

can't get that, and you can't get any more than I have by procuring my arrest; so take your choice. I don't want to have trouble with you, but I won't go out penniless and spend the night in the street, and if you send for a policeman, I will make you all the trouble I can, and I promise you it will not be a little.

Mynheer Shrumpt, conscious that he was on rather delicate ground, and remembering that he was already in bad odour with the police authorities, assumed a great show of generosity.

"I will not be tough," he said, "ven a man's boor, and does all vat he can; I knows my rights, and I stands up for him, but ven I gets him den I be like von little lamb. I vill leave you tree quarter dollar, and you bays de rest vat you have, and ve says nothing more 'bout him."

"You are right—the least said the better about this transaction. I've been a fool, and you are a knave, and that is all there is to say. Here are seventy-five cents, which I keep and there are four dollars, which is all I have—every cent. Now unlock your door and let me out."

"I think you has more."

"You can search my pockets if you wish. If you do, I call upon these men present to witness the act; for, as I have said, if you go beyond a certain point, I will make you trouble, and justly, too."

"Nah, nah I vat for I do so mean a ting? You but your hand in my bocket ven you takes my dinners, my lagers, and my brandies; but I no do vat no shentlemens does. You can go, and ven you brings de full moneys for zwei weeks' bort I gives you receipt for him."

Haldane vouchsafed no reply, but hastened away, as a fly would escape from a spider's web. The episode, intensely disagreeable as it was, had the good effect of arousing him out of the paralysis of his deep despondency. Besides, he could not help congratulating himself that he had avoided another arrest, and all the wretched experience which must have followed.

He concluded that there was no other resource for him that night save "No. 13," the lodging-house in the side street where "no questions were asked," and, having stolen into another obscure restaurant, he obtained such a supper as could be had for twenty-five cents. He then sought his former miserable refuge, and as he could not pay extra for a private room on this occasion—for he must keep a little money for his breakfast—there was nothing for him, therefore, but to obtain what rest he could in a large, stifling room, half filled with miserable waifs like himself. He managed to get a bed near a window, which he raised slightly, and fatigue soon brought oblivion.

(To be continued.)

A RICH MAN ON RICHES.

The following story, says the "Wayside," is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars:

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "You are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment, "why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All that I get out of it is my victuals and clothes and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rental they bring you!"

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man.

"I can only live in one house at a time; and as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat or wear it, I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain—cannot procure me power to keep afar off the power of death; and then what will avail, when, in a few years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIAN EXILE.

Of the treatment of political exiles in Siberia I have before me a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robert Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia with an official investigation. He had been to Tobolsk; after which he had to make a long weary journey in a wretched car, until a high mountain rose before him. In its torn and craggy flank the mountain shewed a colossal opening similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapours which almost took away his breath ascended from it.

Pressing his handkerchief upon his mouth, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, where he found a large watch-house, with a picket of Cossacks. Having shown his papers, he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark and narrow corridor, which judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold. After a walk of ten minutes through dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable. "We are in the mine!" said the guide, pointing with a significant gesture to the high iron cross-bars which closed the cavern before them.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil lamp, the visitor asked: "Where are we?"—"In the sleeping-room of the condemned! Formerly it was a productive gallery of the mine; now it serves as a shelter."

The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by neither sun nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose, from the day's work. Over each cell a cramp iron was fixed, wherewith to lock up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door, no window anywhere.

Conducted through another passage, where a few lanterns were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a vault which was partly lit. This was the mine. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw hundreds of wretched figures, with shaggy beards, sickly faces, reddened eyelids, clad in tatters, some of them barefoot, others in sandals, fettered with heavy foot-chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they slyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the tatters of the convicts were thoroughly wet. One of them, a tall man of suffering mein, laboured hard with gasping breath, but the strokes of his pickaxe were not heavy and firm enough to loosen the rock.

"Why are you here?" Mr. Lemke asked.

The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work.

"It is forbidden to the prisoners," said the inspector, "to speak of the cause of their banishment."

Entombed alive; forbidden to say why!

"But who is the convict?" Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice.

"It is number 114!" the guide replied laconically.

"Thus I see," answered the visitor; "but what are the man's antecedents? To what family does he belong?"

"He is a count," replied the guide; "a well-known conspirator. More, I regret to say, I cannot tell you about 114!"

The visitor felt as if he were stifled in the gravelike atmosphere—as if his chest were pressed in by a demoniacal nightmare. He hastily asked his guide to return with him to the upper world. Meeting there the commander of the military establishment, he was obligingly asked by that officer:

"Well, what impression did our penal establishment make upon you?"

Mr. Lemke stiffly bowing in silence, the officer seemed to take this as a kind of satisfied assent, and went on:

"Very industrious people, the men below, are they not?"

"But with what feelings," Mr. Lemke answered, "must these unfortunates look forward to a day of rest after the week's toil?"

"Rest!" said the officer; "convicts must always labour. There is no rest for them. They are condemned to perpetual forced labour; and he who once enters the mine never leaves it!"

"But this is barbarous!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The exiled work daily for twelve hours; on Sundays, too. They must never pause. But no; I am mistaken. Twice a year, though, rest is permitted to them—at Easter time and on the birthday of his majesty the Emperor."—*Karl Blind in the Contemporary Review.*

BE CIVIL TO CHILDREN.

There is not care enough taken on the part of many parents and teachers to be civil to children. Children are taught—or have been, or ought to be—to be respectful to their parents and older people; but the converse obligation is not often enough insisted on or practised. There is no reason in this. If there be more in older persons to call forth respect, which may not always be true, there is also with them, or ought to be, more capacity for shewing respect, more knowledge, and judgment and practice in courtesy. They are thus looked upon, with propriety, by the children themselves as models in this particular. The pattern is often a poor one. There are teachers in our schools who have yet much to learn in this matter. They will find themselves repaid, they may be sure, in many ways, apart from the public benefit, if they will be civil to their scholars, after the most genuine fashion, and with most scrupulous care.

We joy in the radiant season,

The time that we love the best,

When the sea's calm flow, and the sunset glow,

Are bringing the needed rest.

O! sweet is the Autumn golden,

And glad is the early morn;

And soft is the light that falls at night

Upon the whispering corn.

For all the world sings happy lays,

And our hearts are stirred to songs of praise,

And God comes near in these holy days.

For our Heavenly Father knoweth

We have need of all these things.

HALF the intellectual failures of the present day come from a lack of definite aim and an unflinching devotion to some special pursuit. When so many interesting fields of inquiry are open, it requires a Roman fortitude of mind to purposely give up all save one or two. But this is precisely what a man must do if he means to make his power tell in the world. To concentrate is to master something eventually, while to diffuse one's time and energy is to acquire a great mass of imperfect knowledge, and to hold superficially a multitude of disconnected facts. There is not a part of the human body, or a branch of any science, upon which one could not spend a lifetime of work, and yet leave much untouched.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A ROME despatch says there is great distress among the poor classes.

ADVICES from Capetown state Chief Secocoeni's stronghold was attacked from four sides. The resistance was less determined than was expected.

TWO rival pastors led two factions which fought a battle and were quelled by the police in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE S. Petersburg "Gazette" says the Afghan revolt is due to the cruelty of the English victors. It charges Roberts with gross cruelty towards the Afghans.

THE Spanish Minister of the Colonies stated lately that all the Ministers had agreed to uphold the Slavery Abolition bill, which will be immediately presented.

THE German Federal Council has adopted by a considerable majority a bill fixing the legislative period of the Reichstag at four years, and providing that Budgets be presented every two years.

THE Armenian patriarchate has been informed that there is famine in the province of Van, Armenia. The patriarchate has ordered subscription lists to be opened, and requested the Porte to distribute wheat.

IT is said the unexpended balance of the fund raised in 1848 by Greeley, O'Connor, Emmet and others for the Irish sufferers, is to be handed over to relieve the present distress in Ireland. With the interest it reaches \$50,000.

MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS & Co., the bankers, of London, have ordered a \$1,000 bell for a church in Portland, Me., "as an expression of friendly business relations during many years with the citizens of Portland."

DAN. RICE, the circus man, announces that he has been converted, and will at once enter the field as an evangelist. He has had an interview with Mr. Moody, and will probably begin his new career by speaking at Moody's meetings.

IT is said the Catholic clergy have refused the Government's concession allowing them to supervise religious instruction in schools. They claim that they themselves should actually give instruction as before the enactment of the Falk laws.

SPECIALS from Madrid agree that the Ministry of Del Castillo is becoming more unpopular daily. Campos, who heretofore favoured conciliation, is now openly hostile to the Government in consequence of the dismissal of generals who had previously withdrawn their resignations at his request.

NORDENSKJOLD, the Arctic explorer, advocates the establishment of a regular navigation line to the mouth of the River Jemisei, Siberia. He believes the mouth of the River Lena may be regularly reached from Russia and America. He proposes the establishment of lifeboat and hospital stations on the Siberian shore.

THE number of words transmitted in connection with the Gladstone meetings from Edinburgh during the week up to Friday was as follows: On Monday, 75,149 words; on Tuesday, 209,970 words; on Wednesday, 176,941 words; on Thursday, 183,622 words; and on Friday, 26,000; or, for the five days, a total of 673,682 words.

THE Attorney-General has granted his fiat for a certificate of error in the case of the Tichborne claimant, on the ground that matters have been put before him justifying a discussion of the point whether the two sentences of seven years' penal servitude, one of which has just expired, should not have been concurrent, instead of successive.

AN accidental explosion of blasting material occurred in the Wilhelmsgluck salt mine at Schwabischhall, Wurtemberg. Twelve miners were killed and six injured fatally. The miners, in a panic, endeavoured to open the door outwards instead of inwards, thus preventing aid from reaching them before they had fallen unconscious from the effect of the fumes.

C. S. WARD, late President of the Hartford, Conn., Gas Company, who died last week, bequeathed \$5,000 each to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, American Home Missionary Society, Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The rest of the estate, upwards of \$300,000, goes to his family.

A THIEVES' supper is one of the novelties of London. In a mission hall near Drury lane the habitual criminal has found friends, who, on his discharge, invite him to a festival. This is the principle, and last year 537 thus had a welcoming hand held out to them on emerging from prison. Money has been given to some. All were entertained and lectured on the principle that honesty is the best policy.

THE Chicago "Standard" gives this example of the workings of the English postal system: A friend, travelling abroad, wrote a postal card to us at London, and committed it, without addressing it, to a post-office box. Upon the card he said: "I am engaged to dine to-morrow with —, at —." With this clue, the carrier went the next day to the house where our friend was to dine, and obtained from him the address he had neglected to put upon the postal—which in due time we received. In this country that postal card would have gone into the Dead Letter Office.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL at Edinburgh, erected from the funds bequeathed for the purpose by the Misses Walker, was consecrated a short time ago by the Bishop of Edinburgh. About 200 English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh clergy were present, besides the Bishops of Down, Oxford, Peterborough, Bangor, Durham, Madagascar and all the Scotch bishops. The cost of the edifice has been \$600,000. It was erected from a design by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and is cruciform in shape with a tower and spire over the transept, about 300 feet high. At the western corners the bases of two lower towers have been built with a view to the erection of the towers themselves at a future time.