

living near, he cornered the hogs in a barnyard, got them into a covered cart, and, as there was no pound in town in which to confine them, drove home with them, and shut them up in his own barnyard for the time being.

"He had not fairly got them secure when another messenger appeared, running with another notification, calling on him to come at once and secure four more hogs, which were doing damage at another farm, three miles distant.

"It chanced that I was the messenger that time. Selwyn looked dismayed. In fact, he almost wept, for he was completely tired out.

"He said that he shouldn't go. I told him he must, or else stand prosecution for neglect of duty. His wife came out where we were talking, and I noticed that she looked me over pretty sharply. After reading the notification, she put it in her pocket.

"Come in and get your supper, Bert," she said; "and then harness your horse and we will ride over to the village."

"She even invited me to supper, and gave the invitation so prettily that I rather wished to accept it, but declined on second thought.

"I think he will be over and take care of the hogs all right, early in the morning," she said to me, as I went away.

"It turned out afterwards that Selwyn and his wife went to the village that evening, where they consulted a lawyer. As a consequence of the attorney's advice, Mrs. Selwyn hired two men at good wages to come to their place early the following morning, to assist Selwyn in the performance of his duty. They called at the village saw-mill, too, and bought five thousand feet of lumber, which they arranged to have drawn the following forenoon. Then they hired a carpenter and three other men to come on with the lumber.

"Since the town had no pound, Mrs. Selwyn was resolved to have one built at once. She chose the site in a field on the farm beside the highway, and gave directions how to build the structure.

Such a pound as that was! It covered a quarter of an acre, and had three compartments, one for hogs, one for sheep, and one for cattle. Mrs. Selwyn hired three more men to sink a well to supply it with water. The fence was nine feet high, and built of pickets sharpened at the top. There was a gate big enough for a walled city, and more lumber was required before it was done.

"Selwyn captured the second lot of hogs more easily with the assistance of his hired men.

"At noon that day we sent another notification to him to secure five steers, and he attended promptly to the duty.

"About this time we began to grow alarmed. We did not dare to set more stock at large, and made haste to get the seven hogs and five steers out of pound in a legal manner. It cost us several dollars, which we paid and kept quiet, hoping that the joke would end therewith.

"But that was not the end. On the first day of June Selwyn presented a bill of a hundred and sixty three or four dollars to the selectmen, against the town, for services rendered, lumber for pound, well-digging and so forth. It was a terrible bill in a little town where the whole valuation was scarcely fifty thousand dollars.

"The selectmen were furious, and tried to evade the charges. But they could not. Mrs. Selwyn had proceeded legally. The town had the bill to pay. A special town-meeting was called to act upon the matter, and then the selectmen began to inquire who had caused the expense. The written notifications were procured from Mrs. Selwyn. And with their aid some of us boys were identified.

To avoid prosecution for wilfully and maliciously causing expense to the town, eight of us youngsters came forward, confessed our part in the joke, and paid the hundred and sixty dollars. It is needless to say that we felt exceedingly sore over it.

"But Mary Selwyn had still another bone to pick with the merry-making community. She got her money, and then began an action against the town for not having a legal pound. The statutes provided that any town that fails to maintain a pound, shall, upon complaint, forfeit the sum of fifty dollars, which may be expended in building one.

"There was another commotion in town, and another special town-meeting to see about it. The town thought that it owned a pound now, a nice one with a well! In point of law, however, the

town could not claim it, since it was located on Mary Selwyn's farm, for in the meantime Selwyn had deeded his property to his wife.

"The town next attempted to remove the lofty fence and erect it elsewhere, but it was ascertained that this could not be done lawfully. It was proven that the town still had no pound, and to avoid paying the forfeit, the selectmen set to work to build a fifty-dollar enclosure.

"As soon as this public enterprise was completed, Mrs. Selwyn took down her pound and built a wood shed sixty feet long with the lumber, which was, no doubt, a great convenience for her. She now appeared to be satisfied. And everybody in town, indeed, was satisfied that it was best to let Selwyn alone, since he had so capable a wife.

"After the noise of the affair had subsided, people began to declare that they did not blame Mrs. Selwyn at all. And when one of the selectmen asked her why she had built so expensive a pound, she replied, with a laugh, that, from the way notifications came in that week, she inferred that a big pound would be needed.

"She and Selwyn still live in the town, and do very well. But it is generally understood that Mary manages the farm."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE TEMPERANCE TIDAL WAVE IN BOSTON.

THE composite photograph of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as seen by the thoughtful visitor at the recent dual Convention in Boston, would differ from that of the National Convention of a decade ago, and widely differ from that of the first Convention seventeen years ago. The secret of the change in the personnel of this organization lies largely in the fact that this phase of evolution in the woman's kingdom, though beginning with an inspiration, has now become an education.

This movement—and what word could be more expressive?—has borne them outward and upward. Like the building of the Holy House in Ezekiel's vision, there has been "an enlarging and a winding about still upward," until now we have before us a magnificent body of women representing ten thousand Unions in this country alone, gathered in in their several circles of state, county, and town, around a national executive body, voicing a moral sentiment held by good men and women everywhere, and touching through its forty departments and affiliated interests, nearly all the helpful and progressive efforts of our time. Let us add to this the results of the progress of the idea until a World's Union forms and strengthens, and the visitor to its first Convention, hears the delegate from Australia, Japan, China, or South Africa bring in her report with the member from Maine or Massachusetts, and we may get a breath of the inspiration that swept through Tremont Temple when a quartet of Boston's famous singers, sustained by the great organ, sang,—

"There are bands of ribbon white
Around the world—around the world."

This was the picture. The frame was Tremont Temple, draped with the flags of many nations, the great polyglot petition of a million signatures festooned around the galleries, and the watchwords of the Union on the walls.

It would be impossible in this sketch, to give single impressions of the notable characters of the Boston Convention beyond a few of the central figures. Miss Willard, whom Joseph Cook has called "the best loved woman in America," is always the heart as well as the head of the body she presides over; but here beside her shone the noble and lovely presence of the president of the British Woman's Christian Temperance Union,—Lady Henry Somerset. The conquest of the American heart by this gentle invader has been complete, and the close of the Convention saw it—and all Boston—at her feet. Not only did the charm of her voice, her face, her rank, have their effect, but far more than these, the fact that the "daughter of a hundred earls," turns her back upon "high life" and goes out to service for her Lord in lowest London, has won the hearts of all who think and feel with God.

"This most inclusive woman in all England," said Miss Willard, "(and blessed are the inclusive, for they shall be included!)—the daughter of an earl, the mother of a prospective duke, with a pedigree seven hundred years long, and estates involving a tenantry of over a hundred thousand persons, includes 'the submerged tenth' of London, and the miners of Wales in her field of Christian influence, the Salvation Army as her strongest ally, and the White Ribboners as her chosen friends and comrades. The exclusiveness of the famous four hundred of New York with their pinchbeck aristocracy has a perfect off-set in the pure gold of her character, whose inclusiveness of Christian sympathy has brought her here."

With Lady Henry Somerset came our own Hannah Whitall Smith, who has in recent years taken up her residence in London. She belongs to no realm so much as to the spiritual and, though a Quaker, no creed can hold her. She is the "Great-heart" of the doubting, the fearing, the ready-to-halt, as well as the women of the New Pilgrimage. Her "Secret of a Happy Life" is read in eight or ten languages, and all who look upon that firm, strong, peaceful face may read it there.

Another face that will always remain in the memory of those who look upon it is that of Mary Clement Leavitt, who returned to this Convention from a seven years' journey around the world. She bears the outward sign of an inward and spiritual royalty, and one can readily believe that alone with savages in Zululand—for she went everywhere alone—or borne by natives in Bombay, or sailing for days with Chinese river-men, she saw only the best in every man. "I wish especially to say," she said, "that throughout my travels I was treated by all classes with whom I came in contact, as kindly as if I had been their mother and as respectfully as if I had been their sovereign."

Another revered figure was that of Mrs. Judge Thompson, the "Mother of the Crusade"—a delicate, reedlike woman, over whom the breath of God blew first when the "rushing mighty wind" of the Crusade arose in Ohio. She bent almost to the breaking point, but rose up with the breath within her, and led the advance guard of that host which may now be counted by hundreds of thousands.

Mother Stewart, the daring and dauntless, recalled the days of that prairie fire that followed the wind, and here were scores of women who had followed fast upon the fire to plant—to build—for the future.

Volumes of written and unwritten records of endeavor and success were suggested by those latter-day Marys, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Hunt, and Mrs. Lathrap, as also by that other noble and faithful trio around Miss Willard,—Mrs. Buell, Mrs. Woodbridge, and Miss Pugh.

Mrs. Carse, who has conducted one of the greatest business enterprises in Chicago in building the beautiful Temperance Temple—and has builded better than she knew—and Mrs. Rastall, who conducts the publishing interest of the W. T. P. A., are marked examples of the educating power of the present impulse among women. They were presented to the Convention, but like Mary Allen West, Miss Ames, Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, and Alice Guernsey, the journalists, they talk very little and do very much.

One of the most significant features of the Convention was an evening with the "Y's." The young womanhood of the country willing to witness for temperance and purity, has, under the leadership of Mrs. Barnes, of New York, become a power in society. A face more sunny, a voice more sweet, or a mind more bright and suggestive than that of this little Quaker leader could not have been found. Under this influence the great "garden of girls" has flourished and is bringing forth not only flowers, but fruit. The womanly words that were spoken by young women representing the East, the West, the South, were the voice of the coming woman, full of power and beauty. Nor will the charming personality of that "atom of human gold dust," Isabel Gibson, delegate from France, soon fade from our minds. English born, yet, like "la Maréchale," French in every fiber from divine sympathy with poor, despoiled France, she was a revelation of consecrated girlhood.

Like, yet very unlike, is that other girlish figure, poising on the arm of Miss Willard's chair or flitting noiselessly about the platform—Anna Gordon, superintendent of juvenile work, and the president's private secretary and trusted friend. Unlike that