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THE LEGALITY OF SUNDAY CARS.

The suggestion of The Daily World to the effect that the Toronto Railway Company should, without further ado operate Sunday cars, has met with general approval on the part of the long-suffering public. Judge Rose has decided that the running of street cars on the Lord's Day is not in violation of the law of the land. The Court of Appeal, as well as Judge MacMahon and a jury, have found the police guilty of most unwarrantable interference in preventing a citizen from driving a bus on Sunday. The only obstacle in the way of the Street Railway Company running Sunday cars is the agreement with the city. There is a clause to the effect that no car shall be run on the Lord's day until a Sunday service has been approved of by the citizens by a vote taken on the question. This agreement is set forth in the statutes of Ontario as a schedule to the Act of Incorporation. We may be wrong, but there is nothing giving this clause in the agreement the foce of law. It is possible its violation might lead to complications over the whole agreement with the city, but it is to be remembered that this clause was the interpolation of a fanatic counsel who foisted his own bigoted pharisaical prejudices upon the city without instructions. He exceeded his duties as a legal adviser, and it is to the act of this gentleman that the citizens of Toronto owe their present plight on a Sunday. There is nothing which justified the action of the late departed Mayor and the police in their violent interference with Sunday cars and busses. No crime was being committed. Yet is was the sole case on record where the late Mayor took decisive action. At the most, all that could be done to prevent Sunday cars in Toronto would be an injunction. This injunction could be obtained only upon a resolution of the council authorizing the City Solicitor to apply for it. Are there enough men in the council of sufficient breadth and Christian spirit to veto such a resolution? Is it possible that even in this hypocritical burg, with its many whited sepulchers, there may be.

ON AMUSEMENTS OR DIVERSION.

We must amuse ourselves, and it is fortunate that in this world there is variety of diversion, for the drawback in the world to come, seems to us that, as ordinarily pictured, we go on doing the same thing everlastingly. The goody-goodies may talk as they please, but there is nothing so baleful as the monotonous. However, that is neither here nor there with the present subject under discussion, excepting that a very clever writer has entered a plea for mindless amusements, and we agree with her when she says: "Every now and then the very severe and prosaic start up and have their innings—setting their faces against everything which has not some gravity of purpose in its composition some seriousness in its intent. 'Thought is the Sage's guiding star; Her gems alone are worth the finding,' and your very severe and prosaic folk are sages to a man. Aught like mindless amusement they cannot away with. Lambs may frisk and play at 'king in the castle' in the meadows, dogs may have a turn at 'hare and hounds' under the sofas and chairs, and kittens may jump after their own tails, but children must not read fairy tales nor play at 'cupboardy houses,' nor, indeed, any game whatsoever which does not exercise their brains, their muscles, or their faculties. To combine amusement with instruction may be all very well, but amusement without instruction is not to be thought of. The kindergarten system teaches the use of the hands and eyes, and so far is admirable fooling, however useless the results; but cats'-cradles, and card-pancakes, and dancing-dolls scrawled on slates, and all the rest of the mindless, uninstructive and practically imbecile plays in which children indulge, are to these worthies so many lets and hindrances to the future worthy development of the adult. And especially are fairy tales to be abolished in the nursery. Real history put into words of simple meaning; the microscope where used to be the kalledoscope; the wonders of science brought down to the comprehension of the curlywigs clustering about your knees—all these are as they should be. But when you come to that queer world of griffins and dragons, and trees bearing precious stones for fruits and hung with diamonds and caurbucles for our modern electric lights, and talking birds and flying horses, then are you filling the callow mind with things pernicious because untrue, and the end of that system of education will be surely evil.

"We have lately had an outburst of this kind which made one feel sorry for the children subjected to the rule of prosaic negation included. Those of us who, having been brought up in the love of fairy tales, feel the enchantment of them even now, know what children lose who are denied this pleasant land of innocent fantasy. No child of ordinarily healthy brains was ever either frightened by the ogres or the dragons, or by the Yellow Dwarf himself, or so disastrously impressed by belief in the fairies and their powers as to neglect endeavor for the sake of their magic help. The whole thing is so entirely out of the line of everyday life as to be harmless as an influence. It is merely a delightful play of imagination, a kind of animated doll-land, with the untidy and neglected strip of the shrubbery for the desert tenanted by lions and tigers, and the sunset clouds for fairy palaces. It paints the dull grey sky of winter with iridescent colors, and gives a meaning to the frosted panes which aude to their beauty. It takes the childish mind out of the groove of its childish sorrows, or of lessons, or of sins and their punishment; it feeds the imagination with sweets as pure and harmless as sugar candy; and it lays the foundation of a deeper understanding when the years of childish acceptance are passed and those of the folklorist's analysis have come. Fairy tales are as necessary for children as sweets and farinaceous food, games and toys; and the severe utilitarian who would substitute for these facts, and prose realities would rob this gracious period of life of half its pleasures and a great deal of his own teaching for good.

"As with children, so with the uneducated—the need of mindless amusement is here with them as well as with the little ones in the nursery, and the one is as strong and as important as the other. We are falling into error by making the amusements of the people too purposeful, too refined. When we give them concerts of classical music, we go above their heads, and, though they are polite enough to applaud, they would infinitely prefer a rousing catch or a blaring march, not to speak of a music-hall selection, of which they know the words and can follow the movement. But all the cry now is for instruction and refinement; and that invaluable sense of proportion, of harmony, by which alone true advance is made, is buried under the piled-up cairn of misfitting endeavor. For when we have made all those who have to do the rough and dirty work of the world as refined as the cultured gentleman of the leisured class, where shall we look for our scavengers and lightermen, for our street-sweepers and scaliners? Talk of the folly of fairy tales, where everyone is a prince, and even cats and birds are nobles in disguise, what is this compared with the folly of over-refining, over-educating the rude forefathers and the rough workers—unless, indeed, we have substitutes for them ready to hand, and can either import Chinese coolies, or knock up machines that shall supply their vacated place without delay? And side by side with this absurdity runs that other of substituting purposeful employments for mindless amusements, with young people who are no longer children. The craving for these absolutely unintellectual games and pleasures crops up at all four corners, sometimes with a pretence of dexterity as the softening gloss, as those fearsome things, 'Pigs in Clover,' and 'Tiddlewinks, and the like; sometimes as a hand-to-hand struggle with fate, as at "patiences" like the Fatal Thirteen,' where there is no play whatever, but a mere turning up of the cards and arranging them as they come; sometimes in mere bawl and noise, as when a set of boyish men shout themselves hoarse for the mere joy they find in using their lungs and vocal chords.

"Examples might be multiplied, all showing the same thing—the love men have for simple distraction—simple amusements, destitute of all improving or intellectual quality. We are losing sight of this need, as we said before. The times are getting too earnest and serious, too heavily laden with facts and realities for the weaker sort to bear. And we have to consider the weaker as well as the stronger. We are not all Darwins and Newtons, nor Beethovens or Chopins; and 'little stilles' have their place in the world as well as Girton girls and B.A.'s. Between the callow prigs who are encouraged to give their thoughts and experiences in the 'Children's Page' of certain periodicals, and the self-unconscious little dunces who love fairy tales and hate lessons, we would rather have the latter as the root-work of the future generation; and between the grave and solemn, studious and restrained youths, and those in whose unregenerate natures lurks a fair share of the old Adam and an appreciation of pure fun, we hold the latter as the best for the staple manhood of a nation. The studious and restrained have their value, and are splendid exceptions; but a fair admixture of the mindlessness and thoughtlessness and love of mere pleasure naturally belonging to youth makes a better amalgam, all things considered. And those who have no wild oats at all to sow have often but a scanty crop of good grain to reap. Wherefore we plead again for some indulgence shown by the matured and cultured to the follies of the uncultured and the young—to their need for mindless amusements as that which is best suited for empty heads and light hearts."

A FAMINE IN EGGS.

Very Few in Stock and Those Held at "Corner" Prices.

Canadian hens, at least the members of the Egglayers' Union of Ontario, have evidently determined to restrict production. The result is that there is practically a famine in hen fruit here. On the other hand, Yankee hens are on their dignity and when the news went abroad among them that the cold storage people there were attempting to corner the egg market, apparently every hen worked overtime to knock out the combine.

There were but more than 700 cases of eggs in stock in Toronto yesterday, and these were practically sold. The receipts of eggs are very light and the supply is now drawn from a source that has not hitherto been considered available. Several car load lots have come here from Morrisburg and points east of Montreal. They are the cold storage variety and find a ready sale to retailers at from 15 to 17 cents per dozen. Pickled eggs are selling in case lots at from 14 to 15 cents per dozen. New-laid eggs readily bring from 20 to 22 cents, but the daily receipts of them are not up to the city's consumptive requirements. The supply is now restricted to about twenty cases daily.

"I was puzzled to account for the receipt of eggs from quarters we never had them before," said William Ryan, one of the largest egg shippers, "but I now understand that shipments reaching here from points east of Montreal are due to the great break in prices in New York. I don't think there will be any great decline in prices here until after Lent. The penitential season always brings a large demand and the stock here is very small."

"So far as Toronto is concerned the market is virtually sold out," said D. Gunn of Gunn, Flavelle & Co., another large dealer. "We cannot get enough fresh laid eggs to supply present needs and unless there is a spell of mild weather that will move the hens to resume business this condition is likely to prevail through February and March. Reports from other Ontario points show that where stocks are held they are very light."

The other day car load lots of cold storage eggs were being frantically offered on Chicago's market without finding buyers at $1.25 a case of thirty dozen. As the duty is only 3 cents per dozen and the freight rate about 2 cents per dozen there is a large margin of profit for an importer.

Personal.

Mr. John Torrance, Montreal, one of the Canadian managers of the Dominion S.S. Line, was in the city yesterday. Among other things, he reports that the Dominion Line's fine new steamer Canada will make her first trip from Liverpool (in May) from which time she will go on the regular Canadian service.

Provincial Government Engineer McCallum has just returned from Parry Sound, where, in company with Dominion Government Engineer Ridout, he has been examining an extension of the Parry Sound Colonization Railway.

A SUFFERING SAINT.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Author of the "Marquis of Carabas," Etc

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The river was sparkling, the boughs were waving, the bees were humming, warbles fell from the topmost top of the sun-tipped pines and cedars, the warm air was full of the scent of flowers and the laughing children, and suddenly on all the sweet tranquility came the harsh clang of a bell, a huge brass dinner bell.

"Oh, that poor sufferin' saint!" cried Mrs. Mather, running to the window. "I declare ef it ain't too bad! I do' no' how she ever stan's it! There they go, them fellers—I sh'd think they'd be ashamed to death!" And while she was exclaiming, the man in his short-sleeves in the opposite dooryard, with a white face, and black and burning eyes, and a tangle of uncombed hair, went on flourishing his great dinner bell over his head, ringing it with all his might; and half a dozen men, who had just thrown down their tools, were running to answer it. "Come on! Come on!" he shouted with a strange hoarseness and thick articulation. "Come out, come out! Up with ye! Up with ye!" And then a woman darted out of the house and skipped up to the horse-block, half laughing, half crying, and tossing her apron over her face.

"It's a shame! It's a livin' shame!" cried Mrs. Mather, eagerly peering behind her sash-curtain. "I declare I don't see why Humphrey Lavender don't fall dead, poor critter! And all them fellers gawking and gaping round. I sh'd think you'd have somethin' better to do 'ith youself, Tom Brier!" she called.

"Lord, Mis' Mather, 'taint my fault," said Tom, stopping a moment under the open window to tie his shoe. "She wants us to. She's ast us partic'ler. She says he's got to be humored w'en he hes the spells, she says. She says it's her cross, an' his, too. Lord, 'taint our fault. I've got to go an' bid her in now," and he ran off posthaste.

"Come now," cried Humphrey, still flourishing his bell about his blazing face. "Hurry up! I ain't no time to waste. Who'll bid on her? Here she is—ain't worth her weight in sawdust—who starts the bidding? Sally Lavender, five feet five, as old as her tongue, and a little older than her teeth, an' her tongue's hung in the middle, an' goes at both ends. Five cents. Jo Burns, your money's burning a hole in yer pocket, go. Do I hear ten? No sort of a wife—ten—ten—ten—fraggile, no account creetur. Ten, do you say—the price of a drink. Yes, she ain't wuth much, but she's wuth that. Speak up there! Ten, ten, do I hear fifteen? Who bids fifteen for a blamed rag doll? I ain't a-takin' ye in—yer know her—ain't one redeemin' trait—temper of the old boy—idle—shif'less—you biddin', Tom Brier? I'm lettin' her go for w'at she'll fetch, yes I be! Fifteen—twenty goin'—twenty—am I offered—twenty-five? By gorry, she won't fetch a quarter! Gone, at—twenty—to Tom Brier. An' you can take her now or hev her later!" And then the woman sprang from the block and ran into the house, as if she could not bear one moment longer, and the men dispersed, and Humphrey pocketed the twenty cents. "Ain't enough to fill the jug," he muttered, as he went into the house. "Guess I'll hev to sell her over again."

"Here, dearie, you take this," said Sally, meeting him with a bowl into which she had hurriedly poured the contents of a skillet.

"Don't be a-dearying me now," he said. "It ain't a proper thing."

"Well, never mind at that. Just take this. It's a beef and barley broth, an' I biled a pepper an' an yingin' in it—it's real good an' nourishin'."

"Well," he said, "perhaps I will. You ain't no objec' now in makin' way with me, so I don't suppose you've ben a-tinkerin' in it. I'll give some to the cat first, an ef nothin' happens to her, maybe I'll take it."

"Oh, I wouldn't wait for that," she said, following his restless walk with the bowl in her hand. "Sip it while it's good an' hot."

"You're altogether too familiar," he said, stopping and drawing himself up, considerin' who you be. Tom Brier's made a fool of himself—twenty cents for w'at warn't wuth anything. Git out!"

"He's all right," she said cheerfully. "Here I'll take some of it myself," and when she had taken a few spoonfuls and held up the steaming savory bowl, he looked at her a moment and swallowed the rest.

"Yes," he said. "That tastes good. Your a master hand at a relish, Sally. But what you doin' here?" he added with a start and a bewildered look. "You're Tom Brier's woman now."

"I guess," she said, "Tom ain't no place for me yet. An' you've got to hev someone to ten' round, an' I might es well stop a spell."

"Well—jes' tell he sends for ye."

"Now, you set down an' lemme brile ye this little lamb chop. It's real tender. An' here's a pertater billin' hot—"

"No, I ain't no call to eat"——

"Ain't hungry?" stepping about briskly. "Yes, you be. An' a mealy pertater, with salt an' pepper, and pepper, and plenty of fresh butter"——and she was preparing it as she spoke, for the table had been laid before the bell-ringing, and the grid-iron was on the coals.

"I do' no' 'bout this," he said, as the smoking chop was slipped on the plate before him. "It smells sort o' tempt-in'," he muttered. "Here, Ponto, you try a bite. No! We mustn't give the children's meat to dogs. You're sure it's all right, Sally?" with a wondering wistful look.

"Sure's I be of sunrise!" And while he was picking the bone like a famished dog himself, she was tossing a light large pancake, and covering it with her peach syrup, and following it with another and another, keeping the great cup of cocoa filled all the time beside him. The doctor had said he must be fed and overfed.

Then he leaned forward, his elbows on the table, and stared at the high sunny window, where a little jug of buttercups and clover stood and a bee buzzed and hummed. And his head fell between his hands, and she came and put her arms about it and brought it forward so that it touched her shoulder. "You're real sleepy," she said. "You jes' go into the bedroom an' lie down an' get a nap, an' I'll cover you up"——

He put out his long arm, pushing her off with the open palm of his hand. "I'd like you to keep you're distance," he said, raising his heavy-lidded eyes. "I know about morals, ef you ain't no princerple!" and he rose and moved majestically to the calico-covered lounge under the window and threw himself down upon it. "You there again," he said presently, as she pulled the curtain across the window over him. "No business here," dropping off to sleep, and waking again with a start to murmur "'Tain't proper," and then, lost in some five minutes' vagary of a dream, from which he sprung hallooing, with an idea that he was drowning. "Take you're han' off me!" he roared. "You're a-choking me! I'll hev ye hung for a witch yet!" And then the air was sulphurous with a storm of oaths that curdled the blood of the little woman on the stool at his feet. He—her husband—a church member. She hid her face in her hands, rocking to and fro, the tears overflowing.

"I don't like to see ye cry, Sally. And you know it!" he said, stopping to gaze at her.

"Oh, I—I can't help it!" she exclaimed.

"I sh'd think 'twas me that made ye cry," he said irresolutely. And he added under his breath, "Instid of you're own cussedness."

"Where's Polly?" he said presently, after standing a moment and staring into vacancy, as if trying to recall his poor wits.

"She's well took care of. She's—she's better where she is while you—while you ain't feelin' so well," a little tremulous thrill in the sweetness of the voice.

"I'm puffickly well! Look at the dinner I've eat. I never felt better in my life. I could take ye down to the river an' drown ye quick as I could a kitten."

"You couldn't drown a kitten, Humphrey."

He made a step toward me. "At least I could," he said, as she looked in his face with the tears still on her own, "ef you belonged to me. But being as you're Tom Brier's new—— you're a pretty woman, Sally," he said, after looking at her a moment again. "Ef you hedn't ben so blamed toppin' an' bound to have you're own way, I wouldn't 'a' got red of you. You can hev you're ch'ice now between Tom Brier an' the river—Oh, my head! my head!"

There was a rap on the door, and then a shadow fell through the little passageway into the bright kitchen. "Oh, I forgot to bolt the door!" exclaimed Mrs. Lavender.

"I'll be bound ye did!" cried Humphrey. "Who's this a-comin' into folks' houses 'thout a by your leave!"

"It's me, Humphrey, it's—yes—it's me," piped a high, thin voice with something like an escapement midway of t's utterance.

"Oh, Mr. Hodge," exclaimed Sally, wiping a chair that was clean before "Come right in. Only you'll excuse us—Humphrey isn't—isn't quite as well as"——

"Who be you," cried Humphrey, "telling him to set down in my house? An' you ain't welcome here, a spyin' roun, Ivy Hodge, an' you know it!"

"My dear—Humphrey—I—I really think you can't know what—yes, what you're a-sayin'," said Mr. Hodge, blandly, and taking the chair. "A Selec'mon's welcome—yes—'most anywheres."

"'Ceptin here," said Humphrey, looking for his stick.

"How?," said Mr. Hodge.

"I said 'ceptin' here. An' I ain't go-in' to hev you exchangin' looks with that woman, eyther. She don't belong here, no way, thanks be to praise. I've allus kep' thin's respectable, an' ef you've come to deal 'ith me as a church-member, I don't stand in need of none of your dealin', and so good day to ye!" And, as Mr. Hodge did not go, he strode off himself through the open doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Hodge," exclaimed Sally breathlessly, "I must go, too—I can't let him off alone."

"That's jest it, yes, I may say, jest it," said the Selectman, with his short dry cough. "I—I came to see about, yes, about a—removin of him, as I may say, to the asylum"——

"Oh, no, no, I couldn't have it!" cried Sally, but under her breath. "It would break his heart w'en he come to. He'll come round all right in a little while. He allus does. You mustn't."

"But, Mis' Lavender—it ain't—yes, it ain't only you, only you, I may say, an' him. It's, it's the community, yes, the community. Nobody's safe, so to speak, yes, nobody's safe with a crazy man loose"——

"Oh, he ain't crazy! He's only jest a little mite out'n his mind. He never'd hurt a fly!" she cried, hesitating on the point of one foot, and tying on her bonnet hurried by, sunbeam slanting through her great brown eyes lifted in their mild pitiful appeal. "He won't do nobody a harm as long's I'm near, an' I'm near every minute, an' it's most time for this spell to be over, an' I must take him his hat—he'll be so mortified w'en he comes to—an' he's the best, oh, he's the very best husban, any woman has w'en he's all himself"——

"There, Mis' Lavender, don't now, don't get so, as I may say, excited! He's a-leanin' onto the gate now, yes, quite quiet. Yes, an' you needn't, that is to say, you needn't worry none. I won't do nothin' 'thout your—your co-operation! As long's you can, yes, control him"——

"Mostly I can manage," she said, her fingers shaking so she could not tie her bonnet strings. "He's really—really—oh, oh, he's fond of me"——

"Yes, I know, yes," said Mr. Hodge, taking up his hat and pouring out the bandanna to mop his face. "But I don't you—yes—don't you think you would be happier, as you may say, safer, that is, yes, easier every way, ef he was took care of?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" suddenly cried the little woman covering her face with her hands through which the tears spurted. "I can't bear another word! The dear Lord knows what I've borne already—w'en I first found it out—an' I couldn't believe it—I thought I was teched myself, but w'en I'd wake up in the night with is han's on my throat. And the baby, oh, the baby!"

"By gracious!" cried the startled Mr. Hodge. And he would havt said, "By gracious!" again, if he could have made up his mind in season, when she took down her hands, wiped her eyes, and with scarcely a trace of her tears, looked out the door and smiled. His exclamation had restored her self-control.

"I shall have to leave you to lock up," she said, turning to Mr. Hodge with a pretty dignity, and as if nothing had been said before. "We was goin' to take a walk together, my husban' an' me."

"Well," said Mr. Hodge, when he went into Mrs. Mather's fore-room, a room resplendent with a picture of Captain Mather's three-master, the Man of Mull, under full sail and in a gilt framt, and with a portrait of the late Captain himself that looked much as if the figure-head of his schooner might have sat for it, and where the pretty black-eyed mistress always braided her mats in the afernoons. "Well, I'm free, yes, free to confess I never, as you may say."

"You may say jest w'at you please, Mr. Hodge!" cried Mrs. Mather. "An' I'll say it after you. For ef ever I see a sufferin' saint put upon an' no way to hinder an' enough to make you doubt the ways of God to man—"

"Or—or woman either, as it were—yes," said Mr. Hodge.

"Which is jest w'at I mean! She's done eyerthin' she knowed how to keep i tfrom gettin' out. An' w'en he's right agin, she acts jest's though everybody'd forgot it. Forget it! My land - I can look right into their house an' w'en i see him flourishin' the axe roun' that baby a settin' on the floor an' lookin' up an' laughin' into his face till he dropped it, or a-seizin' Sally by the hair of her head an' bendin' her head back, an' she a-lookin' at him with them great still eyes o' hern, patient as a dumb critter's, an' nothin' but a spark of the old love left in the midst of all his fury savin' her from destruction, an' nohtin' bein' done."

"But, Mis' Mather—yes, Mis Mather, there's nothin' to do. She don't want him took up. An' that's all, yes, that's all the Selec'men, are empowered; yes, as I may say, empowered, to do. It—yes, it looks to me, Mrs. Mather, as if you was, yes, as it were, a-blamin' the Lord more than the selec'men, yes".

"I dono', but I be! But I do'no how the Lord can look Sally Lavender in the face. Thee—I've said it!"

"Mis' Mather, I—I shan't; so to say, yes, repeat w'at you've said. It—yes, in one point o' view it does credit to your feelin's. But the Lord, He—yes, as you may say, he rules the world his own way, yes."

"I do'no' w'ether he does or not. Humphrey Lavender ain't the first of his people, on the mother's side, that's Ven Veside theirselves, an' he wouldn't a' ben the last ef Polly'd ben' spared. To look at that dear baby, with her little rosy, smilin' a-squinnyin' up her sweet eyes laughin' an' showin' her pretty white beads of teeth, an' to think she's got to go through the same thing—wal, ef ther's anythin' makes you doubt justice."

"There aint," said Mr. Hodge, taking up his hat and looking into it, lifting out the length of his handkerchief and putting it carefully back; "there—there ain't. I don't want no better, yes, argyment, for another life than the way, yes, the way, Sally Lavender's bein' trained for it, as you may say. An' ef it aint the sperit of the Lord that makes her keep that madman from doin' her a mischief, then there ain't no sperit of the Lord. An' there is, Mis' Mather, yes, as you may say, there is!"

Mrs. Mather was silent, the strips of her rug braiding hanging limply over her fingers. "I don't myself," began Mr. Hodge again. "I don't, that, is to say, myself, believe in no evil princerple. It's contrary, yes, to my idee of the power of God. Yes, But I ain't never spoke of it before, so to say; as it might be thought, yes, a little, yes, a little irreg'lar in a deacon. But bein' as we was talkin' kind of intimate—"

"You can say jest w'at you like here, Mr. Hodge. It won't never go no further. I'm real pleased to hev you speak your mind," snapped Mrs. Mather.

"Well, then, as I was a-sayin', yes, a-sayin', it may seem, yes, it may seem sing'lar, but ef you allow the doctrine of free-will, Mis' Mather, then Humphrey Lavender's gran'thers are responsible; yes, in one way or another, for his, yes, his spells. But the reason he don't kill that baby w'en he's a-flourisin' his axe, or don't, yes; as you may say, put an end to Sally w'en he's, yes, w'en he's got her by the hair of her head, is that the sperit of the Lord is in him, an' is, yes, is too much for the gran'thers. Yes."

"Mr. Hodge," said Mrs. Mather, leaning forward a little, breathlessly, "you are a good man."

"Yes—that is to say," replied Mr. Hodge, growing quite red and plunging for his handkerchief, "I—I try to be."

"You are!" she repeated with emphasis.

But while the Selectman and the pretty widow were discussing fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute," Sally Lavender was following her husband through the by-paths of the river wood, the viewless feet of fear falling before her, and her tired eyes full of horror of she knew not what. At first Humphrey had not seemed to notice her. Then he shouted. "This way now," and "come on, come on," and "I'll lead you a dance!" and then he turned his head, "Oh, it's Sally," he said, and relapsed into silence; and all the time he maintained his gigantic strides to keep up with which taxed her running powers. The wild similax vines tangled her feet, the boughs he parted flew back and hit her face, a snake slipped hissing under her shoe, the briers caught and tore her gown, the thorns scratched her hands and her ankles, her feet were wet with the boggy places through which they trampled, she took no heed of any of it, all her thought, active only to follow her husband and keep him from doing himself a mischief. Sometimes he lingered a moment over a brown sunlit pool, and she rested with all her poor strength. Sometimes he wound his way out of the wood and threw himself down on the steep brink of the river where a quick motion, a slipping foot, would end all; and she hurried again to sink down gently in the long grass and the nodding daisies beside him, and lay her hand on his arm, and wonder in a blind way at the indifference of sky and water to her trouble. Then it was up again and tramp away. She had no joy of the soft waning afternoon, whose light she had many a time before thought like that which shine across the hills of heaven; she had not seen the blaze of the sunset; she did not feel the coming of the purple dewy dark, nor hear the wild lamenting of the whippowills; and when, near midnight, in the hard, cold shining moon, they reached their own door, she had no other sensation than that she must walk on forever.

She lighted the lamp mechanically. The fire in the stove was not all gone, and the broth she had left in the oven was still warm. The doctor had said, she repeated to herself again, that he must be made to eat, she poured him out a bowl-full, and he took it ravenously, while she drank a cupful herself. And he ate the custard pie she put before him, with no idea what it was he ate. his wide and burning eyes, red, it seemed, with the fire in his brain. If only she could make him sleep! The doctor had said sleep would be his salvation. But when she had offered him any of the anodynes it had simply aroused his fury. She had hated to deceive him; but there was no help for it; she slipped a dose into the coco, whose own slightly bitter taste disguised it. But just as he had taken the last of the coca he saw her putting the vial out of sight. "Don't you come near me with that poison stuff!" he shouted. "I'll pour it down your own throat ef you do. Here! By king! I will, any way!" And with a stride he had seized the vial in one hand and his wife's chin in the other, and in a minute the whole bottle full, and death with it, would have been her portion, for she could not escape the terrible grasp, she could only lift her hand and lay it on his shoulder in the way of an old caress. A shiver ran through him; he trembleed at the touch; the vial slipped to the floor. "Here!" he cried "Ain't you the woman I sold to Tom Brier once? What in nation you here for, anyway? Git out o' this, neck and crop!" and he lifted her as if she had been a leaf and sent her flying through the door. Then he shot the bolt home, and stalked into the bedroom, and tumbled as he was upon the bed.

Sally Lavender lay on the grass where she had fallen, too tired to pick herself up; too wretched to know that she was tired. It was under the thick-leaved shade of the apple tree where no dew fell. Before she could gather what had happened she was asleep.

She woke with a start when she had slept perhaps an hour, full of terror of something unknown which resolved itself almost instantly into something too well known. She was icy cold for half a moment, and then she was burning in a glow of indignation from head to foot. But as she wrung her hands the touch of her wedding-ring controlled her like a talisman. "It isn't him, it isn't him!" she sobbed. "He'd never do it in the world. It's the strings all jangling which ways. And, oh, it does seem cruel. But I mustn't, I mustn't—an' he so good and gentle, an' lovin', w'en he's all there. An' I've said it—though he slay me, yet will I trust in him—an' perhaps it's my trial—oh, dear, Lord, help me to bear the burden; an' Lord, Lord, be merciful to him!"

She rose after a while, and went tiptoeing round the house; the lamplight streamed from the bedroom window, and climbing on the trellis she looked in. Her heart gave a great plunge of joy—there he was on the bed in a deep sleep. She longed to get in, to loosen his necktie, to get his clothes off and make him comfortable. But the window was fast, and even if she could it would waken him, and the sleep was too precious. He might wake at last, as he had done before, all right, even if weak to extremity. Her heart yearned over him, as a mother's heart yearns over a suffering child. She crept round to the doorstep, and sat there keeping guard. Ponto had gone off on a sheep-raid with Prince Mather. The cat came and curled up on a corner of her gown.

While she sat there the moon went down, red as a burning brand quenched in the river; the shadow folded about her like a garment. All the little house was till as death. The cool and dewy air was soft with the fragrance of the flowers that came to her in faint and honeyed wafts; a drowsy mist of stars hardly disturbed the darkness of the night. There was no sound but the lapping of the river, and now and then the village clock that tolled the hour or the quick wrangle of some neighbor's clock through the open windows. Every once in a while she went round and looked in, and saw Humphrey still sleeping. A light wind came fluttering about her—the dawn had stirred in the night. As she sat upon the low step, not conscious of being tired or sleepy, only conscious of listening, it was all so sweet and still and solemn, it seemed as if the night itself were a communion with unknown force; its peace entered into her soul; she felt as though she leaned her head on the breast of her Heavenly Father. A little bird piped beside his nest; a trill answered it, all the unseen world was awake with wild music. Through the clear dark across the water came the rhythmical rowing of oars; she stole round again in tender fright, but Humphrey was still sleeping. A dream of light, rather than light itself, had interfused the dusk; it grew with slow pulse and welling till grey was gold and gold was rose and rose was silver-blue, swelling like the prelude to great music, as if day had never been before. Everything was dripping and shaking and sparkling with dew; the bright light breeze went a rioting in the leaves of the trees, but no one stirred; she had the day as she had the night, alone to herself. "The Lord's ben good to me," said Sally Lavender. "He's give me a real season of peace."

She waited till Tom Brier came along whistling to his job. She had never talked of her trouble; but she had sometimes asked help of Tom; and he brought a ladder round to the back of the house and held it and looked the other way while she found her way in at an upper window. Then she slipped down the stairs and closed the bedroom door and noiselessly lighted her fire and set the meat to simmer for his strong rich broth, and washed and refreshed herself, and allowed herself a long sweet slumber on the lounge. She crept by and by into the bedroom, where Humphrey still slept, although stirring now and then, and held a cup of broth to his lips, her arm under his pillow, and he drank it without unclosing his eyes. She gave it to him so twice or thrice during the day, and piece by piece, slowly, and at long intervals, she removed his clothes, and with cautious lifting and tugging of all her poor little strength had him decently in bed; and she took her own morsel of food, and lay down outside and waited. There was peace in her heart. There was even a deep, still joy as she thought of the grass growing on the little grave where Polly lay—the child for whom she had feared the father's fate, and whom, while her heart half broke with love and longing, she had been glad to lay away before the trouble could come upon her.

The day went by like the marching of an enemy's army. All the village kept quiet about her door—friends and neighbors knew it was Humphrey's time of slumber now; the children's laughs and cries were far away; even the bees and birds made drowsy music. When far off in the twilight the whippowills began to sing, she laid her own weary head upon the pillow, listened a moment to the deep, calm breathing beside her, and fell asleep.

It was in the dead of the dark that she awoke with two arms about her, and a rough cheek resting on her own, a rough cheek wet with tears. "Wife," whispered Humphrey; "wife! I'm all right. Yes, I be. But I kind o' feel ez though I'd ben dragged through seven cities, an' ez though you'd had a tug of it, too, Sally. Hev I ben abusin' of ye, mother? Was it one of the bad ones?"

And Sally pressed her cheek closer. "Ther, there," she laughed and cried, "'Twarn't nothin' at all to speak of!"

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

Their Introduction to France and to Scotland.

The following appeared in The Glasgow Herald a short time ago:

"In twenty years, perhaps in less, the horse as a draught animal will be a memory." The prediction is that of an eminent French engineer, and the recent developments in petroleum-driven auto-carts seem to lend it a color of probability. It is to France that we owe the awakening of public interest in the subject. There, indeed, it has been seriously claimed that by the invention of the "auto-mobile" the problem of road locomotion has been finally solved. In this, as in the above-mentioned prophesy, there is, perhaps, a trace of Gallic exaggeration. The present writer, during a recent visit to the Continent, had considerable experience of the various types of auto-carts at present in use, and the result was to convince him that, great as the progress has been in this branch of mechanics, much still remains to be done. In every carriage that he had the privilege of trying, the latest and best examples included, both motor and gearing were far from perfect. As regards the former, for instance, there is often much difficulty and delay in starting; and the excessive vibration when the driver has to pull up, caused by the motor continuing to go, is extremely unpleasant to one accustomed to the easy seat of a well-built British carriage. Then, whether the motor is in front or behind, the driving gear is below the car, the speed being regulated by an arrangement of cones; and under any existing arrangement of gearing, the machine has to be stopped to change the rate of speed. There may be from five to two of these rates the common thing being three—say four, eight, and twelve miles an hour respectively. The petroleum auto-car has also, of course, many good points The principal is that it is under perfect control, the starting and running being regulated by an arrangement of levers on the right hand of the driver. Of the efficacy of the "horseless carriage," however, the public may soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves. Already several of them are running in the South of England, and in the course of a few months they will probably be as familiar on our country roads as on those of France and Belgium.

Mr. George Johnston, whose name is familiar as the inventor of a mechanical tram-car that has attracted much attention in Glasgow, is now (or has been) running an auto-car in the streets of that city—the first to be seen on this side of the Border. It should be explained that Mr. Johnston's car is yet more or less an experimental one, and so it was deemed advisable to have it, in the first instance, thoroughly tested when the streets were clear. In appearance it resembles a four-wheeled dogcart without the shafts, and in general arrangement follows the lines of the majority of the auto-cars to be seen on the Continent. There is, however, one important distinction—that while in the foreign-made carriages the tank for the water which is used to cool the cylinders has to be refilled every two hours. Mr. Johnston's, by a new arrangement, can run for a practically unlimited period with one small supply of water. The car is seated for three; the motor, which is of three horse-power, is in front; and the fuel is benzoline, or essence of patroleum.

HER DIAMOND TEETH.

An English Actress's Method of Adding to Her Attractions.

The girl with diamonds in her teeth is one of the British beauties who lend the lustre of their presence to the performance of "The Shop Girl." The setting of diamonds in teeth is not new, where they are used as the top or cap in filling cavaties. But this girl has them set in the flat surface of her front teeth—teeth that are perfectly sound, and in which a cavity has been deliberately cut by the dentist. She is Zara De L'Orme of George Edwards' London Gaiety Theatre Company. She is said to be a beautiful woman of queenly proportions, standing almost six feet high. She has a fine, willowy figure that shows off to excellent advantage in the light-colored tights that she wears in the last act of "The Shop Girl." Her eyes are large and soft, and her face, which reminds one of Mary Anderson, is crowned with a wealth of light brown hair. She has very pretty teeth, and a few years hence, when the fad has died out and she finds herself with the diamonds she now cherishes imbedded in such a manner that they must remain forever, or else leave a permanent disfiguration, she will probably rue the enthusiasm that led her to use her teeth for show purposes.

At present, however, she is so much taken with the idea that she is going to have two additional diamonds set within the next two weeks.

She has now a diamond in the first and third incisors of the upper row of teeth. The stone set in the first incisor is pretty nearly half a carat in weight, and is larger than an ordinary pea. It covers almost, with its setting, for it is encircled with a ring of gold, the entire front of the tooth. The other stone is considerably smaller, weighing probably not more than a quarter of a carat. Like its mate, it is encircled with gold.

In conversation with the young woman, one will notice nothing peculiar about her, except such peculiarities as are common to most stage people. But let her smile, and she has a habit of doing little else since the brilliants were set in her incisors—and there is a flash of light that is actually startling.

"How came I to do it?" And do I like it? Well, rawther," Miss De L'Orme is English, and she broadens her a's to a most amazing extent. "It's the greatest thing I've struck in America. Nobody ever heard of such a thing on the other side, and, when I go back there next time or July won't I just make a sensation."

"Well, how I came to do it? I'll tell you. I went to see Dr. Leeds one day about my teeth, and he said to me, in a joking sort of way. 'You've a pretty mouth and pretty teeth; why don't you have some diamon