

The treaty between France and Annam has been signed. Bin Thuan and Than Goa are restored to Annam. The French Military occupation of all strategic points in Annam and Tonquin may be effected if necessary. The hasty conclusion of the treaty with France is condemned by the Chinese Government, and preparations for defence against the French continue.

It is reported that King William, of Holland, has secretly affianced his three-year-old daughter, Princess Wilhelmina, to Prince Boudouin, the son of the Count of Flanders, heir apparent to the throne of Belgium.

The Mahdi has retreated from Kordofan to the almost inaccessible stronghold of Tel El Godir. His power has been greatly diminished by the enmity of the chief of the Kabbabish tribe.

Reports have reached here that the rebels nine days ago massacred Hussein Pasha Khalifa, commander at Berber, and all his family. The garrison is faithful to the Khedive, and European traders still remain at Berber.

At Constantinople, the horses attached to the carriage in which Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, was riding on June 4th, took fright and becoming unmanageable dashed through the crowded streets. Lord Dufferin jumped from the vehicle while it was at full speed and was thrown to the ground, but fortunately escaped serious injury. The carriage was smashed before the horses were stopped, and several pedestrians were injured by being run over or struck.

The ex-president of Venezuela, Guzman Blanco, arrived in New York on the steamship *Caracas*. His suite numbers twenty persons. He has come on a diplomatic mission, and on June 20th will sail for Europe.

Tales and Sketches.

THE SPOILED PICTURE.

"Papa, where are you, papa?"

"What do you want?"

The first question was asked quietly, timidly; the questioner was a little fair-haired girl of five summers. The second was put gruffly, and in this case the one who spoke was a grown man, who, though not yet in the prime of life, bore on his face the impress of much suffering and of sin. He was half sitting, half lying, upon a well-worn horse-hair couch, and he raised his head languidly when he heard his little daughter's voice in the passage.

A moment after she entered the room, and held up in her small hand a letter.

"It's this," she said; "and mamma says won't you have some breakfast?"

"No," he answered, but took the letter eagerly.

"Help at last!" he said, speaking to himself; "something at last with which to get a little clear." He torn open the envelope, but his countenance fell when he discovered only a short note. Very slowly he read through the few words it contained, which were these:—

"Father died suddenly of heart disease on the first day of this month. You will not be surprised that your name is left out of the will since your reckless conduct caused him more trouble than anything else during his life."
JOHN ANDREWS.

"Very brotherly!" was the exclamation with which the letter was thrown down upon the carpet. But it was followed almost immediately by another uttered in a widely different tone.

"Poor father!" and the man who spoke drew a long, deep sigh.

Little Rose had gone softly out of the room when she had delivered her letter; but she came back presently and seated herself in the corner behind the easy chair, there to nurse an old one-legged doll. But, somehow, Dolly did not engross her as much as usual, and she peeped more than once from her corner at her father as he sat perfectly still on the sofa. There was something in his face that struck her, and she wondered what he was looking at so hard.

At last her infantile curiosity could be restrained no longer, and she crept out from behind the chair, and crossing the room touched his arm gently as she asked—

"What can you see, papa?"

"A picture," he answered; and then went on in a tone of abstraction, "My father seated at the head of the table, his three boys all there, merry, light-hearted, he too smiling. Yes, and the old servant Eliza handing about the plates, and filling the glasses with water. Ah! with water. And father, still smiling, saying as he looks from one boy to another, 'Thank God for our cold water. It was your sainted mother's wish that her sons should grow up to be water-drinkers.' And the three boys look back at him with return smiles, and then by way of pledging themselves to carry out his wishes and their mother's, raise their glasses at the same moment to their lips."

The speaker stopped suddenly. An almost pleased expression which had crept unawares into his face passed quickly from it, and he groaned.

"What's the matter, papa?" asked the tiny child, the tears coming into her sympathetic blue eyes. And he answered her without regard to her tender years.

"It's spoiled—the picture's spoiled! I—the eldest of those boys—I spoiled it; cast aside the cold water, grew to love more and more the intoxicating draught, went from bad to worse, until they were thankful to have me leave the old home and the old country, thankful to get me out of their sight. And no wonder! Since my school days I have never brought anything but trouble to those near to me, those whom I have loved, yes, loved, although—"

"Don't you see the pretty picture now, papa?"

The father stooped, and lifted his little one upon his knee. She immediately turned her eyes toward the window, out of which he had been vacantly gazing, and asked—

"Shall I see it now, if I look where you do?"

"No, Rosie, no, I can't see it now; the picture's spoiled, quite spoiled."

"Who did it?"

"I did. . . . Poor father!" exclaimed Mr. Andrews again, thinking of the saddened days that had preceded his parent's death.

But Rose connected that word "father" with only one person. Her mother had often sent her on a small errand, or given her something to do for "poor father;" and she echoed the words, her little heart filled with pity for him whose sorrow she could not understand. Over and over again she said it, her tone growing more plaintively sad each time, until, unable to bear it any longer, Mr. Andrews stopped her with a sharp "Don't."

She was quiet then for a little, only gazing up at him with earnest, wistful eyes, saying by her look, "Oh, how I wish I could comfort you!" Presently she made the attempt.

"Couldn't you get a new picture, papa, and not let it get spoiled?"

Mr. Andrews set her upon her feet, and running away, buried his face in his hands. There he sat, silent, remorseful. That was at first. Soon he grew prayerful, then hopeful, then determined.

"I will," he said. "God help me."

Mrs. Andrews, moving about the kitchen with a sickly-looking baby in her arms, wondered what had happened to her husband when he entered, and, coming up to her, kissed first her and her child. But immediately she thought of the letter which Rose had taken to him, and asked eagerly, "Have you had some good news?"

"No, bad," he answered, and put his brother's letter into her hand.

He did not wait while she read it, but went hurriedly out. Later on he told her of that picture of his boyhood, and how when he had mourned over it as a spoiled picture, little Rose had prettily suggested getting another and not permitting it to be spoiled; how this had led him to think of the future as well as the past, and how but when he had reached that point he stopped and said, "I can promise little Bessie."

"But you will do much," she answered.

Three years have passed. In the same room where Mr. Andrews had sat when he received the letter which had been the beginning of a change in his life, he sat now, his youngest child in his arms, laughing and prattling in baby language; the next youngest—who had been a sickly babe three years ago, but now looking sturdy and strong—was tumbling over and over on the carpet. Rose sat gazing into the fire and smiling quietly to herself; and Mrs. Andrews watched the group from a seat near the window.

"Don't you see funny things in those bright red coals?" Rose looked up to say, presently, glancing at her father as she spoke. "There's quite a pretty picture now—horses and trees and castles, all mixed up together. Don't you see?"

Mr. Andrews shook his head, then said with a grave look—

"I saw a picture once that you did not see, Rosie."

"I dare say a great many," she answered, smiling.

"Yes, but one in particular." Mr. Andrews stopped and sighed.

"Never mind that picture; here is one whose glory is not tarnished. Be content to look at it."

And rising from her seat, Mrs. Andrews came and stood behind her husband and pointed with her finger to a long mirror on the other side of the room. They looked together at the reflected little family party, at the happy children's faces, and then at each other. And a prayer arose from two glad hearts that that picture might never be spoiled by sin.—*H. B. in Temperance Record.*

AUNT PRISSY ON THE BEER QUESTION.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"So Ashur Lang has offered the town ten thousand dollars to buy a library," said Aunt Prissy to her visitor, adding in the same breath: "Likely he thinks he is very generous; but it won't begin to pay his debt."

"Debt!" repeated Mrs. Thorndike. "I didn't know as Ashur Lang owed the town anything."

"You remember Robert Dennis and Henry Star, both as promising boys as ever made a mother's heart glad. Ashur Lang got them away from home by offering them big wages to work for him, and that was the ruin of them."

"I know people think their going to work for him was a bad thing; but perhaps they wouldn't have turned out any better if they hadn't gone."