

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave him a piece of my mind, and told him I didn't care if I never saw him again. Why? Oh, well, I didn't like her; she wasn't the sort of a girl I'd have chosen. I had never seen her, but I knew she wasn't. A right young thing, just from boarding school, couldn't make a shift, or bake a loaf of bread; but there was Miss Fish, a plain girl, to be sure, but so good, a splendid housekeeper, and all that. I always liked Almira Fish; and Gregory to go marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I told him what I thought of him and her, and the boy showed his temper, and for six months I never saw him.

I bore it as long as I could, but a mother must be a fool about her only boy; so one day, as he wouldn't come to me, I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to scold him, but something came over me that made me choke to keep the tears back, and before I knew it we had kissed and made friends.

"And now you'll go and see Fanny," said he; "and I'll find you there when I come home at night," and after a little coaxing I said I would go—and more than that, I went.

The house was a cunning little place a mile or two out of town, and I must say, it was very neat outside.

I rang the bell, it shone as it ought to, and before it stopped tinkling some one opened the door. It was a pretty young woman in a blue, hints wrap, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory was at home, she answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been expecting you an age, but better late than never."

"How did you know I was coming?" I asked, puzzled to know how she knew me, for we had never met before.

"Oh, I didn't know," said she. "Indeed, I had made up my mind you wouldn't; but it is a long way out here, I know. Come right up stairs. Miss Jones was here yesterday to cut and bustle, but we will find as much as we can do to do the trimming between us."

"Cool," I thought. Then I said, "I suppose you are having a dress made?"

"A suit," said she; "skirt, overskirt, basque and dolman. I do hope you make nice button holes."

"I should hope I do," said I. "I would be ashamed of myself if I couldn't."

"So many can't," said she; "but I told Miss Jones to send me an experienced hand, and she said there was no better than Mrs. Switzer."

Now, I began to understand. My daughter-in-law took me for a seamstress, she expected, and if ever a woman had a chance, I had one now. Not a word did I say, only I wondered if seamstresses generally came to work in grain sack and a cashmere shawl; and I sat down in the rocking chair she gave me and went to work with a will. I can sew with anyone, and as for button-holes—but this is not my story.

She was a pretty girl, that daughter-in-law of mine, and very chatty and sociable. I talked of this and I talked of that, but not a word did she say of her mother-in-law. I spoke of people I had known who had quarrelled with their relations, but she did not tell me that her husband's mother had quarrelled with him.

At last I spoke right out about mother-in-law. I said:

"As a rule, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law don't agree."

She said, "That's a very wrong state of things."

"Well," said I, "I suppose it is; but how do you account for it?"

"I suppose young people are selfish when they are first in love," said she, "and forget old people's feelings."

It was an answer I did not expect.

"It is plain you are friendly with your mother-in-law," said I.

"I am sure I should be if I had ever seen her."

"Oh, then, I have been misinformed," said I. "I was told that Mr. Gregory Bray was the son of Mrs. Bray who lives on — street."

"That is perfectly true, but still we have never met."

"How singular!" said I. "I've heard she was a very queer old lady."

"You haven't heard the truth, then," said my daughter-in-law. "My husband's mother is a very fine woman in every respect. But when my husband told her suddenly that he was going to marry a girl she never saw, she was naturally startled, and said some things about me, knowing I was fresh from boarding-school and no housekeeper, that offended Gregory, and so there has been an estrangement. I think my dear husband is a little to blame, and I have urged him a dozen times to go and see her. He is very fond of her and thinks no one like her in many things; but his temper is up, and it will take time to cool it. Meanwhile, I feel quite sure if she knew me she would like me better. Perhaps this is a piece of vanity, but I should try to make her, you know, and I won't fall into absurd superstitions that a woman must hate her mother-in-law. I can't remember my own mother, and Gregory's certainly would seem to come next to her. Now you have the story, Mrs. Switzer."

"I am sure it does you credit, and the old lady ought to be ashamed of herself."

I wanted to get up and kiss my daughter-in-law then and there, but that would have spoiled my fun, so after that I sewed hard and didn't say much, and together we finished the pretty silk dress, and had just finished it when a key in the door caught both our ears.

"That is my husband," said my daughter-in-law; and I knew it was Gregory. Up stairs he came, two steps at a time, opened the door and looked at us with a bright smile on his face.

"This is as it should be," said he, "Fanny, I shall kiss mother first, this time."

And he put his arms around us both, but Fanny gave a little scream.

"Oh! Gregory, what are you about? This is Mrs. Switzer, who is making my dress. At least, I have thought so all day. For you see I had burst out laughing, and had kissed Gregory back, and then kissed her."

"My dear, said I, 'I've played a little trick on you, or rather, let you play one on yourself, but you've turned out as good as gold. I could not get you to say a word against the old lady. I am Gregory's mother, my dear, and your's too, if you'll call me so.'"

"Indeed I will," said the dear girl; "but I have kept you sewing hard all day. You see I expected a Mrs. Switzer, and I—"

"We've been all the more sociable for that, my dear," I said; "and I'm glad it happened; I've been very foolish all the while, and Gregory has chosen a better wife for himself than I could have done."

And so I think to day, for I believe there never was a better woman than Gregory's wife, Fanny.

Modern Education.

The trustees of a certain school recently commissioned one of their number to convey to the teachers the wishes of the board as to the nature of the studies to be pursued. When the teachers were assembled before him, the spokesman of the trustees made the following address:

"Teachers: I've been disputed by my fellow-coworks of the Board to make a short collation to you on the subject of running this school practical. We don't want you to learn the scholars no fancy things. They learned me lots of nonsense when I went to school and I never made the first dollar out of it. Now there's arithmetic, we want you to play light with that. You can learn the children to do sums in Partition, Distraction, Stultification, and Long and Short Provisions, but that's all. Don't you teach them Fractures. I lost six months when I went to school learning Fractures, and last week I spent two days trying to measure off an acre of pasture, and I'd have been at it yet if I'd stuck to them Fractures. I had to go over the ground with a two foot rule after all. Fractures is too puzzling. You are always converting the Divider the wrong way, or getting the Fumigator and the Nomination mixed up on the wrong side of the line."

"Then there's English Grabber; that's another book we don't want you to use much. I learned all about it when I was a

boy and what do I know now? I couldn't parley ten words if I had to. Of course all these boys may be the Premier of the Dominion, and then they'll want to know a little about it, for there's no use in a man running for office unless he's good at Grabber; so you may just learn the children what they call the smarts of speech—the Article, the Clown, the Axiom, the Herb, the Paraphrase, the Injunction, and the rest of them."

"As for Geography, we don't want any of that in the school, unless you get the new and improved one. The Geography that me and my coworks of the board learned at school was filled with a pack of lies and nonsense; it said the earth was all covered over with criss cross lines that they called the Lines of Gratitude and the cathartic circular, and the He-Quaker that ran all round the earth after the Great Sarah. Now, that's worse than dime novels, and don't you teach any of it here."

"Then I see in the next district they raised \$200 off the taxpayers to increase the Facilities of their school, so they said. Now we don't want you to use any Facilities in this school; if you've got to use anything of that kind take a rattan, but I tell you public opinion is against corporation punishment in any shape, and though the taxpayers may stand a rattan they'll kick if any of their boys is whaled with a Facilitator. The only kind of punishment that is allowed in these times is moral swearin', it hurts the boy just as much as rattans, and it don't leave no marks on them."

"These are all the rules and regulations we have drawn up for the present, but at our next meeting we'll get up some more."

MURDERS ON THE DANUBE.

Hundreds of Workmen Killed for Their Money.

At Gurgevo, on the Danube, accident has recently led to the discovery of a series of systematic murders. Numerous peasants and workmen from the interior of Roumania have been in the habit of crossing the Danube at the above mentioned port for the purpose of seeking labour in Bulgaria, but on their return journey with their savings, fearing the indiscreet questions of the Roumanian customs officials, the travellers have long evaded them by landing on a small island in the Danube, whether they were rowed by Turkish or Bulgarian boatmen, mostly during the night.

From this island it was possible to reach the Roumanian shore in different ways unnoticed by the authorities. Some time ago a soldier, accidentally walking on the banks of the river, heard terrible screams issuing apparently from some reeds near that island. After a silence of several hours similar screams were again heard by persons whom the soldier had called to the spot. On the police proceeding thither they found that on both occasions persons crossing the river and landing on the island had been murdered by their own boatmen.

A comprehensive inquiry was now instituted by the Roumanian Fiscal General, M. Populescu, the result of which has been to establish with certainty that hundreds of workmen or peasants have been murdered on the island at the moment of landing, and were then robbed of the money and goods they had with them; their corpses being either buried in the graves already prepared for them or thrown among the reeds in the Danube.

In all cases the murderers were Turkish or Bulgarian boatmen from Rustchuk, who carried concealed under their clothes the knives and daggers with which they despatched their victims, one after another, as they set foot in the dead of night on the lonely island in the Danube.

Concluded to Let the Matter Drop.

Crampton—"Remember that newspaper man who insulted me last week?"

Shortpantz—"I remember. You said you were going to have satisfaction."

"Well, I called on him, and he threw me down stairs."

"Then you are not satisfied?"

"Yes, I am. I've been licked as well as insulted, and so I have concluded to let the matter drop."

IN PERIL AT NIAGARA.

The Fortunate Rescue of a Man who Went Canning for Ducks.

William Glassbrook, who in the summer is employed on the little river steamer Maid of the Mist, the other day noticed a number of ducks in the eddy between the American and Horseshoe Falls. He secured his gun, and, jumping into a punt, started across the river for them. All who are familiar with the river, or who have ever stood at Terrapin Point, will perhaps remember a small patch of rocks that are above water just beneath the point. It was here that Glassbrook effected a landing, with the intention of waiting for the ducks to come around the eddy. He had but just landed when his little boat was caught by a wave, which runs from ten to twelve feet high, and upset and carried out into the stream, and there he was a prisoner. He fired his gun repeatedly in the hope of attracting the attention of some one, but firing is so frequent in the gorge at this time of the year that very little, if any, attention is paid to it. Then he began to yell for help, though with little hope of making himself heard amid the roar of the cataract. Fortunately his cries were heard by Charles Davis, who at once notified his father, Saul Davis. Procuring a horse and buggy they drove to the park on the American side and notified the officials of Glassbrook's perilous situation.

Jack McCloy, the guide, who has saved the lives of several people at the Falls, was sent for, and the party hurried to Goat Island and went down the Cave of the Winds stairway, where they met a Mr. Barlow, who was engaged in collecting geological specimens, and had also heard Glassbrook's cries. Obtaining some ropes and a steel drill from the supply shed beneath the bank, they clambered over the rocks as near as possible to Glassbrook. McCloy then fastened a rope about his waist, and with the aid of the drill waded across to where Glassbrook was imprisoned. Barlow and McCloy held the rope fast while Glassbrook crossed it hand over hand and waded through the water. McCloy, cutting a piece from off the end of the rope, strung the gun over his shoulder and crossed to where Barlow and Glassbrook were waiting. From his exposure Glassbrook had suffered considerably, and was in quite an exhausted condition. His boat was picked up opposite the old ferry landing by James Le Bland, who for a time thought that Glassbrook had been drowned.

Fortunately for Glassbrook, the wind did not change while he was there, for when it blows up the river it is impossible to see the rocks upon which he had landed, and had such been the case he would in all probability have died from suffocation by the spray.

Queer Facts and Happenings.

A prisoner in the Franklin, Pa., jail named Joseph Reed is but 7 years old. He was arrested for "maliciously trespassing."

Mrs. Annie Tomlin of Morristown, N. J., lately received in a letter a \$20 bill from a servant who had stolen that amount nineteen years before.

At Gardiner, Mo., at a recent wedding, the groom was but 19 years of age, while his bride was 60.

Here are a few strange but true names; Echo Hellfoss, a Chicago merchant; Sapphire Gannabag of Boston, Applepie Johnson of Pittsburgh, John Vadanhighgenberger, a shoemaker of Philadelphia, and Liberty Todd also of Philadelphia.

This is the epitaph on the tomb of Chas. H. Salmon at Drakeville, N. J.: "In memory of Charles H. Salmon, who was born Sept. 16, 1858. He grew, waxed strong, and developed into a noble son and loving brother. He came to his death on the 12th of October, 1884, by the hands of a careless drug clerk and two excited doctors at 12 o'clock at night in Kansas City."

A Preference for German.

Customer (to barber)—Do you speak more than one language?

Barber—Yes, I speak English and Sherman.

Customer—Well, I wish you would talk to me in German.

Barber—You understand Sherman?

Customer—No.