What Saved Her.

Just a little frozen pond—
Call it river like.
Just a little maiden,
'Fraid the ice will break.
Just a little pair of skates
Strapped to dainty feet.
Maiden very timid,
Stylish, though, and sweet.
Just a little pebble,
Frozen in the ice;
Maiden skating backwards,
Thinks she's doing nice.
Skates they strike the pebble,
Shrieks they rend the air,
Likewise maiden clutches
It in medal-spair.
Everybody rushes,
Thinking maiden dead,
Or that she has surely
Cracked her stately head.
All their fears are groundless,
Such was not her lot,
For the pretty little maid
Wore a Psyche knot.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

He did not enter the studio, he only stood upon the threshold for an instant, exclaiming:—

"What! Coat and hat on already, and not yet 11 o'clock? That is good. I am glad that you are going early, Anthony, for Prof. Scarlatti is growing anxious about you. He tells me that you are running down from overwork. Possibly you have some important engagement that you are keeping; but if not, I should be glad to have you drive with me for a half hour down the river. It is a glorious day, and the horses are at the door. Can you?"

"Prof. Scarlatti is an ass!" I replied, finding it necessary to vent my wrath upon some one. "Nevertheless, I shall be very glad to drive with you. I will come at once." Turning to Leonora, I simply ventured to say: "I shall expect you to-morrow, at nine, as usual."

Then, leaving the palette and brushes for her to clean, I went out without venturing to look back. I was angry with my father for calling me away, although, as ever, I was surely going of my own free will; while my very anger and reluctance hastened my footsteps as I turned and followed him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

My astonishment, that from his position on the threshold of the studio, he should have noticed the change at all, prevented my speaking for a moment, and when I would have acknowledged my indebtness to his criticism, he continued:

"I have been wondering—it would be a new sensation and would startle the world a little, but then the world needs startling, it is growing so languid and and drowsy of late—how would it strike you, the idea of preparing companion pieces of the size of the one which you have just completed? Call them, for instance, The Night and The Morning. The one which you have, with very slight changes in the color tints and a touch of sadness in expression, would make a remarkably beautiful Night, while I should judge from the little sketch which you made me upon the Rhine (I was looking at it yesterday) that Mina's face would be wonderfully expressive of the light, and the truth and the beauty of Morning. It may not please you, you know, and there is surely no necessity; but it will do no harm to think it over for a day or two before you pledge yourself to give this work at once to the public. I am sure that it would enhance the beauty and the value of both to prepare such a companion piece. Call that The Morning and this The Night."

For the first time in my life I understood not only my father's words, but what he meant by them. Like the song of the Lorelei, they echoed in my heart: "Call that The Morning and call this The Night." Considering my practical stupidity in the past, it must have surprised my father when, for once, I answered directly to his thought, "She is not coming again to the studio."

"You have discharged Leonora?" he asked, looking into my eyes for an instant.

"No, I did not discharge her," I replied; "but she told me this morning that she would never come again."

"Was she looking for more money or—something?" he said more to himself than to me.

"I am sure it was not money," I replied, "for I offered her more to stay, and it only made her so angry that she threw her purse, with all that I had paid her in it, at my feet, and refused to touch it. I urged her to remain, but she declared that she would not come again, even for a single day."

I said this much, simply to clear Leonora from what I considered an unjust suspicion. The day before I should not have hesitated a moment to tell my father all, and even then I should have wondered had I noticed a frown upon his forehead, but to-day I could not tell him, for I began to realize that it might wound him to feel that he had done it. I had become so used to his caring for me that I constantly expected it; but it was a new sensation, to care for him; and this is why I think that I had begun to love him. He turned about and looked at me searchingly for a moment, when, suddenly comprehending even the look, I exclaimed indignantly:—

"Father, are you thinking that I——"

"Thank you, Anthony," he said, interrupting me and speaking more earnestly than I had ever heard him speak before. "Whatever I was thinking, I think it no more." Then after a moment's pause, he added: "She must have been behind the screen yesterday when I looked at your painting."

"She was there, father," I replied, reluctantly, and eagerly added: "I am glad that she was there. Everything is as it should be."

For a long time we rode on in silence. Had I known the tenor of his thoughts I might better have comprehended the meaning of his next expression, spoken more to himself than to me. As it was, I only realized that in an undertone he repeated that old watchword: "It is woe to the world because of our offences, though it must needs be that offences come. But woe upon him by whom the offences comes."

CHAPTER IX.

PROMPTINGS.

The breakfast table the next morning was set for only one, and as I entered, the servant handed me a letter, with the astounding information that my father had left Florence the night before on the express for the North.

With trembling hand I broke the seal, and a foreboding premonition warned me to send the servant from the room before I opened the letter and read:—

"MY DEAR BOY:

"It is possible, I am afraid even probable, that you are impelled to rely too much upon my opinions. It is very much against my own wishes that you have grown into the theory that everything is as it should be because it is as I would have it. The time will come when you will discover that this is not a safe criterion, and I fear that then you will be justly tempted to reproach me. If I aid you to make this discovery, before my wishes have led you into any permanent injury, I may, thereby, escape a reproachful thought, and merit instead that which I most long for and have most sought for, your confidence.

"I am about to indulge a life-long desire to visit America and the far east. Were you with me, I should myself be infinitely happier; but I am conscious that only in being left to yourself will you discover and be able to utilize the independence of freedom; therefore, I leave you abruptly. It is the only way that I can accomplish the end in view. I leave you, most earnestly desiring that in every action you be your own criterion and follow your individual promptings implicitly. Feel that you are under no authority, for I give you my most solemn pledge that I will endorse, without when I return.

"Draw upon my bankers as you will. They have instructions that whatever I have is absolutely at your disposal.

"Concerning our conversation this afternoon, I need not tell you, I believe, that I had no intention or desire to be overheard when I was in your studio; yet possibly I do not regret it; for if something had not opened her eyes or yours you might have followed a path which I followed, in the same ignorance and in the end neither you nor I could have avoided the impression that I was somewhat responsible for what ever came of it. This responsibility and result I can dread as you cannot now, knowing as I do the unutterable misery which your mother suffered, and the hell whose fires that suffering lighted in my life. I painted my morning first and let it go from me; and all my life, since then, I have been working upon my night. So far, the work which you have will make a better night than morning, and I thank heaven that I speak while you have it yet in your control. What then? For you—God grant it! Out of the night, then the morning. You cannot do better."

I crushed the letter in my trembling hand, lit it in the blaze of a spirit lamp burning under my coffee urn, laid it upon my unused breakfast plate and silently watched it until the last atom was devoured.

The phoenix which rose from those ashes, to live and haunt me, to enter my bedroom at night, to sit beside me at the table, to walk with me noiselessly through the streets, to hold my palette unasked at the easel, was the spirit of that last refrain: "Out of the night, then the morning. You cannot do better." It had followed me from the Lorelei to Florence; it followed me from Florence to the Lorelei.

A half hour later, as I mechanically entered my studio, the keeper of the building gave me Leonora's duplicate key. I took it without comment, and, entering, locked the door behind me. I was alone, and very much needed to be alone.

Until ten years before, my only conscious wish had been to please Mina. Through the ten years my father's thoughts and footsteps had been inexorable law. I had never in my life discovered an occasion for considering the wisdom of anything. I had never had any reason to ask myself: "Shall I do this?" I had never found an opportunity requiring me to say: "I will not do that." No one had ever said to me: "You must," or, doubtless, like other boys, I should have found a will and a way of my own, in direct opposition, and acted upon many a conscious prompting of combative volition. As it was, however, at four-and-twenty, having mastered more than an ordinary university demands of the non-professional, and having gained a point in art that was far beyond my years, I was guiltless of ever having acted upon an original idea or an independent thought.

That is what was left alone in Florence, bidden to follow its individual promptings implicitly. Never, I think, was mortal so completely fettered by emancipation as he who sat in my studio that morning, trying to realize that for the first time in his life he was absolutely free. Promptings? What were they? He looked vacantly about the studio and his eyes fell upon the "Sunrise." Ah! there was one wish of his father's left him, after all, and he grasped it as though it were a treasure he had sought for ages. Arming himself with large portions of brown and blue, two colors which had hardly found a possibility for themselves in the entire composition, he began to work upon the painting with almost the energy of despair. Hour after hour he bent over the canvas, in fiendish glee, that, for one day, at least, he was defying the fate that would drive him to his own, individual promptings.

The roseate hues faded before his touch to sombre grey. The fleecy mists forgot their snowy lustre, and threatened storm. The smile upon the lips departed before a sentiment as sad as though a sigh had just escaped them. The eyes—ah! they were happy, laughing eyes—he touched them. Joy vanished and they shone instead with tears.

I started back from the canvas in terror. The figure before me was Leonora still, but it was Leonora as I had seen her the day before, when I suddenly looked up to find her weeping. It was Leonora as she posed for me yesterday, the model for my work to-day. Stepping back, I examined the result more carefully. Yes, it was "Night" in every feature and sentiment, and involuntarily I exclaimed: "What an improvement! Who could have believed how intensely the darkened clouds and deeper shadows would bring out the grace and beauty of the form half hidden, half disclosed by them. Wondering, I asked myself how my father could have seen so accurately that "a little change in the color-tints" would make of the "Sunrise" a "Night" so much more beautiful. And thus I came again to the old conclusion: it was my father's work, not mine; his verdict, ever so bitter, ever so true, that I could do better. I had dreaded his criticism when it was my daily bread, and now as intensely I longed for it, the moment there was no hope of his coming in to say: "In this light, in that line, Anthony, I think that you can do better."

As I stood before the painting, I could see point after point where his suggestion had made it what it was. But beyond that, there was nothing; nothing but Leonora and her tears. Then my eyes fell from the painting and rested, by chance, upon the little purse, lying where Leonora had thrown it. I had vaguely hoped that she would not be too proud to take it with her when she went; though I knew very well that she would leave it there, and, as I picked it up and held it in my hand, I almost felt that I had robbed her. Gently I caressed it, as though the kindness of the touch might in some way atone for my rudeness. Why should I not have regretted being rude to Leonora? Who could have offended her without regretting it? She was poor while I was rich. Once I had been poor, and I had not forgotten the bitterness of rudeness and the blessing of kindness from the rich. At least I could return the money to her, and that I would do. She might not wish to take it from me personally, but I could easily send it by a police messenger, and turned at once to the door, intent upon following this first individual prompting.

Oh, the fateful sarcasm of those infinitesimal nothings which delay one for a moment, when he who hesitates is lost! At the door I paused just long enough for a parting glance at the memento, attracted for the instant by the delicate aroma pervading the air about everything pertaining to Leonora. This was the last time that I should ever touch anything that was hers, and, as I looked at it with a curious suggestion of pain at the thought of parting, I wished that I might keep it. Leonora had been so kind, so gentle, so patient, I could never forget her, and just for old associations' sake how pleasant it would be to have some little token—only a silk embroidered purse—to remind me of the weeks that had flown so swiftly while I was painting the "Sunrise." I shuddered! No! the "Night."

Opening the door, I went into the outer room; but my fingers closed rebelliously about the little purse, and again I paused. Was not this following my own individual promptings?

I held it up to the light; a delicate piece of needlework, done by her own hands, no doubt, for she had shown me several exquisite patterns of embroidery which she had executed with wonderful skill. That little purse would be a most precious souvenir to me, if I could but rid the memory of the thought of the rudeness through which I came by it. I turned about irresolutely. At least I was trying to follow my own promptings.

When I was angry, Leonora calmed me. When I was gloomy she cheered me. When my thoughts persistently hung among question, whatever you are and have been unpleasant fancies, she gently turned them back upon my work again. And she was so beautiful. Now she was gone and I should miss it all. Why had I not appreciated it when it was mine? If I should keep that little purse, would it not sometimes be almost like having Leonora back again? I slowly retraced my steps.

She did not like to be a model, and only consented because she was poor. Purses she could embroider without number, but money was what she needed. A happy thought came to me (or was it unhappy?) that I might double the amount of money which I sent to her and keep the purse; for an even exchange would be no robbery, and, withal, it might possible act in some measure as an atonement for my rudeness to her. With this thought I went resolutely to my desk, and upon the rosewood cover emptied and counted the contents of the purse. Every florin which I had paid her was there. I wondered that she had spent nothing of it all when she was so poor, and took some gold from my pocket, more than doubling the amount, thinking, perhaps, of the trembling hand which a hungry boy had extended, ten years before, toward the first piece of gold which had ever come within his reach. Then sitting down, with careful consideration I wrote:—

"SIGNORINA:

"I very greatly regret that I offended you, and more than you can realize I should appreciate your forgiveness. If you will be as generous in forgetting my unkindness as you were in aiding me about my work, you will take the enclosed as your due. It was worth much more than this to me simply to have you as the model for my painting; therefore, if you refuse it, it can only indicate that you are unforgiving and that you regret having come to my studio, which would be a punishment to me, more I think than I justly deserve."

I looked from the note to the empty purse and wondered if there were anything in it all that would cause my father to frown. Was not this following my individual promptings?

On leaving the studio I was surprised to find that the sun was setting over the Arno. It had hardly seemed an hour to me since the early morning, when I entered. Crude as the inspiration was, it was the strongest and most absorbing that day which had ever held me before the easel.

On reaching home I found one of my tutors waiting for me, but angrily I refused to see him. That, at least, was my own prompting. If I could not have my father with me I would sit, through the long evening with no other companion than my disconsolate self. At one time I even thought of following him. I looked over the table of train departures, but it was too late, and even though I could have found him, which, doubtless, would have been impossible, I realized that till I had followed his advice and after the night had produced the morning, I should be anything but proud to present myself before him, and utterly unworthy of the longed-for commendation: "You cannot do better." Suddenly, as the thought came to me, I sprang to my feet with an exclamation of delight. There was yet left me an expressed wish of my father's that was still unfollowed. How had I come to overlook so great a blessing? Upon the "Night" my brush and brain needed could do no more. When he returned, his eye would instantly discover faults that still lay hidden there, and I should see them and correct them. But for me, the "Night" was finished.

Finished? Was the night for me finished? Ah! how little I knew about anything. I thought that it was finished, and I eagerly said to myself: "After the night, then the morning. I cannot do better."

My father had very distinctly indicated that Mina's face should be the model for my "Morning," and that with my heart better than with my hand I should paint it, till in reality as in art she proved the light, the truth and the beauty of my day. Was it not so? Could I more deferentially have carried out his will? Could I more scrupulously have followed my own? Whether it was his will or my own that would be acting upon me I could not tell. It had always been so, and even in his absence it was so again. But I must see Mina's face before I painted it. That, at least, was necessary, and, forgetting that I was not perfect, I resolved to go at once to Mina. So far as I had any immediate promptings in the matter I followed them implicitly.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THEN—?

Very much as I left Boppard I went away from Florence, before daylight the next morning, without waiting to say farewell to any one.

It was a long but not a dreary journey, for there was too much that was new and too much of the first journey, to recall, for it to grow monotonous; and, in spite of my anxiety to see Mina, I stopped first at St. Goar, yielding to an irresistible desire to walk up the river a little way and stand again just over the Rhine from the Lorelei. The fascination amounted almost to terror as I sat upon the bank, reviewing that memorable day, and dreaming again the dream that had warned me to leave Boppard; with so much in it which at the time was incomprehensible, but now appeared so graphically prophetic.

In the rapid action of the years which had followed I had practically forgotten the dream, in its minute details, but now they returned to me as vividly as when I closed my eyes in the little attic chamber, and I was astonished to discover that that dream had presented an exact picture of my actual studio in Florence. It was as accurate as the image of the grim rock had been, and I shuddered, as when I first came upon the real Lorelei. I could not for one moment doubt that some spirit hand had dealt with me, that night; but what was the meaning of it all? It had brought me a message in that little attic chamber of unsophisticated ignorance. I had heard it then, but had not understood it. I realized its importance more emphatically to-day, but was still as ignorant as before. Alas! "They have eyes, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not." I knew that with prophetic power a voice had spoken to me. I felt that it spoke as one having authority, and that the message which it brought me must be of portentous value; but I could not, at least I did not, understand it. I only comprehended the trivial portions which had already been fulfilled, and mutely realized that the warning, whatever it was, bore upon something still in the future, beyond the brow of the cliff, where, from a hight to which I could not attain, I still seemed to see my Mina looking down and singing:—

(To be Continued).

TO BRIGHTEN AN EVENING.

How to Amuse a Company and Teach a Sterling Lesson.

Can you stand seven corks upright in water Not unless you know how. This is the way to do it: All that is necessary is a basin or tub of water and seven corks. Stand one of the corks upright on the table, arrange the other six close about it, also in an upright position, grasp the combination in one hand and plunge it into the water in the tub, so as to completely saturate the corks; then raise them partly out of the water and let go your hold. The water which has penetrated between the corks by capillarity will hold them close together, and though separately each cork has an unstable equilibrium, the combination obtained in this way will keep them steady—the width of our improvised raft being more than the height of one cork.

This experiment, which demonstrates the cohesion produced by the capillary phenomena, also proves to us the truth of the old adage: "In union is strength."—*Boston Globe.*

Sorely Puzzled.

Twenty-five years ago a boy living in a New England village was sent for a pint of milk.

He hid
The can
Beneath
A stone,
Directed
His course
To the
Nearest wharf,
Shipped as
A cabin boy,
And went to sea.

Years passed by. In a far-away and foreign country he lived, and by well-directed energy amassed vast wealth.

The other day he returned.

He stood again in his native village.

He found the can where he had hid it.

He procured a pint of milk.

He went to his old familiar boyhood's home, entered, and in a hesitating and trembling voice said:

"Father and mother, here's your milk."

He was given a warm welcome but he noticed there was a change in his parents' appearance; they had not the old familiar look.

He questioned them; explanations followed:

Shortly after his sudden and mysterious departure from home his father died, and his mother married again. Then his mother died, and his new father married again.

Thus on his return the wandering boy found the dear old home as he had left it, the only difference being that he had a new father and a new mother.

Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—*Old Colony (Mass.) Gazette.*

Woman's Way.

Buffalo *News*: "Take my seat, madame," said a gentleman to one of two ladies who entered the tram car.

"Thanks. Now, Ethel, dear, there is a seat. Sit down."

"Indeed, I shan't, Clara. Take the seat yourself. I prefer to stand."

"Now, dear, you know you're almost tired to death. Sit down."

"And let you stand? Well, I think I see myself! Besides, I'm going to pay the fares."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am."

"It's my turn. Sit down and let me do it."

(Enter third lady, who takes the vacant seat.

Resurrected by Hot Water.

A woman who is a passionate lover of flowers, and, being city bred, regards them as a luxury, says that after wearing roses an entire evening she is enabled to bring them to life again by a hot-water bath. When she finds that from any cause whatever the blossoms droop and threaten an early death she clips the stems, and, by letting the stalks rest for a while in steaming water, finds every leaf revive and freshen under the process.—*Illustrated American.*

His Last Skate.

Yonkers *Statesman*: "Are you going to skate any more to-day, Clarence?"

"No; I'm through!" were the last words from Clarence, as he disappeared in an air-hole.

The Connecticut wheelmen have adopted a novel plan of arousing public sentiment as to the condition of the roads. They are collecting photographs of the worst patches of road that can be discovered and of vehicles damaged by passing over rough places.

The rumors circulated in regard to Mr. Gladstone's state of health are not founded on fact, as he is enjoying good health for a man of his age.

After a long struggle the South Dakota Legislature has elected James H. Kyle as Senator by a combination of Independent and Democratic votes.

A TORONTO MAN'S DEGRADATION.

A Wealthy Man's Fall From Affluence and Grace.

PAINFUL SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.

Ten years ago James Paterson was the principal in the well-known millinery firm of Thos. May & Co., who owned large establishments in Montreal and Toronto; he owned a princely mansion in the most aristocratic part of the city, and occupied a high social position. He was the father of a clever family, and was possessed of a wife of education and refinement; those who were most intimate with him looked upon him as one of Toronto's most prosperous citizens, possessing wealth to the extent of over $100,000, and his liberality is well known and remembered in Methodist circles. He filled the position of recording steward of the Metropolitan Church, had a high reputation as a man of integrity and sobriety, and when money was wanted he did not hesitate about giving $5,000 to the building fund of the Metropolitan Church.

Yesterday he appeared at the Police Court, an acknowledged bankrupt, to show cause why his wife should not be granted an order of protection against him, and during the trial he was charged with abusing and threatening his wife; with abusing, threatening and threatening his grown up family; with drunkenness, and with refusing to provide the family with the common necessaries of life. The scene during the trial was a most painful one, especially to those who had known the defendant in his prosperous days, and must have been more than painful when the parted husband and wife met in court, the one as a defendant, who acted as his own counsel, the other as a nervous, trembling witness. The husband cross-examined his wife, and on more than one occasion flatly contradicted her sworn statements, although he afterwards was unable to disprove any one part of her evidence; he cross-examined his young daughter and almost forced her to say that he had hit her in the face, had abused and threatened her, and had also abused and beaten his boy; that she had seen him under the influence of liquor, and that while in this condition he was almost uncontrollable. Not satisfied, the defendant called Staff Inspector Archabold, who swore that on the occasion a couple of years ago when defendant charged Mr. George Kerr with having assaulted him, defendant called at police headquarters under the influence of liquor and the inspector gave him the option of going home or going to jail.

For the defence, Mr. W. H. Orr, insurance agent, was called, but he only strengthened the position of the complainant. Mr. Paterson asked for an adjournment to secure Mr. Edward Gurney as a witness, but as that gentleman is at present in the United States, the application was not entertained. Defendant claimed that he had spent $90,000 on his family, and that he now had a right to enjoy some of the earnings of the children.

The Magistrate granted the order of protection, which entitles Mrs. Paterson to live apart from her husband, and to enjoy the earnings of herself and children.—*Mail.*

JAPANESE CURIOS.

The Large Collection of Gifts Received by Miss Helen Gregory, of this City.

The many friends made by Miss Helen Gregory, of this city, while sojourning in Japan, hearing of her approaching marriage to Mr. F. C. Fisher, of Santa Clara, California, showed their appreciation of her many graces by a collection of gifts such as has rarely been brought to this country by any one person. Among the gifts are: A charcoal brazier and kettle, "Mynoshea" tray, handsomely carved; "Ozaya" vase, with the Imperial crest; a Japanese cabinet, a bronze censer, 300 years old, from a Buddhist temple; also one from a Shinto temple; a large cistern vase; a dozen and a half of saki cups; three 5 o'clock tea sets, and one set of "kanga" ware; several hand-painted scrolls on very fine silk; handsomely carved "Mynoshita" bowl; a large satin cover, magnificently embroidered in solid gold, with leaves and foliage; carved bamboo vases, ladies' and gentlemen's smoking pipes; several china tea, models of lanterns presented to the temple by Tokugawa family; blue silk crepe cap, a quantity of Japanese silk embroidery, Japanese "geta" or shoes, white and red "kaka" silks, several monkey skins, carved canes from Bonin Islands and from Kobe, gold brocade carved cases, Japanese flutes, silver fans from "Kyoto," fancy Kimono cloths and massage balls.

In the collection there is also a large cabinet of carved and inlaid woods from Mynoshita, several Japanese dolls, also a number of gold and silver coins, shell hair pins from Nakasaga, several small camphor wood cabinets, Japanese hats, books, models of household furniture, gold lacquer boxes and many other curiosities. The majority of these were the gifts of members of the various foreign embassies in Japan, from the officers of the British Legation and high officials in the Japanese Government. Miss Gregory also brought home with her over 500 photographic views of various places in Japan.

TEN THOUSAND WOMEN.

They Are to Meet in Washington on Washington's Birthday.

Ten thousand women will meet in Washington on Sunday and Monday next. These 10,000 delegates will represent more than 700,000 women—members of clubs, societies and unions in the forty-four States of America. Letters have been passing to and fro between the active spirits for many months, and there is likelihood that next week's Congress of Women at Washington will be the greatest assemblage of the kind on this continent, or in any other part of the world.

It is not one cause that is to be represented, but many. Suffrage associations, temperance unions, religious orders, educational clubs, will meet on a common level, the members all moved by the same interests and working for the same end. Everybody will have an opportunity to say something, which is a pleasant feature of the occasion in itself, and almost every subject of interest to advanced women will be touched upon. The Convention is a direct outgrowth of the International Council held at Washington in 1888, when the women of seven countries came together for discussion. The basis of the principle was then defined as "unity for the general good of women and through them of all humanity." The work of organization has since been carried on with energy and enthusiasm which speaks volumes for the future success of the council. Miss Frances Willard, who calls herself "the little old maid," will preside at all the meetings.

When the Rabbit Humps Himself.

The rabbit cannot climb the outside of a tree, but he can climb up the inside of a hollow tree, provided the hollow is not too great in diameter. The thing is done by "humping" his back, and with his back against one side and his feet on the other side he works his way up.

What Toys Teach.

Let toys be simple, strong and durable, that the child may not gain habits of reckless extravagance and destruction, such as flimsy toys always engender. Remember, a few good toys, like a few good books, are far better than many poor toys.

Dinner for the Freaks.

A New York club recently gave a dinner to all the principal freaks in the dime museums. Living skeletons, fat women, turtle boys, contortionists, magnetic women, Chinese giants, calf headed boys, three armed and four legged [illegible] and danced with their hosts until a very late hour.

Electorial.

The Crimson: "Did the fishman have frogs' legs, Bridget?"

"Sure I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

Court Dress in Berlin.

The new court dress to be worn in Berlin consists of a light blue coat with gold trimmings and elaborate silver embroidery. This garment will be worn hereafter by all members of the high aristocracy holding hereditary court offices.

Mrs Langtry is about to withdraw her "Antony and Cleopatra," which has been a losing speculation and will appear in Rose Coghlan's new play, "Lady Barter."

The recent trials of the Zalinski gun at Shoeburyness were conducted with much secrecy by the War Office. The Zalinski agent has gone back to the States under the impression that he has been badly treated, as his effort to get the result of the trials was unsuccessful. It is understood they are not favorable.

ONE OF THE ARMY'S [illegible]

The Evangelistic Work of the Daughter of Chief Justice Galt.

Miss Galt, daughter of Chief Justice Galt, of Toronto, and niece of Sir A. T. Galt, of Montreal, is a lieutenant of the Salvation Army. [illegible]

"You play the tambourine?" asked the reporter, pointing to a specimen of that instrument hanging at the back of the door.

"We have Scripture for that," she replied, and then she spoke of Miriam and her song of triumph. [illegible]

"I suppose you have no means to minister to the bodily wants of the needy?"

"Oh, no. Indeed, sometimes we are not quite sure of our own maintenance. But what about that, compared to the joy of being instrumental in saving souls? I would rather see souls saved than enjoy creature comforts."—*Montreal Witness.*

Hints for Maintaining Health.

When the health is fairly good, and there is no special strain to be put upon the system the normal appetite may be trusted to indicate the kind and quantity of food necessary to maintain that condition. Naturally the appetite varies with the changing seasons, and unless it indicate an unreasonable extreme of indulgence or abstinence, no attention need be paid to any other monitor. Much harm is done by injudicious or meddlesome friends suggesting that a person is too stout or too thin, too pale or too ruddy, and serious disturbances of the system often follow the mischievous advice to take some bitters or pills, or refrain from fattening food or drink. Paying attention to any of these fads is like playing with fire. If you are ill enough to seem to warrant any radical change of diet or any application of medicine, consult your physician at once. Above all, avoid advertised quack medicines. To use the opinion of a successful dealer in them, whose bank balance is more liberal than his conscience, they are "made to sell." If you feel a little debilitated take the cocoa tonic; eat plenty of fresh ripe fruit and vegetables, especially oranges; drink lemonade; and when unusually fatigued, and just before retiring, drink a glass of milk as hot as can be taken in large sips. Walk reasonably, and sleep in pure air. If a few days of this sort of home treatment fail to bring up the body and mind to their proper tone, call in your doctor and follow his advice.—*Juliet Corson in Harper's Bazar.*

Scottish Military Changes.

On the 2nd inst. it was officially notified from the British War Office that the 13th Hussars, on leaving Edinburgh and Glasgow in the spring, will go to Ballincollig; and that the Cameron Highlanders, going from Edinburgh in June, will proceed to Bradford instead of to Ireland, as originally proposed. The battalion for Glasgow is the first Royal Scots Fusiliers, now at Dublin; and the orders for the 1st Royal Scots are that they will arrive at Edinburgh in June. The changes proposed for the Scottish line battalions in the spring are: 2nd Black Watch from Belfast to Limerick, and 1st Seaforth Highlanders, Dublin to Fermoy; the 2nd Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders are to go from Aldershot to India in the next Indian trooping season; the 2nd Royal Scots from Malta to India, and the 1st Gordon Highlanders from Ceylon to Mauritius and the Cape. It is probable that the Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards), between leaving Leeds and arriving at Edinburgh, will go to the Curragh for drill.

The Strong Man.

At the Auditorium, Toronto, yesterday afternoon, C. A. Sampson, who claims to be the strongest man on earth, gave a private entertainment which fairly astonished all present. Sampson is of medium height, and weighs 172 pounds. He measures 42 inches round the chest. Some of the feats of strength which he showed were extraordinary. Taking a strong steel chain in his hands, he easily breaks it link by link. One of the simplest of his exhibitions is the bending and breaking in two of a quarter or ten cent piece. Sampson puts a cable chain bracelet like around his biceps; he takes a long breath, he raises his forearm; the muscles begin to swell, and in less time than it takes to tell it, snap go the chains. A similar feat is performed by the development of the muscles of the chest. He stated yesterday that he is willing to compete against 14 of the strongest men in Toronto in a pull, and is ready to bet 10 to 1 that he will beat them.

A Rival to the Maltese Cat.

A rival to the Maltese cat is the Maltese dog, an irresistible bit of canine beauty which comes straight from the Paris kennels. His mistress, a Washington belle, who has just returned from abroad, considers him the most valuable prize she has secured during her wanderings. He has been dubbed Marquis, and is thoroughly French from the top of his comly white head to the tip of his snowy tail. Spoken to in French he becomes a most obedient dog, but his knowledge of English is at present very limited.

Novelties in Jewelry.

A silver bookmark is in the form of an oak leaf.

A plain but very neat looking garter buckle is in the form of a scallop shell.

A brooch is in the design of a tambourine, the head of which is embellished with a miniature.

Mourning brooches are made in the forms of pansies and violets, in black enamel.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

A Regular Snap.

Buffalo *News*: "What is Smith doing now?"

"He is travelling with a circus."

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?"

"No; he has nothing to do except to stick his head in the lion's mouth twice a day."

Out of Season.

Judge: Merritt—Did your sister get many valentines?

Little Johnnie—Oh, no. She is a Summer girl.

The charge is made by Liberals that a bag of mail matter shipped from the [illegible] newspaper office, the Icelandic journal in Winnipeg, to Gimli, Man., has been destroyed or detained by the post office officials. The paper strongly favored Mr. Taylor, the Liberal candidate, against [illegible] the Conservative.

J. H. Wood, of Birtle, Man., has gone to make inquiries regarding the great Wood legacy which is now awaiting a claimant. Mr. Wood thinks he may be one of the heirs.—*Chicago Canadian American.*

Mrs. Cleveland is said to [illegible] $1,000 a year.

THE GRAND TRUNK HEAD.

L. J. Seargeant, General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway.

[illegible]

Notes from Scotland.

As a result of General Booth's recent visit to Glasgow, fully £6,000 have been subscribed to the "Darkest England" scheme.

The number of emigrants who left the Clyde for places out of Europe during January was 691, of whom 660 came to the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Black, of Wellington Church, Glasgow, will, it is understood, be nominated for the moderatorship of the U. P. Synod this year.

The Countess of Aberdeen has been elected President of the Scottish Women's Benefit Society in the place of the late Countess of Rosebery, and the Hon. Lady Campbell of Blythswood, Vice-President.

Mr. John Wilson, M.P., at a temperance gathering in the City Temple, London, expressed his belief that if all Scotland were polled to-morrow three-fourths of its inhabitants would be in favor of prohibition.

It is proposed to endow 150 new parishes in Scotland, and for this purpose an effort is being made to raise from £150,000 to £200,000, one half to be contributed locally, and the other from the members of the Church at large.

The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is the Right Hon. John Inglis (Lord Glencorse), Lord Justice-General, aged 80; the youngest is [illegible], aged 46.

Marvellous Aluminum.

Eugene Corles and a few other gentlemen of this city have unique souvenirs, or pocket pieces. It is a coin about the size of a dollar, made of pure aluminum. To the eye it resembles in sheen and color a silver dollar, but take it up and it is as light as a paper. The coin is stamped with a picture of the Haymarket Theatre in Chicago, and bears suitable inscriptions. Mr. Corles says the imprint of the die can never be effaced by the corroding act of time. Bury an aluminum coin, and at the end of 10,000 years the inscription will be as plain as ever. He advocates the use of aluminum for coins in place of gold and silver. [illegible] The souvenirs were presented by Elijah Davis, a colored man, formerly of this city, but now part owner of the Haymarket Theatre.—*Lockport Union.*

Ladies' Secret Mail.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numerous attempts have been made to explain it. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the Government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news.

The Air Was Numerous.

Chicago *Times*: "How did you enjoy the opera last night?" asked Hojack.

"Not very well," replied Tomdik. "The people in the next box [illegible]"

"They talked, did they?"

"No, but they put on more airs than the orchestra played."

The Price of Clothes.

An ingenious Briton has made a calculation that for the price of three suits of clothes in New York the American can buy a first-class return ticket between New York and Liverpool, have his three suits made by a good London tailor, [illegible]

The Gay Season in the South.

A charming gem party is to be given the last of the month by a prominent society belle. Quite an attractive time is expected.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Rivermen think that unless more rain should fall the flood in the Ohio River is at its height. The river is falling, with 15 feet [illegible] in the channel. [illegible] The Mississippi at Memphis is [illegible] below the danger line, but it continues to rise steadily.

In some languages, notably the Japanese, there is no word for kiss.

Miss Nimbowker—[illegible]

According to the returns from the last census there are about 13,000 Canadians in Buffalo.

HOME FROM JAPAN.

[illegible]

Broken Brakemen.

[illegible]

Brakeman Sisner. "Struck by a bridge."

Brakeman Nelson. "Fell from a train."

[illegible]

Archbishop Dennison's Famous Toast.

[illegible]

A Chief Engineer.

Joe Banks, of Poplar Creek, North Carolina, [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SNOW.

[illegible]

HE DESERVED A PRIZE.

[illegible]

The Free Church Workers.

[illegible]

Jennie's Way Out.

[illegible]

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR: [illegible]

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

[illegible]