If I were you I would" and "If I were you I would"," with wearying chatter which has the form but lacks the spirit of advice. Also it says, not unfrequently, "Do you dere do that?" with a disapproving emphasis quits indes. with a disapproving emphasis quite indes-cribable. After the nurse has gone, and often weak and disturbed by fears, takes up the sweet burden of care and goes about what will henceforth be an unceasing duty, then begins, "Don't you feed your baby what will henceforth be an unceasing duty, then begins, "Don't you feed your baby anything?" "Do you rock her?" "Does he sleep with you?" "Don't you dress it too warmly?" and so on indefinitely. A more serious thing is the meddling with the mother, alsa! is not infallible here, it is better that she make mistakes than that is better that she make mistakes than tha is better that she make mistakes than that she be by others moved from that course of action which she believes is for her child's good. The intelligent, conscientious mother will probably find her way through her mistakes to better thinking and wiser ways. There are plenty of unthinking people who do not hesitate to remonstrate and suggest, and make excuses for the childish delinquent in the presence of the little offender. A child out visiting is the little offender. A child out visiting is perhaps cautioned by parents not to touch certain articles of adornment; instantly the hostess: "Why, let him have it. You can take it if you want it, dear!" The embarrassed mother will need nerve if she insists he cannot have it, when insisting may seem ungracious. Again, at meals it is often a fact that she must combat the pleading of every individual at the table if she decides to deny her child some article which he would like, but which she feels would be hurtful. Illustrations might be multiplied. Ordinarily no one but a parent has and what knows a child from first to last, and wha that child's needs as to indulgence and sipline are. Except in rare instances no discipline are. Except in rare instances no outsider has any right to attempt to influence a parent's decisions. Unobtrusively as may be, but above all firmly, parents should exercise the privilege which is theirs by divine right, of doing for and by their own what seems to them good

what seems to them good

The barbarous custom of throwing passengers overboard as soon as the breatt has left their bodies when they die at sea on a Transatlantic steamer, has nearly run its course. Since our statement that an ocean passenger steamship is legally bound to deliver persons who pay their passage in advance at their port of destination, whether they die or not, we have received assurances that convince us that we are correct. As caskets can be obtained in which a body on be kept in a fair state of preservation gers overboard as soon as the breath has can be kept in a fair state of preservation two weeks without the use of ice, all European passenger steamers should be com-pelled to carry them. The relatives or friends of those who die at sea would gladly pay their extra expense entailed in preserving their bodies and returning them to land for decent and Christian burial .- New York Marine

-Winkle-Some women are never satisfied. I declare I'll never be polite in a street car again. Mrs. Winkle—What has happened, dear? "You know Mrs. Blinkhappened, dear? "You know Mrs. Blinkins, that fleshy lady who comes to our church, weighs over 400 pounds, I should say, and must be most a yard wide?" "Yes, dear." "Well, when we jumped up, and offered her a seat she didn's act pleased a bit, but on the contrary looked mad enough to bite us." "Who do you mean by we?" "The six of us."

CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

But, perhaps this was a mistake. then, just as he was getting on so nicely, came Ernest and scattered his hopes like mists before the morning sun. From the moment that those two met he knew that moment that those two met he knew that it was all up with his chance. And next, to make assurance doubly sure, Providence itself, in the shape of a shilling, had declared against him and he was left lamenting. Well, it was all fair; but still it was very hard, and for the first time in his life he felt inclined to be angry with Ernest. Indeed, he was angry, and the fact made him more unhappy than eyer, because he him more unhappy than ever, because he thin with this anger was unjust and because his brotherly love condemned it.

But, for all that, the shadow between

them grew darker.

Mr. Cardus, too, had his troubles, connected, needless to say—for nothing elso ever really troubled him—with his mono-mania of revenge. Mr. de Talor, of whoch discomfiture he had at last made suce, had discomfiture he had at last made sure, La1 unexpectedly slipped out of his power, Lor could he at present see any way in which to draw him back again. Consequently he was distressed. As for hard-riding Atterleigh, ever since he had found himself fix d by "the witch's "crystaleye, he had been mad der than ever and more perfectly conviced that Mr. Cardus was the devil in preson. Indeed, Dorothy, who watched over the old man, the grandfather who never have her, thought that she observed a marked charge man, the grandfather who never knew her, thought that she observed a marked charge in him. He worked away at his writing as usual, but, it appeared to her, with more vigor, as though it were a thing to encounter and get rid of. He would cut the notches out of his stick calendar, too, more esgerly than heretofore, and altogether it seemed as though his life had become dominated by some new purpose. She called Mr. Oardus' attention to this change, but he laughed and said that it was nothing and would probably pass with the moon.

But if nobody else was happy, Ernest was, that is, except when he was suck in the depths of woe, which was on an average about three days a week. Oz the occasion of the first of these seizures, Dorothy, noting his miserable aspect and entire want of appetite, felt much alarmed, and took an occasion after supper to ask him what was

occasion after supper to ask him what was the matter. Before many minutes were over she had cause to regret it, for Ernet broke forth with a history of his love and his wrongs that lasted for an hour. It appeared that another young gentleman, one of those who danced with the lovely Eva at the Smythes' ball, had been making the most unmistakable advances; he had called -three times; he had sent flowers-twice Ernest sent them every morning, beguiling Sampson into cutting the best orchid-blooms for that purpose); he had been out walking—ones. Dorothy listened quietly walking—once. Derothy listened quietly till he ceased of his own accord. Then she

"So you really love her, Ernest?"
"Love her! I"—but we will not ente into a description of this young man's rap-tures. When he had done, Dorothy did s tures. When he had done, Derothy that a curious thing. She rose from her obair and, coming to where Ernest was sitting, bent over him and kissed him on the forchead,

over him and kissed him on the forchead, and, as she did so, he noticed vaguely that she had great black rings round her eyes.

"I hope that you will be happy, my dear brother. You will have a lovely wife and I think that she is as good as she is beautiful." She spoke quite quietly, but some how her voice sounded tike a sob. He kissed her in acknowledgment and she glided away. Ernest did not think much of the incident,

however. Indeed, in five minutes his thoughts were back with Eva, with whom he really was seriously and earnestly in love. In sober truth, the auties that he love. In sober truth, the antics that ne played were enough to make the angels weep to see a human being possessing the normal weight of brain making such a don key of himself. For instance, he would pro menade for hours at night in the neighbor-hood of the Cottage. Once he ventured into the garden to enjoy the perfect bliss of starthe garden to enjoy the perfect bliss of staring at six panes of glass, got severely bitten
by the house-dog for his paine, and was
finally chased for a mile or more by both
the dog and the policemar, who, having
heard of the mysterious figure that was to
be seen mooning (in every sense of the
word) round the Cottage, had lain up to
watch for him. Next day he had the satisfaction of hearing from his adored's own
lips the story of the attempted burglary,
but as she told it there was a smile playing
about the corners of her mouth that almost about the corners of her mouth that almost seemed to indicate that she had her suthen Ernest walked so very lame, which, considering that the teeth of a brute called Towzer had made a big hole in his calf, was not to be wondered at.

After this he was obliged to give up his

midnight sighing, but he took it out in other ways. Once, indeed, without warning, he fipped down on to the floor and kissed Eva's hand, and then, aghast at his own boldness, fled from the room.

boldness, fied from the room.

At first all this amused Eva greatly. She was pleased at her conquest and took malicious pleasure in leading Ernest on. When she knew that he was coming she would make herself look as lovely as possible. and put on all her pretty little
ways and graces in order to more
thoroughly enslave him. Somehow, when
ever Ernest thought of her in after
years as she was at that period of her life, yeare as sne was at that period of ner life, his memory would call'up a vision of her in the pretty little drawing room at the Cottage, leaning back in a low chair in such a way as to contrive to show off her splendid figure to the best advantage and also the tiny foot and slender ankle that peeped from beneath her soft white dress. There iny foot and slender ankle that peeped from beneath her soft white dress. There she sat, a little Skye terrier called "Tails" on her lap, with which his rival had presented her but a fortnight before, and—yes—astually kissing the brute at intervals, her eyes shining all the time with innocent ocquetry. What would not Ernest have given to occupy for a single minute the position of that unappreciative Skye terrier! It was agony to see so many kisses wasted on a dog, and Eva, seeing that he thought so, kissed the animal more vigorously than

At last he could stand it no longer. " Pat At last ne could stand it no longer. "For that dog down," he said peremptority.

She obeyed him, and then, remembering that he had no right to dictate to her what she should do, made an effort to pick it up again; but "Tails," who, be it added, was not used to being kissed in private life and thought the whole operation rather a bore, promptly bolted.

promptly bolted.
"Why should I put the dog down?" she asked with a quick look of defiance. " Because I hate to see you kissing it, it is so effeminate."

He spoke in a masterful way. It was a touch of the curb and there are few things a proud woman hates so much as the first uch of the curb.

"None at all. Don't be angry, Eva" (it was the first time that he had called her so, till now she had always been Miss Geswick) "None at all. Don't be angry, Eva" (it was the first time that he had called her so, it lill now she had always been Miss Geswick)
"but the fact was I could not bear to see you kissing that dog. I was jealous of the brute."

"Wait till we get clear of the draught from the cliff and I will bring her round."
But when at last they were clear from the draught of the cliff and he slowly government.

Whereupon she blushed furiously and had vanished! changed the subject. But, after a while, Eva's ecquettishness began to be less and her head toward the open sea again, "he greeted bim with a smile of mischief, but with serious eyes that come or twice, he the strength of the could not, she only succeeded in laughwith serious eyes that come of the same ing.
thought, bore traces of tears. At the same ing.
"If I thought that you had done this on mark, she would pretend not to hear it—
alas that the mounting blood should so

Ernest looked horrified. "On purpose."

obstinately proclaim that she did! Did he touch her hand, it was cold and irrespon-sive. She was quieter, too, and her reserve frightened him. Once he stied to break it, and began some passionate appeal, but she rose without at swering and turond her fane to the window. He followed her and saw that her dark eyes were full of tears. This, he felt, was even more awful than her cold-ness, and, fearing that he had offended her, he obeyed her whispered entresty and went. Poor boy! He was very young. Had he had a little more experience he might. went. For only the was very young. Had he had a little more experience he might, perhaps, have found means to brush away her tears and his own doubts. It is a melancholy thing that such opportunities should, as a rule, present themselves before people are old enough to take advantage of them.

The secret of all this change of conduct was not far to seek. Eva had rlayed with edged tools till she cut her flux rs to the bone. The dark eyed boy who dar ced to bone. The dark-syst boy who as set it well and had such a handsome, happy feet, had become very dear to her. She had be gun by playing with him and now, alsa, she loved him better than any body in the world. That was the sting of the thing. Sae had This was the string of the string in the string as here it.

—a boy, too, who, so far as she was aware, had no particular proepects in life. Is was humilisting to her pride to think that shr, who had already, in the few months that she had been "out" in London, before her consins rose up and cast her forth, had the satisfaction of seeing one or two men of middle age and established position at her feet, and the further catisfaction of requestng them to keeel there no more, should is ne upahet have to strike her colors to a toy of twenty-one, even though be did stand six feet high and had more wit in his young head and more love in his young hears than all her middle aged admirers put together.

Perhaps, though she was a woman grown, she was not herself quite old enough to appreciate the great advantage it is to any gurl to stamp her image upon the heart of the

man she loves while the wax is yet soft and undefaced by the half-worn-out marks of many shallow dies; perhaps the did not know what a blessing it is to be able to really love a man at all, young, middle-aged or old. Many women wait till they cannot love without shame to make that discovery. Perhaps she forgot that E., at's youth was a fault that would mend d y by day, and he had abilities, which, if she would consent to inspire them, might lead would consent to inspire them, might lead him to great things. At any rate, two facts remained in her mind after much thinking. —she loved him with all her heart, and she

to stamp her image upon the heart of the

But as yet she could not make up her was ashamed of it. But as yet she could not make up her mind to any fixed course. It would have been easy to crush poor Ernes, to tell him that his pretensions were ridiculous, to send him away or to go away herself, and so to make an end of a position that she felt was getting about and which we may be sure her elder sister. Florence did nothing to make more pleasant. But she could not do it, that was the long and short of the matter. Thi idea pleasant. But she could not do it, that was the long and short of the matter. The idea of living without Ernest made her feel cold all over. It segmed to her that the only hours that she really did live were the hours that they spent together, and that when he went away he took her heart with him. No, she scul' not make up her mind to that; the thought was too cruel. Then there were the other there were the court. there was the other alternative, to encour-age him a little and become engaged to him —to brave everything for his saks. But as yet she could not make up her mind to that

Eva C.swick was very loving, very sweet and very good, but she did not possess a de te mined mind.

CHAPTER XII. DEEPER YET.

While Ernest was wooing and Eva doubtng, Time, whose interest in earthly affairs a that of the sickle in the growing crop,

went on his way as ueual.

The end of August came, as it has come so many thousand times since this globe gave its first turn in space, as it will come for many thousand times more, till, at last, its appointed course run out, the world darkens, quivers and grows still; and, behold, Ernest was still wooing, Eva still

loubting.
One evening—it was a very beautifu evening—this pair were walking together on the sea shore. Whether they met by appointment or by accident does not matter. They did meet and there they were strolling akra; together, as fully charged with intense feeling as a thunder-cloud with electricity, and almost as quiet. The storm had not yet burst.

To listen to the talk of these two, they

might have met for the first time yesterday.
It was chi: fly about the weather.
Presently, in the source of their wander. ngs, they came to a little sailing drawn up up n the beach—not far up, how-ever, just out of the reach of the waves. By this boat, in an attitude of intense contem-plation, there stood an arcient mariner. His hands were in his pockets, his pipe was n his mouth, his eyes were fixed upon the in his mouth, his ejes were fixed upon the deep. Apparently he did not notice their approach till they were within two yards of him. Then he turned, "dashed" himself and asked the lady, with a pull of his grizzled forelock, if she would not take a cail

Ernest looked surprised. How's the wind?" he asked "Etraight off shore, sir; will turn with the turn of the tide, sir, and bring you back." "Will you some for a bit of a sail, Eva?" "Oh, no, thank you. I must be getting

home, it is reven o'clock. "There is no hurry for you to get home.
Your aunt and Florence have gone to tea with the Smythes."
"Indeed, I cannot come; I could not

think of such a thing."

Her words were unequivocal, but the ancient mariner put a strange interpretation upon them. First be hauled up the little sail, and then, placing his brown hands against the stern of the boat, he rested his weight upon them and caused her to travel far enough into the waves to

float her bow.
"Now, miss."
"I am not coming, indeed."

"I will not some, Ernest."
"Come," said Ernest, quietly holdingout his hand to help her in. out his hand to help her in.

She took it and got in. Ernest and the
mariner gave a strong shove, and as the
light boat took the water the former leaped
in, and in a second a puff of wind caught
the sail and took them ten yards out or

"Why, the sailor is left behind!" said Eva.

E nest gave a twist to the tiller to get the

boat's head straight of shore and then leisurely looked round. The mariner was standing as they had found him, his hands in his poskets, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes fixed upon the deep.
"He doesn't seem to mind it," he said

meditatively.
"Yes, but I do. You must go back and

"What right have you to dictate what I shall or shall not do?" she asked tapping her foot upon the floor.

Ernest was very humble in those days and he collapsed.

"None at all. Don't he angre. Eva." (it

her head round, lo and behold, the mar ner "How upfortunate!' said Erneat, getting

he said, and the subject dropped.

They were sitting side by side in the stern sheets of the boat and the sun was just dipping all red-hot into the cosan. Under the lee of the cliff there were cool shadows, before them was a path of glory that led to a golden gate. The sir was very sweet and for those two all the world was lovely. There was to sorrow on the earth, there were no storms upon the sea.

Eva took off I hat and let the sweet brezs play upon her brow. Then she leaned over the side, and, dipping her hand into the cool water, watched the little track it made.

"Eva." " Yes. E nest." "Do you know I am going away?"
The hand was withdrawn with a start.
"Going away! When?"

The day after to morrow, to France.

"And when are you coming back again?"
"I think that depends upon you, Eva."
The hand went back into the water. They
were a mile or more from the abore now. E nest manipulated the sail and tiller so as to said lowly parallel with the coast line. Then he spoke sgain. "Eva."

No answer.
"E's, for God's sake look at me!" There was something in his voice that forced her to obey. She took her hand out of the water and turned her eyes on to his face. It was pale and the lips were quiver-

og. 'I love you," he said in a low, choked

"I love you," he said in a low, choked vote:

She graw argry. "Why did you bring me here? I will go home. This is nonsense! You are rothing that boy!"

There are moments in life when the human face is opable of conveying a more intense and vived impression than any words, when it seems to speak to the very words. worde, when it seems to speak to the very soul in a language of its own. And so it was with Ernest now. He made no answer to her reproaches, but, if that were possible, his features grow paler yet, and his eyes, shining like starr, fixed themselves upon her and drew her to him. And what they said she and he knew alone, nor could any words convey it, for the tongue in which they talked is not spoken in this world. A moment still she wavered, fighting against the sweet mastery of his will with all her woman's strength, and then—Ob, Heaven, it was done, and his arms were round about her, her head upon his breast and her voice was lost in sobs and broken words of love.

words of love.

On, radiant-winged hour of more than mortal joy, the hearts where thou hast like will know when their time comes that they have not beat quite in wain!

which have not best quite in vanil

And so they sat, those two, quite silent, for there seemed to be no need for speech. Words could not convey half they had to say, and, indeed, to tell the honest truth, their lips were for the most part otherwise employed.

Meanwhile the sun went down, and the golden moon arose over the quiet see and turned their little ship to silver. Eva gently disengaged herself from his arms and half rose to look at it. She had never thought it half so beautiful before. Ernest looked at it, too. It is a way that lovers have. have.
"Do you know the lines?" he said, "I

thick I can say them:

'With a swifter motion,
Out upon the ocean.
Heaven above and round us and you alone with
Heaven around and o'er us,
The Infinite before us,
Floating on forever, upon the flowing sea.'" ating on forever, upon the fit.
Go on," she said softly.

"What time is it, dear, now?
We are in the year now
Of the New Creation, one million, two or three;
But where are we now, love?
We are, as I trow, love,
In the Heaven of Heavens, upon the Crystal Sea "

"That is how I hope it may be with us dear," she said, taking his hand as the last words passed his lips.

"Are you happy new?' he asked her.

"Yes, Ernest, I am happy indeed. I do
not think that I shall ever be so happy
again; certainly, I never was no happy before. Do you know, dear, I wish to tell you

so, that you may see how mean I have been? I have fought so hard against my cve for you."
He lcoked pained. "Way?" he asked.

"I will tell you quite truly, Ernest—be-cause you are so young. I was ashamed to fall in love with a boy, and yet you see, dear, you have been too strong for me."
"Why, there is no difference in our ages." "Ab, Ernest, but I am a woman, and ever so much older than you. We age so much quicker, you know. I feel about old eLough to be your mother," she said, with a

pretty assumption of dignity.
"And I feel quite old enough to be your lover," he replied impertinently.

"Bo it seems. But, Ernest, if three months ago anybody had told me that should be in love to day with a boy of twenty one I would not have believed them.

Dear, I have given you all my heart, you will not betray it, will you? You know very young men are apt to change their He flu-bed a little as he answered, feeling that it was tiresome to have the unlucky fact that he was only twenty-one so per-

sistently thrust before him. sisteotly thrust before him.
"Then they are young men who have not had the bonor of winning your affections. A man who had once loved you could never forget you. Indeed, it is more likely that you will forget me. You will have plenty of mptation to do so."

temptation to do so."

She saw that she had vexed him. "Don't be argry, dear; but you see the position is a very difficult one, and, if I could not be quite sure of you it would be intolerable."

"My darling, you may be as ture of me as woman oun be of man; but don't begin your doubts over again. They are settled now. Let us be quite happy just this one when we shall not be able to."

And so they kiesed each other and sailed on homeward, alas, for it was getting late,

and were perfectly happy.
Presently they drew near the shore and
there, at the identical spot where they had
left him, stood the arcient mariner. His hands were in his pockets, his pipe was in his mouth, his eyes were fixed upon the

his mouth, his eyes were fixed upon the deep.

Ernest grounded the little boat skilfully enough, and, jumping over the bow, he and the mariner pulled it up. Then Eva got out and as she did so she thought, in the moonlight, she noticed something resembling a twinkle in the latter's ancient eye. She felt confused—there is nothing so containing as quilty conscience and to every fusing as a guilty conscience—and, to cover her confusion, plunged into conversation while Ernest was finding some money to

while Ernest was finding some money to pay for the boat.
"Do you often let boats? 'she asked.
"No, miss, only to Mr. Ernest in ageneral way" (so that woked Ernest had set a trapt to caten her).
"Oh, then, I su; pose you go out fishing?"
"No, miss, only for right ration, like."
"Then what do you do?" she was got.

"Then, what do you do ?" -she was getting curious on the point.
"Times I does nothing; times I stands on the beach and sees things; times I runs

· Run cheeses ? "Yes, miss, Dutch ones"
"He means that he brings cargoes of Dutch cheeses to Harwich. " Oh !" said Eva. Ernest paid the man and they turned to go. She had not got many yards when the felt a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder Turning round in actorishment she per-

beeseg, miss."

ived the mariner. "I say, miss," he said in a hoarse whis-"Well, what "

Niver you can the rind of a Dutch chees. I says it as knows."
Eva never for on his advice. CHAPTER XIII. MR. CARDUS ENFILDS HIS PLANS "Ernest," said Mr. Cardus on the morning following the events described in the worn't no commandments then, sir!"

previous chapter, "I want to speak to you in my effice—and you too, Jeremy."

They both followed him into the room, wondering what was up. He sat down and to did they, and then, as was his habit, let

ting his eyes atray over every part of their persons except their faces, he began: "It is time that you two fellows took to doing something for yourselves. You must not learn to be idle men, not that mos

young men require much teaching in that way. What do you propose to do?" Jeremy and Ernest stared at one another rather blankly, but, apparently, Mr. Cardus did not expect an answer; at any rate, he went on before either of them could frame

"You don't seem to know, never gave th "You don't seem to know, never gave the matter any consideration; quite content to obey the Bible literally and take no thought for the morrow. Well, it is lucky that you have somebody to think for you. Now I will tell you what I propose for you both. I want you, Ernest, to go to the bar. It is a foolish profession for most young men to take to, but it will not be so in your cese, because an it hences if you have young! bake to, Dus is will not be so in your cree, because, as is happene, if you show yourself capable, I shall by degrees be able to rut a good deal of tusiness into your hands—Chancery business—for I have little to do with any other. I dare say that you will with any other. I dare 1ay that you will wonder where the business is to come from. I don't seem to do very much here, do I, with a mad old hunting man as a clerk and Dorothy to copy my private letters? But I do, for all that. I may as well tell you both in confidence that this place is only the head centre of my businers. I have another effice in London, a other at Ipswich and another at Norwich, though they all carry on business under different names. all carry on business under different names, besides which I have other agencies of a different nature. But all this is neither here nor there. I have communicated with Aster, the great Chancery man, and he will have a vacancy in his chambers next term.
Let me see—term begios on November 2ad.
I propose, Ernest, to write to day to enter
you as Lincoln's Inn. I shall make you an
allowance of three hundred a year, which, you must clearly understand, you must not exceed. I think that is all I have to say

(To be continued.)

Teasing the Baby. "We all love papa, except Baby. Baby doesn't care for poor papa at all!"

"Yee, I do! do I, papa!" says the tremulous little pipe, as if the charge were

tremulous little pipe, as if the charge were as new as terrible.

We always smiled at the quaint phraseology, and the prick of the accusation never failed to call forth the protest in the self-same terms. Looking back, now that the sensitive heart will never ache reg sin nor the loyal lips ory out against unmerited slur, I can see what deadly earnest the trifling was to the child. Devotion to pane was part of her religion: ion to papa was part of her religion; doubt of it was sacrilege. The evidence of her passionate attachment was interesting to us, and flattered the object. The instant flash of indignant denial diverted those to whom her trial by fire was no more than

the explosion of a toy-rockel.

The cruclest teasing is that which takes effect through the affections. Baby is all emotion; his heart throws out feelers through every sense. The truth that he loves and is beloved in return makes his world. Be careful, then, how you utilize moral antenness as the levers to accomplish ends of your own. Like unattached tendrils, they wither and drop off soon enough with the growth of the physical and mental man. While they are alive and sentions treat them tenderly. Do not tell your shild that he does not love you, for the sake of hearing him deny the charge. Lit bartar find other food than his preference for this or that playfell w; teach him that love is divice always and everywhere. and show how honestly you prize and reverence it .- Marion Harland

Did any one ever imagine that a mouse could stop a railway train? It seems to be impossible; nevertheless it was done re-cently at the town of Carpi, near Modens, in Italy. On the Italian railroads an electrical apparatus, upon the departure of a train from any station, rings six atrokes upon a gong in the next station. The station master at Carpi, hearing his gong ring three sirakes, came to the conclusion that there was something wrong on the line, and ordered up the electric signals of warning. The train, which by this time was under full headway, came to a dead stop. Then began a transfer of telegraphic messages. The passengers were anxious to know what was the matter. They waited while the messages went back and forth. The irquiry established the fact that everything was right on the line, and the train was ordered forward after considerable ring three strokes, came to the conclu The station-master about this time, thought it might be well to look into his gong, and there he found, stuck fast be-tween the cogs of the electrical apparatus a poor little mozse. The unhappy anima had happened to be in the interior of the clock when it "struck one," and down he attempted to run, but was caught between the murderous wheels. His little body was b'g enough to stop the whole apparatus and consequently the train as well

A Desirable Mother-in-Law.

A great many stories have been told bout men who had no use for their motherin-law, hence an exception to the general rule is very refreshing.

"I don't want to hear or read anything disparaging to mothers in law," said Judge Peterby to his young friend, Hostetter Me-

Ginnis.
" What makes you talk in that eccentric sort of a way, Judge?"
"I'll tell you why. My wife has jawed
me almost to death ever since we were
married. Last week I invited her mother

to come up and live with us.' "Man alive! Have you lost your senses?"
"Not much. You see they don't agree
They fight each other all day long, and am erjoying a season of heavenly rest. My wife is so tired quarrelling all day long with her mother, that when I come home there is nothing left over for me. Why, that mother in law of mine is a lightning

in the house. She is a treasure. The next man I hear abusing mothers-in-law has got me to fight. I only wish I had three or me to fight. I only wish I had three or four of them in the house. Then I'd feel perfectly safe."

rod. I feel perfeatly safe as long as she is

The Origin of the Dude. At this period of the decadence of the dude the subject of the origin is not of much consequence, but it is interesting nevertheless. A New York-paper as oribes the honor to Herman Gelrichs, of the Union Club. One day thus gentleman, who is conspicuous for his contempt for effeminacy in dress or manners, was at the club window when along arms a very much over dressed. in dress or manners, was at the club window when along came a very much over-dressed youth with so affected a manner and so mineing a gait that involuntarily one of the clubmen began hummicg an assempaniment to the step. thus: "Da, da de, du-du, da, de, du." "That's good," exclaimed Mr. Gelkiobs, with a sudden its pration. "I wondered what to call it. It tought to be called a dude." And dude it has been called, and all the imitatore and varieties of it ever since. of it ever since.

Mis Walpole, who resided for so many years in apartments in Aampion Curt Palace, is dead. The Queen has continued the use of the apartments to Miss Wal pole's si-ter, who is 96 years of age, and who has lived in the palace for more than

Chronology - Old gen leman (sutting a few question:): Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbilden fruit?" CURRENT TOPICS.

THE coal product of the United States i by far the most important of all the mining industries in that country. The value of coal mined in 1885, both anthracite and bitumincus, was \$159 009 396 Pig iron or mas next at \$64 172,000. silver foil wing at \$51,600,000; gold, \$31,801,000; lime, \$20 000,000; retroleum. \$19 193 694 building stone, \$19 000,000; copper \$18,202 999, and lead, \$10 469 431.

It is said that the only way an expression on the Pacific roads can be robbed is by car on the Pacific roads can be robbed is by collusion with the messenger. The cars are lined with boiler iron and provided with a shotgun and two revolvers, and the doors so secured that they cannot be opened from without in an hour's time. This accounts for the clever and successful attempts of robbers to get ahead of the messengers by forged documents, affirming that they are in the service of the company.

India has been thrown into tumult because of the adulterations of butter. Ghee, or the native clarified butter, enters into the composition of every kind of crooked food used by all classes of native, so that this adulteration with beef or pork far mean-loss of caste to Hindus and defilement to Mohammedans. So great has been the panie that the wealthier natives are importing gate from Persia and the poore have been abstaining from cooked food. The Bengal Council has passed a Bill to prevent the adulters. in of fcod, and the supreme government as discussing the advisability of passing a similar Act.

CHARLES MILLER, of Sewickley, Pa, has CHARLES MILLER, of Sewickiey, Fa., nee filed a cavest on what he considers "the most remarkable discovery of the age." He believes that natural gas is confided in the earth in fluid form and that by pumpthe earth in fluid form and that by pumping it out the great problem of cheap fuel will be solved. He may be right, and the near future may see men buying fuel by the quart instead of by the ton. A few bottles of natural gas would heat a house for months. If Succi's liquid food and Miller's fluid fuel should prove successful, life for the poor man would lose many of its hardships. But the outlook at present seems to indicate that beefsteak and anthractic will be in as great demand this win. racite will be in as great demand this win-

The slow-moving Russian Government, finding the railroad facilities inadequate for carrying the output of petroleum from the shores of the Caspian Sea to the Black Sea has now moderned. the shores of the Caspian Sea to the Black Sea, has now made propositions for the building of an oleoduct, or "pipe line," from Baku to Batoum capable of transmitting 160,000,000 gallons of oil a year. The pipe is to be laid in three years and for twenty years the company laying it is to be allowed to charge \$3.25 per ton, or about 1 cent a gallon, for transportation. The line will be 600 miles lorg, and presents no greater engineering difficulty than a lift of 3.200 feet in orcesing the elevated lands between the two seas. The pipe-line company will not be allowed to engage in refining oil nor to become the owner of oil wells.

There is more in a heap of coal than a

THERE is more in a heap of coal than a THERE is more in a heap of coal than a thoughtless person may dicover. Besides gas, a ton of gas-coal will yield 1,500 pounds of ooke, twenty gallons of ammonia water and 140 pounds of coal tar. Dateructive distillation of the coal tar gives 69.6 a pound of pitch, 17 pounds of orecoset, 14 pounds of heavy orls, 9.5 pounds of naphtha yellow, 63 pounds of naphthaline, 475 pounds of naphthol, 2.25 pounds of alezarin, 24 pounds of selvent naphtha, 15 pounds of phenol, 1.2 pounds of aurine, 11 pounds of aniline, 077 of a pound of 11 pounds of aniline, 0.77 of a pound of teludine, 0.46 of a pound of anthracine, aud 0.90 f a pound of tolueno. From the last named substance is obtained the new product known to taccharine, which is 230 times as sweet as the best cane augar.

A most amusing toone to philosophic spirits recently occurred at a London court epirits recently occurred at a London cours in a litigation concerning the ownership of a donkey. The presiding Judge, borrowing a hint from Solomon and the Caliphs of Bagdad, had the animal brought into court to test the allegation of the defendant that it would eat bread or vegetables offered it "with Lord Salisbury's compliments," but would rejust the same with asymptoms of with Lord Salisbury's compliments, but would reject the same with symptoms of leathing and contempt when Mr. Gladstone was named the donor. As it happened, the wily quadruped, when challenged by the claimant, not only devoured indiscriminately the Tory and Liberal carrots, showing no partiesn spirit whatever, but when the experiment was acknowledged a failure set up such mixed notes of exultation and protest that the magistrate designed by protest that the magistrate, deafened by the outrageous bray, summarily dismissed

"The Goddess of Liberty," given to the United States by France, is not the only great work of Bartholdi. Throughout the anco-Prussian war he distingu self as a brave and dashing soldier. He seif as a brave and dashing soldier. He was in the army of the East, which made so stubborn a defence of Belfort, the northeastern bulwark of France, that Thiers afterwards refused to surrender to Bismarck; and here he was der to Bismarck; and here he was inspired with a thought, patriotic, gigantic and defiant, that shortly afterwards took the shape of the now celebrated "Lion of Belfort." "The Lion" is a monumental work and stands beside "Liberty Enlightening the World" among the moss remarkable of modern colossi. It has for its background a rocky hill at the foundation of the fortress of Belfort. The immense animal is carred from a block of immense animal is carved from a block of immense animal is carved from a block of reddish Vosges stone, and its dimensions are 91 by 52 feet. The lion is represented as wounded, but still carable of fighting, half lying, half standing, with an expression of rage and mighty defiance. It is on the very flanks of the citadel, all torn and defaced by the Prussian thells, 500,000 of which were thrown into it during 103 days of investment and 73 days of bombardment, that the column days of bombardment, that the colossal monument of the struggle rises, visible from a great distance and strikingly noble from every point of view.

By Intuition. It was a horrid old uncle of two dear young creatures who kissed them both or possible state who is resulted most of meeting them at a tennis match. "At, Jennie," he said, as he pressed his lips to those of one girl, "you did we'l to put on your thick underclothes, as your mother advised." Then he smacked the other one's pretty mouth and explaimed : "And you, Marie, are foolish for not having done you, Marie, are foolish for nos maying under the same thing." "I'd be pleased to know, uncle," retorted Marie, "how you found out so much about invisible thing; without peeping through key-holes." "Simply enough," he exclaimed, "your nose is cold and Jennie's is warm. I am a reasoner."

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the grea! sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take borns .h. It

imp.

A Fearful Leap

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of shortsightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wearthy, if they availed them solves of his popuratifies. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Fortsah, Maine, will be in Armed how they can make from \$5 to \$25 a day to Hallett & Co., Portland. Manne, will be in formed how they can make from \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards. Some have made ever \$50 in a day. Yu can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is n.w. You are started free Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay, Every worker can secure a sing little fortune.

Children's frocks are short-waisted, loose, wile belied and full-skirted.

A BOSE BISHOP.

New York Boy who Became Bishop and Achieved Fame at a Fire.

It was the morning after the great fire at Helens, Montana, and the sun, as it ress over a shoulder of the mountair, gilded the forms of three men who stood high on the parapet of the building where the fire had been stopped. They were the chiefs, self-chosen, to lead in the conflic-but acknowledged and obeyed by the chiefs, self-chosen, so lead in the confice, but acknowledged and obeyed by the populace, who instinctively recognized their supremacy. These three men, with their supremacy their hate blown away by the wind, and their lothing ragged and awry, and with the fire of battle in their eyes, and grim and stern lines of resolution on their faces, were terrible, almost ferociour. They looked abroad at the smoking ruins, then at the homeless people below; then they turned and saluted each other, the two at the extremes regarding their companion in the centre as if in some sore he was their superior. It was at this momentate the rising sun shone upon the tric, gilding and glorifying them, while the multitude below gave a great shout, recc, nizing, as it were, their deliverers. Who were these men? They were well known in the mountains, if not immediately recognized in the disfigurement of battle. The one on the right was Bitter Root Bit, otherwise William Bunkerly, a noted detected and so well known for his courteous deportment that the public appreciation had crystallized into a title. The figure in the centre, taller, more erect and heroic-looking than the chers, who had greeted him as their public appreciation had crystallized into a title. The figure in the centre, talier, more erect and heroic looking than the others, who had greeted him as their chief, was no less than Biehop Tuttle, of Montans ("Dan" Tuttle, born and raised in New York and elected at 30 the Episcopal Bishop of Montans). In the desperate turmoil these three men had gravitated to each other and had risen to leadership. The good bishop was soon at the height of popularity. The mountaineers had tested his manhood and they were ready to love and truet him for the friend and counsellor he proved to be, and the popular verdict was solemnly announced by Wm. Bunkerly when he declared: "He's full jewelled and eighteen karats fine. He's a better gentleman than Joe Flowerse; he's the biggest and best bishop that ever wore a black gown and he's the whitest man in these mountains. He's a fire fighter from way back, and when he chooses to go on a brimstone sid among the sinners in this gulch he can do it and I'll back him with my pile. He is the boss bishop and you hear me howl."—Cor. Globe Democrat.

· Boarded by an Eagle in Mid-ocean

When the steamship Polaria, of the Union Direct Hamburg Line, which ar rived at New York last week. was eight rived at New York last week, was eight? Mays out and nearly in mid-ocean, First Mate Traulsen was hit on the head by something and knocked nearly off the bridge, on which he stood smoking his pire. He thought at first that some part of the rigging had been blown loose, but a higher dame fluttering down on the deck extended. He ran down and seized the bird, which proved to be a large eagle of a kind seldom caught. The bird was so exhausted that it was easily captured. Traulsen tied the which proved to be a large eagle of a kind seldom oaught. The bird was so exhausted that it was easily captured. Traulsen tied the bird to the deck and gave it a piece of raw meat. This the bird devoured as though it had had nothing to eat for several days. The voracity of the bird indicated that it would be an expensive boarder. but the Polaria, like other merchant vessels, a tries a good many rate, and the sailors were set to catching them. A big fellow was thrown down in front of the eagle, which caught it and broke its neck before it had time to sniff. The eagle stripped off the flesh, and in five minutes not a bone was left. The bird ate all the rate the sallors could catch that day. The ship carpenter soon rigged up a neat and comfortable cage, and the eagle was put into it. The eagle is a beautiful bird, delicately speckled with brown and white feathers. Its head is small, but its eyes are large, and in the dark they glow like balls of fire. When the mate puts his hand in it stands up straight, opens the crocked bills, and hisses like an owl. Now that the bird's appetite after the long fast in mid-ocean has bee satisfied, it eats only four rate a day. Traulsen says he will take it back to Hamberg. ourg.

Somebody's child is dying -dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Readers, if the child be your neighbor's, Readers, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's theat before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing thir disease. Sold by druggists.

—An exchange has discovered that the Michigan Central has an engineer who regularly shaves himself on his engine. He is a young and handsome fellow—one that likes to look nice all the while—and when he gets out in the country where there is a clear track he lets go the throttle and takes up his razor.

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Furniture dealer, to a lady who is going into housekeeping—Can't I sell you a nice strong rocking chair, ma'am? Lady, good-naturedly—Not just now, sir. My girls are not yet old enough to have com

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original
"Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—curcs
sick and bilious headache, sour stomach,
and bilious attacks. By druggists.

The spouting well near Belle Plaine, Iowa, gives forth 8,600,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours, and a other geyser has just broken out in the same vicinity.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND