

TRUTH

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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 24, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 803.

CRITICISM OF EDUCATIONAL PAPERS.

The *Globe* and the Minister of Education are political friends, and TRUTH does not care to thrust its head between them when they engage in any political, literary, educational or other quarrel. Nevertheless when we read a criticism that is manifestly captious and unjust, in the columns of an influential journal like our contemporary the *Globe*, public justice demands that we should give our opinion upon the matter. Lately certain questions were set for candidates seeking admission from the lower grade schools to the high schools of Ontario, and the *Globe* regards them as a "five-barred gate." Now we should be the very last journal in Toronto to advocate the setting up of unattainable standards, or the placing of obstacles in the way of the youth of our Province; but we certainly cannot enter upon a crusade of censure when there is nothing, in such regard, that can honestly be criticised. The *Globe* prints the following list of questions as evidence of the stupidity and incompetency of those who set questions. It says that "comment upon them is unnecessary." This is precisely what we think:

"Make a list of the leading events in the reign of Edward I. Justify his title to be called one of the greatest of the English Sovereigns."

"Name in order the Stuart Sovereigns, stating what claim each of them had to the Crown. Describe their general character, and state what good and what bad effects resulted to their subjects from their bad qualities."

"Give an account of any three of the following, stating why they are noteworthy in history:—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Longfellow, and Tennyson."

"State, with reasons, what you think wrong in the conduct of Richard I, Charles II, and Walpole."

"Explain and illustrate the meanings of any four of the following:—Party Government, Responsible Government, Government by the People, The Rule of the Whig Nobles, Federal Union, The Social Condition of the People, The Habeas Corpus Act."

As a rule the persons connected with the newspaper press of Canada are men without culture or knowledge, and we have very often in the columns of this paper been pained by the cold lamentable fact. But it is positively disgraceful that a great paper like the *Globe* undoubtedly is, should allow its columns, for personal or other reasons, to be used for purposes of such criticism as this is. We all get "rusty," in time, after leaving school, but anybody who has even the slightest knowledge of English history will agree that those questions which we have reproduced are perfectly legitimate, and that they have been chosen with good taste. Very often we have seen questions set for examinations in Common and High Schools, and even in the Universities, which have been for the greater part "catch," and which would seem as if designed rather to ascertain what the student does not know than what he does know. Against this species of punning we have always protested; but the questions that we have reproduced are such as any boy or girl of

twelve or fourteen who has at all read the text-books of the common schools should be able, and are able, to make saving percentages upon.

THE FISHERY DISPUTE.

In contrast with the insane ravings of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and the class for which it speaks, it is refreshing to find the *United States Secretary*, Mr. Bayard, capable of discussing the fishery question calmly and dispassionately. Mr. Bayard, writing to the British Minister at Washington, reviews at some length the history of the trouble, and places the responsibility for the present unfortunate state of affairs where it belongs, viz., upon the American authorities. Prior to 1866 a treaty existed between Great Britain and the United States, under which Canadians and Americans fished side by side. At the expiration of the terms of this Treaty the Americans declined to continue this friendly relation, and prohibited our citizens from fishing in American waters, and exacted a tax from us for any fish we exported to the States. Feeling aggrieved at this action, our Government placed a tax of \$1 a ton upon American vessels fishing in Canadian waters.

The next year the tax was increased to \$2, and the next year it was raised to \$3. Under this rate of taxation the relations between the United States and the Canadian fishermen were undisturbed, but in the next year and a half complications arose which resulted in the adoption of another treaty between the United States and Great Britain in 1872, which was to expire after twelve years. This latter treaty expired in 1885, and when the present Administration came into power there was no treaty or law bearing upon the subject. All of these facts, says Secretary Bayard, were well known to the country, and also that the Republican party retired from power without attempting to protect the American fishermen. As soon as the present Administration came into power the New England fishermen, or their representatives, poured into Washington with appeals for protection for their fishing interests. As Secretary of State he communicated the situation to the Senate, and proposed the appointment of a commission to arbitrate on the subject. This proposition the Republican Senate refused to consider. The appeals of the American fishermen were so loud and long that Mr. Bayard, after consultation with the British Minister, secured a concession from the Canadian authorities, under which the American fishermen were allowed to finish their season undisturbed until the present spring of the year. The whole controversy might have been avoided had the Senate acted upon the suggestion of the State Department, and consented to frame a treaty bearing upon the fisheries question.

Mr. Bayard says he proposes that his countrymen shall know all the facts in the case, so they may place responsibility where it properly belongs. He asserts with great earnestness that the Republican party

in Congress has used every means in its power to obstruct the present Administration in carrying out the desires of the people, and yet certain men stand up in the halls of Congress and elsewhere, shouting themselves hoarse in their accusations against the courage and dignity of the Administration. These very men, he says, who yell the loudest for the Government to send United States war vessels into British waters to redress these alleged wrongs and insults to American citizens, would be among the first to drop down on their marrow bones and plead for mercy in the event of a war between the United States and a foreign power. He also charges them with indolence in their efforts to seek protection for American seamen and American industries. Many supplies used aboard the vessels are purchased in Canada simply because both man and material can be obtained cheaper than in the United States. Mr. Bayard says the fisheries question can only be settled by a treaty, and that fact will be recognized sooner or later, and the people of the country will also see that the present Administration is not slow to protect the rights of American citizens.

Dr. Wiggins, our Ottawa wiseacre, predicts an amazing storm for September. There is such a congregation of talent at Ottawa that when a prophecy or a statement of any kind comes from that city of saw-dust and political corruption, we ought to take off our hats. In the civil service there are about three clerks for each one needed; consequently there is this output of intelligence and prognostication during the long idle hours of the day. The chief occupation of the Ottawa civil service clerk is to read the local papers; and when this is done he sits at his desk and engages in some work of literature or prophecy. Dr. Wiggins, with all his nonsense, is one of the best men in the public service; but, for all his cleverness he knows no more about storms three months ahead than the printer's devil in the office of TRUTH. The late respected Mr. Verner is said to have got his clue to coming bad weather from the queer carryings-on of insects, vermin, and such like contemptible organized life. Now the writer himself, though by no means a civil-service weather prophet, used to be able once upon a time to predict a storm half a day ahead. The neighbourhood in which he lived lay along the front of the Atlantic ocean, and it boasted scores of lithe, long, whiffing hogs. Now it came to pass that when indigo clouds began to gather in any given portion of the sky that these same hogs would at once begin to gather the dried kelp along the beach, and lie away with mouthfuls of same to their sty. They knew, of course, that the storm was coming, and were making their beds. Not one of them, however, as far as the writer knows, ever got a position in the civil service. We may inform Wiggins and other "literary men" at Ottawa that a good way to calculate a storm is through the agency of swallows. For when a storm is at hand there is

usually a depression in the lower strata of the atmosphere; in this strata are numbers of insects. The swallow and the swift, which latter bird we may inform Dr. Wiggins and the rest of the Ottawa litterateurs is the nearest possible relation to the swallow, feeds while upon the wing. The insect being low in the air before a storm, the swallow naturally enough, before the tempest, flies low to catch him. Ergo, as our esteemed old friend Cloero would say, a "Signum" or sign of a storm is the low flying of swallows. Dr. Wiggins pretends that he can see coming bad weather in the stars. This is why so many of his hurricanes got out of reckoning and never turned up. We cordially commend himself and the other brilliant writers at Ottawa to the pigs and swallows.

The *Alexandria Glengarrion*, published by Mr. O. J. Stillwell, is one of the most successful country weeklies in Canada. Established a little over a year since, it was for a time scarcely known outside the village in which it was issued. Since the present energetic publisher assumed control its progress has been quite extraordinary, and it now, both in circulation and influence, ranks among the first of the local newspapers of the Dominion. Mr. Stillwell well deserves the success which his enterprise and energy have brought him, and the towns of Alexandria is to be congratulated upon possessing so zealous and able an exponent of its interests.

If we are to believe the tidings recently come to us from Quebec, certain social matters in that quaint old city require immediate attention. The *Daily Telegraph* says that things are coming to a disgraceful state in the wholesale traffic of innocent girls for immoral purposes between Quebec and Chicago, and it is said that a number of "servant" girls were induced to go to Chicago through the offer of very high wages. They say that they are credibly informed that a Chicago firm has sent one married girl to Quebec to begin operations. To kidnap another girl of the same name established that within the walls of the city has ended in a young city. The city is not able to...

Truth's Contributors.

GLADSTONE IN SCOTLAND.

BY G. L.

I was fortunate enough to get a ticket when Gladstone spoke in the Music Hall in Edinburgh on the evening of Friday, June 18th. The doors were open by half-past six and the place must have been filled by a very short time after that, for when I and my friends got there, a few minutes after seven, there was not a seat to be had; and we had to content ourselves with a preparation against one of the walls, where, however, we had the compensating advantage of both seeing and hearing the wonderful old man's eloquence, as well as he could be seen or heard from any part of the hall. The place, of course, was packed to the doors, and every inch of standing room seemed occupied by some one eager to hear England's greatest of Prime Ministers.

For the hour or more that intervened between the opening of the doors and eight o'clock, when Mr. Gladstone appeared, the audience amused itself as well as it could. It was thoroughly good-natured on the whole, though there were many loud outcries on the part of those who had secured seats against the way in which the aisles were taken up by standers. Vehement were the calls upon the caretaker of the hall for benches for these offenders, but all in vain. He was deaf alike to entreaty, expostulation and indignation. Even obloquy seemed to move him no whit from the serenity of his composure. He had evidently made up his mind that if the sitters could not see through the standers, they would just need to do their best to see over them, or round them, or whatever else they could in the way of getting sight of Gladstone. Unable to get the ear of the authorities, the indignant sitters had recourse to such force as was at their disposal. All the newspapers they had with them were speedily converted into missiles, and for a time things were lively. One hat at least was knocked off with some of this ammunition, and the fun was exceedingly funny to those who, like ourselves, were standing, but in nobody's way, and with an uninterrupted view for ourselves.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by some local magnates, by his wife, and by Mr. Childers and his wife and daughter, and others, appeared on the platform punctually at eight o'clock. His appearance was a signal for a tumultuous outburst of cheering. Hats, kerchiefs, umbrellas and walking sticks waved about wildly, and for fully five minutes the enthusiastic multitude had their way and testified to their admiration of Gladstone's worth, by a living power.

His speech was at length allowed to be heard, and he defended his policy and his able speech of an hour and a half, the substance of which was so long before this to all acquainted, so that it is like the thankless...
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...defended his policy and his able speech of an hour and a half, the substance of which was so long before this to all acquainted, so that it is like the thankless...
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...defended his policy and his able speech of an hour and a half, the substance of which was so long before this to all acquainted, so that it is like the thankless...

but rightly, or wrongly, they are convinced that the mode in which and the degree to which Mr. Gladstone means to do this, if he is returned to power, will be prejudicial to the best interests of the Empire, and hence they are prepared to oppose him. These vociferous cheers, therefore, with which the G. O. M. is greeted wherever he goes, must by no means be taken to mean that every shouter is prepared to vote for his former leader.

I heard Mr. Nell speak the other night. He is a son of the London preacher of that name. A former staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone, but a deserter on this Irish question, and now going to contest the county of Stirling in the unicameral interest. He made a telling speech, and was heard by the electors with marked approval.

Scotland seems to be regarded as the ground on which the fiercest part of the impending battle will be fought, and the giants are going up and down the length and breadth of it just now doing their best for their respective sides.

Altogether the universal feeling is that it will prove one of the hardest political combats ever engaged in.

EDINBURGH, Scotland.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY G. O. D.

Don't sneer at any man's belief. Respect it if you believe it is his belief. And don't be too ready to suspect his sincerity, especially if worldly prosperity and social success do not run parallel with his creed. The Pharisees sneered at the Saviour. It is easy to profess a popular creed, but it requires a brave man to live up to a belief which runs counter to worldly advantage. If a man is a moral man—a kind man—an honest man—if he is a man whom before you know his creed you instinctively recognised as a good man—respect his belief, even if you cannot share every part of it. If it happens that your creed is proclaimed in fine churches; if it carries with it the odour of dead-alive "respectability;" if you have inherited it or adopted it without thinking much about it, bear in mind that his may have been arrived at through tears and tribulations. Examine yourself; suspect yourself once in a while by way of change; it may do you good. The reformers of the world from the Saviour downward have been sneered at by the adherents of the popular creed. So be charitable to others and suspicious of yourself. A sneer—the devil's laugh—is an unlovely thing at best, but a sneer against any man's honest belief, is assuredly one of the most hateful things on earth.

Young man, if you feel dull, gloomy, "blue;" if you think like the melancholy Dane, that "the times are out of joint;" if you think the whole world is against you; if you are distrustful of your friends, jealous of your lover and doubtful of yourself, don't too quickly come to the conclusion that the plan of creation is a mistake or that your moral foundations are all broken up. The answer are ten to one that it's your liver! A diagnosis may not be very poetical, but it's likely to be true. So don't take to gloomy poetry and long hair and imagine yourself an incipient Childe Harold when you really need a blue pill. We are having a vast amount of what Walt Whitman calls "the literature of woe" in these latter days, the result of weak nerves and inefficient livers. Don't cultivate it; don't give way to it; my young friend, better stick to

baseball literature as exhibited by the able sporting editors of the Toronto press, though perhaps even that is not the same of "culture." I may as well confess that I had a touch of the Byronic fever myself in my younger days. I revelled in Byron, Werther & Co. for a season. I was a very and conscientious and self-conscious. I was a crushed tragedian air, and imagined my friends, aided and abetted by the world in general, were united in a grand conspiracy to do the crushing. I found out later that they were too busy with their own concerns to bother their heads about me. Luckily I had as one of my friends a sensible doctor. He told me in the most hard hearted, matter of fact way, that I was—bilious! Then I was sure he was one of the conspirators. However, he persisted, and he was right. A few grains of a horrid mixture which he called blue mass, accompanied by outdoor exercise *quant. suff.* cleared the whole moral atmosphere, and, as the old song says: "The world went well with me then." To my young friend, let me advise you once more not to blame the whole plan of creation when the troubles may be in your liver!
TORONTO, ONT.

ON TO PARAGUAY.

BY G. H. FOWLER.

Repeated requests have been made for the establishment of a mission in the republic of Paraguay. After careful consideration it was determined to visit the country and penetrate as far as Assuncion, the capital situated on the Paraguay river, 1,250 miles from the sea. No Protestant bishop has ever before gone so far into the interior of the continent. Except for the extreme heat of the season in which we were compelled to make the journey (February there is dog-days), the fatigue of the travelling would be light compared with the stage rides made over the plains to California by Blahope James and Ames. The voyage to Rosario, 300 miles above Buenos Ayres, was made in a commodious steamer. Here my companion, Dr. Wood, superintendent of the South American missions, and I made preparation for the heat and fatigue. We took passage on the Oisma (Swan), a small, tug-like steamer with moderate accommodations. We provided ourselves with the lightest and thinnest coats in the markets, with castrats (castrats), mosquito-bars, and bamboo frames fastened with cords to hold up the nets. These castrats and nets were to give us lodging on the docks at night. These provisions were most fortunate. When our lying still covered with the least possible beneath the stars, and catching a breath from the motion of the steamer perspires without stint through the night, then it is safe to regard the weather as warm and take precaution. There was no visible thermometer on the steamer. Perhaps they were afraid to know the worst.

Our captain was a quiet penny-built Italian. He said but little, and that hardly above a whisper. He must have slept, but we never missed him from duty. When we were well up toward the tropics he amused himself shooting alligators with a Remington rifle. The game was very abundant and marksmanship good. The captain was treated by the men—stout, hardy fellows—as if he had an experience in his history. We found him very careful in handling his little steamer, and that was the experience we wanted him to have.

The mosquitoes in the upper-river regions are monumental. They are large. It is difficult to regard them as mosquitoes. They

run against you as if biting were only a secondary thought or weapon. They are poor muscled, taken singly; but taken by the hundred millions they are a scourge. They are quite numerous. When the rising river drives them out of the pastures they are said to nearly darken the sun. Like the hero of old, men fight in the shade. The old statement about New Jersey mosquitoes, that many of them weigh a pound, is not true here, for it does not take so many of them. The ride up the river is one never to be forgotten. Up the La Plata 160 miles, up the Parana 800 miles, and up the Paraguay 290, miles all the time on a most beautiful sheet of water. From 150 miles at the mouth of the La Plata the current we follow narrows down to less than three miles. The shores are bold enough to stand against the river, but they do not shut out the panorama of the rich and limitless plains, waving with grass and wild flowers, and dotted here and there with patches of forest. As we are going up toward the equator, we soon come to semi-tropical and tropical vegetation. The plains are undulating and crested by streams. The dark-green of the forest, interspersed with flowering shrubs and flowering trees, and the many shades of green that characterize the grasses and undergrowth, give perpetual variety and rest to the scenery. The river, sweeping on in an almost straight line, like a majestic, conquering army, is varied in every league by the countless islands among which we make our delightful way. Now we can see the channel winding around and past these emeralds set in the silver of the river. Again, that which seemed to be the mainland along which we were coasting suddenly ends and we see between the island, away across a smooth stretch of water, sparkling in the sun like a sheet of silver for leagues, to a distant shore that may be only other islands. Wild fowls start up as our steamer pants along, circle about us, and light to survey us. Crews stand on the bank and wicker; geese and ducks move off at right lines, and flocks of beautiful white birds stand in rows on the mud banks of the river like rows of ivory teeth. The picture is of marvelous beauty, changing with every mile.

But more impressive than the beauty is the wealth of the soil and the dense rankness of the vegetation. One must see the waving of the harvests, the nodding corn-tassels, the blooming cotton-fields, the rich coffee plantations, the sugar thickets, and the abundant fruits, that in the near-to-morrow shall feed and enrich a teeming population.

Henry Clay, standing on the summit of the Alleghanies and looking over the western slopes while the stage-horses were being changed, was asked what he was doing, and he answered: "I am listening to the tread of the coming millions." So one, in these untamed depths of gloom and greatness, can hear the song of the harvest home and the hum of the coming factories.

The stretch of plain and forest, of river and island, that gladdens the day is transformed at night into the solitude of changing and endless shadows, into a vast stretch of sky and stars that double at the horizon, one spreading a canopy of golden jewels over our heads and the other jewelling a carpet of shining adornments beneath our feet, stitching together the two so perfectly with the thread of the invisible shore that we can hardly tell where earth ends and the heavens begin. Not only were all the stars double stars, one-half above and the other beneath reflected in the river, but all the constellations were doubled. Orion, who stands on his head in the southern sky, stood on his feet in the smooth river, which

laughed her face into dimples at the delight of holding him on her bosom. We could trace at our feet in the river the magnificent constellations of the Pleiades, the face of Taurus, Orion, Canis Major, Arge Navis, the southern cross, with the hind feet of the Centaur. This most brilliant section of the known heavens in hemisphere stretched away beneath us and above us, as if the earth were transformed, as if heaven had descended, with a wealth of magnificence that made one half fancy what an ascending soul, peered in the midst of the universe, might behold. Lying on the deck of the Clava and watching and watching the marching sentinals of the heavens, one has the sharpest sense of being in a strange land. Of course the north star drops out of the sky, as one sheets over the equator, seen there follows him into obscurity the little bear, and the great bear Cassiopea and Andromeda are gone. The Centaur and the Dragon have led late obscurity, and strange figures march round the heavens in their places. The great southern cross, which was so disappointing when first seen above the southern horizon, has put on dignity. With the group of double and first-magnitude stars that move with it there is nothing more glorious. Alpha Crucis, at the foot of the cross, seen with the unaided eye, seems of the first importance; seen with a telescope of low power it seems a double star; seen with one of high power it is a triple star. How like another figure on another cross! Seen with the natural eye he is a wonderful character; seen even by a reverent and thoughtful skepticism he is preternatural. Bozeman said: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God." Seen through the high powers of Christian faith "He is God ever all, blessed forevermore, one in the adorable Trinity.

There is a great cathedral on the principal square at Rosario. It is served by a number of much-colded, unpretentious, ever-fed priests. We were driven to one of the absurd institutions peculiar to the Spanish-Indian cathello from the border of New Mexico to Cape Horn. It is a foundling asylum. There is a turn-table in the wall five or six feet above the sidewalk. This is a sort of dumb-waiter open on one side and revolving around of working up and down. This waiter contains a little bed. Any one who wishes to use it turns it around, open side to the street, puts in the wall, turns it around, rings a bell, and goes away. A servant comes to the revolving bed and takes out the child. No questions are asked, no secret is obtained, the transaction is completed. The child is cared for and by and by is hired out to earn something to maintain the institution. There is a prevalent conviction that this method of receiving children is of great service to those who keep it alive.

Rosario rejoices in a national normal school under the care of ladies from North America. These women are doing a missionary work of the first order. They are impressing their moral sense upon hundreds of young women who are to be the teachers of the republic. It is a matter of encouragement that when they have had these girls under their care for two or more years they are often quite faithful while in school.

Twenty miles above Rosario we pass the little town of San Lorenzo. During the war for independence Gen. San Martin with his cavalry attacked and captured the Spanish war vessels. This reversed the order of the late King Theobald, who had his marines ferociously mounted on horseback, with servants, running on foot to carry large umbrellas over them.

Fifty miles farther up is the town of Diamante. This is on the beginning of the mainland on the Entre Rios and on a bluff 800 feet high. The lowlands and valleys below this point are memorable on account of the pirates who made the river dangerous by their prowess. Gen. Urquiza, one of the brave, cold-blooded deliverers of Argentina, exterminated these pirates by shooting them at sight and without trial. This was during the civil wars more than once swam his army with 20,000 horses across the river at this point. The shores of the mainland are two miles apart. Nothing was hard for him. Buenos Ayres refused to come into the republic. Urquiza imposed differential duties on all goods that broke bulk at Buenos Ayres, and opened Rosario as the head of sea navigation. Rosario sprang into importance and Buenos Ayres arranged to come into the republic. An English gentleman who was familiar with Urquiza told us that once some Buenos Ayres deputies were consulting with Urquiza when he, carelessly toying with his gloves, said to them: "You tell these Porfirinos [citizens of Buenos Ayres] that if I catch them I will cut their throats," and his words never failed in a threat. He served the tyrant Rosas, who made him, and when he afterward betrayed and overthrew. This treachery did not die out. Urquiza made Gen. Aradonda, who betrayed and assassinated him. Aradonda engaged in the revolution business may take warning by these lessons.

Forty miles farther up is Parana, a beautiful city on a high bluff, and about two miles back from the river. This city has a history and a future. It was once the capital of the province of Entre Rios. Then it became the capital of the Argentine Republic under the vigorous hand of Urquiza. At this time the provincial capital was moved to Comopden. Afterward Buenos Ayres became the capital of the nation and Parana was left desolate. Now, after more than twenty years of depression, the provincial capital is returned to Parana. It now has 12,000 inhabitants and is growing. A railroad is being built across the province to Concepcion. Large government buildings are being built of what seems to be inferior brick. It has a full supply of overgrown Catholic churches and one native Methodist preacher.

At Parana and other towns we gather up as many passengers as we can carry and feed. They are chiefly Guarani. The men are dressed with poncho, chiripa, calcezoilas, broad brimmed sombrero, and spurs. They carry a lariat and bolas. The women were dressed with extreme simplicity and sparseness. Most of them were smoking rough-looking reils of tobacco.

Corrientes is 422 miles above Parana and has 18,000 inhabitants if you count everything. They are chiefly Guarani. But little Spanish is spoken. Oranges grow in abundance. The fragrance is wonderful. Tobacco is also abundant and fragrant. Other products easily multiplied are sugar, maize, mandio, sweet potatoe, coffee, rice, cotton, cattle and wool. At present the most money is in cattle, and wool. It is a wonderful climate to have such a wide range of products. In spite of all these natural resources 350 years of desolation have failed to develop much greatness. There must be some noxious influence at work.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some mere by-standers than by talking. Inquisitive people are the bane of any congregation, they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to talk it to another.

HERE AND THERE.

A Utica genius has invented a farm horse that weighs less than fifteen pounds, and does away with whiffletrees, traces, and many of the cumbersome straps and buckles. Moreover it is cheap.

Mrs. John Wallace of Knoxville, Tenn., stopped to the gate to look for her five-year-old boy, and at that moment a runaway horse dashed by. It is thought that she supposed that her boy had been run over, for she fell to the ground dead.

Suspiciously Appa of the Star and Crescent Flouring Mills of Chicago is a tough man. He was caught in the beating of the mill the other day, whirled over three pulleys, thrown violently to the floor, and his ribs were broken, his only injuries being a few flesh wounds.

The latest reported fasting girl is Julia Harris, the twelve-year-old daughter of a Methodist minister near Fewles Station, Texas. She is said not to have eaten anything in forty-six days. She was unusually fat when she began her self-imposed fast weighing 180 pounds. She is greatly reduced in fat now.

George Bull of Hartford has made a water bicycle. The rider sits on a high seat supported by two long, narrow floats rigged outstaparan fashion. He propels with his feet a large wheel which gears operates a little screw at the stern of the craft. A few trials show the bicycle to be fast and easily managed.

Mrs. Robert Skeech of Coral Mch., after hanging over the wash tub until tired, sat down to rest taking her baby boy on her lap at the time. She felt faint, rose to go to another room, fainted dead away, dropping the baby into a tub of water as she fell. Her husband, coming in soon after, found the mother unconscious on the floor and the little one drowned in the tub.

Mrs. Maria Farrow of Central City, Ill., is 78 years old. A year ago she got the contract for delivering the mail to the Post Office at \$3 a month, and all through the winter she never missed a day. Her duties require her to hang the mail pouch on the cross at the depot, and once, doing this, she fell and broke arm. Now she is well and, though not an effeminate partisan is a very faithful official.

William L. Noyes and James B. Madgett farmers of Richmond, Va., quarreled over the ownership of a parcel of grain, and Noyes pinched Madgett with a pitchfork, making a slight wound. A doctor was called, and when Noyes saw him go to Madgett's house he became very much excited, and, saying to his wife, "I will kill myself," went to the barn and shot himself three times, dying almost instantly.

A farmer, living near Luverne, Ia., asked a butcher of the same place if he wanted to buy a fat cow. He said he did, and that he would go after it soon. When the butcher arrived at the farmer's he found that the latter had no fat cow, but had been joking with him. The farmer won't joke that way any more, for the butcher brought suit against him and obtained judgment for \$5.

While a gang of prisoners were waiting on a wharf at Philadelphia for the arrival of the police boat to take them to the House of Correction, Moses Kelly made a dash and jumped into the water. He disappeared and was thought to be drowned, but careful search revealed him in the mouth of a sewer sixty feet from where he went under. He was dragged out with a boathook, in much the same condition as Jean Valjean after his famous wade in the Paris sewer.

A citizen of Detroit has had his faith in human nature rudely shaken. One day when the rain was falling fast he saw a young man and a young woman paddling through the wet, in brallaces. He was near his own door. So with rare philanthropy, he thrust his silk umbrella into the hand of the astonished young man saying, "Take it; you have a lady with you. You can bring it back to-morrow to the house there." The young man took the umbrella, and the good citizen of Detroit hasn't seen it since.

O. L. Badley, a notorious negro gambler of Nebraska, was shot near Crawford the other day. One bullet hit him in the back of the head, tearing off the outer plate of skull, another went into his eye, another into his forehead, and the fourth went into his right arm. He never lost consciousness, and at the moment he was dying he said to his wife: "I love you."

twenty-five. He was wounded four times in a fight last winter, and carried a bullet in his tongue a week before he found out what "felt so curious."

THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

The Natural History Court.

The western transept of the Central Gallery is devoted almost exclusively to Natural History specimens of all kinds and from all parts of the Dominion. The most conspicuous feature is naturally the commanding game trophy occupying the centre. This trophy is octagonal in shape, though of such a form as to allow of considerable width for display on the north, south, east, and west sides. Upon the main part of the structure are tastefully grouped specimens of animals and heads mostly from their habitat, Manitoba and the North West Territories. The greater portion of these have been collected by Mr. J. H. Hubbard, President of the Manitoba Gun Club, in his North Western wanderings, and their variety and excellence as well as their judicious arrangement do him great credit.

Manitoba and the North-West may now be said to form the only hunting field left undisturbed in North America, for there is nothing of the kind remaining in the United States. Thus on the trophy, in the centre of the east side, may be found an immense moose measuring as much as eighteen hands three inches in height, set up with great faithfulness to nature, while of moose heads there are as many as seventeen, one of them measuring five feet three inches from horn to horn. Near at hand will be seen an excellent head of a young cariboo; also a head of the black-tail deer as well as a very large elk from Lake Winnipeg. On one of the smaller sides of the trophy a fine elk head from Lake Manitoba will be noticed, while other good specimens of elk heads are from the same part. All these species of game are quite abundant on the shores of Lake Manitoba, and Lake Winnipeg, and through Kewatin. On the west shores of Lake Manitoba the elk—or wapiti, as it is at times, though not quite correctly, called—is more abundant than in any portion of the North-West. Norway House, Nelson River, is as yet untouched—has, in fact, seen no hunter's footstep. In the Peace River district this class of large game is also very abundant. The region is indeed unexplored, known only by the Hudson Bay officers and Stebart, Eden & Co's. representatives, who with the Indians constitute the inhabitants. Eagle Pass, in the Gold Range, is a favorite resort for the cariboo. Of the buffalo, some excellent set heads are shown on all sides of the trophy. This famed reminder of former days is now of course extinct, and sportsmen must not go to the North West in anticipation of such excellent sport as it would afford, unless indeed it be true as reported that it may still be found in the Peace River country. The only herd known to exist is now under the careful guardianship of the governor of the Penitentiary at Stony Mountain. Here they roam on the open prairie, unworried by sportsmen and their every want provided. The buffalo heads shown by Mr. Hubbard on the trophy are from Wood Mountain and Medicine Hat. Above the entrance on the north side of the trophy is another valuable buffalo head, by Messrs. Peacock & Co., of Medicine Hat, and now of Souris, been shot by Mr. Peacock. All these districts the disappeared. The soil of the part is the richest scattered over the prairie are fast following the soil under the stamping enterprise of the good head for another as two of the best.

Health Department.

Don't Check Perspiration Suddenly!

A Boston merchant, in "landing a hand" on board one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest, and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found that he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two years, and for a long time afterward could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have resulted in inflammation of the lungs—"pneumonia"—ending in death. Let parents explain to their children, the danger which attends the cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing in a draught of air after exercise, or of sitting at an open window or door, or pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, or going in bathing, while in a heat.

Sleep As a Medicine.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we recommend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it, sadly imperfect.

General Hints.

A two-foot rule: Keep your feet dry.

God's oxygen is the best tonic known.

Dirt, debauchery, disease and death are links of the same chain.

Fluid extract of oncalyptus is useful as a local paint in erysipelas.

Half drachm doses of liquid extract of ergot will arrest abundant menses.

For hoarseness, a teaspoonful of German yeast internally four times a day is well recommended.

A glassful of buttermilk taken in the early morning is a capital pectoral for biliousness.

Persons predisposed to consumption should accustom themselves to the daily use of large quantities of milk.

Saline is one of nature's most potent remedies. It cures more diseases than the whole category of medicines.

The British Medical Journal notes an increase of sea-sickness by the use of cocaine, of the solution.

... is a good remedy for burns. It defends the yolks of eggs with ... glycerine. This forms ...

... journal re ... asthma ... our ... daily.

... age of the ... the ...

... he had ... solution ... fever. Ho ... caused by dry

... ing from one-twentieth ... cough arising from the throat, as, for example, follicles in

... taken in ...

toothache and neuralgia. The tincture or other preparations do not appear to answer the purpose nearly so well.

For warts, corns and other indurations of the cuticle, nothing acts more satisfactorily than a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and glacial acetic acid, applied in repeated layers with a brush, night and morning.

Dr. J. Solle C ben says the two great principles in treatment of naso-pharyngeal catarrh are to keep the parts clean so as to let them have a chance to get well of themselves, and to take care of the general health.

In chronic coryza and hay fever, nothing affords so much relief as cocaine. A two or three per cent. solution may be used as the spray for this purpose, or a snuff powder of starch and blamuth, containing one per cent. of cocaine.

The galvanic-catheterization treatment of diphtheria bids fair to become a most important mode in the therapeutics of this dread affection. It is said to be painless, fever soon disappears, there are no secondary effects, and the operation is easily accomplished.

Jacond, in his work on phthisis, speaks highly of glycerine, pure, given as one would cod liver oil to consumptive patients. From an ounce to an ounce and a half a day is the amount recommended, and if flavored with a couple of drachms of brandy, it is digested more easily.

Chronic enlargement of the tonsils frequently yields to small continuous doses of sulphide of calcium. In tonsillitis, with rapid suppuration, it is very useful given the same way—say one sixth of a grain five or six times a day. It hastens maturation, and leaves the tonsils firm and shrunken.

Mustard plasters are sometimes useful, but rarely more so than fomentations or hot plates. The proper way to make a mustard plaster so as to prevent the counter-irritant effect from injury to the skin, is by mixing the flour with a little white of egg. It should be spread on a cloth and applied to the part.

Brown Sequard's Mixture for Epilepsy.—Iodide of potassium, 8 parts; bromide of potassium, 8 parts; bromide of ammonia, 4 parts; bicarbonate of potassium, 5 parts; infusion of calumbo, 360 parts. Dissolve. A teaspoonful before each of the principal meals, and three dessert spoonfuls on going to bed.

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Life, at the greatest and best, is but a forward child that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Wrong doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred man in company.

A wise man's heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house. Good deeds in this life are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

The chief element in true growth is growth in love; no man is making permanent growth in character, who is not growing in sympathy, in pity, in helpfulness, in all that connects him with his fellow-men.

The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority and appearance. Wisdom for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearance for the great mass of superficial people who can look only at the outside.

We are inclined to think that the Christian character consists not in great acts, sublime deeds, inspired or inspiring words. It consists rather in the spirit of acts than acts, rather in the motive of words than words.

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose and invincible determination can accomplish almost anything; and on this lies the distinction between great men and little men.

Irregularity and want of method are supportable only in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the leader rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the millionaire widow, has for her factotum a young colored man, who manages much of her business and conducts a part of her correspondence.

Russian Peasant Courtship.

When once a parashok (young Russian peasant) with his parent's consent, of course, has made up his mind to marry a certain girl nothing can make him go back on his way, he is as firm as a rock in carrying out his purpose. Whoever an opportunity of a thing the sweet object offers itself to him it is generally taken advantage of, and thus something like a courtship springs up between the young lovers. This, however, is of no long duration, and is of the simplest character. The parashok frequently visits his dyevka, but this is generally done when the parents of the latter are in the land of dreams. A stable or a pigstie, a corner of which is often found to be occupied by a peasant girl as a summer residence, answers the purpose of a reception room or parlour. It is there in that improved parlour where young lovers reveal their hearts to each other.

She Didn't Wish to Appear Stiff.

"My dear," said a mother to her daughter, "shall I help you to some of the corn starch pudding?" "No, ma, I cannot eat the pudding today," replied the young lady, "for you know Charlie is coming to-night." His looks up in surprise at her daughter, wondering if the young lady had become dorraged. "You see, ma," said the young miss, "if I eat corn starch pudding it might impart a stiffness to my manners, and Charlie would think that I did not love him as well as ever."

He Said Rats.

"I don't know what has got into Johnny," said a fond mother. "I am afraid he is seeking evil associates." "I hope not," said a sympathizing friend. "But we cannot tell what influence our boys sometimes fall under. The other night I told him he must always try to be a good boy and he yelled 'rats!' and ran out doors. Now what could put an idea in a boy's head and what could be meant?" And the good woman sighed.

Francis Murphy, the noted temperance reformer, is now trying to induce beer-drinking Cincinnati to don the blue ribbon.



MR. DOUBLEDOLLAR AS A PICTURE COLLECTOR.

Mr. D. (triumphantly showing his new \$50,000 Missionner to celebrated Art Critic). YOU MIGHT NOT THINK IT, BUT THAT PICTURE IS ALL HAND PAINTED! MR. NODDLEBOX GUARANTEES IT.

THE CHILD KING.

"Will you go over to Nankin with me, to-morrow?" asked kindly Mrs. Brown of her tired and hard-working neighbor, Mrs. Peters. "You know association meets there, and husband's got to go, so I thought you would like to drive over and see your Aunt Betsy."

"Oh, I should, ever so much! but Doll has got to go to a picnic, to-morrow afternoon, and it'll take me the whole of the morning to iron her white dress. I've just got it washed and hung out; and then there's biscuit to make; she wants 'em fresh. And"—

"O mother!"

The words came before the door flew open, and in bounded a young girl of 12, with the assurance and poise of 40, dressed in a braided costume that implied a week's hard work for somebody, her light hair tangled on her forehead, cheap rings and bracelets shining on her fingers and arms, a gulf necklace round her swallow throat, over a frill of imitation lace, her whole air pert, tawdry and disagreeable. She barely nodded to the minister's wife, and went on in a loud voice. "Say! Lucelle says I'd ought to have some little pies and some cream cake besides the biscuit, so I run home to tell you."

Poor Mrs. Peter's face fell.

"I don't really see how I can, Doll. It's quite a piece of work to make them cream cakes. I can make some pie crust and fix it up for the pie."

"Oh, but I want the cream cakes! If you make 'em to-night, the pies can wait till morning."

"But, Doll, I've got to get the bread fast and wash the dishes and make the beds and sweep, and then iron your white dress, and you know there's sights of work on it, and you want them refuted, and"

"Oh, can't you get up real early?"

Mrs. Brown was indignant. A wise proverb cautions us not to put a finger between the bark and the tree, but she did not remember it. "Why don't you make the cake yourself, Doll?" she said. "When I was your age I could make cake. Can't you?"

Dolla started at her scornfully; Mrs. Peters put in her word at once.

"Oh, I haven't never asked it of her. Mrs. Brown. Doll's real delicate, and she loves to go; children can't children but once, and I want for her to have a good time. I'll fetch it round somehow, Doll, dear. You tell Aunt Betsy, won't you, Mrs. Brown, how that I wanted to see her, but I really couldn't get over. I thank you just as much."

Mrs. Brown offered no further remarks. There was a tone of aggrieved motherhood in Mrs. Peters's voice that warned her to keep silence; she said good-bye, and pursuing her walk up the street, rung the bell at a handsome house standing in a well-kept yard, that told its own story of wealth within. She was admitted to the parlor and warmly welcomed by Mrs. and Miss Vincent, a wife of middle age and her sister-in-law.

But hardly had she begun to talk with her friends when the door opened, and in rushed four children of various ages, who after nodding at the visitor, or reluctantly shaking hands, at once monopolized the conversation. In vain did Mrs. and Miss Vincent struggle to be heard.

"Oh Mary! I was trying to tell Mrs. Brown"

"Well, ma, I've got to go; I said I would, and"

"Oh, yes! You told Will Johns you'd go, and you've got to! Just like a girl! I'd"

"Milly, dear, I want to ask Mrs. Brown"

"Well, aunt Sue, I must go if Mary goes, and there's that picnic, and"

So it went on, a perfect Babel, which no present effort could silence, it had been so long the habit in this house for the elders to listen and the children to speak.

Mrs. Brown made only a short call;

she went but a few steps further to the house of a desolate woman, a widow, who had lost her two children a month since with diphtheria. Mrs. Tenny burst into tears as she came into the room, and Mrs. Brown patted arms about her tenderly.

"My poor friend!" was all she could say.

"O Mrs. Brown, I can't, I can't be reconciled to it. I miss them every second. Hal used to come in so bright from school—his first year to go, you know; and Susy was always at my knee or in my lap, when she was awake; and in the lonesome nights I used to listen for their soft breathing, and put out my hand to feel Susy's little tender face in the crib, and thank God I had them still, if their father had left me."

There was nothing to say to this; as of old, the mother wept for her children and refused to be comforted. Mrs. Brown tried another course.

"They were not both taken at once?" she asked.

And the mother ceased for the moment to answer her, and with the pathetic garrulousness of grief entered into detail.

"No, Hal came home from school, one day, so tired, and said his head ached."

And I tried to make him keep still on the sofa, but he was restless, and he would go out in the sunshine to see the chickens; it was a hot day in May, and I couldn't make him keep a hat on; pretty soon he sort of crawled back into the kitchen and said his 'foat' was sore, and 'fings kep' goin' round an' round.' Then I sent for Dr. Smith, and he gave me some medicine and a brush and told me to put it on the inside of his throat, and rub some liniment on the outside. But Hally wouldn't let me, and he screamed and kicked so he choked up right away I couldn't do it, it hurt him so, and he wouldn't let me if I'd wanted to.

"I meant to send Susy away, but she never would stay with anybody but me, the little precious! I never could make her. So she sickened next day, and there couldn't be anything done for her; there wasn't a day between them. And now—now—my house is like a grave all the time."

In the piteous burst of sobbing that followed, could Mrs. Brown speak the thought that filled her heart and say "My friend, you have fallen into the pit that you have digged; if your children had learned to obey you in health, they might have been with you to-day?"

She could not, deeply as she felt it; the hour for counsel was past; she could only "weep with them that weep," and betake herself to the next call on her list, for Mrs. Brown was doing parish duty this afternoon.

Mrs. Tibbets was very glad to see her.

"And how are you all to-day?" asked the minister's wife.

"Oh, we're reasonable well, all but Nelly; she got thrown down at the rink last night, and sprained her ankle real bad. I've expected all along something like that would happen to her."

"Don't you think it is a bad place for girls to go anyway?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Land, yes! But all the young folks are possessed to go, and you can't stop 'em. I wish to goodness the men that built that rink had been further! There's all sorts of go there, and they talk to everybody, and get familiar-like with folks you wouldn't have them know no more than nothing. There's about as much harm to a rink as there is to a rum hole, but it makes about as much money; so you can't stop 'em; nobody can't."

"Why do you let your girls go there?"

"Mercy! I can't help 'em goin'. Girls is as headstrong as pigs; the more you pull 'em one way, the more they go other way. I've always wanted my children to have a good time whilst they was young; there's trouble enough ahead of 'em, so I've let 'em run, and didn't to be expected that I can up and stop 'em now."

There was no controverting that point, so Mrs. Brown said no more.

The next house was Mr. Meeker's. Mrs. Meeker sat at the window, watching with anxious eyes her oldest son, who was experimenting with a new bicycle.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," she said, looking over her shoulder, "come in do; I can't go away a minute from the window, I'm afraid Charley'll fall and hurt him. He's been crazy after a bicycle, and Mr. Meeker didn't know how to get one for him—they're real costly—and I begged and begged him not to buy one, for I knew I shouldn't have a minute's peace while he was off with it; but the boy wanted it, and that's enough. What he wants he's got to have. We're behind with the taxes, and I'm fixing over my old clothes rather than ask John for a cent; but Charley's got his father's foot, as folks say, and I don't know why he shouldn't have. Boys must be boys, you know, and I never did believe in making images of 'em, to do just so, and be prim and proper all their days. Oh, o-h! I thought he was off that time, but he wasn't. I do believe my nerves will be worn to ravelin's with that bicycle. Don't go!"

"I won't stay now, Mrs. Meeker. I know you want to watch Charley. I'll come some other time."

So, quite unattended, Mrs. Brown found her way to the door, and went on to the next house, where Miss Sophronia Packard lived all alone and took in sewing. Mrs. Brown made the usual civilities, and then Miss Sophronia opened the conversation.

"I see you come from Mrs. Meeker's; well, I do pity that woman; she hasn't a minute's peace for them children; and here's Mrs. Bunnell, next door, is just as bad, though she hasn't got but one; but her May is headstrong, now, I tell you. Why, she goes all the time! If it isn't a dance, it's a picnic, or a ride, or a sail. She's as impudent as a bumble bee, and as bumptious as a wren, but she isn't of no use in this livin' world, as I see, but to plague her ma. Why, t'other day, Mrs. Bunnell found out that Mrs. May was goin' over to Norwalk in a buggy, with a young feller at eight o'clock in the evenin', calculating to come home by moonlight, betwix one an' two in the mornin', and, naturally, she set down her foot that Mrs. Bunnell should go. She didn't know the feller and she knew it wasn't seemly for a gal of fifteen to go off that way with any young man, and so she told May; but, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Brown, that piece jest put on her sack and bunnet, and walked right out of the door, and off with her feller! If I'd been her ma, she'd have got a locked door in her face when she come home."

h, Mrs. Sophronia, do you think that would have helped the matter? A father's house ought never to be closed on a child, any more than our Father's, least of all when the child's faults are the result of the parents' folly and weakness."

"Well, maybe there's something in that! But it does seem to me that something had ought to be done, when a girl files right in her ma's face like that!"

"I'm afraid it is too late to do much at Mrs. May's age but pray for her."

"Land! you don't suppose Mrs. Bunnell thinks May needs prayin' for? Why, she thinks she's about as nigh perfect as they make 'em; she's clean ast up with that child—all the one she ever had. If you should so much as hint about prayin' for her, I guess you'd raise a fuss right off!"

Mrs. Brown tried to control her temper, but found it hard. "Sophronia" of fine scorn was irresistible. She issued the sentence, by saying "I'm afraid it is too late to do much at Mrs. May's age but pray for her."

"I am sorry Mrs. Phelps has gone away; I meant to call on her."

"Well, you can't call on her. She ain't gone," said Miss Sophronia in a very acrid tone.

"Not gone! Why, she had wanted so much to see her sister, I thought nothing would hinder her!"

"I know it, she hasn't seen Mrs. King for three years, but Marian went and asked two girls, and the"

of 'em, to come this week and stay till after the First, and Mrs. Phelps wasn't goin' to leave 'em there alone to raise hurdy; besides that, her hired girl ain't competent to do for company. But that's the fashion; the children rowl, now-a-days. I feel thankful to goodness every day that I wa'n't never bogged into the married state, and I haven't got no youngsters a-walkin' over me, makin' a door mat of me! Not but what I might be like Miss Perkins, to be sure, if I'd had a naphew, thanks be to praise I ha'n't! But I stepped in there t'other day, and if that woman wasn't a-goin' round the keepin'-room on all fours with her sister's boy astride of her back, and she a sayin' 'O do stop Sammy! I'm so tired! And he a whippin' of her up, and a screamin', 'Go 'long, hussy! go 'long hussy!' And she did go 'long, till I plucked him up, with a jerk, and set him down hard on the highest chair. My! didn't the holler! and wa'n't she mad! But I'm glad I done it!"

That night Mrs. Brown detailed all that she had seen and heard in her round of calls, to her husband, as they sat together by the study fire. His face clouded darkly, but he did not tell her what heavy thoughts pierced the future, and saw, as in a vision, impending trouble for the land and the people that he loved.

All that he did, when his reverie was ended, was to draw a deep sigh, and repeat, in melancholy tones, one text from the Scripture that was his counsel for both lives: "Woe to thee, oh land, when thy king is a child."

And let all the people say: "Amen!"

Blue Eyes.

Eyes express all the sentiments which the human heart is capable of feeling. They are independent. They look where they please, and when they please. They ask no favors, respect no position, and bow to no aristocracy.

First in the list come the "bonnie eyes of blue." In their depths we readily trace gentleness, purity, obedience and candor. They have a haunting fawn-like expression which is in itself a charm. O, bewildering blue eyes! Artists love them best of all, and poets pay them charming tributes.

Blue eyes, so meek and loving, yet so coy. They are the eyes for the fireside angel,—remember this, azure-eyed maidens. The blue-eyed, flaxen haired wife! The calm, loving, blue-eyed mother!

Where is the man so granite hearted as to gaze raptureless upon a little blue-eyed fairy, with hair of pale spun gold, and manners charmingly piquant? He does not exist! I can readily understand why a noble, high minded man, will risk his life for such a radiant being, and will press onward, though his path be him through seas of fire and blood. Eyes but glance, yes, such eyes will climb the temper of the fiercest. Fame unfilled by such eyes.

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FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN;

—OR—

THE ROBBERS OF MARKHAM SWAMP.

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR "TRUTH" BY EDMUND COLLINS.

Author of "Annette, the Metic Spy," "The Story of Louis Riel," "Nancy, the Light Keeper's Daughter," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED)

"But I suppose you are curious to hear something about this underground place? All strangers are."

"I am certainly much interested in it. I cannot conceive how your gang could have hollowed so large a place as this seems to me. Why, it would be an enormous task, requiring a hundred men, for many months, to perform."

"Our gang did not make this hollow. But if you'll excuse me, I do not like the way you have of styling our party. 'Gang' isn't a nice word."

"Who did the excavation then?"
"God," replied the Lifter, with an assumption of solemnity that really was comic.

"Pray cease this blasphemy. I do not wish to hear any more of it. I am oversick of this hypocrisy now."

"But God it was all the same who did this; and I shall tell you how. You know that River Rouge did not always enter Silent Lake at the place where it runs in now. It entered down there; see where that old beech tree stands."

"But this makes the matter no clearer."

"Well, you know, the ground here is very shaky, and the swamp beneath the shores of the trees is softer than porridge. A long time ago, during a heavy spring freshet, the river became dammed about a quarter of a mile from the lake, and the whole body of water was turned in another direction. But instead of flowing over the land, it sank into the great mass of soft bog below, and forced its way underground, till it reached the lake—there by that old beech.

"The clay into which the roots of the trees had fastened themselves was quite solid, and was held fast in the thick tangles of roots. So for many years you could hear the river flowing beneath the ground with a subdued gurgling sound. Hunters avoided the wood, for some careless persons had come here and fallen through the holes into the rushing tide. Their bodies were afterwards found floating in Silent Lake. One day my grandfather and two of his men came to see the treacherous underground river; and they moved cautiously down the stream till they came to where it sank into a hole in the ground, that looked like a huge sluiceway."

"My grandfather looked at the strange for a time, and then at the great ridge of trees and bushes that lay across the course of the river. They stood as if they were all so earnestly watching the water. Then he said to the boy, 'Who was yet a boy, I want. Here was good reason to defend the yolks of ink of glycerine, said at the time of the day. I had a very refreshing. I sold five dollars to the evening, and the notice. I know a ride in it. I want to this way for fear V. I laughed at the you came. I no did upon the lake."

"Exactly, my son." It was all quite clear to our hero now. For a full quarter of a mile did this tunnel, covered over with shallow turf, era treacherous patch of moss, extend.

"Well," continued the Lifter, "they waited till the tunnel became dry, and then they made a house, and sleeping places underneath. The whole length of the tunnel was tested, and wherever they intended the roof should be strong, they dropped it up; and those strong places they used as bridges."

"Ah; it is plain now what the chief meant about all the unfortunate men who dropped through the swamp, and were never heard of more."

"E. . . has been talked about these. Yes; they came tumbling down through the holes as they crossed, and they fell so sudden, that they had no time to cry, and before they could know where they had got, we come along and killed 'em. In the night they were dragged out and put in the lake. I remember how tired myself and Silent Poll were with the heavy dragoon. Then it was so hard to get stones that were heavy enough to keep the body under; and that you could tie easily!"

"While the toil of carrying the wood went on, the Lifter continued to describe many deeds of horror committed in the dark pit. In the afternoon Nancy joined the two, and they examined the mouth of the passage way. But the casual eye would not have looked twice at the spot, for young trees were so plentiful at the edge of the lake that their boughs thoroughly screened the opening. She informed her here that the ethered was filled in, and trees were growing where once the flood rushed down with the speed of a mill-race. The greater part of the autumn was spent in cutting and carrying firewood, and the chopping continued till the bag one day announced that there was "plenty in now till next summer."

"Be on the look out now for the treachery of the old woman and Silent Poll," Nancy said when the chopping was ended. You can be of little more use now, and I am satisfied that you are misled for vengeance. I suppose you shall carry your pistols!"

"Invariably."
"And your knife?"
"Likewise."
"It is well."

When not fishing or doing laborious work it was customary with the Lifter, as well as with our hero, to sit among the women and assist them in such offices as the peeling of turnips or potatoes; and holding the yarn skein whilst one of the women rolled the thread into a ball; or in scouring the knives and forks. One afternoon when the men save the Lifter were absent, the group was seated around a small fire. Hanging from the crane was a small pot of fruit which the bag was boiling.

"Here Poll, ball yarn," the old woman said. "You will hold the skein pointing to Roland." "You may chapter from Dick Turpin," turning to the Lifter. "We will get what you, ladies turn up sleeves and try to get supper. There, make a stand there, you lay a very true reason or another. The night was very dark. In the natural cause Vene called this see me, but I need that she had to invent. He could not do or had to cover her by making prevent me from the fact. I way for fear V. I had got the fish I laughed at the you came. I no did upon the lake."

care," and somewhat at ease, Nancy departed.

"As I have said, the old woman was standing at the pot, and Silent Poll had so arranged the seats that while Roland held the skein upon his back, his back was towards her mother. The Lifter sat side-wise, and began to read Dick Turpin. For many minutes the reading, and the stirring went on; when suddenly Roland noticed that the dull scraping of the "skive" against the bottom of the pot ceased. Turning his head he met the eyes of the old woman; and noticed that they were aflame with a wild sort of light.

"When I hear a chapter from that ere book, it makes my blood get warm, and I think I am a young woman again. Attend to your holding, young man. You see the thread is slipping off your hands." Roland did as he was bidden, but he could not help thinking of the marvellous effect that the story of Turpin's dare-devil deeds had upon her. "A fit mother for highwaymen," he muttered, meditating. At that moment the Lifter who happened to raise his eye from the page cried out,

"Look out Roland!" Quick as thought our hero sprang to his feet, but in doing so received a terrible blow upon the shoulder. Instantly our hero saw that the Lifter's warning had saved his life; and that the blow which he had received upon the shoulder was aimed at his head. The bag stood before him with a short iron bar used as a fire-poker, in her hand; and her eyes blazed with a hate that was devilish to look upon. She approached him again with the bar uplifted, believing that he was stunned and disabled; but thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew his pistol and cocked it.

"Advance a step, you infamous old murderer, and your brains strew the ground." She was foiled and let drop her weapon. But for the hell of rage that stormed within her she must have some outlet.

"Ah," she screamed, "see you are turned traitor to your own," and launching the bar at the Lifter's head, she knocked him insensible to the ground. The unfortunate wretch lay where he fell without making a move, and Roland perceived that the blood welled out of a wound in his head.

"So you warned him did you?" she screamed again, and stooping she poked up the bar, and raised it above his head. Roland well understood the murder in the old miscreant's eye, and leaping forward seized the weapon, wrenched it from her grasp, and flung it far into the bush.

"Touch him not or your miserable life will be the forfeit." She made no reply, but simply scowled with the hatred of a fiend upon him. Turning then she resumed her work of stirring the fruit in the pot. At this moment Nancy whose face was white with anxiety, made her appearance.

"Fetch some water from the spring," Roland said; "I wish to attend to his wound," pointing to the prostrate Lifter.

"How has this happened?" Nancy enquired in an anxious voice; though she was thoroughly familiar with such scenes of violence.

"This old monster here was aiming a death-blow at my head, and warned me. This is her revenge; and she would have finished her work upon him. I not interfered. Don't go for an instant, Nancy, till I complete what I have to say each for all: If this old woman," and he poked her hard upon the shoulder with the muzzle of his pistol, "ever makes an attempt upon my life again, I will shoot her like a mad dog, even though every robber of the cave were standing by. I shall be justified in doing this by every law. Killing is a game at which two can play; and kill I will the next person, be that person man or woman, who makes another attempt upon my life. Caution no one will ever find me to talk again. Now, murderous old she-wolf, you understand me?" and as he concluded he gave her such a thrust with his weapon that she fell across the fire. With a scream Silent Poll arose and pulled the old woman off the burning sticks; but not before the crane's gown and apron had taken fire.

"Water! water!" screamed Silent Poll, for once bolterous.

"I shall get her now," Roland replied. "It is fitting that she should go to hell in a blaze." Nancy seized some steps that stood in a vessel near by, and throwing these upon the old woman, pronounced the ban. The murderous hag was white with terror; and Roland saw that for all her cruelty, she was a good coward.

"I shall get her now," Roland replied. "It is fitting that she should go to hell in a blaze." Nancy seized some steps that stood in a vessel near by, and throwing these upon the old woman, pronounced the ban. The murderous hag was white with terror; and Roland saw that for all her cruelty, she was a good coward.

Her hands were badly scorching, nor did her face escape a singeing.

"Take me down to my bed, Poll; this villain I am afraid has been the death of me." Taking her grandmother's arm this precious wench led her tenderly to the cavern's mouth and down the ladder.

"You have conquered the old woman," Nancy said; "and it is well. She is new to dread of you and will not be likely again, unless her chance is sure, to attempt your life."

"Violence, I shall meet with violence," Roland replied. "Of that be sure. But now let us look after this poor wretch." The Lifter had lain where he fell without moving a muscle; but upon taking his wrist our hero found that his pulse beat.

"He is not dead, Nancy; dash water in his face." The girl did so, and presently the Lifter opened his eyes.

"O, I thought I was dreaming. I warned you; if I didn't she would have crushed your head. I knew she was contemplating some harm. Where is she now?" Roland related all that happened; and the Lifter seemed to be more his friend than ever. After Roland and Nancy had bound up his wounds, he crept into the tunnel and went into his bed. Silent Poll returned with a scowl. When the old woman, whom he had "doxed" with brandy, went asleep, and resumed her yarn balling, Roland lay upon the ground and read. When Poll had finished her thread she doxed the cavern and Roland and Nancy were left to themselves.

"Suppose we go now and explore the tunnel, Nancy; I am anxious to see the extent of this retreat of murder and crime."

"We can descend by a hole close to the tallest of these three pine trunks," she said as she seized a small coil of rope and led the way. Having fastened the rope around the trunk of the pine she said:

"We descend by this. I go first; and I shall tell you to come when I am down." In a second she disappeared; and presently he heard her calling him to come. The cavern, as he descended into the pitch dark cavern, was not an agreeable one; but when his feet touched bottom Nancy took him by the hand.

"We go this way; presently your eyes will be of some use." She had spoken the truth. After our hero was a few minutes underground, the walls, roof and floor of the tunnel became fairly visible. As for the floor it was hard and level, the floor having carried all the turf and earth away, leaving the rock bare. Here and there a mass of turf and clay had fallen from above almost impeding the progress of the explorers; and Roland was well aware that the peril of walking through the place was not small.

When the river sank into the soft swamp, it did not take a straight course for the lake, but wound now to the right and again to the left, according to the seldity of the ground. In addition to these sinuosities there were several pebbles, or always along the tunnel, as if the stream had here found passage for a short way, and was then obliged to recede. The walls were dry, and little rivulets trickled through, and went rippling over the floor of the passage.

"A short distance from the dwelling," Nancy explained, "a dam has been put before this stream, and it runs through a channel which they cut for it into Silent Lake." The two explorers now reached a point well lighted, and turning up his eyes, Roland observed a number of holes in the roofing.

"Ah; that is a treacherous spot." "Yes; and from here nearly to the end of the passage the roof is much like that. It was all along here that the men who came into the bush fell through; and as they fall the old woman, Poll and the Lifter dispatched them with clubs. Did you never wonder why we are risky enough to light fires by night and assemble by day on the open ground?"

"I have thought that the risk was great, indeed; but I had no way of accounting for it."

"Well; it is impossible for anybody to approach without having to cross this tunnel at its dangerous part. Why the very day before you came amongst us, some young man, after woodcock in the swamp, strayed down this way, saw water glimmering beyond him, and walked towards it. He fell through, sir, at this very place. His leg was broken by the fall, and he meandered very loudly. Charge of the tunnel and everything that it may catch bag from the

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A Scene in Summer.

Turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high hedgeside hedge. There we'll sit and sing while this shower falls so gently upon the tooming earth, and gives a yet sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look, under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, come leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and saw others craving comfort from the woolen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content that I thought, as the poet has so happily expressed:— "I was for that time lifted above earth, And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. It was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale.—Isaac Walton.

Charles Crocker, the San Francisco railway magnate, is worth about \$12,000,000. He is said to be plain, sensible and kind-hearted, and to possess marked practical ability.

"Pretty girl that." "Yes." "She looked at you as if she knew you." "Yes." "Does she?" "Well, the fact is, my boy, she's my sister. But she married a fellow that runs a stew, aw something of that sort, and they live in a bawdy house, so I can't afford to associate with her in public. But I always send her my owd on New Year's. Paw girl! She has been foolish wathaw than owinimal, den't cher know."

guns and set out through the bush to hunt partridge.

"You saved my life to-day." The Lifter said, as he looked in our hero's face; "and if over the opportunity comes I will show you that, wicked as I am, I can be grateful."

"Peace. There is nothing to be said on that point. You saved my life; and we are square."

"Ah, but it was different. I did it among my friends; you among your enemies."

"I should like to ask you a favor in return for what you consider my generosity, then," Roland said, looking at his companion.

"Name it; and if the thing be possible, I shall do it."

"I would not think of asking if I did not know it to be possible."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Peculiarities of One Hundred Years Ago.

An English paper which has a taste for the things of yesterday, reprints the following paragraphs from the Stamford Mercury of 1798:

February 1.—Eliza Mas died at Florence, aged ninety. She has had seven husbands, marrying the last at the age of seventy. She ordered by her will to be buried next her fifth husband.

June 15.—Mrs. Harris, of Hill Farm, Berkshire, aged nearly eighty, was married to her plewman "a stout young fellow of twenty."

July 20.—Married at Formby, Lancashire, Mr. Norman, age ninety, to a lady of sixteen with a genteel fortune; and at St. Lawrence's Reading, Mrs. Matthews, widow, aged seventy-four, to Mr. Allen, aged twenty-two.

August 9.—Two ladies were convicted before the Lord Mayor of London, in the penalty of twenty-five dollars for wearing oblatz gowns.

The Queen of Spain has given the sword of the late King Alfonso to the Royal Escort Horse Guards of Madrid, having had inscribed on it, "Guard the sword of him who guarded in life."

first been held by the old man; and either she or Poll passes through it every day. The poor sportsman was found by the old woman; and when she appeared he was astonished; and brought her assistance. But her reply was made with that very same iron poker with which she attempted your life to-day. Silent Poll and the Lifter afterwards dragged the body to the pond. How my heart ached as I heard the dug of the poor young fellow while as it went about the wood, seeking for its master. The captain sent the Lifter out to fetch the animal in, but the poor brute, seemed to know that harm was intended, and it went back further into the bush. All the night it cried there; but at sun-rise Murfrey crept out with a long-barrelled gun and shot it."

They had now reached the extremity of the tunnel, and Nancy suggested that they should hasten back.

"Above all other things we must prevent them from surmising that there is any friendship or understanding between us," Nancy said, "and the only way in which this can be done is by your pretending to hold me in the same sort of cold contempt as you bestow upon Silent Poll. You must impress them with the belief that you look upon me as an abandoned woman and a murderess. My part shall be to show sympathy with the old woman in to-day's offense, and to detest you. I shall speak of you to Murfrey, as well as to the woman, as a desperado. In doing this I shall serve the double end of blinding their eyes, and of making them fear your arm." To this plan Roland cordially agreed, and the two returned to the robber's lair.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISCIPLINE AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

On the morning after the foregoing occurrence breakfast was taken at the usual hour. All the robbers were present; and the Rev. Mr. Jonas thanked God for the repeat, and begged that his brethren would be given strength from above to carry on the good work in which they had engaged.

The old woman had taken her place at the head of the table, and upon her hands and face were many plasters. The face of the captain was as dark as night; and he did not, for many minutes, speak to anybody. At last, when the meal was nearly ended, he fixed his fierce eyes upon Roland.

"Those whose hearts are too craven," he said "to go out for adventure among men, like to amuse themselves by assailing old women."

"She may thank the fiend who presides over her destiny that she came off so easily," Roland replied with the most contemptuous coolness.

"But the fact remains," sneered the chief, "that while you are afraid to face man, you wreak your vengeance upon an old woman."

"If you were not what you are, a despicable villain, I should open this discussion by saying that you are a liar. I will merely say that, at all events, I am not afraid to meet you now or any other time, here or any other where. The effect of this daring speech was much the same as if a thunderbolt had fallen out of the heavens among the party. As Roland concluded his race from the table and placed his back against the bluff face of the boulder. The chief did not reply or make any demonstration of violence as they all evidently imagined that would. Murfrey looked meaningly at his captain; and then rushing from the table approached our hero. He had his hand in his hip pocket, and there was a gleam of brutal ferocity on his face. Roland immediately drew his pistol.

"Russia," he cried "I am always prepared. If you make one step further you fall where you stand. I am not afraid of you, nor of you: Captain, nor of any one, or of all, your bloody band. I seek no quarrel with anybody; my great wish is to avoid quarrel; but as you choose, one and all, to insult me, and to attempt my life, this is my only course." The robber was dumfounded, but he was speedily recalled to his senses by his chief.

"We will deal with this fellow at some other time. I have a different matter on hand now. Take this rope and fasten one end of it to his arm," pointing to The Lifter.

The poor wretch knew that some terrible punishment was in store for him, and his face grew deadly pale. Otherwise he showed no sign of terror. Murfrey fasten-

ed the cord, securely, as directed, and stood awaiting further instructions. But the chief had a lecture to deliver before he gave the order; and this was the lecture: "I desire one and all to know why this punishment is inflicted. It is for treason. My mother was about to take vengeance for insult offered her by this man," pointing to Roland, "but my son interfered in a way that you all know. Now I am glad that my mother did not succeed, for I have an object in keeping this young man here for the present. Nevertheless the fact remains that the Lifter broke the compact which binds us loyally to one another. Hoist him up, Murfrey!" This burly robber threw the rope over an oak limb, and directed the Lifter to stand "plumb under." Murfrey now tightened the rope but he could not raise the Lifter from the ground.

"Since this punishment is for the promotion of one of the great virtues," chimed in the Rev. Mr. Jonas, "I may help you." The exertions of the two robbers availed, and in a minute the unfortunate Lifter, his face convulsed with agony, was hanging by one arm four feet from the ground. Our hero had looked on, a silent spectator, while this brutal act went on, lamenting his powerlessness to prevent it. But when the robbers coolly took their pipes and began to smoke, paying no heed to the agonized means of the victim, a courageous resolution began to form itself in Roland's brain.

"To save my life," he thought, "this poor wretch incurred and suffers this punishment." He had no sooner made up his mind than he made a step from his seat towards the group.

"How long do you propose keeping him there?" The captain did not reply, but Murfrey made answer.

"Perhaps an hour, perhaps two. But what is it of your business? Do you wish to get strung up?"

"It is so far my business, that if I can release him, not ten seconds longer will he hang there;" and saying these words he strode toward the tree. Facing in such a manner that the entire gang was in front of him he drew his pistol, and by the aid of his left arm began to make his way up the tree. He paused on the first limb, for he perceived that Murfrey was about to spring upon him.

"The first man or woman that makes a move to help me, I will shoot," Murfrey stood irresolute, then moved a step nearer the tree, whereupon Roland promptly overpowered him with his weapon.

This was more than the bully had looked for; and upon noticing that no one seemed disposed to assist, he turned away and joined the group. With one blow of his knife, then, Roland covered the cord, and The Lifter fell like a log upon the turf.

Descending then he found that the miserable wretch had fainted from his suffering; indeed for a time he could discover no trace of a pulse.

"Nancy, fetch me a glass of brandy, immediately."

Nancy looked at the chief as if to ask his permission, but he merely said:

"I have no concern in the affairs of this whelp."

"Then I will go," the girl said, and darting below she soon returned with a flask. Forcing open The Lifter's mouth Roland poured in about half a glass of brandy, which in a few seconds brought back the sufferer's pulse. When he had recovered his consciousness he said in a low voice:

"Stranger, you have made me your friend, you are a man."

Meanwhile the old woman had begun to stert and gesticulate.

"What has the place come to?" she screamed, "if the master is to be bullied before us all. Is there no one here who will take this impudent upstart and tie him up?"

Nobody moved.

"Pack of cowardly curs," she screamed, "to allow a thing like him to frighten you so."

"Peace, mother," intoned the Captain. "These things are to be punished, and are to be tolerated. I think you may safely allow all these matters to remain with me. For the present let nothing farther be said about this business." The old woman scolded with a scowl; and Murfrey's eyes glared like a bear who has resolved that his prey shall not escape him. The robbers threw themselves about on dried bushes strewn about for such purpose; but Roland and the Lifter took their



From the "Penny Magazine" of the 18th century. Brer Pester: "YAS, you seen her wear that NOVA SCOTIA. YOU KNOW, zen times before." ADJANS DEJUR. DE BELLE-UNSET of her! Why, COLLODE DE CIVILIZED WO'LO W!

MY IMITATION WIFE.

I had just adjusted my time and was preparing to leave, when mother came in.

"Going out, are you, Tom?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where, to another party?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That makes three this week, doesn't it Tom?"

"Yes, ma'am. We're hurrying to get through. Goin' to take Miss Beaufort to-night, and then I'm done with the Jolly Club parties."

Mother, somehow or other, did not seem to think very much of what I said. "Tom, I wish you would get married," she had such a troubled face. "I believe you could stay at home some."

"Well, I am awful tired, mother, and completely worn out."

"Then why don't you quit it?"

"Best reason in the world, mother. I am neither engaged nor in love, but I'm willing to be."

It was getting late, so I started after this, but the look on mother's face set me to thinking.

My mother is the best woman in the world, even if I do say it myself, and I felt worried about her.

She was right. I was out nearly every evening. This evening at a reception, next time at a ball, then at a theatre party, and so on. Of course I could afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's was a very liberal one.

But I wasn't saving a cent, and my own home folks never saw me except at the table. Even poor, old, patient mother was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There was that Beaufort girl. She was a fine one. Could dance any kind, talk anything you wanted and make you have the finest time in the world. Then there was Vene Wright. She would take in the baseball with a fellow, go rowing, skating, anything for fun.

Then Vene had money. That was an important item.

Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vene on the subject of matrimony.

"Thomas, old son," said I to myself, "Vene is the one."

But Vene, somehow or other, did not exactly suit the case, and my mind reverted to Miss Beaufort. Miss Beaufort was smart, pretty, stylish and suited better, but I knew nothing about her financial standing. This was an important matter in those days.

Meanwhile the coupe had neared Miss Beaufort's. I had never been there before, and to my surprise found it to be a very unpretentious house.

When I drove up to an elegant mansion, I was introduced to a fine reception room in livery, and there awaited Miss Beaufort. Then I had a bold rush for Miss Beaufort's. I had never been there before, and to my surprise found it to be a very unpretentious house.

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going to take in the German club ball and the others?"

"No," said she. "Mamma hasn't the money; she can't afford it."

"Mr. Silver," she continued, "can you afford to spend so much money on society?"

I looked at her. There was honesty fairly shining in her pretty black eyes, even if she wasn't very polite. So I answered her honestly.

"No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot. I haven't saved a cent this winter and I get a big salary too."

"Well, said she, 'I have met you so frequently, I feel quite well acquainted with you, and I expect I have been a little impolite.'"

"No," said I, "I am glad you take that much interest in me."

Then we changed the subject. I had a splendid time at the party, and enjoyed Miss Beaufort's company very much. I found her level headed and bright if she was too frank.

Next day I told mother about it. She said that she admired Miss Beaufort for her common-sense, if she hadn't seen her. Then she referred to my getting married again.

"Suppose," said she, "you pretend for a week or so that you are married, and see how it goes."

"An imitation wife," said I.

"Suppose," said she. "I will write the name of a young lady on a card, seal it in an envelope, and you can lock it in your desk. Then let us suppose that you are married to her say for two weeks. During that time I want you to act just as if the lady were here in person, and your lawful wedded wife."

"Whose name are you going to write on the card?" said I.

"Never mind," said she. "I will write my preference, and neither of us will breathe a word about this to a living soul."

We agreed on this. Mother wrote the name on the card and sealed the envelope. I knew it was Vene Wright's name so I decided to imagine that Vene was there in person, and so we started out the week.

Monday night came. That was the night of the bachelor German, but I stayed at home and talked to mother. Then I played checkers with her for a while, and we managed to have a very enjoyable evening.

Next morning mother met me at the table with smiles, and about the best breakfast I had eaten in a long time.

"You must imagine that your wife saw to this breakfast," she whispered.

Going up on the street car that morning, who should get in but Miss Beaufort. I bowed to her gracefully, deposited her fare in the nickel box, and was about to sit down by her when I happened to think of my imitation wife at home, and walked to the rear of the car.

"Married men have no business talking to young ladies," said I to myself.

Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queerly, but said nothing, and I thought the car would never get up town.

Thursday was my evening to call on Vene, and I forgot to send her an excuse. Friday, came and a note from her, which mother took the liberty of opening, as she thought I would not care, and she felt like representing my wife at the desk.

It was a tender missive, and somewhat surprised me when I read it. But what could I do? Married men have no business getting tender notes from young ladies. Inasmuch as I had contracted to carry out mother's plan for two weeks, I felt a duty for mother to answer. She is a very truthful woman, but in answering the note she equivocated.

"I was very sick, and as a natural cause Vene called this afternoon to see me, but I was up town. I mother had to invent another story. The mother had to come all the way up town to prevent me from coming down my usual way for fear Vene might catch me."

I laughed a good deal at mother, and she did not find us out, but the society

reporter of the paper met her; she told him I was sick, and the next day all my society friends came around, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but invited her to stay awhile.

"I suppose Mr. Silver is almost worn out with so much going out," said the young lady.

"He is much better," said mother, "but I don't think he will go out for several weeks, I think I shall keep him at home."

"I am so glad," said Miss Beaufort, "not that you are going to keep him at home, but that he is not going out so much. I am getting so I fairly detest society."

Here was a woman who had my mother's views, and they both, thereupon, had a confidential talk, and pleased each other mightily.

Then she asked mother to call on her mother, which mother did.

Meanwhile I was staying home every evening, and was getting pretty tired of it as the two weeks were drawing to a close.

"Don't you think a man ought to take his wife out once in a while?" said I to mother.

"Why not?" said she.

"Then I take her to the theatre to-night." So I bought a couple of seats in the paragon for Saturday night, and mother, who represented my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before I noticed that they were adjoining those of Miss Beaufort and her mother. My mother was highly pleased when we changed seats so that I sat by Miss Beaufort, and my mother sat by her.

We went home together that night and laughed and talked a good deal.

I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort what we had been doing, but I did not hear it. I know that several days later, after my two weeks of married life was over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort. We had a pleasant time together, and just as I was about to leave the old lady came in.

"I forgot to ask you, Mr. Silver, what you thought of married life?" said she.

Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but I laughed.

"Mother has been talking on me, has she?" said I.

"She has," said she.

"Well," said I. "During the two weeks I was married I read three good books, gained four pounds in weight and saved \$13 50, besides paying mother my wife's board and a ticket to the theatre."

"And who were you married to?" asked Mrs. Beaufort.

"I forgot to look," said I. "I hurried home to see who my wife had been. The envelope was just as I placed it in my desk drawer."

I tore it open and there was the name of Miss Beaufort.

"Well," said I, "mother made her an imitation wife, now I will try and make her a real one."

And so I did.

Deeds, Not Emotions

There was no worse gambling den in the city of P—than that decorous, stately, family mansion which stood at the corner of S—Street, facing a quiet little park and a fountain. With its spotless marble steps and perpetually bowed slutters, it might have been the dwelling of some mourning woman or old, grave scholar. But the police knew it as a haunt of the most dangerous ruffians in the city; not the lower order of thieves or burglars, but the men who dress and look like gentlemen, and who are, nevertheless, only beasts of prey.

Orders were issued one night to raid this house. A desperate character, known in every city of the Union as "Big Bill," was to be there. There were several unanswered charges against him; the police resolved to take him, dead or alive.

About midnight they surrounded the

house, forced their way in, and after a short and desperate fight, succeeded in arresting the gang leader. "Big Bill" was shot dead through the heart in the struggle. He was carried into the hall, and laid on the floor,—a young ruan, with the figure of a Hercules and a bold manly face, marred by disipation. About his neck hung a cord, to which was attached a little bag.

"Hello!" cried one of the men. "Bill carried a charm!"

They opened it, and found within a lock of gray hair, out from the head of the dead mother whose heart he had broken. The incident was published, and called forth much sympathy for the dead man. It was difficult to believe that he was a hardened criminal, with that gray lock close to his heart.

Yet it is certain that Bill, with that hair on his heart, went on his way as thief, gambler, and murderer.

The most selfish and sinful are capable of occasional fine tender sentiments. The sight of a mother's Bible or the sound of a hymn will bring tears to their eyes. They can afford tears. But can they afford to give up one selfish sinful indulgence? One fault honestly corrected, one step backward in the career of vice, is worth floods of sentimental tears.

"By their deeds" (not by their sighs) "ye shall know them."

A Word for Local Papers.

Advertisers are very apt to underestimate the value of the local country paper. They compare the circulation of a paper of only one thousand, with the metropolitan paper that claims one hundred thousand, and consider the former hardly worth experimenting with. But let us see if this kind of reasoning is not faulty. The paper with the circulation of 100,000 will have a territory that covers a good deal of ground, but only a few subscribers in each place. If the advertiser wishes to reach the farmers of a certain community, the metropolitan paper will be read by ten to one hundred persons, the local paper by one thousand. Now the secret to advertising is to get everybody to talk about the goods. The local paper accomplishes this better than any other agency. Moreover, a country editor has a personal acquaintance with most of his readers, and hence has an influence which is of great value to his advertisers. It is impossible to keep goods constantly before the notice of one thousand persons in a community without deriving a benefit from it. Subscribers, too, are quite apt to have a kindly feeling for the advertiser who patronizes their home paper, and they place more confidence in what appears in its columns than in the flaming announcements that appear in the papers that emanate from the large and wicked cities. By a large experience in advertising we have learned to value the local country paper. The metropolitan papers are good mediums but the value of the advertising is increased when supplemented by a liberal patronage of the local papers. An arm is not complete without both artillery and infantry, and an advertising system is not complete that does not take both the metropolitan and local press.

Workings of the Mind.

Employer—"Did you get those stamps?"
Office Boy—"Shure, sor, an' I forgot it, sor, an' niver thought a word of it I saw the post office sor!"
Employer—"Well, why didn't you get them then?"
Office Boy—"Shure, an' I niver thought av that, sir."

Method in It.

Jack—I think that fellow Oraguby is perfect liar.
Edith—Yes, but there is a variety in his lying.
Jack—How so?
Edith—Because he sometimes awakes, and sometimes he lies asleep.

The Poet's Corner.

—For Truth.

The Perfect Morn.

BY A. M'CORNAK.

Scarcely a wave upon the ocean, Scarcely a ripple on the sea, Scarcely a sound to break the stillness, Scarcely a thought to trouble me;

Cushlag's Island lies before me, White Head rises o'er the sea, While ten thousand silver spangles, Sparkle mid the rocks for me;

'Tis a morning in September, And the sky is blue and fair, Showing here and there its cloud ships Sailing in their seas of air;

Sabbath morn beside the coast, Sabbath morn beside the sea, And the church bells' oblige in Portland, Ring their an' hams out to me;

And I listen to the ringing, And I rest in sweet content,— On the rocky moss slope resting,— While my 'anoy I have lent

And my heart swells in its gladness To the Giver of all joy, As I breathe the morning's sweetness Free from all that will annoy;

Faith.

BY C. W. DENNIS.

Ye suffering ones of earth, why will ye longer tarry? Thy burdens heavy though they be, in faith to Christ now carry.

Though dark the gloom around thee spread, though fierce the gale is blowing, That Christ will take thee by the hand, His love forever showing.

Though o'er thy life are hanging clouds, that break with bitter sorrow, That all the days with aching pains; no bright hope to show.

Though all is dark, yet bend thine ear, thou'lt hear the Saviour call. "Come unto me, ye weary ones, and I will give you rest."

As mothers fold their little ones, I'll fold thee to my breast; I'll shield thee in every storm, thou sorrowing tender one.

Then thou shalt say in earnest tone, "My Lord, thy will is done." And when this vale of life's rest, and time with thee no more,

Then thou shalt know why thou hast had so much of storm to bear, And how those storms hath richer made, the crown which thou shalt wear.

To Her.

UNKNOWN, WITH SOME NOTES.

These flowers hang their heads because, you see, I kissed them 'er I let them go to thee, And that they got their message straight, I need

This note, their sweet confusion to amend, But if, perchance, in this I've been too free, Return the flowers and the kiss to me, And let no thought of pity's soul fill.

Husband and Wife.

ABNEY N. BAXFORD.

She came to the room where her husband Seemed taking a peaceful rest, With his old hands clasped together In slumber on his breast.

"It's only a little while, Daniel, Since you died, but, dear, to me It seems like years since you told me It had grown too dark to see,

"Have you found it? Tell me, Daniel, Speak to your poor, old wife, Why should we two be parted In the last days of our life?

"You do not answer me, Daniel, It can't be that you know That your old wife's talking to you, Dying has changed you so,

"I've brought the old Bible, Daniel, You gave me when we were wed; Never a day since our marriage But there's been a chapter read.

"You've no need of it now, dear heart, But where else shall I find The comfort and strength that's needed By the old heart left behind?

"I remember the chapter, Daniel, It was where the saviour said, 'Blessed are they who sorrow For they shall be comforted.'

"Oh, go to the dear Lord, Daniel, And ask Him to let me come; Tell Him your old wife's lonely, And longs to follow you home,

The Fire of Home.

GEORGE WOODS.

I hear them tell of far-off climes, And the treasures grand they hold— Of minister walls, where stained light falls On canvas, rare and old.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds, Of words that move mankind, Of willing hands that to other lands Bring light to the poor and blind;

My husband comes, as the shadows fall, From the fields with my girl and boy, His loving kiss brings with it bliss That hath no base alloy.

The Battle of the Choir.

Half a bar, half a bar, Half a bar onward! Into an awful ditch, Choir and preacher, hither, Into a sea of pitch.

Dirge the preacher's glare, Flashed his pitchfork in air, Sounding fresh keys to hear Out the Old Hundred.

Dirge the preacher's glare, Flashed his pitchfork in air, Sounding fresh keys to hear Out the Old Hundred.

Two Paths.

A biography of the son of a small farmer who lived in the stormy times of Charles the First has just been published in England. John, on coming to man's estate, met a woman whom he heartily loved.

"We were not afraid to marry," he wrote, "though we had not so much property as a dish or a spoon between us."

The book which he wrote, "The Pilgrim's Progress," has been read all over the English-speaking world, and has been translated into eighty languages.

"David," he was asked, "do you wish to return?" "Yes."

"Then in His name, go back, even now." He was sent ashore in a bateau, returned home, entered in the lodge of an Indian chief for two years, to learn their language and customs, and then gave up his life to preaching to them.

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A hundred years later, a small company of men, old and young, was gathered in a large room in Philadelphia. Before them lay a paper, a protest against tyranny.

Young men of the present day in choosing a career ask themselves, "Can I grow rich by these means? How much will it be worth a year to me?"

Only spiritual things last, and sacrifice is one law of spiritual happiness, growth and attainment. There are two classes of men: those who live for the gratification of self and those who live for the good of others,

Plain.

"Meanness is often confounded with economy, and generosity with waste, but they are far apart. Meanness is the fruit of miserliness and selfishness.

"Did you see Mrs. K— at the entertainment last night?" "Yes, I did, and didn't she look awfully plain?"

"I thought so. I've seen her wear that plain black silk a dozen times before."

"Yes; and that bonnet of hers. Why, it never cost six dollars?" "And no jewelry at all!"

"No; and they say she is worth fully half a million." "Well, I call it downright meanness in any one to dress like that when they can dress better. Why, you and I were dressed better than she."

"Indeed, we were." "And they say Mrs. K—is close and saving about everything. She's awfully afraid her servants will waste something, and she never lays out a dollar for lots of things you and I wouldn't hesitate about buying, even if our husbands are on salaries."

"I declare, I hate stinginess. What do you suppose makes her so miserly?" The cause of Mrs. K—s so-called "miserliness" is given in the following extract lately taken from a paper published in the city in which she lives:

Mrs. E. L. K— has just given ten thousand dollars to the fund being raised for the Orphans' Home in the city. "The same generous and noble minded lady has also given ten thousand dollars towards an institution for the education of poor boys and girls. Her constant charities in other directions are said to be very large.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The Lumber World says that oiling wood with lincsed oil, or even with coal or kerosene, will protect it from worms.

Paper gas and water-pipes have recently been exhibited in Vienna. It is claimed that they will resist an internal pressure of 2000 pounds although they are only about half an inch thick.

The bed of the ocean, says a foreign writer, is to an enormous extent covered with lava and pumice stone. Still more remarkable is it to find the floor of the ocean covered in many parts with the dust of the meteorites.

A bridge of concrete, thirty feet in span with a roadway thirteen feet wide, and capable of supporting safely a load of 200 tons, was recently built in Switzerland in a single day.

Various tests of the new French horseshoe, which is made entirely of sheep's horn, shows its value for horses used in towns and known to have an unsteady foot on pavements.

With a lens made of rock salt it may be possible to photograph in the dark. The Photographic News states that Abney has succeeded in preparing plates which are sensitive to the rays lying beyond the red end of the spectrum, the dark heat rays, and with such plates used with a rough lens there should be a possibility of photographing bodies which possess a temperature, although that temperature is far below that needed for incandescence.

He Always K...

Man (who has just West) addressing a "You knew Bastian ago?" "Perfectly well."

"Did you see Mrs. K— at the entertainment last night?" "Yes, I did, and didn't she look awfully plain?"

"I thought so. I've seen her wear that plain black silk a dozen times before."

"Yes; and that bonnet of hers. Why, it never cost six dollars?" "And no jewelry at all!"

"I thought so. I've seen her wear that plain black silk a dozen times before."

to which... present

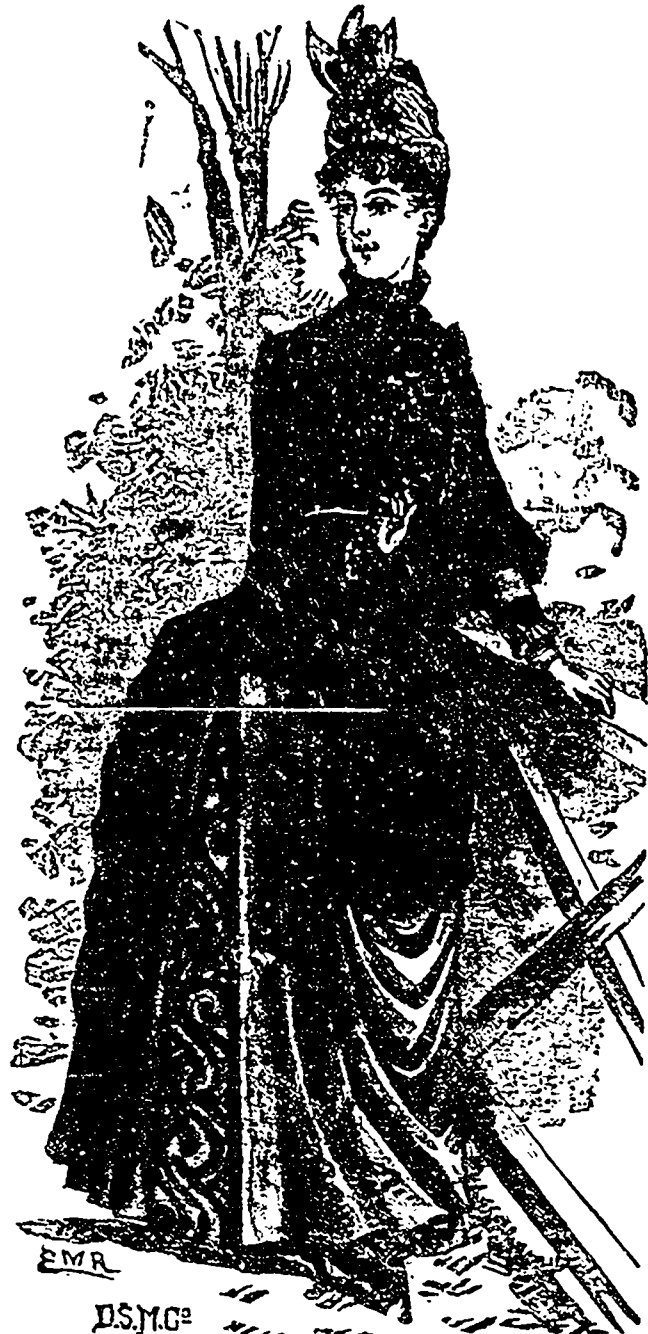


FIG 2—No. 3457—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 50 inches, 2½ yards; 52 inches, 2½ yards;
 54 inches, 2½ yards; 56 inches, 2½ yards;
 58 inches, 2½ yards; 60 inches, 2½ yards;
 62 inches, 2½ yards; 64 inches, 2½ yards;
 66 inches, 2½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 50 inches, 1½ yards; 52 inches, 1½ yards;

34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards;
 38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards;
 42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards;
 46 inches, 1½ yards.

No. 3458.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide), 5½ yards.

Cambrie for underskirt, 5 yards.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

the back with cross pleats, the right side of the skirt is ornamented with a bead plique; the back hangs straight on either side, with the centre part draped.

FIGURE No 11—Pattern No. 3460, price 30 cents, offers a design appropriate for wash or woollen goods, the former being trimmed with tulle and the latter with lace, galloon, or silk balls around the drapery. The skirt is made of the usual shape with the upper portion draped to form a long rounded cape, and the lower falling in a point being thickly padded into the belt with a Bedouin fold in the centre back.

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KNITTING AND CROCHETING.
 Crocheted skirts for babies are preferred by many mothers to those of flannel. We give one suitable for a child in short dresses. One ounce and a half of white Russia wool or fine German wool is necessary, and a medium sized crochet hook. Make a chain of 168 stitches, join with a c.—1st round. 4 treble, 30m * 3, all into one loop, 5 treble, make 2 loops, 5 treble. Repeat from star. There ought to be 12 of these scallops, each divided by the hole with the missing of 2 stitches. Repeat the above for 12

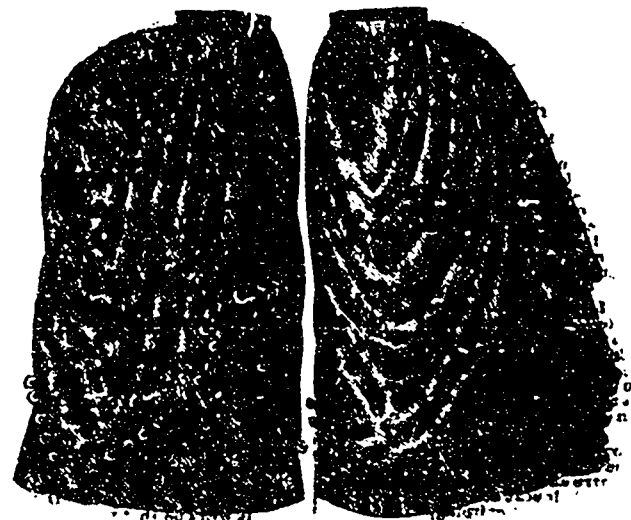


FIG. 11.—No. 3460—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 7½ yards; 22 inches, 7½ yards;
 24 inches, 7½ yards; 26 inches, 7½ yards;
 28 inches, 8 yards; 30 inches, 8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;
 24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;
 28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.

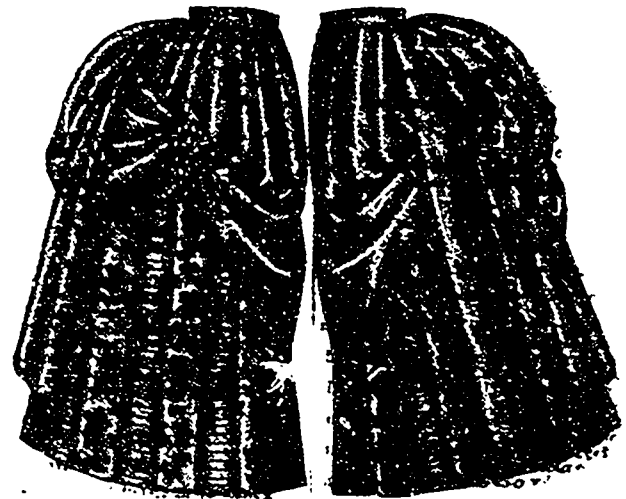


FIG 8—No. 3463.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 10½ yards; 22 inches, 10½ yards;
 24 inches, 10½ yards; 26 inches, 10½ yards;
 28 inches, 11 yards; 30 inches, 11 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;
 24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;
 28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.

13th round. Make 3 loops, and do 4 t c instead of 5. Repeat.—14th round. Miss 2 loops and do four t c. Repeat.—15th round. Like 14th.—16th round. Miss 4 loops, 3 t c. Repeat.—17th round. Miss 2 loops, 3 t c. Repeat. Work 2 more rounds in this manner.—20th round. T c into every loop. Sew on a plain knitted waist, straight band, or one of similar, hemmed.

A crocheted edge (shown in Figure No. 27) is useful as a trimming or on doilies, tidies, quilts, etc. For a first-named purpose use medium fine cotton and a small steel hook. Make a chain of 22 stitches and crochet as follows: 1st row. Pass the first 9 stitches, 1 t c on the following stitch, 9 chain; pass 6 stitches, 1 t c on the following stitch.—2d row, 3 chain; 11 double crochet around the following 9 chain; 5 chain; 1 t c on the middle stitch of the 9 passed by in the first row.

3rd row. 1 t c around the next 6 chain, 1 plect (pleat consists of 4 ch and 1 t c on the preceding t c) (3 t c around the same 6 ch and 1 plect) (1 t c around the same 6 ch, 2 ch; 11 d c separated by 1 ch on the next 11 d c, 6 ch; 1 t c on the first

foundation stitch.—4th row. 1 t c around the next 5 ch (1 plect and 1 t c around the same 5 ch), 3 chain; work 2 t c separated by 1 plect around each of the next 11 single chain; then 1 t c on the t c after the 3d plect in the preceding row.—

5th row. 6 ch; 1 t c on the following 4th plect in the preceding row, 6 ch; 1 t c on the following 3d plect. Continue to repeat the 2d and 5th rows in turn, but in every repetition work an additional plect scallop, proceeding from the middle stitch in the 2d plect in the 4th row, for which crochet 7 ch; connect to the 4th plect in the 4th row of the preceding pattern, then round the 7 ch, work 1 t c (1 plect and 2 t c) 5 times. Finish the lace with two rows worked lengthwise along the upper edge as follows. 1st row. 1 t c around the middle one of the 3 plect in the 3d row of the next pattern, 2 ch; 1 t c around the following plect, 6 ch; repeat from star to star.—2d row. 1 d c on the following 2d t c in the preceding row and 1 chain.

A knitted belt for ladies has been asked for, and is illustrated in Figure No. 32. Use black knitting silk and medium needles. When finished, sew to each side that are

prepared for such purposes. Begin on the under edge of the heel. Cast on 340 stitches, join and knit 126 plain rounds. In doing this always knit 3 together as 1 on the middle of the front of the foot in every other round of the first 68 rounds. The stitch formed by knitting 3 together forms the middle stitch, and in narrowing this must always be knitted with the 2 stitches at each side of it. In the last 68 rounds narrow in this manner in every round. After the 126th round follow 68 rounds, alternately seam 2, 2 plain; then bind off. At the top of the ankle crochet a border of large shell scallops.

A pretty pattern for baby socks is as follows: Half an ounce of colored single. E-ria wool and the same quantity of white. Knitting needles No 15. Cast on 84 stitches with the colored wool. Knit 10 rows; increasing 5 times at the heel and only. You now have 39 stitches on your needle. Knit 10 more rows without increasing. Place 26 stitches on another needle, and knit the remaining 13 for 24 rows.

Continue the last row by casting on 26 stitches which will correspond with those you have just placed on another needle. Knit ten rows plain. Then ten rows, decreasing 5 times, as you increased on the other side. Cast off. With the needle left in the 26 stitches, pick up 13 on the instep, and knit the 26 on the opposite side; knit 1 row, purl 1 row, knit 1 row, and cast off locally.

The colored part of the shoe is now finished. Commence the leg and instep thus. Pick up (still colored wool) from the inside of the last, i. e., cast off row, 65 rows, that is 26 on the first needle, 13 on the second (for the instep), and 26 on the third needle. Commence now with white wool, at the corner of the instep, knitting one stitch 1 with 1 from the side needle; then make 1 (by "weel over the needle"), knit two together, knit 7, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1 with 1 from the other side needle.

The 2d, 4th, and 6th rows are purled—3-d row. Same as the 1st—5th row. Knit 1 with 1 from the side, make 1, knit 3 together; lift the 4th stitch over the 3 first on the left hand needle, the 5th the same, the 6th the same; then knit one, make 1 three times, and then knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together; edge as before. Repeat these 6 rows. Next knit the side stitches as before, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 7, make 1, knit 2 together; side stitches as before; and continue the row thus: knit 6, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 7, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

New purl back the whole of the row, 51 stitches in all, and knit the leg as follows: 1st row. Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 7; repeat until only 2 are left, which knit plain. The 2d, 4th, and 6th rows are purled—3d row. Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together; lift the 4th stitch over the 3 first on the left-hand needle, just as you did before, the 5th and 6th same; then knit 1, make 1, 3 times, knit 1. Repeat from "to" until 2 are left. Knit these 2 plain.

6th row as the 1st; 6th row as the 2d. This forms one pattern, and you repeat 5 times. Then knit 2 plain rows and cast off locally. If done evenly, this is a most effective design. As for the top, a double row of loops in mesh, 5 chain, miss 1, 1 double, forms a nice finish unless the worker knows of something prettier. Run a colored satin ribbon around the ankle, and place a rosette of the same on the instep.

Figure No. 28 shows a chemise or plaster of crepe, lace, fine tulle, etc., shirred at the neck and waist, edged on the sides and bottom with lace, and worn with a collar and pointed girdle of velvet. The two latter articles may be omitted, though they add to the drowsy effect of such a shaped plaster. The one represented in Figure 27 is of canvas laid in clustered tufts, with the spaces between embroidered with bead stars; a large one ornaments the high collar with a tiny arab bow. Figure No. 26 shows a linen collar fastened at the back, with embroidered figures in front, and a cravat of bias forward, passed around, then tied in a flat bow.

A Jersey City man recently sold his wife for \$23. It is difficult to understand what makes New Jersey women so valuable. In many places they are given away.

An ingenious comparison is that of one of our esteemed contemporaries, which drops into poetry with the remark that "the ocean yesterday resembled a salad of forget-me-nots and sapphires." This is vivid, original and pleasantly gastronomic.



FIG. 27.



FIG. 28.



FIG. 29.

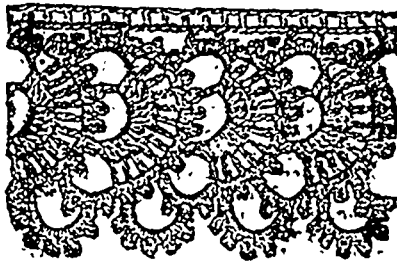


FIG. 33.



FIG. 32.

CONQUERED.

How Father Cured His Balky Horse.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greens live scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming along from Hildreth, and a stranger talked him to hie."

"Father said; 'That's a handsome horse you're driving. I would like to own such a horse myself.'"

"What will you give for him?" asked the man.

"Do you want to sell?" returned father.

"Yes, I do; and I'll sell cheap, too," said he.

"Oh, well," says father, "it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with."

"Make me an offer," says he.

"Well, just to put an end to the talk, father says, 'I'll give you \$75 for the horse.'"

"You may have him," says the man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week."

"Why, what ails the horse?" asked father.

"Ails him? He's got the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him," says he. "If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat ran off me in streams; I have fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death, or roasted him alive, before he would have budged an inch."

"I'll take the horse," says father.

"What's his name?"

"George," said the man.

"All call him George," said father.

Well, father brought him home, and we boys were pleased, and we fixed a place for him to the barn, and carried him down and fed him well, and father said:

"Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel kindly."

"So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go. But George wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we brought him apples and clover tops, and once in a while father would say—"Get up George," but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by he says, "this is going to take time. Well, George, we'll see who has the most patience,

you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeleton—"

"Skeletons!" said Peppot, inquiringly.

"Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put things they think of into when they are walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden."

"Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did there was no trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only George gave in a little sooner. All the time it seemed as if father couldn't go enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding and fussing over him, and talking to him in his pleasant gentle way; and the third morning when he had fed him and carried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, George put his feet together and laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Devo was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Devo, tell what you said to George that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly odious for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good time to live, where everybody helped everybody; that he was a minister's horse, and God would not love him if he was so; a good horse. That's what I told him. And then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did George do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through he felt so ashamed of himself he couldn't hold up his head; so he 'most dropped it till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never been in any trouble since."

That way father cured a balky horse.

That night when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against his shoulder, and told him, as plain as he could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up with father ever since, for the trouble he gave him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the barn and call his name, and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time to save father the trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to day. He eats anything you give him. Slavery ain't no more of her dinner to be

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove; "it makes him think he's folks."

Where the Plaster Was.

A rather modest young doctor was called in to see a lady who had been taken suddenly ill. The doctor found the application of a pitch plaster necessary and accordingly went to work and made one and laid it carefully by to prepare the lady for its application. Everything was ready and the doctor sought the plaster; but strange to say it had disappeared. The doctor and the negro nurse searched high and low, in every probable place, for the missing plaster, but it was in vain; it was gone, no one could tell where. The nurse had not seen it since the doctor laid it on the chair. There was no alternative but to go to work and make another, which was accordingly done. But still the question would present itself to all, what had become of the plaster? The circumstance of its having been spirited away began to tell unfavorably on the sick lady's nervous sensibility; but the doctor could not help it; he could not explain the mystery. The doctor, in a deep brown study, prepared to leave and stood up before the fire to warm himself before encountering the cold without. Through the force of a vulgar habit he parted his coat-tails behind, when the nurse, displaying about four inches of ivory, said:

"I found do plaster, massa docter."

"Where?" eagerly asked the doctor; "where is it?"

"You have got it ahind," said the nurse, still grinning.

The doctor clapped his hand behind and there it was, sticking fast to the seat of his breeches, where he sat down on it when it was lying on the chair. This was too much for the modest doctor. He seized his hat and stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once.

A Statesman's View.

It is commonly thought that statesmen are little troubled by conscience, and are governed simply by expediency or ambition. Metternich, who had the reputation of a model statesman of this order, helped to rearrange the map of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon, and was the leader of Austrian politics, till the popular revolution of 1848. He seemed to be governed by ambitious aims and to have had no regard for justice or the rights of the people.

But, if his journals may be trusted, he thought himself loyal to conscience, and governed always by a desire to do right. He says of himself,—

"After thirty-six years of public life, I have never lived to self. The part I played has not been from choice, but from a feeling of duty. Free from ambition but the desire of honestly fulfill tasks which, for a variety of reasons, I laid upon me from the very commencement of my ministry, I have never left the which seemed to me to be the right. Unmoved by the errors of our time which always lead society to have had the happiness in a danger to serve the cause of the welfare of the nations, which advanced by revolution."

If Metternich's journals are greatly misjudged, it is correct, his servant of his

Smith of New Brown Bro.

Tobacco

Just

BOS

The Household.

Something About Washing.

A very good washing fluid may be made by bringing to a boil one pound sal soda, half a pound unslacked lime, a small lump of borax, and five quarts of water.

During hot summer days there is no need of boiling or scalding clothes in order to cleanse and whiten them. If washed in warm soapsuds and laid on the grass the sun will draw out the dirt; wetting them with clean suds occasionally will facilitate the process.

A Steam Cooker.

Every housekeeper knows how much trouble it is to cook rice, hominy, cracked wheat, and various other articles which, unless carefully watched, are apt to get burned, and if cooked in a single kettle they must be frequently stirred, which breaks the grain and spoils the appearance of the article when cooked.

add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, and fill the glass with ice-water.

STRAWBERRY OR RASPBERRY ACID.—Take two and a half ounces of citric acid, sprinkle it over six quarts of the fruit, add one pint of water, and let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours; pour off the liquid slowly, and to each pint add one and a half pounds of white sugar; stir every day for a week until the sugar is dissolved, then bottle, but do not cork for a day or two.

RIBBON CAKE.—I like this recipe very much: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, three eggs, one half teaspoonful soda one teaspoonful cream of tartar, two cups flour. Bake half of this in layers. To the remainder add one-half cup molasses, one cup flour, a little soda, and fruit and spice to taste. Bake this in layers and put the whole together with jelly, using first a dark layer, then a light one.

CORN STARCH CREAM PIE.—One pint of milk scalded, two tablespoonfuls corn starch, three tablespoonfuls sugar, yolks of two eggs. Wet the starch with a little cold milk. Beat the eggs and sugar until light, and stir the whole in the scalded milk. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls lemon. Line a pie plate with pie crust and bake. Fill with the cream and cover it with frosting made of the whites of the two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls sugar. Set in oven a few minutes to stiffen.

HOP BEER.—Put three gallons of water into a bell-metal or porcelain lined preserving kettle; add two handfuls of hops; after boiling for half an hour put in one cup of wheat bran and one quart of molasses; let it boil for fifteen minutes longer; when it is milk-warm add one teaspoonful of light yeast. Set the mixture in a warm place to ferment for a day and night, after which it may be bottled; secure the corks with wire or string and lay the bottles on the side in a cool place.

TOMATO FIGS.—Take small red tomatoes, scald and skin them quickly, breaking them as little as possible, add one-third their weight of granulated sugar, boil slowly until they are clear, take them out and spread them on plates; boil the juice till it is very thick, pour it over the tomatoes, and dry them in a warm oven. When dry pack in layers in a clean paper box, first sprinkling sugar over the bottom of it and also between each layer, pack tightly and cover closely, and you will have a nice confection for winter.

LEMON PICKLE.—Choose a dozen fine, middle-sized lemons, fresh and perfectly sound, scrape the outside of them with a piece of broken quart bottle, and then cut them lengthwise down into four quarters, but not quite assunder; they must be left so as to just hang together. Rub these over with salt on the rough outside, and fill the cots with salt in the same manner; put them into a china or earthenware bowl that will just hold them, sprinkle some more salt over them, and turn them once a day; let them lie thus four days. Parboil twelve cloves of garlic, or small onions cut into thin slices; add to these an ounce of white sugar, a handful of white mustard seed, and as much cayenne pepper as will lie upon a dime. Sprinkle some salt among these, and let them stand all the time the lemons are in the bowl. Then have a clean stone jar ready, take out the lemons one by one, squeeze them a very little, and lay them carefully in a jar; lay in the spices all about them, and tie them close down; let them stand a month and they will be fit to eat. Sugar can be added to taste when served.

Decorations.

Russian Samovars of brass compose part of the necessary furniture of the Russian tea-table.

Orange tints are useful in many cases for interior decoration, as they are warm and pleasant.

Oral is just now in large demand for embroidery work, combined with marine plants, showing delicate tracery.

Revolving flower-pot stands afford a ready mode of varying effects of groups of plants in parlor or sitting-rooms.

Carpets should never be shaken, as their weight inclines them to part, but be laid on a repo and then beaten at the back.

Pastel paintings and woodland scenes, and other tableaux, in Limoges, are better in mantel hangings.

A suitable color for recesses holding marble statuary is cerulean blue; while one of the best backgrounds for gold and green bronze is Indian red.

A Japanese tea-tray of lacquered wood is composed of a series of divisions, each with a separate porcelain base, with design in gold and colors, and with varied molded border.

For picture frames, old brass elaborately designed is in much request. They are especially appropriate to pictorial designs in the same metal or in papier-mache.

Whilst we produce in tiles every variety of tint at will, the ancients used only two tints, red and white, employing brick clay, with a transparent glass from powdered brick on.

It is always well to give the stairway wall of the several stories a different decorative treatment; also to introduce horizontal lines, as giving greater breadth and stability of appearance.

A novel hall hat-rack, of simple hardwood frame, is provided with protruding and erect ovals of nickel plated wire, as a lodgment for silk hats; an inclined half moon wire device affords equal security for felt hats.

At a recent lunch party the napkin at each plate was slipped into gilded clothes pins; the pins were decorated with tiny bunches of forget-me-nots, rosebuds and other small flowers painted in oil, and were retained by the guests as souvenirs.

A pretty, healthful and economical finish for ceilings and walls is made of pulverized soapstone. It can be readily washed, takes a high, polish, is pearl gray in tint, presents the best possible surface for painting, either in oil or water color, and will neither crack nor chip.

The tile facing of a marble mantel showing a continuous plant and floral design, in delicate hues, on a white ground, presents the novelty of birds in brilliant plumage, and bright, gaudy insects, rendered in relief in quartz grains in metallic colors, producing a picturesque effect. The importation is from Germany.

In a pint of spirits of wine dissolve two ounces of seed lac, and two ounces of white resin. The principal use of this polish is for the carved parts of cabinet work, such as standards, pillars, claws, etc. It should be laid on warm, and if the work can also be warmed at the time it will be still better. All moisture and dampness should be carefully excluded.

Woman's Best Friend.

A hairpin is a woman's best friend. It fits a multiplicity of uses, and she is never without one. If her hair is short you can depend upon it that in a recess of her purse or a pocket of her reticule you will find the hairpin, and who ever saw a woman button her gloves with anything else? If her head itches does she scratch it with her finger? Nonsense! She whips out a hairpin and relieves herself. Suppose a nickel has dropped between the bars of the wooden foot grate in the street car. Does she sell her fingers as a man would, and then not get it? Certainly not. Out comes the hairpin, and the coin is lifted out without trouble.

If her hairpin is lost, where so good a substitute as the hairpin? If she eats a nut does she take a nutpick? Most assuredly not. The hairpin again. It is with the hairpin that she rips open the uncut leaves of a book; if a trunk key is missing a hairpin opens the retractory lock as neatly as a burglar's skeleton key would; with it she cleanses her fingernails and, if it is a clean one, even picks her teeth. And the feat of hair-securing that she will make a simple bow-legged hairpin accomplish nearly surpasses the belief of man. Altogether, it deserves to be classed among the great inventions of the world, and the grave of the original man who created the first one could have no prouder epitaph than this: "This is the kind of a hairpin he was."

People who throw rice at weddings need to be told that the practice has recently resulted, in London, in injuring a bridegroom's eyes to such an extent that he has had to pass in the ward of a hospital what would have been his honeymoon.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A man in Mateon, Ill., has a peony plant over sixty years old.

In some places in Arizona there has been no rain in three years.

The seeds of many New Zealand plants are said to grow the better for being frozen.

An East Jordan, Mich., man is accused of hanging out a sign reading: "Knew Syder for a while."

An old man's prayer that his house should burn was answered after his death at Carthage, Tenn., last week.

A New York woman of social distinction has offered to pay an author if he will make her the heroine of a novel.

Miss Lillian Smith, of California, a young lady of fourteen years, has broken 325 glass balls in succession with the rifle.

Lieut. Grazeen has invented a method for firing dynamite shells from ordinary cannon, which has just been tried successfully in San Francisco.

A German inventor is building at a cost of \$125,000, a balloon five hundred feet in length, to be operated by steam. He is very sanguine of success, and has been offered \$150,000 for his patent.

A medical journal tells of a young woman who contracted the habit of chewing coffee. The habit grew until she carried the coffee to bed with her, and at last she consumed half a pound a day.

Glass plates have been substituted for copper in the sheathing of an Italian ship, the advantage claimed being exemption from oxidation and incrustation. The glass was out in plates to fit the hull.

A compositor in the Pittsburg Dispatch office whose name contains seven letters, in making up his string found that he had set 77,777 ems in the seven days of last week. He is also a member of T. U. No. 7.

The manufacture of solid carbonic acid gas has become a settled industry in Berlin. It is put up in small cylinders, and if kept under pressure will last some time—that is, a cylinder one and one-half inch in diameter and two inches long will take five hours to melt away into gas.

A farmer named Cook, of Calhoun, Ala., has a curiously in the shape of an egg that is a very remarkable freak of nature. The egg measures ten inches in length, and when broken was found to contain another well-developed, fully-shelled egg. The enterprising hen that laid this remarkable egg, did so at the expense of her life.

There was an exhibit at the semi-annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Dental Society, in Hartford, of a set of teeth taken from a tomb near the city of Rome. It is asserted that they had been there at least twenty five hundred years. The teeth are held in place by a band of gold, artistically worked in fancy carvings, the figures being so minute that a magnifying glass is necessary to bring out their beauty.

Sir John Lubbeck, the noted British scientist, exhibited at an Association meeting recently a very strange pet. It was a tame wasp which had been in his possession for about three months. It now ate sugar from his hand, and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an "outing" occasionally it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as a home.

Every poison, it is said, has its antidote, and the latest discovery claimed by the medical science in this respect is that the water-cress completely neutralizes the deleterious effects of tobacco. Smokers who think that they have experienced injurious effects from the use of pipe weed will hasten to avail themselves of the remedial properties of the other, and in a very short time we shall undoubtedly find that water cress has become a fashionable and popular article of diet.

The latest invention of comfort for tourists is a new traveling cap, made with an air cushion in the back. Ordinarily, it is just like any other traveling cap, but when you want to rest your head on the seat back, and don't want all the hair on the back of your head rubbed off, all you have to do is to put your mouth down to the opening, blow up the little bag and put in a cork. Then you put your cap on your head, and there you are, with as nice a cushion as a man could ask for. It is the invention of a train boy.

Young Folks' Department.

The Despised Flower.

No one knew how it came there, that great ugly sunflower, with its gaudy yellow blossoms. Perhaps a bird dropped the tiny seed; perhaps the south wind wafted it from some far country, far away over the restless blue sea, but certainly the gardener did not plant such a thing amongst the lovely flowers of the garden.

In this garden were lovely dewy pink roses, red roses, yellow roses, white roses, stately lillies, drooping fuschias, graceful ferns, shy purple and gold pansies, oenocentred coccinbels, pert sweet williams and hundreds of other flowers. They looked upon the sunflower as an intruder and despised it accordingly, but in spite of their scorn it kept on growing taller and taller, till it could see over the high garden wall into the dusty road beyond.

"What are you good for, you big weed! Do the ladies over wear your yellow blossoms?" asked a red rose gaily nodding in the wind. "You do not smell sweet," murmured a blue violet.

"And you are not pretty," said a pink hyacinth trying to catch a glimpse of herself in the fish-pond.

"Yellow and brown—ugh!" said a tiger lily, tossing her head till the air was fragrant with her sweet breath. "What a vulgar combination!"

"You are very useless," observed a bit of sweet marjoram. "Beauty is nothing!" "Usefulness is everything." You ought to be pulled.

"Whoever"—began the jessamine—but what she was going to say is lost to the world, for just then a gay party of young people came flitting down the walk, laughing, and chatting as only young people can.

One young lady—the sunflower thought—must be the queen. But her crown was of soft fair hair, and the white hand holding up the trailing velvet robe had no jewels on it. She came slowly forward, looking up at the sunflower with eyes as blue as the fringed gentians at her feet. She broke off one of the flowers and pinned it on her belt.

"Fie, Helen," cried a chorus of gay young voices; "do you see any beauty in that gorgeous thing?"

"Yes," Helen answered. "See how it pays a mute homage to the sun. See how it keeps turning its blossoms to the giver of its life and beauty." Then she murmured softly:

The parent sun who bade thee view
Cold skies, and chilling moisture dip,
Has clothed thee in his own bright hue,
And touched with jet thy glowing lip.

She caressed the flower with her soft hand, and they pass on, leaving the poor friendless thing quite happy.

"Some one loves me," it whispered, and rustled softly from very joy.

But presently there was a shout and down the path came a curly-headed boy in pursuit of a tired, frightened butterfly; but before his cruel little hands could touch it it had settled itself safely on the topmost flower out of their reach.

"Ugly old thing," cried the boy, his face red with passion. "If you weren't so tall I would get the butterfly." He caught the stalk and tried to shake the trembling insect down; when he found he could not he flung a handful of gravel at the flower and went away.

"Scarcely God put you here to help the oppressed," said the weary butterfly. Then the sunflower felt so happy. "I am good for something," it said gladly, and rocked itself to and fro in the wind, rustling its leaves till the tired butterfly folded its wings and slept.

By and by the sun went down and the moon rose, and the fairies crept out from the flower's hearts to dance in the moonlight—all except one poor little fairy with a broken wing, who climbed up the stalk and sobbed out its pitiful story on the yellow blossom's heart.

"You must be God's own flower, you beautiful sunbright thing," whispered the wounded fairy. How happy the sunflower felt as it rustled its leaves and swayed softly till the fairy was lulled to rest with the music of the leaves as the breeze murmured through them.

When the sun kissed open the gentians' blue eyes, both butterfly and fairy were gone, but their blessing lay deep in the sunflower's heart.

There came down the hot, dusty road a barefooted child, with soft dark Southern

eyes, and she bent down the stalk and kissed the yellow flower and laid her hot, dark face against it, murmuring: "Ah, bright, pretty flower! I love you—I love you."

"Was there ever a flower as happy as I am?" cried the sunflower, nodding and swaying till one bright flower fell like a shower of gold all over the child's hair and in the road. She gathered up the scattered leaves and went on, holding them lightly in her little hands.

Now came the gardener filling his basket with flowers. "What!" he cried, "the sunflower still! How tall it has grown—what great, gorgeous blossoms!"

Now thought the sunflower proudly, he will put my flower in the basket with the roses.

But no—up—rip—rip came the whole plant, roots and all, and the next minute it was lying out in the road. "Now I must die," it said sadly—but just then a wee ragged child picked it up and carried it off; then it was planted in a dark cellar, where the sun never came, and in this dark place a little child was slowly breathing its life away.

"I am content," said the brave sunflower, "if it is God's will." Then it bloomed out new flowers that brightened up the dark room as the child actually cooed and stretched its little hands out to the bright blossoms.

"Baby will get well," cried the little sister, clapping her hands for joy. But, alas! when the morrow's sun shone over the beautiful garden a little child lay dead in the dark cellar—one more little soul had joined the angels.

After the child was buried a woman pulled the sunflower up and thrust it into a dirty alley, where it lay all day, wilted and slowly fading as the little child had. But once more the little sister found it, and the tears she shed over it seemed to put new life in it.

She planted it by a little lone grave, and every day this sad little sister would come to pray,—

"Please, God take me to the beautiful Heaven where Baby is."

One day she finished her little prayer and lay down with her arms across the baby's grave. She was so white and still, and the cheeks touched by the drooping leaves were so cold, the sunflower knew that God had answered her prayer and called His little one home.

The next day there were two little graves side by side, and there the sunflower grows and blossoms all alone.

Once the flowers asked each other:

"Where is the great ugly weed?"
The south wind kisses the flowers just as it used to, but it never tells of the flower keeping watch over the two little graves.

Sea Volcanos.

Prof. Henry A. Ward relates the following interesting account of a visit which he paid to a sea volcano in New Zealand: I came from Auckland by steamer south for one hundred and twenty-five miles along the east coast to the town of Tamanga. I hired a twenty-ton cutter, and started to visit the sea volcano.

We sailed all night, and at daybreak we had before us a great mountain of black scoria eight hundred and thirty feet high, from the top of which, with much force, rose white clouds of vapor to a height of fully two thousand feet. Reaching the shore, it was not easy travelling, for in places the black pebbles of the beach were all astir with water boiling up through them, water so hot that a misstep might scald the foot seriously.

At this point the crater wall has been broken down almost to the sea level, and we could look into the great hollow island. The crater is circular, a full mile in other diameter, and hemmed in by walls many hundred feet high, and very precipitous.

The crater floor was an uneven plain of volcanic ash and scoria, with many little fumaroles, or blow-holes, while every few minutes there was beneath our feet a smart trembling, and a low, dull, rolling roar.

The smoke or vapor began to thicken as we went along, and we soon found the cause. We were stopped short by a great lake of steaming water, quite filling this end of the crater, and being, as we could see when the clouds lifted, nearly half a

mile from either side. The water was too hot to comfortably bear the hand in it, and was further insupportable to either touch or taste by a strong infusion of alum and sulphuric acid which bit painfully at any scratch or sore upon our skin. On the further border of the lake, and half around its shore, was a row of the most violent solfataras (chimneys) which I have ever seen.

They had built for themselves little pillar-like cones from ten to thirty feet high and a yard or two in diameter at the base; and through these open chimneys they were trumpeting steam and roaring sulphuric gases with a violence that was frightful to contemplate, and such demoniacal screeching and din as afflicted our ears, even at the long distance where we stood.

We dragged the row-boat along the volcano's floor and launched it upon the boiling lake. The water of the lake was of a milky, opaque cast, but we could feel with our ears that it was in most places not over ten feet deep. Lines upon the shore showed that it daily rose and fell slightly with the tide of the sea outside. In many spots the water was boiling furiously with much froth and foam, while still its heat was much below the boiling point of 212° Fahr. These were dangerous places; the abundant air in the water diminished materially its buoyancy, and our boat sank alarmingly low in crossing them.

We landed across the lake at one of the solfataras nearest the beach, and proceeded to demolish it with our oars. It was a chimney about two feet in diameter, clay without, and within it was lined with crystals of sulphur of a beautiful straw yellow, splashed with vermilion spots. Pushing in the top of this chimney, the fragments would first fall down its throat and then come flying out into the air, with explosions that were amusingly like a prolonged stentorian cough.

Great Rubies.

The finest red or oriental rubies have hitherto come from the neighborhood of Syriam, in Pegue. In Ceylon great numbers are found in the alluvial deposits but the original rock out of which they have decomposed has not been searched. Were this done, says the London Standard, there is little doubt that many more and of much finer quality, would be obtained. At Badakahan, in Bactria, there is said to be a ruby mine, and the treasures of many of the oriental monarchs contain, or did contain, gems far surpassing any known in Europe.

A former King of Aracan possessed one in the form of a six-sided prism, about an inch in diameter, and terminated by a six-sided pyramid, while, if Tavorner, a traveler of two centuries ago, and a jeweler by trade, is to be believed, the throne of the great Mogul was adorned with 103 rubies of from 100 to 200 carats each. Marco Polo affirms that the King of Ceylon owned one a span in length, as thick as a man's arm and without a flaw. This truly remarkable gem has been lost, for assuredly no man has been able to set eyes on it, and the story was an old one long before the Venetian traveler began roaming in the East. It had been floating about in India from the sixth century, and not improbably was even more ancient than the era.

For at least twelve centuries one noble noble tried to excel another in tales of this magnificent ruby. Kublai Khan offered a city in exchange for it, and Baita, the Moorish traveler of the thirteenth century, goes so far as to say that he saw in the possession of Ohakravarte, a Tamul of Patlam, a ruby bowl as big as the palm of one's hand. What grain of truth in these stories it is now too late to inquire. It may be that they were altogether baseless, though we are called upon to credit Sir John Maundeville when he declares that the Emperor of China had in his chamber a pillar of gold in which is a ruby and carbuncle.

Couldn't Read.

An old colored man known as Uncle Josh, not having lived very peacefully with his wife, determined to clear his conscience after her decease by buying her a costly tombstone. He entered a place where the owner was chipping at a granite dog, and inquired,—

"Got any fast rate monuments?"

"Yes, sir. What you want—angle, slab, or broken column?"

"Don't keer."

"Here's one that was ordered, but not taken."

"How much am it?"

"You might order one like it, but this wouldn't suit you. The name isn't right you know."

"Don't keer nuffin erbout de name. What I want am de style! My old 'ooman nebber know de diffrance; she couldn't read, nohow."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

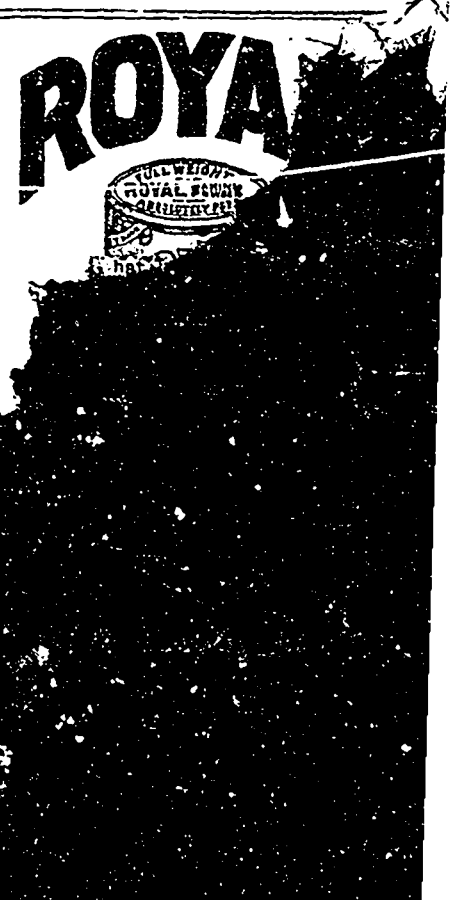
INQUIRER, City—Hanlan, the carman, was born July 12, 1855.

SAILOR, Belleville.—A flat-bottomed boat with vert sides, 8 by 20 feet, will draw about six and three-quarters inches more of water with a three ton load than if unloaded.

AUCTIONEER, Mitchell.—This business requires more than a gift of speech and general knowledge. There must be special knowledge of a class only to be picked up in an auctioneer's office. The proper course would be to enter the office of a firm doing a good business in Toronto, or some other city. The experience there gained would be of immense value to you.

Talking about busy men who leave their homes early and get back after dark and never see their children, a man of that cert was burrying away one morning when he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him and went to business. Child went in howling. The mother said: "What's the matter?" "Man hit me," blubbered the youngster. "What man?" "That man that stays here on Sundays."

Brand and Cold Water Rice Starb, unexcelled in Fine Laundry Work.



at least contented with his fair-haired Lily! He had been contented before the woman who had bound his heart in chains. So strong for him to break, had returned and brought back the old fever, the old unrest. But this would not do, he told himself with a mental shake. He was going to see one sister, so he must not be dreaming of the other. With this final resolve he reached the Grange, and was admitted by a smiling handmaiden, and ushered into the pretty drawing room. The air felt cool and fresh in this room, for the venetian blinds were down and the windows open, and the subtle perfume of freshly gathered roses lingered around with grateful fragrance.

As Alan entered the first person that his eyes fell on was Annette Miles! She was lying on a couch reading a novel, and as she rose smiling, blushing, and fair, Alan could scarcely find the necessary conventional words to return her greeting.

He took her hand and stood there looking at her, his grey sombre eyes fixed upon her face. How he loved her! He knew this, and perhaps she too knew this, but they dropped each other's hands, and talked about the weather; Annette a little nervously, telling Alan she was alone—the others, my mother and Lily have gone to a little flower-show at Kimmel, which Mr. Claxton got up for the cottagers.

"I have not heard of it," said Alan. "No! It's for wild flowers and flowers grown in the cottage windows, I believe and Lily is so fond of flowers. The child has quite a passion for them, I believe, and Mr. Claxton called the other day and asked her to go, my mother went with her, as she wished also to call on Lady Elizabeth."

In truth, Lily's presence at this flower-show had been entirely the Rector's doing. Mr. Claxton was not only a thorough practical gardener himself, but he wished also that his parishioners should follow his example. He took the greatest interest in their little plots of ground, and in their window plants, and finally he determined to hold a flower-show, and give prizes to the best florists and vegetable growers.

He consulted his Elizabeth about this scheme, of course, and added he hoped that she would induce the Squire to give away the prizes at the conclusion of the show.

"I think you can scarcely expect Godfrey to do this, Roderick," answered Lady Elizabeth, "you know he does not like that kind of thing."

"Nevertheless, my dear, I hope he will do it," said the Rector smiling, "and I mean to ask him since you won't—the Squire's presence will be quite an attraction!"

And Mr. Claxton did ask Godfrey Harford to give away the prizes, but the Rector bailed his hook before he threw it. He went over to the Grange and asked Lily Doyne to go to his flower show, and Lily was quite ready to oblige him. She loved flowers, and she liked both Lady Elizabeth and the Rector, and knew also that Lady Lester held them in high esteem; and Mrs. Doyne too, who was anxious to be on friendly terms with Lady Elizabeth, promised that she also would patronize the show.

Thus when the Rector went on his errand to Godfrey, he told his wife's cousin in his calm way, he wanted the whole thing to go off well, as "the Doyne's—Mrs. Doyne, and and pretty Miss Lily are coming—so Harford, if it won't be a great bore to you, will you come too, and give away the prizes at the end?"

The Squire's dark complexion grew a drabky red. "I will be very glad to look in Claxton," he said, "and I'll give you ten guineas to help in the expense; but I think I'll leave the prize giving to you."

"I don't want that; they think nothing of the person in comparison to the squire. Come Harford be a good fellow and help me in this?"

It ended in the Rector getting his own way, and in Godfrey becoming quite interested in the flower show. And thus while Alan was talking to Lady Miles in the cool drawing room at Kimmel, Lily Doyne was walking with Godfrey Harford in the rather close little tent where the cottage flower show was held.

They met, these two, with some embarrassment, and Lily blushed when the Squire's stately form appeared at the entrance of the little tent. They were talking—Mrs. Doyne and Lily—to Lady Elizabeth at this moment, and it was but natural that Mr. Harford should at once make his way to this group.

He shook hands with them all, and then asked Lily if she had seen the flowers yet, and if she would walk round with him. The girl gladly assented.

"Lily is quite mad about flowers you know, Mr. Harford," said Mrs. Doyne smilingly.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Harford, looking at the sweet face that had stolen away his peace. "Come along, then," he added, and together they went round the tent admiring the flowers; Lily being greatly taken with a pot of very beautiful forget-me-nots in full bloom.

"I wonder if I could buy it?" she asked. "No doubt we can," answered Mr. Harford.

The exhibitor of the forget-me-nots was a labourer, a brown rustic, hard-worked man, who also had some very pretty rose trees in his collection. He was standing by his flowers when the Squire and Lily went up, and the Squire beckoned him to them, and asked him if he would sell his pot of forget-me-nots, but to Mr. Harford's surprise he shook his head.

"Can't do it, Squire," he answered, in his broad dialect; "the old woman sets such a store on 't."

"Then you won't sell it?" "Why, you see, sir, it belonged to our little lad—him that died of the fever last May—and his mother couldn't abide to part with it."

"Of course not," said Lily sympathetically.

"But I'll cut these some on it, if thou likes?" said the man looking at Lily, with his sunken eyes gleaming in his wrinkled, pinched face.

"Yes, cut a little bunch," said Mr. Harford putting his hand into his pocket; and a few minutes later some of the blue forget-me-nots were fastened in the bosom of Lily's white dress.

"It was nice of him," said Lily softly, as they walked on, "not to sell it—for the sake of his poor little boy."

"Yes," answered the Squire absently. "It's warm in here, isn't it?" he added a moment or two later. "Would you mind taking a turn round the field outside?"

"I shall be very glad to go." The Squire and Lily accordingly left the tent, and as they went out both Lady Elizabeth and Mrs. Doyne looked after them with some uncertainty.

"That is rather foolish of Lily," thought Mrs. Doyne. "How foolish of Godfrey!" mentally exclaimed Lady Elizabeth.

But neither lady had any real cause for disapproval. The Squire had nothing to say to Lily, that they could not have both heard, yet what he did say touched the girl's tender heart.

"I have never seen you, Lily," he began, a little nervously, a little hoarsely, perhaps; "I have never had an opportunity, at least, to wish—you all happiness, the greatest happiness—since your engagement."

"I thank you, Mr. Harford, very much; it is very kind of you to say that."

"And there is something else I want to say," continued Godfrey Harford, yet more nervously, "and if you were going to marry anyone but Alan Lester, I might think that possibly some day I could be of use to you. I mean that I hope you will continue to regard me as a sincere friend—a very sincere friend—Lily, ready to do anything to help or assist you in my power, at any time. But you are going to marry Alan—a man whom I have the highest honour and respect—a man who, I am sure, will devote his life to you, and never leave anything undone that he can do to make you happy; and therefore you see," continued Godfrey, with a sad little laugh, "I don't expect ever to have the chance of being of any service to you. But if such a time should come, will you believe you have a faithful friend?"

The Squire's voice faltered and broke a little, as he uttered the last two words. He was obviously affected, and Lily also was much moved.

"I shall not forget," she said, and for an instant she looked up at the strong dark face by her side, made at this moment almost handsome by the true and unselfish emotion that filled his heart.

They walked on a few minutes in silence and then the Squire said quietly: "Perhaps we had better go back to my cousin and your mother now, Lily?" And these two ladies were therefore relieved from the apprehension that Mr. Harford

had had any serious intentions when he asked Lily to walk round the field outside the tent with him, for they had not been away five minutes.

They received the Squire, therefore, with smiles, but nevertheless a moment or two later Mrs. Doyne looked at her watch and declared it was time that Lily and she should be thinking of returning homewards.

"You see Lady Miles is alone," she said to Lady Elizabeth, by way of an apology for the absence of their stay at the flower show, and Lady Elizabeth was quite ready to accept the excuse. They parted on friendly terms, Mr. Harford escorting Mrs. Doyne and Lily to "our carriage" which was waiting outside the field where the show was held.

This carriage was in truth Annette's, who naturally placed it at her mother's service, and it had afforded Mrs. Doyne a certain quiet enjoyment. She leaned back in it now, with conscious dignity.

"Home," she said to Annette's servants in so commanding a tone that a somewhat grim smile stole over Godfrey Harford's face. But the next moment he sighed; and when he returned to the tent he did not immediately rejoin his cousin. He went back in fact to where the laborer stood gazing at his mutilated pot of blue forget-me-nots.

"Out me a few sprays too—just like you gave to the young lady," he said to the man; "and give these to your wife for spelling her little boy's pot." And he slid two sovereigns into the laborer's hand, who it need scarcely be said delightedly complied with his request.

But Godfrey Harford did not wear his forget-me-nots as a button-hole. He took the envelopes of an old letter out of his pocket and placed them in that, and when he went back to Lady Elizabeth, he said nothing of his late purchase. He stayed by her, and chatted to her, and he gave away the prizes at the end of the show to please the Rector, saying a cheery, encouraging word to each successful competitor. And it was not until he returned to his solitary home that he drew out the blue flowers, looking at them a little wistfully.

Then he unlocked the drawer where he kept his diamond engagement ring that he had bought for Lily, and which had been fated to be so useless. He opened the case and looked at the shining stones, thinking, we may be sure, of his lost hopes, which had lived but to die.

As he did so a look of irrepressible tenderness stole over his harsh features, and with lingering gentleness, as if to himself, he placed the fading flowers near the diamond ring.

"But there is no fear, my sweet flower," he murmured, half aloud, "I will not forget thee."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEOPLE.

Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, has started on a scientific expedition to the coast of Greenland.

Annie Pixley, the well known actress, will spend her Summer holidays at her home in Port Stanley, Ont.

According to a Paris newspaper the Princess Rignatella is serving as a waitress in a Vienna cafe concert hall.

Mrs. Gladstone, it is reported, will take an active part in the coming election campaign, in advocating her husband's cause.

"It is wonderful how the kings weaken when men get into the witness box," remarked Judge Ross, of Toronto, a few days ago, as he examined a witness.

The Empress of Austria, who is now in the city of Salzburg, Bavaria, she is expected to visit Gastein, where she will remain until the arrival of the Emperor in Germany.

James Creelman, a New York lawyer, has made several of the big bets they were once in the United States, though worth 15,000 miles in a canoe, and a Chinaman in the kitchen classes that the world is in a chaotic state.

Mrs. Esteban, of Toronto, has a ruby and diamond necklace worth \$10,000.

Rosa, the ceremony was christened in a ruby and diamond necklace worth \$10,000.

Mrs. Ketchum, of Toronto, has a ruby and diamond necklace worth \$10,000.

Archibald Forbes, of Toronto, has a ruby and diamond necklace worth \$10,000.

of the United States army, presented his bride elect with a necklacc composed of twelve of the medals given him by European princes for deeds of valor.

Mrs. Catherine Waggoner, aged 111, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Waggoner, aged 108 years, live within sight of each other, near Barbersville, Ky. They have never seen a railroad, and each has had for fifty years a silk dress laid away in which to be buried.

Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady (to boarders)—I have just sent Bridget to the grocer's for some eggs. They will be here presently. Bridget (returned from the grocer's)—The man sent me back to ask ye if ye want the kind of eggs ye get for bullin' or the kind ye get for om'lets?

Leopold Von Ranke, being once invited to lunch with the King of the Belgians, made himself so agreeable at table that the party remained seated listening to his talk till they were told to dress for dinner. This is regarded as the greatest triumph on record of genius over court etiquette.

Chief Gardener Watkins, of the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, thinks there is special virtue in rain water for plants. After a heavy shower which succeeded a prolonged drought last week, he remarked to a reporter: "You can use here and watering can until you are old and bent, but you cannot do so much in a month as such a shower can do in ten minutes. Its the pure quill, fresh from the hillside of the clouds, and there is more plant food in a quart of it than there is in a watering cart full of city water."

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SING DIGGERS.

Strange Deeds of a Strange and Peculiar People.

There is a wild country in the rear of Cannelton Mountain, in the western part of Kanawha County. Strange peoples, many of whom are nomadic in habit, strange customs and strange habitations may be found for the looking. Here the "sing-diggers," or cave-dwellers, thrive in wild luxuriance; here the "Brotherhood of Prayer" and Church of God sects whose curious rites of humility and penance recall the history of Druidical worship. On the southern slope of a mountain, above five miles beyond "The Settlement"—as these primitive mannered people still call the villages—Edom Smith, a Free Will Baptist, struck his tent about ten years ago. His claims for preferment were speedily recognized and following obtained. The more misty his eloquence, the greater honors were heaped upon him. A rude hut was his dwelling place, in a dense woods, never touched by sunshine and hard by a little stream, spring fed, and a twinkling waterfall. Here the

OWLS HOOTED OBUSOMELY

In the nighttime. Deacon Smith was pale, cadaverous and solemn. His wife was of the Gypsy type—dark, of stormy mien, alert and active. That she ruled the deacon with ungentle rod no one had reason to doubt. She held herself aloof from "his people," though taking part in the Saturday night services. He never preached save at night, and then only in the light of the moon. For this he gave reasons founded on Bible teaching and satisfactory to the flock.

The dark woman was held in veneration by the "sing-diggers," for she sang as none else could, and gave them healing potions and charms against the power of the Evil One. Once it is said that when Edom Smith spoke of death and the grave in his discourse, she shrieked aloud and rebuked her husband with angry words. It was known that

HER TERROR OF DEATH

amounted to madness, and she had extorted an oath from him never to consign her body to the ground, but to inclose it in an oaken box, to be deposited on a specified stump near the house. For want of sunlight she fell ill of rheumatism in one autumn, and died when the leaves were coming out again in the tangle of vines on the tent. Edom Smith remembered his vow, and respected it. Within sight of the bridal path that led to the highway a few miles beyond, on the Olga had selected, the rude containing her body was placed. Deacon Smith buried the remains watching dusk not break his wife's grave, and leave a new path to avoid

HERE

where the figure of a man, with a wild vision of a man, and they were from the dead bones heard in the wild she

HERE

one with a wild vision of a man, and they were from the dead bones heard in the wild she

HERE

one with a wild vision of a man, and they were from the dead bones heard in the wild she

without assistance was more than any could understand, but no one questioned about the awful matter. There, on a ledge of rock in the cave, may yet be seen the oaken box, over which the mosses grow, and the ancient ferns, and where the doleful nightbirds scream a mournful threnody. The

RATTLESNAKES HISS

about the place, and a fantastic vine drapes the mouth of the tomb with scarlet blossoms. The tale is told that Deacon Smith had never peace in the hut with his new wife for the ghastly songs of the Olga, and that his Bible had bloody finger marks throughout. So they left the place one night, going no one know whither, leaving everything as though they would return; but they never did, none hearing from them or the cause of their heira. Perhaps they were murdered, say the "song people." Who can tell? But the furniture disappeared from the hut months later, and then a fire destroyed the house—by what means no man could say. They still say the songs may yet be heard in the twilight and the awful shrieks in the midnight hour. And they will tell this tale to succeeding generations, and warn them of the haunted cave near the mountain-top and the ghost of the lonely glen.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

SILVER SPOONS.—H. Bell, L'Amazou; Lillian Sills, Prescott; John McCloy, Prince Albert; Agnes Murray, Hamilton; Mr. P. Campbell, Peckham; E. O'Connor, Klemburg; Miss A. H. Trenton; Mary Bell, Belfast; Mrs. E. O. Confectionary, Paris; Mrs. H. McCullen, Washingtonville; V. A. W. Woon, Tavistock; A. J. Ketchapaw, Miss E. Kirkland, Ashdown; S. R. Hooper, Tyrone; Mrs. M. F. Hogle, Stanbridge; S. McCann, Greenwood; Mrs. O. Welsh, Montreal; Annie Mack, Wellman's Corner; A. Robertson, Carleton Pl.; G. Filak, Holland Harbor; Mary Crumley, Kingston; A. M. Patt, Antigonish; Mrs. A. K. Hedding, Calgary, N. W. T.; E. A. Tench, Mrs. Berg, Chandlers; E. A. Anzelm, Trenton; Mrs. A. Childs, Harriston.

BUTTER DISHES.—M. Fane, Simcoe; Mrs. McMullan, Barrie; M. Taylor, Windsor; Mrs. P. W. Gruchy, Deserousse; Mrs. Jessie Mason, Sarnia; W. T. McArthur, Winifrede; Mrs. P. Campbell, Peckham; Tillie Bolton, Niagara; M. M. Birley, Fairfield Plains; Mrs. I. Gordon, Oxford; M. Walker, Ayr; Mrs. S. Swetzer, Sanderland; Miss B. Jones, Newcastle; Charles Fulyar, Edgewater; Mrs. C. Foster, Hamilton; Mrs. C. Mackenzie, Niagara Falls; Mrs. R. Cartz, Stony Creek; M. A. Branch, Telligenche; Maggie J. Irvine, Chatham; C. Colett, Ollnda; Mrs. N. Rondeau, Jollette; M. A. Stranger, Hamilton; Mrs. W. H. Onute, Bear River, N. S.; J. F. Bill, L'Amazou; A. Ranner, Ollnda; Mrs. J. Siddon, Pine River; E. McDonald, Stellarton; M. Bayne, Montreal; Rose Asprov, Regina; A. Brooks, Hastings; A. F. Price, Trenton; A. O. Cameror, Wellington, M. Wood, Maple; M. E. Rice, Coaticook; M. L. Berg, Chandlers; M. S. Grierson, Dundas; Mrs. H. B. Hunt, Gore Bay; J. Cooke, Stormont; Mrs. W. Jackson, Chatham; H. G. Anderson, St. John; J. A. Buchanan, St. Thomas; G. Helmes, Balloch; Ada E. Safford, St. John; A. Livingston, Nova Scotia; Mrs. B. W. Smith, Barrie; M. D. Rowe, Penrose; Mrs. H. Leigh, Oak River; M. Robertson, Trenton.

ORANGE.—Mrs. J. M. Bright, Montreal.

DICTIONARIES.—L. K. Watson, Fitchburg; M. McParker, Nebraska; C. A. M. Chau, Niagara.

FAMILY BIBLES.—E. J. Moore, Hamilton; Eva Drake, Mount Forest; Richard Penlton, Tilbury Centre, W. Melmor, Muskega; Chas. Cottis, Guelph.

CAKE BASKETS.—Jas. M. Wright, Lincoln; Julia Sloat, Tracy's Mills; Mrs. W. T. W. T., Frankie Martman, McDonnell, Galt.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXVII.

- 1. With what instrument did Asaph make a sound?
2. What birds did the Lord command to feed Elijah?
3. Abaziah's grandfather.
4. What did Jehu the Baptist tell the soldiers to be content with?
5. The principal man that went into the ark.

The initials give that which was laid up for Paul.

- ANSWER TO NO. XXIV.
ABIATHAR—1 Sam. xxii. 20 23; 1 Kings ii. 26.
1. A-ritharohus Acts xvii. 2; Col. iv. 10.
2. Baal-bazor 2 Sam. xiii. 2 3 20.
3. I-conium Acts xiv. 1 3.
4. Abel of Bethmaachah 2 Sam. xx. 15 22.
5. T lizah 1 Kings xiv. 17; Cant. vi. 4.
6. H-ebrcn 2 Sam. v. 5.
7. A-naboth Jesh. xxi. 19; 1 Kings ii. 26.
8. R-abbah 1 Chron. xx. 1, 2.

The following have answered No. XXIV. correctly:—Ambrose Felder, Plainfield, N. J., to whom is awarded the prize; Mrs. H. H. Nelles, R. A. Heming, H. G. Anderson, Jas. McMonies, jr., Minnie Mandley, Essie Harding, H. Chapman, M. A. Jamieson, J. O. Werthington.

A prize, a beautiful volume of the choicest poetry, is given each week to the party first correctly answering the enigma. The book is forwarded to the winner immediately on receipt of 12 cents postage for same.

Making an Experiment.

Let us make an experiment. Here is a boy, ten years old, who has never used tobacco. "Charles, will you help us to make an experiment?" "I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it in your mouth, chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of the juice into that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold, death-like perspiration. Put your fingers upon his wrist. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if not very careful, you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco in its ordinary state is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare one) which, taken into the mouth of that ten year-old boy and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects.

During the time Heenan was in training for one of his hisrolo fights I had a long conversation with him and his famous trainer, about tobacco. While at Banica, as some of his fellow workmen have since told me, John was a devotee of the pipe. In my first conversation with him we had been talking over some of his California experiences, particularly the discovery of that wonderful left fist, when one of his cronies, with cigar in hand, came in crying out: "I've got a good one for you, Jack; none of your two for a cent. I gave a quarter for it, or I'm an Injun."

"Hank, you know I can't touch that thing now. A fellow can't smoke while he is training."

"What's the matter, old fel? You never said die in Banica." "See here, Hank, I've got to get this muscle as hard as a brick" (folding his left arm and feeling of the biceps). "and tobacco won't work. Charlie would kill me if I were to smoke that cigar. He's just made up his mind that I shall win, and he won't let me look at a cigar. He won't let the boys smoke in my room."

I asked an old trainer who had charge of one of the successful Madison Square Garden pedestrians, how much three cigars a day during the three months of training would affect his man.

"I am sure it would beat him," was the reply. A long experience has taught the fraternity of trainers that tobacco is an enemy to muscle, and a still greater enemy to nerve tone and endurance.

No devotee of the weed has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard, or any other college where statistics have been preserved, notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of college students are smokers.—Dio Lewis.

How to Eat a Watermelon.

To be properly enjoyed, the perfect watermelon should be pounced on in the patch just after sun-up. It should be carefully selected. In response to any eager thump there should be a dead and meaty sound, and the melon should weigh not less than twenty-five pounds. After it is pulled, it should be split from end to end with a short bladed pocket-knife, so that in tearing it open the glowing and juicy heart, bursting loose from its confinement, shall find a lodgment on one side only. At this point the knife is to be flung away. For a moment the eye should be allowed to feast itself on the vision thus suddenly brought to view, then the heart should be scooped out with the hand, and its nectareous meat thrust upon the hot and thirsty palate. There ought to be something savage in the enjoyment of a watermelon; it ought to be crushed and swallowed with avidity. The man who knows how to enjoy one will come away from the fray with the sweets in his beard, in his hair, and on his clothes.

A Doctor's Confession.

A young St. Louis doctor said to a reporter: "You frequently see funny expressions in print about doctors killing their patients. Well, the thing is often true. I, myself, acknowledge to having killed two patients. I killed them outright, and make no bones of confessing the fact. One man I killed by prescribing morphine at a time when his system was not strong enough to stand the dose. He left an estate, and there was some excitement about dividing the estate. His wife was charged with poisoning him. The remains were exhumed, and there was a great to-do about the matter, but I pulled through it all right. The other man was suffering from a prolonged proso, and I gave him chloral which killed him. It was an out-and-out murder, but the coroner held an inquest, and attributed his death to Jim Jama. The two people I know I killed, and, as I am yet young, and there are more poisonous agents than those I have so far experimented with, I expect to kill more people before I die."

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

The Hudson Bay Company have paid school taxes at Edmonton amounting to \$968.

Publisher's Department.

RUSH, WEEKLY, 24 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. \$1.00 for 6 months. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$1.50 per line; six months, \$2.00 per line; twelve months, \$3.00 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrears is made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

WHEN DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

WHEN COURTS have decided that all subscribers, newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

DIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 30 pages, issued about the 30th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 150 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—50 cents per single line; one month, \$1.83 per line; three months, \$5.15 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$12.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work. E. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Advertisers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations. E. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 23 & 25 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Specimens, Breeches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRAVEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the Laxo properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are festering around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

The Best Yet.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

Vests of white or fancy linen or duck are worn with satin and gingham dresses.

Mr. Perpetus Bollean, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas's Eclectic Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

Nun's veiling and canvas grenadine trimmed with crepe is worn for mourning.

An Invisible Foe.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Stalk like and stemmed flowers are the choice for summer hat decorations.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Chemisettes of colored crepe lisse, finished with cording and pearl beads, are worn with evening dresses.

A Bad Breakdown.

It's a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a feeble, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

Among the newest trimmings are jet beadings with India head drops. Jet is also mixed with colored gems.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A pretty finish for the neck of a black lace dress is a chemisette of deep yellow crepe lisse with corded edges.

Unknown.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

Pretty serge suits have jackets or vests made to match, and a feature of these is the pointed hood lined with satin.

Among the warmest advocates of the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Recovery and Dispeptic Cure are ladies formerly in delicate health, whose vigor and bodily regularity have been restored by it. Cases of debility of long standing, chronic biliousness, weakness of the back and kidneys, feminine ailments, and obstinate types of nervous indigestion, are overcome by it.

White canvas and serge are combined with black velvet for demi-toilettes.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strength, and that destroys the young and delicate. It who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

Joaquin Miller is in Arizona, and says he has shaken the dust of the East from his feet forever.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIR BROTHERS Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated Voltaire Bells and Electric Appliances on thirty days trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

Do Not be Alarmed

at the raising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the very earliest symptoms of consumption, and only shows the healthy efforts of the system to throw off the scrofulous impurities of the blood which have resulted in ulceration of the lungs. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for consumption at this stage. If taken faithfully, it will cleanse the blood, heal the ulcers in the lungs, and build up and renovate the whole system.

The man who for falsely claiming to be Sir Roger Tichborne has served a term of several years' imprisonment in England, has commenced to lecture in this country. His prospects for success are bad.

It was an old oriental doctrine that women have no souls. More enlightened philosophy concedes that they have purer, finer, more exalted souls than men. But they are too often contained in feeble, suffering bodies which hamper and retard their full development. For all those painful ailments incident to the sex, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best specific in the world, and is sold under a positive guarantee that it will do all that is claimed for it. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

The latest archaeological discovery of importance that has been reported is that Mr. Petrie, the Egyptian explorer, thinks he has found the site of Tahpauha, the city of Egypt mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Twenty-five years ago Rose Bell was one of the queens of opera bouffe and was petted, feted and lionized. The other day she died in London, poor, neglected and forgotten. She was fifty-two years old.

A Radical Change.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

Fourteen of the seventy-six United States Senators chew tobacco and fifty eight use it in one form or another, while of the 325 members of the House, only a few wholly abstain from the weed.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

"He flies to hills he knows not of." Henry Dixon Jones, late instructor of elocution at Harvard, intends making the stage his profession. He will appear only in Shakspearcan parts.

Brantford Cold Water Rice Starch, unexcelled for Fine Laundry Work.

Fred Douglas will visit Europe as soon as the District Marshalship is filled. His wife, who has never crossed the ocean, is very anxious to make the trip.

"KNOW THYSELF," by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle aged men.

George Ohnet, the noted French dramatist, who is only 33 years old, narrowly escaped destroying her own fortune. He was dissatisfied with "Le Maître de Forges" and threw it into the fire. Mme. Ohnet snatched it from the flames, and it was this play which made his reputation and his fortune.

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly run down my street the other day," said one gentleman. "No," replied his friend, "I got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured me in curing any kind of complaints."

If the New York Tribune is to be believed, royalty itself is sometimes gluttonous. It says that the late Takaji Raj Holkar Maharajah, of Indore, was physically a giant and was able to eat a wild boar at a single meal.

Mether Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Seed that Bore Fruit.

Before a plain country home in Ontario, a lad stood at sunset wondering whether he should enter. The house was an old-fashioned one, white, with green blinds. Two great fir-trees stood in front of it, and on each side of the walk were peonies, marigolds, and hundred-leaved roses. Finally he gained courage to knock at the door. A kind-faced woman opened it and bade him enter.

"I am looking for work," said the lad. "I want to do chores for my board and go to school."

"I don't know whether pa wants a boy, but I guess we can make a place for you," she said, as she looked towards the cradle, where slept her baby Willie.

When the farmer came home he had a talk with the stranger, saw that he had an honest face, and was not afraid to work, and therefore kept him.

He made himself useful everywhere; now he wiped the dishes, now he rocked Willie, and now he milked the cows, or weeded strawberry beds. Of course it made extra work to feed and cloth this school-boy, but the good mother liked Henry, the motherless lad, and above all felt that she was doing her duty.

The boy showed great aptitude for books, and began to give promise of success in the future. What would he choose to do—be a farmer? Asked the foster-mother. But the youth had other plans. He astonished her by telling her he would go to the neighboring city and study law. He would enter an office, and spend all the spare time he could get from work in learning.

She saw him take his little bundle of clothing, with some fears and many hopes gave him some parting advice, and then slipped away to the cradle that held a younger than Willie, and cried over Henry's departure.

The work was hard and constant in the office, and he seldom found time to come to the country home. The years passed on, and with them came admittance to the bar, then success in winning cases, then wise investments, and finally wealth and fame. He never married. He felt that he had one obligation above every other, namely, to help those who had helped him.

One day he came out to the country home to take Willie back with him, educate him, make him his partner, and finally to share the home of the young man and his pretty wife. Years after the family of William became my intimate friends. He and Henry are both millionaires, and are to-day one of the most noble firms in the country.

The house in the country, with its trees and old-fashioned roses, is as a restful place for the summer, the farmer's wife has gone to the ward, she lived long enough to show kindness to a stranger lad.

Have you ever seen a man who is so weak that he can hardly run down his street the other day? No? Well, I got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured me in curing any kind of complaints."

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John.

He is born, and as a baby, is the object of more attention, and causes more excitement, than at any other period of his life.

And he is a wonderful boy! Grandfather and grandmother say that he is the finest boy they ever saw.

The father is as proud as a peacock but he tries, oh, how awkwardly, to conceal it.

Of course, the baby must be named, "We'll call him John," says the mother.

"I have always liked the name—so strong and honest! Should he grow to be worthy of it, I shall have no cause for regret."

He grows, as only a healthy child can grow; the years glide past, and he is a boy at school—such a gay, careless, rollicking boy!

With the same ardor of old Father Adams—but certainly in a wider field—he finds a center for his boyish affections.

Alas, in his innocence, he is ignorant of the typical character, Joe Speck!

He passes the age of cynicism, and breaking his vows of eternal bachelorhood, falls a victim to the charms of another.

Five children call him father, and at the first and at each succeeding birth, he has acted quite as idiotically as his father had done.

We all grow old, and as I we all grow old, life is not all that he had pictured as he is fairly happy, and he bears up bravely.

He visits his little flock and he forgets not on the graves of his two children. He is an old man now, John, J. E., dear, loving John, is John and his wife.

He calls his presence with a smile, and child-like about his knees, and child-like about his knees, and child-like about his knees.

In the dining room—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Est as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Ask to be excused before the unless the reason is imperative.

When ladies leave the room, and if they are out.

Do not take anything from the table with your spoon or fork, and do not take anything from the table with your hand.

Faithful.

"I can remember but four times in my life," once said an English divine, "when I felt the joy of believing, or was certain that God had heard my prayers."

"What do you do then?" exclaimed his dismayed hearer.

"I go on praying," was the calm reply.

Of like spirit was the Italian, who, fighting under Garibaldi, was lamed in both legs, and henceforth could render only hospital service.

It is not granted to every man to feel the fire, the glad, the joy of effort, in the noble efforts of life.

But it is granted to every man to job in the noble effort to go on with the steady duty which God has set before him.

A homely story illustrates our meaning. A German newspaper tells us that when the Cathedral of Cologne was finished, a few years ago, which had been four centuries in building, a poor laborer watched the grand ceremonial of rejoicing with a radiant face.

"Yes, we have built a wonderful house," he said, with triumph.

"And what did you do?" asked a bystander.

"I wet the mortar for a year," was the reply.

Manners for Boys.

In the street—Hat lifted when saying "good-bye" or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk. Always precede a lady up stairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door—Hat off the moment you step into a house or private office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining room—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Est as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Ask to be excused before the unless the reason is imperative.

The Sailors Test.

The sailor is, as a rule, a simple hearted man. Most of his time is spent at sea, away from the dirt and corruption of the world.

"I often recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had got back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us and we were in danger of drifting.

"I thought I would be starbiled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom.

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Investigation shows that the limit of temperature at which men can work depends upon the length of their exposure, the amount of exertion they put forth, their condition, and nature of the atmosphere, particularly as to its degrees of moisture.

It is stated that men have been employed on railways at 104 degrees; in mines, under very favorable conditions at 125 degrees, and are said to work occasionally in the stove hole of tropical steamers at 150 degrees.

It is also considered certain that men cannot become accustomed to stand for any considerable time a higher temperature than from 145 degrees to 165 degrees even when they keep perfectly still and are in quite pure air.

Must Have Change.

Miss Carrie: Papa, I want fifty dollars, in small bills.

Papa: Preposterous, my child, what can you want of fifty dollars?

Miss Carrie: The doctor said that I must have it, and I want it.

Papa: The doctor said you must have that amount in small bills?

Miss Carrie: He didn't say how much but he said that I must have change.

Two hunters from Minnesota, who spent the winter on the Athabasca River, caught and killed 100 beaver, 19 moose, and other animals, and then lost all their guns by a spring freshet.

WHY THEY MARRIED.

A Whole Community Deal Seriously with A Momentous Question.

A New York paper sent out postal cards to the married men of a small town in Western New York, with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?"

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out."

"Because I was too lazy to work. I. V."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. O."

"The old man thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough. B."

"I was lonesome and melancholy, and wanted some one to make me lively. N. B. She makes me very lively. D."

"I was tired of buying locusts and candles, and going to theatres and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money. J. C."

"Please don't stir me up. J."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one. R."

"I thought I was because I was cross-eyed; now I am afflicted with two pairs of cross-eyes daily. Peter."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now. G."

"The governor was going to give me his look, so I took his daughter's hand. H."

"I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit. A. C."

"That's the same fool question that my friends and neighbors ask me. C. H."

"Because I had more money than I know what to do with. New I have more to do than I have money with. B. D."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite. A."

"Don't mention it. F."

"Had difficulty unlocking the door at night, and wanted somebody to let me in. Bob."

"I was embarrassed and gave my wife the benefit of my name so that I could take the benefit of her name signed to a cheque. Seneca."

"Because it is just my luck. P. J."

"I didn't intend to go to do it. S."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time. Karl."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at. Old Man."

"I married to get the best wife in the world. Simon."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she's got me. Blevins."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Disparage a depreciate no one; an insect has feeling, and an atom a shadow.—[Fuller.]

It is certain that either wise bearing of ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let them take heed of their company.—[Shakespeare.]

Employment, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly a considered the mother of misery.—[Burton.]

Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us, viz., avarice, ambition, envy, anger, pride. If those enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—[Pintarch.]

Of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—[Burton.]

Everyone must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneasy, and strangers merry, by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they do not really feel.—[Graves.]

Not to return one good office for another is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There is nothing more dangerous than to oblige these people, for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way.—[Seneca.]



THE DYING SCOT ABROAD.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

"Ah, me! ah, me!
An' man I dee,
Sao far frae kith an' kin;
Hew freed I'd be,
If I pured tae see,
The lan' my heart hides in.

"I've wannert far,
In peace an' war,
An' fought for Sootlan's Quean;
Yet here I dee
Sao far frae thee,—
Saut tears fill up my e'en.

"Dear freens an' kind,
Please bear in mind,
And send this message hame:
My mither dear
Wad like tae hear,
I trust in Jesus' name."

'Mid friends' sad sighs
He closed his eyes,
And passed from earth to heaven;
Yet e'en in death,
With latest breath,
His thoughts to "HOME" were given.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

What has become of the dairy? Some time ago what ever was particularly beautiful, excellent, or able was termed a "dairy," and if of extraordinary superiority it was called dairy with a large golden or "re. Now it seems to have faded and gone. Why, oh, why?

An angry Texas steer ran through the streets of St. Louis the other evening, tossed a score of persons, and was killed only after 250 pistol shots had been fired at him. He was hit so often that his hide looked like a sieve, and it was suggested that the carcass be sent to a junkshop.

A small boy stopped a railroad train near Westley, Conn., by frantically waving his hands, and told the engineer there was a drunken man on the track. The fellow was roused and got off, but he swore like a pirate at being awakened, and threatened to thrash the t'y who had saved his life.

Forty years ago Josiah McCoy left his home in Portsmouth, and his parents never heard of him again. Twenty-five years later his brother Frank settled in Savannah. The other day the brothers who are now 60 and 67 years old, met for the first time in forty years. The runaway Josiah has become a flourishing orange grower in Florida.

A young man of Elmport who is very much in love with a young woman of that place, insisted upon "seeing her home from oburoh" the other night. She objected. He insisted. She slapped his face. He followed her and entered the house. She got a whip and drove him out. He lingered on the piazza. She drove him off. He says he will have that girl yet.

Lightning struck a house in Voluntown, Conn., the other night, and after ripping up things generally, the current divided into two. One went to a house near by, killing a goat on the way? struck a girl, burned her stockings and shoes off, and blistered and partially paralyzed her leg. The other current went off at right angles from the first, damaged a pig pen, and knocked down a horse in an adjacent barn.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, any thing they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending for the articles called for.

Will send 30 cents worth of books or magazines in first class condition for every 8 cent registered stamp, unused, sent me; or 10 cents worth for each used one. Will also send a 10 cent magazine to any person who will send me the address of a postmaster who has any 3 cent registered stamp. A fountain penholder for a Scott's standard stamp catalogue, forty-third edition. A fancy rubber initial stamp 8, price 40 cents, with ink and pad for a Lord combination penholder. Also 15 cents worth of Spalding's papers for a U. S. 3 cent piece. Joseph Sampson, Jr., Shanty Bay, Ontario.

A package of Florida moss, a live alligator, 15 specimens of Florida wood, and 4 alligator teeth, for the best offer of a steam engine with stationary cylinder, or a steam-yacht not less than 18 inches long. E. G. Eldwell, Orlando, Orange Co., Fla.

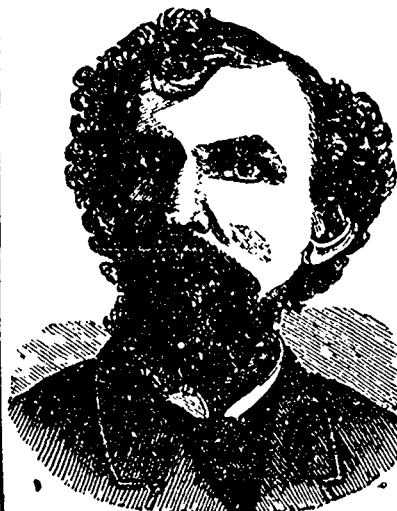
Foreign stamps (including South and Central America) and foreign and domestic postmarks, for minerals and fossils. Edmund D. Titus, Box 3784, New York City.

A good violin and bow with box, 100 postmarks (some rare), 3 railroad maps, 25 picture cards, etc., for a good cent. Frederick M. Holm, 123 Livingston St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

There is nothing stronger than a mother's love for her first-born baby unless it be the small of the entens which a young girl eats when she isn't expecting company. And there is nothing so difficult to hide.

Stuart Robson, the comedian, who was brought up as a Methodist "of the strictest sect," is writing a book which will be published in the autumn. It is entitled "Orimes of the Clergy," and will have an introduction written by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

THE MEDICAL & SURGICAL ASSOCIATION



OF CANADA, TORONTO.

S. Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director

Dr. McCully this week wishes to call the attention of the readers of TRUTH to the work of the Association of which he is the head.

There is no chronic disease that is curable that we are not now in a position to successfully treat in both male and female. To-day we have the best equipped laboratory in Toronto, and as we now remove from two to four tumors per week we are up to our work, besides having the courage of our opinions and the means to carry that courage into effect with the best possible results. We are constantly curing cases where the ordinary doctor fails. Only this week we have again been roundly abused for special work in the removal of a 3 1/2 pound tumor that the family physician had not the courage to touch. Our work is chronic disease, and we have no objection to call on patients in the evenings who are unable to come to us, but in no case can we do so before 8 p.m. Our hours are in the office from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. After those hours Dr. McCully will personally call on any case of chronic disease in the city or suburbs for the regular visiting fees of the profession. In the office our opinions are free.

Remember we cure all chronic diseases, all diseases of women, diseases caused by vicious habits, diseases of the chest, nose and throat. Dyspepsia; diseases of the joints, diseases of the skin, diseases of the blood, hereditary or acquired.

Consultation free. Call on or address

Dr. McCully,

283 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.



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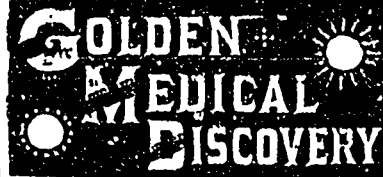
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A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

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Sid Murray, a 12-year-old Floridian, living near Fort Thompson, the other day shot a fine specimen of the America puma. He was nearly seven feet long, or about twice as long as little Sid.



CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great EATING Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing "Tetter, Itch Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

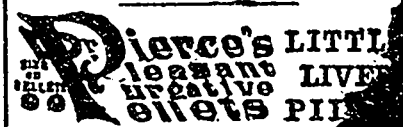
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, intermit heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

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PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

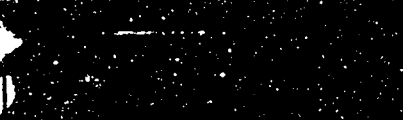
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Treatise on Compound Oxygen, treated and sent to E. W. D. KING 53 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Sid Murray, a 12-year-old Floridian, living near Fort Thompson, the other day shot a fine specimen of the America puma. He was nearly seven feet long, or about twice as long as little Sid.

Amusements.

Damon and Pythias at the Grand last week enjoyed a successful run.

Bartley Campbell is rapidly growing worse. He no longer recognises his intimate friends. The end is not far off.

Mrs. Langtry is negotiating for a site for a theater for herself in Shaftesbury avenue, a new and popular London thoroughfare.

Rhea is to make a "farewell tour" of America in the fall. This is as it should be, as she didn't fare well on her recent tour.

Mrs. Langtry is going to convert her lawn at Meadow Bank, Twickenham, into a circus ring, where her trained horses will perform.

Rhea is a stage name, but it is the only one the actress uses except when legal contracts force her to sign herself Hesterance Levst.

An English actor being one evening in the front of the house, and seeing a gentleman putting on his coat preparatory to leaving, exclaimed: "I beg pardon, sir, but there is still another act." "Which is precisely the reason," replied the other, "why I'm going."

"I'll engage you," said the theatre manager to the actor in search of a job, "but times are hard just now and I can't give you any Patti prices. How would \$1000 a week suit you?" "No, only," said the actor, "that won't do at all. That isn't enough. Say, see here! Supposing you give me \$10 a week and pay it."

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the World, of London, says, is hard at work composing his Leeds oratorio. It is for this that he has laid aside the opera that he began writing for the winter season at the Savoy. With regard to the title, "The Khedive," announced here and there, the book itself is not at all finished, the music is only half written, no title whatever is as yet given to the piece, and there is nothing Egyptian in it.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.—Everybody who goes to New York city by rail, and who wants the best and most handy hotel to stop at, should try the Grand Union. It is located on Park Avenue just opposite the Grand Central depot, and all one has to do is to step across the street, leave his baggage checks on the office counter, and in ten minutes his trunks are in his room, free of expense, and without trouble or annoyance. When he gets there he will find the very best of beds, the cleanest of linen, the most courteous attention, and as good a table as can be found at any hotel in the country—and by this we mean as good as the Windsor in New York, the Continental in Philadelphia, or Young's in Boston, and prices a third lower than either. Baggage returned to the station free of charge, special attention is given to ladies who visit New York without escort. The third Avenue elevated road has a station opposite the corner of the house and the horse-car to the door. The manager is Mr. W. D. ... who spares no pains to make satisfied with his accommodations. Give this commendation of ...

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Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until MONDAY, 2nd August next, for Coal supply, for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings. Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after the 5th instant. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBRIEL, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 6th July, 1894.



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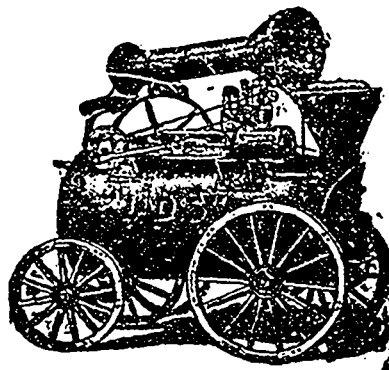
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18	Cataract, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
19	Whooping Cough, Violent Cough	.25
20	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.25
21	Kidney Disease	.25
22	Nervous Debility	.25
23	Urinary Weakness, Straining Effort	.25
24	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	.25

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Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HALL'S & CO. 100 BAY ST. E. T.

LADIES! GET THE BEST, "Fear Moore's New Ladies System of Corsets." Drafts direct, no paper or pattern required; also his new book on Dressmaking, Mantle Making, etc. Agents Wanted.

J. S. A. CARTER, Practical Dressmaker, Milliner, etc., 572 Yonge St., cor. Walken St., Toronto.

A. MERCIER, CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

151 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall.

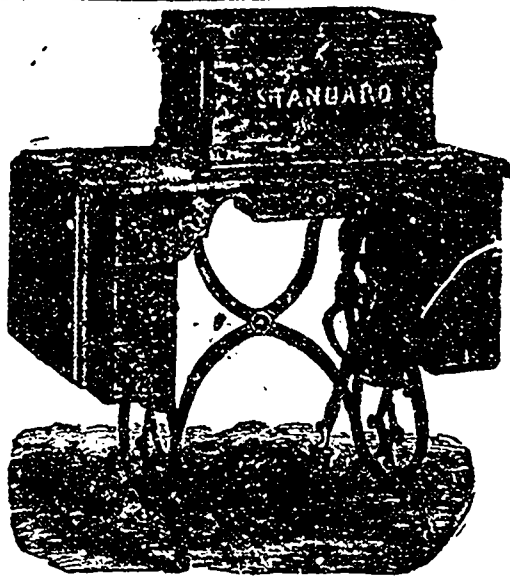
Order left at Residence (220 Robert St., near Floor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

"MAGIC SCALE."

\$10 REWARD will be paid to any one supplying information that will convict any person of using an imitation of the "Magic Scale" for dressmaking. Fraud detected by means of autograph, "WALKER, C. ROOD," Inventor.

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THE "STANDARD CYLINDER SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINE



Ontario Sewing Machine Co'y, HAMILTON, ONT.

HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

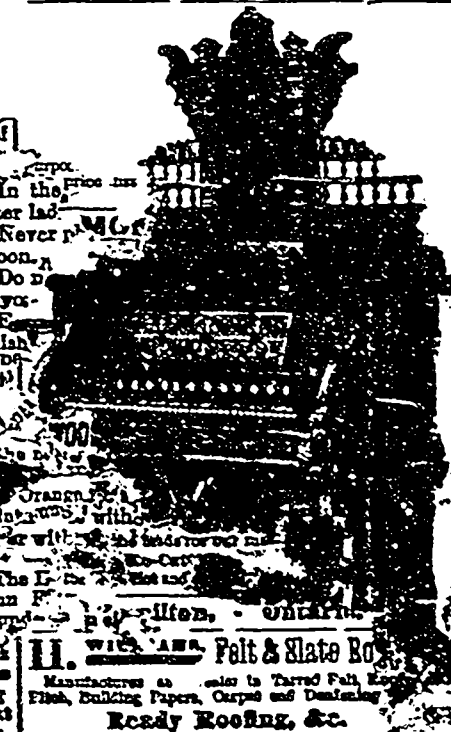
THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Throat it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,

73 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.) LONDON, And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. All Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 73 New Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.



THE Thomas Organs.

Renowned by the Profession to be

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New Designs for 1888!!

We give the strongest guarantee of any Organ manufacturers in Canada. Fifty different styles to choose from. Catalogue Free.

Woodstock, Ont., Canada.

BIG DRIVES!

BETTER CLASS GOODS!

The stock of low-priced Carpets having run very low down, we have decided to offer better class goods at greatly reduced prices during the next two months.

Housekeepers and intending purchasers will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity of buying high class Wilton, Brussels, Axminster, Aubusson, and Tapestry Carpets at about twenty to thirty per cent.

Below Regular Prices!

PETLEY & PETLEY

128 to 132 King-st. E., Toronto.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

DRAW FILL, Feb'y 27, 1888.

DR. THOS. W. SPARROW, 153 Carlton Street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—My daughter Laura had been a great sufferer for over three years with St. Vitus's Dance. After trying various treatments, without obtaining any relief, but gradually growing worse, I was advised to give you a trial, for which I am very thankful. After a few months' treatment she not only began to recover and is now enjoying the best of health. Yours respectfully MRS. G. GAINOR.



LADIES! A HIGH PRICE PAID For Black Out Hair. You have nice Wavy, SLEET, DRAK, or BROWN tresses, send it to me parcelled, I will then send you word what I can pay, and if satisfactory I will send you the money, and if not you may keep the hair. I have a large stock of Waves, Bangs, Switches, etc., also Ladies' & Gent's Wig, Bonnets, etc., in stock. All goods sent can be returned on receipt of price. To any address. Address: A. DORVILLE, 128 & 132 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

A 300 Mile Express Ticket on Any Railway to Toronto for Nothing.



Rupture

Large Reducible Scrotal Hernia.

I will pay the price of a return ticket to any man who comes to Toronto whose rupture I cannot hold with my new Truss without a radical or her stroke. This offer applies to those hopeless cases who have tried all manner of trusses without success. The above truss must be fitted by or personally parties living at a distance must make appointments, by so doing they will be enabled to go home the same day. Correctness is invited. Send no stamp for book on Trusses and the Human Truss. Address,

CHAS. CHILDS,

Surgical Machine, 115 King-st. West, Toronto.

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IS THE BEST WASHING MACHINE ON EARTH.

No House is Complete Without the Eagle STEAM WASHER.

FRANKS & Co. - Dear Sir, - The machine I got of you last July has given every satisfaction. I do all that you alleged that it would. The amount of clothes for the washing of which we equal to \$1 can be done easily by my daughter, whereas the washerman took from 8 am. to 8 p.m. to do the same.

With the machine, my daughter commences her Avenue at 7 o'clock in the morning, and is on the same corner of the house and the location of the door. The manager procured a washer who spares no pains, will be satisfied with his work, and give this commendation of the machine: "It is the best I ever saw, and it is worth the price."

It is the best I ever saw, and it is worth the price. In the morning, after having washed, I never had a spoonful of soap in my house. Do not let your children have a chance to wash. It will save you a great deal of trouble and expense. It is the best I ever saw, and it is worth the price.

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