The Old-Time Circus.

I want ter see the old-time circus
The vans a-comin' inter town;
I want ter hear the band,
I want ter see the clown.

On Deacon Swayne's old pasture lot
I'd see 'em pitch their tents,
An' watch the sharpers fleece the jays
That came ter see the elephant.

I want ter see the old-time circus
With rings no more than one;
I want ter see the same old clown
So full of pranks and fun.

I want ter see that quaint old chap
With forty coats upon his back,
As used ter tumble inter the ring
And want ter ride around the track.

I want ter see the men in spangles,
Asflukin' thro' the air;
I want ter see that bighome little witch
As rode the spotted mare.

Oh, dashin' maid!
Oh, spotted mare!
My heart's a-flutter—
'Tis, I swear!)

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

"Yes," he said, "it is the hardest lot. Yet, my own, you told me to go out; and even if you asked me, which I know you never would do, I could not now turn my back."

"Of course not," she said, eagerly; "you will go on, and in the end right must win. Perhaps they will no longer care for each other, or perhaps—indeed, I try not to wish it exactly—Comerio might die, or——"

"Don't let us try to look on," said Carlo, with a shudder. "God helping me, I'll be faithful to death, but I can't manage more than a day at a time. And see, my own, the sun is shining again and the rain is over. It is hard to say it, but I don't think we have any business to stay here longer. Your father might justly complain, and we will not give him cause to do that."

She clung to him, while her tears rained down. Kate could not see her face, but the sunlight fell full upon his, revealing plainly the terrible struggle he was passing through. It was all she could do to keep from sobbing when this man, whom she had disliked and half despised—this man whose life she had compared to the barren figtree, began to speak.

"See, *carina*," he said, falling back to his native language, and speaking with the direct simplicity which is as rare as it is attractive; "God is so just—so fair—don't you think He must be nearest those who suffer? We have to be separated, darling, but yet there is compensation for us both. We can surely trust Him with our lives—yes, and delight in that!"

"But I can't help being afraid for you," she sobbed; "you are so far away, and how can I tell what may be happening when that bad man hates you so, and wants to get rid of you?"

"Yet it is often when we fear most that we learn not to fear," he said. "Oh, I remember so well the first time that came to me! I was about Gigi's age; it was at the time of one of the earthquake panics, and I remember waking in an awful fright and trembling at the darkness and loneliness, then finding that there was One nearer than my mother, and that the house might fall or be swallowed up, yet He would be with us."

What followed was inaudible to Kate, but presently through her tears she saw that after a long embrace they parted, that he held the door open for Francesca, and let her pass out into the sunshine alone, then shut himself in once more, and began to pace to and fro in agitation which alarmed her.

She saw how strong a restraint he must have put on himself when Francesca was present, but now the limits of endurance seemed to be passed; he could but let his wild grief drive him as it would. Kate held her breath for awe while he paced to and fro, pausing for a while with a groan, and resting his head on his upraised hands as they clutched for support at the rough, wooden wall, then once more pacing the little room faster and yet faster, till with a stifled cry he threw himself down on the ground, and broke into passionate sobbing and tears.

The waiting seemed terribly long to her; she tried not to look at him, and fixed her eyes on the red and white flowers in the altar-vases, but still each stifled sob fell on her ear; and she, who had ever deemed herself a model of self-control, found her tears streaming down merely for sympathy. She had never seen a man cry before; indeed, she had cherished the idea, common to most girls, that men never do cry. The sight frightened her; it moved her strangely, and the relief was indescribable when at last he grew calmer.

Presently, with intervals between, came broken snatches of prayer, spoken always in Italian.

"My God! it must be that since Thou hast shown me Thy will Thou wilt give me strength to do it."

* * * * *

"I know that Thou art stronger than those fiends that tear me."

"If I could feel Thee near all would be light, but I am in darkness and torment—past feeling—past thinking."

* * * * *

"Yet the darkness is no darkness to Thee. Suffer me not to be false and selfish—a coward—a recreant?"

Again, after a long pause, the stillness of the hut was broken, but there was the dawning now of hope and triumph in his tone.

"My Lord, I thank Thee that Thou wert no passionless angel here, but a man—a man tempted as I am tempted. By Thy victory, by Thy faith, by Thy perfect love, oh, Christ, save me now!"

Kate waited in cramped, painful stillness, half fearing, half hoping to hear more; but he did not say another word, and after a time rose to his feet and crossed the hut to look at the weather. The sun was shining brightly; he stood by the window for some minutes, apparently in deep thought; then, with a sigh, glanced lingeringly round the little room, arranged his manifold wraps in the Italian fashion against which Kate had been wont to inveigh, and left the summer-house.

When his footsteps had died away in the distance Kate snatched up her things and fled.

Left to herself once more, Kate sat still musing. The strange and almost unprecedented insight she had gained that afternoon into the heart and life of another had altered her whole world. Through that revelation she saw everything in a new light, and the change bewildered her; she wanted time to think, for all her preconceived theories were overthrown; and though the actual sight of that struggle and victory had taught her more than thousands of sermons, or lifetimes of "good books," it had also sent her away with a crushing sense of her own shortcomings. Very honestly she sat and looked at her life. Her greatest wish had always been not to work among the respectable and humdrum poor, but to rescue the bad from lives of shame. She was constantly hankering after this praticular work, and bitterly resented the assurance that she was too young to handle such subjects.

This afternoon, in the light of the new revelation, Kate remembered with burning shame how angry she had been when two or three times she had tried to make inquiries as to the state of morals in theatrical life, and Carlo had courteously but firmly turned the conversation. She had accused him in her own mind of shuffling and evading the topic—had imagined everything bad of him; and now she found that this very man who would not discuss the matter, and who had none of the surface enthusiasm of her friends, had quietly devoted his life to the work of saving one woman.

Again she went back to her recollection of that scene in the hut. What was it that had given Carlo power to choose this hard, distasteful life? Why had he been able to leave Francesca, and bear shame and loss and grief? It was not that his love for her was less keen than the love of other men; on the contrary, the passionate fervor of his love had terrified, had transcended all her dreams of what love in the best of men might mean.

The clock striking five recalled her to the necessity of going down-stairs, and of getting through as best she might the dreaded meeting.

"It serves me right," she thought to herself, coldly. "I have been conceited and patronizing, have looked on everything and spoken of everybody as from a superior height, and now I learn that I have been taking false, distorted views, and have to begin life all over again."

The loss of her old self-confidence was no pleasant sensation, however salutary it might be; she entered the drawing-room apprehensively, and hardly knew whether to feel relieved or disappointed when she found Carlo bending over his copy of Verdi's "Ernani," and looking exactly as usual. Perhaps she had not expected to see him bearing a long face, or an expression of conventionally pious resignation, but yet it astonished her to find that after passing through so much a man could in two hours' time so completely have regained control over look and voice and manner.

"I shall quite miss this delightful English institution of kettle-drum," he remarked, pushing aside his book, and as usual coming forward to help her. "I'm afraid nothing would make it fit in, though, with the hours we have to keep."

A great lump rose in Kate's throat as she remembered how foolish and disagreeable she had been to him on the day when Francesca's letter had arrived, and had made him so absent-minded.

"And tea, I suppose, is not good before singing," she replied, putting forth the first platitude that came into her head.

"No," he said, with a smile which was wholly pleasant, and had no suspicion of sarcasm. "There are a few things which must be renounced even by the Neros who fiddle while Rome is burning!"

The genuinely humorous look in the eyes which but a little while ago she had seen full of tears, touched Kate; she felt half choked, and her usually ready words faltered.

"I want to beg your pardon for saying that," she began, hesitatingly; "I don't really know anything about stage life—I——" (the admission was hard to make) "have never even been inside a theatre; only somehow one gets in the way of picking up other people's notions and echoing them without really finding out the truth. I had no right to say such a thing, I hope you will forgive me."

His warm-hearted Italian reception of the apology a little overwhelmed her, and she was glad that the entrance of Clare and the girls made the talk more general.

"It is not I who ought to convert you, but the many English actors and actresses now living, who by their noble efforts to raise the drama, and by their own pure and upright lives, give the lie to the old view which the Puritans were no doubt quite warranted in holding. Or, if you will not be converted by the living, at least study the lives of the dead; think of such a man as Phelps, such a woman as your Mrs. Siddons!"

The talk was interrupted by an abrupt question from Molly:

"What can have become of Francesca? I never knew her late for tea before."

Kate felt herself coloring, but was relieved when Carlo quietly turned off the remark.

"Don't you think she may be finishing her sketch in the church?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Molly, quite satisfied, "and perhaps she will stay on and hear them practice the anthem for to-morrow. It is our yearly festival to-morrow, you know. By the bye, Kate, have you done the vases?"

"Yes," said Kate snatching up a biscuit, and crossing the room to feed Devis, that her burning cheeks might not attract notice.

Francesca did not appear till dinner-time; Kate glanced at her then apprehensively, and saw that she had not been nearly so successful as Carlo in getting rid of all traces of her emotion. It must have been patent to any one with eyes in his head that she had been crying; and Harry, with the inconvenient candor which cousins and brothers often exhibit, commented across the table on her appearance.

By this time Kate had recovered her presence of mind, and bravely kept the ball going, Clare helping her adroitly, and the lovers feeling relieved that all had been so well tided over. Kate was conscious all through the evening that Carlo was shielding Francesca from observation, talking more than usual to cover her silence, carrying Harry off to sing when he was making his way to the shady corner of the drawing-room where she had ensconced herself, and skilfully contriving to lead the conversation round to cards by volunteering to show them some Italian tricks, from which they somehow glided naturally into a rubber.

"He is managing us all," thought Kate to herself, admitting that the sensation was novel; "but it is for Francesca's sake; he does not seem to think about himself. How will he dispose of me, I wonder?"

She was not left long in doubt, for at that minute he turned to her.

"You have no class this evening?" he enquired. "Then I wish you would play us once more those *Kinderscenen* of Schumann's which you played the other night."

"Yes, Kate, do play," urged Harry; "I always get on better at whist with music going."

Whereupon Carlo began to tell them a story which he had once heard of a gambler's wife, whose miserable lot it was every evening to sit at the piano, where, in a mirror, she could see the hands of her husband's dupes and reveal to him by her playing what cards they held.

While he talked he had been finding her music for her; then, with one swift glance toward the quiet corner where Francesca sat with her needlework, he went back to the card table.

Kate could see him from where she sat, and as she played on dreamily, musing over that strange afternoon, and watching Carlo's untroubled face, she said to herself again and again, "I have been a fool! a fool! He is the bravest man I ever met, and the best!"

Miss Claremont told all to Mr. Britton that evening, and it was agreed that when she could find a good opportunity she should allow Carlo to see that she knew about his betrothal and its abrupt ending. A few words spoken by Mr. Kavanaugh, the doctor, after his final visit to Carlo the next morning, made her doubly desirous to talk the whole matter over with him, and she was not sorry that the festival evening proved too cold and damp for him to risk going to church, so that he was left quite alone, and gladly excepted her invitation to come and chat comfortably over the school room fire.

"This sort of life is very spoiling," he said, throwing himself back in an arm-chair with the easy grace which characterized all his movements, and glancing round the delightfully snug, home like room. "I can't think what it is that you English people do to your houses; there is a charm about them one does not seem to get elsewhere."

"I wish you could have seen a little more of English home life," said Clare. "If only you had been strong enough there are several people about here whom I should have liked you to meet."

"It is better not, perhaps," he replied; "I should only grow discontented with the life I shall have to go back to, and feel the contrast all the more between houses like this and the dingy lodging-houses and third rate hotels which we have to frequent."

"It must be a wretched life, wandering from place to place," she said.

He sighed a little.

"There are a few discomforts, but, after all, they are but trifles."

"Then they are not very highly educated, I suppose, the members of Signor Merlino's company?"

"No, except as regards music. Of course, you know I am not a bit intellectual myself, and am nothing of a reader; but, all the same, I breathe better in this sort of atmosphere, perhaps merely because it is what I was accustomed to at home. If it were not for Sardoni, who is witty and clever, I don't know how I should bear the monotony of it. Sometimes I would give anything to be older and cleverer; many one would be able to alter the atmosphere—Enrico Ritter, for instance, with his brains and his power as a talker, might work a revolution in the greenroom."

"I suppose Signor Sardoni is your only friend?" she said.

"Oh, he is a sort of brother to me, but many of them are my friends. That is one thing which makes up for many other shortcomings in stage life—the wonderful good-nature. I can't tell you how good-natured most of them have been to me, though I came among them as a novice, and am by far the youngest in the company."

"I want to tell you," began Clare, a little nervously, "that I have just learned the true facts of the case. Mr. Britton, as you know, knew much and guessed the rest; and I hope, Carlo, you will not be vexed that I, too, should know about it. It was very blind of me never to have seen how matters were with you and Francesca."

"You really know about that?" he exclaimed, with relief. "Then we can talk quite plainly. I am glad that you know, more glad than I can tell you. I have longed to talk to you about it all these weeks. And then, too, you will be such a comfort to Francesca. You will take care of her next week—when I am gone.

His voice shook, and Clare felt the tears starting to her eyes for sympathy.

"You told me that you promised your mother to be with Madame Merlino," she said; "but if she had known all that the promise would cost you, do you think she would have wished you to keep it?"

"Perhaps not; but I don't see that one can get any sort of guidance out of that. It is not because I made the promise that I must go on with the life, but because I know it to be right—know that I am called to do it."

"I suppose it would not have been possible to induce your sister to leave the stage?"

"No. Her husband would never have consented to it for one thing; and then, even if she had done so, there would have been nothing to prevent Comerio from ending his engagement with Merlino, and following her wherever she chose to settle down. There was no way but this—there is no way."

"Such a case is surely a heavy indictment against theatrical life," said Clare.

"Do you think so? That seems to be hardly just. A scandal connected with the stage is in every one's mouth, but the sins of private people are hushed up and kindly forgotten, though there is not really more immorality among us than among them."

Clare was silent for some minutes; it was very hard to withstand the mingled humility and self-reliance which seemed so strangely blended in Carlo's character.

"Yet, surely," she urged, "there is a noble mistake which you may be falling into—an exaggerated self-sacrifice, a needless throwing away of life and happiness! After all, you know, the command is to love our neighbors as ourselves."

"Do your quite think that?" he said. "I thought it was now, 'Love one another as I have loved you.' It ought not to be as far as possible to live out that rule."

"You must recollect how ill you have been," she continued. "It is true, you have recovered wonderfully fast, but it was a very severe attack of pleurisy; it seems to me that you ought to think very seriously indeed before venturing on the western winter. And even if your health stands the life, it is so miserable for you; I can't bear to think that you should have to go on with it year after year."

As she spoke, a vision of his future life rose before him. He thought of the monotonous gossip of the greenroom, the perpetual bustle and confusion, the manifold packings and unpackings, the desolate lodgings, the long journeys; he thought of the insults of Gomez, the ill-temper of Merlino, the stinging words and cold manner of Anita, the unwelcome love and admiration of sentimental women, and, above all, of the daily martyrdom of separation from Francesca. His heart sank down like lead.

"It is humiliating to be such a creature of moods," he said; "last night I had got to the point of being content and even happy to have been called out to battle, and here I am hankering after love, and home, and peace again. Man is a contradictory animal, Clare!"

"If you are sure—quite sure—that you are choosing rightly, I will not say a word," she replied. "But you and Francesca are very dear to me, and I can't bear to think that you may be throwing away your life on a hopeless task, and bringing such a terrible grief to her. She is so young and fragile, so little fitted to bear great sorrow."

He tried to speak, but his voice failed him; he pushed back his chair and took several turns up and down the room, then returned to the fireside, and stood with his elbows on the mantel-piece and his head in his hands.

"You see, Carlo," she resumed, "I can't help wishing Francesca to have the happiest life, and though I would be the last to say that a single woman may not be extremely happy and useful, yet it does no good to think the fact that her life is incomplete. You will think it strange that a very happy old maid of mine should speak like this, but Fanny Kemble's words are very true: 'Those who are alone must learn to be lonely; and we old people, who know how hard that is, shrink from the thought of the young ones setting out on the rough road by which we have travelled.'"

"Clare, for God's sake say no more!" he exclaimed, turning toward her a face so full o' anguish that she sorely regretted her words. "I must not turn back like a coward, even for the love of her; but it is hard—so fearfully hard—when the very saints of the earth tempt one! And that she should have to suffer—that seems so unjust, so intolerable!"

She signed to him to sit down on the sofa beside her, and looked with her quiet, shining eyes into his troubled ones.

"Francesca will not think that intolerable; to share your pain will be her comfort. And since you are called to make this choice, which will bring shadow on both your lives, why then I have nothing more to say. Once sure of God's will, we need not trouble about the rest."

"And if I choose my own will now, why, I should not be fit to make Francesca happy," he said, musingly. "Sometimes, Clare, it seems to me that the Donati are fated to give their lives for a forlorn hope."

"It is strange," she said "but your very name means, 'A given man.'"

"Does Carlo mean 'man'? I never knew that before."

He took her hand in his courtly Italian fashion and kissed it.

"It is thinking what you have made of life, Clare, that will help us most," he said.

She colored, and her eyes filled with tears.

"To be able to talk to you and write to you freely will be a comfort to Francesca, and do you think, Clare, you would sometimes write to me?"

"Of course I will," she replied, warmly.

"Thank you; that will be something to look forward to. You see it is rather dreary to have no belongings in the world. Enrico Ritter is my only correspondent; for, though my old maestro writes everynow and then, he confines himself strictly to his one subject."

At that moment they were interrupted by one of the extraordinary coincidences which afford subject-matter to the Society for Psychical Research.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A NEW PROPOSAL.

"Twogentlemen to see you, sir," announced the servant, advancing with a visiting-card on the salver.

Carlo having just given out that he had no belongings in the world, wondered who could possibly have arrived at this time in the evening to see him, and while the footman crossed the school-room, had had time to wonder whether Merlino or Sardoni might, for some reason, need him; whether it could be a plot of Comerio's; whether Uncle Guido had at last relented and come to seek him out and make up their quarrel.

To his utter astonishment he read on the card the name of "Piale."

"Now, of all extraordinary things, that the dear old maestro should come here just as I was speaking of him!" he exclaimed. "And the other? He sent in no card? Is he young, light-haired, German-looking?"

"No, sir," replied the servant, "middle-aged, and looked like an English gentleman. He gave no card, sir."

Carlo's hope that possibly Enrico might have come over with Piale faded away, and, asking Clare to excuse him, he went down quickly to the drawing-room, where with one swift glance he perceived a stranger, tall, thin, business-like, evidently English, and dear old Piale himself, with his thick brush of grizzled hair, his parchment-like skin, and his eager, fiery eyes.

The warmth of the greeting between master and pupil must have amused the stranger, but perhaps he was well used to demonstrative foreigners, for the business-like air never forsook him for an instant as he watched the face and figure of the young Italian.

"There, sir! now let me introduce you to my best pupil—not looking so much the worse for his illness as I had feared!"

"I had the pleasure of hearing Signor Donati several times in town last winter," said the Englishman, pleasantly; "and am glad to make his acquaintance."

"And your voice, my son," said Piale, eagerly—"it has really not suffered, you think?"

"It seems all the better for the rest," said Carlo; "and I hope to be at work again in a week's time."

"Let me hear you!" said Piale. "Come! what will you sing to me? 'Il balen?' 'Largo al factotum?' What have we here? 'Carmen?' Are you studying that?"

"Yes; we are to give it in America this autumn."

"Let me hear what you make of the toreador's song!" said the maestro, seating himself at the piano.

"But you are tired with your journey," suggested Carlo.

"You say you have travelled night and day. Let me come over to morrow to Ashborough and sing to you there."

"Bah!" exclaimed Piale, with a snort of contempt. "Am I to find more refreshment in eating or drinking or sleeping than in music, my friend?"

And with an expression of intense satisfaction he thundered out the introduction to the song, while Carlo obediently braced himself up to sing anxious as ever to please the autocratic old man, but a little nervous about attempting this particular song, which he had only studied by himself, and slightly troubled by speculations as to the English stranger and Piale's hurried journey. Once before the maestro had plotted against him, and he could not help fancying that the stranger had something to do with a possible engagement.

All this faded, however, the instant he began to sing. Piale's accompaniment was exhilarating. For the first time he began to feel that he was Escamillo, and his rendering of the song brought a look of perfect serenity over the maestro's face, and drew forth hearty exclamations of "Bravo! bravo!" from the business-like Englishman.

He had hardly returned to himself and ceased to be the toreador, when both visitors beset him, Piale with an impetuous gust of words, the stranger with more eagerness of manner than might be expected of an Englishman. He listened half bewildered to the proposal, only taking in by degrees that the stranger was a well-known London manager, that he was offering him an immediate engagement—precisely the engagement which would most advance his professional career—that the terms were higher than anything he had ever dreamed of attaining to, that they made his weekly pittance in Merlino's company seem more than ever scanty and insufficient. For a minute he was dazzled by the brilliant prospects held out before him. Fame, a rapid and striking success, wealth and ease, thoroughly competent fellow-artists, the London world at his feet, and his future assured—what wonder if such a glowing possibility should for a minute attract him! And attract him it did. He longed for it as a few hours before he could not have believed it possible that he should have longed for anything having no connection with Francesca. It seemed to him impossible to turn from this bright future to the eternal drudgery in the provinces with Merlino—the poverty, and hard work, and scant sympathy. He was young and longed for happiness—an artist, and longed to bring his art to its highest perfection under the best conditions—a human being, and appreciation was cheering, and lack of recognized depressing.

To be Continued.

POINTERS.

The Right Thing to do on a Variety of Occasions.

Harper's Bazar solves the perplexities of a number of inquirers with the following useful paragraphs:

A "best man" attends his friend to the altar, holds his hat and keeps the ring until it is needed. He sends the bride as handsome a present as he can afford—a bracelet, fan, opera glass, piece of silver or a pretty bit of furniture, a set of teacups or a diamond star.

Wedding presents may be sent in any manner, direct from a shop, by your servant or by express. Attach your calling card, upon which you may write, "Congratulations," or leave it plain, as you choose.

Use the chaperon's name first—as Mrs. Smith, let me introduce Miss Robinson." In introducing a gentleman to a lady—even though he be "a celebrity"—say, "Miss Brown, let me present Mr. Jones."

Naturally the caller would first greet the member of the receiving party with whom she is acquainted and then be by her presented to the others. A card sent to an evening affair does not lessen the necessity of a call of acknowledgment afterward.

The ladies of the family should ordinarily take precedence of the solitary masculine guest, unless he is other than they, a clergyman or in some way distinguished, when the girls may wait their turn.

It is a matter of choice at "afternoon tea" whether you have your apparatus at hand in the drawing-room and make and hand the tea yourself or have it made outside and brought in by a maid.

It is not only "not correct," but is in wretchedly bad taste to put "No presents" upon a wedding invitation. Certainly send your invitation, whether the person be out of town or not.

Let a gentleman making a call take care of his hat without your assistance. He can either leave it in the hall or carry it into the parlor.

Place the address at the head of your letter, the date at the end. A card sent upon the day of the tea is sufficient, and counts the same as if you attended.

Inclose your card in a small envelope, scarcely larger than your card—such as is intended specially for cards.

For a birthday gift to a young lady send flowers, a book or a basket of fruit, an etching or a pretty flower pin for her bonnet.

A Most Desirable Work.

One of the most presentable and desirable books of the year is "The Practical Home Physician and Encyclopedia of Medicine," revised to 1892, just published by the World Publishing Co., Guelph. The great success of the old edition warrants the belief that the new work will meet with popular favor. Useful as the old work was, and excellent as was the execution of the mechanical part of the work of its production, the new edition far surpasses it in all respects. It contains over 1,500 pages of beautiful print, 30 full page colored plates, two sectional manikins colored to life, and hundreds of other engravings. Among its special features may be noted an index of symptoms of diseases, which will be found of great value in the family; hundreds of colored plates of plants and herbs, with descriptions and uses; an exhaustive treatise on la grippe; a prescription given by Sir Andrew Clark to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, for dyspepsia; manikin and chart of the head, and brain sections, illustrations of cases of leprosy, tumorous and other diseases. The fullest instructions are given to enable the unpractized to detect the beginnings of disease and decide as to its seriousness or otherwise, and in this way alone the work will prove invaluable in the family, where sometimes ignorance leads to fatal delay in summoning medical aid. The treatment for the simpler ailments is plainly set forth and the diseases and management of children are fully treated. Poisons and their antidotes, the treatment of wounds and how to act in emergencies, form valuable features of the work. One thing that strikes the reader is the freedom from technical terms in the text, making the instructions intelligible at a glance. The work is well spoken of by physicians who always prefer to treat a patient who has some knowledge of himself and some realization of how vast a field is that of medicine. A study of the work will do much to correct bad habits and bring about conformity with the rules of health so clearly unfolded. It will prevent many from becoming victims of unprincipled quacks—or what is almost as bad, their own ignorance. "Prevention is better than cure," and those who regard the teachings herein will avoid many an ache and pain. Among the authors contributing to its pages are such eminent physicians as Dr. Lyman, Professor of Nervous Diseases in Rush Medical College, Chicago; Dr. Fenger, professor of pathology and general Practice in Chicago Medical College; Dr. Belfield, Prof. of Urinary and Private Diseases in Rush Medical College; Dr. Jones, of London, Eng., (on Diseases of Women); Drs. Burr, King, Harper and many others. The typography and binding are in keeping with the general excellence of the work.

Poor Scanlan.

Comedian Scanlan, who is in Bloomingdale Asylum, New York, fully realizes where he is and frequently remarks: "It's all for the best, and I will soon be cured." He is anxious to get well and tells the physicians that he will be able to leave in the fall and start on a theatrical tour. He sleeps and eats well, but he is an awfully changed man. At times he sits for hours looking out of the window and will talk to no one. He has no hesitation in telling people he will not talk, but does it very politely. His case is incurable. His friends visit him very frequently, and he is always glad to see them.

Consumptives!

Do not give up until you have tried Miller's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, which makes flesh and blood, is a positive cure for coughs and colds, bronchitis, sore throats, and all lung troubles tending to consumption. Persons have been known to gain from 5 to 10 pounds in weight by taking one bottle of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which contains hypophosphites of lime and soda. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at all drug stores.

Love in Kentucky.

Scene, Louisville residence; time, 10.30 p. m.

Masculine Voice (from head of stairs)—Young man, I reckon you don't know the saloon in this neighborhood close at 11.

Kentucky Lover—Good night, my own, I must hurry.

Though all mankind is made of dust, according to the Bible, the New York *Herald* thinks that different kinds of dust were used for different classes of people. It suggests that philosophers must have been made of saw dust, old maids of tea dust and the dear girls of diamond dust.

It is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.

The battles between cowboys and cattle thieves in Dakota continue.

A dead beat is a man who doesn't work himself, but works everybody else.

Mr. David Morrice, assistant superintendant of the G. T. R., now located at London, was presented with an address and a purse of gold by friends at Niagara Falls last night.

A WESTERN TERROR.

Incidents of a Severe Blow as Experienced in the Dakotas.

North Dakota newspapers tell of many remarkable and interesting incidents of the "severe blow," as the natives call a blizzard, which tore things up and froze them down through the State a week or ten days ago. People on this side of Dakota, observes the New York *Sun*, have but little knowledge of the terrific force of the wind and the terrible intensity of its cold as it sweeps over the immense stretches of the prairies, with nothing to stop it or check its fury. A freight car at one place was driven along the line before the wind at a great speed. After running ten miles it picked up two more cars, and the track being perfectly level, the cars attained a frightful speed, and were blown along through several towns until they struck an up grade. The passengers on a Great Northern train saw a pathetic sight between Minton and Ardock. A team of horses, frozen stiff, lay beside the track. The driver sat bolt upright in the waggon, and the passengers thought he was all right. A party that went back to give him assistance found him dead, and frozen so stiff that he was immovable. A young man while out driving a pair of mules hitched to a sled, and leading a cow, was struck by the blizzard. He cut loose from the sled, left cow and sled, tied the lines around his body, and started the mules homeward on the dead run. The conductor of a passenger train, which was struck by the blizzard, was afraid to cross the bridge over the Missouri during the blow. He telegraphed to Jamestown for orders and was told to go ahead. The bridge is high, and the wind was blowing at a terrific rate. The conductor says that, as an absolute fact, the front cars were resting only on the wheels on the south side during most of the trip over, and every minute he expected to see the train blown off into the river. It is not an uncommon thing on the wide stretches of prairie for cars on the side tracks to be blown over by the gales. An unoccupied frame house at Rolling Green was picked up and carried a distance of 500 feet, and set down with a whack, but right side up.

Concerning Church Entertainments.

St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph*: A lady "Inquirer" writes the *Telegraph* asking for information "as to the code of observances expected from church entertainments, or the committee in charge of tickets, with regard to the press." She writes that she has frequently served on such committees, and was formerly much in favor of giving complimentary tickets to the newspapers, but has materially changed her mind. The reasons for the change appear to be twofold. She fails to see the benefit of a notice given after the entertainment is over, and she has found that churches which issue no complimentary tickets in many cases receive quite as complimentary notices as those that do. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say the "Inquirer" in this case is not a resident of St. John.

There is, we believe, no written code of observance in the matter to which we can refer our fair correspondent, and it appears that the practice differs in different localities. The common sense of the case would appear to be that if the managers of a church entertainment desire it to receive a newspaper notice they should invite the representatives of the press to attend. If it is desired that the general public should also attend the entertainment should be advertised in a local newspaper at regular advertising rates for a suitable length of time beforehand. The managers of theatrical and operatic performances are wise in their generation and are liberal patrons of the newspaper advertising columns. Sometimes the managing committee of a church tea meeting hope to attain the same result by using the preacher for advertising purposes, or by distributing a dollar's worth of handbills. They sow sparingly and reap scantily. In other cases the newspapers are besought to give gratuitous notices for an entertainment to which an admission fee is charged. This should never be done except in cases where the beneficiaries are subjects of charity. It is quite as fair to ask a merchant to give away his goods as to ask a newspaper manager to give away his advertising space.

The average newspaper reporter, who may have to attend from three to six entertainments in an evening and write some account of them all, does not always place a very great value on the complimentary tickets sent to him, but he recognizes a courteous intention in the case, and in his hurried rounds is more likely to visit or take notice of an advertised entertainment to which he is invited than another. We do not know of anything more that we ought to say in reply to "Inquirer," but if necessary these remarks can be extended hereafter.

The Emersonian Test.

"I shall not open the door, Harvardson," said the Boston wife at 2 o'clock a. m., "until I have satisfactory evidence that you have not been spending the evening in riotous conviviality." "Your precaution, my dear, replied the Boston husband, who stood shivering upon the outside, "is natural but unnecessary. I have been in attendance at an unusually interesting session of the Zoroaster Club." With clear, distinct enunciation, he then repeated rapidly this passage from Emerson's essay on Plato: "Seashore, sea seen from the shore, shore seen from the sea." And the door was thrown open at once.—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Hated Tobacco.

A minister annoyed by tobacco chewing thus spoke to his congregation: "Take your quid of tobacco out of your mouth on entering the house of God, and gently lay it on the outer edge of the sidewalk or on the fence. It will positively be there when you go out, for a rat won't take it, a cat won't take it, a dog won't take it, neither will a hog: you are certain of your quid when go after it. Not the filthiest vermin on earth would touch it."

The *Christian Guardian* pays this tribute to the late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie:

That opinions in regard to the political course of a public man are divided, is an inevitable result of the party system; but honesty of purpose and purity of intention are qualities which all classes delight to honor, and in the life of this departed statesman these qualities shone conspicuous. He was a diligent public servant, faithful to the trust reposed in him, of inexorable adherence to convictions of duty. Though great in point of intellectual endowment, he was greater still in his recognition of the moral and religious principles which concern true statesmanship, and towards which its best endeavors aspire and tend. With these views his first aim was to know, not whether a certain course was politic, but whether it was right. His name and fame will have a sure and honorable place in the history of his country.

A—I hear your nephew is studying for the medical profession. Is he making good progress? B—Oh, yes; he already bleeds me to perfection.

When a man gets religion right his horse soon finds it out.—*Ram's Horn.*

An Ottawa despatch says: Before Committee on Agriculture and Colonization to-day, Professor Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, gave evidence in regard to the season's work. Since his appointment two years ago, he said, there is a growing interest taken in dairying throughout the Dominion. His appointment was in the first instance for the purpose of delivering lectures on agriculture generally, during 1891. His branch of the experimental farm had addressed 291 meetings. They also visited 194 cheese factories and creameries. The result of this was a great improvement in the buildings and better productions. In Ontario they had given instructions in seventy-five factories last year with the view of making the best article as well as the largest quantity from the milk, they showed how to make half a pound more cheese from every hundred pounds of milk without increasing the expense. Cheese had been sent from the stations at Perth and London, Ont., to England, and sold well. Referring to some experiments made in connection with feed; he showed that the milk could be altered in richness and color, but not in regard to solids. Farmers in the vicinity of Mount Elgin dairy station, had received 15 cents monthly for their butter on account, and the butter on being sent to England and British Columbia had yielded them 24 and 25 cents net per pound. In the course of a few years he estimated that $5,000,000 worth of butter might be sent to England. In the meantime England imported $56,000,000 worth of butter, and 40 per cent. of this came from Denmark. The Danish butter realized 10s. more per 112 pounds than the Canadian article. Our butter was equal to the Danish in every respect, with the exception of the rosy appearance and flavor which seemed to take better in the English market. After showing how this deficiency could be improved in Canadian butter he passed on to refer to the work done by Mr. Chapais, his assistant, in the Province of Quebec.

Tom O'Brien, a notorious Albany bunco man, escaped from jail at Utica, N. Y., yesterday.

ON ALASKAN LAKES.

Schwatka and His Party Reach Crystal Waters.

Journeying Over the Silvery Waters in Canvas Boats—What a Railway Could Do for Our Acquisition From Russia—The Siberian Railway Project.

[No. 5, International Press Association.]

Aik-Klain (The Big Lake), British, N. W. T., June 16, 1891.—After Paddy's return we all thought the food question was settled, but inside of two or three days it was gone again, and we were issuing to the Indian packers from our own scant supplies. There was much dead timber passed through the next day (June 10th), but it did not seriously interfere with us. The only trouble was the slight one that when grouse were flushed in it they

WAKU FOR TRADERS.

invariably flew long distances and were seldom secured. A hunter on an exploring trip carrying a dozen necessary odds and ends besides his gun is seldom prepared for an immediate wing shot and cannot follow up for flying birds like a sportsman devoted wholly to the pursuit. The only fresh signs of large game we saw were those of bears grubbing in the swamps for roots. Just before noon we crossed the first pole bridge, and, as usual, it was over a mountain torrent. The middle of the forenoon next day (11th) heavy thunder was heard not far away, and at noon a brisk thunder shower with heavy hail sprang up and lasted for two hours. Many of our Indians had never heard thunder before, and such a fierce storm must have been a startling initiation. They said the great rumbling noise was caused by the flapping of the wings of a huge dusky bird, and some positively asserted that they had seen it that day. Practically the Pacific coast of Alaska is unfrequented by such storms, but the interior plateau has its full share. These storms always seemed prolific in dusky grouse and we secured several that day. Russell in shooting one cut off a two-inch thick-green spruce limb in the way, showing the great concentration and power of the 10-gauge shotgun. Over 2,500 miles in the field, and fishing, hunting, scouting and marching has shown me that this rapid-fire shotgun coupled with a 40 82 Winchester rifle and a Smith and Wesson 44 or 45 calibre revolver practically arms the bearer for all sorts of game and dangers met with by firearms as man can carry. It is possible for mechanism to do so; beyond this is a matter of sportsmanship or a contest between woodcraft, prairie lore and general experience and intelligence.

That day's march was a fearful one through wet moose brush and deep swamps. At noon next day, after ascending toward the great divide between the Pacific Ocean and Behring Sea drainage basin, we reached the timber limit, the low, flat pass directly ahead, and in full view. Russell had killed thirteen ptarmigan before the storm and after it cleared up they could be heard cackling in all directions, and before dark we had another half dozen without really hunting them. I called this the "Ptarmigan Pass." From the high hill near by no less than half a hundred lakes could be seen in the great valley beyond, one of which was undoubtedly the big lake for which we were striving. Seeing the big lake so inspired the Indians that they were up bright and early next morning and got away with the first packs before 3 o'clock, hoping to make it that day, I think, but little dreaming of two camps yet in between.

The middle of the forenoon there burst on our view the whole valley of this great tributary of the mighty Yakon, the scene ahead being perfectly studded with glistening lakes. The big lake seemed almost under our feet, not over three miles away.

Some days back I had sprained my ankle (I think it was the time I had on my extra slippery shoes—and though it hurt me considerably at the time I paid but little attention to it for the next three days. It was now paying me considerable attention, however, and growing steadily worse so that by the time the lake was reached I was just about *hors du combat* in a pedestrian way. It was one of the luckiest unlucky accidents I ever had happen. Despite the dense swarms of mosquitoes that night the Indians were up and away with the first packs by 3.30; the first lake being reached an hour later. The folding canvas boats now come to the front, so I will briefly describe them: They are the King boats of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and in their construction are quite unique, making them very strong, carrying readily a ton each, and weighing just over 100 pounds apiece. There is a double jacket, both of which have to be ripped to sink the boat, the outer one very heavy canvas and the inner one waterproof. I had named them: Andrew Allen Bonner, Robert Edwin Bonner and Frederic Bonner, after the patrons of the expedition; the editors and proprietors of the New York *Ledger*. As "First Lake" we put up the Frederic Bonner in forty minutes and there were two movements with each hand at the mosquitoes to every one towards building up the boat. "First Lake" was two and a half miles long; the first portage about a half a mile over; "Second Lake" gave us only one-half a mile; the second portage one and a half miles, while "Third Lake" gave us two and a half miles, a good breeze to sail it with, and a two-pound pickerel, another of about the same size getting away. Here also we met our last party of outward bound fur traders, our party securing some needed moccasins and a little dried moose meat from them. They were cured