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72 years.
Y—At New Westminster, on Feb-
r 18th, C. O'Brien, aged 35 years.
ORD—At Vancouver, on February
Mrs. R. Crawford, aged 58 years.
TSON—At New Westminster, on
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77 years.

MARRIED.

—BROOKS—At the residence of
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s to Elizabeth Lillian, only
ter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brooks.
LL—WELLS—At Kamloops, on
ary 15th, by Rev. H. S. Akehurst,
A. G. Cornwall and Miss Louise
Wells.

Fowler-Arnot

How a Happy Home Was Broken Up

By D. W. H.

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"The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." —Swift.

IT IS only a theatre programme printed in black letters on a pink ground, faded and torn and bearing every evidence of age and rough usage. It announces a performance at the Victoria Theatre for the benefit of Miss Jenny Arnot, a bright young actress of the day, by the Amateur Dramatic Association of Victoria. The date set for the entertainment was April 22rd, 1867, and I have an excellent reason for knowing that the performance came off as advertised because I was among those who were present and witnessed it. The Amateur Dramatic Association was composed of a number of gentlemen, mostly English and not all young, who played in farce or light comedy for the benefit of charities and other objects of worth. The best actors in the association were Charles Clarke and W. Callingham, but the leading spirit, coach, counsellor and manager was Ben. P. Griffin, who presided over the Boomerang Inn on Langley alley, and who in his young days had acted in Australia. Mr. Griffin, who was a very intellectual man, had been liberally educated and at one time filled a very important position in an Australian bank. Then he married a handsome young actress and came to San Francisco in very early days. On Kearney street, in that then bustling city of shacks and tents, Mr. Griffin opened the Boomerang Inn, which he conducted until the outbreak of the gold fever on Fraser river in 1858 when he moved to Whatcom, on the American side. He built there a wooden structure of one and a-half stories and opened it as the Boomerang. In the fall of 1858 he became impressed with the belief that he had built in the wrong town, so he quietly took the building apart, chartered a sailing vessel to bring it in sections to Victoria and re-erected it on Langley alley where it stands to-day and is still known as the Boomerang Inn, although two generations of owners have died or gone away since it was moved to its present location. Mr. Griffin died in 1880 and its was related of him that he never saw a railway or tram line. He left London for Australia before railways were introduced in England. He left Australia for San Francisco before the first railway was built in that colony. He left San Francisco before railways invaded California, and he passed to the other shore before the C. P. railway had reached this Coast. He was altogether a remarkable man—clever with his pen in verse or prose, strong in his likes and dislikes and brimful of wit and sarcasm. Most of the local hits with which the amateur plays abounded were fathered by him and some of his poetic efforts are still preserved in local scrapbooks as mementoes of the gay and festive times in this city.

Miss Jenny Arnot, the beneficiary on the evening of April 22rd, 1867, came here with the Marsh Juvenile Company in 1866 from Australia. The troupe was organized somewhat on the lines of the Foland company, lately here. The Marsh company disbanded at Victoria, why I never knew and Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, who had adopted Jenny Arnot, went to housekeeping on Yates street, opposite Store. Jenny Arnot, who was scarcely five feet in height, was a girl of about seventeen when her adopted parents settled here. She had a fair complexion, which she never "made up." Her features were regular and small, doll-like in expression, it always seemed to me; but her power and beauty lay in her deep gray eyes which were soft or brilliant as the occasion demanded and, as one of her admirers expressed it, "made a fellow's heart thump and twirl when she looked at him." Of course she had a host of admirers and was the recipient of many floral and other presents. She took all things that came her way with an easy grace and a sort of I-deserve-them air that was surprising to see in one so young and apparently inexperienced in the ways of the world. But her heart for a long time was impervious to every assault. On occasions when the girl was invited to join a theatre party, to spend an evening out or go to church, Mrs. Marsh was ever on hand to accompany her and look after her moral welfare. It was given out, or there was a tacit understanding, that the young lady was in the market with matrimonial intent only; and by degrees the number of admirers fell away until they narrowed down to two or three. Presently it was announced that Thos. Fowler, a clerk in the hardware establishment of Fellows & Roscoe, had proposed to Jenny Arnot and had been accepted. Fowler was a fine young fellow, an American, I believe. He was in the receipt of a large salary, was steady in his habits and popular with all classes. Miss Arnot had been received by a section of Victoria society whose hearts are ever open to admit those who make a brave effort to raise themselves from their surroundings however humble, and who endeavor by following the straight path of duty and virtue to attain an honorable position in life. So it was understood that the proceeds of the performance of the Dramatic Association were to be devoted to the purchase of a fitting trousseau for the pretty little actress. About $500 was paid over to Miss Arnot from the profits of the evening and she was enabled to procure a very handsome outfit. The couple were duly married, passed their honeymoon on the Sound and on their return set up housekeeping in a well-furnished cottage on Yates street, near Douglas. Nearly everyone called on the bride and her amiability, modesty and sweetness were favorably commented on. The bridegroom, too, seemed proud of his choice and very fond of his little wife. To her friends Mrs. Fowler announced that she had left the stage forever and intended to devote her life to domesticity and charitable works. With these ends in view she took a pew in church and joined a ladies' sewing circle. Matters ran on in this way for about a year and the Fowlers were referred to as a model young couple, when one day their arrived from Australia a young woman who gave out that her name was Louise Arnot and that she was an elder sister of Mrs. Fowler. She was received and entertained in a most hospitable manner by the young couple. How she repaid their kindness will be presently seen. One look at Louise Arnot's face ought to have been enough for any person who had had the slightest experience with the world. She was handsome, it is true, but she had a hard, repellant, wicked look in her face and affected a devil-may-care gait on the street that stamped her, to say the least, as not in the same class with her gentle and modest sister.

The newcomer had not been long here before she announced a performance at the theatre with such members of the Amateur Dramatic Association as would consent to take part with her, and without any authority inserted the name of her sister on the bill. Mr. Fowler protested and his wife disclaimed all knowledge of the intention of her sister to place her name among the performers. There were many scenes at the little cottage on Yates street, but the young couple finally yielded to the entreaties of the sister and the performance came off as advertised. Among other things it was announced that Miss Louise Arnot would sing "Love Among the Roses." The song itself was sensuous and passionate, but its chief charm to low minds lay in the gyrations of the vocalist. She appeared behind the footlights in a bodice that had been cut to the lowest possible line and in a skirt so short that a magnifying glass was almost necessary to find it. Her figure and lower limbs, of which there was a generous display, were seen to best advantage and when the curtain rang down the audience, I am sorry to say, demanded that the song be repeated over and over. The performance was never given again and all hoped that Miss Arnot would go away and leave her sister to follow the bent of her pure mind. But the woman staid on and on, accepted invitations to late suppers in which Jenny was included; went boating up the arm with her poor little sister, a mere child in comparison, as the chaperone, and acted generally in a way that shocked the tender moral sensibilities of Victoria society. Presently the departure of Miss Arnot for San Francisco was announced. It was added that Mrs. Fowler would accompany her. Mr. Fowler pleaded, but in vain. The furniture was sold under the hammer and the women went away—never to return. They joined a theatrical troupe at San Francisco and barnstormed through California and Nevada. Fowler shortly after threw up his situation and joined them; he found his wife a changed woman. She had no use for him, and in fact, discarded him. Some months later she disappeared from San Francisco and was next heard from in New York where she cut a great figure at the Imperial Hotel in company with a howling swell named Swalm. Some years later Swalm figured as co-respondent in the divorce suit of a banker named McDonald. He was arrested on a railway train while fleeing from California. Among his baggage were found valuable fur garments, silks and satins and heaps of diamonds and other precious stones belonging to Mrs. McDonald. He was brought back and charged with stealing the articles. Conviction followed and when the culprit was arraigned for sentence this scene took place.

His attorney put in a plea of previous good conduct.

The counsel for the prosecution retorted that Swalm was on old hand at deluding women and robbing them of their valuables.

"Name a case," demanded the counsel for the prisoner.

"Why," said his opponent, "he's the man who stole Jenny Arnot from her husband and got all her diamonds, too."

No one ventured to say anything more in his favor and the howling swell went to prison for five years.

In 1880 railway construction began at Yale. The steamer Western Slope was built to carry passengers and freight from Victoria to Yale direct. On one of her trips I was a passenger. On board were a large number of men who had been engaged to work on the Onderdonk contract at Yale. They were a pretty tough looking lot. Some were the worse for liquor and kept the boat in a constant state of uproar and excitement. One of these navvies, who was particularly noisy and rude, attracted my attention. He had a bruised face and a blackened eye, and was ill-dressed and quarrelsome. Presently he approached me. Now, thought I, for a disagreeable rencontre. But he put out his hand and asked:

"How are you, Mr. H?"

"Very well, I thank you," I replied.

"Guess you don't know me, do you?"

"Well," said I, "I must admit that I can't place you."

"Yet you used to know me once—you were not too proud to speak to me then."

"I'm not too proud to speak to any one whom I know. Who are you?" I replied.

"Guess."

I studied the face earnestly but could not recall a single feature and shook my head.

"Why, I'm Tom Fowler!" he at last cried.

"What," I said, "not Tom Fowler of Fellows & Roscoe?"

"The very same," he replied. "See my rags, my swollen face, my bruised hands, my worn-out boots! No wonder you don't know me. I'm a ruined man, a poor, broken, drunken beggar downat-the-heel without a friend in the wide, wide world," and he began to whimper like a sick child.

"Goodness, Fowler," I said, "be a man; don't cry. When I knew you there wasn't a man in Victoria your superior in all things that were good and noble. Brace up, old fellow. You're young and can easily get employment at your business."

"Oh! yes, I know," he said through his tears, "that's what everyone tells me and I try ever so hard to pull myself together. Before I started on this trip to do laborer's work on the Yale railway I hadn't drank a drop for a week. But the moment I reached Victoria the recollection of what I once was came over me and I got drunk. No; I can never be anything or anybody again. I shall go to Yale, but I know that I cannot do a laborer's work, and in a few days I shall be discharged and left to find my way down the river as I best can. It's all up with me. I feel and know that."

"But what brought you to this dreadful state of despair and wretchedness?" I ventured to ask.

He responded with a bitter laugh and saying "Go ask HER," plunged into the reeking depths of the crowded forecastle and I saw him no more.

Historic Scenes in the Commons

By HENRY W. LUCY, "Toby M. P." of Punch.

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THE first time I chanced to be present when the ordinarily still waters of the House of Commons were broken up by sudden storm, happened about thirty-one years ago. Mr. Gladstone was in the course of his first premiership, and the historic parliament elected in 1868 was slowly dying. On what should have been a quiet Tuesday sitting Sir Charles Dilke rose to move for an enquiry into the Civil List, the extravagance of which he had a short time earlier denounced at a public meeting. Sir Charles, standing at the corner seat of the front bench below the gangway, since occupied by him under varied circumstances, got along well enough. He at least managed to make himself heard. But what he said got the back up of a loyal majority, and when Mr. Auberon Herbert rose to second the motion he was greeted with persistent cries of "Vide, vide, vide."

He had, however, come to stay, and meant to deliver a carefully prepared speech. As he stood and shouted the beginning of sentences, the crowded house saw in front a lank, persistent bellowed. This was the occasion when, as was written at the time, the late Cavendish Bentinck "went out behind the Speaker's chair and crowed thrice." Certainly cock-crowing was added to other more familiar parliamentary observations. After the row had continued some ten minutes, a member jealous of the reputation of the house, spied strangers. The galleries were cleared, and when they were re-opened it was announced that Sir Charles Dilke's motion had been negatived by two hundred and seventy-six votes to two.

MR. PLIMSOLL MAKES HIS MARK

Three years later, having succeeded to the premiership, Mr. Disraeli found himself confronted with a scene even more dramatic than that which distressed Mr. Gladstone in 1872. August was at hand, and the usual statement of bills thrown overboard was made. Amongst them was the Merchant Shipping Bill, in charge of Mr. Plimsoll. In those days it was open to an aggrieved member to dislodge ordered business and arbitrarily occupy the time of the house by moving the adjournment. Mr. Plimsoll availed himself of this privilege, beseeching the Premier, in a voice choked with emotion, not to consign some thousands of men to death. The Merchant Shipping bill was designed to check the practices of a class of men whom Mr. Plimsoll described as "ship-knackers," who bought at a low price unworthy ships, insured them, sent them to sea, and when they foundered, as they usually did, pocketed the spoil. Mr. Plimsoll's excited demeanor, his scarcely veiled accusation of a particular member, wrought the house to a high pitch of excitement. The Speaker repeatedly calling him to order, Mr. Plimsoll darted forward, waving aloft a piece of paper, and standing in the middle of the floor he gave notice of intention to ask the president of the Board of Trade whether certain ships, the names of which he read from the sheet of paper he held in his hand, "are owned by ——, and whether that gentleman, —— is a member of this house." Amid the uproar Mr. Plimsoll's voice was heard shrieking, "I am determined to unmask the villains who sent these men to their graves." The Premier, showing disposition to rise and say a few words, Mr. Plimsoll, still standing in the middle of the floor, shook his first at the right honorable gentleman, and said something that was drowned in the uproar. But before the session was terminated the Merchant Shipping bill was added to the Statute-book, and today the load-line skims over every sea on which a British vessel floats.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

In the session of 1878, at the full tide of what was at the time known as jingoism, the House of Commons was one February night stirred to its profoundest depths. The government had asked for a vote of credit for six millions, avowedly a menace to Russia, at the time at odds with Turkey. Mr. Forster, on behalf of the front opposition bench moved an amendment equivalent to refusing the supply. On the seventh of February the house met amid rumors that the Russians had occupied Constantinople. Questioned by Lord Hartington, nominally leading the opposition, with Mr. Gladstone fuming on his flank, Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the house, read a telegram just received from Mr. Layard, British minister at Constantinople, stating that the Russians were pushing on to Constantinople, and had compelled the Turks to evacuate important defences. The house recognized in this announcement the sound of the war trumpet. Mr. Forster recognizing that the aspect of affairs in the East was one of profound gravity, asked leave to withdraw his amendment. Whilst conversation was going forward a letter was passed along the treasury bench till it reached the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Profound silence fell on the excited house as Sir Stafford rose. In faltering tones he said he had received from the Ambassador of Russia official intimation that there was not a word of truth in the statement of which Mr. Layard had made himself the communicant. The state of tension relaxed. Members fell into a state of merriment, not wholly free from suspicion of hysteria.

The first session of parliament elected in 1880, was marked by a series of unexpected entrances and tumultuous exits by Mr. Bradlaugh. Banquo wasn't in it with the member for Northampton. In the course of a month or so, members grew quite accustomed to see him enter, walk swiftly down the floor, take his seat, to be presently hailed forth. On the 22nd of June a motion to permit him to take the oath was negatived by 275 votes against 230. On the next day Mr. Bradlaugh walked up to the table and demanded to have the oath administered to him. After some discussion it was agreed that he should be heard at the bar. There he stood for twenty minutes addressing a crowded silent house in terms that frequently rose to the height of passionate eloquence. Having made an end of speaking he bowed to the Chair and withdrew, whilst the house considered his application.

BRADLAUGH IN POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE.

The majority being inexorable, the Speaker directed Mr. Bradlaugh to be summoned in order to hear its decision. Called by the sergeant-at-arms he walked up to the table, and stood there, whilst the Speaker remaining seated communicated what had passed, and ordered him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh was the only person in the house who showed no sign of excitement. "I beg you to administer the oath, and I respectfully refuse to withdraw." The Speaker rising to his feet as he addressed the house asked to be clothed with authority to deal with this new turn of affairs. Mr. Gladstone being deserted by a section of his followers, sufficient to make the leader of the opposition master of the situation, Sir Stafford Northcote moved a resolution investing the Speaker with such power as was requisite to the enforcement of his authority. The house dividing there was presented the unique spectacle of a person officially declared to be a stranger standing solitary in a house emptied of members passing through the division lobby.

Authorized by an overwhelming majority the Speaker addressing the sergeant-at-arms standing by the bar, commanded him to remove Mr. Bradlaugh. Captain Gosset approaching, touched the burly figure on the shoulder and invited him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh, his mind ever full of nice distinctions, consented to retire as far as the bar, the sergeant-at-arms trying to keep pace with his long stride. Having reached the bar, he suddenly turned, dashed back to the table, and demanded to have the oath administered to him. Captain Gosset gallantly seized him by the arm. But an antelope might as well have attempted to arrest an elephant. After some more waltzing up and down the floor, a motion was carried committing Mr. Bradlaugh to the Clock Tower, whither to the great relief of the house, he quietly withdrew. Nine years later, when the member for Northampton lay dying, the resolution entered in the orders of the house ordering his expulsion was nemine contradicente itself expunged.

IRISH SUSPENSIONS.

The suspension of thirty-seven Irish members—"What all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop?" —was the climax of obstruction against the earliest Peace Preservation Act. Mr. Dillon began it. The business of the day was the moving of a new batch of standing orders designed to clip the wings of obstruction. Mr. Gladstone rising to move the first resolution found himself faced by Mr. Dillon, who refused to resume his seat when called upon by the Speaker. He was forthwith named, and ordered to withdraw. This he refused to do until a posse of messengers under command of the sergeant-at-arms approached. Thereupon he surrendered. On his withdrawal Mr. Parnell moved that Mr. Gladstone be not heard. A scene of indescribable tumult followed. Mr. Parnell was named, ordered to withdraw and, respectfully refusing, the reserves were again called out. Four venerable messengers, whose united ages probably was not a day less than two hundred and fifty years, advancing to the charge, the Irish leader surrendered at discretion. The farce was carried out till the whole thirty-seven were expelled, a process which occupied an appreciable period of the sitting.

These were the good old days, of which we see no more, under the present operation of the latest batch of standing orders.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Economical Engine—Thought Located by N. Rays—The Sun's Ring—Telegraph and Transport in the Body—The School Day, Etc., Etc.

THE new motor of Peter Thorney, a Manchester engineer, is expected to revolutionize the use of steam. In existing engines steam is not admitted until the piston is moved some distance, but the new arrangement supplies steam at the very start and in quantity just sufficient to finish the stroke, thus avoiding waste. The purpose is accomplished by a new rotary valve fitted to the top of twin cylinders. Two slotted discs, revolving in opposite directions permit the steam to enter the cylinder as the slots pass, and a third disc serves as cut-off for regulating speed or reversing. A model about the size of a typewriter gives 1,500 revolutions per minute, developing about 15 horse-power, under a boiler pressure of 200 pounds. The saving is estimated at 25 to several hundred per cent.

* * *

The N-rays of Blondlot are not only emitted by the nerves and muscles of man and animals, but it appears that they increase with activity in the body. Continuing his experiments, Augustin Charpentier has found that the whole spinal chord increases the phosphorescence of the test object. Contraction of muscles is indicated, and the "motor centres" of the cerebrum are manifested when called into activity, even the centre of speech showing its location by extra N-rays when the person is speaking.

* * *

A reddish ring enclosing a whitish glare was seen around the sun after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, and has been named Bishop's Ring. Keen observers have noted a similar appearance in recent months. This ring had a diameter of 70 degrees in August, 1902, but had diminished to 20 degrees in December, 1903, although accompanied by coarser dust was expected to make it larger.

* * *

The messenger service of the body is one of the most surprising marvels of living mechanicism. We are familiar with the impressions telegraphed to the central station by the nerves of touch, heat, sight, hearing, taste and smell, but the work of the blood's body guard of thousands of members is less well known. These white blood corpuscles—the leucocytes—are intelligent carriers for the system. They seize, absorb, assimilate or carry away germs or poisons, and in health they transport drugs to the liver or marrow, while in disease they carry them to the centres of irritation. They can be depended upon to convey iron to the blood making organs, iodoform to the tuberculosis lesions, and so on, as recent research has proven.

* * *

Important physiological experiments have been made in Russia to test the endurance of school children. The results prove that in the lower four classes study may be continued for 2.7 to 3.5 hours daily, or 22 to 27 hours per week, but that excessive fatigue results from longer continuance of brain work. This time for teaching these classes has been fixed by the latest order of the ministery of public instruction. It is urged, however, that this should be the outside limit, and that no lessons should be studied at home.

* * *

From an investigation of the Sydney plague epidemic of 1902, Dr. A. Thompson concludes that both this and previous epidemics were undoubtedly spread by rats. Just how this was done has been a matter of much doubt, as to the theory that fleas were the carriers it has been objected that the species of flea living on rats do not bite man. The question seems to have been settled by the discovery that one species—Pulex serraticeps—is common to man, rats and other animals.

* * *

For many years unsuccessful attempts have been made to produce a useful substitute for celluloid from the casein of skimmed milk. It is claimed that the difficulties are now overcome in the "galalith," or milk-stone, that in Germany is being made into many articles having the appearance of horn, ebony or marble. The material is made by rendering the casein insoluble by acetate of lead or other metallic salt, then freeing from water and drying, and finally adding formaldehyd. Soot or other substance is used for coloring. Galalith has the advantages over celluloid of igniting less easily and being odorless, and, unlike other casein products, it absorbs only a small percentage of water.

* * *

The Gulf of Kara-bughaz, lately explored by Col. Spindler, covers 7,080 square miles, and has a depth of only 24 to 36 feet. Through a channel only 86 fathoms wide it receives a constant flow of water from the Caspian. This water rapidly evaporates, raising the salinity of the gulf to 16.3 per cent, and covering the bottom with vast deposits of gypsum and Epsom salt. It is estimated that the Epsom salt covers 1,300 square miles, with a thickness of seven feet of ore.

The Gentle Art Of Fooling

By HELEN MATHERS, Author of "Comin' thro' the Rye."

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TO FOOL properly, I take it, in a pure physical sense, requires two persons, young, slim, long-limbed, and light of heels and heart, not necessarily of opposite sexes, as two girls, or two youths can fool together with equal felicity, sometimes even better than when love interferes to make too serious their frolics, and end them.

Yet, to watch two graceful young lovers in the initial stage of courtship, is a pretty sight, the swallow-like character of their advances, flights and retreats, the half-averted way in which they glean hints of each other's characters and predilections, till gradually the circle narrows, and by imperceptible degrees they draw nearer to each other, and, the sport over, the fooling done, they sit hand in hand, dull human fashion, and we know that unless one of them is wise, and keeps the game up after marriage, their happiest days are over.

For the gentle art of fooling does not comprise fooling another person—it means that you yourself have a great capacity for playing the fool, and with wise discrimination admit another person to share your pleasure—it means that you have a gift for seeing the light side of Nature, and human nature, instead of the dark; and this is less a gift than an art that can be acquired, if you resolutely set out to learn it.

BE CHEERFUL.

And primarily, I say that none of us fool sufficiently, but grizzle far too much; that if for only one hour of the day, wtied up memory, and our worldly and domestic worries in a bag, and dropped them somewhere out of sight, then did something that without hurting someone else, most particularly pleased us, our tempers would improve vastly, and we should make much brighter companions to those with whom Fate, or circumstances, has jailed us. The heart of youth is light, because pure, and fooling follows inevitably, but as years advance it inevitably gathers weight, feels that it cannot rise, and this is where art should come in, to teach us that if we will throw overboard the useless lumber that we have piled on it, the heart will spring light as air to meet the thousand joys of life, are, and enjoy them consciously, as in careless youth it did not.

I have seen some exquisite fooling between quite old people when they thought themselves unobserved, persons in which an innate gaiety of heart, and a happy knack of seeing the bright side of things has outlived all the pain and disillusionment of life, and I have been fain to ask them the secret of this art—for is it not an Art to retain in middle and old age, a privilege peculiar to youth? They must have analyzed this precious quality, have tracked it to its source, finding out what qualities of heart and brain go to its making, or is it that they have emptied their wallets of all grievances, throwing overboard Malice, Selfishness, Acquisiveness—above all—Fear?

BE BRAVE.

It is the bogie man Fear who extinguishes in us that joy of living, which is the very essence, the raison d'etre of our presence here, fear of the future, fear of the past, fear of death, fear of losing that we love, what we have amassed, though since we know clearly the conditions on which we hold existence—that we are as torches lit only to be sooner or later extinguished—why fear? Death must come—well, let us meet it with decent dignity, loss of what we love must come—that too is in the bond. Being human, we must more or less often, according to the strength of our humanity (it is not the strength of our will, but the feebleness of our desires that most often gives us the victory over them) do things that make us regret the past—but the future? Avaunt Fear! We mean to do our best with it—if we fail, we shall still have tried—fear makes our defeat a foregone conclusion—we will have none of him.

Loss of worldly goods? If the brains and will to work are there, these may be replaced. The only real calamity to be dreaded, is the loss of health, and that very state of things is oftener than not, brought about by the fear of it. Fear is an artificial condition of mind that nature knows of in its chronic state—her children only experience it in moments of acute physical danger, when their racial enemies are near, and if we also reserved our energies for meeting the inevitable bad moments of our life, instead of anticipating them, we should have a considerable more time left over for enjoyment, in a word, we should fool more, and grizzle less.

BE JUDICIOUSLY FORGETFUL.

Just as our house contains numbers of perfectly useless things, so do we insensibly allow our minds to become receptacles for disagreeable, tedious unprofitable thoughts, regrets and desires, that wander aimlessly to and fro like ghosts, and like them, vanish into mist. If we resolutely set ourselves to enjoy, moment by moment, the much that life has to offer, facing our misfortunes with equal courage, and forgetting them, would we not add enormously to our own and others' store of happiness? How few of us dare to say, "I am happy," yet the reasons are purely artificial that prevent our being so, and when we realize this, when we climb up, and look over the paling that man has raised to fence us off from God and His works, we are ingrates indeed, if we do not take of the feast so bountifully set before us.

All Nature rejoices in its own way, and at proper seasons, all but man, who, even when neither hunger, thirst, nor sickness threaten him, looks about for trouble, and stores it in his mind as a bee, with more wisdom, stores honey in the hive.

He is always expecting something to go wrong, he completely misses the moment of enjoyment in fearing, or expecting it will be snatched from him—surely, if, as a recent brilliant writer suggested, a school for Happiness should be founded, a School for Cheerfulness is even more necessary, with teachers who would diligently point out to us our blessings and occasions for rejoicing, instead of reviling. By comparing what we might have been, with what we are, physically, mentally, commercially; by counting up the misfortunes we have just missed; the occasions when luck or circumstance has saved us from ruin of one kind or another; by forcing ourselves to measure our paltry grievances with those of the really afflicted and heart-broken, how many of us would not sit down to reflect soberly on our advantages, feeling ashamed of our perpetual grumblings?

BE ACTIVE.

Over much reading, especially of society papers, with their idle tattle of rich folk's doings, is responsible for a good deal of mind-vaporing, especially among women, whose minds are confused by a variety of matters not in the least essential to their comfort or happiness. But let them fix their attention rather on the wants of those beneath, than the extravagance of those above them in the social scale, and they will end by hugging themselves rather on what they have, then desiring what would probably make them no happier than that does what they now possess.

It may be taken for granted that those having great possessions cannot fool lightheartedly, for even as the soldier with the lightest knapsack steps out quickest, so are the rich weighed down to earth by the gold taken out of it, or rather the overwhelming responsibilities attached to their position.

They may be the cause, and often are, of others' light-heartedness, but seldom of their own; it is the moderates who inherit the earth, those who have known neither starvation, nor a plethora of the good things of life, and it is among them that we must look for the "merry" men and women who take the sunshine with them wherever they go, and who, whatever may be their faults, are loved accordingly.

To turn always a bright face to the world may at first be difficult, but how quickly it becomes a habit, how great is the reward! To call the diseased mind out of its self-built dungeon, to blow like a clean wind through the dust and morbidity of the four-walled life lived by most unhappy humans; such is the mission of the cheerful, the gay of heart, more glorious by far than to go about preaching and teaching; and though they may have their own very moments (where the light is brightest, the shadow is deepest) they are using up their "ounce of cheerfulness" with which to serve God royally.

Do not we all more or less hypnotize each other, impress our own moods on those near to us, elevating or depressing their spirits, and forcing them to look through our own spectacles, rose-colored or blue as the case may be? May not we even narrow and vulgarize their mental vision, even as we have power to inspire them with that larger humanity which throws its weight into the scale of pity, not condemnation of its fellow-men?

BE CONSIDERATE.

We can make them see the strong under-current of fun that runs through life; the gleams of pathos and humor that illumine the most sordid and unlikely subjects; in a word, each one of us is a maker of sunshine, or a producer of gloom in himself and loved or disliked according to which role he elects to play.

To be "merry and wise" is not given to all, but to cultivate the bright side and laugh while we fool, encouraging others to a like pursuit, only taking care that such fooling does not degenerate into sheer folly, or worse—but to the honest and pure of heart, to whom I especially address myself, the practice is more likely to tend to their ennobling, than to their deterioration.

HELEN MATHERS.

"Eat Sord Ust"

By Charles Battell Loomis, author of "Cheerful Americans," &c.

(New York Herald Special Syndicate.)

HAVE you ever heard about that business man who in advertising his particular brand of breakfast fodder increased the circulation of the paper in which he advertised a hundredfold?

Well, it was this way. His name was Wise, and he had unlimited money to spend. He had formerly owned a sawmill and he naturally had a large quantity of sawdust on hand. It struck him that if he could buy a low priced molasses and could make an amalgam of molasses and sawdust and advertise it as the only nutritious food, good alike for brain, brawn, cuticle and hair, he could make a fortune in a month or two.

So he called in an advertising man, and put him on a princely salary at once an said:

"Go ahead. Advertise Sord Ust in any way you like as long as you get the people's attention.

"Now, the advertising man was a genius and he said to himself: "If I advertise this thing a little in every paper people will only think a little of it, but if I bend all my energies on one paper and that a very important one, and advertise it there uniquely for a month or so, the very oddity of the thing will attract attention."

He went to the office of the Daily Howler and said:

"I want to buy every page in your paper for advertising purposes."

And the business manager told him it couldn't be done.

So the advertising man showed him what a large check he could write, and then the business manager said it was possible, and the next day Mr. Man had every page in the Daily Howler. There was not a murder, not a bit of editorial speculation, not a thing of any sort in the paper, except the name and the date and the subscription price.

And of course there was no advertisement. And that piqued curiosity.

Well, this thing happened next day and the next, and then on the editorial page was printed in very small letters,

TRY SORD UST.

Now you may well believe that subscribers began to rush in, for here was a paper that could be introduced into the most bigoted home in the land. There were no tiresome politics in it; no dreadful murders; nothing but Sord Ust.

Every one said it was the cleanest paper that had ever been issued, and more and more people subscribed to it. It got to be quite a fad. To be sure, the subscribers did not know what was going on in the world except by hearsay, but they had that much more time for other things, and they were, consequently, far happier and, reading about no murders or steamship wrecks of presidential possibilities, they finally came to the conclusion that the millennium was at hand.

But, of course, the thing that made the most impression on them was this Sord Ust. They began to inquire for it in the stores and they found that no one kept it. No one had ever heard of it. It was impossible to buy a box of it anywhere because the clever advertising man had given order to his employer to refuse to sell it for at least six months.

People did not even know whether it was a new kind of soap or a breakfast food or the latest thing in stove polish.

What was the result? Why, people were mad to get it. They would have it. The very idea that in a free country they were not allowed to buy anything they wanted! Was this Maine with a prohibitive law on something the people really wanted?

And all this time the editor of the Daily Howler kept on increasing his edition, and all the time Mr. Wise went on buying sawdust and cheap molasses until he had a whole county in Northern New York heaped high with it and five large mills hard at work compressing it into cakes.

And at last; seemingly on account of the pressure of public opinion, but really because the advertising man said it was high time, Mr. Wise put an advertisement on the first page of the Daily Howler to the effect that Sord Ust was a breakfast food, and that all you need do to it was to pour a little hot milk on it, and if your grocer wouldn't get it for you change your grocer at once!

Was it a success?

Well, I guess.

Why, they had one long freight train stretching from the mills to New York, moving all the time on a special track; and as fast as a car was unloaded at the Manhattan end a car was filled at the other end.

Motive power? Electricity, of course.

And the man became a millionaire ten times over before the year was up and before the Sord Ust had kicked up any racket in the insides of the populace.

And now the advertising man began to advertise in all the papers, and the Daily Howler came before its millions of subscribers with murders and editorials once more, and they, after their long fast, were only too glad to learn that the world was not as good as they had suspected, and the Daily Howler was a bigger success than ever.

But the editor had got the tip, and he didn't use Sord Ust on his home menu.

And he's alive yet.

"Showed him what a large check he could write."