

manded that she be slain. A long braid of her hair, wet with her life-blood, was cut off and sent with the golden horn to her husband, who soon brought home the new wife, her head adorned with the same golden horn, not knowing but that she might share a similar fate.

Such is woman's life among the Druzes. She is entirely at the mercy of the men, who never have but one wife at a time; but they can send her away at any moment, and bring a new one, or have her killed, as in the case described. When a wife is divorced or sent back, she goes to her father, or brother, or cousin, her nearest male relative, and he takes her in, and gives her bread. If she is rather young, he usually gets her married again, generally to some one lower in rank than her former husband. If she should dare to decline these marriage arrangements, she is turned out of doors, and no one will give her a home or shelter for even a night. But the Gospel is softening even these wild Druzes. It is the Gospel which gives to woman her true position, and as its light penetrates the harems of Turkey and the dark zenanas of India and China, what a change will come over those lands! Educate the women in a country, and the elevation of that nation is sure.—*Zion's Herald.*

SHEEP-SHEARING.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Across a meadow covered with buttercups, through some nursery-grounds and a field where the red trefoil was in bloom, went the Shelton children one morning last week. They intended to have a long day, and they went prepared to picnic in the fields, instead of returning to dinner. On the whole they had rather an eventful time, and some of the party were taught a lesson which they are scarcely likely to forget.

They had become rather warm and tired after their walk, and were not sorry when they came to a large tree, under whose shelter they could sit and rest. Close to the tree was a stile, and when Tom, who was leaning against it, looked over, he blew a low whistle.

"What is it?" enquired Joe, with interest. "A man shearing sheep," was the reply. Instantly there was a general vaulting over the stile, for all wanted to see the process. It was a very interesting one, and afforded them great amusement.

"Are you Mr. Smith's man?" asked Tom. "Yes, sir. I have sheared his sheep for him for forty years or more."

"It is not difficult work, is it?" "Middling. Leastwise, like most things, it is easy enough when you know how to do it. But it needs practice."

"It does not appear to take you long. Will you get this lot finished to-day?" "No, I shall not be able to do that. I shall get half done, perhaps."

The man had been working as he talked; and every "click" of the shears took off a good piece of wool. The sheep was very quiet; but perhaps that was because the man held its head tightly between his knees.

"Does it hurt them?" enquired Edith. "No, miss. I don't think it does. They don't seem to mind it."

"But they must feel rather strange after they have lost their coats." "A little light and cold, perhaps," admitted the man; "but the wool soon begins to grow again."

At this moment there was a diversion. A shrill whistle rang through the air, followed by the "puff! puff!" of an engine.

"What's that," cried Joe. "Is there a new line of railway running through the fields?"

"Nothing of the kind," said the sheep-shearer. "It is only a steam plough working in that field yonder."

"Come and let us see it," said Edith, and away they went to see the new attraction. They saw a couple of engines, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the field, and a plough working between the two. A strong wire was attached, which was wound and unwound, according as the plough was going from or to the engine; and it was quite wonderful to see how cleverly the implement went through the hard ground and turned up the sods. After the children had watched it working for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, Joe remembered that he had left a basket at the place where the sheep-shearing was going on.

"You must go back and fetch it," said Edith, "for the tarts are in that basket, and it will be a great disappointment not to have them presently when we have luncheon."

"I will go with you," said Fred. "I did not forget my can of milk, you see. That is all safe, although mother prophesied that it would come to grief before we needed to drink it."

"And I will go, too," said Nellie. "My bag is a light one, but it has some necessary things in it, so I will take it with me."

"I will wait here until you all return," said Edith.

So they went without her. Perhaps if she had accompanied them her influence might have been sufficient to keep them out of mischief, for Edith, being the oldest of the family, and naturally staid and thoughtful, was frequently a kind of check to them.

They had little difficulty in reaching the spot where they had been before, and there, to their great relief, they found the missing basket.

"It is a wonder that some one has not taken it away," said Nellie.

"That might have been, but I took the precaution to place it among the long grass under the hedge," said Joe. "I put it down while I watched the sheep-shearer."

"I wonder where the man is," said Fred. "He has left his work, and is no doubt having his eleven o'clock somewhere."

"What a joke it would be to shear one of his sheep for him!" said Tom.

"I wonder if he has left his shears about? Yes, here they are on the wool. Now, see how I can do it."

"Nonsense, Tom; don't try. It is not likely that you can do it."

"I am sure I can, though. It is as easy as anything. Help me a moment, Joe, and I will drag one out of the pen."

"Tom you will get into trouble," said they all; but Tom was resolved and seeing that the rest thought they would help him.

"Now, take care! Catch hold of this one." The sheep ran out; but all the children surrounded it.

"You must throw it down, Tom, as you saw the man do, and hold its head tightly," said Nellie.

But the sheep kicked and struggled a great deal, and appeared to know that a boy was not as strong as a man. For some time the united efforts of the children failed to get the animal on its back. It managed to wriggle away, and with one kick sent over the can of milk.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Nellie, "and I am getting so thirsty."

"I couldn't help it," said Fred. "It was not my fault, but the fault of the stupid sheep. Mind the basket, Joe!"

That, too, had been left on the ground, and shared the same fate as the can of milk, for it was kicked over, and the tarts were rolling in the dirt.

"Now I have him! Give me the shears, Joe, he cannot move now, and you shall see how nicely I can do the shearing."

"Pray take care not to cut the skin, Tom."

"All right, I will be careful."

Tom began as he had seen the man do by clipping the wool nearest the head.

"I don't call that shearing," said Fred, "for you are leaving half the wool on."

"I would rather do that than cut the sheep," said Tom, "and these shears are hard to move."

"I wish I had my scissors here," said Nellie; "they would be much better than those great, ugly things. Oh, Tom, see! you have cut it after all! Poor thing!"

A sudden movement on the part of the sheep had caused Tom's hand to slip, and the sheep was seen bleeding. Perhaps the sight caused Tom to relax his hold, though no one could tell for certain how it happened but the next moment Tom had received a severe blow in his eye, which nearly blinded him. He sprang up and his sympathising brothers and sisters came near him; but the sheep with part of its wool dangling, ran away.

"What is the meaning of this?" They all looked up to meet the angry gaze of Mr. Smith, who had suddenly appeared on the scene.

Nellie, more courageous than her brothers, told the truth; and Mr. Smith grew more angry still.

"You have done considerable damage," he said, "and unless you pay me a sovereign within the next two hours I will have you summoned before the magistrates."

A sovereign! Tom had just received one for his quarter's pocket-money; but he gave it up, and went away a sadder and a wiser boy.

I do not think he will again attempt shearing other people's sheep; and it is to be hoped that he will not undertake work of the kind, at least until he knows how to do it.—*Christian World.*

A LITTLE GOSSIP, AND HOW SHE WAS CURED.

Alice Porter was a bright little seven years old, and went to school in a room with never so many little girls and boys of her own age. Besides their regular lessons they often learned pretty poetry to recite, and they sang every day. Out of school Alice played a great deal with some little girls, especially with Fannie Rice and Etta Allen. After a while a new family moved on the same street, and soon Dora Day became another friend and playmate. Altogether Alice had a pretty good time, and really enjoyed herself. Her mother and sisters noticed with pain that she had gained a bad habit of talking about her play-

mates, and in fact, about everybody. Mrs. Porter hardly knew how to correct the evil, as it was gained at school and at play; but an incident occurred that showed this habit to Alice in a strong light, and cured her of the evil into which she had unconsciously fallen.

Let me tell you the story. One afternoon Mrs. Porter and her older girls were seated, all busy with sewing and writing, when Alice, with Etta Allen, rushed in all out of breath.

"Oh, mamma!" shouted Alice, swinging her bonnet by one string, "Dora Day is arrested, and is carried off to the station-house by a policeman!"

Mrs. Porter dropped her work and opened her eyes in surprise. "Yes," chimed in Etta eagerly, "and when we told Mrs. Day, the tears just came into her eyes, like everything."

"What does it mean?" gasped Mrs. Porter in astonishment, while the girls waited in anxiety to know why sweet little Dora Day should be arrested.

"Well," said Alice, quite willing to tell the astounding news, "Dora hurt a girl at school, and she laid all night on her bed, and this morning she doesn't know anything, and she is going to die, and they are going to bury her Sunday, and—"

At this point, her excited audience burst into shrieks of laughter, while Alice, unable to understand the cause of this change in feeling, burst in eagerly and a little sullenly, "Well, she is, and they are going to get her a little white velvet coffin—"

Another burst of laughter again greeted her, and she indignantly turned away.

"So you told her mother, did you?" queried Nina.

"Yes," answered Alice.

"What did you tell her?" "Just what I told you," replied Alice.

"Yes, and Mrs. Day went right after her 'cause she didn't come home at noon," added Etta.

Soon the little girls were at play again in front of the house, and Nina on going out saw Alice looked a little crest-fallen, but paid no attention to her until Alice grasped her dress, and whispered, "Dora's come back with Mrs. Day; don't tell mamma!"

Nina got away without promising, and going into the house said, "Now, mother, this has got to be stopped! Dora has come back all right, and Alice has asked me not to tell you; she is evidently afraid of spoiling her story. She is getting to be a little gossip. What shall we do!"

"There, calm yourself, Nina, we must think about it; call Alice in."

Alice came in alone and very reluctantly. "Now, Alice," said Mrs. Porter, "I want you to tell me the whole story, just as it is. Where did you hear that Dora was arrested?"

Alice, anxious to vindicate herself, answered readily, "Why, that Mathews girl, on Atkins street, told me. She told me that Dora Day most killed a girl, and that a policeman took Dora away."

All this Alice said with numerous gesticulations, expressive of earnestness. "Well, you see Dora is at home all right, and you repeated that story to Mrs. Day, making her cry, and be very much alarmed. What do you suppose I should have done if any little girl had told me that Alice had been carried off by a policeman for most killing a girl?" "I believe I should die!"

Alice began to comprehend that somehow she had done wrong, but exclaimed, "Well, I know part of it is true, and that Mathews girl told me the rest?"

"What part do you know to be true?"

"Why I saw a girl crying yesterday afternoon and they said Dora hurt her, and that a policeman would take her, and Dora said she hurt a girl and meant to." "Now very likely," said Nina who was boiling over with indignation, "very likely Mrs. Day and Dora will always be angry at you, and with good cause too! And ma will have to bear it too, just because you were foolish enough to repeat what you heard from some one else!"

Mrs. Porter silenced Nina's righteous outburst, and said quietly to Alice, "Didn't you know, Alice, that men and women who repeat stories like that about each other, are put in prison or made to pay a large amount of money?"

"No, are they?" queried Alice in surprise. "Yes, my child, and the only reason they won't do the same to you, is because you are a little girl, and they think you don't know anything, but this habit of repeating will grow on you, and when you are older, you may have to be punished that way." Alice began to cry, "Oh, mamma! I didn't mean to do anything! I guess they made it up; I don't believe that little girl will die."

Her brother Alfred had been listening to the whole story, and, saying, "I'll go and see Day about it!" with a face full of mischief, went out, and soon returned, saying, "Day says—" but was interrupted by Alice's sobs and tears. Several times he attempted to go on, but never got farther than "Day says—" To this day, if Alice repeats a story against

any one, all that is necessary to stop her, is to say, "Day says—" or "she is dead, or most dead, and they are going to bury her Sunday."—*Standard.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXII.

From the New Testament alone,
Resolves these questions truly;
The answers two acrostics make,
When ranged in order duly.

1. The brook that Jesus had to cross,
The traitor's band to meet?
2. The symbol of the prayers of saints,
Acceptable and sweet?
3. When Mary saw the Master risen,
Her cry of recognition?
4. The fourth of seven—the daily care
Of widows was their mission?
5. He who, in recklessness profane,
His birthright blessing sold?
6. And he who vexed his righteous soul
With Sodom's crimes of old?
7. The band wherein a Roman served,
With right devout behavior?
8. And he, at Rome, whom Paul salutes,
"Our helper" in the Saviour?
9. And lastly, he, progenitor
Of Christ's reputed father,
Whose name the sixth in upward rank,
From Joseph's line we gather?

The initials and the finals take
From every term selected,
Except "the symbol of the prayers,"
And this must be bisected.

See the first Gentile Christian's name,
Framed from the signs initial;
And in the finals upward read,
Behold his rank official.

May we, like him, by Peter taught,
Renounce our Gentile pride,
And by the Spirit from above
Our hearts be purified!

CLOTHES-PINS.—The Newark *Advertiser* says: Insignificant as the common wooden clothes-pin is itself, its manufacture forms no mean part in American industries, and the numerous factories in New England and other States furnish employment to thousands of people. There are several large clothes-pin manufactories in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and one in the vicinity of Saratoga, N.Y., each of which is capable of turning out a thousand boxes, or 72,000 pins, per week. There are several small factories scattered throughout Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and all are run by water power. As a rule, those engaged in the manufacture of clothes-pins are Quakers. Beech, white birch, and poplar are the woods used in making the article, the birch and poplar being considered the best. The machinery employed is very simple. The wood is first sawed into logs four feet in length, and then cut into small, square sticks by means of a cutting machine. Each stick after being rounded in a lathe, is passed into another machine which throws out a number of perfectly formed pins at one cut and with great rapidity. The pins are then thrown into a large revolving cylinder and smoothed by friction with each other. New York and Boston are the principal markets for this ware, and hence they are shipped in large quantities to the West, and to England and Australia. Over 100,000 boxes of pins are annually sent to England, and a corresponding number to Melbourne, Sydney, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands. Owing to the depression in business, during the past two years, prices have fallen off 25 per cent., and some of the manufacturers in New England have ceased operations because they could buy cheaper from the West than they could manufacture themselves, besides saving the expense of packing and transportation. The price depends entirely upon the finish and number in a box.

