She was a pretty girl, and she was very young. She had told Jack her story, as they strolled about the bright Boston streets on comfortable winter evenings; when he took her to the variety show, or to the oyster shop, and talked together. Jack pitied her. Perhaps she deserved it; it was a sad little story—and she was so very young! She had a gentle way, with Jack; for some reason, Godknows why she had trusted him from the first, and he had never once been known to disturb her trust. That was the pleasan part of it.

On this evening that we speak of, Jack was sober. He was often sober when he had an evening to spend with the Boston girl; not always—no; truth must be told. She looked as pretty as was in her that night; she had black eyes and a kind of yellow hair that Jack had never seen crinkled low on the forehead above black eyes before; he thought her as fine to look at as any been called Christine once, in her country home; she even told Jack she had been baptized.

"I wasn't, myself," said Jack, "I roared so, they darsen't do it. My mother got me to church, for she was a pious woman, and I pummeled the parson in the face with both fists, and she said she come away, for she was ashamed of me. She always said that appointed her, too. I was an awful baby."

"I should think likely," said Teer with candor. "Do you set much by your mother?"
"She's dead," said Jack in a sub-

dued voice. Teen looked at him; she had never heard him speak like that. "I 'most wished mine was," said the girl; "she'd a' ben better off-along of

"That's so," said Tack.

The two took a turn in silence up and down the brightly lighted street; their thoughts looked out strangely on their marred faces; they felt as if they were in a foreign country. Jack had meant to ask her to take a drink, but he gave it up; he couldn't somehow.

"Was you always a fisherman?" asked Teen, feeling, with a woman's tact, that somebody must change the current of the subject.

"I was a fisherman three generations back," Jack answered her; "borned a among the praying people, and stood fisherman, you bet! I couldn't 'a 'ben nothin' else if I'd drowned for it. It's Mother Mary looked very white and a smart business. You hev to keep your wits about you. Fishes is no

"Ain't they?" asked the girl listlessly. She was conscious of failing in conver sational brilliancy; but the truth was, she couldn't get over what they had been saying: it was always unfortunate when she remembered her mother, Jack began to talk to her about his business again, but Teen did not reply. and when he looked down to see what ailed her, there were tears rolling over the Rock of Ages." He drew Teen's and said, "We're happy to make your pretty cheeks.

'Why, Teen!" said Jack. 'Leave go of me, Jack," said Teen, "and let me get off; I ain't good company to-night. I've got the dumps, I can't entertain ye, Jack—don't let's talk about mothers next time, will we? It spoils the evenin'. Leave go of me, and I'll go home by my own self. I'd her to swear by somethin' holy she'll and home-keeping and loving; no wife

rather. "I won't leave go of you!" cried "I won't leave go of you! Cree holiest thing I know of is the Rock of Ages. Twe heard my mother sing it. She's dead. We've been huntin' Boston. She's dead. We've been huntin' Boston. it seemed to shine through and through him with a soft glow like a candle on an altar. "I'll never leave of her sober work, but the tears sprang go of you, Teen, if you'll say so, I'd

"Marry me?" said Teen. "Yes, marry you. I'd a sight rather. It's out with it. What There, now !

do you say to that, Teen?"
With one slow finger-tip wiped away
the tears that fell for her mother, A ring on her finger glistened in the light as she did this. She saw the sparkle, tore off the ring and dashed it away; it fell into the mud, and was trodden out of sight instantly. Jack sprang gal-

lantly to pick it up.
"Don't you touch it!" cried the girl. The ring had left a little mark upon her finger; she glanced at this, and cried upon his arm.

"Thou must save," sang the praying face; he looked very kind.

but these were tears for herself and for Tack felt this, after his fashion; her own. they gave him singular confusion of

needn't have me if you don't want to.
"But I do want to, Jack." "Honest?"

"Will ye make a good wife, Teen?" asked Jack, after some unprecedented thought. "I'll try, Jack."

"You'll never go back on me, no-

how?" "I ain't that sort!" cried the girl, drawing herself up a little. A new dignity sat upon her with a certain grace which was beautiful to see.

'Will you swear it, Teen ?" "If you'd rather, Jack." "What will you swear by, now?" asked Jack. "You must swear by all you hold holy."

"What do I hold holy?" mused "Will you swear," continued Jack

seriously, "will you swear to me by the Rock of Ages?"
"What's that?" asked the girl. "It's a hymn-tune. I want you to wear me by the Rock of Ages that

you'll be what you say you will, to me.
Will you do it, Teen?" "Oh, yes," said Teen, "I'll do it.

"Where shall we come across one?"
"I guess I can find it," Jack relied. "I can find 'most anything I set out to." So they started out at random, in their reckless fashion, in the great city, to find the Rock of Ages for the ask-

Jack led his companion hither and yon, peering into churches and vestries actress he ever saw; for the stage was Jack's standard of the magnificent, as it is to many of his sort. The girl's merry, mad and sad; but not the song heen called Christine over it is a standard of the magnificent, as it is to many of his sort. The girl's merry, mad and sad; but not the song heen called Christine over it is a standard wherever he saw sacred things. Singing they heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad and sad; but not the song merry heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry heard abundantly heard abundantly heard abundantly heard abundantly heard abundantly he be a true wife to a man who trusted

> Wandering thus, on the strange errand whose pathos was so far above neir own dream or knowledge, they chanced at last upon the place and the

> The girl said she had been there where to go for 'em; Mother Mary treated you like folks. She liked her, Teen said, If she'd been a different girl, she'd have gone there of a cold night all winter. But Teen said she felt ashamed.

> "I guess she'll have what I'm after," said Jack. "She sounds like she would. Let's go in and see."

> So they went into the quiet place peaceful; she was a tall, fair woman; she wore a black dress with white about

hand through his arm, and held it for a moment; then, moved by some fine instinct mysterious to himself, he instinct mysterious to himself, he acquaintance would have been a lifted and laid it in Mother Mary's source of social happiness. And she healthy. own.

"Explain it to her, ma'am," he said; "tell her, won't you? I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me. I want soul out for joy. She was very modest be a true wife to me. She hadn't anything particularly holy herself, and the over to-night after the Rock of Ages.

now to her large gentle eyes. She did not speak to Jack-could not possibly, just then; but delaying only for the ment till she could command herself, she flung her rich, maternal voice ut upon the words of the old hymn. Her husband joined her, and all the people present swelled the chorus,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me ! Let me hide myself in thee;

Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

They sang it all through—the three verses that everybody knows-and Jack She put her bared hand back upon his and Teen stood listening. Jack tried to sing himself; but Teen hid her face

ee; he looked very kind.

"Jack, dear," said Teen softly, "I alone!"

The strain died solemnly; the room

"Come back when you've got your license," said Mother Mary, smiling through her tears, "and my husband will marry you if you want him to." come to-morrow," Jack

answered gravely. "Jack," said Teen in her pretty way for she had a very pretty way; "il I'm an honest wife to you, will you be kind to me?" She did not ask him to swear by the Rock of Ages. She took his word for it, poor thing! Women

## CHAPTER III.

Mother Mary's husband married them next day at the mission meeting; and Mother Mary sat down at the melodeon in the corner of the pleasant place, and played and sang Toplady's great hymn for them, as Jack had asked her. It was his wedding march. He was very sober and gentle—almost like a better man. Teen thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen. 'Oh, I say, Teen," he nodded to her as they walked away, "one thing I for-got to tell you—I'm reformed."

"Are you, Jack?"
"If I ever drink a drop again, so

help me"-But he stopped. "So help you, Rock of Ages?" asked the new-made wife. But Jack winced; ne was honest enough to hesitate at

"I don't know's I'd darst-that," he added ruefully, "But I'm reformed.

I have lost all hanker for liquor. I shall never drink again. You'll see, it.

Teen. Teen did see, as was to be expected. She saw a great deal, poor thing! Jack did not drink—for a long time; it was nearly five months, for they kept close He took her to Fairharbor, and rented the old half of the crumbling cottage where his mother used to sit and watch for him on long, late wind. Jack knew—oh, yes, he knew. chanced at last upon the place and the little group of people known in that part of Boston as Mother Mary's meet-cinnamon rose-bushes by the doorsteps cinnamon rose-bushes by the doorsteps and tostered them of the cottage, and tostered them affectionately. Jack was happy and once, but that Mother Mary was too good for her; she was one of the real kind. Everybody knew Mother Mary and her husband; he was a parson.

They was a parson.

They was constituted to the cottage, and tostered them of the cottage, and tostered They were poor folks themselves, Teen said, and understood poor folks, and own; he had not expected to; in fact, did for them all the year round, not he had never had one since that night clearing out, like rich ones, when it came hot weather, but stood by 'em, her love to him, if he came home while Teen said. They kept the little room open, and if you wanted a prayer you went in and got it, just as you'd call for a drink or a supper; it was always the little room open, and if you wanted a prayer you so, sleeping for the most part in his berth, and sailing again directly; he had never had any place, he said, to hang on hand for you, and a kind word sure to come with it, and you always knew where to go for 'em' Mother had any place, he said, to hang his winter clothes in; closets and bureaus seemed treasure houses to have a seemed treasure house his winter to have a seemed treasure houses to have a seemed treasure house house have a seemed treasure house have a seemed treasure house house have a seemed treasure house have a seemed treasure house house have a seemed treasure house house have a seemed treasure house have a seemed treasure house have a seemed treasure have a seemed treasure have a seemed treasure house have a seemed treasure have a seemed treasure have a seemed treasure have a seemed than a less good-looking man would When he came home, have deserved. drenched and chilly, from a winter's voyage, and Teen took the covers off, and the fiery heart of the coals leaped I pray in every word and action that I, out to greet him, and she stood in the rich color with her yellow hair, young, fair and sweet as any man's wife could look, and said she had missed him, and called him her dear husband, Jack even that, though at first they had been foes, went so far as to feel that Teen was the luxury. He treated her accordingly; that was at first. He came straight home to her; he kept her in flour and fuel; she had the little things room was filled with poor creatures gathered about her like her children, while she talked with them and taught and the gentle words that women need. Teen was very fond of him. This was the first of it—I was going to say this was the worst of it.

All the carnest manner he embraced the invitation. And when at last the thin repast was stowed away compactly, they all agreed, with surfeit sense that him the carnest manner he embraced the invitation. And when at last the thin repast was stowed away compactly, they all agreed, with surfeit sense that him the carnest manner he embraced the invitation. them as she could. She crossed the her love for Jack. A part of Jack had

> lieved in her. She made him happy; and therefore she kept him right. All this was at first. It did not last. Why should we expect that, when we see how little there is in the relation of man and woman which lasts? If happy birth and gentle rearing, and the forces of what we call education, and the silken webs of spun refinements, are so trained in the tie which requires two who cannot get away from each other to make each other happy, how should we ask, of the and Jack?

wrote to her mother that she was mar-

ried; and her mother came on to make

chose her. Jack knew that. He be-

There was no miracle. No transubstantiation of the common bread of holy flesh was wrought upon that poor The lot went the way of other lots, with the facts of their history dead against them. Trouble came, and can you; even his illustrious son fluous, nor could one have been spared, poverty, and children, and care and couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert The girls listened to her and looked Jack took his old ways, and his wife to the tears that they The children died; they were poor sickly babies who wailed a little while in her arms, and slipped out because "Swear it, Teen !" Jack bent down whole she was not sorry. Their father his curly head and whispered; he would struck her when he was in liquor. She "I swear it, lack," sobbed Teen, rapher a bruise across her shoulder,

baby; which it never grew large enough to wear. I am not writing a temperance story,

only the biography of a fisherman, and a few words will say better than many how it was. Alcoholized brain-cells being one of the tew bequests left to society which the heirs do not dispute, Jack went back to his habits with the ferocity that follows abstinence. Hard luck came. Teen was never much of a housekeeper; she had left her mother too early; had never been taught. Things were soggy, and not always clean; and she was so busy in being struck and scolded, and in bearing and burying babies, that it grew comfortless beside the kitchen fire. The last of the illusions which had taken the name of home within the walls of the crumb ling half-cottage withered out of it, just as the cinnamon roses did the summer Jack watered them with whisky by a

A worse thing had happened too.
Some shipmate had "told" in the course of time; and Teen's pre-matrimonial story got set adrift upon the currentone of the cruelest currents of its kind —of Fairharbor gossip. The respect-able neighbors made her feel it, as only respectable neighbors do such things Jack, raging, overheard her name upon the wharves. Teen had been she said she would" to him. He knew No matron in the town had kept her life or heart more true. In all her sickness and trouble and slackness, and in going cold or hungry, and in her uivid beauty that none or all of these things could quench, Teen had carried a sweet dignity of her own as the racer in the old Promethean festival carried But he grew sullen, suspicious. When he was drunk he was always jealous; it began to take that form. When he began to take that form. was sober he still admired his wife; sometimes he went so far as to remember that he loved her. When this hap-pened, Teen dried her eyes, and brushed her yellow hair, and washed up the kitchen floor, and made the coffee, and said to the grocer when she paid for the sugar:
"My husband has reformed."

(To be Continued.

## Young People.

Fable on the Missionary.

Once on a time-so runs the rhyme in this instructive fable—there came a man, with views extreme, to ventilate an ancient theme to congregations sable. Said he one day, "Dear friends. from every point of view, shall perfectly agree with you in fullest satis-They told him then, these faction. sable men, in this supreme connection, his recent gain in adipose had settled Just then a wight as all objection. Just then a wight as black as night (by way of illustration) invited him to stay to tea with such an comes to grief, for one complaining

"Don't get too popular, because it isn't cheap flowers. Our example does not borax solution. The reaction bealthy."

chances than he takes he will soon own isn't sincere." of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down, and sive the rich man a chance. had chosen was to the fisherman who everything and run the Texas man out down, and give the rich man a chance. He has crowded the rich out, But for the poor man, the world would have cast anchor 6,000 years ago, and be covered with moss and lichens to-day, like a United States man-of-war. Edgar Allen Poe was the son of sam. They crowded around her, and a strolling player; George Peabody was begged her to come and teach one of a strolling player, George Tenbourner as their classes on Sunday.

Franklin, the printer, was the son of a Girlie was persuaded. She said she Franklin, the printer, was the son of a law of chances, the miracle for Teen tallow chandler; John Adams was the knew so little herself that she would son of a poor farmer; Gifford, the first have to study very hard. editor of the Quarterly Review, was a day came she dressed in her pretty,

est son of seven children, the family of have known them for the same set; a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the their taste was quieter, their gowns were son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson was simpler, more refined, less pretentious; the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew their hats lost the load of flowers and Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a feathers. Girlie was imitated in her The strain died solemnly; the room ain't fit to marry ye."

"You're fitter'n I be," answered Jack man'ully. Teen sighed; she did not pray, and all the people bowed their to pray, and all the people bowed their speak at once; other tears came now, beads. But Mother Mary stood quite speak at once; other tears came now, and templing in said it was the will of God. She added:

The strain died solemnly; the room in ner arms, and supple to them to stay. Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a there wasn't enough to them to stay. Some boy of all work, too poor to even have a trade; Grant was a tanner; Lincoln said it was diphtheria, but the mother had set a good their gowns was example. Might his will be done! On the whole she was not sorry. Their father struck her when he was in liquor. She not his fault; he couldn't help it, and not his fault; he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, that's all there is of him, he's wine of human life, comes not from love, but "I wouldn't cry about it, Teen. You not shame his promised wife before the babies lived she might thought if the babies lived she might thought if the babies lived she might there is of him, he's get hurt. A month before the last one be a true wife to me!"

"But I do want to, Jack."

Inscuriy nead and winspered, he would bound to shame his promised wife before thought if the babies lived she might get hurt. A month before the last one be a true wife to me!"

Was born she showed to Jack's biogington. just the Prince of Wales, and he's only from scarifice — from the efforts to n that because he can't help it. Be others happy.—[John Boyle O'Rielly.

"If that's the Rock of Ages, I swear by it, though I was to die for it, I'll be an honest wife to you."

long and livid. She buttoned her dress over it with hasty repentance.

"Maybe I'd oughtn't to have told," strike twelve the first time. If there's over it with hasty repentance.

"Maybe I'd oughtn't to have told,"
she said. "But he said he'd be kind

a prince; be glad that you did not strike twelve the first time. If there's a patch on your knee and you elbows Jack was very sorry about this when he was sober. He kissed his wife, and bought a pait of pink kid shoes for the baby; which it never graw leaves to the baby; which poor printer, a poor workingman of any kind, has no chance; he deserves to have none, but the poor nan mon-opolizes all the chances there are.— Robert J. Burdette.

A Customer Secured. A young man in a drygoods store was endeavoring to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style, and the man seemed inclined to take them, says an exchange. When the goods had been examined and the bargain was about to be con-

cluded, the customer inquired: "Are these goods the latest style?" The young man hesitated. He wanted to sell the goods, and it appeared evident that if he said they were the latest style the man would take them. But he could not tell a lie, and he replied: "They are not the latest style of

goods, but they are a very good style."

The man looked at him, examined ome other goods of later styles, and "I will take those of the older style,

and some of the new, also. honesty in stating the facts will fasten me to this place.'

The man not only sold his goods and kept a clear conscience, but he also retained a customer whom he night never have seen again if he had not spoken to him the exact truth. There is no permanent gain in false-hood and deception. Righteousness and truth are a sure foundation.

What One Girl Did.

The girl was just 20. She had been at school for the last ten years; had studied everything she wanted to, and several things she did not care for; had come with a trunkful of pretty gowns and a half a dozen dainty hats and are dumped. veils to spend the summer in a suburban town, far from her home, which was in the south.

It had always been enough for this girl to be alive and happy. Her sweet looks and her sweet ways had been so pleasing to her father and mother, her near future—a natural barometer prothers and cousins, that she never felt the need of trying to do them any good. When at school, the same ways and sweet looks had made her popular, and it did not occur to her that she was to exert her influence on her companions.

It probably never does occur to the matter of being fragrant and attractive. It simply lives its life.

In the summer home, however, Girlie, as her father liked to call her, found that everybody was on the qui vive to help everybody else. Her aunt and her girl cousins all had their work among the poor, or they read to sick people, or taught in Sunday Two cousins were very much interested in a working-girls' club, 100 girls gathered from a factory in the hottest part of the town. The club earnest manner he embraced the invi-tation. And when at last the thin re-the place, dressed in the severest pos-the place, dressed in the severest posmet evenings, and the young ladies of sible gowns of calico in summer, of

them as she could. She crossed the room immediately to where the young man stood, with the girl beside him.

"We've come," said Jack, "to find the Rock of Ages." He drew Teen's hand through his arm, and held it for a moment; then, moved by some fine had not always been so that Teen's a moment; then, moved by some fine her love for Jack. A part of Jack had gone into his love for Teen. Teen was glutton caressed his jaw with aching sion on those poor things, no matter tooth on a suspender button.

The moral, then, that comes to grie, for one companies, glutton caressed his jaw with aching glutton caressed his jaw with aching for he had cracked his wisdom tooth on a suspender button.

The moral, then, that comes to ken, with a suggestion stealthy, slips through gewelry, they have trailing dresses in the street, and their hats are covered with a salt of alumina and a solution of white arsenic in glycerine or in a some door of sense ajar, and sighs, lead to the commandation of the commandation of the commandation of the supply to the first surprising, said one commander of the commandation of the darks of the same tooth on a suspender button.

The moral, then, that comes to ken, with a suggestion stealthy, slips through gone into his love for Teen. Teen was glutton caressed his jaw with aching Girlle, "that we can make no impression on those poor things, no matter how we try. They wear the same tawdry imitation lace and paste jewelry, they have trailing dresses in the street, and their hats are covered with a salt of alumina and a solution of with a salt of alumina and a solution of with a salt of alumina and a solution of with a salt of alumina and a solution.

The moral, then, that comes to ken, with a suggestion stealthy, slips through the same than the same to the same than the countries. count,

Give Him a Chance.

My son, the poor man takes all the lances without waiting to have one lances without waiting the lances without waiting to have one lances without waiting the lances with the lances without waiting the lances without waiting the lances with the lances withou chances without waiting to have one aprons. It's all a sham, don't you see? compound constitutes given him. If you give him any more It doesn't impress them because it

> recitation. It ended in her doing both. gown, with pale lilac bows here and presence of uncombined arsenic. there, her dress so rich, so maidenly,

common sailor; Ben Jonson, rare Ben tailor-made gown, her simple sailor hat, Johnson, was a bricklayer; the father of Shakespeare couldn't speli and couldn't write his own name; neither not a puff nor frill nor rufflle was super-

Burns was a child of poverty, the eld- at her. In six months you would not

My experience of life makes me sure of one

## Latest Discoveric

New Steam-Heating Device A simple and durable constructs of apparatus for heating air by steam announced among recent inventic. There are a number of external pill, within each of which is an interpipe of suitable diameter to allow annular passage for steam betwee each set of pipes. The external pip are screwed into sockets, into whi by expanding, as in fixing boiler tube the sockets on the upper pair of pip communicate with the sockets at the ends of a lower pair by a screwe union, which, being first screwed int the upper socket, is made good b screwing up a nut. For supporting th ends of the pipes opposite to thunions, solid plugs are found to hold the sockets together, the unions and connections being made with right and left screw threads. While steam passes in zigzag course through the annular spaces between the two sets of pipes, air passing through the interiors of the inner pipes, and also the spaces around the outer pipes, becomes heated. Compared with other systems for realizing ach a result this is declared to possess decided advantages.

Brick-Baking.

A new brick-baking machine is to be noted among the recent mechanical novelties. It is a simple contrivance, onsisting of a table covered with iron brick molds, to which an electric current is applied, the table being 8x14 feet, and holding 1,000 molds, joined together like pigeon-holes; each mold is the size of a brick which has been pressed, but not baked, and each has a cover so fitted as to follow the brick as it shrinks. The bricks are taken from the presses and placed in the molds, the cover adjusted and the cur-The iron sides of the rent turned on. molds form the "resistance," and the bricks are virtually inclosed by walls of fire; the bricks having shrunk to the proper size, the sinking covers of the molds automatically turn off the current, the baking is done and the bricks

A Prophetic Stone.

A remarkable geological substance found in Finland is a stone which foretells, by a change of color, the probable character of the weather in the known by the name of semakuir; and which is said to turn black shortly be fore an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time, it appears this interesting phenomenon was inexplicable, but on an analysis of the stone it was shown to be a fossil mixed rose of a pansy that it has any duty in with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation of the changes became easy; the salt, absorbing the moisture, turns black when the conditions are favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere must as naturally bring out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.

Arsenic in Cottons.

The very considerable uneasiness which not long since prevailed in the public mind from the supposed use of arsenic by manufacturers in the preparation of cotton prints has, serge in winter, with white aprons and caps, like maids, took turns in entertaining their young friends.

"It's surprising," said one cousin to tically harmless. Many of the anilines, ount."

Girlie only laughed. Then she said, double compound of arsenic, alumina, double compound of alumina, alumina, doub "lake," which colors the fibers of the cloth with a more or less insoluble and It happened one evening that the fast color; this at once removes an The poor man has had his own way too She went in her pretty white wool a preventive against the possible extract alizarine colors the soluble arseniate of alumina is in some instances added by some manufacturers for the purpose of giving to the colors a greater degree of brightness, but on

steaming the insoluble compound is obtained, as before described. Startling But True.

On Sunday evening last, Rev. Isaac Tovell, of Gore Street Methodist Church, Hamilton, preached to a large congregation in his church on "Our Duty in the Coming Plebiscite Struggle." Among other valuable points he gave these figures: "The drink bill of the Canadians amounted to \$38,000,000 annually, that out of this vast sum 20,000, poor families could each be presented with a neat brick cottage worth \$1,000; that each family could get ten tons of coal with which to keep themselves warmduring the winter, they could receive another large sum annually per family for pro-visions, and could lay up the balance -\$13,000,000—in the savings bank for their benefit in old age.' The inference to be drawn from Mr. Tovell's remarks was, that if a majority of votes is cast in favor of prohibition in the approaching plebiscite traffic will very soon be abolished.