TEART DELIGHT'S BEAU.

One late autumn evening, during the exciting scenes of the witcheraft delution in the Massachuseits Bay Colony, there came ranning into the primitive Church of Weymouth, Mass, during a special evening service, a boy by the name of Ichabod Cole. His hat was gone, his breath was spent. He thraw his arms aloft in nervous excite metric and his entrance stopped the meeting, as he had evidently something thrilling to tell.

as he had evidently something thrilling to tell.

An soon as he could speak, he made a declaration that a terrible creature had appeared to him as he was hurrying along over the wooded Weymouth road by the seat toward his home. He believed the creature was the "Black Man," as the Evil Spirit was at that time called, and he had fied to the Church for refuge.

Were such an incident to happen to day, the boy's story would be met only with ridicule, but then nearly every one believed in witchcraft, and many persons had been sent to prison and several put to death in the Colony on the charge that they had signed their names to a book brought to them by the "Black Man," and had mt in witch circles in the forests, to which it was asserted they travelled through the air. Giles Corey, of Salem Farms, had been recently put to death in a most cruel manner for refusing to plead in court to an amazing charge of this kind. Several enfeebled old women had suffered death under the charge of witchborate in Salem and Baston.

"An there may be some wild animals about in the woods, and that that is what you saw."

"I am not arraid of no animal," said. Ichabed, "I am afraid of something worse than that." He looked up to Annu Heart Delicht, furtively—"Aint you?"

N. A person with a clear concience has nothing to fear from any other world than this."

I chabed, "I am afraid of something worse than that." He looked up to Annu Heart Delicht, furtively—"Aint you?"

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charge of this kind. Several enfeebled old women had suffered death under the charge of witcheraft in Salem and Boston.

The delusion had begun with children, who seemed to have been scized with a sudden mania for accuring queer and un fortunate people of dealing in wicked arts. The mania spread, and became a mental epidemic. It was like the convulsions of the Barkers and the Jerkers, an epidemic nervous disease, which appeared at another time in the Colony. Any one who vill read Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible Warld" will be amszed at the delusion that filled the whole Colony at the time, and that overcame the judgment even of the magistrates. Such was the state of the public feeling when the incident we have given happened.

There was a break in the meeting, and

There was a break in the meeting, and the boy was questioned by excited voices in regard to the creature who had frightened him. He could only say that it was blacker gray, and had eyes like fire, A good old minister, a man much loved for his great heart and simple blameless life, said, "Evil times have fallen upon us also," All saw that he literally believed Ichabod Cole's atory, and a sense of helpless horror and apprehension darkened every mind and sank into every heart in that congregation.

Strange as it may seem, it is probable that in that little assembly, holding its simple service by candle light, there was only one person who did not believe that

only one person who did not believe that the boy, Ichabed Cole, had not seen the famous Black Man, the Evil Ghost of trou-

That one person was Aunt Heart Delight, That one person was Aunt Heart Delight. A queer name, you will say. Yes, now, but it was not queer at that time. Prudence, Piety, Charity were common names then, as were Experience, Love, Hope and Grace. Aunt Heart Delight was so called by herfather on account of her cheerful disposition when a little child.

when a little child.

Aunt Heart Delight Holden had grown up to wemanhood a tall, stately woman, with a broad, high forehead, and a heart given to benevolence. She was very devout but was without superstition, and she clearly saw that the so-called witcheraft in the Colony

was a mental delusion.

The meeting closed. Aunt Heart Delight
went to the boy at once, laid her hand upon
his shoulder, and bent upon him his serene

his shoulder, and bent upon him his serene face and quieting eye.

"O Ichabod, Ichabed," she said, "you, too, have lost your head. You have seen nothing but what is perfectly natural and can be accounted for. But you did not loss your heels, did you, boy?"

"My heels! Wot would I hevedone had I lost my heels?"

"You have seen a wildcat, or an owl in a hawk's nest, or some such thing, and the stories that are abroad have so excited your head that you think you have seen something else. I would be willing to face it with a good dog and gun. But I do not blame you for running, as you were unarmal."

with a good dog and gun. But I do not blame you for running, as you were anarmal."

The people went out of church reluctantity, as if afraid to venture into the neutre of the history of

TO CHEM HE HE MAN AND THE hands, and the women foot-stoves. The men wore pointed hats and thick capes, and the women broad bonnets and plain cloaks. The lanterns were not lighted, for the bright moon, like a nig t sun; made the woods almost as clear as in dayligh.

They came to a starting, and here Aunt Heart Delight and Ichabod, parting from the rest of the mentally sflicted company, took the direct read to "New Spain."

I am aread, said Aunt Heart Delight, "that there may be some wild animals about in the woods, and that that is what you saw." n in their

"Good-night, Iohabod," said Aunt Heart Delight.

The two stood in the open road under the full moon.

"Aunt Heart Delight," said Iohabod,
"may I ask you a question?" His voice was grave, like that of a judge, very grave and measured.

"Yes, Iohabod, What?"
"Aunt Heart Delight this is the first of the property of the

"Yes, Ichabod, What?"
"Auto Heart Delight, oh, this is an awfu
night, the moon and stars and everything
all so scarcy! Auto Heart Delight, may I
ask you a question?" he repeated.
"Yes, yes, do not keep me here freezing
to death. What is it, Ichabod?"

"Aunt Heart Delight," said the boy at length, timidly, "did you ever have a beau?"

bean?'
"Oh Ichabod!"
"May I see you home, and won't you give
me lodging in the barn?"
"Oh, I see—you are afraid to go home
alone. Well, I pity you, and I'll go home
with you." with you."
"I'll be your heau," said Ichabod, with spirit, an awful burden rolling off his

Aunt Heart Dalight went home with him, and left him at the door with a "Goodnight, Ichabod. When I want a beau I will send for you."

"Thank ye, Aunt Heart Delight, and I'll always stick by you and protect you whatever may happen."

ever may happen."

Aunt Delight smiled, and then Ichabod shut the door, and she turned homeward

Aunt Delight smiled, and then Ichabod shut the door, and she turned homeward alone.

Her way lay through some woodland oaks, the strong, knotted arms of which had long buffeted the winds of the sea. They arched the way between two hills, and through the hollow flowed a running brook, now partly lee-bound. A loose wall ran beside the road. As Aunt Heart Delight came to the place, which was pleasant in summer but very lonely in winter, she heard a stone rattle on the wall. A heavy, dark object appeared on the wall, and mounted the great trunk of one of the oaks. She was alarmed as she had reason to be, but hurried by, and came safely to her home.

These events greatly excited the community. But the public mind became gradually more quiet. There was a high minded, clear-sighted man in Boston, named Robert Calef, who was an intimate friend of Aunt Heart Delight, and had met her often during the prevalence of the witchoraft delusion. He was honest and fearless, and his iron words became a terror to those who had been emgaged in persecuting infirm people on the superstitious charge of "Signing the book of the Black Man." He is celebrated in a noble poem by Whittler, entitled "Calef in Boston,"

"In the solemn days of old."

"In the solemn days of old, Two men met in Boston town, One a tradesman, frank and bold, One a preacher of renown.

"Spake the simple tradesmen then;
"God be judge 'twixt thou and I,
All thou knowest of truth hath been,
Unto men like thee, a lie.

I have traced the cunning wires; Come what will, I needs must say, God is true and ye are liars."

believed it to be the femous Black Man. It followed ler. The night was dark, with only a din starlight. Suddenly she turned and faced the creature. He stopped and retreated. The form was dark and dinew, and the eya show like fire. She want on again. The creature followed her.

She face again and afterward recellected that she sid, "Whoever or whatever you may be you are no gentleman."

But the source did not deter the creature from following her. She reached home safely, however, and passed the nightin prayer anctears.

Morningsame—a beautiful winter morning with subcams in every drystal of snow. The margit of the great bay glittered with ice; the atcher one like white cones around the glisteing roofs of the barns. Annot Heart Delicht went out at the first red rising of the me to examine the tracks of the creature but had followed her the night before.

They wee plain in the anow. She followed themback until she came in eight of

before.

They wee plain in the anew. She followed themback until she came in sight of the huse where lived her "beau" Lehabod Cole. She rent directly to the house and gave the dor such a rap as startled the household. ousehold.

Ichabod (ole's father came to the door. He seemed sartled to see his caller.

"I want t see the boy," said Aunt Heart Delight, in hard, decisive tone. The man had never hore heard her utter an unpleas-

had never bfore heard her utter an unpleasant word.

Ichabod as sent to the door. He came trembling. He knew that he had started evil reports bout the grand woman, and he also knew this he was a person who, though amiable, wa not to be trifled with.

She stood there tall and stately in the morning sun Her hair was uncombed, and fell over her houlders from a quilted hood. There was a st look in her usually pacific face that wold have made any one quall to confront.

"Ichabod, ou promised to be my protect-or whatevernight happen. There are some tracks out he in the snow that I want you to follow. et your gun and come."

Ichabod's ace was filled with terror.

""Get youigun and come. You are going to be my best now."

There was something irresistible in the sarcastic command. Ichabod obeyed. They came to the racks.

"What troks are those?"

"I should think that the

came to theracks.

"What truke are those?"

"I shoul think that they were—the Black Man."

"Then yo shall follow them until you find him. G right along."

"O Aunt leart Delight! Suppose they should lead a the witches circle."

"I am notified of any witches' circle. You have sen circulating bad reports about me, Icabod, and new you shall follow those troks until you come to the creature thatmade them. Go!"

She pointe her arm out of her cloak. Ichbod daxednot disobey. The tracks led towards the cods. When the two came to the marginof the wood, Ichabod looked up to Aunt Hert Delight impleringly.

"Go right c," she commanded. "Enough innoceat peop have already been thrown into prison m false accusations. You would like to book and tell the people ghat I have ban in conference with the

innoceat peop have already been thrown into prison in false accusations. You would like to book and tell the people that I have ben in conference with the Black Man, at that you have seen his tracks. You have go with me now. My character and my be my life are at stake. Go on. Into the woods. Go o'."

They followed the tracks. The boy was less afraid of metring the animal than of incurring the futher lispleasure of Heart Delight. They ame at last to a freezen cranberry bog, it the aiddle of which was a thicket of alder busies, and some great trunks of decayed trees. The tracks led into the thicket,

They paused.

Thee was a moment in the bushes.

the bushes.

"What do you see, Ichobod?"

"A beast—oh, it is awful! I think it is
the very one I say in the tree."

"Use your must et and kill him."

"But if I should mas?"

"Fire. "You must till the beast. Fire, I

say!"

Ichabod, though trabling, took deliberate aim and fired. I large, lean creature leaped into the sir and fell struggling to the ground, and was son dead.

"That is the beastthat you saw on the tree! That is you Black Man! It's a catamount, as you see I will send a cart and have it broughtto the bown. Go?"
She held her hand alot and pointed toward his home.

Calef had been in Bston for accusing the magistrates of false hargos, and the uses had been dismissed loople began to see the awful mistake that lad been made in the colony. The people of Weymouth were filled with humiliaid at the charge that they had made agains Aunt Hea. Delight. They shunned her first time, from the very rebuke that the dignity of her presence gave them.

But her beautiful pirit came back. She forgave them all, ere poor Ichabod Cole, who, to the day of he death she was accustomed to call her "beau," and from the ridicule of which sppellation he never escaped in the happer days of the colony.

BEZEKIH BUTTERWORTH.

An Important Decision.

An important decision.

An important decision has just been rend ered in Montreal by the Justice Gill. It is to the effect that putlihers and others, who sell their publications and wares by subscription which has certain conditions attached, are bound to explain the nature of the conditions, to which the subscriber must expressly agree, if the contest is to be binding. He argued that the conditions of such a subscription are similar in character to the expressly agree, if the contact is to be binding. He argued that the conditions of such a subscription are similar in character to the conditions on the bac of a railway ticket or bill of Isding. The indgment was delivered in connection with a suit instituted by Belden Bros., publishers of "Picturesque Causda" whose printed forms of subscription contained the condition. Montreal was the place of making he contract, and that therefore all the legil proceedings for the breach of the same vere to be taken there. Of the existence of the condition a number of Ottawa Valley subscribers were first made aware when they received a letter saying that unit would be entered to collect, unless they padd the amount at once. Whether his Honor has law to sustain him in his decision is a point about which the legal faternity will probably differ, but comin people will pronounce it equitable and just. Too many unprincipled scamps, by suppressing the unitavorable conditions of their contract have succeeded in inducting their unsophisticated and unsuspecting fellows to enter into a contract, which had never been made if the real facts of the base had been plainly pointed out. The serve of justice in the community is sure to sustain this decision. AS YOU LIKE IT

THE UNIVERSAL MAYADY. is all the house so dismal?

Why is all the notice so dismai?

Papa's got the grippe.

Why this took that's so abysmal?

Papa's got the grippe.

Why this coughing and this snecking?

Why this blowing and this whetking?

Why that tone and manner freeking?

Papa's got the grippe.

What's this turmoil and confusion? Mamma's got the grippe.

She knows well it's no illusion;
Mamma's got the grippe.

Back, and head, and eyes are sching;
Brain feels heavy knees are shaking;
Don's the children get a raking?

Mamma's got the grippe.

Why this howling and this yelling?
Baby's got the grippe.
Whew! of all his woes he's telling,
Baby's got the grippe.
What's a squirming and a kicking.
Just as if a pin was sticking
In his tender fi sh and prioki ng.
Baby's got the grippe Baby's got the grippe

Oh, for some relief (flective From this cursed grippe! Oh, for some new fierce invective To describe the grippe! When you've taken sax or seven Qainine pills and need eleven dinine pills and need eleven fore it makes you sigh for heaven Where there is no grippe.

-[Somerville Jour nal.

Every deer that is shot in Scotland costs he shooter an average of \$250.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by rich.—Shenstone,

If you merely think you have the "grip," you haven't got it. If you know you have it there is a possibility that you have something similar to it.

Be good natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amezad to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tired, vexed, harrassed old world loves you.

—Burdette.

Bismarck has a superstitious concern of 1890. It was long ago published of him that he confidently believed he would live till this year, but his intimates say that he does not expect to go much, if any, be youd it.

yond it.

The delegation of Sioux Indians now in Washington called upon Senators Allison and Wilson, of Iowa, at the Capitol. As they filed out of the room they said to the dignified Senators, "Well, good bye,

An Englishman has bought the contents of the royal castle of Nurembery, containing the most complete collection of instruments of torture extant, costing \$30,000 in all. There is a library of \$000 volumes, giving the history of crime and torture for many centuries.

In Berlin the street car fare costs from two In Berlin the street car fare costs from two and a half to seven and a half cents, according to the distance you ride. No one can be carried after the seats are full. The cars stop to take on or let off passengers only a certain points, which are three minutes apart. This city leads the world in street car mileage.

In Cleveland, O., a Judge adopted a nove In Cleveland, O., a Judge adopted a novel means of deciding a suit over the ownership of a carrier pigeon. He asked disinterested parties to take the bird outside the city and release it. The pigeon flew to the loft of the plaintiff, and the Judge decided that that was sufficient proof that the bird belonged to the tormer,

Whittier having been invited to contribute to The Jewish Messengers symposium on "What it is to be a Jew," writes (in that journal):—"I don't know what it is to be a Jew, but I know what it is to be a Christiau, who has no quarrel with others about their creed, and can love, respect and honor a Jew who honestly believes in the faith of his fathers, and who obeys the two great commandments, "Love to God and Love to Man."

A very little girl in the infant class at one of the Sunday Schools came home last Sunday and told her mother that the teacher had cough them a name on the class of the sunday and the sunday and the sunday and the sunday are sunday are sunday are sunday are sunday are sunday and the sunday are had target them a new song. On expressing a wish to hear it, the mother was much astonished at the following sentence, which was all the child could remember:— 'I'm a little greenhorn among a half of cheese."

The wor's, which had been misunderstood by the child, were these:—" I'm a little gleant among the harvest sheaves."

gleant ramong the harvest sheaves."

The new lighthouse at Houstholm is the most powerful in the world. The beam is of 2 000,000 candle power, and shows clearly at Blokhne, a distance of 35 miles. It is produced by are lamps fed by De Meriten's dynamos, driven by steam engines. To provent the extinction of the light through an accident of the machinery, the latter is duplicated; one set coming into play should the other fail. The light is further supplemented in thick weather by two powerful sirene, or fog trumpets, working with compressed air.

Awriter in "Notes and Queries" asks:—
"What is the shortest grace tefore meat?"
and the Albany Journal, replying says:—
"We do not know; but one vacation, during
hop harvest here, we had occasion to pass
at noon hour where the pickers were eating
their cold dinner and heard a devout Irish
mother, as she and her little ones finished
their meal and recovered the basket, exclaim; "Thank God for such a dinner!"
That was short, hearty and to the point. If
she had made any similar remark at the begining of the meal it probably was: "Thank
God for such an appetite?"

It is to be hoped thatthe little teaven.

God for such an appente?"

It is to be hoped thatth little leaven introduced in the mass of Virginia politics may have the effect of leavening the whole lump. It is stated that the Governor elect who was inducted into his office on New Year's day, has "never used a profane word in his life, never smoked, and never took a class of tobacco, and during all that time, he has never drunk more than half a gallon of whisky or brandy." Though generally it is unsafe to argue from exceptional cases, the circumstance of such a man standing so high in the estimation of his fellow citizens is a proof that an appreciative sense of sobriety and apprichtness is still possessed by the people. Virginia has done herself honor in electing such a governor who is sure to honor the office more than the office will honor him.

In singling out the death of any distinguished person for special reference, it is not to be presumed that the loss to his or her friends is more keenly felt than the bersavement which takes place in more obscure and numble homes. It is the completions position that they have occupied which naturally attracts the public attention when the hour of their summons comes. One of the most recent deaths of persons in high places is that of the late ex-Empress of Brazil, which took place on the 28th ult. in the city of Opero. There are many discussionable connected with her death calculated to add bitterness to the royal husband's bereavement. And first there was the fact that the most tender affection, rays among crowned heads, existed between husband and wife who for forty-six years shared their mutual sorrows and joys. Then there was the circumstance that the husband was not present to reader those last loving ministeries and to hear the last and farewell. He had gone out for a promenade when during his absence alarming symptoms showed the mesters and to hear the last sad farewell. He had gone out for a promenede when during his absence alarming symptoms showed themselves and before his return his devoted wife had breathed her last. Again there was the thought that her last home should have been so clouded by her grief for Brazil. Her last words were words of regret for her native land. Said she: "I regret that my children and grandchildren are not around me, words were words of regret for her native land. Said she: "I regret that my children and grandchildren are not around me, that I might bless them for the last time. Alas! Brz!, that beautitul country. I cannot return there." The scene that took place when the bereaved Emperor arrived at the chamber of death was supremely pathetic and tear-compelling. The cable announces that when Dom Pedro arrived at the bedside of his dead wife he knelt and kissed her forehead. He appeared to be unable to move and didn't speak for twenty minutes. Then he said: "I have experienced the most bitter trial that God could inflict upon me. Her faithful and affectionate companionship has sustained me for forty-six years. God's will be done." Then, noticing his wife's eyes were stillopen, he lost control of himself and exclaim ed: "Is it possible that these dear, kind eyes will never again brighten when they see me? Having closed the eyelids he reverently kissed them. Many hearts will condole with the royal mourner, and will feel the more keenly for him, seeing that his own country has required with such base ingratitude the services of the ruler whose whole life was spent in promoting their prosperity and well-being.

England and Portugal.

England and Portuguese imbroglio. The three or four weeks that have elapsed since the report of Major Serpa Pinto picking a quarrel withMakoloto, an African potentate, and shooting several hundreds of his followers to pleces with a Gatling gun, have been utilized in making explanations and correcting misrepresentations From the first the Lisbon newspapers expressed their astonishment at the distortion of the Zanzibar advices concerning the doings of Serpa Pinto in Makololcland. They all declared that there was no chance of a quarrel with Eagland, if Lord Salisbury would deal justly with the subject, Wtesher this be so or not, it is now evident that the respective povernments understand each other and there is no great danger of anything serious growing out of the affair. Though Lord Salisbury has kept his own counsel and has given the people very little information of what he proposed to do the knowledge which comes from the otherside would seem to indicate that affairs are approaching an amicable estilement. At the opening of the Portuguese Cortas last week, the king in referring to the African Colonies of Portugal said "The patriotic aspirations of Great Britain to extend her vast possessions in Africa have been met at several points by the fixed design of Portugal to maintain her authority over those regions that the Pormguese authorities have exercised jurisdiction and influence sufficient to indicate incontestable possession. This commission has provoked a difference of view, and has led to a diplomatic correspondence which is also dealing with the difference of opinion regarding the conflict between the natives of the Shied country and the Portuguese scientific expedition. Supported by the two Chambers, my Government will endeavor to convince the Britleh Government of our right to rule the territory north and south of the Zambesi river, hoping to obtain an equitable adjustment of all legitimate interests which may, as I desire, promptly There is a lull in the Anglo-Portuguese of the Zambesi river, hoping to obtain an equitable adjustment of all legitimate interests which may, as I desire, promptly restore a perfect accord between two nations that have been united by bonds of friendship and tradition for centuries.' And thus another rebuke is given to those who in such grave of rounstances, converded. And thus another rebuke is given to those who in such grave circumstances, counsel a speedy vindication of the national honor, and at whatever cost. Here as in many another connection, haste is not hurry. Many will rejoice in the prospect of a peaceable termination of a squabble which at one time threatened to develop into serious complications.

A Princely Gift.

A Princely Gift.

There is enough of eccentricity in the world to prevent the order of events from assuming a stereotyped and monoconous form. The rule in these days is for those who have any considerable bequest to leave to scolety, to so devote their wealth that their name shall in some way become identified with it. Hospitals, poor houses, churches, etc., can all be pointed to as illustrations of this tendency. And there is nothing in the circumstance to condemn, provided the harmless and natural desire to be remembered, and not a feeling of vanity actuates the giver. It is well, however, that the gift itself is not affected by either giving or withholding the name. It does not depreciate from the princely bequests of an unknown philanthropist who has given £100,000 to found a hospital for convalescents in London. His beneficiaries will only have to add to their prayers "whoever he may be" when they invoke Heaven's blessing upon the man who did not forget them in their necessity. May the race of such men never die out. We will put up with the eccentricity requesting their names to be withheld.