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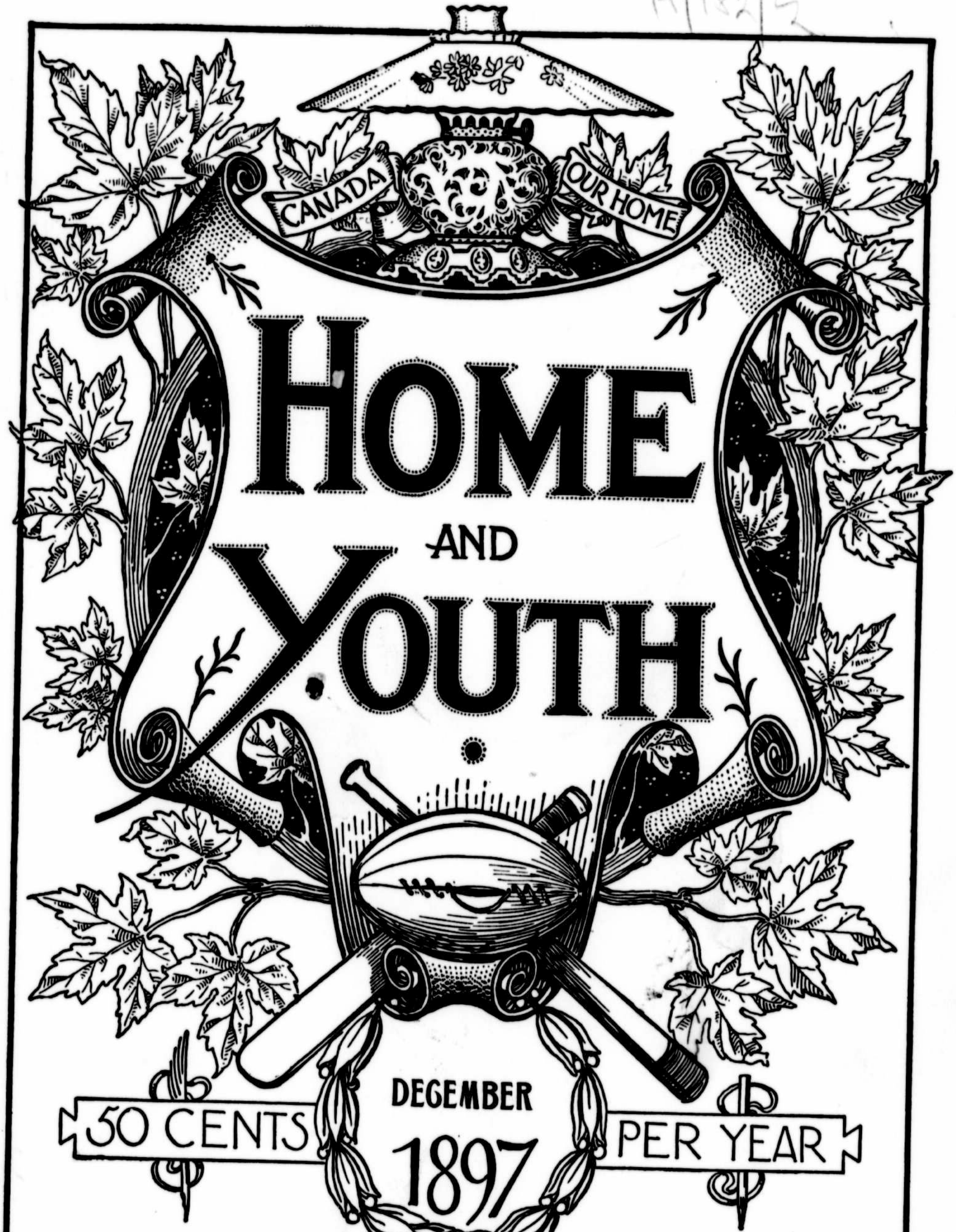
CANADA
OUR HOME

HOME AND YOUTH

DECEMBER
1897

50 CENTS PER YEAR

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.
MONTREAL, QUE.

A Chance to Make Money

The publishers of HOME AND YOUTH have liberal inducements to offer to persons, young or old, of both sexes, who will assist them in their purpose to add at least five thousand new names to the subscribers' list of this magazine during 1898. You can do the work in your own neighborhood. Write for full particulars.

THE HOME AND YOUTH
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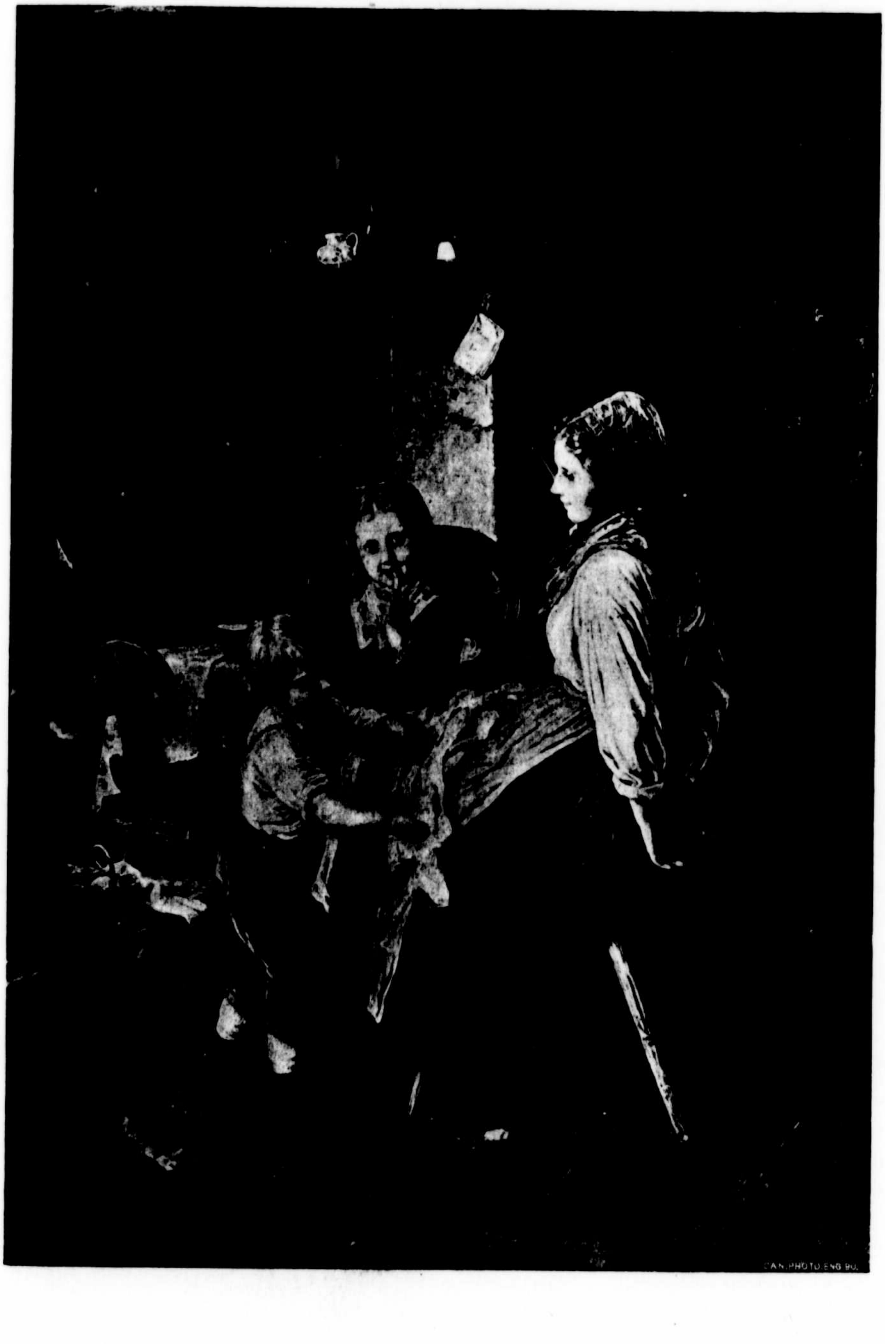

CAN. PHOTO. ENG. BU.

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING.

By Rev. H. Hastings Weld.

There is a monarch, wierd and old,
Whose magic touch all men must feel;
None but he may his sceptre hold,
None but he may set his seal:
Over every land and clime
Swayeth the sceptre of Old King Time.

There is a monarch, young and fair,
Jocund and merry, and blithe to see;
None, with him, may in youth compare,
Strong with the strongest, who but he?
Over every land and clime
Swayeth the sceptre of Young King Time.

Up to the gate of the closing year
Creepeth the monarch, gray and old;
Out, in an instant, with hearty cheer,
Cometh the monarch, young and bold:
And the bells from a thousand steeples ring,
The kind is dead—Long live the king!

This monarch a double budget bears:
Half is filled with reverend lore,
The tale of the ancient fears and cares,
The map of the road he has travell'd o'er.
To men of every land and clime
Shows he his record, Old King Time.

The other half of his double pack
Is filled with youth, and love, and hope,
That the wise man never trust may lack,
With all the ills of life to cope.
To men of every land and clime
Giveth he courage, Young King Time.

In the lore of the old let us wisdom choose,
In the life of the new let our nerves be strung,
That we may the double blessings use
Of this weird monarch, old and young:
While the bells from a thousand steeples ring,
The king is dead—Long live the king!

HOME AND YOUTH

VOL. VI. DECEMBER, 1897 NO. 5.

CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP.

This magazine has been purchased from its present proprietor by Mr. T. Busby, of Montreal, a gentleman of long and practical experience, who will undoubtedly not only maintain HOME AND YOUTH at the standard which it has heretofore aimed to reach, but will make such improvements as his experience may suggest and increased patronage justify. We are assured by Mr. Busby that neither pains nor expense will be spared to make this magazine an ever welcome visitor to the hearths and homes of Canada. Mr. Busby, we may add, has been fortunate in securing the services of a staff of very talented writers, who will be regular contributors to the pages of HOME AND YOUTH. The publication of the magazine will be continued under the same name as at present. The office of publication will, however, be removed from Toronto to Montreal. All communications should in future be directed to the Home and Youth Publishing Co., at the above last-mentioned address.

The journey round the world may now be performed, if coincidence of train and steamer fit, within sixty days.

THE HERON.

"The Heron," observes Mudie, in his very interesting account of this curious bird, "measures about forty inches in length, and sixty-four in breadth; and yet, with all this vast spread, it does not weigh above three pounds. The fact is, it is all legs, wings, neck, and bill; and this gives it, when seen from a distance, a very formidable appearance. In its way, it is a formidable bird; and though shy and retiring in its nature, and not disposed to attack anything but its finny prey, its structure is admirably suited to its modes of life. Its legs are of great length and strength. The scaly covering of the legs, and the nature of the cuticle on the naked parts and between the plates, enable it to bear the water for a great length of time without injury. Its toes are long, with claws well adapted for clutching, and one toe is toothed, so that eels and other slippery prey many not wriggle out of its clutches. The muscular power of its long neck is wonderful, and by it the point of the bill can be jerked to the distance of three feet in an instant. No bird indeed can, with its feet at rest, "strike out" so far or so instantaneously as the heron; and the articulations of the neck are a sort of universal joint, for it can, with the same ease, and in the same brief space, jerk out the head in any direction or in any position; nay, the bill can act, and that powerfully, when the neck is twisted backwards and the head under the wing. The bill, too, is formidable; the points pierce like spears, and towards the extremity there are sharp and strong barbs, turned backwards; so that when once it strikes, it never quits that which it can lift, and it makes a terribly lacerated wound in that which it cannot. The bill is about six inches long, and the gape still longer, as it extends backward as far as the eyes. The gullet and craw are exceedingly elastic, so that it can swallow large fish, and a number of them. Seventeen carp have been found at once in the maw of a heron. The neck of the heron is indeed one of the most singular pieces of animal mechanism, and proves how nicely the maximum of activity and strength can be combined in the smallest possible quantity of materials. The wings are almost admirably fitted for enabling it to float itself with its weighty prey, or to lean upon the air in its long and elevated flights. They are concave on their under sides, and thus act like parachutes. This formation of the wings also enables it to alight in such a way as not to disturb the water, or in any manner alarm its prey. By exerting the parachute power, it not only prevents the accelerated motion in descent, which makes the stoop of the eagle so terrible, but it gradually softens the motion, and alights so gently as not to occasion a rustle in the grass, or a ripple in the water.

"This structure of the wings is of great use to the heron in one of its modes of feeding. It usual mode is to wade and wait for the prey; but it sometimes fishes on the wing. It seldom does that, however, except in shallow water, the depth of which does not exceed the length of its neck or legs; and its vision must be very acute to enable it at once to see the fish and estimate the depth of the water. It comes to the surface with a gradually diminished motion; and then, suspended by the hollow wings, whose action does not in the least ruffle the surface, it plunges its bill, transfixing the fish to the bottom, and after perhaps a minute spent in making its hold sure, rises with a fish struggling in its bill. The prey is sometimes borne to the land, and there swallowed, and sometimes it is swallowed in the air. Eels are generally carried to the land, because their coiling and wriggling do not permit of their being easily swallowed when the bird is on the wing; but other fishes, especially when small, are swallowed almost instantly, and the fishing as speedily resumed. We once had an opportunity of seeing four or five small trout caught in this way in about as many minutes; and we know not how long the fishing might have been continued, as the bird did not appear to be in the least exhausted; but a gos-hawk came in sight, and at her appearance the heron escaped, screaming, to the upper regions of the sky.

That, however, is not the usual mode of fishing. Wading is the general method, and in it the hooked and serrated toes are often used in aid of the bill. Small streams and ponds are its most favorite places, and the success, especially in the latter, is often very great. Nor is the actual catching the only injury that the heron does to fish-ponds, for it lacerates a great many that it does not secure, and often in so severe a manner that they will hardly recover, though fish suffer far less, either in pain or injury, from wounds, than land animals. The heron does not much frequent the larger and deeper lakes, and seldom, perhaps never, fishes in water deeper than the length of its neck and legs. Its time of fishing is the dusk of morning or evening, cloudy days, and moonlight nights. We remember seeing only one instance of a heron fishing when the sun was bright ; that was in a rivulet, on the hills of Perthshire, the banks of which, at some places, nearly closed over the water ; and the heron appeared, like a skilful angler, to take the side opposite the sun."

REMARKABLE RESULTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

The effects of the great earthquake of 1783 in Calabria, upon the nerves of many individuals, were remarkable. Some remained for a long period in a state of helpless debility, and trembled at every trifling occurrence. Others appeared as if paralyzed for a considerable time ; while some declined rapidly in health and strength, from inability to digest their food ; and others lost all powers of recollection for a considerable period. Some remarkable and well-attested instances of the long endurance of brute and human life without sustenance, are deserving of record. Two pigs, which had been buried thirty-two days under the ruins, were heard to grunt, by the laborers removing the rubbish. They were extricated in feeble and emaciated condition, and for some time refused the food offered them, but drank water with insatiable eagerness, and rapidly recovered. At Polisthena, a cat was buried forty days under the rubbish, and taken out in a wretched condition. She exhibited insatiable thirst, but soon recovered. In the same place an aged woman was found under the ruins of her dwelling seven days after the earthquake. When discovered she was insensible and apparently dead, but she gradually revived, and complained of no evil but thirst. She continued long in a state of weakness and stupor, and was unable to take more than very small portions of food, but eventually regained her wonted health and spirits. She stated, that very soon after the house fell, she experienced a torturing thirst, but that she soon lost all consciousness, and remained insensible until her release. In Oppido, a girl of fifteen, named Alioisa Basili, remained eleven days under the ruins without nourishment, and for the last six days in close contact with a dead body. She had the charge of an infant boy, and, when the house was falling, caught the child in her arms. He suffered greatly from incessant thirst, and expired on the fifth day. Until this period the senses of the poor girl had not failed her, but now she sunk under the combined tortures of hunger and thirst. Near Oppido, the prince, with his family and many guests, was seated at table ; when the heaving earth began to rock the house, one of the company started from his chair, and perceiving an aperture in the wall, sprang through it and escaped, with only the loss of a shoe. All the others perished.

An active and faithful memory doubles life ; for it brings a man again upon the stage with all those who have made their exits.

DOUR DAVIE'S DRIVE*

❧

PINNAGER was on snow-shoes, making a bee-line toward his field of saw-logs dark on the ice of Wolverine River. He crossed shanty roads, trod heaps of brush, forced his way through the tops of felled pines, jumped from little crags into seven feet of snow—Pinnager's men called him "a terror on snow-shoes." They never knew the direction from which he might come—an ignorance which kept them all busy with axe, saw, cant-hook, and horses over the two square miles of forest comprising his "cut."

It was "make or break" with Pinnager. He had contracted to put on the ice all the logs he might make; for every one left in the woods he must pay stumpage and forfeit. Now his axe-men had done such wonders that Pinnager's difficulty was to get his logs hauled out.

Teams were scarce that winter. The shanty was eighty miles from any settlement; ordinary teamsters were not eager to work for a small speculative jobber, who might or might not be able to pay in the spring. But Pinnager had some extraordinary teamsters, sons of farmers who neighbored him at home, and who were sure he would pay them, though he should have to mortgage his land.

The time was late February; seven feet of snow, crusted, on the level; a thaw might turn the whole forest floor to slush; but if the weather should "hold hard" for six weeks longer, Pinnager might make and not break. Yet the chances were heavily against him.

Any jobber so situated would feel vexed on hearing that one of his best teams had suddenly been taken out of his service. Pinnager, crossing a shanty road with the stride of a moose, was hailed by Jamie Stuart with the news:

"Hey, boss, hold on! Davie McAndrews' leg's broke. His load slewed at the hill—log catched him against a tree."

"Where is he?" shouted Pinnager furiously.

"Carried him to shanty."

"Where are his horses?"

"Stable."

"Tell Aleck Dunbar to go get them out. He must take Davie's place—confound the lad's carelessness!"

"Davie says no; won't let any other man drive his horses."

"He won't. I'll show him!" and Pinnager made a bee-line for his shanty. He was choking with rage, all the more so because he knew nothing short of breaking Davie McAndrews' neck would break Davie McAndrews' stubbornness, a reflection that cooled Pinnager before he reached the shanty.

The cook was busy about the caboose fire, getting supper for fifty-three devourers, when Pinnager entered the low door, and made straight for one of the double tier of dingy bunks. There lay a youth of eighteen, with an unusual pallor on his weather-beaten face, and more than the usual sternness about his formidable jaw.

"What's ail this, Davie? You sure the leg's broke? I'd 'a thought you old enough to take care."

"You would?" said Davie grimly. "And yourself not old enough to have yon piece of road mended—you that was so often told about it!"

"When you knew it was so bad, the more you should take care."

"And that's true, Pinnager. But no use in you and me choppin' words. I'm needing a doctor's hands on me. Can you set a bone?"

"No, I'll not meddle with it. Maybe Jack Scott can; but I'll send you out home. A fine loss I'll be at. Confound it—and me like to break for want of teams!"

"I've thocht o' yer case, Pinnager," said Davie, with a curious judicial air. "It's sore hard for ye; I ken that well. There's me and me feyther's horses gawn off, and you countin' on us. I feel for ye, so I do. But I'll no put you to ony loss in sendin' me out."

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"Was you thinking to tough it through here, Davie? No, you'll not chance it. Anyway, the loss would be the same—more, too. Why, if I send out for the doctor, there's a team off for full five days, and the expense of the doctor! Then he mightn't come. Wow, no! it's out you must go."

"What else?" said Davie coolly. "Would I lie here till spring and my leg mendin' into the Lord kens what like shape? Would I be lettin' ony ither drive the horses my feyther entrustit to my lone? Would I be dependin' on Mr. Pinnager for keep, and me idle? Man, I'd eat the horses' heads off that way; at home they'd be profit to my feyther. So it's me and them that starts at gray the morn's morn."

"Alone!" exclaimed Pinnager.

"Just that, man. What for no?"

"You're light-headed, Davie. A lad with his leg broke can't drive three days."

"Maybe yes and maybe no. I'm for it, onyhow."

"It may snow, it may———"

"Aye, or rain, or thaw, or hail; the Lord's no in the habit o' makin' the weather suit ony but himsel'. But I'm gawn; the cost of a man wi' me would eat the wages ye're owing to my feyther."

"I'll lose his team, anyhow," said Pinnager, "and me needing it bad. A driver with you could bring back the horses."

"Nay, my feyther will trust his beasts to nane but himsel' or his sons. But I'll have yer case in mind, Pinnager; it's a sore necessity you're in. I'll ask my feyther to send back the team, and another to the tail of it; it's like that Tam and Neil will be home by now. And I'll spread word how ye're needin' teams, Pinnager; it's like your neighbors will send ye in sax or eight spans."

"Man, that's a grand notion, Davie! But you can't go alone; it's clean impossible."

"I'm gawn, Pinnager."

"You can't turn out in seven feet of snow when you meet loading. You can't water or feed your horses. There's forty miles the second day, and never a stopping-place; your horses can't stand it."

"I'm wae for the beasts, Pinnager; but they'll have no force but to travel dry and hungry if that's set for them."

"You're bound to go?"

"Div you tak' me for an idjit to be talkin' and no meanin' it? Off wi' ye, man! The leg's no exactly a comfort when I'm talkin'."

"Why, Davie, it must be hurting you terrible!" Pinnager had almost forgotten the broken leg, such was Davie's composure.

"It's no exactly a comfort, I said. Get you gone, Pinnager; your men may be idlin'. Get you gone, and send in Jack Scott, if he's man enough to handle my leg. I'm wearyin' just now for my ain company."

As Davie had made his programme, so it stood. His will was inflexible to protests. Next morning at dawn they set him on a hay-bed in his low, unboxed sleigh. A bag of oats supported his back; his unhurt leg was braced against a piece of plank spiked down. Jack Scott had pulled the broken bones into what he thought their place, and tied that leg up in splints of cedar.

The sleigh was enclosed by stakes, four on each side, all tied together by stout rope. The stake at Davie's right hand was shortened, that he might hang his reins there. His water-bucket was tied to another stake, and his bag of provisions to a third. He was warm in a coon-skin coat, and four pairs of blankets under or over him.

At the last moment Pinnager protested: "I must send a man to drive. It shan't cost you a cent, Davie."

"Thank you, kindly, Pinnager," said Davie, gravely, "I'll tell that to your credit at the settlement. But ye're needin' all your help, and I'd take shame to worsen your chances. My feyther's horses need no drivin' but my word."

Indeed, they would "gee," "haw," or "whoa" like oxen, and loved his voice. Round-barrelled, deeply-breathed, hardy, sure-footed, active, gentle, enduring, brave, and used to the exigencies of "bush roads," they would take him through safely if horses' wit could.

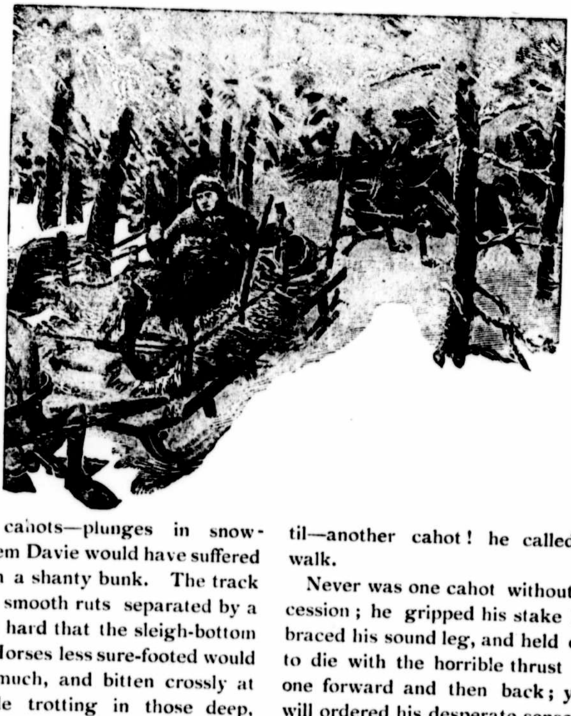
Davie had uttered never a groan after those involuntary ones forced from him when the log, driving his leg against a tree, had made him almost unconscious. But the pain-sweat stood beaded on his face during the torture of carrying him to the sleigh. Not a sound from his lips, though! They could guess his sufferings from naught but his hard breathing through the nose, that horrible sweat, and the iron set of his jaw. After they had placed him, the duller agony that had kept him awake returned; he smiled grimly, and said, "That's a comfort."

He had eaten and drunk heartily; he seemed strong still; but what if his sleigh should turn over at some sidling place of the rude, lonely, and hilly forest road?

As Davie chirruped to his horses and was off, the men gave him a cheer; then Pinnager and all went away to labor fit for mighty men, and the swinging of axes and the crashing of huge pines and the tumbling of logs from rollways left them fancy-free to wonder how Davie could ever brace himself to save his broken leg at the cahots.

dreamily in the long, smooth flights between cahots.

Overhead the pine tops were a dark canopy with little fields of clear blue seen through the rifts of green; on the forest floor small firs bent under rounding weights of snow which often slid off as if moved by the stir of partridge wings; the fine tracery of hemlocks stood clean; and birches smuggled in snow that mingled with their curling rags. Sometimes a breeze eddied downward in the aisles, and then all the undergrowth was a silent commotion of snow, shaken and falling. Davie's eyes noted all things unconsciously; in spite of his pain he felt the enchantment of the winter woods until—another cahot! he called his team to walk.



The terrible cahots—plunges in snow-roads! But for them Davie would have suffered little more than in a shanty bunk. The track was mostly two smooth ruts separated by a ridge so high and hard that the sleigh-bottom often slid on it. Horses less sure-footed would have staggered much, and bitten crossly at one another while trotting in those deep, narrow ruts, but Davie's horses kept their "jog" amiably, tossing their heads with glee to be travelling towards home.

The clink of trace-chains, the clack of harness, the glide of runners on the hard, dry snow, the snorting of the frosty-nosed team, the long whirring of startled grouse—Davie only heard these sounds, and heard them dreamily in the long, smooth flights between cahots.

Never was one cahot without many in succession; he gripped his stake hard at each, braced his sound leg, and held on, feeling like to die with the horrible thrust of the broken one forward and then back; yet always his will ordered his desperate senses.

Eleven o'clock! Davie drew up before the half-breed Peter Whiteduck's midwood stopping-place, and briefly explained his situation.

"Give my horses a feed," he went on. "There's oats in this bag. I'll no be moved mysel'. Maybe you'll fetch me a tin of tea; I've got my own provisions." So he ate and drank in the zero weather.

"You'll took lil' drink of whiskey," said Peter, with commiseration, as Davie was starting away.

"I don't use it."

"You'll got for need some 'fore you'll see de Widow Green place. Dass twenty-tree mile."

"I will need it then," said Davie, and was away.

Evening had closed in when the bunch of teamsters awaiting supper at Widow Green's rude inn heard sleigh-bells, and soon a shout outside:

"Come out, some one!"

That was an insolence in the teamsters' code. Come out, indeed! The Widow Green, bustling about with fried pork, felt outraged. To be called out!—of her own house!—like a dog!—not she!

"Come out here, somebody!" Davie shouted again.

"G' out and break his head one of you," said fighting Moses Frost. "To be shoutin' like a lord!" Moses was too great a personage to go out and wreak vengeance on an unknown.

Narcisse Larocque went—to thrash anybody would be glory for Narcisse, and he felt sure that Moses would not, in these circumstances, let anybody thrash him.

"What for you shout lak' dat? Call mans hout, hey?" said Narcisse. I'll got good mind for broke your head, me!"

"Hi, there, men!" Davie ignored Narcisse as he saw figures through the open door. "Some white man come out. My leg's broke."

Oh, then the up-jumping of big men! Moses, striding forth, ruthlessly shoved Narcisse, who lay and cowered with legs up as a dog trying to placate an angry master. Then Moses carried Davie in as gently as if the young stalwart had been a girl baby, and laid him on the widow's one spare bed.

That night Davie slept soundly for four hours, and woke to consciousness that his leg was greatly swollen. He made no moan, but lay in the darkness listening to the heavy breathing of the teamsters on the floor. They could do nothing for him; why should he awaken them? As for pitying himself, Davie could do nothing so fruitless. He fell to plans for getting teams in to Pinnager, for this young Scot's practical mind was horrified at the thought that the man should fail financially when ten horses might give him a fine profit for his winter's work.

Davie was away at dawn, every slight jolt giving his swollen leg pain almost unendurable, as if edges of living bone were grinding together and also tearing cavities in the living flesh; but he must endure it, and well too, for the teamsters had warned him he must meet "strings of loadin'" this day.

The rule of the long one-tracked road into the wilderness is, of course, that empty outgoing sleighs shall turn out for incoming laden ones. Turn out into seven feet of snow! Davie trusted that incoming teamsters would handle his floundering horses, and he set his mind to plan how they might save him from tumbling about on his turned-out sleigh.

About nine o clock, on a winding road, he called, "Whoa!" and his bays stood. A sleigh piled with baled hay confronted him thirty yards distant. Four others followed closely; the load drawn by the sixth team was hidden by the woodland curve. No teamsters were visible; they must be walking behind the procession; and Davie wasted no strength in shouting. On came the laden teams, till the steam of the leaders mingled with the clouds blown by his bays. At that halt angry teamsters, yelling, ran forward and sprang, one by one, up on their loads, the last to grasp reins being the leading driver.

"Turn out, you fool!" he shouted. Then to his comrades behind, "There's a blamed idyit don't know enough to turn out for loading!"

Davie said nothing. It was not till one angry man was at his horses' heads and two more about to tumble his sleigh aside that he spoke:

"My leg is broke."

"Gah! G'way! A man driving with his leg broke! You're lying! Come, get out and tramp for your horses! It's your back ought to be broke—stoppin' loadin'!"

"My leg is broke," Davie calmly insisted.

"You mean it?"

Davie threw off his blankets.

"Begor, it is broke!" "And him drivin' himself!" "It's a terror!" "Great spunk entirely!" Then the teamsters began planning to clear the way.

That was soon settled by Davie's directions: Tramp down the crust for my horses;

on-hitch them ; lift my sleigh out on the crust ; pass on and set me back on the road."

Half an hour was consumed by the operation—thrice repeated before twelve o'clock. Fortunately Davie came on the last "string" of teams and halted for lunch by the edge of a lake. The teamsters fed and watered his horses, gave him hot tea, and with great admiration saw him start for an afternoon drive of twenty-two miles.

"You'll not likely meet any teams," they said. "The last of the 'loading' that's likely to come in soon is with ourselves."

How Davie got down the hills, up the hills, across the rivers and over the lakes of that terrible afternoon he could never rightly tell.

"I'm thinkin' I was light-heided," he said afterward. "The notion was in me somehow that the Lord was lookin' to me to save Pinnager's bits of children. I'd waken out of it at the cahots—there was mair than enough. On the smooth my head would be strange-like, and I mind but the hinder end of my horses till the moon was high and me stoppit by McGraw's."

During the night at McGraw's his head was cleared by some hours of sound sleep, and next morning he insisted on traveling, though the snow was falling heavily.

"My feyther's place is no more than a bittock ayont twenty-eight miles," he said. "I'll make it by three of the clock, if the Lord's willin', and get the doctor's hands on me. It's my leg I'm thinkin' of savin'. And mind ye, McGraw, you promised me to send in your team to Pinnager."

Perhaps people who have never risen out of bitter poverty will not understand Davie's keen anxiety about Pinnager and Pinnager's children ; but the McAndrews and Pinnakers and all their neighbors of "the Scotch settlement" had won up by the tenacious labor and thrift of many years. Davie remembered well how, in his early boyhood, he had often craved more food and covering. Pinnager and his family should not be thrown back into the gulf of poverty if Davie McAndrews' will could save them.

This day his road lay through a country thinly settled, but he could see few cabins through the driving storm. The flagging horses trotted steadily, as if aware that the road would become worse the longer they were on it, but about ten o'clock they inclined to stop where Davie could dimly see a log house and a shed with a team and sleigh standing in it. Drunken yells told him this must be Black Donald Donaldson's notorious tavern ; so he chirruped his horses onward.

Ten minutes later yells and sleigh-bells were following him at a furious pace. Davie turned head and shouted ; still the drunken men shrieked and came on. He looked for a place to turn out—none! He dared not stop his horses lest the gallopers, now close behind him, should be over him and his low sleigh. Now his team broke into a run at the noises, but the fresh horses behind sped faster. The men were hidden from Davie by their crazed horses. He could not rise to appeal ; he could not turn to daunt the horses with his whip ; their front hoofs, rising high, were soon within twenty feet of him. Did his horses slacken, the others would be on top of him, kicking and tumbling.

The cahots were numerous ; his yells for a halt became so much like screams of agony that he took shame of them, shut his mouth firmly and knew not what to do. Then suddenly his horses swerved into the cross-road to the Scotch settlement, while the drunkards galloped away on the main road, still lashing and yelling. Davie does not know to this day who the men were.

Five hours later, David McAndrews, the elder, kept at home by the snowstorm, heard bells in his lane, and looked curiously out of the sitting room window.

"Losh, Janet!" he said, most deliberately. "I wasna expeckin' Davie ; here he's back wi' the bays."

He did not hurry out to meet his fourth son, for he is a man who hates the appearance of haste ; but his wife did, and came rushing back through the kitchen.

"It's Davie himsel'! He's back wi' his leg broke ; He's come a' the way by his lone!"

"Hoot-toot, woman! Ye're daft!"

"I'm no daft ; come and see yersel'. Wae's me, my Davie's like to die! Me daft, indeed! Ye'll need to send Neil straight awa' to the village for Doctor Aberdeen."

And so dour Davie's long drive was past. While his brother carried him in, his will was occupied with the torture, but he had scarcely been laid on his bed when he said, very respectfully—but faintly—to his father :

"You'll be sendin' Neil oot for the doctor, sir? Aye; then I'd be thankfu' if you'd give Aleck leave to tak' the grays and warn the settlement that Pinnager's needin' teams sorely. He's like to make or break; if he gets sax or eight spans in time he's a made man."

That was enough for the men of the Scotch settlement. Pinnager got all the help he needed; and yet he is far from as rich to-day as Davie McAndrews, the great Brazeau River lumberman, who walks a little lame on his left leg.

ARTIFICE OF A TROUBADOUR.

Arnaud Daniel, when visiting the court of Richard Cœur de Lion in England, encountered there a jougleur, who defied him to a trial of skill, and boasted of being able to make more difficult rhymes than Arnaud, a proficiency on which he chiefly prided himself. He accepted the challenge, and the two poets separated, and retired to their respective chambers, to prepare for the contest. The muse of Arnaud was not propitious, and he vainly endeavored to string two rhymes together. His rival, on the other hand, quickly caught the inspiration. The king allowed ten days as the term of preparation; five for composition, and the remainder for learning it by heart to sing before to the court. On the third day the jougleur declared that he had finished his poem, and was ready to recite it, but Arnaud replied that he had not yet thought of his. It was the jougleur's custom to repeat his verses out loud every day, in order to learn them better; and Arnaud, who was in vain endeavoring to devise some means to save himself from the mockery of the court at being outdone in this contest, happened to overhear the jougleur singing. He went to his door and listened, and succeeded in retaining the words and the air. On the day appointed they both appeared before the king. Arnaud desired to be allowed to sing first, and immediately gave the song which the jougleur had composed. The latter, stupefied with astonishment, could only exclaim, 'It is my song, it is my song.' 'Impossible,' cried the king, but the jougleur persisting, requested Richard to interrogate Arnaud, who would not dare, he said, to deny it. Daniel confessed the fact, and related the manner in which the affair had been conducted, which amused Richard far more than the song itself. The stakes of the wager were restored to each, and the king loaded them both with presents.

CONVERSATION.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend ——, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah," said he with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made!"

Faith spans the gulf of Death with the bridge of Hope.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility, is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

There is no richer treasure than a collection of correct and beautiful thoughts and maxims.

Nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family than the habit of making small sacrifices for one another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose their power to charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.

The use of forks dates back only to the 17th century. The old Greeks, although their civilization was much advanced, ate with their fingers, as gracefully as possible. Goldsmiths finally invented forks, but at first they were objects of luxury, and were used only at times when they might just as well have been done without. The first mention of forks is made in a document, dated 1300, which says that Pierre Gaveston, the favorite of Edward II, possessed three "furchestes" (forks) for eating pears, cheese, and sandwiches. It was more than 300 years later before forks were used for fish and meat.

SENSIBILITY.

Extreme sensibility is not likely to increase individual happiness, but will most assuredly augment our sources of pain. Sensibility to a certain point is to be desired, as without it, we should be deprived of our most exquisite gratifications, and enjoy few of the pleasures peculiar to rational beings; but we are decidedly of the opinion, that where this quality exists, it ought, in a great degree, to be the business of education to repress its powers; to allay, if possible, the poignancy of its effects; and to endeavor to lessen the anguish, to which its victim is irrevocably doomed. A state of apathy cannot be desirable, because it necessarily implies total incapacity of properly appreciating every sublime and exalted source of enjoyment; but that excessive sensibility, which augments the natural afflictions of life, to a degree of agony which they might not otherwise produce, is certainly no less to be deprecated.

A NOVEL EXPEDIENT.

A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes, one of which at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large looking glass into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image, than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and shewed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely, the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.

FORMATION OF COAL.

To M. Fayol, an eminent French engineer, having in charge the coal mines at Commentry, is due the theory of the formation of coal, claimed to be based on such facts and experiments as as receive the support of scientific men—the mines in question being partly worked in the open air, have rendered it easy to observe the relations of the different strata making up that region. It appearing at first that the pebbles constituting the pudding stones were formed of rocks whose place of origin was sometimes quite distant, and the coal being the result of vegetable debris laid down in horizontal layers, one above the other, the conclusion arrived at from these data assumed that a liquid must have been necessary to transport and arrange in this way such different elements—coal, therefore, not having been formed in the place where now found, but is a product of transportation. It is urged that the climate of the coal epoch being very moist, abundant floods carried away trees and whole forests and swept them into lake basins, and the trees thus forming great rafts of logs; the heaviest material, gravel, sand, clays, were deposited in the order of their density, the lighter vegetable matter floating longer and being deposited last. This, it is thought, explains why the layers of the earth and coal are not parallel, and why all these layers, as has been observed in deltas, are inclined in the same direction and at different angles.

The gigantic seaweed, the Nereocystis, it has been claimed, frequently attains the length of three hundred feet. The stem is as strong as an ordinary rope.

ANIMAL DEFENCES.

By A. W. Drayson.

Any person who has had the opportunity of observing closely the habits and private life of animals, must have often been astonished at the manner in which various creatures often combine either for their mutual protection, or mutual benefit.

We have, fortunately, had many opportunities of watching the conduct of various creatures in their native homes, and the delight that any lover of nature experiences in thus contemplating the wise acts of the animal creation, far exceeds the savage joy of the mere slaughterer or sportsman.

Hours and days have been happily passed whilst watching the skilful Golden Oriels weaving their retort-shaped nests among the pendant branches which overhung an African stream. Often have we enjoyed a good laugh as we witnessed the futile attempts of an inexperienced grey monkey to grasp the nests of these birds and extract the eggs; attempts which almost always resulted in giving the adventurer a ducking. Whether we examine the skilled details of work shown in a beehive or ants' nest, the combined efforts of a pack of wild dogs to hunt down their prey, or the architectural skill of a village of beavers, we may invariably find traces of that same great Wisdom which holds a planet in its orbit, and makes the world a sphere.

There are many creatures, however, to which we are not accustomed to attribute any special powers of skill or combination, and which we usually regard as stupid and almost unworthy of notice. Thus, who would be disposed to believe a rat a very clever fellow in his way, and able to plot and carry out a most formidable rebellion against a tyrant? Yet such a case happened within our own experience.

A friend of our own, a skilled naturalist, possessed a cat, which was rather old, though still strong and active. This cat was a terror to a colony of rats which inhabited the neighboring pigsties, banks, and hedgerows. Many a rat was brought by Pussy and deposited with great pride at her master's feet.

During several weeks this sport continued, but one morning Pussy came in from her kennel, looking dirty, rumpled, and scarcely able to crawl. The naturalist examined his pet, and his skilled eye soon saw the cause. Pussy was severely bitten by rats in twenty or thirty places. An examination of the scene of action plainly showed that there had been battle-royal; at least a dozen rats must have combined, and coming on Pussy in a body had so punished her, that she died a few days afterwards from the effects of their bites.

Not long since we were passing a poultry yard in which were several turkeys and fowls. Whilst watching these creatures, a dispute occurred between a turkey and a hen, relative to some food; the old hen cackled forth her displeasure loudly, when instantly the turkeys rushed to the scene of the dispute and surrounded the disputing turkey. Forming a ring round him, they drooped their wings and lowered their heads, whilst they all uttered a low grumbling kind of sound. The turkey in their midst flapped its wings in a despairing manner, and "gobbled" loudly.

This strange scene lasted fully a

minute after which one of the largest turkeys jumped at the prisoner and pecked him severely; then another rushed at him, and so on, each turkey giving several pecks at the one that had evidently been tried by a jury of his fellows, and found guilty of trying to rob the hen of its food.

Among the larger animals such cases are by no means uncommon. Elephants, we have often heard, in their wild state signal to their fellows when danger is near; and we are convinced that these creatures have several calls, or trumpet-like sounds, which means special things, such as "danger," "feed," "all right," etc.

A very curious case of a combination on the part of animals to rid themselves of a foe occurred near the Winterberg, a mountain to the north of the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope.

In this locality there were several troops of baboons, young or old, which resided in the deep, rocky ravines, and gambolled among the fearful precipices around. Very human were these creatures in their appearance and habits, especially when suddenly alarmed; the mammas were then seen to catch up their young ones, who clung round their parents' necks, and were thus carried rapidly to the summit of the rocks, where they could grimace and cough out their defiance at the intruder, who had ventured into their domain.

An enemy, however, once found his way into their stronghold, and this was an enemy hungry, cunning and powerful. It was a Cape leopard.

Crouching down among the long grass, or amidst the crevices of the rocks, the leopard would suddenly spring upon a young baboon, and actually devour it before the eyes of its screeching parents. Strong as is a baboon, the leopard is yet far stronger, and with its terrible claws could soon tear to pieces the largest male baboon.

During some days the leopard feasted on baboons, but at length these creatures combined, and jointly attacked the leopard. They did not really mean to risk a pitched battle with him, for these creatures evidently knew and respected his great powers. They had, too, as the result proved, determined on a safer and more crafty method of proceeding.

The leopard, fearing the combined strength of his adversaries, left their neighborhood, and retreated across country, but he was followed by nearly all the large baboons.

On went the leopard; on followed the baboons. The day was hot, and the leopard disliked their perpetual tramping, and so tried to seek a retreat and lie down and rest. Then it was that the baboons closed round and worried him. Soon, too, he began to thirst, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and the white foam covering his jaws.

Water was soon scented by the hunted brute, and to this it rapidly made its way. But now the baboons became frantic; they closed on to the leopard, some by their activity actually tearing him with their sharp teeth, and the creature could not drink. The baboons could relieve one another, and some could eat and drink too, whilst their companions continued worrying the leopard.

During two days and a night the country for several miles along the course of these creatures was startled by the cries of pursuer and pursued, and several farmers were witnesses from a distance of portions of the scene here described. They would not interfere, but watched the baboons' method of administering justice.

Worn out with exhaustion and thirst, the leopard at length could totter on no further, and sank to the ground a prey to the baboons, who, in spite of his claws and teeth, which were yet formidable, attacked him with their whole force and soon tore him to pieces, they themselves escaping with only a few severe scratches.

Assembling their forces, the baboons returned rapidly to their stronghold, where they were welcomed by their females and young by a chorus of triumphant barks, which were continued during the greater part of the night, whilst for several days the excitement did not seem to calm down, but was shown by the unusual noises which proceeded from this curious colony.

Such an incident as the preceding may seem strange and unlikely to those who have not seen animals in entire freedom and left to their own instincts or reason, but our personal experience on many other occasions has taught us that it is not uncommon, and we do not therefore hesitate to record it in these pages. Another singular incident was related to us by a credible witness.

Amidst the deeply-wooded ravines of a range of mountains on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, a large colony of the pig-faced baboons were located. These creatures had found there a safe resting-place for many generations ; so steep and dangerous were the cliffs that no creature except a baboon would wander among them, and so the animals were safe and happy.

The traveller in that wild region would find his arrival announced from hill-tops by a chorus of wild weird-like coughs or barks, whilst these semi-human animals could be seen on the side of naturally formed walls, of a thousand feet deep, grimacing at and threatening the solitary traveller who had intruded into this domain ; a domain of which a king might well be proud.

This part of Africa has been gifted with a lovely climate, and with an air that is inhaled with similar effects to those produced by quaffing champagne. No wonder that the chameleon is found in this neighborhood—a creature fabulously said to feed on air—for it has a glorious feast if it feed on the scented air of the Amatola mountains.

Here are steep, rocky precipices ; sheltered glens, each with bright flowery shrubs, whose purple and crimson blossoms give a distinct coloring to even the distant glens ; whilst a sea of mighty hills roll one after the other, far as the eye can reach, boundless and desolate, yet lovely as Paradise. It is amidst these regions that the grey vulture floats like a thistle-down up in the heavens ; where the eagle hisses through the air on his prey, and where the baboon scampers at will, the legitimate and hereditary possessor of the soil.

Human-like almost in form, the baboon seems nearly human in his passions, as the following anecdote will show.

Some miles from the Amatola, and separated from them by an intervening plain, was another rocky stronghold, in which another colony of baboons were located. These latter, to the inexperienced eye, showed no distinct peculiarities from their neighbors in the Amatola, yet there were men whose keen perceptions were able to discover distinct peculiarities between the two races, and to be able to tell which was was an Amatola baboon and which a denizen of the Chumie.

The baboons themselves did not fraternise, and if by chance stray baboons from each colony met one another in their wanderings, a regular fight ensued.

When the sun sank beneath the Chumie hills, the baboons from that region would sit on the most giddy precipices, and bark forth a defiance to the distant mountains. In that clear atmosphere sound travels a long distance, and is heard during a still evening at almost fabulous distances. Thus the barks and the coughs of the baboons at one district were heard and replied to by the creatures some miles off, in the Amatola.

To the uninitiated these mere animal barks seemed to mean nothing, but to the keen ears and comprehensive senses of the baboons they conveyed the direst insults and most defiant challenges.

Human nature has its limits of endurance, and so has baboon nature ; thus, after a particularly warm summer day, during which, probably, the creatures' blood became additionally heated, the evening challenges were given and answered with unusual vehemence. The moon rose bright and full, and the night was calm and lovely, and it seemed strange that all nature should not be at peace ; but shortly after midnight the Chumie rocks and precipices resounded with screams, barks and fiend-like sounds, as though a legion of demons had broken loose and were fighting among themselves.

The cause of the alarming disturbance was then manifest. The baboons of the Amatola had long borne the challenges and insults of their neighbors of the Chumie ; they had listened to their taunts and had burned with a desire for vengeance. At length an attack was organized, and on the night in question the male baboons of the Amatola assaulted the colony of the Chumie, and a fearful fight ensued.

The baboon's method of attack is similar and formidable ; his muscular power is enormous, whilst the crushing power of his jaws is inferior to that of many smaller animals : when once he grips with his jaws, however, he can hold on, and so he combines his powers by seizing his antagonist with his teeth, grasping him at the same time with his powerful arms, and then pushing him from him, so that he tears out the piece which he has in his mouth.

The result of the night attack which we have described was, that nearly one hundred baboons were found dead or dying by the hunters who visited the scene of action, whilst it was remarked that the coughs and barks which had previously disturbed the evenings almost entirely ceased, as though each party had gained a certain amount of respect for the other, by the experience gained during the midnight battle.

Hence we see the practical result of a combination against a foe, or a difficulty, when we note the habits of the animal kingdom, and thus we may learn how much may be accomplished by ourselves when we combine hearts and hands for the general good : families united for one purpose, men working as brothers with one aim, and a nation combined for a nation's good.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For looking before leaping.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For harbouring clean thoughts.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For being as courteous as a duke.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being generous to an enemy.

For being square in business dealings.

For giving an unfortunate person a lift.

For promptness in keeping your promises.

For putting the best construction on the acts of others.

PATCHED MONEY EXHIBITION.

United States Treasurer Roberts is having constructed in the corridor of the Treasury building, just outside his office door, a large wall case in which will be exhibited specimens of the remarkable dexterity and skill of treasury clerks in restoring mutilated paper currency. One of the several show places in the big building where Uncle Sam's financial operations are carried on is the basement floor room, where the clerks, mostly women, are employed in piecing together greenbacks sent in for redemption, many of which are apparently beyond all hope of identification. This room is very popular with the never-ending procession of sightseers, who gaze at the marvellous work of the women's agile fingers with admiration.

To gratify the curiosity of the hundreds of sightseers who visit the treasury daily required much time that the employees should have devoted to their regular work, and the ever present crowd in the room where the mutilated greenbacks were counted finally became so great as to interfere seriously with the work of the division. Mr. Roberts will have an exhibit arranged that can be seen at all times by anybody, and which, being self-explanatory, can be enjoyed without the services of a guide.

In the case will be arranged specimens of the most skilful and wonderful work of the women who receive the torn and tattered pieces of paper, that may have been chewed by rats or put through a coffee grinder, and restore them to their original condition. It seems impossible that human hands can do such work, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that bills so torn that they could be passed through a coarse sieve have been made whole again.

The women most expert at the work are Mrs. L. E. Brown and Mrs. Lydia Rosenberg, and the specimens of their skill that will be placed in Treasurer Roberts' exhibit case will indeed astonish the natives. One bill that was torn into five hundred pieces was put into its original shape with not a scrap of the paper missing. Another that was burned almost to ashes and shrunk by the heat was restored piece by piece until it appeared a perfect half-size reproduction of the original note.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person in the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is considered impolite.

AN EGYPTIAN ELIXIR

By FRANK M. EASTMAN.

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> Thou couldst tell us, if that leathern tongue
> Could tell what those dim, sightless eyes have seen,
> How the world looked when it was fresh and young
> And the great deluge still had left it green.
> —Horace Smith.

I had been exploring a large rock tomb in the vicinity of Karnak for a number of weeks in the summer of 18—. It was a comparatively old discovery, but owing to the remarkable character of the tomb I had thought it well worth my while to glean for such details as might have escaped the notice of earlier visitors.

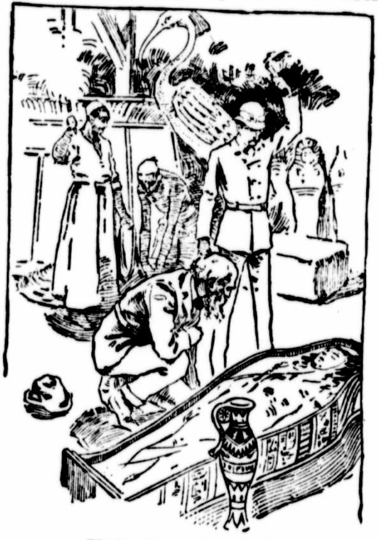
The opening to the sepulcher, accidentally discovered, consisted of a straight passage, barely permitting of the entrance of a single individual at a time upon his hands and knees. Its sides were of red granite, beautifully polished, which glittered dazzlingly in the light of the explorer's torch. This entrance ran straight back into the hill for a distance of some 200 feet, when it suddenly opened upon a large vaulted room of circular form, from which there branched numerous galleries of good proportions, leading to other chambers, in which had been found many sarcophagi, mummies and mummy cases, one of the sarcophagi being supposed to be that of Thothmes III, the most glorious monarch of Egyptian history, who erected the obelisk now in Central park, though no mummy had been found within it.

The walls of the passages and chambers were, like those of all of the grander Egyptian tombs, decorated with numerous spirited paintings, the bright colors of which still shone as fresh and lustrous as if they had been laid on but yesterday. It was in this mysterious abode of death that I had been long engaged, copying inscriptions and paintings, searching for new passages and re-examining the old ones, with an enthusiasm which only an ardent Egyptologist can experience.

I had at length nearly finished my investigations, and, in fact, the day of which I am about to speak was to have been my last in the tomb, there remaining but one picture to copy, and that upon the wall of a remote gallery. Accordingly, at about noon I found myself before the picture in question, palette in hand, surrounded by a group of fellahs in my employ, the flickering light of whose torches gave their somber faces a sufficiently Dantesque expression.

The picture I was copying was of a very common type, representing a train of long haired captives defiling before a king whom I supposed to be Thothmes, but as the hieroglyphics connected with the picture were very obscure this would take some time to determine. While painting away industriously, and sometimes reduced almost to despair in my attempts to mix colors as bright as those before me, I noticed that the paint had blistered or peeled off a little just at the point of the king's nose. As I had never noticed paint scaling from other pictures, I got up to examine the place. Taking hold of a projecting scale, I gave it a slight pull, when, to my surprise, perhaps a square foot of the paint came away, revealing the granite wall behind, and in that wall a seam or joint.

With a cry of pleasure I tore, pried and dug the paint away for a distance of some feet and disclosed the outline of a door or passageway which had been filled with one immense stone, which fitted its place so closely that the point



He bent over the body.

of a penknife could hardly have been inserted between the stone and the solid rock of the gallery. Beyond an entrance so carefully closed and concealed there must be new and rare treasures, and it was with considerable excitement that I began to consider how to remove the obstacle in the passageway. Pressure, I found, had no effect upon it, and there remained no way but to blast it. I accordingly sent for drills and sledges, and soon had two gangs of fellahs at work sinking two holes on each side of the slab.

By taking advantage of the almost imperceptible interstices between the stone and the wall the work was somewhat accelerated, and several hours' labor resulted in two holes some eight inches deep. These I half filled with powder, properly tamped the charges, inserted fuses, lit them and retired with due promptitude. The deep silence of perhaps a minute was at length broken by a deafening crash, followed by interminable echoes and a strong blast of sulphurous air.

Allowing time for the fumes of the powder to dissipate, we returned and found the great slab had been hurled inward, where it lay, broken into several pieces, upon the floor of a noble corridor of great width and height.

Seizing a torch from one of the bearers, I sprang forward into the newly opened passage without a thought of the possible presence of foul air or poisonous gases. Luckily there was neither. A moment's examination satisfied me that this was the real or main tomb, to which the other had merely served as an antechamber or perhaps had been placed there as a blind to deceive those who might search for the principal structure. Here the passages were unusually spacious and lofty and were decorated with paintings far excelling, both in design and coloring, those I had been copying.

Nervously pressing on down the passage, which was crossed at intervals by others as lofty as itself, I came finally to an immense vaulted chamber of octagonal form, in the midst of which stood a huge sarcophagus of highly polished syenite. At its head there glittered a huge golden ibis, its long neck curved in graceful folds and the slender, curved bill pointing downward toward the place where the heart of the inclosed mummy would naturally have been. About the sides of the apartment stood eight other stone coffins, but smaller and of red granite instead of syenite.

As the sight of these objects burst upon me by the flickering torchlight I felt myself trembling with excessive emotion. Here was, it might be, the greatest Egyptological discovery since the finding of the Rosetta stone. No intruder before me had ever disturbed the silence of this most awful sepulcher. Nor Cambyses nor Alexander nor any of the long list of the conquerors of Egypt had penetrated the secret of this rock hewn abode of the dead. Since the deep and solemn chorus of the departing priests of Osiris had died away in hollow echoes through the long corridors about them no sound had broken the silence of the ancient dead. What if they were to wake and ask me of the doings of the world since they had slumbered there? Not history's self could answer them.

These and similar thoughts flashed through my mind, mixed with a triumphant feeling of exultation and self gratulation. But it was already late. I had eaten nothing since morning and my fellahs were tired and grumbling, so I was compelled to abandon my discoveries until the morrow, though sorely against my will. So jealous was I of my findings that, after seeing all of my workmen out of the tomb, I had my tent pitched before the outer entrance, in order that none might gain access to the new treasures which were within the inner chambers.

After a restless night I was up with the dawn, and, eating a hasty breakfast, hastened to the scene of my discovery, but before repairing thither I sent a messenger to Professor Batesi, who was then considered the greatest living Egyptologist, and who was superintending some excavations at a point about ten miles from my camp, announcing my discovery and begging him to come to me at once. This was an unselfish act on my part, as I knew very well that the scientific world would be apt to give him entire credit for my discoveries if he were to arrive on the scene so soon and should desire to appropriate my laurels, but my delight was so great that I felt the necessity of a companion to share it with me.

The first task I set for myself was the removal of the grand central sarcophagus. I had pretty well made up my mind that this was the real coffin of Thothmes III and that the one found in the outer tomb had been merely a blind. I sent to my camp for tackle and a small derrick so constructed as to be capable of being taken apart in small pieces and readily put together. While awaiting its arrival I examined the great golden ibis closely. It was apparently of solid gold, ten feet high, and the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art I had ever seen. The modeling was perfect and the minuteness of the work remarkable. The tiniest feathers, the smallest scales on the long, slender legs, were reproduced with scrupulous exactness. "There has never been found anything to compare with it," I said exultantly to myself.

In a short time the men returned with the apparatus, the derrick was erected and clamps were placed across the polished surface of the massive lid. At my command the men at the windlass began to turn, and the great slab rose slowly from its place and was lowered carefully to the floor. Leaping upon a coil of rope at hand, I looked down into the sarcophagus. As I did so the light from my torch brilliantly reflected from a huge mummy case of apparently solid and massy gold. As is usual with mummy cases, the head of the case was modeled into the form of a face. These faces are supposed to be likenesses of the inclosed mummies as they looked in life. The face was that of a man still young, of pleasing and yet commanding presence. Two crystals inserted for eyes gave it a lifelike and almost terrifying appearance. The case was carved with many and elaborate designs and was studded with the bodies of many scarabs, which were set deep in the gold

These details I observed at a glance, but an object lying at the side of the case and partly upon it now attracted my attention. This was a large vase or flask of the purest rock crystal, elaborately carved with mystical devices, which was filled with a limpid, colorless fluid—perhaps four or five quarts—which seemed to be luminous. At least it reflected the torchlight with an intensity that was almost blinding. It was a wholly novel discovery. Sarcophagi and mummies were common enough, but never had I seen or heard of the finding of anything like this. Had I found it in a Grecian or Roman tomb, I might have called it a lachrymal vase, but so far as I knew no such utensil was used by the Egyptians.

Reaching down into the great stone box, I managed to grasp the flask and take it up. As I held it aloft the fellahs set up a terrified shout as the light of their torches was reflected from it in streams of dazzling brilliancy.

"Body of Bacchus! So you are neither crazy nor hoaxing."

It was the voice of my friend, Dr. Batesi, who entered the tomb at this moment.

Dr. Batesi was an Italian, some 65 years of age, though yet vigorous and of an extremely nervous temperament. His figure was tall, but thin and gaunt, and his meager face was decorated by a long and flowing white beard. His eyes were small, bright and restless. Any one would have readily known him as an enthusiast in whatever study he might be interested. He always spoke in a jerky, excitable manner, and his usually nervous demeanor was now heightened a dozenfold by the strange nature of our surroundings.

"No, you're not crazy. But, great heavens! What a discovery!"

"Yes," I replied, striving hard to appear cool. "I think this is something of a find. See here." And I made way for him to stand upon the coil of rope in order that he might look down into the sarcophagus.

As the glittering mummy case met his sight he began a series of ejaculations in his native tongue, apparently unconscious of my presence. At length he somewhat regained his composure, and the crystal flask in my hand attracted his attention.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"I do not know. I found it inside the sarcophagus. Did you ever see anything like it before?"

He did not answer me, but, snatching the vase from my hand, began to examine it very closely, at the same time muttering excitedly to himself. His inspection lasted some time. Finally his face brightened and assumed an expression of decision.

"It may be. It is possible," he said, still speaking to himself. "Why not? Do not the records of Manetho say so? It is not so improbable after all. Come, come, we shall soon know."

"Come," he said, turning to me,

"we must see that mummy. Let us get the case out as soon as possible."

I gave the necessary orders to my men, and the derrick was once more called into requisition to lift the heavy case from the sarcophagus.

"Do you suppose this is Thothmes?" I inquired while the men were occupied with this task.

"It is no more Thothmes," he replied, "than it is Habakkuk. It is Nef-Rah, a high priest of Osiris, of the eighteenth dynasty," pointing at the same time to a hieroglyph carved on the massive case, which I had overlooked by reason of its size, extending from one end of the case nearly to the other.

In a few moments the heavy case was on the stone floor and the massive golden cover was removed, revealing not the ordinary swathed and bandaged mummy, but a naked body floating in an oily substance which emitted an aromatic smell. If I had expected renewed evidence of excitement from the doctor, I was disappointed. His features assumed a set expression, and he bent over the body without uttering a syllable.

"This liquid," I exclaimed excitedly, "is"—

"Honey," replied the doctor. Then he continued as if to himself: "As I expected. Come! The ancients were not all fools nor all liars. It is 1 o'clock—a great day, a great day!"

The body, as the mummy case had foretold, was that of a young man of pleasing appearance and majestic figure, the flesh still firm and plump, with no evidences of decay. The body appeared to have been unmutilated by the hands of the embalmers. There was no incision on the flank to evidence the removal of the viscera, and the plumpness of the closed eyelids led to the presumption that the eyes were still in their sockets. There was positively no evidence of death about the body, unless it were a certain rigidity, but otherwise it might have been mistaken for the person of some expert swimmer sleeping on the surface of his bath.

"Send your men for some food, a half dozen bottles of wine and plenty of water and towels," said the doctor in an unnatural voice.

I had overlooked the fact that it was past dinner time and hastened to give the necessary orders to my men, though what the doctor wanted of towels I could not imagine. The required articles were soon brought.

"Now dismiss all your men," continued the doctor in the same strained tone of voice.

I obeyed as unquestioningly as the wedding guest obeyed the Ancient Mariner, and the men, after depositing a number of lighted torches about the chamber, retired. After their footsteps had died away in the long corridors, the doctor began to pace slowly up and down the room. Finally he spoke:

"How many kinds of mummies have you found in your discoveries?"

"Why," I replied, "three kinds, if you mean the manner of their preparation."

"And they were?"

"Why, the first class have all the viscera and the brains removed, the cavities filled with resins and spices, and have been steeped in natron for a long time. The second have only the brains removed and the viscera injected with oil of cedar. These were also steeped in natron, as we suppose. The third kind were apparently just salted down for a certain length of time. These are all the kinds I am familiar with."

"And have you found and seen no other kind?"

"No."

"Well, there was a fourth kind. It is so written in the book of Manetho. I have always believed it to be a lie of the priests. We are about to see whether it was such in fact or not. The priests claimed to have a process by which they could arrest animation indefinitely, and that they could, after the lapse of ages, restore life to a body in which existence had been suspended by the use of a certain liquor, if the body were kept from external injury. The only thing that has seemed to substantiate this claim has been the fact that a few bodies have been discovered at widely different times which bore none of the ordinary marks of embalming, from which the viscera and brain had not been removed and which were nevertheless in a better state of preservation than mummies which had been carefully embalmed. I say such bodies have been discovered. I should say, rather, that it is claimed that they have been discovered, but as I never saw one or any one who had I have been inclined to doubt the fact. This body settles the matter. I doubt no more."

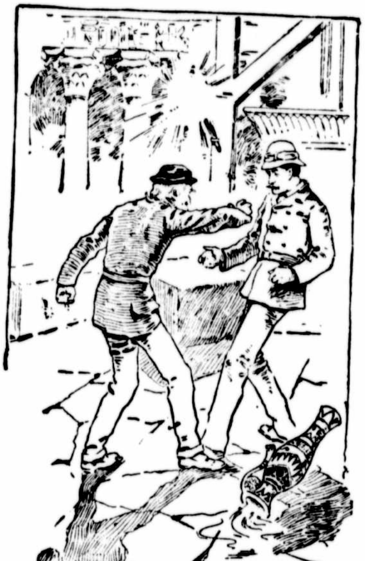
"I remember now that I have heard something to the same effect," I replied, "but I do not see that this substantiates the claim of the priests to be able to suspend animation and to restore it after the lapse of ages."

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," he replied testily. "Do you not perceive that the reason that these bodies have never been restored to life is either that the knowledge of their resting places has been lost in the lapse of ages or that the recipe by which they were to be revived has been forgotten?"

"Well?" I said stupidly.

"Well, is there anything more probable than that this is one of those bodies and that the contents of this vase is the medicine by which it can be restored to life?"

I stared at my companion in amazement. His words sounded like nonsense, but his manner was calm—unusually calm—and after all the idea was not wholly absurd. There are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of. It might be as he said.



I flung it far down one of the unexplored corridors.

"You see," continued the doctor, "that this man was wise in his day and generation and very prudently directed the medicine that was to restore him to life to be entombed with him."

"Do you suppose he began his long sleep, if it is one, voluntarily?"

"Hardly. It may have been a punishment for betraying some secret of the priesthood or a religious rite, the subject of which was selected by lot. But that is mere conjecture."

"Does it not seem impossible to you as a medical man?" I queried.

"My friend," was the reply, "it is only the student of medicine who appreciates how little is known of the human body. It seems improbable, yes, wildly improbable; impossible, no."

"Very well, then," I exclaimed, filled with a rising belief and enthusiasm, "let us try to resuscitate this citizen of the primeval world."

"To work!" ejaculated the doctor, turning to the body.

We first lifted it from the case and laid it upon a piece of canvas which was to have been our tablecloth. In doing so we found it was not so stiff as we had supposed. It was, in fact, limp and yielding, like that of a person in some forms of epilepsy. We then proceeded to wipe it dry with our towels. The flesh was firm and natural, though cold as the clods of the valley.

"But how shall we use the liquid?" I inquired.

"Why, there are but two ways of using it—externally and internally. I can probably tell from the odor whether it is dangerous to give internally. There is enough of it, I should think, for both uses."

So saying, the doctor, after some difficulty, removed the stopper, which had been sealed with natron. As he did so a light, luminous vapor arose from the flask, filling the chamber with a delicate perfume, like mingled ether and crushed apple seeds. For a moment the scent made me giddy, but this soon passed away.

"We will first rub it with the liquid. After that I will try to pry its mouth open and pour some down its throat."

We began rubbing the body. For a long time we worked in silence. It was hard work, and the perspiration was soon flowing from us in streams. An hour had passed and no result was apparent.

"I'm afraid it's no use," I said at last. "I don't see any indication of life."

"Keep it up," said the doctor sternly. "Do you suppose that one is easily awakened after a sleep of 30 centuries?"

So we continued our work for some time. I was nearly exhausted, when a cry from the doctor attracted my attention.

"Look, look!" he cried, pointing to a place upon the right thigh of the body.

I looked at the place indicated. As I did so the doctor pressed upon the spot with some force. A paleness resulted, followed, as he removed his thumb, by a slow tide of returning color.

"Almighty God!" I cried. "He lives! He lives!"

The doctor was silent.

It would be impossible to describe my sensations on perceiving this indication of returning animation. Coupled with exultation at the success of our experiment and the magnitude of our discovery was a nameless horror at the thought of the personality of the being whom we were about to restore to life. Readers of De Quincey's opium dreams will remember the horror with which "the tremendous, the horrible antiquity" of the countries of Asia inspired him as vividly as they recall his "cancerous kisses of the crocodile." Such an indefinable horror now possessed me. The being before me had lived and loved, had thought and dreamed, had hoped and longed and feared before the dawn of history, when the earth was peopled with strange races whose very names had been forgotten long eons ago, when the flood was a matter of yesterday and the tower of Babel an existing wonder of the world, and yet I now saw before my eyes the tide of life, stagnant for ages, once more beginning to course within his veins.

Antiquity had not begun
Long ere his primeval race was run.

He seemed to belong neither to the living nor the dead. He was a frightful anomaly. I sickened with horror, but still continued mechanically to chafe his limbs.

After the lapse of some minutes, which were accompanied by increasing evidences of the return of circulation, the doctor opened the firmly compressed lips and with his penknife easily pried the teeth apart and poured several drops of the liquid down the throat of the body. The effect of this was soon evidenced by a very slight but yet perceptible respiration. There was no longer room for doubt, if indeed there had been any before. The man lived.

The doctor was still silent, and in the whirl of my thoughts I was incapable of speech. We renewed our rubbings with the liquor, and the respirations grew stronger and stronger. At last they were quite normal. The doctor poured a few drops of the cordial down the throat.

"We may rest now," he said.

I threw myself on the floor and think I must have fainted from the exhaustive labor, the tumult of my thoughts and the heat of the chamber. At any rate I was unconscious for some time.

When I regained consciousness, the Egyptian (for now that he was alive I suppose he should be properly so called) was breathing easily and naturally as though in a profound sleep. The doctor was seated on the floor, his back against a sarcophagus, looking intently at the crystal flask which he held in his hand. Its contents, about one-half of which had been exhausted, sparkled brightly in the torchlight.

I arose and approached my friend. As I did so I noticed something alarming in his appearance. His features were set and drawn, while his eyes glittered with a light that was fearful in the wild intensity of their glare. I hesitated to speak and stood looking irresolutely at him for some minutes. He seemed unconscioun of my presence. From time to time he would mutter in a hoarse and inarticulate voice.

In the hope that he might become more composed if left to himself, and in order to distract my own excited thoughts, I turned my attention to the Egyptian. His respirations had become somewhat shorter, and a slight twitching of his eyelids was apparent. Sitting down beside him and taking his head in my lap, I knocked off the neck of the bottle of wine and poured some of its contents down his throat, at the same time pinching the epiglottis to make him swallow. The effect of the draft was soon evidenced by an increased color in the swarthy cheek, and in a few minutes, while I watched him closely, the eyelids trembled and with great effort slowly opened, and two great eyes of intense blackness stared solemnly into mine.

There could have been nothing more

natural than for the man to have opened his eyes after having been restored to consciousness, yet this action, natural as it was, affected me more than the first discovered indications of life. A cold wave swept along my spine, and my heart paused until I thought it would never resume its pulsations.

On what prehistoric scenes had those inscrutable eyes last gazed before they looked into mine? What awful events, forgotten ere yet a pyramid was founded, what mystic rites, what mighty men of old long sunk into oblivion, had been mirrored in those hideously ancient orbs?

It was as though the sphinx had awakened from her granite sleep and looked upon me. Luckily for me I was not called upon to long endure that awesome gaze. The eyelids fell, and, as if exhausted by the effort of opening his eyes, the Egyptian's respiration soon evidenced that he was again sleeping. I laid his head upon a fold of the canvas and arose to my feet. As I did so a cry from the doctor attracted my attention. He had arisen and was pacing feverishly about the tomb.

"Oh, fools and madmen!" he cried. "Oh, blind and more than blind! Idiots and imbeciles! What have we done, asses that we are? What have we done?"

I stared at my friend in terror and amazement. His words were those of a madman, and the glitter of his eye and the frenzy of his manner were in keeping. While I still stared he continued his ejaculations in a half dozen languages, gesticulating wildly, throwing his hands aloft, tearing his hair and darting about the chamber.

"Do you know what this is?" at length he cried in a terrible voice, advancing toward me with the flask held aloft.

"Of course not," I replied, striving to appear calm and self possessed.

"Of course you do not," he answered with a sneer. "Of course you do not. How should an imbecile like you know what it is? What should it be? What is it but the real elixir vitæ, the elixir of life, the wine of youth, the medicine of immortality, so long sought and never found! That's what it is, and that's what we have been wasting on that muddy carcass there instead of treasuring it for the preservation of our own lives through countless ages. And why not," he cried, his voice rising to a scream, as he turned fiercely to me. "why not for all eternity, for, in the long ages of existence that this will give us shall we not be able to discover the ingredients of which it is made and the manner in which it is concocted? Eternity! Eternity!" he screamed. "An eternity of life is ours!"

A cold, icy horror seized me. There could be no doubt of my companion's insanity. He was a raving maniac. The exciting events of the last few hours had been too much for his highly wrought nervous system. I was alone with him, far from human aid, and where no sound or cry of mine could reach the ear of man. To what extremity might not this insanity drive him? I was unarmed, and, though a stronger man than he, yet I knew that insanity lends a strength almost superhuman. There was nothing to do but to strive to appear calm and if possible quiet him.

"So you really think this must be the elixir of life?" I inquired calmly.

"Of course it is," he cried. "Do you suppose it will restore life to that carrion there after 30 centuries or more and not prolong the life of one already living? Yes, it is the true elixir, the true fountain of youth." Here his ravings became incoherent and so continued for some time.

"Well, it may be as you say, doctor," I said at length. "But let us first get this fellow fully resuscitated and get out of here as soon as we can. Heavens! Think what fame will be ours when we introduce to the world a living priest of the eighteenth dynasty!"

"Resuscitate that dog!" he screamed. "Waste on him any more of the precious fluid which means thousands of years of life to us! No, no! Let him sleep as he has slept. All that a man has will he give for his life, and here is life, life, life—thousands of years of it!

"Why should you have any of it?" he continued, casting a look of deep malignity upon me. "Why should you enjoy what you did not discover? You would never have suspected the true nature of the liquor. You would have wasted it all on that carcass there. No, no! You have no right to it. It is all mine. Millions of years of life, and all mine!"

"You are welcome to it all, doctor, if you wish it," I managed to say. "I am not enamored with life enough to desire to prolong it indefinitely. I am satisfied with my allotted length of days. But now let us get out of here if you do not wish to carry our experiment further."

"Very well, then," he cried. "It is all mine. Eternity is mine. I must begin upon it now, before I am a moment older. From this moment I become as one of the gods. I drink," he said, lifting the flask to his lips, "to immortality!" A bright green glare shot from the vase as he held it aloft.

Forgetful of danger I sprang forward to intercept his draft, fully believing that a medicine so powerful as we had found this to be would be fatal to a living man, and, determined to save my friend's life at whatever risk to my own, I leaped forward, snatched the flask from his hands and flung it far down one of the unexplored corridors. For an instant he stood as if thunderstruck.

Then with incredible quickness and without uttering a word he drew a stiletto from his breast, plunged it into my bosom and darted down the corridor. I fell fainting to the floor, but before I lost consciousness I heard a long, blood curdling scream, followed by a deathly silence, and I knew no more.

I returned to consciousness in the humble hut of a fellah near the scene of my explorations, whither I had been conveyed by my men, who had found me insensible in the thick darkness of the vaulted chamber. I had hovered for weeks between life and death, but the anxious care of a physician whom the Scientific society had sent me on hearing of my wound finally restored me to consciousness and life. No tidings of Dr. Batesi had been received.

As soon as I was able I revisited the tomb. Of its former treasures not an atom remained. The wretched fellahs, who are not permitted to sell any of the treasures of antiquity which they may discover, had taken all away to dismember them at their leisure, in order to sell the fragments surreptitiously to tourists. The body of the priest had disappeared with the other contents of the tomb.

Feebly and disconsolately I crawled along one of the corridors which seemed to me to be the one down which I had thrown the crystal vase. Suddenly my torchbearer, who was in advance, started back with a cry of horror. Advancing cautiously, I found myself looking down into a wide pit which was sunk perpendicularly in the center of the passage. I threw a pebble down it, but no sound of its fall returned to my ears from the thick blackness below.

As I turned, weary and sick at heart, my foot struck a soft object. It was a light felt hat. I knew it and its owner's fate.

The next day found me on my way to the dahabeah which was to take me down the Nile. After my litter had been placed on board, looking up at the bank I chanced to see a tall, majestic figure, richly clad in garments of strange and ancient fashion, gazing intently upon the boat, and, as it seemed, at me.

"Who is that man?" I asked my servant.

"He is a stranger, excellency, a newcomer. They call him Neffar. He is very wise, they say, very wise and very rich, but he talks little. Some say he has the evil eye, but I do not know."

The dahabeah cast off from the shore and with a favoring breeze shot swiftly down the stream. As we swept downward I kept my eyes on the grand, imposing figure of the stranger as his gaze followed the boat until a bend in the river shut him from view.

"Strange," I said to the doctor at my side, "what hallucinations sick men have. Now I almost thought that"—

"Yes, they are strange," he replied.

THE END.

THE CHILDREN

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

I.

I love the country; not in the springtime only, and the summer, but all the year round. People talk of the sombre air of autumn, and the sad thoughts it brings; when the fallen leaves strew the ground, and the trees, gloriously beautiful in their decay, stand ready to rain down more leafy showers of many hues. And they tell you of the dreary winter, when the husset of the dried leaves and grass mingles with the snow, and the bare trees stand like spectres.

But there is more of sadness, and quite as much to suggest melancholy thought in the long rows of houses in a city street. You have a sort of companionship with the trees, and feel at home with them; and the quiet life of the farm yard seems to offer you the freedom of the place. But the stately city walls, the endless rows of bricks, the closed or closely-draped windows, the doors, inviting, yet repelling entrance, create a feeling of solitude among living thousands, deeper than one knows, in the free air of the country-side. With every man you meet, whether you know him or not, you have, in the green lanes, a nod, or passing word. Even the kine, and the sober country horses, as they graze, look up at you with a silent "Good speed!" But, in the crowded town, each man is too earnest in the battle of life; each woman too busy with her own thoughts to give a stranger even a look, to say nothing of a gesture which might indicate a wish for any acquaintance, or the betrayal of the slightest interest in you. There is no loneliness like the solitude of a stranger among the busy thousands in the crowded town.

So felt Charles Merrill — Uncle Charlie — as he threaded his way through the city on New Year's day, many years ago, to pay his invariable visit at his brother's house. Uncle Charles loves the country as dearly as I do. He was at the time of which I write, a country gentleman, well to do, with all the refinement of education, and the true polish of Christian courtesy. You would know him anywhere for a man who could be trusted. In a crowd he was the man you would single out, if you wished to ask a question. And still he was just the person whom an impostor would avoid. Nobody tried him with tales of feigned distress. Nobody offered him gilt watches as gold, with which the owner was compelled to part. No "confidence man" approached him, for there was something in his clear gray eye which told you that he could see through the arch device, conceal it never so wisely. The honest applicant, in real need, never failed to address him, and was seldom disappointed; for Uncle Charlie had that species of free-masonry which honesty establishes amongst honest people.

So it was no wonder that a little girl, scantily clad, but very neat, timidly approached him, and touched his arm. She had been repulsed many times on that New Year's morning; sometimes by those who rudely scolded or curtly answered her, sometimes by others who tendered her small money to escape her importunity. She held a handful of small coin, as if she really did not know what to with it, how she came by it, or why people gave it to her. Uncle Charlie looked intently at her face, and then at her blue arms and fingers, which trembled with the cold, as in one hand she held her money, and with the other drew her thin shawl about her.

"Why, child," he said, with a smile the least shade satirical, "you should hide that money in your pocket, before you ask for more. There is more in your hand already than 'two or three pennies to buy a loaf of bread.' Poor child!" he added, in a kinder tone, "perhaps, as you have little use for a pocket, you indulge in no unnecessary luxuries."

"I did not ask you for money," said the girl. "And I did not ask those who gave me this. My mother did not send me out to beg, and we have a loaf of bread for to-day, and one for to-morrow."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"I wish somebody in all this great city to go and see my mother, for she told me to-day that she had not a friend in the world!"

"And you could not find a friend in all this great city, and so have taken me who come here as a stranger. Why, little one, you don't think to take me in—me, a right sharp man."

"Oh, sir, don't tease me, please. Don't joke with me, for I am quite ready to cry. I know you are a kind hearted man, whatever you may pretend."

Uncle Charlie's first thought was to shake her off. He read the newspapers, and knew all about the tricks which are played in the cities upon innocent travellers. The little girl still stood shivering by his side. She waited his decision without saying another word; but her eager eyes furtively scanned the passing crowd, as if looking for some one else whom she might accost. Uncle Charlie put his hand in his pocket—

"Now don't do that, for I will not take your money."

"Well, you are a strange"—beggar, he was going to say, but he thought better of it. "Go on, and I will follow."

And so they went, Uncle Charlie all the while thinking that he would not figure in the "local columns" even if he lost his watch and pocket-book. He would suffer and be silent, and no alderman's office should hear the story of his wrongs. But his decent opinion of himself assured him that nobody could impose upon him! No, indeed! The child, as she hurried along, looked less and less like a little rogue. Uncle Charlie began to think that she was pretty, and as he scanned her appearance, he noticed that her garments, though scanty, were the well-saved witnesses of better days. She turned down a court, and Uncle Charlie, following, soon found himself suddenly ushered into a room where he was little expected. The single inmate was as much surprised as he.

"Mother," said the child, "you said you had not a friend in the world. I have brought you one." And the curious child looked round complacently, as if she really thought she had done a clever thing.

The mother's face expressed bewildered astonishment. But in a moment, though unused to mirth, an involuntary smile succeeded. "I could be angry with you," she said, "you strangest of all children. But I know you think you have done right. And I must tell you, sir, that whatever my little girl has said to you was of her own motion, and not of mine. I sent her on an errand, hours ago, and had begun to be frightened at her absence. What is that you have in your hand, Edith?"

"I did not ask for it," said Edith, as she put the money on the table. They would give it to me, and there it is. I said I was no beggar."

The mother sank in a chair, overcome with mortification, and hid her face in her hands. The discomfited child leaned against the wall, and steadily looked at the floor. Uncle Charlie helped himself, uninvited, to a seat, and feeling that his watch and purse were still safe, determined to see the adventure out. "Pretty clever acting, if it is acting," he thought. He took in the whole situation with his keen eyes, and failed to find anything suspicious. The apartment bespoke need, not absolute poverty. All he saw only exhibited that unhappily common case, the falling into necessity, of those who have known better days. And Uncle Charlie could sympathize with that; for there were those near and dear to him who had met the like misfortune.

"If I can be of any service to you," he began. But he did not finish, for the mother's eyes were fixed on him, and only respect for his evident good intentions prevented the flash of defiant anger from them. They were splendid eyes as Uncle Charlie has said many a time since, and is ready to say still.

"This is very awkward," she said, at length. "I could cry, but it is better to laugh. You must be aware that I cannot, under such peculiar circumstances make a confidant of a stranger. And I can mean no disrespect to one whom I never saw before, if I say that I cannot become indebted to you, sir, for anything. I hope I am still entitled to think myself a lady"—.

"Every inch a lady," thought Uncle Charlie.

"And I must therefore thank you for the kindness you intended"—.

"Poor and proud," thought Uncle Charlie.

"And bid you good morning."

"Done like a queen," thought Uncle Charlie, as he rose, and found his watch and money still safe. "I have two requests to make of you," he said, "since you will receive nothing of me."

"I am ready to hear," she said. That much, she thought, is due to your good intentions, if you had them, and you really do not look like a bad man.

Uncle Charlie looked like anything else. He said:—

"One is that you shall not reprimand or punish my little enigma for bringing me here."

"Granted."

"The other that you will allow me to call again."

The lady shook her head.

"With my sister, this afternoon."

The lady considered a moment. "I am very much embarrassed," she said, "at this remarkable interview. But you may call; it will not do for me to suspect everybody, though Heaven knows I have had reason enough." A shade of deep sadness came over her face.

"You are certainly very handsome," thought Uncle Charlie, "and more interesting. It is quite a New Year's adventure." He did not feel for his watch and purse till he was clear of the court. Still finding the integrity of his pockets preserved, he walked briskly away, full of curiosity and determined to satisfy it, if possible.

It is an agreeable amusement as you walk along the street to speculate upon the inhabitants of houses, and to people them with folks of your own fancying; to imagine who ought to live in this house and who in that, to preserve the unities. Uncle Charlie would no doubt have indulged in such day-dreams, if his head had not been full of the wonderful place he had just left; wonderful, for its very simplicity, as a fairy bower; with its remarkable child, and the quiet, lady-like, self-possessed mother. The tenement had to a Philadelphian nothing noticeable about it. It was one of those small houses peculiar to the Quaker City, with the street door opening directly into the best room, with a very narrow front and not much depth. But it was one house, a whole house, though small for one family; such a tenement as a widow could have all to herself at small cost, or that a clerk or other man of modest means might occupy, and not be forced into a mixed residence with other people.

And the furniture had evidently been moved here from a place more commodious. The piano took up more than its fair share of one side of the room; and other articles said, as plainly as they could speak, that they were never purchased for their present quarters. These things were not the puzzle of the place to Uncle Charlie. What did the child mean by taking him home with her? And what did the mother mean by saying that she had no friends? If she had only entertained him with a plausible story, he would have understood at once that the whole thing was palpably a trap.

While Uncle Charlie walks and wonders, we will slip on before him to the house where he would have been long before, if the little enigma had not beguiled him out of the way.

II.

Here too were the evidences that the inmates had seen more cheerful days. But none of the thousands who passed the modest mansion, scrupulously neat, could have guessed that anything but prosperity was within. The well-washed marble steps were kept so by a compromise with the single woman of all work. That functionary took a turn at street-sweeping, window-washing, and passenger gazing, while her mistress supplied, for a time, her place within doors. And thus the house was managed, as many such are, in the "Quaker City."

It is a paradise for people of limited income, and for the poor and respectable, where by decent fictions in housekeeping, and laudable hypocrisy, a good appearance may still be made;

and honest self-respect may be preserved, after the wealth which once made all things easy has slipped away.

In that house a cheerful voice had broken everybody's slumbers betimes with "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" Of course it was a child's voice. Children are the last to learn that it is proper and sensible to mar our present by regrets over the past. And it was a boy's voice; for little girls, like our strange friend Edith, will sometimes acquire a precocious and unchildlike knowledge of the world's cares and perplexities. Girls are more discerning in many things—more wise more prudent, than boys. They are admitted behind the scenes in the little drama of domestic acting, in which the family "weep as though they wept not." Boys know less than girls. And so do men than women, I think. But then I am a woman.

Uncle Charlie called this little boy his mother's "sunshine." And so he was. All children, in some degree, deserve the name, but it was little Geordie's pre-eminently. God, in his wisdom, has made these little ones angels in the house. They will see only the bright side. Little sorrows afflict them, but their tears pass over like April showers, and they will not be defrauded of the happiness that is left, and are willing to be pleased still, after all reverses and disappointments.

If little Geordie was "sunshine" to his uncle, Uncle Charlie was the whole solar system to his nephew. The boy lived in his uncle's light. His mother was dear to him, very dear. But then mother was with him always, and Uncle Charlie came in like the wonder in a fairy story, just when he was most wanted and most welcome. Mother was sad, and often perplexed, and though always kind, sometimes slow to answer the thousand questions of childhood. But Uncle Charlie was always light and cheery. He never looked perplexed, for nothing could puzzle him. Oh no! And as to questions, he always answered them, even the most difficult, though candor compels the confession that his replies would not always bear verification under oath or affirmation.

Mother, Geordie was compelled to believe, was somewhat helpless, like himself, but Uncle Charlie could do everything. Geordie had only to hint his wishes, and if his uncle could not quite accomplish them, he could suggest something else which he maintained, and the child believed, was a great deal better. Geordie longed, Oh how much, for a live pony. Uncle Charlie bought him a rocking horse, which would neither kick nor run away. Besides it would eat nothing, and Geordie was soon convinced that the wooden pony's moderate appetite was a great recommendation. He could make believe feed it, you know, and a horse that only makes believe eat, is a very profitable animal.

"Will Uncle Charlie come to-day?"

The mother sighed, as she said. "I hope so, Geordie."

"Oh, mother, I know he will, for he always came on New Year's, when father was at home."

Mrs. Merrill could no longer stay her tears. It was a sad New Year's day to her; for she had no assurance—scarce a hope—that the husband and father, who, a year ago, was the light of the household, was longer among the living. Early in the year just closed he had left her for El Dorado, the wonderful land; the land fruitful in gold to few, in anxieties and tears to all the friends who were left behind. Months had passed, and no tidings were received from him. It was a sad wintry day to the hearts of those who sighed for the absent. And yet the streets were full of promenaders, people of light heart and cheerful demeanor, who passed the window where the deserted wife and mother sat. The thought was forced upon her, whether through the year just opened, she should strive to keep together her husband's home comforts, or whether she must not relinquish all, and thus confess that she hoped no more for his return.

She had almost forgotten Uncle Charlie, when she caught a glimpse of his familiar face.

"I knew he would come! I knew he would come!" shouted little Geordie, and before his mother could reach the door, the happy boy was tugging at the latch. We need not describe with what joy Uncle Charlie was welcomed; or how before his pleasant smile—pleasant though sad, for he could feel—the gloomy thoughts of Mrs. Merrill gave her respite. Wonderful were the stores of toys and bon-bons which came out of Uncle Charlie's pockets for his nephew. Deep was the blush with which Mrs. Merrill received a sealed envelope, which Uncle Charlie bads her to put in her pocket and to hold her peace.

"Charles, you are robbing yourself."

"Me! and I a bachelor, without wife or chick or child. Besides, it's all charged, and will be paid when your husband comes home."

Mrs. Merrill sadly shook her head. Uncle Charlie knew her forebodings. Perhaps he shared them. But Uncle Charlie was always a child. In the darkest day he could see sunlight. If he had been a broker he could have carried the most forlorn stock, and when forced to give way drop his load, aud rejoice that he was released from a burthen. The man's confidence was as adamant, and his spirits as a perennial fountain. He was determined to believe that his brother would return, and if the absent never came back, so much the more was he bound to keep up, for the happiness of his widow and child.

"Why, Uncle Charlie!" said George, as he surveyed his presents, "you did not bring me one book."

"No more I did," said Uncle Charlie. "But I will give you all my books when you are a man, and you shall be a lawyer like me. You might look at Jack the Giant Killer, which I gave you last year, if you had not torn it all to pieces."

"Oh, I haven't, you naughty uncle," said the child, as he produced in triumph the well-kept classic.

"By the way, sister," said Uncle Charlie, whose thoughts now reverted to his morning's adventure, "I want you to shock all the proprieties, and frighten Mrs. Grundy out of her wits this afternoon."

Little Geordie looked up, wondering what kind of a New Year's game this might portend.

"I met a little witch this morning!"

Geordie's eyes were ready to burst from his head, and his mother divided her smiles between the lively uncle and the astonished nephew.

"And I wish you to call and see her with me."

"Oh, I should like to see a witch!"

cried Geordie. "Is it in the menagerie?"

"Never you mind, Geordie. You'll see the witch soon enough."

[So he did; but I must not get before my story. He is looking at her now, over the top of his everlasting newspaper.]

Mrs. Merrill was not hard to persuade to accompany her brother. She was accustomed to his erratic movements, and never thwarted them; for whatever conventional rules might be laughingly broken, the man was always right, for his heart was kind, and his head was sound. So little Geordie was left, with Jack the Giant Killer, in charge of the house, and Uncle Charlie took his sister with him to keep his appointment with the enigma and her mother.

We need not go with him on his second call, for the result of the interview will develop itself. When Uncle Charlie and his sister returned, a new tableau met their eyes in the parlor. A stranger, with huge moustache and beard to give an upholsterer an outfit, was sitting in the best and coziest chair; and Georgie, on the stranger's knees, was comparing his hirsute visage with that of Jack of high renown. Uncle Charlie stopped a second in the door. Mrs. Merrill rushed past him, with a scream of delight, and in a moment more Georgie was rolling on the carpet, with the force of the concussion, Mrs. Merrill's head was lost in the forest on the stranger's face, and Uncle Charlie was giving three cheers and a tiger. In this little Geordie vociferously joined while he rubbed his knees; concluding, like a sensible boy, that to shout was better than to whine.

All forthwith began to talk at once; and we cannot undertake to tell half they said. Of chief interest to our tale is the explanation which Mrs. Merrill gave of her absence; how she went to see Mrs. Oliver, whose husband went to California—

"And died there," interrupted Mr. Merrill.

"She knows that, poor soul," said Uncle Charlie.

"But she don't know," said Mr. Merrill, "that her husband left her fifty thousand dollars. He was my partner, and we were very fortunate. I wish he could have lived to return with me. But he died full of love for his wife and child, and charged me with many messages to them. I closed his eyes, and from that day set my face homeward."

"Why did you not write?"

"So I did, a dozen times. But where is Charles fled? I have not so much as shaken hands with him."

"I guess he's gone to see the witch," cried little Geordie.

"Or the witch's mother," said Mrs. Merrill.

Uncle Charlie soon returned, and confessed the fact, that he thought it his duty to break the intelligence to the widow. And his duty has been very much blended with hers ever since. Her fortune was settled upon Edith—her hand, at proper time, she gave to Uncle Charlie, and she never has said, since that New Year's morning, that she had not a friend in the world.

UNIQUE JAPANESE TIMEPIECE.

Japan possesses a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday landscape. In the foreground plum and cherry trees and rich plants appear in bloom; in the rear is seen a hill, from which flows a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, a threadlike stream meanders, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, and finally losing itself in a stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked by a creeping tortoise. A bird of exquisite plumage warbles at the close of the hour, and as the song ceases a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grotto and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view.

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread into the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Pagginni must go somewhere else for honor, for lo ! it tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it ; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep ; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree until every leaf thrills with the note in it, and the wind up the river that runs at its base is a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with the full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars, which love music the most and sung it the first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses ; mourning under eaves, singing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

RINGS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Chains and necklaces have been worn as feminine ornaments since the remotest period ; thus Homer describes to us the amber and gold necklace, set with precious stones, presented to Penelope by one of her suitors. Wealthy Roman ladies wore them of gold and silver, those of the lower classes of copper. It was the custom to wind them round the waist as well as the neck, and to hang from them pearls and trinkets of various sizes. In France, necklaces were worn by ladies in the reign of Charles VII., who presented one of precious stones to Agnes Sorel. The gems were probably uncut, for the lady complained of them hurting her neck ; but as the king admired it she continued to wear it, saying that women might bear a little pain to please those they loved. The fashion, of course, was at once adopted by the ladies of the court, and soon became general. During the reign of Henry II pearls were greatly in vogue for necklaces, as we find from the portraits of Diane de Poitiers and Mary Queen of Scots. The Queen Dowager of Prussia possessed a very beautiful pearl necklace, formed in a remarkable way. On the day of her marriage the king gave her a splendid pearl, and added one on each anniversary. An interesting anecdote about necklaces is connected with the Empress Eugenie. When the ruler of France marries, it is the custom of the city of Paris to present the bride with some costly gift. In 1853 the city of Paris voted the sum of 600,000 francs to purchase a diamond necklace for the empress. But the young empress expressed a wish that the money should be worthily expended in founding a school for poor young girls in the Faubourg St. Antoins. This school, called Maison Eugenie Napoleon, was opened in 1857, and shelters 400 girls, who are instructed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The fashion of wearing gold crosses can be traced to the beginning of the sixteenth century. A portrait of Anne of Cleves shows her adorned with three necklaces, to one of which a jewelled cross is attached. The priests vehemently assailed this custom from the pulpit, but the ladies held fast, and now and then added a heart of precious stones. Eventually an anchor was placed with the other two, and hence we have the now ordinary symbols of Faith, Hope and Charity.

Clasps were first worn by the military to fasten their cloaks, but the fashion gradually became general with both sexes during the third and fourth centuries. These clasps became with time excessively large, and represented the more modern fashion of brooches.

Girdles are of great antiquity, and were used in lieu of a purse or pocket. The belt of the Roman ladies during the empire, was formed in front like a stomacher, and set with precious stones. Hence we probably have the first idea of a corset. In the Middle Ages bankrupts used to surrender their girdles in open court. The reason was that as they carried all articles of daily use in them, it was typical of a surrender of their estate. Taking off the belt was also a sign of doing homage.

We have not space to describe in extenso all the ornaments of male and female use to which gems have been applied. For a time valuable snuffboxes were considered indispensable by men, while ladies imitated the fashion by carrying a bonbonniere. Shoebuckles, too, have had their day, although in the reign of Louis XVI. they were so large as to cover the instep. Gold-headed canes, once the the distinguishing signs of physicians, who had a species of smelling-box at the top to protect the carrier from infection, are now rarely seen.

Rings have in all ages been regarded as the most important of all ornaments. As a symbol of spiritual alliance and insignia of eternal dignity, they date back to the fourth century, when we find a ring used in the consecration of bishops. In conformity with the ancient usage recorded in Scripture, the primitive Christian church early adopted the ceremony of the ring of betrothal as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household and over the earthly goods with which he endowed her.

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirmed by natural joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthened by interchangement of your rings."

In the ancient marriage ritual, the husband placed the ring on the first joint of the bride's thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger with the words, "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost;" finally the ring was left on the fourth finger with the word "Amen!" About a century ago it was the custom to wear the marriage ring on the thumb, although at the nuptial ceremony it was placed on the fourth finger.

The coronation ring of the kings of England is plain gold, with a large violet table ruby, whereon a plain cross of St. George is curiously engraved. The queen's ring is also of gold, with a large table ruby and sixteen small diamonds round the ring. Nor must we omit the curious Venetian fashion of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic. Annually for six hundred years, the magnificently appointed Bucentaur bore the Doge to the shores of the Lido, near the mouth of the harbor. Here, letting a ring fall into the bosom of his bride, the bridegroom uttered the words, "We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." Napoleon I dissolved the marriage, and the couple never came together again.

Among ring curiosities we may mention the gimmal, often alluded to in old writers. It is composed of twin or double hoops, fitting so exactly into each other that, when united, they form but one circlet. Each hoop is generally surmounted by a hand, the two being clasped when the rings are brought together. One hoop was sometimes of gold, and the other of silver. The custom of wearing mourning-rings is ancient; thus we find Shakspeare bequeathing to John Heninge, H. Burbage, and Henry Condell "twenty-six shillings eightpence apiece to buy them rings." Rings were also given away to attendants on the day of their master's marriage. The fashion of wearing thumb-rings is very ancient in England. When the tomb of the Venerable Bede was opened in 1831, a large thumb-ring of iron, covered with a thick coating of gold, was found in the place which the right hand had occupied before it fell into dust.

Monotony, no matter of what kind, is unfavorable to life.—Herbert Spencer.

THE DUDE IN THE LUMBER CAMP

A Narrative of Facks, by "Josiah the Truthful."

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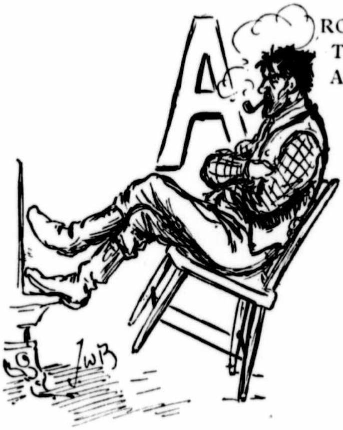


AROUND the lumber shanty fire, one cold and stormy night,
The boys were gathered to enjoy the genial heat and light ;
And pipes of sundry shades and strengths were sending forth a cloud,
That filled the place with fragrance blue and nearly hid the crowd.

A rude and wholesome supper had, as usual, closed the day,
And now for these big brawny chaps has come the hour of play ;
And the special form of pastime to-night is spinning yarns,
At which the champion, sans dispute, is huge Josiah Barnes.

Josiah had a giant form and a very solemn face,
And told the toughest stories that found utterance in the place ;
But he told 'em as the gospel truth, with ne'er a ghost of smile,
As "ackshell facks he'd know'd hisself," and air devoid of guile.

"I guess I never tole you 'bout that dude we had up here,
A-livin' in the shanty as a hand the other year?"
And looking slowly round the crowd he met a general shout
Of negatives, politely backed with cries of "Spit it out!"

"Well," said Josiah the Truthful, "You see His Dandyship,
He came up to the limit that summer fer a trip,
And camped out with a party of other dudes from town,
Jest nigh the river yender, to git their skins done brown.

"You'd see 'em out a-fishin', or bathin'—every one
A-holdin' up their faces and bare arms to the sun ;
They on'y had a fortnight, and wanted it to 'pear
They'd bin away a-roughin' it abroad fer 'bout a year.

"Well, in about two weeks or so they all went back agin
Exceptin' this here rooster, a feller small and thin,
With legs jes like two matches and a little red mustache,
A-wearin' a blazer jacket and a belly-band, or sash.

“He took a sort of notion he'd like the shanty work,
And it would be more helthy ner bein' a bank clerk,
So our foreman reely hired him—to let him have his fling—
A-loggin' all the winter and a-drivin' in the spring.

“Fust night he said he liked it, tho' he did feel ruther tired,
But he was bound to stick it through all season now he'd hired;
And yit, tho' he was hungry es a wolf from extry work,
You'd ought to saw him squirmin' at the fat and salty pork!

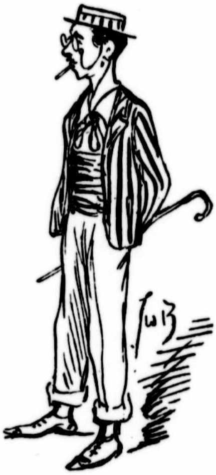
“He couldn't go it nohow, and the thick merlasses stuff
Was too many fer his feelins,' he sed 'twas “wather wuff,”
So he riz up from the table and went and told the chief,
He'd take some maple syrup, or tenderloin of beef.

“I grieve to state our fellers didn't seem to symperthise
With him, and frequent used to knock his eyeglass off his eyes;
And when that fust night he sot down and lit a cigarette,
Jim Bludso held a pistol, boys, and made him swaller it!

“Our chaps they didn't like his ways—too much of lawdy-daw,
And it made 'em mad and vicious whenever he said ‘aw!’
So they done their best to cure him and make him walk aright,
By tossin' him in blankets and so forth every night.

“And then their efforts at reform in day-time didn't slack,
Out in the woods they'd frequent drop a snowball down his back;
Or set him hitchin' up the mules, not mentionin' their tricks,
Which led, es they intended, to a few improvin' kicks.

“Now, thinkin' it all over I'm free to say that Dude
Was treated in a manner that bordered on the rude,
And I can't help a-feeling some pity in my heart
When I remember how he finally—er—sorter—went apart.



“He never was a favorit around the lumber camp
Es you kin guess from wot I've said—too much of “swagger” stamp;
But then agin the luck he had, jes' like hisself, was slim,
And I am reely sorry fer—wot is left of him.

“He's livin' in the city now, or leastwise his remains
Resides down there quite healthy, his body, head and brains—
The rest of him is scattered round the limit more or less,
Tho' they've got a portion of him at the hospertal, I guess.

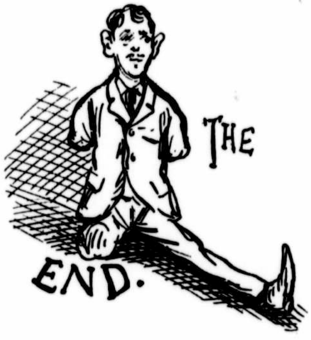
“The fust slight break he made wus when he went to cut a tree
And let the ax slip somehow and chopped a foot off, see?
And as he lay a-groanin' he didn't lay quite clear,
And another bit of timber fell and kinder took an ear.

“Yet still he didn't leave us, he certainly had grit,
But about a fortnight later his skull got somewhat split;
I can't tell how it happen'd fer the facks got mixed, you know,
With his losin' of the other leg by an accidental blow.

"And yet he stayed on with us and seemed to gain and thrive,
Till in the spring we started down the river with the drive,
But when we struck the rapids the logs jammed, as they will,
And he got both arms a-mangled in the mix-up and the spill.

"They took him to the city where them arms wus amputated,
And subsequent he lost an eye—or so I've heerd it stated.
There's nothin' left to tell about, so I will close right here
By statin' thet he hain't a dude no more sense that same year."

—J. W. **Bengough.**



THE LAKE'S BLUE COLOR.

It is generally agreed that pure water, as in many of the deepest lakes, is blue ; and it is usually supposed that the greenish tint common to other waters is given to them by yellowish matter held in suspension, while an excess of such matter turns them yellow. The explanation, while Carl Vogt regards it as correct as to the color of water, is not accepted by M. W. Springs as sufficient to account for lakes looking blue, says Popular Science Monthly, for if their water is wholly pure and quiet, it will absorb the mass of the light, reflecting little or none, and look black. What gives this water its reflecting power? Some suppose the existence of colorless solid matter in the water like the dust that makes visible the diffused light of the atmosphere. That cause is admitted to be a possible one; but M. Spring has satisfied himself by experiments that water absolutely pure will also reflect light if the mass is composed of layers of different temperatures that give rise to convection currents. This conclusion is supported by observation. Prof. F. E. Forel has found that fresh water lakes are more transparent in winter than in summer, as they should be by M. Spring's theory : because in summer the difference in temperature between the surface and the layers beneath is greater. Thus the remains of the lake dwellers can be seen on the bottoms of the Swiss lakes in winter at places where they are not at all visible in summer. Professor Forel thinks that this is because there is more dust in them to obscure the view in summer than in winter ; but there is no reason why this should be, while the disturbance by convection currents is necessarily much greater in the warm season. M. Spring does not interpret his theory as excluding any of the others, but as supplementing them.

THE BUSINESS GIRL'S BANK BOOK.

Dear business girl, have a savings-bank book. Don't spend all your earnings. Even if you only earn four or five dollars a week ; you girls who live at home don't spend it all. A few cents, even, each week—don't think it too trifling; it will make a little "nugget" in two or three years. Then, if you want money for any special purpose, if you give up your office work to be "somebody's" housekeeper, you have something towards your pretty things that your own little independent self has earned. Or, if you are tired and need a rest, the little "nugget" is there to fall back upon, to give your business-weary soul and body the healing of the country ; or it may be some dear one at home is ill and you can help in that way. Deny yourself in the little things, and then when you look back over your "business" years, you will have something more to show for time, health and strength spent, than the fact that you have always had just what you wanted in the way of new hats, ribbons, frills, laces and candies. A girl in a business office, although she learns much, still misses much. Then see that you have, if at all possible, your little "Klondike" to hold on to, that when the years pass you may not say in dismay, "After all, what have I?"

Anne Reed.

Love that is not kind is the wrong kind.

HIGH AND LOW TIDES.

Professor Darwin, the distinguished English scientist, in a recent lecture explained very clearly the causes of daily high and low tides. When, he said, the moon is over any spot on the earth the water is drawn up toward it by the force it exerts, and at the point directly opposite, on the other side of the earth, the water is also raised in the form of a big wave. Between these points, on either side of the earth's circumference, the ocean is depressed, the moon thus tending to form a spheroid of the waters, and rise to two high and two low tides in the course of one revolution of the earth.

To understand the bi-monthly spring and neap tides we must take into account, said Professor Darwin, also the effect of the sun on the oceans. The force exerted by the sun is 26-59ths as powerful as that of the moon, and when there is a full moon or a new moon the force of both bodies is acting together, and gives rise to the condition known as spring tides. But when the moon is half way between new and full, waxing and waning, the force of the sun is acting at right angles to that of the moon. As the sun exerts about half the power of the moon over the tides, the difference between the effect of the two acting together and in opposition is about as three to one, so that the tides arising from the conflict of the force of sun and moon are only one-third as great as the spring tides. These minor tides are called neap tides. The observed fact that high tides do not occur when the moon is overhead, but several hours later, was explained as due mainly to the comparative shallowness of the oceans and to the different velocities of all points on the earth's surface between the maximum of 25,000 miles a day at the equator and zero at the poles.

THE TOAD.

The toad is a true friend to the farmer and gardener. There is, probably, no living animal which destroys a greater number of injurious insects, in proportion to its weight, during the season, than the toad. Careful estimates were made by Mr. A. H. King, and show that, in one single stomach, there were found 55 army worms; in another, 65 gipsy moth caterpillars, and 37 tent caterpillars in a fourth. One toad, in three hours, consumed 35 full-grown celery worms. One toad killed at 9 p.m., May 11th, 1896, was found to have in his stomach at that time nine ants, six cut worms, five myriapods, one weevil, and one beetle, besides other insect food. It is estimated that a toad feeding as heartily as this one did would devour, in the three months, May, June and July, the equivalent of 3,312 ants, 2,208 cut worms, 1,840 myriapods, 368 weevils, and 368 beetles. The toad devours caterpillars, ants, spiders, grasshoppers, cut worms, and dozens of other injurious insects.

The life and habits of the toad are unique. He usually emerges from his winter quarters during the month of April, and on warm days toads may be found on their way to the ponds and stagnant pools. By July 1st to 15th, the young toads leave the water where they are hatched, and spread out over the garden or field. At this stage they are exceedingly sensitive to heat, and secrete themselves under rubbish, stones and sticks during the day. Once let a heavy shower descend, and out they come. The fact that the young toad is unable to endure the heat of the sun prevents many of them from being killed, as they would be by birds and animals which prey in the daytime.

The toad cannot endure high temperatures, and is not commonly seen in the daytime. It is really a nocturnal animal, though when tempted by hunger it will venture out during the day, especially when the air is full of moisture. Soon after sundown, or even before on cool evenings, the toad comes out from its daily shelter, and slowly hops about in search of food. Many gardeners make a practice of caring for toads and teaching them to stay in their fields and gardens. This is done by keeping them penned for awhile in a hole or under stones. Unless provided with such shelter, the toad would hop away in the direction of its old home. On the whole, it may be said that the toad is a true friend of the farmer. He has many virtues and no serious vices.

THE CLOVE TREE.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca Islands and belongs to the far-spread family of myrtles. It is a tall, very handsome evergreen, with ovate, oblong leaves and purplish, flowers, arranged in corymps on short, jointed stalks. The flowers are produced in great profusion, and when they appear, which is at the beginning of the rainy season, they are in the form of elongated, greenish buds. These unexpanded buds are the cloves of commerce, which derive their name from the Spanish word, "clavo," a nail, so called from the real or fancied resemblance of the bud to a nail. Sometimes the clove fruit appears in commerce in a dried state, under the name of "mother cloves." It has an odor and flavor similar to cloves but is much weaker. The flower buds are beaten from the tree and are dried by the smoke of wood fires and afterwards by the sun. If the buds remain on the trees the calices gradually swell, the embryo seeds enlarge, and the pungent properties of the cloves are to a great degree dissipated. Cloves consist of two parts—a round head, which is, in fact, the flower rolled up, inclosing a number of small filaments, and the four points that surround the flower and form the flower cup of the unripe seed vessel. When they are soaked for a short time in hot water the flowers soften and steadily unroll, so that all the parts may be seen. The entire clove tree is highly aromatic and the footstalks of the leaves have nearly the same pungent quality as the calyx of the flower.

COLOR IN LEAVES.

A true and scientific explanation of the causes of coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly, those causes are these :—The green matter in the tissue of the leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in color is due to the difference of combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil.

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

Lamp wicks, if boiled in vinegar before using, will not smoke.

To Powder Camphor.—To powder camphor so that it will not again agglomerate, dissolve it in 1½ parts of alcohol, precipitate by the addition of 4 parts of water, collect the precipitate, wash with an abundance of water and dry.

Packing Silk.—When silks are packed away they are likely to become yellow unless care is used. To prevent this, break up a few cakes of white beeswax, fold them loosely in old handkerchiefs and place these among the folds of silk.

To freshen stale bread, dip loaf, wrapped in a clean cloth, into boiling spring water, and allow it to remain there half a minute. Then unroll the loaf and bake for ten minutes in a slow oven. It will be found as fresh as if only baked yesterday.

A little turpentine dissolved in warm water is the best thing to wash window glass, mirrors or glass globes. Turpentine is excellent for washing sinks which have become dull and dirty. A little alcohol will also do wonders in brightening glass.

Cleansing Kid Gloves.—For cleansing kid gloves the following mixture is used in Paris: 200 grams soap powder, 8 grams aqua ammonia, 135 grams eau de Jabelle, 150 grams water. These substances are mixed and a paste is formed, which, by means of flannel, is applied to the gloves and rubbed until they are quite clean.

To Clean Clothing.—Mix six ounces of water with one ounce of hartshorn and one ounce of sulphurine ether, and with a sponge dipped in this well rub the article to be cleaned. This will remove the dirt and the garment must then be sponged with clean water. Then wring out a towel or linen cloth in hot water, spread it over the garment and iron with a hot iron.

Uses for Soda.—If grease has been spilt on the floor or table of the kitchen or pantry, put a little soda on the spots, and then pour boiling water over them. This simple mixture is useful in another way. Steel knives that are not often used may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda, three parts soda to one part water; after dipping them, wipe dry, roll them in flannel, and keep in a dry place.

To Clean Windows.—Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window; when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia. Do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth. Do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspapers. This can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

Pure Water.—As the purity of the water we drink is as essential to our health as that of the food we eat, an article in the Popular Science News for September is, if its statements are correct, extremely interesting, as showing that it is a comparatively easy matter to free water from impurities. The article is as follows: "Professor Bilslick says that water may be sterilized in five minutes by adding to it bromine, and that bromine may be then neutralized by adding ammonia. The river water of Berlin has been tested 200 times. After being treated with bromine and ammonia, all germs of disease were destroyed, including those of cholera and typhoid. A gallon of water, it is said, may be sterilized as follows: First add to it three drops of the following solution: Water, 100 parts; bromine, 20 parts; potassium bromide, 10 parts, and then, after five minutes, add three drops of a 9 per cent. solution of ammonia. This process is recommended as a rapid, cheap and effective way to sterilize drinking water for armies, on board of ship, in unhealthy localities and for medical and surgical purposes."

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A minute account of the annual income and the times of payment should be kept in writing; likewise an estimate of the supposed amount of each article of expense; and those who are early accustomed to calculations on domestic articles will acquire so accurate a knowledge of what their establishment requires, as will enable them to keep the happy medium between prodigality and parsimony.

In apportioning the items of expenditure of a family, something should always be assigned for the use of the poor, which enables any pressing case of distress to be at once attended to, without a question whether the money can be spared.

Perhaps few branches of female education are more useful than great readiness in figures. Accounts should be regularly kept, and not the smallest article omitted to be entered. If balanced every week or month the income and outgoings will be ascertained with facility, and their proportions to each other be duly observed. Some people fix on stated sums to be appropriated to each different article, as house, clothes, pocket, education of children, etc. Whatever be the amount of household expenditure, a certain mode should be adopted, and strictly adhered to. Besides the regular account book, in which the receipt of money and every payment should be regularly entered, a common-place book should be always at hand for the entry of observations regarding agreements with tradesmen, servants and various other subjects, so as to enable the mistress of the house to at once ascertain the exact state of the affairs under her immediate management.

Want of arrangement leads to loss of time; and time, if lost, can never be regained. Early hours, order, punctuality, and method, are its great economists, and cannot be too rigidly enforced. If orders be given soon in the morning, there will be more time to execute them; and servants, by doing their work without hurry and bustle, will be more likely to do it well, and fewer might be necessary.

To give unvarying rules cannot be attempted, as people ought to act differently under different circumstances: the minutiæ of management must therefore be regulated by every one's fortune, but there are many general rules which will be found equally advantageous to all.

It is very necessary for the mistress of a family to be informed of the prices and goodness of all articles in common use, and of the best times, as well as places, for purchasing them. She should also be acquainted with the comparative prices of provisions, in order that she may be able to substitute those that are most reasonable, when they will answer as well, for others of the same kind, but which are more costly. On this, however, it has been well remarked, "that small families should never encumber themselves with huge and perhaps awkward pieces of even excellent meat, under the idea that it is cheap, because offered below the market price; nominally it may be so, but in the end it will be found exceedingly dear. There will necessarily be a large portion of bone; and if soups be not wanted, the bones will be made no use of, although they not only weigh heavy, but are paid for at the same price as the prime parts of the meat."

The Wager of the Marquis de Merosailles.

BY
ANTHONY HOPE
AUTHOR OF
"The Prisoner of Zenda."
"The Dolly Dialogues" Etc.

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In the year 1634, as spring came, there arrived at Strelsau a French nobleman of high rank and great possessions and endowed with many accomplishments. He came to visit Prince Rudolf, whose acquaintance he had made while the prince was at Paris in the course of his travels. King Henry received M. de Merosailles—for such was his name—most graciously and sent a guard of honor to conduct him to the castle of Zenda where the prince was then staying in company with his sister Osra. There the marquis on his arrival was greeted with much joy by Prince Rudolf, who found his sojourn in the country somewhat irksome and was glad of the society of a friend with whom he could talk and sport and play at cards. All these things he did with M. de Merosailles, and a great friendship arose between the young men, so that they spoke very freely to one another at all times, and most of all when they had drunk their wine and sat together in the evening in Prince Rudolf's chamber that looked across the moat toward the gardens, for the new chateau that now stands on the site of these gardens was not then built. And one night M. de Merosailles made bold to ask the prince how it fell out that his sister the princess, a lady of such great beauty, seemed sad and showed no pleasure in the society of any gentleman, but treated all alike with coldness and disdain. Prince Rudolf, laughing, answered that girls were strange creatures and that he had ceased to trouble his head about them—of his heart he said nothing—and he finished by exclaiming, "On my honor, I doubt if she so much as knows you are here, for she has not looked at you once since your arrival!" And he smiled maliciously, for he knew that the marquis was not accustomed to be neglected by ladies and would take it ill that even a princess should be unconscious of his presence. In this he calculated rightly, for M. de Merosailles was greatly vexed, and, twisting his glass in his fingers, he said:

"If she were not a princess and your sister, sir, I would engage to make her look at me."

"I am not hurt by her looking at you," rejoined the prince, for that evening he was very merry. "A look is no great thing."

And the marquis, being also very merry and knowing that Rudolf had less regard for his dignity than a prince should have, threw out carelessly:

"A kiss is more, sir."

"It is a great deal more," laughed the prince, tugging his mustache.

"Are you ready for a wager, sir?" asked M. de Merosailles, leaning across the table toward him.

"I'll lay you 1,000 crowns to 100 that you do not gain a kiss, using what means you will save force."

"I'll take the wager, sir," cried the marquis, "but it shall be three, not one!"

"Have a care," said the prince. "Don't go too near the flame, my lord! There are some wings in Strelsau singed at that candle."

"Indeed the light is very bright," assented the marquis courteously. "That risk I must run, though, if I am to win my wager. It is to be three, then, and by what means I will save force?"

"Even so," said Rudolf, and he laughed again, for he thought the wager harmless, since by no means could M. de Merosailles win so much as one kiss from the Princess Osra, and the wager stood at three. But he did not think how he wronged his sister by using her name lightly, being in all such matters a man of careless mind.

But the marquis, having made his wager, set himself steadily to win it, for he brought forth the choicest clothes from his wardrobe and ornaments and perfumes, and he laid fine presents at the princess' feet, and he waylaid her wherever she went and was profuse of glances, sighs and hints, and he wrote sonnets as fine gentlemen used to do in those days, and lyrics and pastorals, wherein she figured under charming names. These he bribed the princess' waiting women to leave in their mistress' chamber. Moreover, he looked now sorrowful, now passionate, and he ate nothing at dinner, but drank his wine in wild gulps as though he sought to banish sadness.

So that, in a word, there was no device in Cupid's armory that the Marquis de Merosailles did not practice in the endeavor to win a look from the Princess Osra But no look came and he got nothing from her but cold civility. Yet she had looked at him when he looked not—for princesses are much like other maidens—and thought him a very pretty gentleman and was highly amused by his extravagance, yet she did not believe it to witness any true devotion to her, but thought it mere gallantry.

Then one day M. de Merosailles, having tried all else that he could think of, took to his bed. He sent for a physician and paid him a high fee to find the seeds of a rapid and fatal disease in him, and he made his body servant whiten his face and darken the room, and he groaned very pitifully, saying that he was sick and that he was glad of it, for death would be better far than the continued disdain of the Princess Osra. And all this, being told by the marquis' servants to the princess' waiting women, reached Osra's ears and caused her much perturbation. for she now perceived that the passion of the marquis was real and deep, and she became very sorry for him, and the longer the face of the rascally physician grew the more sad the princess became, and she walked up and down, bewailing the terrible effects of her beauty, wishing that she were not so fair and mourning very tenderly for the sad plight of the unhappy marquis. Through all Prince Rudolf looked on, but was bound by his wager not to undeceive her. Moreover, he found much entertainment in the matter and swore that it was worth three times 1,000 crowns.

At last the marquis sent, by the mouth of the physician, a very humble and pitiful message to the princess, in which he spoke of himself as near to death, hinted at the cruel cause of his condition and prayed her of her compassion to visit him in his chamber and speak a word of comfort, or at least let him look on her face, for the brightness of her eyes, he said, might cure even what it had caused.

Deceived by this appeal, Princess Osra agreed to go. Moved by some strange impulse, she put on her loveliest gown, dressed her hair most splendidly and came into his chamber looking like a goddess. There lay the marquis, white as a ghost and languid, on his pillows, and they were left, as they thought, alone. Then Osra sat down and began to talk very gently and kindly to him, glancing only at the madness which brought him to his sad state, and imploring him to summon his resolution and conquer his sickness for his friends' sake at home in France and for the sake of her brother, who loved him.

"There is nobody who loves me," said the marquis petulantly, and when Osra cried out at this he went on, "For the love of those whom I do not love is nothing to me, and the only soul alive I love"— There he stopped, but his eyes, fixed on Osra's face, ended the sentence for him. And she blushed and looked away. Then, thinking the moment had come, he burst suddenly into a flood of protestations and self reproach cursing himself for a fool and a presumptuous man, pitifully craving her pardon and declaring that he did not deserve her kindness, and yet that he could not live without it, and that anyhow he would be dead soon and thus cease to trouble her. But she, being thus passionately assailed, showed such sweet tenderness and compassion and pity that M. de Merosailles came very near to forgetting that he was playing a comedy and threw himself into his part with eagerness, redoubling his vehemence and feeling now full half of what he said. For the princess was to his eyes far more beautiful in her softer mood. Yet he remembered his wager, and at last, when she was nearly in tears and ready, as it seemed, to do anything to give him comfort, he cried desperately:

"Ah, leave me, leave me! Leave me to die alone. For pity's sake, before you go, and before I die, give me your forgiveness and let your lips touch my forehead in token of it, and then I shall die in peace."

At that the princess blushed still more and her eyes were dim and shone, for she was very deeply touched at his misery and at the sad prospect of the death of so gallant a gentleman for love. Thus she could scarcely speak for emotion, and the marquis, seeing her emotion, was himself much affected, and she rose from her chair and bent over him and whispered comfort to him. Then she leaned down and very lightly touched his forehead with her lips and he felt her eyelashes, that were wet with her tears, brush the skin of his forehead, and then she sobbed and covered her face with her hands. Indeed his state seemed to her most pitiful.

Thus M. de Merosailles had won one of his three kisses, yet, strange to tell, there was no triumph in him, but he now perceived the baseness of his device, and the sweet kindness of the princess, working together with the great beauty of her softened manner, so affected him that he thought no more of his wager and could not endure to carry on his deception, and nothing would serve his turn but to confess to the princess what he had done and humble himself in the dust before her and entreat her to pardon him and let him find forgiveness. Therefore, impelled by these feelings, after he had lain still a few moments listening to the princess weeping he leaped suddenly out of the bed, showing himself fully clothed under the bedgown which he now eagerly tore off, and he rubbed all the white he could from his cheeks, and then he fell on his knees before the princess, crying to her that he had played the meanest trick on her and he was a scoundrel and no gentleman and yet that unless she forgave him he should in very truth die. Nay, he would not consent to live unless he could win from her pardon for his deceit. And in all this he was now most absolutely in earnest, wondering only how he had not been as passionately enamored of her from the first as he had feigned himself to be, for a man in love can never conceive himself out of it nor he that is out of it in it, for if he can he is half way to the one or the other, however little he may know it.

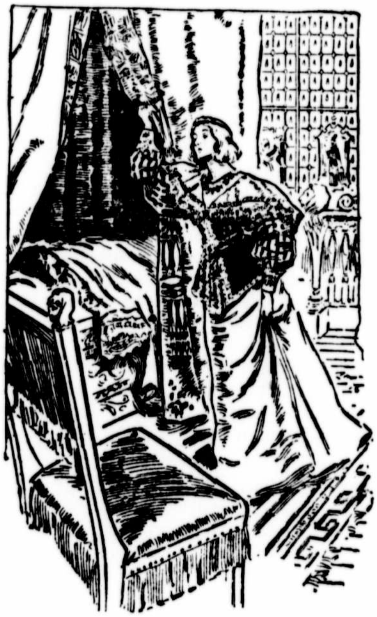
At first the princess sat as though she were turned to stone, but when he had finished his confession and she understood the trick that had been played upon her, and how not only her kiss, but also her tears, had been won from her by fraud, and when she thought, as she did, that the marquis was playing another trick upon her and that there was no more truth or honesty in his present protestations than in those which went before, she fell into great shame and into a great rage, and her eyes flashed like the eyes of her father himself as she rose to her feet and looked down on M. de Merosailles as he knelt imploring her. Now her face turned pale from red, and she set her lips and she drew her gown close round her, lest his touch should defile it (so the unhappy gentleman understood the gesture), and she daintily picked her steps round him lest by chance she should happen to come in contact with so foul a thing. Thus she walked toward the door, and, having reached it, she turned and said to him, "Your death may blot out the insult—nothing less!" And with her head held high and her whole air full of scorn she swept out of the room, leaving the marquis on his knees. Then he started up to follow her, but dared not, and he flung himself on the bed in a paroxysm of shame and vexation, and now of love, and he cried out loud:

"Then my death shall blot it out, since nothing else will serve!"

For he was in a very desperate mood. For a long while he lay there, and then, having risen, dressed himself in a somber suit of black and buckled his sword by his side and put on his riding boots, and, summoning his servant, bade him saddle his horse. "For," said he to himself, "I will ride into the forest and there kill myself, and perhaps when I am dead the princess will forgive and will believe in my love and grieve a little for me."

Now, as he went from his chamber to cross the moat by the drawbridge he encountered Prince Rudolf returning from hawking. They met full in the center of the bridge, and the prince, seeing M. de Merosailles dressed all in black from the feather in his cap to his boots, called out mockingly: "Who is to be buried today, my lord, and whither do you ride to the funeral? It cannot be yourself, for I see that you are marvelously recovered of your sickness."

"But it is myself," answered the marquis, coming near and speaking low that the servants and the falconers might not overhear. "And I ride, sir, to my own funeral."


There lay the marquis.

"The jest is still afoot then?" asked the prince. "Yet I do not see my sister at the window to watch you go, and I warrant you have made no way with your wager yet."

"A thousand curses on my wager!" cried the marquis. "Yes, I have made way with the accursed thing, and that is why I now go to my death."

"What, has she kissed you?" cried the prince, with a merry, astonished laugh.

"Yes, sir, she has kissed me once, and therefore I go to die."

"I have heard many a better reason then," answered the prince.

By now the prince had dismounted, and he stood by M. de Merosailles in the middle of the bridge and heard from him how the trick had prospered. At this he was much tickled, and, alas, he was even more diverted when the penitence of the marquis was revealed to him and was most of all moved to merriment when it appeared that the marquis, having gone too near the candle, had been caught by its flame and was so terribly singed and scorched that he could not bear to live. And while they talked on the bridge the princess looked out on them from a lofty, narrow window, but neither of them saw her. Now, when the prince had done laughing, he put his arm through his friend's and bade him not to be a fool, but come in and toast the princess' kiss in a draft of wine. "For," he said, "though you will never get the other two, yet it is a brave exploit to have got one."

But the marquis shook his head, and his air was so resolute and so full of sorrow that not only was Rudolf alarmed for this reason, but Princess Osra also, at the window, wondered what ailed him and why he wore such a long face, and she now noticed that he was dressed all in black and that his horse waited for him across the bridge.

"Not," said she, "that I care what becomes of the impudent rogue." Yet she did not leave the window, but watched very intently to see what M. de Merosailles would do.

For a long while he talked with Rudolf on the bridge, Rudolf seeming more serious than he was wont to be, and at last the marquis bent to kiss the prince's hand, and the prince raised him and kissed him on either cheek, and then the marquis went and mounted his horse and rode off slowly and unattended into the glades of the forest of Zenda, but the prince, with a shrug of his shoulders and a frown on his brow, entered under the portcullis and disappeared from his sister's view.

Upon this the princess, assuming an air of great carelessness, walked down from the room where she was and faced her brother, sitting still in his boots and drinking wine, and she said:

"M. de Merosailles has taken his leave then?"

"Even so, madam," rejoined Rudolf.

Then she broke into a fierce attack on the marquis, and on her brother also, for a man, said she, is known by his friends, and what a man must Rudolf be to have a friend like the Marquis de Merosailles!

"Most brothers," she said in fiery temper, "would make him answer for what he has done with his life, but you laugh. Nay, I dare say you had a hand in it."

As to this last charge the prince had the discretion to say nothing. He chose rather to answer the first part of what she said, and, shrugging his shoulders again rejoined, "The fool saves me the trouble, for he has gone off to kill himself."

"To kill himself?" she said, half incredulous, but also half believing, because of the marquis' gloomy looks and black clothes.

"To kill himself," repeated Rudolf. "For in the first place you are angry, and he cannot live, and in the second he has behaved like a rogue, so he cannot live, and in the third place you are so lovely, sister, that he cannot live, and in the first, second and third places he is a fool, so he cannot live." And the prince finished his flagon of wine with every sign of ill humor in his manner.

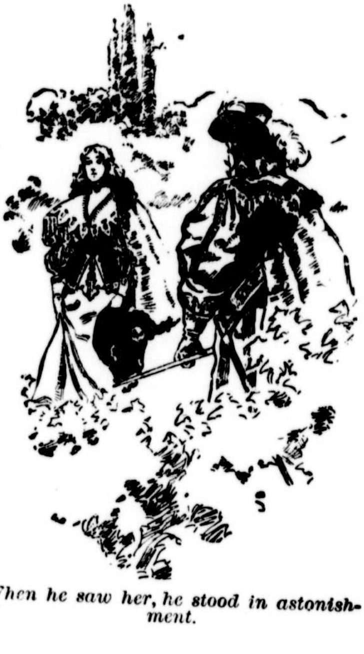
"He is well dead!" she cried.

"Oh, as you please," said he. "He is not the first brave man who has died on your account." And he rose and strode out of the room very surlily, for he had a great friendship for M. de Merosailles and had no patience with men who let love make dead bones of them.

The Princess Osra, being thus left alone, sat for a little while in deep thought. There rose before her mind the picture of M. de Merosailles riding mournfully through the gloom of the forest to his death, and, although his conduct had been all and more than all that she had called it, yet it seemed hard that he should die for it. Moreover, if he now in truth felt what he had before feigned the present truth was an atonement for the past treachery, and she said to herself that she could not sleep quietly that night if the marquis killed himself in the forest. Presently she wandered slowly up to her chamber and looked in the mirror and murmured low, "Poor fellow!" And then with sudden speed she attired herself for riding and commanded her horse to be saddled and darted down the stairs and across the bridge and mounted and, forbidding any one to accompany her, rode away into the forest, following the tracks of the hoofs of M. de Merosailles' horse. It was then late afternoon, and the slanting rays of the sun, striking through the tree trunks, reddened her face as she rode, along, spurring her horse and following hard on the track of the forlorn gentleman. But what she intended to do if she came up with him she did not think.

When she had ridden an hour or more, she saw his horse tethered to a trunk, and there was a ring of trees and bushes near, encircling an open grassy spot. Herself dismounting and fastening her horse by the marquis' horse, she stole up and saw M. de Merosailles sitting on the ground, his drawn sword lying beside him, and his back was toward her. She held her breath and waited for a few moments. Then he took up the sword and felt the point and also the edge of it and sighed deeply, and the princess thought that this sorrowful mood became him better than any she had seen him in before.

Then he rose to his feet and took his sword by the blade beneath the hilt and turned the point of it toward his heart. And Osra, fearing that the deed would be done immediately, called out eagerly: "My lord! My lord!" And M. de Merosailles turned round with a great



When he saw her, he stood in astonishment.

start. When he saw her, he stood in astonishment, his hand still holding the blade of the sword. And, standing just on the other side of the trees, she said:

"Is your offense against me to be cursed by adding an offense against heaven and the church?" And she looked on him with great severity, yet her cheek was flushed, and after awhile she did not meet his glance.

"How came you here, madam?" he asked in wonder.

"I heard," she said, "that you meditated this great sin, and I rode after you to forbid it."

"Can you forbid what you cause?" he asked.

"I am not the cause of it," she said, "but your own trickery."

"It is true. I am not worthy to live!" cried the marquis, smiting the hilt of his sword to the ground. "I pray you, madam, leave me alone to die, for I cannot tear myself from the world so long as I see your face." And as he spoke he knelt on one knee, as though he were doing homage to her.

The princess caught at a bough of the tree under which she stood and pulled the bough down so that its leaves half hid her face, and the marquis saw little more than her eyes from among the foliage. And thus being better able to speak to him she said softly:

"And dare you die unforgiven?"

"I had prayed for forgiveness before you found me, madam," said he.

"Of heaven, my lord?"

"Of heaven, madam, for of heaven I dare to ask it."

The bough swayed up and down, and now Osra's gleaming hair and now her cheek and always her eyes were seen through the leaves. And presently the marquis heard a voice asking:

"Does heaven forgive unasked?"

"Indeed, no," said he, wondering.

"And," said she, "are we poor mortals kinder than heaven?"

The marquis rose and took a step or two toward where the bough swayed up and down and then knelt again.

"A great sinner," said he, "cannot believe himself forgiven."

"Then he wrongs the power of whom he seeks forgiveness, for forgiveness is divine."

"Then I will ask it, and if I obtain it I shall die happy."

Again the bough swayed, and Osra said:

"Nay, if you will die you may die unforgiven."

M. de Merosailles, hearing these words, sprang to his feet and came toward the bough until he was so close that he touched the green leaves, and through them the eyes of Osra gleamed, and the sun's rays struck on her eyes, and they danced in the sun, and her cheeks were reddened by the same or some other cause. And the evening was very still and there seemed no sounds in the forest.

"I cannot believe that you forgive; the crime is so great," said he.

"It was great, yet I forgive."

"I cannot believe it," said he again, and he looked at the point of his sword, and then he looked through the leaves at the princess.

"I can do no more than say that if you will live I will forgive, and we will forget."

"By heaven, no," he whispered. "If I must forget to be forgiven then I will remember and be unforgiven."

The faintest laugh reached him from among the foliage.

"Then I will forget, and you shall be forgiven," said she.

The marquis put up his hand and held a leaf aside, and he said again:

"I cannot believe myself forgiven. Is there no other token of forgiveness?"

"Pray, my lord, do not put the leaves aside."

"I still must die unless I have sure warrant of forgiveness."

"Ah, you try to make me think that."

"By heavens, it is true." And again he pointed his sword at his heart, and he swore on his honor that unless she gave him a token he would kill himself.

"Oh," said the princess with great petulance, "I wish I had not come."

"Then I should have been dead by now—dead, unforgiven."

"But you will still die."

"Yes, I must still die, unless"—

"Sheathe your sword, my lord. The sun strikes it, and it dazzles my eyes."

"That cannot be, for your eyes are brighter than sun and sword together."

"Then I must shade them with the leaves."

"Yes, shade them with the leaves," he whispered. "Madam, is there no token of forgiveness?"

An absolute silence followed for a little while. Then Osra said:

"Why did you swear on your honor?"

"Because it is an oath that I cannot break."

"Indeed I wish that I had not come," sighed Princess Osra.

Again came silence. The bough was pressed down for an instant, then it swayed swiftly up again, and its leaves brushed the cheek of M. de Merosailles. And he laughed loud and joyfully.

"Something touched my cheek," said he.

"It must have been a leaf," said Princess Osra.

"Ah, a leaf!"

"I think so," said Princess Osra.

"Then it was a leaf of the tree of life," said M. de Merosailles.

"I wish some one would set me on my horse," said Osra.

"That you may ride back to the castle—alone?"

"Yes, unless you would relieve my brother's anxiety."

"It would be courteous to do that much," said the marquis.

So they mounted and rode back through the forest. In an hour the princess had come, and in the space of something over two hours they returned, yet during all this time they spoke hardly a word, and although the sun was now set yet the glow remained on the face and in the eyes of Princess Osra, while M. de Merosailles, being forgiven, rode with a smile on his lips.

But when they came to the castle Prince Rudolf ran out to meet them, and he cried almost before he reached them:

"Hasten! Hasten! There is not a moment to lose if the marquis values life or liberty." And when he came to them he told them that a waiting woman had been false to M. de Merosailles, and, after taking his money, had hid herself in his chamber and seen the first kiss that the princess gave him, and having made some pretext to gain a holiday had gone to the king, who was hunting near, and betrayed the whole matter to him.

"And one of my gentlemen," he continued, "has ridden here to tell me. In an hour the guards will be here, and if the king catches you, my lord, you will hang as sure as I live."

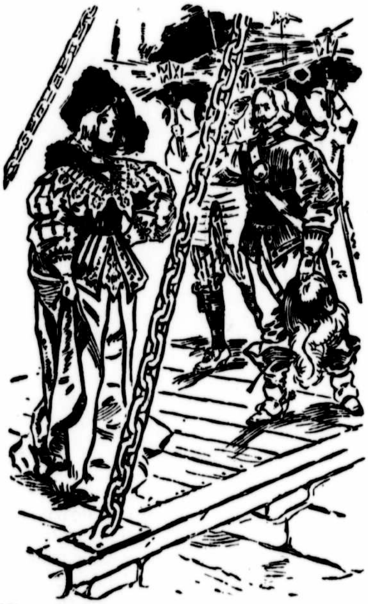
The princess turned very pale, but M. de Merosailles said haughtily, "I ask your pardon, sir, but the king dares not hang me, for I am a gentleman and a subject of the king of France."

"Man, man," cried Rudolf, "the lion will hang you first and think of all that afterward. Come now, it is dusk. You shall dress yourself as my groom, and I will ride to the frontier, and you shall ride behind me, and thus you may get safe away. I cannot have you hanged over such a trifle."

"I would have given my life willingly for what you call a trifle, sir," said the marquis with a bow to Osra.

"Then have the trifle and life, too," said Rudolf decisively. "Come in with me, and I will give you your livery."

When the prince and M. de Merosailles came out again on the drawbridge, the evening had fallen and it was dark, and their horses stood at the end of the bridge, and by the horses stood the princess.



"But we found M. de Merosailles' clothes in the castle."

"Quick," said she, "for a peasant who came in, bringing a load of wood, saw a troop of men coming over the hill, and he says they are the king's guard."

"Mount, man!" cried the prince to M. de Merosailles, who was now dressed as a groom. "Perhaps we can get clear, or perhaps they will not dare to stop me."

But the marquis hesitated a little, for he did not like to run away, and the princess ran a little way forward and, shading her eyes with her hand, cried: "See there! I see the gleam of steel in the dark. They have reached the top of the hill and are riding down."

Then Prince Rudolf sprang on his horse, calling again to M. de Merosailles: "Quick! Quick! Your life hangs on it!"

Then at last the marquis, though he was most reluctant to depart, was about to spring on his horse, when the princess turned and glided back swiftly to them. And let it be remembered that evening had fallen thick and black. She came to her brother and put out her hand and grasped his hand and said:

"My lord, I forgive your wrong, and I thank you for your courtesy, and I wish you farewell."

Prince Rudolf, astonished, gazed at her without speaking, but she, moving very quickly in spite of the darkness, ran to where M. de Merosailles was about to spring on his horse and she flung one arm lightly about his neck and she said:

"Farewell, dear brother. God preserve you. See that no harm comes to my good friend M. de Merosailles." And she kissed him lightly on the cheek. Then she suddenly gave a loud cry of dismay, exclaiming: "Alas, what have I done? Ah, what have I done?" And she hid her face in her two hands.

Prince Rudolf burst into a loud, short laugh, yet he said nothing to his sister, but again urged the marquis to mount his horse. And the marquis, who was in a sad tumult of triumph and of woe, leaped up, and they rode out, and, turning their faces toward the forest, set spurs to their horses and vanished at breakneck speed into the glades. And no sooner were they gone than the troopers of the king's guard clattered at a canter up to the end of the bridge, where the Princess Osra stood. But when their captain saw the princess he drew rein.

"What is your errand, sir?" she asked most coldly and haughtily.

"Madam," said the captain, "we are ordered to bring the Marquis de Merosailles alive or dead into the king's presence, and we have information that he is in the castle, unless indeed he were one of the horsemen who rode away just now."

"The horsemen you saw were my brother the prince and his groom," said Osra. "But if you think that M. de Merosailles is in the castle pray search the castle from keep to cellar, and if you find him carry him to my father according to your orders."

Then the troopers dismounted in great haste and ransacked the castle from keep to cellar, and they found the clothes of the marquis and the white powder with which he had whitened his face, but the marquis they did not find. And the captain came again to the princess, who still stood at the end of the bridge, and said:

"Madam, he is not in the castle."

"Is he not?" said she, and she turned away, and, walking to the middle of the bridge, looked down into the water of the moat.

"Was it in truth the prince's groom who rode with him, madam?" asked the captain, following her.

"In truth, sir, it was so dark," answered the princess, "that I could not myself clearly distinguish the man's face."

"One was the prince, for I saw you embrace him, madam."

"You do well to conclude that was my brother," said Osra, smiling a little.

"And to the other, madam, you gave your hand."

"And now I give it to you," said she with haughty insolence. "And if to my father's servant why not to my brother's?" And she held out her hand that he might kiss it and turned away from him and looked down into the water again.

"But we found M. de Merosailles' clothes in the castle," persisted the captain.

"He may well have left something of his in the castle," said the princess.

"I will ride after them," cried the captain.

"I doubt if you will catch them," smiled the princess, for by now the pair had been gone half an hour and the frontier was but ten miles from the castle, and they could not be overtaken. Yet the captain rode off with his men and pursued till he met Prince Rudolf returning alone, having seen M. de Merosailles safe on his way. And Rudolf had paid the sum of 1,000 crowns to the marquis, so that the fugitive was well provided for his journey and, traveling with many relays of horses, made good his escape from the clutches of King Henry.

But the Princess Osra staid a long time looking down at the water in the moat. And sometimes she sighed and then again she frowned, and, although nobody was there and it was very dark into the bargain, more than once she blushed. And at last she turned to go into the castle, and as she went she murmured softly to herself:

"Why I kissed him the first time I know—it was in pity. And why I kissed him the second time I know—it was in forgiveness. But why I kissed him the third time, or what that kiss meant," said Osra, "heaven knows."

And she went in with a smile on her lips.

Murder Postponed.

Two flashy colored boys stood in the hot sun in front of the railway eating house and looked at each other with their eyes rolled sideways. "Look hyah, you piece o' dahk meat, I got some bone handled trouble in my pocket waitin faw you if you eveh come round that baby tryin to undamine me."

"Slow up, boy! You's on a slippy road, an if you don't drive caihful you goin to fall right in dat ditch fus' thing you knows."

"Don't get me stahted, coon! Don't rouse me! I wouldn't like to do it, but I could jus' lay hold o' your dahk body an cut it up into rubbah balls. I ain't used dat razah faw whole week now, an it's gettin uneasy. I can feel it movin in my pocket an sayin, 'Mistah, let me get out an do someping.'"

"Look heah! You bettah sing dat razah to sleep, 'kase you evah reach faw it you jes' see whole atmosphere full o' niggah wool, striped shirt an blue cloze. Yes, seh, you'd have to be geth'd up in a basket. I got a piece o' shiny ha'dwaih in my pocket, an it sings sweet an low, an ev'y time it speaks to you it hand's you a pound o' lead. Look out faw me, boy!"

"Hush, coon! I really love trouble."

"Don't staht nothin 'less you want to lose money faw your folks. Costs money to plant a coon; yes, seh. You don't get dem sivah handled boxes faw nothin; no, seh. Got any o' dem papah cigahs, Henry?"

Henry reached for his package of cigarettes, and the traveler, who had been waiting to see murder done, gave an exclamation of disgust and walked into the railway station.—Haberdasher.

An English Gallant.

Glancing across the surface of everyday life in the Elizabethan days of robust manhood, it is interesting to notice the lively, childlike simplicity of manners, the love of showy, brilliant colors worn by both sexes, and to compare these charming characteristics with the sober habiliments and reserved manners of the present day. Here is an example of the man of fashion, the beau ideal of the metropolis, as he sallies forth into the city to parade himself in the favorite mart of fashionable loungers, St. Paul's churchyard. His beard, if he have one, is on the wane, but his mustaches are cultivated and curled at the points and himself is redolent with choicest perfumes.

Costly jewels decorate his ears; a gold brooch of rarest workmanship fastens his bright scarlet cloak, which is thrown carelessly upon his left shoulder, for he is most anxious to exhibit to the utmost advantage the rich hatchings of his silver hilted rapier and dagger, the exquisite cut of his doublet (shorn of its skirts) and trunk hose. His hair, cropped close from the top of the head down the back, hangs in long love locks on the sides. His hat, which was then really new in the country, having supplanted the woolen cap or hood, is thrown jauntily on one side. It is high and tapering toward the crown and has a band around it, richly adorned with precious stones or by goldsmith's work, and this gives support to one of the finest of plumes.—Nineteenth Century.

Not a Nice Place For Sleeping.

"One evening my officer said to me, 'I think I'll sleep here tonight, Wickenden, down by this gun.' I answered, 'Very good, sir,' and scraped a hole in the sand, and laid his blanket in it. As a rule we could always sleep directly we lay down, but in a few moments he said, 'I can't sleep here, Wickenden.' 'Can't you, sir?' I asked. 'What's wrong, sir?' 'Why, there's such an abominable smell just here!' 'Oh, that comes from over the hill yonder, sir, where there are a few dead horses,' I replied. However, I scraped a hole for him somewhere else, and, while I was moving the blanket, I discovered the body of a black, buried just below the surface, which my master had exposed by twisting and turning about in his restlessness.

HOME TRAVELLERS.

Three young men of Saint Germain, in the days of Louis XV., who had just finished their collegiate course, not knowing anyone about the Court, but having heard that strangers always met with a polite reception there, agreed to attire themselves completely as Armenians, and present themselves thus to see the grand ceremony of the installation of some knights of the order of the Holy Ghost. The stratagem succeeded to the best of their hopes. When the procession moved through the long-mirrored gallery, the Swiss guards gave them the first place, and desired all to pay every attention to the strangers ; but they imprudently penetrated into a recess where were M. Cardonne and M. Ruffin, interpreters of the Oriental languages. The three scholars were immediately accosted and questioned by these gentlemen, at first in modern Greek. Nothing daunted, they made a sign that they did not understand. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic languages ; at length one of the interpreters, impatient, said, "Gentlemen, you must understand one of the languages that have been spoken to you ; of what country are you?" "Of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, Sir," replied the boldest ; "this is the first time you have spoken to us in French." They acknowledged the motive for their disguise ; the eldest of them was not more than eighteen. Louis laughed heartily at the adventure ; and desired them to be dismissed after a few hours captivity, with an exhortation.

The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

NATURE AND ART.

Nothing in art can continue to dazzle but so long as we are unaccustomed to the contemplation of it. Let a person dwell for some months, nay, a few weeks, in one of the mansions that has most struck his fancy, and he will find that by degrees his vision becomes so used to the objects which first enchanted him, that he soon ceases to be sensible of their presence, or to feel aught more than that general complacency excited in the mind by being surrounded by agreeable objects. It is otherwise with the beauties of nature. The more the eye becomes accustomed to behold them, the more pleasure do they convey ; each point of view gains a new interest by being contrasted with others ; the different periods of the day or season change the appearance, and throw a fresh light over the scene, that prevents its ever becoming monotonous.

Fools line the hedges which bound the road of life ; what can the wise man do but smile as he passes along it ?

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Speaking of Canada, Rudyard Kipling says : "It is a great country ; a country with a future. There is a fine, hard, bracing climate, the climate that puts iron and grit into men's bones, and there are all good things to be got out of the ground, if people will work for them. What it wants is more men and more money. Why don't Englishmen think more of it as a field for English capital and enterprise ? Surely there is an excellent opening both for the investing and the emigrating Briton there. Things don't perhaps move quite so fast as in the United States, but they are safer, and you are under the flag, you know, and among men of the same stock and breed. Send your folks to Canada ; and, if they can't go themselves, let them send their money—plenty of it."

THE DINNER MAKERS

TEACUP CAKE.

Three teacupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teacup of currants, or seeds, or candied peel: beat three eggs well, add a teacupful of sugar, teacupful of cream, with half a teacupful of butter melted; then beat all together. Bake an hour and a half in a quick oven.

SALAD DRESSING.

One teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and salt to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of oil, (if liked). Put the mustard and sugar in a bowl, and add the oil drop by drop, while carefully stirring and mixing. Proceed in this manner with the cream and vinegar. Put in the seasoning, when the mixture will be ready for use. The above will be found very useful with cold, fried fish, as well as with salads.

INVALID CHILDREN'S PUDDING.

Mix a good tablespoonful of arrowroot very smoothly with a little cold milk. Boil one pint of milk with four or five lumps of sugar; when it reaches boiling-point add the smoothly-mixed arrowroot and milk. You can flavor, if desired, by boiling a piece of cinnamon or some lemon peel in the milk, and removing before you add the arrowroot. Next beat up well the yolks of two eggs, and slowly stir them in. Whisk up the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, and stir them in also. Have a greased pie-dish ready, and pour the mixture in, stirring to the last. Bake in a moderately quick oven till it is a pale brown, and serve hot.

STEAMING FISH.

Boiled fish too often is overdone, and much of the goodness goes into the water, nutriment and flavor being thus lost. Steaming is a most satisfactory way of cooking, the full flavor and nourishing properties being retained. This needs no special apparatus. You can do it with an ordinary fish kettle, if, instead of placing the fish on the strainer in the water, you place a basin at the bottom of the kettle, fill it to the top of the basin, with boiling water, and lay the strainer with the fish on it on the basin. You will have to add to the water occasionally, pouring the water boiling gently in at the sides, and it will take rather longer in proportion than boiling.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM.

Set on a pint of milk to boil. Wash 1 oz. of butter in cold water to remove the salt, and beat it to a cream with 2 ozs. of castor sugar; add two yolks of eggs, and beat all together for a few minutes. When the milk boils add a little to the mixture to thin it, then gradually add the whole to the rest of the milk. Stir in a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, and simmer all together for a few minutes, stirring carefully. Season with any flavoring preferred, and add the whites of the eggs, which must be previously beaten to a snow. Stir all lightly once or twice to mix it, but do not break the whites too much. Let it stand for one minute, then pour into a bowl to cool. This is sufficient for a large trifle, and is most ecomomical.

APPLE SNOW.

Peel, core and cut twelve good-sized apples into quarters, and put them into a saucepan, stuck with clove and with lemon peel, and put enough water to prevent them burning. When they are quite tender take out the peel and cloves, beat them to a pulp, let them cool, and then slowly stir into them the whites of two eggs, which you should have ready beaten up to a stiff froth. Add sifted sugar (about half a pound), and continue whisking until the mixture becomes quite stiff, and then either heap it up in a glass dish, or, for supper, serve it in small glasses. If served in a glass dish it looks well to garnish with some bright red jelly, and it is well to serve custard or cream with it, and, for lunch, sponge fingers.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN.

Place a medium sized cauliflower in cold water, head down, for half an hour. Drain and place in a saucepan head up, cover well with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt and boil gently until tender, about thirty or forty minutes. Remove carefully, separate into flowerets, place in a baking pan and cover with sauce made as follows: Place half a pint of milk in a double boiler, rub together a rounding tablespoonful each of butter and flour, add to the milk when at boiling point, stir until it thickens, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a speck of cayenne and two heaping tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Stir until cheese is dissolved, pour over the cauliflower, cover with one-third cup of dried bread crumbs, which have been moistened with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Place in a moderate oven until a nice brown and serve at once.

MASKED CHOPS.

Have three mutton chops "Frenched' leaving the bone at least two inches long. Baste with melted butter and sprinkle lightly with pepper. Broil nicely, have ready a mixture made as follows: Put into a saucepan one cup of soft bread crumbs and half a cup of milk; stir constantly until smooth, remove from the fire, add a tablespoonful of finely chopped ham or tongue, one egg, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and three shakes of white pepper. When this mixture is quite cold, carefully cover the chops with it, spreading with a knife. When all are covered break one egg into a small dish, beat until mixed, add one tablespoonful of hot water. Now baste each chop with the egg and cover very carefully with dried bread crumbs and fry in a frying basket. Serve at once with tomato sauce poured around. Trim the bones with paper quills.

The English language expresses the Deity more appropriately than any other—for God is the contraction of the Saxon 'good.'

The Arabians shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands. In Turkey the salute is to place the hand upon the breast and bow, which is both graceful and appropriate. In Burmah, when a man meets a woman, he puts his nose and his mouth close to her cheek and draws a long breath, as if inhaling a delicious perfume. He does not kiss her cheek, strange to say. A man is greeted in exactly the same way. In the greater part of Germany it is considered an act of politeness, not of gallantry, for a man to kiss a woman's hand. In Italy that privilege is allowed only to near relatives, while in Russia it is extended to kissing the forehead.

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THE FAMILY DOCTOR

REMEDY FOR BURNS.

The following is a good remedy for burns: Mix four ounces of the yolks of eggs with five ounces of pure glycerine. This forms a kind of varnish, which protects the burn from the irritating action of the air.

Let a child with cold feet have a romping game to circulate his blood before going to bed, and put him on hot knitted night socks. His feet will probably keep warm if he has sufficient clothes over them and over his legs. See that the child has plenty of exercise; cold feet come from poor circulation, and all that promotes a better one lessens the trouble.

HINTS FOR SORE THROATS.

With the sudden changes of temperature, people are having bad colds, and with many these miseries commence with a sore throat and hot feeling at the back of the nose. Learn, says a medical writer, to distinguish between the various sore throats. That coming from a bad cold is, as I have described, with the tonsils slightly red, and the uvula relaxed and red. For this, gargle frequently with half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and the same of borax dissolved in a tumbler of cold water, then bottled. A teaspoonful of glycerine may be added with advantage, as it is very healing. The other kind of sore throat looks much more angry, and if you see tiny white pimples on the red surface you will know that a deranged stomach, and not always cold, is the cause. Use the same gargle, but add to it some strong steel or iron drops, and if you can, take a camel's hair paint brush and frequently paint the spots with the iron drops. Take some compound rhubarb pills, two at night, two or three times in a week, that is, alternate days, with a seidlitz powder in the morning an hour before breakfast, and you will soon say good-bye to your sore throat. Tannin and glycerine is another very good lotion wherewith to paint the throat. It can easily be done if one stands opposite a looking-glass with one's back to the light, so that the light is thrown from the glass into the back of the throat.

ABUSES OF THE EYE.

If one organ more than another in the human body should have all the benefit of prevention it is the eye, and yet to what abuses do we not see it daily and hourly subjected, says the Independent. People will read while riding on jolting cars, they will read by a poor light, not reflecting how much wiser and pleasanter it is to pay money to the gas man than to the oculist. There are many expedients that will help to preserve the sight of workers who can have but little time to rest; by closing the eyes for a few moments, or by looking off at a distant object so as to change the focus completely, and thus resting those parts of the retina that have been in use continuously for a long time, much may be gained. Then when one feels that the sight is failing do not delay going to an oculist and having him furnish you with a formula for the glasses that your eyes need, and at the same time secure the services of a good optician. The "mathematics of the eye" are very well understood now, and the law that will make the light enter the eye at just the angle to correct the aberration that age has made will give you great comfort, and do much to prolong the usefulness of your eyes. The skillful way in which astigmatism and near-sightedness are now corrected is a matter to rejoice over. One person asks: "Is it not dreadful to see such numbers of young children going about the streets with glasses on? Are everybody's eyes degenerating?" Not at all. The child who, fifty years ago, would have been unable to learn to read from sheer inability to see the letters, is now able to keep up with his fellows and escapes the inevitable headache that comes from eye strain, simply because a well-adjusted pair of glasses has been supplied to him. Then, when you learn that a cataract is forming, do not despair; in these days of advanced surgery they are removed with but little injury to the vision. Tight shoes, tight collars and tight waists are detrimental to eyesight, by causing undue pressure on the brain; but of all the destroyers of this precious possession of perfect vision veils are the worst. One wealthy oculist, owning a fine city mansion, in talking with a friend, saw a lady with a finely dotted veil pass. Said he: "Those are the things that have built my house." Very lately the following experiment was tried: "Dr. Casey A. Wood, of Chicago, selected a dozen typical specimens of veils and applied the ordinary tests of ability to read while wearing them. These tests showed that every description of veil affects more or less the ability to see distinctly, both in the distance and near at hand. The most objectionable kind is the dotted veil. Other things being equal, vision is interfered with in direct proportion to the number of meshes per square inch. The texture of the veil plays an important part in the matter. When the sides of the mesh are single, compact threads, the eye is much less embarassed than when double threads are employed. The least objectionable veil is without dots, sprays or other figures, but with large regular meshes made with single compact threads. Eye troubles do not necessarily result from wearing veils, for the healthy eye is as able as any other part of the body to resist the strain they impose upon it. But weak eyes are hurt by them, and prudence should teach not to strain healthy eyes too much."

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Believe me to be, gentlemen,
Yours most devotedly,
A. WATTERS, M.D.L.

LENGTH OF A THOUGHT.

How long does it take a man to think? Professor Richet, at the recent meeting of the British Association, gave the results of his investigations into this subject. He found that by mentally running up the notes of the musical scale for one or more octaves and then dividing the total time by the number of notes thought of, the time taken for each note was one-eleventh of a second. There are various ways of arriving at conclusions as to the amount of time necessary for realizing any physical sensation or mental impression. If the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer, one may, according to Professor Richet, distinguish the fact that the blows are separate and not continuous pressure when they follow one another as frequently as one thousand a second. The smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both. Thus the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel was noted by one observer when they did not exceed sixty to the second, but using both ears, he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than fifteen times a second.

The sharp sound of the electric spark as an inductive coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as five hundred to the second. Sight is much less keen than hearing in distinguishing differences. If a disk half white and half black be revolved, it will appear gray when its revolutions exceed twenty-four per second.

It has been found that we can hear far more rapidly than we can count, so that if a clock-clicking movement runs faster than ten to the second we can count four clicks, while with twenty to the second we can count two of them.

To do good to our enemies is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

THE BANANA TREE.

This remarkable production of the tropics, which, in its varieties, furnishes one of the chief articles of consumption to the inhabitants, attracted the attention of the great traveller, Von Humboldt. These are some of his statements concerning its great productiveness. He doubts "whether there is any plant on the globe which, in so small a space of of ground, can produce so great a mass of nutriment. The fruit is yielded in bunches, containing from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty bananas or plantains, and weighing from sixty-six to eighty-eight pounds. Eight or ten months after the sucker has been inserted in the ground the banana begins to form its clusters, and the fruit may be gathered in less than a year. When the stalks are cut, there is always found among the numerous shoots which have put forth roots, one that bears three months later. A spot of ten hundred and seventy-six feet contains from thirty to forty plants, which will yield more than forty-four hundred and ten pounds in a year. The produce of the banana to that of wheat is as one hundred and thirty-three to one, and to that of potatoes as forty-four to one. The same spot cultivated with banana will furnish subsistence for fifty individuals, which, in wheat, would not furnish food for two."

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INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet; somewhat in the manner we have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the bird from the hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of this ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.

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The illustrious German philosopher Kant says: "There is within every mind a divine ideal, the type after which he was created, the germs of a perfect person."

It is true that the nearer men and women approach the divine ideal the more earthly happiness will they enjoy. In order to march steadily onward to the great goal set before all, men and women must be physically sound. Purity of heart and grand elevation of mind will never accomplish the great victory if the body be sick and diseased.

Those who aspire to true manhood and womanhood are the men and women who take the precaution to banish the very first symptoms of disease. That tired feeling you experience from day to day; that nervous headache you dread so much; that "can't sleep" condition that makes you weak and wretched; the pains in side and back indicating kidney disease; the sharp twinges of rheumatism and neuralgia that make life a misery; that constipated habit that is sending poison into your life blood—all these symptoms lead to disease and death unless they are banished.

Paine's Celery Compound puts the out-of-gear physical machinery in perfect working condition, and gives that greatest of all gifts—good health. This marvellous medicine is a food that perfectly nourishes the nerves, tissues and blood; it brings strength and vigor to the limbs, gives the rosy blush of health to the pallid face, and brings clearness and energy to the brain.

Paine's Celery Compound, as a medicine for the ordinary ills of every-day life, is as far removed from the common pills, nervines, bitters and sarsaparillas as the diamond is from the ordinary window glass. The people praise it, all honest druggists speak in its favor, and the ablest doctors prescribe it. If you are only half enjoying life, try what Paine's Celery will do for you.

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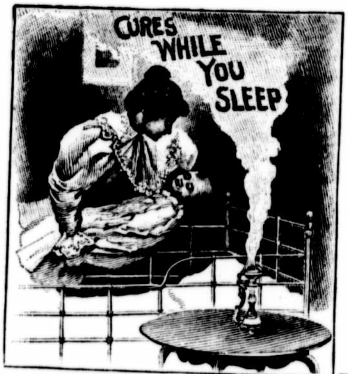

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MONTREAL, April 23rd, 1897.
TO THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION,
180 St. James St , Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—On behalf of the widow of the late J. F. C. Blondin, who was insured in your Company for $3,000, I wish to express my thanks for the very prompt and satisfactory payment of the claim the papers for which were only in your hands a few days, when you might have taken advantage of the 60 days allowed for payment, which you did not do I will certainly recommend your Association to all whom I may meet desiring insurance.

I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) JOS. F. BRUYERE, Ptre.
Vicar of St. Charles of Montreal.

TORONTO, May 4th, 1897.
The Colonial Mutual Life Association, Montreal, P Q.

DEAR SIRS —I have much pleasure in acknowledging the prompt payment in full of Policy No. 317, on the life of my late brother by The Colonial Mutual Life Association, which policy has been assigned to me

I can heartily recommend your Company to any intending insurers desiring low rates and equitable treatment. and they will find your Toronto agent, Mr. M B. Aylsworth, exceedingly courteous and ready to give full information.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed,) JOHN A. CUMMINGS.

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HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
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MONTREAL, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1897.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora box which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

THE POWER OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

In animals there is more variety of motion, but in plants there is more real power. A horse is certainly far stronger than a man, yet a small vine can not only support, but can raise a column of fluid five times higher than a horse can. Indeed, the power which a plant exercises of holding a leaf erect during an entire day, without pause and without fatigue, is an effort of astonishing vigor, and is one of many proofs that a principle of compensation is at work, so that the same energy which in the animal world is weakened by being directed to many objects, is in the vegetable world strengthened by being concentrated on a few.

We spend the present in lamenting the lost happiness of the past, and while we do so the present becomes the past, to be in its turn lamented.

CIRCULATION OF

HOME AND YOUTH

MAGAZINE

DOMINION OF CANADA:
Province of Quebec.
District of Montreal.
TO WIT

In the Matter of Circulation of Magazine "Home and Youth."

I, WATSON GRIFFIN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, in the said Province, formerly publisher of the monthly magazine "Our Home," now known as "Home and Youth," having sold the said "Our Home" or "Home and Youth" to Mr. C. H. Mortimer, of Toronto, on the 25th of May, 1897,

DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE, That during the ten months preceding said sale one hundred thousand copies of the said "Our Home" were printed and circulated, that the smallest number of copies printed and circulated during any one month of that period was eight thousand copies, and that the largest number printed and circulated during any one month of that period was twelve thousand copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act," 1893.

Declared before me at the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, this twenty-sixth day of June, A.D., 1897.
R. A. DUNTON,
Notary Public,
Commissioner, etc.

WATSON GRIFFIN

[L. S.]

What will we Do with Our Boys?

It is upon them the future of the Country Depends.

It is a well known saying that "the boy is father to the man" and really, the average boy has more of the man in him than most people give him credit for. Almost any boy can be made vicious by continually telling him he is the worst boy in town. Put the ordinary boy in a stylish, well made suit of clothes and make him think he amounts to something and he'll rise to the occasion and show the man in him. Put him in a shoddy, ill-fitting suit that will rip, ravel and bag at the knees and shrink to half its size at the first wetting and he'll be just about the style of chap to go well with such a suit.

There is no reason why any boy should wear poorly made clothes, because the very best clothing can now be had ready-made at marvelously low prices. Messrs. H. SHOREY & CO., of Montreal, have a reputation for Boys', Youths', Childrens' and Young Men's ready-made clothing.

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