

It May be at Midnight.

"In the silent midnight watches... With the stars above and the moon's soft, hazy radiance... Who are you in man's red... Come a messenger of glory... From Heaven on love's behest... Came the one in stress and tension... Battled, impotent and grieving... Like a dove with wounded pinion... Kept far down within the shadows... Where the earthy forces bind... Fear had filled with sad forebodings... Many an hour of pain and sorrow... Check'd and hindered aspirations... For the good that might be won... Hope in sunlight—promised brightness... Sent of better things to-morrow... So, alternate gloom and gladness... Kept her life in shade or sun... Still the crucial conflict, raging... Veil'd the burdened, harassed spirit... Scarcely knew the meaning... What environments infest... While each chafing day was followed... By a night whose anguished... Was the shelter of its silence... Not the vigor of its rest... Gentle, tenderer, purer, holier... Than a father's kiss—caressing—... Came a whisper from the stillness... And the pain-swept, throbbing breast... Fell a-few sweet—Come my darling!... Like a mother's touch, in blessing... And her heart sings to Jesus, Master... I am coming to Thy rest... 'Twas so kind of Him to call her... How He long'd to save and shield her... In the shelter of His home-land... Let She not be a wanderer... Hath obtained the spirit's freedom... Which the mortal could not yield her... She hath found the dawn's morning... And the perfect life of love... LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. "The Eliza, Toronto."

HIS ONLY SISTER.

By M. E. LINDSEY.

"Well, father, what kind of a meetin' did you have last night?" asked Farmer Lowe's wife. "Jest splendid, mother; the house was chuck full." "How was the order? Any better'n common?" "No, I don't know as it was. Them young scoundrels have been carrying on so high played off some of their capers agin last night. They took a quilt out of Lett's wagon and wrapped it round one of the muddy wheels and then set the brakes on; and the same boys took Tom Sanders' fine span o' mules out o' his wagon and put Joe Wood's old oxen in. It does look if Satan's a-goin' to have his share up thar." "Dear, dear! I do hope them wicked boys'll be brought into the fold before the meetin' closes," Mrs. Lowe said. "I want you to go up to-night, mother; that is to be a new preacher thar. I think Jennie's cold is well enough so t' wont hurt her." "A new preacher? What's his name?" "They gin it out as Johnson." "Johnson? Wonder if it's our Johnson, father?" "I thought o' that, but it's not likely. Johnson is a common name." "Well, I'll go up to-night. It's only a quarter of a mile there, and I don't think it'll hurt Jennie a bit." The above conversation took place in Farmer Lowe's parlor. The protracted meetings now being held at the Union Meeting House had been in progress for about two weeks, and were gathering great crowds. But the conduct of some of the large boys caused no little trouble and anxiety. Efforts had been made to find out who the guilty ones were, but they were cunning, and by some means had avoided detection so far. Farmer Lowe's family consisted of himself, his son Calvin, and little daughter Jennie, seven years of age. He was one of the standbys of the neighborhood. Tolerably well to do, kind, and of cheerful disposition, always ready and willing to hold out a helping hand, his friends numbered many. His son Calvin was fifteen years old. He was one of those energetic sort of people in whom there lies great capacity for good or evil, when that dormant power is once fully roused. As yet no one seemed to have any particular influence over him unless it was his little sister Jennie. She had always been a delicate child, but of a most lovely disposition, and in her Calvin's dearest affection. Her mother's love for her was too great to secure her comfort and she found his greatest enjoyment in ministering to her pleasure. "Calvin, your pa wants you to go over to Greeley's and take that cross-cut saw home before you go to the meetin'," said Mrs. Lowe that evening, as she brushed out Jennie's curls. "All right, mother; I'll be ready in a minute. Good-by, little sis; I'll not see you agin till I come to tote you home on my back after meetin' out, and he stooped and gave his sister a loving kiss. When Farmer Lowe, with his wife and little daughter, arrived at the church he found the house almost full. While exchanging greetings with a number of friends and neighbors, he suddenly recognized a face on which his eyes had not dwelt for some years—that of an old time friend. "Mother, mother!" he whispered with a good deal of excitement. "It's our old friend Johnson, sure enough, for I see him settin' up thar." "Well, well, so it is! How nat'ral he looks!" "Yes, I'll go and see him with you." "Yes; I'll go and see him with you. And the good man's face beamed with pleasant anticipation. Calvin delivered the saw, and taking a near cut across the fields, started for the church. It was not quite dark, and going through a thicket of young black oak saplings and underbrush, he did not see a crowd of boys gathered there until he was almost among them. "Hello, there, Calvin, where you bound for? The land o' Canaan?" said Jack Doolley, one of the roughest boys in the neighborhood. "I'm on my way to the meetin', boys; goin' up." Calvin turned to make his escape, feeling, as he expressed it, that he had got into the wrong paw. "Hold on a minute," said Jack. "What'd you say to stayin' out here with us? You'll have a sight more fun thar in there." "Guess I'd better go in, boys. Much obliged, just the same." "Oh, let the goodly-goody fellow alone, Jack! We ain't got no use for cowards out here," said Alf Lay, one of the young ruffian's truest followers. "Don't you call me no coward, Alf Lay, for I might make you change your mind?" And in a twinkling Alf felt a grasp of iron in his shoulder. "No offence meant, Calvin; can't you take a joke?" said Alf, in a tone of voice that plainly showed what kind of material he was made of. "Be careful who you joke with and how you joke, then, or you may make trouble for yourself," said Calvin, as he turned his back to the crowd.

But again he was stopped by Jack, who said in a persuasive voice: "Calvin, you say you're no coward; suppose you prove it to us to-night? Just go in with us this once and see if you don't get more real fun out here in one night than you do in there in a week." "Oh, I couldn't, Jack; you mustn't ask me," said Calvin, drawing back from Jack's hand, which had been laid on his arm. "Now, Calvin, confess you're just a little bit afraid to join us," said Jack, in a sneering tone. "Come, don't be a booby, but show the boys that you can be as brave as them." "But that's not brave, boys, to do as you see doin'." "Well, then, just show the boys you're not afraid to do what they're not afraid to do." Calvin never could tell just how it came about, but by coaxing and ridiculing they finally persuaded him to be one of them that night. The new preacher had come in a buggy, and the boys' evil plan was to take all the nuts that held the vehicle in place off the ends of the axles, and then hide themselves and watch the result. The moon didn't rise till late, and in the darkness the thing could be easily done without fear of detection. "I don't feel a bit right about it, boys. For a little I'd go and put them nuts back agin," said Calvin, while they were waiting on the roadside for the fun to begin. "The boys had been sufficiently cunning to put the greater part of their work upon Calvin and a hard enough time had they of it; too hard to be balked of their trick." "What are you a-talkin' about, Calvin?" said Jack, laying a detaining hand on his arm. "Don't you go and spoil everythin' now. Besides it's too late; meetin's broke, for I hear 'em a-cornin' out." "As soon as service closed Farmer Lowe made his way up to the front and presented himself to his old friend. The minister gladly accepted his invitation, and the happy little group moved toward the door. It was decided to put Jennie in the buggy with the minister, and the farmer and his wife would follow on foot. "I didn't see anything o' Calvin, father, did you?" asked Mrs. Lowe, when they had reached the road. "No; but there ain't nothin' strange 'bout that, seein' that was such a big crowd out." "The hope nothin' happened him, but somehow I feel uneasy." "Oh, he's alright, mother? Trust Calvin for takin' care o' himself!" said the farmer, reassuringly. "There, I hear the preacher's buggy, boys! Now for some fun!" And Jack chuckled. "Look, there he is turnin' the corner." "The moon was up now, and shining in a cloudless sky, and the boys, from their place of concealment in a clump of bushes, could see the buggy quite distinctly as it came around the turn in the road just below the church. "There goes the first wheel! Crack! there's the next in that mud hole! Jericho, boys, I say, look at that there horse! What's it a-aimin' at? Good Lord; the animal it's a-runnin' off, and what'll become o' the preacher? Who ever'd a thought anything o' that kind 'ud a-happened?" With trembling knees and fast beating heart did Jack stand and view the serious turn his "sport" had taken. The other boys crouched about him, unable to move a muscle. "There is some one in there with him!" continued Jack, as the frightened horse and broken buggy drew nearer in their wild flight. "Look, Calvin, I do believe it's your sister!" "Yes, Calvin's eyes had seen before Jack spoke, and the scream that he heard as the buggy flashed past left no room for doubt. The voice belonged to his sister—his sister, that he would have died for! What was that roaring sound in his ears, and those tall, thin figures dancing before his eyes? How queer they looked! What was the matter with his feet and legs? They seemed glued to the ground, or had they suddenly turned to stone? It seemed hours that he crouched there, unable to move hand or foot, but in reality only a few seconds had elapsed when suddenly, by a supreme effort, he broke the spell. With a bound he was up and flying down the road after the fast disappearing buggy. It soon turned another bend in the highway and his keen eyes caught sight of an object lying by the roadside, the sight of which almost stopped the beating of his heart. Fear and hope lent speed to his flying feet, and he quickly reached the motionless little heap lying in the moonlight. "Jennie! O Jennie! My precious little sister! You can't be dead! Open your eyes and tell me that you know me! Jennie! tell me that you love me! Oh, you mustn't die! The voice of anguish died away in a wail. He had knelt and taken the helpless form in his arms and passionately strained it to his breast; the pretty blue eyes were closed, and a crimson mark was across the right temple. How like death she looked! But there might be life yet, and he was wasting precious moments here in idle moanings. Starting to his feet, he cried, "Help! help!" with all the strength of his young lungs. "Yes, we're comin'!" answered the voice of Mr. Cole, one of Farmer Lowe's near neighbors. Calvin with his unconscious burden clasped tightly in his arms, ran to meet the crowd that had started after the runaway horse, and as he came up to them, he cried in a voice of agony—"O Mr. Cole! I believe she's dead! And if she is, what shall I do—what shall I do?" "Thar, thar, Calvin, my lad, don't take it so to heart. It may be just a faint." Mr. Johnson here joined them; he had succeeded in stopping the frightened horse, and had hurried back to ascertain the condition of Jennie. He explained that when the animal first took fright he told the child to grasp tightly the arm-rest of the buggy seat, thus leaving him free. When the last wheel dropped off, the horse gave a terrible lunge which loosened the child's hold, and she was thrown into the road. Jennie was tenderly carried home and the doctor hurriedly sent for. When he came he pronounced her injuries serious and perhaps fatal. Besides the bruises on her head, her spine had sustained a very great injury, which, should she recover, would in all probability result in making her a cripple for life. During the long, sad days and nights when the young life hung between this and another world, poor Calvin suffered agonies of mind as keen as the bodily sufferings endured by his little sister. His white face and anguished eyes were seldom absent from her bedside, and his grief was so touching that it drew forth the deepest sympathy of the many friends and neighbors who came in. He had sinned, and swift and terrible came the punishment, the justice of which he could not deny. Often during those sad days and nights would he ask himself, with almost intolerable regret, why he had allowed

himself to yield to such influence. Why, oh, why will he be so weak when he should be strong? Though Calvin lived to be a good and marks man, he carried through his life the marks of that last greatest sin of his. It cast a cloud over him that he felt till his last day. Jennie lived, but she was a helpless cripple all her days. Calvin devoted his life to her care. Never was a brother more devoted to a sister, and he was rewarded by her deepest love and gratitude. In him she saw perfection. She never knew the part he had in the work of that terrible night. No one ever knew but his father and mother and his companions in sin. The boys, even among themselves, never spoke of the terrible results of their conduct, but by tacit consent agreed that they had gone far enough in the pursuit of wicked pleasure. And never again did the people of Union Meeting House have cause to complain of bad conduct. An Unwieldy Prayer. "Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshipping him, and desiring a certain thing of him. And he said unto her: 'What wilt thou?' She said unto him, 'Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on the right hand and the other on the left, in Thy Kingdom.'"—Matthew xx, 20-21. The stories of the Gospel have laid strong hold on the thought and memory of the world, largely because of their eminent naturalness. They are so true to life that they command instant attention, and ready acceptance. What could be more natural than this story, so eminently mother-like? This wife of Zebedee, with her sons, on whom the dignity of apostleship is resting even now, comes to Christ full of reverence and worship. She has heard Christ talk of that kingdom, the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven among men. What her thoughts and dreams of that were it would be very hard to tell. But they were doubtless of a very lofty nature, and she could be nothing greater beneath the heavens than this kingdom, and so, mother-like, she asks for the two sons the highest place that heaven affords the sons of men. "Grant Lord that these my sons may sit, the one on the right hand and the other on the left when thou comest into thy kingdom." There was nothing too good for her sons. No place in heaven above or on the earth beneath that was to high for them. So all mothers are apt to think, and though, perhaps, they would not care to admit this, yet every mother's heart, the wide world over responds to the spirit of this woman's prayer. It is quite manifest that even when our hearts are for the most part right we may offer prayers that are tinged with selfishness and that are sometimes very unwise. There was a touch of selfishness in this prayer, for she prayed, not for the sake of her sons, but to say nothing of his want of deep wisdom and thorough appreciation of Christ's relations with His disciples. "Let my sons be first, let them have the most dignified position." Was there not a good deal of the weakness and vanity of our poor human nature in all this? We need the sanctification of our whole lives and all their most sacred possibilities. "Not my feet only, but my head and my hands," said Peter. And so we need that our thoughts, our hopes, our ambitions, and our prayers shall all be baptized in the river of a perfect sanctification. If there was worldly vanity in this prayer, there was self-interest. She was not to see her boys first, whatever became of all the other boys. There were other mothers who loved Christ, who had sons that were perchance, quite as worthy of any honor or promotion. Call it a pardonable weakness if you will, but it was weakness that covers all our nature and that touches as we see even the worth and value of our prayers. There is one other point we must not overlook. The prayer was unwise. Before the conversation ends we see that by offering this prayer, this mother has made an unfavorable impression on the other ten. When they heard it they were indignant. Perhaps they ought not to have been angry and put out. But they were, and so by the unwisdom of this prayer, the mother had even now placed her son in a less favorable position in the eyes of the other disciples. How all this speaks to us the care and watchfulness that we should exercise in regard to our prayers. We are apt to limit our prayers too much to petitions for the good and the bright and the beautiful in life. We ask for light, for joy, for blessing, we ever pray for trial, and for the furnace-fires, and for the dark day, that through all these we may be sanctified. The one model prayer is that of Gethsemane, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." This is the grand "wise unselfish prayer." The Devil is Dead. A few years ago, a group of Irishmen were assembled on the platform at York Station, and were laughing and joking amongst themselves. The voice of a man in the crowd, who had been three years in the workhouse, was heard, saying a bit of a wag, said to his companions: "Come with me, and we'll have a bit of fun out of these Irish boys." Going over to where the Irishmen were standing, he remarked: "Well, boys, I suppose you are all going home to Ireland?" "Yes, sir, for some, acting as spokesman." "And you will be sure to see your parish priest?" said the wag. "Yes, sir," said Pat. "And you take a message to him for me?" said the wag. "I will, sir," said Pat. "Well," said the wag, tell him that the Devil is dead last week, and that there will be no more work for him to do." "I am very sorry for you, sir," said Pat, and to the astonishment of the wag, he took off his hat, and putting sixpence into it, went amongst his companions, who each put something into the hat. Coming back to the wag, Pat offered him the contents of the hat, saying: "It's not a large amount, sir, but it will be a great help to you." "What is this for?" inquired the wag. "Well, sure, you know, sir," replied Pat, "it's the custom in our country that, when the father dies, we always make a collection for the son." The wag departed sheepishly.

SARA JEANETTE DUROAN. A Talented Canadian Girl Who has Made a Mark in the Literary Field. The literary career of Miss Sara Jeanette Duroan (now Mrs. Cotes), commenced with newspaper work undertaken as a stepping-stone to something higher. She first wrote descriptive letters from New Orleans, the year of the Cotton Centennial, for the Toronto Globe, the Buffalo Courier, the Montreal Appeal and other papers, she afterwards had the benefit of actual experience on the editorial staff of the Washington Post, whose editor often "alashed" and severely criticized her most aspiring copy. At the end of a year in Washington, Miss Duroan went to Toronto, where she was on the staff of the Globe. She afterwards spent a season at Ottawa as special correspondent of the Montreal Star. Miss Duroan was born twenty-nine years ago in Brantford, Ont., and was educated in the public schools and Collegiate Institute of her own native town. Her father is a prosperous merchant of Brantford, and a man of keen intelligence and wide reading. Her mother, from whom Miss Duroan's faculty of humor is inherited, is quickwitted and Irish. Their family is a large one, and their home a high, pleasant, old-fashioned house surrounded by lawns and trees. In her childhood reading nothing came amiss, and in fiction better suited to older years. Miss Duroan first inspired a literary ambition, and though from an editor, as well as from her later efforts, the usual discouragements were forthcoming, nothing quenched the desire to write. "Miss Duroan finally made a success of her 'Social Departure,' an original and unconventional book of travel, telling how two girls, 'Orthonia and I,' went around the world by themselves. Her companion on this trip was Miss Lillie Lewis, of Montreal. In her voyage around the world Miss Duroan met Mr. E. C. Cotes in Calcutta, and within two years they were married. "An American Girl in London" was published last spring just after Miss Duroan left for India. She now makes her home in Calcutta. Mr. Cotes has a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian Museum, and is already well-known in the field of his special research—Indian entomology. He is the author of several valuable entomological publications, which have recently appeared under the authority of the Government of India. Vast Extent of British Columbia. British Columbia is of immense size. It is an extensive as the combination of New England, the Middle States and Maryland, the Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, leaving the balance of the continent to Colorado, Massachusetts and New Hampshire joined together. Yet it has been all but overlooked by man, and may be said to be an empire with only one wagon road, and that is but a blind artery halting in the middle of the country. But whoever follows this necessarily incomplete survey of what man has found in regard to be, and of what his yet busy hands have drawn from it, will dismiss the popular and natural suspicion that it is a wilderness worth of its present fate. Until the whole globe is banded with steel rails and yields to the plough we will continue to regard whatever region lies beyond our doors as wasteland, and fancy that every line of latitude has its own peculiar climate characteristics. There is an opulent civilization in what we once were taught was "the Great American Desert," and far up at Edmonton, on the Peace river, farming flourishes despite the fact that it is where our school-books located a zone of perpetual snow. Farther along we shall study a country which has found the parallels of latitude dissect inhospitable Labrador, and we shall discover that as great a difference exists between the two shores of the continent as that zone as that which distinguishes California from Massachusetts. Upon the coast of this neglected corner of the world we shall see that a climate like that of England is produced, as England's is, by a warm current in the sea; in the southern half of the interior we shall discover valleys as inviting as those of New England; and far north, at Port Simpson, just below the down-reaching claw of Alaska, we shall find such a climate as Halifax enjoys. British Columbia has a length of eight hundred miles, and averages four hundred miles in width. It crosses the continent at its eastern end, the scene of a vast disturbance, over which mountains are scattered without system. In fact, however, the Cordillera belt is there divided into four ranges, the Rockies forming the eastern boundary, then the Gold Range, then the Coast Range, and, last of all, that partially submerged chain whose upraised parts form Vancouver and the other mountainous islands near the mainland in the Pacific. A vast valley flanks the south-western side of the Rocky Mountains accompanying them from where they leave the North-western States in a wide straight furrow for a distance of seven hundred miles.—Harper's Magazine for January. The Ruins in South Africa. Theodore Bent was sent to Africa more than a year ago by the Royal Geographical Society and the British South Africa Company to study the very curious and ancient ruins which had been found in Mashonaland. He has now started for home, and it is certain that he has a very interesting story to tell. He spent more time at the remarkable ruins than he intended to. On his way home he will spend some time in Lisbon for the purpose of examining the archives there in the hope that he may be able to discover additional information as to the early relations of the Portuguese with the interior, and as to the actual condition of the country 500 years ago. In a letter received from him two weeks ago he says that his finds at Zimbabwe have been numerous. He and his wife spent two months examining the ruins at that place. The most conspicuous of these ruins are the thick and high walls of an ancient fort. They then went to the Sabi River, where they found four more groups of ruins, one of which is nearly equal to the great circular building at Zimbabwe. Then they visited the valley of the Mazoe River, where they examined the ancient mine workings and discovered a little ruined fortress of the best Zimbabwe style. In other parts of northern Mashonaland they found either ruins or other objects of interest, proving that the remains of the ancient people who built these large works are more widely scattered than had been supposed. Mr. Bent was very hopeful that the studies he proposes to make among the archives at Lisbon will assist him materially in solving the mystery of these ruins. On an early day he will read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society and tell what he has been able to learn concerning their origin. Gotham—"I understand one can do a great deal in Chicago with very little capital." Chicago Man—"Yes, sir! Why a man can get a wife on the installment plan."

SOME NOTED SUICIDES. Self Murderer a Fine Art. Boulanger and Balmaceda, each of whom played for high stakes and committed suicide when the game was lost, had many noted predecessors. From the days of the Roman Empire down to the present time men who had staked their all and lost have capped the climax of their defeat by self-destruction. Rather than endure disgrace they have acted as their own executioners. Balmaceda, the would-be dictator of Chili, shot himself when convinced that escape from the victorious insurgents was impossible. Boulanger, after making a brilliant record as a soldier in Algiers and in the Franco-Prussian war, and being idolized by his people, aspired to over-turn the Republic and found an Empire, of which he would be head. A traitor to his country and branded as a thief, he was outlawed. When at last the woman who was his companion in exile died, HE ENDED HIS STRANGE CAREER BY SHOOTING HIMSELF. It is only a few months since Prince Rudolphe of Austria and Marie Vetsera ended their liaison in a manner that shocked the entire world. In the days when Romans believed it a disgrace to be killed by a foe in battle, suicides were common. Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Caesar, and when Thermistocles was ordered to lead the Persians against his countrymen he took poison. Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being made prisoners. Samson was the heroic suicide of the Scriptures, for on the day he was to be hanged, he pulled down the temple in which they were revelling and perished with them. Many of the noted suicides of history are due to the philosophy of heroism rather than insanity. Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, lived until he was ninety-eight. Then, when he felt for any day and put his thumb out of joint, he decided that he had lived long enough, so he REPAIRED TO HIS DWELLING AND HANGED HIMSELF. Terence stabbed himself because he had lost 108 translated comedies. Brutus threw himself on his sword, Lycurgus took poison and Nero cut his throat. In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a Mandarin is guilty of some offence he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the Oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank, and entitled to wear the peacock feather, he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the Mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button, he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste. One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the King of Falaha on the West Coast of Africa. The king was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and, finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and, after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism, and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away, he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose, and BLEW INTO ATOMS THE PALACE AND ALL WHO WERE IN IT! Suicides among the aristocracy in England are rather numerous. The suicide of the Duke of Bedford in January last shocked society circles of both continents. He was one of the largest landed proprietors in England, immensely wealthy, and was seventy-two years of age. Lying on a sick bed, from which he had no promise of immediate recovery, he succumbed to the agony of the moment and sought relief in death. The fact that it was a suicide was carefully concealed from the newspapers, but the secret leaked out after the body had been cremated. Lord Conington, who was Mr. Parnell's great-uncle, hanged himself in 1842. In the same year the Earl of Munster shot himself in the head. In 1869 Lord Cloncurry, the last of his house, jumped from a window and broke his neck. In 1873 the last Earl of De la Warr drowned himself, and in 1876 Lord Lyttelton, escaped from his keepers, threw himself off the staircase and was killed. A STORY OF SUICIDE IN WHICH SENTIMENT IS MINGLED. is that of Prince Bandouin, heir to the throne of Belgium. The youthful prince loved beneath his station, and his station, and his could never be realized, sought peace in the eternal silence of the grave. Commercial disaster to any member of the Rothschild family is as great a disgrace as crime is to any other family. This was illustrated by the recent attempts of Baron Gustave de Rothschild to end his existence. His attempt at self-destruction followed his loss of his share of £1,000,000 on the London market. The attempt was a failure, and in that respect resembled his speculation. His was not the first affair of the kind in the Rothschild family. Baron James de Rothschild, crazed by illness, some time ago blew out his brains. Only last May Lord James Edward Shelton Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been travelling from Ireland during the night and BELIEVED IN SUCH A STRANGE MANNER that the railway officials ordered one of their employes to accompany him to London. Upon arrival in that city Lord Douglas put up at an hotel, and when the attendant was not looking he cut his throat. The tragic death of Lady Brassey, who plunged in the sea from her yacht while suffering from fever, will be long remembered. She was one of the most ambitious of women and remarkably talented. When she jumped over-board in 1887 her husband dived after her, and with some difficulty that he was rescued from sharing her fate. Suicides are common among defaulters and trying to face the charge of dishonour and ended to live down the record. Politicians are not the least of those who have committed themselves to the gallows. Disappointment of every character has prompted all kinds of people to end their existence with a bare bodkin. A Neighbourly Mistake. Amateur Soprano—"It's just too mean for anything! That dog of yours howls every time I sing." Neighbor—"I'm very sorry, mum." "Why don't you stop him?" "You see, mum, we didn't know it was that way." "What way?" "We thought, mum, that you was tryin' to spite us by singin' every time he howled."

BY THE MOON'S LIGHT. Superstitions that Surround His Lunar Majesty. Farmers used to put a great deal of dependence in the moon. They planted crops, built wove fences, put on shingle and clap-board roofs, killed hogs, hung meat, cut timber, chopped weeds, and traded horses according to its phases. Almost any old-time farmer will tell you a wove fence built in the light of the moon and ascending nodes will wove around and finally fall down. If you plant potatoes during similar phases they will all go to tops and the tubers will be small and watery. This is the time however to plant cucumbers, especially when the sign is in the arms. The Southern darkey says the dark of the moon is the best time for gathering chickens. The carpenter of former times would not think of putting a shingle roof on a building in the dark of the moon because the shingles would curl up, pull the nails out, and soon leak like a sieve. Neither would he cut timber for a house, nor would he paint it until the sign was right. Your grandmother or veteran aunt can tell you that when hogs were killed in the wrong time of the moon the slices of ham would shrivel up more than half, and fitch would all fry away, leaving only small cracklings. Apples or any kind of fruit dried in the wrong time were certain to mould or get wormy, and cider vinegar refused to become sharp. It was to the moon the farmer looked for indications of the weather. If the new moon lay well on its back it was a sure sign of dry weather, but if it tipped up to such an extent that a shot pouch wouldn't hang on the lower horn, you might depend upon the weather pouring out. The time of changing had a good deal to do with the weather, but there was a lack of agreement upon this point, but it was generally conceded that a change before noon, or before midnight, indicated fair weather. A circle or halo around the moon was a sure sign of rain, and the number of the stars visible within the circle indicated the number of days before the rain would come. The health, growth, and development of children and animals were supposed to be influenced by the moon. If the sign was right at the time of birth they would be well formed and intellectual, but if it was wrong there was no telling what sort of creatures they would become. Every worth while fellow, every dog, rooting hog, fence-jumping cow, or kicking horse was believed to have been born under an unfavorable phase of the moon of night. Quid pro quo, or those who were of hateful disposition, were children of the dark of the moon, with the sign below the heart. It is unfortunate for the moonist that careful records were not kept. To be born in the light of the moon, the sign in the head, with ascending node, insured a large brain, exalted intelligence, and a progressive spirit. If the sign was in the heart the individual would be of a generous, jovial, kindly disposition; if in the stomach a great eater, with a tendency to grow fat and puffy; if in the legs he would be very active and great traveller or gadabout; if in the feet a good dancer and hard kicker. The same lunar conditions that caused cooling meat to shrivel up brought thinness and lankness to the individual; while those that induced shingles to curl up, weather boards to warp, and chimneys to lean gave to individuals generally disposition, distorted features, and warped morals. It is quite natural that the moon should have more or less influence in love affairs. There is that well-known and oft-repeated couplet: Happy is the bride that the sun shines on, Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on. It is the moon, however, that the maiden looks to for a charm, to bring her lover. If she wishes to see him she must wait for the new moon and at first sight of it over her right shoulder kneel at her bedroom window and repeat these lines: New moon, true moon, come tell unto me, Before this time to-morrow, Who my true love is, and how he will be, If his clothing I do wear, And his children I do bear. Blithe and merry may I see him, With his back to the moon, If his clothing I don't wear, And his children I don't bear, Sad and sorrowful may I see him, With his back to me. Then she must crawl into bed quietly, compose her mind, and wait for him to appear to her in a dream. Dinner in Dickens. What delightful dinners one finds in Charles Dickens's books! I am sure he himself enjoyed the Christmas dinner at the Cratchits, and the Pickwickian dinners, as much as any of his readers have done; through hundreds and thousands have longed to handle knife and fork at Manor Farm! Then with what keen satisfaction he acts as purveyor for young David Copperfield! With how subtle an appreciation of boy nature he puts down pudding as the piece de resistance—either curried pudding, tooth some or dead, or a stout pudding, heavy and flabby, with great flat raisins in it, stuck in whole at wide distances apart—cheap, but satisfying! On extraordinary occasions he allows David to regale himself with a savoy and a penny loaf, or a fourpenny plate of red beef from a cook's shop, or a plate of bread and cheese with a glass of beer. Such is the appetizing variety of viands at the command of the happy owner of four pence—happy, indeed, in the digestion that can do justice to them! In his early London life the great Samuel Johnson aspired to nothing much better. His most sumptuous dinner (at the "Pine Apple" in New Street) cost him only eightpence; "I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny"—such is the great moralist's own record. How good, too, is the description of the feast which David Copperfield prepares for his friend Steerforth on the recommendation of Mrs. Crisp, the landlady: "A pair of hot roast fowls—from the pastrycook's; a dish of stewed beef, with vegetables—from the pastrycook's; two little corner things, as a raised pie and a dish of kidneys—from the pastrycook's; a tart and a shape of jelly—from the pastrycook's," Mrs. Crisp making herself responsible for the potatoes. Better still is the Micawber banquet, at which Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and Tommy Traddles were the guests. The bill of fare was sweetly simple—"a pair of soles, a small leg of mutton, and a pigeon-pie;" but what mattered, when Mr. Micawber was there with his flow of eloquence, Mrs. Micawber with her feminine grace, and Tommy Traddles with his inexhaustible good humour!—[All the Year Round. Nearly \$700,000 of Insurance has already been placed on the Columbus Exposition buildings by process of erection. The insurance will be constant increases as the structures grow.