

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger

### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

As we go to press, on Wednesday evening telegrams are coming in thick and fast from all parts of the country with news of yesterday's election, and yet it is impossible to correctly give the result.

The contest that has just been fought has been one of the most remarkable, and in some respects complicated, of our times. As soon as Mr. J. G. Blaine was nominated by the Republican National Convention as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States, sounds of dissent were heard from various Republicans, who threatened to turn their back on the party altogether if the other side nominated a better man. The Democrats discreetly made the best of their opportunity, nominating Governor Cleveland, of New York, as candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, for the vice-Presidency.

The fight has been carried on with extreme bitterness, and party feeling has in some cases caused incidents which have disgraced the country. The abusive language used by some of the newspapers on both sides has been most unjustifiable, and no possible point has been neglected if an opponent could be in any way damaged by it. In saying this, we do not condemn the publication of actual facts which the electors ought to have before them when choosing the First Magistrate of the nation.

Mr. Blaine was opposed by a very influential section of his own party, for several reasons. He had shown a disposition to adopt a meddlesome foreign policy, more suited to a military empire than to an industrial republic. And several transactions have been published to prove that, as a politician, Mr. Blaine's record is not free from the stains of corruption. Against Mr. Cleveland, an act of immorality committed many years ago was urged with great persistency, and may have had some result at the polls. The Democratic candidate has also, on this occasion, lost some of the Irish votes which generally go solidly on that side: perhaps this is not so much from opposition to Cleveland as from admiration for Blaine who is supposed to have a great aversion for the British Government.

The Democratic party having declared against Prohibition, and the Republicans having ignored it altogether, many of those who feel strongly that that is the most important question now before the nation nominated ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, as Prohibitionist Candidate for the presidency. It was not expected that he would be successful, but no vote cast for the right is ever thrown away. At each fresh contest the force of prohibition sentiment is shown to be growing stronger and stronger, and one of two things must happen before many years are out. One of the old parties will have to adopt Prohibition as the chief plank in its platform; or both will have to give way before a third party. In any case, the plank of Prohibition must be successful.

A fourth candidate, General Benjamin Butler, came forward as a representative of the "anti-monopoly" party,—though the prohibitionists are also anti-monopolists.

Latest reports are that Cleveland has certainly carried the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, Florida and Delaware. These elect 153 "Presidential electors." The Republican States are California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin, sending 178 electors.

In New Hampshire the result is doubtful.

In Kansas the Republican State and National tickets have both been successful: the Republicans supported Prohibition which is now part of the constitution of this State, while the Democrats were in favor of re-submitting the amendment, so the Prohibitionists united with the Republicans on the State ticket, and the drink-interest among the Republicans went over to the Democrats.

Virginia is doubtful, both parties claiming to have received a majority.

The returns from Massachusetts are incomplete, but Blaine seems to have a substantial majority.

Mr. Blaine says he is confident that he has won New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, and possibly New York. He is probably correct about New Jersey. Connecticut's vote seems to have been pretty evenly divided, with indications of a majority for Cleveland; but this state only sends six of the 401 "Electors" who actually choose the president. Indiana sends 15 electors, and is therefore an important state; the indications are that Blaine is ahead there. The greatest interest is felt about New York, with its 36 electors, and though the returns are still very incomplete, there is a great probability that Blaine has carried the state. If so, his election to the presidency is almost certain.

Great anxiety was felt as to the probability of riots in various places yesterday. Fortunately the elections came off very quietly nearly everywhere. Some serious trouble occurred at Columbus, and several men were killed.

### BUTTER FIFTY YEARS OLD.

GUILDFORD STATION, N. Y., Nov. 3.—Fifty years ago the Jupp family, famous Hudson Valley butter makers of that day, occupied the farm now belonging to Charles McChesney near this station. Mrs. Jupp's butter was always packed in peculiarly shaped earthen crocks, and commanded a higher price in the Albany and other markets. Before sending a crock of butter to market it was her custom to lower it into a well on the premises which was noted for its very cold water. Mrs. Jupp would leave the butter hanging in the water for several hours, and when taken out it would be as hard and cold as ice. One day in 1834 she was lowering a crock of butter into the

well, when the rope broke and the crock fell to the bottom. No effort was ever made to recover it. For the first time in its history this well became almost dry during the recent long drought in this vicinity. A few days ago farmer McChesney was cleaning the well out, when he found the crock Mrs. Jupp had lost fifty years ago. In taking the crock from the well McChesney accidentally broke it. It was about one-quarter full of butter, which was as solid and sweet as it was the day it was put down, half a century ago. The crock and its contents are on exhibition at the McChesney farm, and hundreds have called to see them.

### AN INDIAN'S LETTER.

The following very interesting letter, beautifully written in Indian to his mother, by Captain Louis Jackson, of Caughnawaga, commanding the Indians on the boat expedition up the Nile, has been translated and forwarded to the *Witness* for publication.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

MRS. ANNE JACKSON.—We arrived here at 5 p.m. to-day, or 24 days since we left Montreal. To-morrow we are to leave by railway for a six hours' journey and will next have to take a steamer. They tell me that it will take us another two weeks before we begin to work. I want to say again that up to to-day we have had a splendid time. You remember we were told that owing to the hotness of the climate we could not stand it. Why, I have seen the natives here carrying overcoats. The evenings are quite as cool as at home. By this time you must understand that our route from Quebec was east, not south. We have now made seven thousand miles from Quebec, and there are seven hours difference in time; it is now eleven p.m. here and at home it is four p.m., and the days are about as short here as they are at home for this time of the year. I have not the least to regret yet of having come here, as I am well and contented and our work is not to be of the hardest nature. As you know we feel so at home in aquatic matters. On our arrival here to-day there were rumors that some of our soldiers were massacred through superior numbers in the interior. I have just come on board of our steamship to sleep on board of her for the last time. I went to see the soldiers off. Fifty carloads of them are leaving for the interior. There are several steamship loads of soldiers expected to arrive here this week from England, who are going with us. There is a large number already left. (The British Government must be a very wealthy power; even feeding them must cost a great deal.) My men are glad to be here, but I can see that some of them are gloomy. My officers all explained to me about our route, &c. It seems as if I had the whole route in view. Next, about the climate. The sun has—it seems to me—to have a different effect on the thermometer, as it goes up to 130° and the sun has no more effect here than when it is 75° at home. For instance, yesterday on board the steamship, it was up to 90° and we did not feel it more than when I was at home digging potatoes. So

you must understand the heat won't bother us at all. On arrival, we received one pair of boots each, and a hat similar to those you saw the Dominion Police wear at Caughnawaga. Some looked very comical with them on, for instance—John Lora Kwonotaken and Tirorote—they are to be pitted, as Anonsawenete ridicules them to his heart's content. I shall try and write you as often as I can, provided there is postal service on the route. I do not expect to get back to Alexandria till January next so whatever letters are sent me I shall receive there. Please kindly remember me to my sisters and friends.

Yours, LOUIS F. JACKSON.

October 7th, 1884.

P.S.—One of my men from St. Regis, named John Hope, is severely ill. He fell out of his bunk during the storm, and hurt himself. The doctor claims that it will take him some time before he will be able to get up again. It is likely he will leave him here, to follow us later with the soldiers.

L.F.J.

The Canadians, as our readers know, have been very successful in taking their boats up the cataracts; but two have been drowned, at different times, by falling overboard.

### DR. LABBETH'S HEROISM.

The medical world, says the *London Spectator*, has reason to be proud of one of its members who died this week, as the consequence of a really heroic act performed in the course of his professional duty. Dr. Samuel Labbeth, a young man of only 27 years, senior resident medical officer of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, found, on Friday fortnight, that a child of 4 years of age, on whom tracheotomy had been performed to relieve the breathing, must die of diphtheria unless the suffocating membrane were sucked away through the tube. And he risked and lost his own life through diphtheria in the attempt to save the child's, which he did not succeed in saving after all. The risk was not one which professional etiquette in any way required him to run, but he ran it in the enthusiasm of his love of service, and he ought to be remembered as one of the noblest of the martyrs of duty.

THE SUPREME COURT of Ohio has declared the Scott (High License) Law unconstitutional. The State and municipalities will lose millions of dollars, and will have to return large sums paid as licenses. Many cities of the State will be bankrupted. It is charged that the three judges who decided in that way, being Democrats, did so in fulfillment of pledges given to the liquor interest at their elections. The *Cleveland Leader* says: "A more venal and corrupt degradation of judicial dignity was never witnessed in Ohio, and the ultimate result cannot be other than disastrous to those implicated in it."

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD, the famous Arctic explorer, is now going to try an expedition to the South Pole.

SONG OF THE DRINK.

AFTER HOOD.

BY MRS. TERWILLIGER.

With garments faded and worn,  
With eyes that with weeping were red,  
A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
Till the heart is ready to sink,  
And still in a sad, despairing tone,  
She sang the Song of the Drink.  
"Drink! drink! drink!  
While the sun is rising high,  
And drink! drink! drink!  
Till the stars are in the sky.  
It is oh! to be carried in strife  
Away by some barbarous band,  
Rather than live a drunkard's wife,  
In the midst of this Christian land.  
"Drink! drink! drink!  
Till the brain is all on fire,  
Drink! drink! drink!  
Till he wallows in the mire.  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
(Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Till down in the gutter he falls asleep;  
And I wait—but he does not come.  
"Oh, men, enriched by the drink,  
Whose coffers are filling up,  
Not drink alone are you dealing out,  
But a skeleton in the cup.  
You sell! sell! sell!  
Though its victims downward sink,  
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,  
Grim death, as well as a drink.  
"But what is there fearful in death?  
To me it would be a relief,  
And better far for my little ones  
Were their time on earth but brief.  
They suffer with pinching cold,  
They supperless go to bed,  
Ah, me! so much for the father's drink,  
And so little for children's bread.  
"Drink! drink! drink!  
The thirst is still the same,  
And what does it cost! An aching head,  
A weakened and trembling frame;  
A comfortless home, where covering  
forms  
Shrink from his presence with fear;  
A body debased, a polluted soul,  
And no hope the dark future to cheer.  
"Drink! drink! drink!  
Each day, and all day long,  
To drink! drink! drink!  
A captive fact and strong.  
Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-  
dimmed,  
And the conscience seared to sin.  
"Down! down! down!  
With none to pity or save,  
Down! down! down!  
Into a drunkard's grave,  
While the busy, thoughtless world  
Goes whirling, flaunting by,  
With never a thought of the soul that's  
lost,  
Or the widow's and orphan's cry.  
"Oh, but to grasp once more  
The hand of friendship sweet,  
To feel again that human hearts  
With sympathy can beat.  
Oh, but once more to know  
The happiness I knew  
When the light of love was in his eyes,  
And his heart was brave and true.  
"Oh, but only for once  
That welcome voice to hear,  
That used with kindly words to greet  
His wife and children dear.  
Smiles and caresses then were ours,  
But curses now and blows.  
Oh, the bitter life of a drunkard's wife  
None but a drunkard's wife knows."  
With garments faded and worn,  
And eyes that with weeping were red,  
A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
While the heart is ready to sink,  
(Oh, that its desolate, heart-rendering tone  
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)  
She sang this Song of the Drink.  
—Morning and Day of Reform.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.")

CHAPTER XXV.

AT BETH'S SUGGESTION.

"There ought to be some way thought out for keeping these wrists in shape, after you get them done; great use in silking them so nice, and patting and smoothing them, when you know they'll be poked into a great box that doesn't fit them, and be all rumpled up dreadfully." This was Beth, talking to herself, while she looked over and put the finishing touches on a dozen ladies' gauntlet gloves, that she had taken unusual pains in silking. At least she concluded that she was talking to herself; Reuben was in the room, and had been for an hour, and Beth had said a good deal during the hour; at first to him, but finding him eager over the arithmetic lesson that was puzzling him, getting no answer save an absent-minded "um," now and then, which he meant for yes, Beth had tried to keep still. Whether the subject had specially interested him or whether it was because he had just conquered a troublesome example, I do not know; but as Beth finished her lecture about the gauntlets, he looked up from his slate and said:  
"What did you say, Beth?"  
"Oh," said Beth, "you've got back have you? I've been talking to you by spells, for the last half hour, and I might as well have talked to the lamp."  
Reuben laughed, owned that he had been bothered by an example, but had beaten it, and then asked again what she said about boxes.  
"Oh," said Beth again, "it was that word that waked you up; say anything about boxes, and if you are within a hundred miles you will hear; well, I said that some of you ought to contrive better shaped boxes for these beautiful gauntlet gloves than the ones you stuff them into; I know they must come out looking horrid, and I think it is too bad; look at these, Reuben. Isn't that orange silk too lovely for anything?"  
"That's an idea," said Reuben, taking the gauntlet in hand, and looking at though the orange silk was very far from his thoughts, though he stared at it with wide-opened, dreamy eyes.  
That was really the beginning of it. The arithmetic suffered somewhat after that for days together; the mother looking on, was a good deal disturbed; she wanted Reuben to be a scholar; his grandfather had been, and she had watched the bringing out of the arithmetic, and heard Reuben's determination to catch up with the rest of the boys, so he could join the class by next fall, with great satisfaction. Now the question was, what had taken his attention so completely that for three evenings he did not open the arithmetic?  
"Never your mind," said Miss Hunter, nodding her head. "The boy has an idea, and he is planning to carry it out. I see him busy thinking, even while he is eating his supper; there isn't any mischief brewing as long as he has such clear eyes as those; don't you be afraid."  
"You don't think he can do anything wrong?" said Mrs. Stone, but she smiled as she said it; she was very proud of Reuben.  
Now what was he about? Well I suppose you have forgotten all about those seven pasteboards out of which he meant to make his fortune; but you may be sure he had not. All through the winter, which was now quite gone, he had thought about them more or less, gone often to look at them in the corner of the attic where they were stored, and thought over and cast aside several plans for making something new and wonderful out of them. Nothing suited him; he wanted something different from what had ever been seen, and he could not decide on what it should be. The moment Beth began her argument against the boxes now in use for her favorite gauntlets, he was interested; a thought came into his mind, and grew as the days went by.  
First experiments did not succeed; in fact one entire sheet of the seven was

spoiled before anything had come of his idea. Meantime Beth grew almost discouraged over his stillness and dreaminess.  
"It is worse than arithmetic," she told Miss Hunter. "For then I could get him to say a word once in awhile; but now he just sits and stares at the sky, or the trees, and doesn't open his lips."  
"You wait," said Miss Hunter; "something will come of it, I know." Miss Hunter believed in Reuben.  
It was nearly two weeks after the new idea had taken root that Reuben came home one evening with a radiant face. He could hardly eat his supper, and made them all laugh by trying to eat his syrup with a fork, and stir his milk with a knife. He seized upon the bread-dish the moment supper was over, and followed Beth to the cellar for a confidential talk.  
"Beth," he said, his face aglow with triumph, "I've got it!"  
"Have you?" said Beth with provoking coolness, as she stooped over the cookie-crock. "I hope it is worth having, and that you will give me a piece of it."  
Reuben laughed gleefully. "I'll do that," he said; "at least you shall have a piece of the 'thank you' that I feel sure Mr. Barrows will give me. I am going to tell him that you deserve the largest half of it, for it was you that gave me the idea in the first place."  
"Reuben," said Beth, setting her lamp on the potato box and herself on an overturned tub, "what do you mean?"  
"Why, that night—don't you know, when you found fault with the boxes that they pack gauntlets in? I never thought of it before, how awkward they are, but that set me to thinking and planning until now I've got the nicest kind of a box for them; I made one, a regular beauty, brought it home under my work apron, and hid it in the parlor. I wanted you to see it before anybody else did, and tell me what you thought of it; not a soul has laid eyes on it. Are there any gauntlets in the house?"  
"Yes, there are some beauties that I finished just this afternoon; the wrists are lined with dove-colored silk, and they are finished with the most lovely shade of blue silk! If you have a box as pretty as they are it must be a beauty."  
"Come, children," called Mrs. Stone. "What in the world keeps you so long in the cellar?"  
It was not until the dishes were washed and the little kitchen in complete order, that Reuben had a chance to show his treasure. Then he and Beth went to the parlor; Beth with a pair of the lovely gauntlets under her arm for a trial.  
"It was a perfect fit! An entirely new idea—a box finished with more care than usual, in green and gold, and looking on the outside like all other boxes; but within an ingenious piece of pasteboard had been fitted in such a way that it shaped the graceful wrist of the gauntlet exactly, and kept it from being crushed. Beth clapped her hands in delight.  
"They will be worth more money, I know they will!" she said eagerly.  
"One day I said to Mr. Barrows that it was too bad to crumple them all up in that way, and that there ought to be boxes on purpose for them; but he said that couldn't be done, because they were such a queer shape that no machinery could cut them, and nobody could make them after their wear; but this is easy enough, I should think, and it doesn't take up a speck more room than the other way. What a queer little twisty piece of pasteboard that is, Reuben. How did you ever get it to fit in as it should?"  
"I had an awful time with it," admitted Reuben. "For awhile I thought I would have to give it up; and I tell you I felt badly! I couldn't get to sleep at night for thinking of it, and one night don't you believe I dreamed about it! You see it wouldn't bend enough without breaking; but one day I hit upon this plan of cutting little niches at regular places, and it worked like a charm. I'll tell you what Beth, this is the only one I have made, but I want to get half a dozen made up out of my sheets, you know, and I want them made beautifully, with lovely colored paper and trimmed elegantly, you know, and I want you to help me about it. I have money enough from that I saved over, you know, that mother let me have for the boots and hat,

to buy some elegant paper, and I want them to be the handsomest boxes that ever were seen in our shop; and I want you to help me."  
"Well," said Beth, "I will."  
After that Reuben was busier than ever; only Beth was in the secret now, and they worked together of evenings in the little kitchen as late as the mother would allow; she looking sober meantime, over the arithmetic, but trying to take Miss Hunter's advice and wait a bit.  
At last they were ready for exhibition, the entire half-dozen, and very handsome, boxes they were. Beth, with her talent for pretty things, and her fondness for learning to do whatever she saw done, by dint of making many visits to Reuben in the box-shop, and keeping her bright eyes wide open, was no mean hand at the box business; she worked slowly, of course, but very neatly, and she knew how to choose her colors so as to harmonize them well, which was more than Mr. Barrows' foreman often did. So the boxes were carried in triumph to mother and Miss Hunter, some very handsomely made gauntlet gloves showing off their beauty in their new houses in a way that they had never been able to do before.  
But, dear me! I don't know how to tell you how pleased Mr. Barrows was with the new idea.  
He came over to the little house on purpose to take a more careful look at the boxes, and inquire into their management. He questioned and cross-questioned Reuben as to how he did this and managed that, and Beth not only, but the mother and friend listened, well pleased at Reuben's eager explanations, and thought it not too high praise when Mr. Barrows said at last that it was a complete success, and that a hundred of them should be manufactured right away, and placed in the salesroom on exhibition; and that it was a capital idea and he believed manufacturers would all be willing to pay a trifle more for the boxes, since their goods would show to so much better advantage.  
"You certainly deserve a great deal of credit," he said, turning to Reuben, "for thinking out, and carrying out, this idea."  
"I didn't do all the thinking," declared Reuben eagerly. "Beth made me think of it in the first place, or I don't suppose it would ever have entered my head."  
"!" exclaimed Beth, surprised out of her usual timidity before Mr. Barrows.  
"Why, Reuben, all I ever did was to grumble because they rumpled up the pretty gauntlets so in the boxes that didn't fit them."  
"Yes," Reuben said, and that was exactly what set him to thinking about it. Everybody laughed over this, and Mr. Barrows said it would be a good thing if all grumbling could be turned to so good an account.  
But the most surprising part of the talk was yet to come. Mr. Barrows had talked for some time with Mrs. Stone, then with Miss Hunter, and a little with Miss Beth herself, when he suddenly turned to Reuben with a question:  
"Well, young man, what are you going to charge me for this invention of yours?"  
"Why?" said Reuben, in great amazement and embarrassment, "nothing, sir, of course."  
"I'm sure I can't see why, provided you mean to let me have it at all; it is a good and useful thing, and I'm inclined to think will please the manufacturers very much; it isn't mine though, any more than that jacket you have on is mine, or those new boots I saw you wear the other day. The question is, what will you charge me for the use of it, if I am to have the use of it. Or do you mean to sell it to some of the other manufacturers?"  
Reuben's face was very red.  
"It is for you, of course, sir," he said eagerly; "and if it is of any good, I'm as glad as I can be."  
"But, my boy, I thought those seven pasteboards were for you to make your fortune with; you won't make it very fast at that rate, I'm afraid."  
But Reuben, laughing and blushing away up to the roots of his hair, declared that they had begun already to make his fortune, for they had begun to feel that maybe he could do things, and think of things.  
"Well," said Mr. Barrows at last, "if you won't sell your brains to me, I'll tell you what we'll do; I'll have some boxes made up in our best style, and put on exhibition,

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and I believe the manufacturers will be delighted with them, and we'll sell them for two dollars on a hundred more than the other boxes...

Never was there a boy more astonished. It was plain that he had not been working for money, nor had he expected any, and he was very earnest in his explanations...

Then he went off into an explanation of how the accounts could be kept, and how the machinery could be set for cutting the ingenious little partitions, and who would be the best person to glue them in, and from this to explanations as to why it would be best for Reuben not to let any of the other boys know about this private understanding...

As for Beth, she professed not to be surprised at all; but declared that, of course, Mr. Barrows ought to pay for the idea, why shouldn't he? It was a good one, and it wasn't his; for her part she knew it would work; the manufacturers would like it, they couldn't help it; the gloves were all rumbled up now, and they must know it, and she shouldn't wonder if Reuben really would make his fortune out of it yet.

There was much laughing and talking, and great excitement in the little house that night. At last the mother brought them back to everyday work by a very sensible remark: "There's one thing I hope, Reuben, now that you've got this plan well out of your head, and that is, that you'll go back to your arithmetic with all your might. If you are going to invent things, or do much of anything else that is worth doing, you'll have to know a great deal that they learn out of books."

"That's true," said Reuben. "And I mean to know things, mother, whether I invent things or not."

"Yes," said Beth, "and if I am to be the sister of an inventor, I must know things too."

So with much laughing, though it was rather late, they settled themselves to arithmetic, and worked an example that very evening that Reuben called a "tough fellow."

In thinking of it long afterwards, it seemed strange to Reuben that his great trouble should have followed so hard after this first little success of his. Almost as if it were jealous of the victory, and meant to make him suffer for it at once.

He went to bed that night so happy, so very happy, that he told Beth if she should hear him burst out laughing in the middle of the night because he was so habited up with joy that he couldn't keep it in, she need not be surprised.

And the very next night when he went to bed his heart felt as heavy as a lump of lead!

CHAPTER XXVI. WHAT FOLLOWED IT.

It was toward the middle of the next forenoon. Work was moving on very briskly in the box factory; the busy season was fairly upon them, and all hands were pushing things. Reuben had not seen Mr. Barrows that morning, but he had seen and heard a good deal that made his cheeks red and his heart beat high with pleasure. The half-dozen handsome boxes were arranged in a very prominent place in the great sales-room, and more than half a dozen of the leading manufacturers of the town had dropped in on business, and been shown the new invention by the foreman. And every one of them had expressed satisfaction over the plan, and what was more to the point, every one of them had ordered a few for trial.

Reuben, keen-eyed and quick-witted as he was, felt almost sure now that they would succeed. It was great fun to go back and forth on errands, and hear the bits of talk, and know himself to be in the secret, and have none of the others know anything about it. He liked it better than he would

to have had people know that the thought was his; though Beth was for being indignant over this part of the arrangement, and believed that everybody ought to be told who invented the box.

Several times during the morning Reuben wondered where Mr. Barrows was, and why he did not come to talk with the manufacturers. At last he heard with great satisfaction the call to go to the office.

Mr. Barrows was at the desk, surrounded by files of papers and blank books. He looked very grave, and Reuben decided at once that something troubled him; some business matter, perhaps, which had driven all thought of the new boxes from his mind. He seemed to have nothing to say to Reuben, after all. Just raising his eyes for a moment as the boy came in, he dropped them again on the column of figures before him, and Reuben waited.

"Have you nothing to say to me, sir?" No, it was not the boy who asked the question, but the man, after Reuben had waited in respectful silence for some minutes.

"I!" Reuben was too much astonished to say more. Then he rallied. "Why, yes, sir; there is ever so much to say; six of the manufacturers have been in, and Mr. Burnside is there now; they have all ordered boxes, and they said a good many nice things about them. Mr. Anderson said!"

A slight movement of impatience from Mr. Barrows stopped his eager tongue. "I am not thinking about the boxes," said that gentleman, "nor do I want to hear anything about them; the question is, what have you to say to me about the horse?"

"The horse, sir?" "And now Reuben was not only too much astonished, but too thoroughly bewildered to say more. What could he possibly have to say about the horse? But Mr. Barrows waited until at last he stammered forth: "I don't know what you mean, sir. I don't know of anything that I ought to say about Samson."

"You don't?" "No, sir."

"Well, it is my opinion that you ought to know of a good deal that should be said about him. Reuben, it is worse than idle to waste your time and my patience in this way. I have been waiting all the morning in the hope that I was not so utterly deceived in you as the case appeared; in the hope that you would come to me with some explanation, or at least confession; but I waited in vain; and now when I send for you, I find nothing but an attempt to deceive me."

"Mr. Barrows, I haven't a thing to confess, and I don't know what you mean." Reuben's great earnest eyes looked steadily into Mr. Barrows' face as he said these words, and the gentleman in his turn seemed bewildered. At last he said:

"It cannot be, Reuben, after the trust I have put in you, that you would be so entirely false. I must believe that you do not know how much injury you have done. I have to tell you, then, that the poor horse is hopelessly injured, and is suffering greatly. We have great fears that we shall have to kill him to put him out of misery."

Then, indeed, did Reuben's face change. It grew pale; his voice was eager and full of pain.

"Oh, poor Samson! How did it happen? Can't they do something for him? How did you find it out? Mr. Barrows, I heard the foreman tell yesterday of that new man on Main street, how he cured a horse that was hurt awfully. Couldn't you have him?"

"Everything is being done that is possible," Mr. Barrows spoke the words very coldly. "And as to how it happened, I am waiting to have you tell me."

The words and the tone recalled to Reuben the fact that for some reason Mr. Barrows was displeased with him, and now it flashed over him that he was suspected of having hurt the horse. He was so surprised and grieved that he could hardly speak the words distinctly, yet he poured them forth:

"O, Mr. Barrows, do you think—do you suppose—I can't believe that I would hurt Samson! Why, I love him!" "Not intentionally, Reuben, I cannot think that you would; but you see the mischief is done. Now I want the whole story."

"Mr. Barrows, I haven't got any story to tell. I don't know anything at all how Samson got hurt."

Alas for poor Reuben! Mr. Barrows did not believe that this was so. For the last three months the boy had been about the horse every day; watered him, fed him, petted him, driven him to the store and the office, driven around the block with him again and again while they waited for his master; the only boy in his employ that the master had allowed to have anything to do with his valuable horse.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Nov. 16.—1 Kings 11: 4-13.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. The Arabian traditions relate that in the staff on which Solomon leaned, and which supported him long after his death, there was a worm which was secretly gnawing it asunder. The legend is an apt emblem of the dark end of Solomon's reign. As the record of his splendour contains a recognition of the interest and value of secular magnificence and wisdom, so the record of his decline and fall contains the most striking witness to the instability of all power that is divorced from moral and religious principle.—Stanley.

II. Temptations. There are two classes of temptations. One assails us like a tornado, an ambush, a sudden assault of an army. The other comes like an almost imperceptible spirit of evil,—a malaria that poisons the air we breathe; the thorns that shut off the sunshine and absorb the nourishment of the good grain. (See also the tract Parley, the Porter.)

III. The avenger of sin is often concealed within the form of the sin itself. The sin is like the wooden horse full of armed enemies, which the Trojans brought within their city walls. So the city of Luna was sacked and destroyed by a Norse robber, Hastings, who feigned repentance, was baptized, and afterwards, apparently dead, was brought into the city to the cathedral in his coffin; but during the funeral services he arose from his coffin a full armed soldier, and smote bishops and priests, let in his comrades, and set fire to the city. (See Milman's Latin Christianity.)

PRACTICAL.

- 1. Let Solomon's history teach us not to rely too implicitly upon any past attainments or present convictions. Let us never think that the time of danger to our souls is past, or that the great troubler of spirits is wholly discomfited, and despairs of all advantage over us. There is no time wherein we can be safe while we carry this body of sin about us. "Youth is impetuous, mid-age stubborn, old age weak—all dangerous." 2. The fall of men is usually preceded by sins that have been preparing the fall. "He that despiseth little things shall fall by little and little."

- "It is the little rift within the lute That by and by shall make its music mute." 3. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 4. Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. 5. No person can sin and keep the consequences to himself. The sin of Solomon became the sin of Israel (ver. 33). The responsibility of parents in regard to their children's attitude toward God, the responsibility of the leaders of thought and of society, of all of us, as to how we influence men in their attitude toward their sins unseen and eternal. 6. Let not the fall of a few wise and good men destroy our faith in goodness, nor in the gracious power of God.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The sin of Solomon emphasizes several great lessons. I. The steps to his great sin. By committing lesser sins, and by a spirit of worldliness. II. Solomon's sin. Great, manifold, deadly. Let the scholars enumerate all the sins included in it. III. The hindrances to his sinning. God's warnings, God's goodness. His own knowledge and wisdom. His father's example. IV. The consequences of his sin. (1) To himself, (2) to the nation.

PUZZLES.

HOUSEKEEPER'S PUZZLE.

Aunt Katy was much like her namesakes, the \* \* \*. She laid by her stores many months in advance.

Indeed, she would ne'er from her duty be swerving; Least of all, did she wish to neglect her \* \* \* \* \*

Her currants, long since, had been made into \* \* \*. Which gladdened the eyes of poor invalid Nelly.

And next she made ready peach apple, and \* \* \*. And sealed them all over as tight as a drum.

Then quinces and grapes, and pine-apples from far;— She treasured them up in many a \* \* \*.

Tomatoes, and barberries, grapes too, and \* \* \*. Till Nell had grown weary in watching her cares.

But Auntie, quite fresh, said,—"To-day, for my Willie, 'I'll make a big jar of my best \* \* \* \* \*."

"And tiniest cucumbers placing in \* \* \* \* \*."

I'll prove, many lilies indeed make a mickle.

"Then to-morrow I'll ask dear old Mrs. Letchup To tell me exactly her rule for good \* \* \* \* \*."

As for Nell,—she now suffers with prostrated nerves; And 'tis all on account of Aunt Katy's \* \* \* \* \*.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Behead an outer covering and leave to corrode. 2. Behead to expound, and leave to touch. 3. Behead to instruct, and leave a word applied to individual objects. 4. Behead derision, and leave a grain. 5. Behead a minute weight, and leave a form of water. 6. Behead swift, and leave to lift up a lever. 7. Behead a part of the body, and leave a fish. 8. Behead a heavenly body, and leave a pitchy substance. 9. Behead a pair of horses, and leave a shallow vessel.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves.—Matt. 10: 16.

Find hidden in the above:

- 1. A medicine. 2. A metallic substance. 3. A prince. 4. An animal. 5. A member of the body. 6. A texture of rushes or husks. 7. A body of water. 8. A Roman coin. 9. A musical instrument. 10. An inclosure. 11. A bird. 12. Fine particles.

SQUARE WORD.

- 1. A precious stone. 2. A tree. 3. A girl's name. 4. An adjective descriptive of seven kine mentioned in the Bible.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Catacomb. ENIGMATIC BOUQUET.—1. Morning-glory. 2. Cowslip. 3. Tuberosc. 4. Snow-ball. 5. Penny-royal. 6. Carnation. 7. Buebell. 8. Tiger-lily. 9. Candytuft. 10. Spear-mint.

BURIED INSTRUMENTS.

- 1. Harp; 2. bugle; 3. lute; 4. horn; 5. drum. ENIGMA.—Lambrequin.

RAISIN PIE.—To one cup of raisins, add two cups of boiling water, and boil fifteen minutes, then add a piece of butter half the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed smooth with milk, sweeten to taste, and season with nutmeg. Bake with two crusts. This makes one pie only. Try it and see if it is not good.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

Last week was an eventful one in the history of the anti drink crusade in the Dominion. Five battles were fought on Thursday, and four of them resulted in victory. The Scott Act has been maintained in York, N.B., and adopted in the three counties of Bruce, Dufferin and Huron, in Ontario, by noble majorities. Prince Edward and Peel counties have alone decided to wear their fetters for other three years, while fifteen other counties and one city have this year rejected the claim of King Alcohol to their allegiance. Thirty-seven counties and two cities have now adopted the Act, namely: twelve counties in Nova Scotia, nine counties in Ontario; three counties and one city in Prince Edward Island, being the whole Province; two counties in Quebec, and two counties in Manitoba. Campaigns are now being carried on or proposed,—preparations being in a more or less forward state—in the cities of St. John, N.B., Toronto, St. Thomas, Brantford, Kingston and Guelph, Ontario; and Winnipeg, Manitoba; as well as in the counties of Bromes, Missisquoi, Shefford, Compton, Drummond and Chicoutimi, in this Province; Lambton, Carleton, Northumberland and Durham York, Norfolk, Essex, Kent, Ontario, Grey, Perth, Leeds and Grenville, Lennox and Addington, Elgin, Brant, Middlesex, Lanark, Renfrew, Prescott and Russell, Wellington, Wentworth, Hastings, Frontenac, Victoria and Peterborough, in Ontario; and throughout the Province of Manitoba.

Since the Scott Act was passed, there have been 63 contests, and the Act has been successful in 44. No city or county that has adopted the Act has ever repealed it, though six attempts have been made. We give below the state of the poll, showing the total majority to be about 26,000. In cases where there have been two pollings on the same question, we only count the later vote.

Place.	For.	Major. For.	Major. For.
Charlotte, N.B.	867	149	718
Albert, N.B.	1,215	96	1,119
King's, N.B.	718	114	605
King's, P.E.I.	1,076	59	1,017
King's, N.B.	798	245	553
Queen's, N.B.	372	841	469
Meunville, Que.	372	841	469
Northumberland, N.B.	875	678	202
Queen's, P.E.I.	1,317	99	1,218
Marquette, Man.	612	395	417
Diablo, N.S.	944	42	902
Queen's, N.S.	763	82	681
Sunbury, N.B.	510	315	195
Sussex, N.S.	807	184	623
Lingan, Man.	247	150	127
Hamilton (city), Ont.	1,661	2,911	1,150
King's, N.S.	1,477	104	1,369
Annapolis, N.S.	1,111	114	997
Wentworth, Ont.	611	2,262	591
Colborne, N.S.	1,438	184	1,254
Cape Breton, N.S.	739	216	523
Hants, N.S.	1,028	92	936
Walden, Ont.	1,610	2,378	768
Lambton, Ont.	2,988	3,973	885
Inverness, N.S.	960	106	854
Perth, N.S.	1,559	429	1,130
St. John, N.B.	1,074	1,074	
Fredericton, N.B.	293	252	41
Cumberland, N.S.	1,460	292	1,268
Prince County, P.E.I.	2,939	1,065	1,874
Yarmouth, N.S.	1,300	96	1,204
Oxford, Ont.	4,073	3,298	775
Archibanks, Que.	1,487	235	1,252
Westmorland, N.B.	1,774	1,701	74
Halton, Ont.	1,947	1,767	180
Niagara, Que.	1,300	975	325
Chicoutimi, P.E.I.	755	715	40
Simcoe, Ont.	5,712	429	1,284
Dundas, Ont.	1,895	933	762
Stormont, Ont.	1,575	1,029	546
Glenarry, Ont.	1,320	922	398
Peel, Ont.			198
Brant, Ont.			794
Dufferin, Ont.			729
Huron, Ont.			1,659
Prince Edward, Ont.			300
York, N.B.			126

THE GRAND JURY of Waterloo County, in their annual presentment, state that, while divided in opinion on the compensation question, they would hail with pleasure any legislation that would tend to decrease intemperance.

"A GROWING QUESTION."

In a recent address at a German mass-meeting in New York Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, referring at length to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, took occasion to say:

"Prohibition is a growing question throughout the north, and can no more be separated from the 'political contest of the State' than the question of slavery a generation ago. In Maine, Iowa, and Kansas the prohibitionists have already achieved the greatest triumph in altering their constitutions. In Iowa the prohibitionists changed their constitution twice in succession. In Ohio they came very near succeeding last fall, casting 323,189 votes for a prohibition amendment—the most astonishing vote yet cast anywhere for the prohibition idea, if all the circumstances are considered. The question is up in Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, and nearly every Western State, and will not down. The issue is inevitable, the conflict irrepresible. It cannot be dodged. It must be squarely met and faced. There are three bills before Congress referring more or less directly to the question, all three introduced by loyal Republicans—Morrill of Vermont, Senator Ingalls of Kansas, and Price of Wisconsin. Even in our own great and enlightened State of New York the Republican State Convention last fall at Richfield pledged itself to submit a constitutional prohibition amendment. The bill carrying out the pledge and submitting an amendment to the constitution for ever prohibiting in the State of New York the manufacture and sale of malt beer and alcoholic liquors, was defeated on February 28, 1884, in the Assembly, by only two votes. The vote stood 63 to 61. Fifty-two Republicans voted for it, including their Speaker. Forty-five, or nearly every Democrat, voted against it. In the year before, May 1, 1883, the Democrats in the State Senate defeated a prohibition amendment, and every vote cast in its favor, with a solitary exception, was cast by a Republican. Thus you see that the question of prohibition is before the people everywhere."

Mr. Pulitzer might have added—that there is every reason to believe—that if the vilest fraud had not been perpetrated in counting the votes, the Prohibition Amendment in Ohio would have been carried by a large majority.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, speaking at Winnipeg, said: He had to congratulate the people of this country upon the manner in which the manufacture and the sale of liquor had been curtailed and kept down in the territory. He had been informed that the prohibitory liquor law had been enforced in the North-West Territories out of humane consideration to the poor Indian. It was equally advantageous to the white man of the country. (Applause.) He would urge the people of this country, as they had inaugurated such a good system of sobriety, for God's sake to retain it; England could testify her bitter experience in the matter of drinking liquor.

ON THE QUESTION of proposed compensation to out-voted liquor-sellers, the president of the Quebec Alliance writes to the Montreal Witness: "Prohibitionists may possibly take the subject into consideration when the Pacific Railway syndicate have determined the 'compensation' allowable to the wolves of the Rocky Mountains for their loss of business, by the construction of the railway through that region, or when the City Council has determined the compensation allowable to those in the city who invested capital in pigsties, rendered useless by the prohibition of pig-raising within the limits."

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY has been made Regent of Brandenburg. The Duke of Cumberland has returned to England, having been informed that he was not wanted to remain in Austria. It was his father's friendship for Austria that earned him the enmity of Prussia.

THE WEEK.

A GERMAN ASTRONOMER says that he has discovered that the moon is inhabited, and what we have supposed mountains and oceans are really oceans and green plains.

A THOUSAND CHINAMEN left San Francisco for home on Thursday last.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, Canada's premier, has somewhat improved in health since he has been in England, and the Queen's physician says he need not be anxious about his condition.

MR. HUGH McCULLOCH is the new Secretary to the United States Treasury.

"COLONEL" J. G. O'NEILL, who led the Fenian invasion of Canada, has just died.

A THOUSAND colored Republicans, it is said, were arrested in New Orleans on various trivial charges, and confined to prison to prevent their voting in the election.

GENERAL NEWTON, Chief of Engineers, recommends an expenditure of \$50,000,000 to put the coast defenses of the United States in good condition.

THE KNOXVILLE coal mine, near Pittsburg, has been set on fire,—some miscreants drenching its walls with petroleum.

F. J. ALLEN, vice-President of the Young Ireland Society in Dublin, has been arrested for treason-felony. From his letters, it was found that he had suspiciously wide knowledge of the Fenians and the murderers of informers.

IN ONE RUSSIAN DISTRICT the towns are going to call themselves villages, so as to expel the Jews, who cannot lawfully be put out of towns.

THE SALVATION ARMY in America has declared itself independent of General Booth and his British forces.

A COLLISION between two trains at Point Claire near Montreal resulted in the death of an engine driver and injuries to a fireman and three passengers.

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER says that in a few days the sending of convicts to New Caledonia will be stopped altogether. This will be good news to the Australians, who don't like European criminals for neighbors.

TWO MORE FIRES in New York tenement houses have resulted in the loss of three lives.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD has given notices to quit to 500 of his tenants in Ireland, though they are not in arrears of rent.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE will meet on Wednesday next, at Berlin. Britain, Germany and France have agreed on the chief points of the programme.

A "BOTTOMLESS CHASM,"—so they call it,—has been discovered at San Luis, California.

THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES talk of raising the passenger fares between America and Europe.

LORD DERRY has just declared that Britain, while keeping all her South African possessions, will not annex Zululand, as some merchants requested.

W. JONES has just been tried for attempting to kill Guiteau in 1881. He was found "Not Guilty."

THE FRENCH FLAG has been hoisted at several points on the Bay of Aden. Aden itself, at the entrance of the Red Sea from the Indian Ocean, belongs to Britain.

A TORONTO Methodist minister has made himself conspicuous by a sermon in which he opposes the principle of prohibition. It is probably just as well to have one or two ministers on that side, just to set off the fact of thousands being on the other side.

ARCHBISHOP O'FARRELL, of Trenton, was reported as saying that the Pope told him he was in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The Pope denied this, and sent an angry telegram asking an explanation. The Archbishop now denies that he ever made one statement.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S loan of \$4,750,000 to the Egyptian government fell due on Friday last, but has been renewed for three months.

THE KING OF BELGIUM'S nerves are said to be thoroughly upset,—and no wonder. The Radicals began by calling for a Republic, because the King signed a Bill lawfully passed by Parliament. And now, when His Majesty has tried to calm the tempest by making some changes in the ministry, the Clericals take up the same cry, and want a Republic too!

AFFAIRS IN EGYPT.—There has been little trustworthy news from Egypt or the Sudan this week, though rumors of the most exciting kind have come as thick as snowflakes. Some months ago it was reported that Khartoum had been captured and Gordon was a prisoner. It turned out that Gordon had really given his assailants several tremendous thrashings. Now the old rumors are repeated, and there is intense excitement in Britain, and much all over the civilized world. No confirmation of the news has arrived, and the report seems to have come only through one messenger, who said that Khartoum was surrounded by 140,000 rebels. Our latest despatches on this subject are from Lord Wolsley himself, who says that according to the best native sources Gordon is still safe in Khartoum. Lord Wolsley is pushing his way up the Nile by degrees.

SEVERE GALES in the last two weeks have done great damage on the Lakes. More than fourteen vessels were wrecked or seriously injured.

THE LIVERPOOL WHEAT TRADE was extremely dull all last week, and prices low.

LUDERS & Co., commission merchants, of New York, have failed. Liabilities, \$106,000; actual assets, \$2,000.

FIFTY-THREE POUNDS of dynamite having been stolen from a factory in Styria, the Austrian authorities are anxiously waiting for an explosion somewhere.

MURDERED IN HER CELL.—A telegram from Waco, Texas, says: "News has reached here of an extraordinary murder at Temple, 20 miles south of this place. A negro woman named Wilson was confined in the calaboose for carrying concealed weapons. Before daylight yesterday a man mysteriously entered her cell. A brief scuffle, followed by shots, was heard by the guards, who rushed to the cell and found the woman dead. The murderer made his escape."

THE DUBLIN TRADESMEN are greatly annoyed at the corporation for changing the name of Sackville street to O'Connell street, as a hit at the British Government.

THE CITIZENS OF WINNIPEG have risen in a mild sort of rebellion, and have tried to find and punish the Attorney-General of their Province. A prisoner had been flogged—in a very brutal way, it was said—for trying to escape, and Attorney-General Miller was blamed for it. He did not wait to meet the civic mob,—but the story is denied.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

The benevolent old gentleman whose portrait we give in this number was exactly one hundred years old on the 24th of last month. The occasion was celebrated with great rejoicing by his countrymen, the Jews, in all parts of the world, and well-earned congratulations came not only from Jews, but from all who could appreciate a long life of well-doing.

The Montefiore family are of Italian descent, and came to England during the time of Cromwell. Moses Montefiore was born Oct. 24th, 1784. He received a commercial training and was admitted to the London Stock Exchange. In 1812, he was united in marriage with Judith Cohen, whose ideas were ever in accordance with his charitable endeavors. In 1824 he assisted in founding the "Alliance" Insurance Office, of which association he was elected president, and has continued in office ever since.

In 1827, he and his wife visited the Holy Land. In 1837 they went to Syria, which had been visited by an earthquake in 1836 and succeeded in allaying much of the misery and want caused by the catastrophe. Upon his return to London he was elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex and was knighted by the Queen. In 1840, Sir Moses volunteered to go to Egypt to stop the persecution of the Jews, and in a personal interview with the Pasha of Egypt he made such a favorable impression that the imprisoned Jews were at once released. He also visited the Sultan at Constantinople with similar good results. In 1842 Sir Moses established a hospital in Jerusalem. He sent out a physician at his own expense and maintained the institution until it was firmly established.

In 1846 he and Lady Judith braved the rigors of a northern winter to relieve the Jews who were being oppressed in Russia. He met the Czar at St. Petersburg and fully accomplished his purpose. In 1854 he raised £20,000 sterling for the relief of the famished inhabitants of the Holy Land. In 1863 the earnest helper, Lady Judith, died. In October of that year, at the age of 79, he visited Morocco to relieve the oppressed of his race.

A telegram this week says that Sir Moses Montefiore is seriously ill the excitement of the last few days has probably been too much for his strength.

**THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.**—There is little of action to report this week. The Empress of China has offered half her royal jewels for the defence of the country against the French. Two French bishops, 30 missionaries and 700 of their followers have taken refuge in Hong Kong, under the British flag. More French soldiers—15,300 of them—leave for Tonquin next week, and still more follow them before the month is out. Mr. Gladstone has had an interview with the French ambassador about the way in which British vessels were stopped and searched by the French fleet. No result is announced. More British warships are going out to the China Sea.

**THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS,** though treated as badly as the Irish tenantry, have generally submitted to the law, however bad the law might be. Some unwise persons have issued a circular trying to persuade the people to cut telegraph wires, burn shooting lodges, poison the deer, and do other criminal things. But the Highlanders, it is hoped and expected, will not allow themselves to do any such thing.

**WILLIAM EGLEHOFF,** of a Louisville firm which failed recently, has "gone to Canada."

**A SERIOUS ELECTION RIOT** took place on Saturday at Loreauville, Louisiana; about 200 Republicans, principally negroes, came into the village shouting and using very bad language about the Democratic candidate. A few of the Democrats remonstrated, and were fired on by two of the negroes. The Democrats then turned out in stronger force and there was a battle; the negroes fled and some of them were found dead in various parts of the country round, where they had dropped from the effects of their wounds.

**THERE ARE SO MANY** quails in California that the farmers offer rewards for killing them.

**A TERRIBLE HURRICANE** swept over the Bahamas between the 10th and 16th of October, damaging crops and fruit plantations, and wrecking a number of vessels engaged in fishing for sponges or trading among the islands.

**THOUSANDS** of people are being prosecuted in Brooklyn for illegally getting themselves registered as voters. In Chicago, some of the authorities have been arrested on a charge of helping in a similar fraud.

**THURSDAY OF THIS WEEK** 24th of November, has been celebrated as Thanksgiving Day throughout Canada.

**TWENTY-SEVEN** human beings have been burned in one house at Hueta, Spain.

**ONE OF THE CADETS** in the United States Naval Academy having died, his friends are complaining to the government that he was brutally treated, or "hazed," by his companions.

**A DRUNKEN MAN** at Newark, New Jersey, named Paine, has kicked his wife nearly to death, and seriously injured one of his children. Paine may hang for it. The man who made him a devil can go on making other men do the same thing: we license him to do it.

**MR. PRICE,** U. S. Indian Commissioner, declares that the starvation of the Piegians and Blackfeet was caused by Congress not making enough provision for them. Game has disappeared, and they will not be able to live by agriculture for some years. Mr. Price says that men who sell liquor to the Indians are not sufficiently punished, and stringent laws should also be passed to keep intruders out of the Indian lands.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

**TEN SOCIALISTS** have been elected to the German Reichstag at the recent general elections. In 97 places, second elections must be held.

**A DRUNKEN MAN** shouted "Fire" at a Glasgow theatre on Saturday night. The audience, panic-stricken, rushed for the street, and the crush was frightful. Sixteen persons were suffocated and then trampled to death—including eight females—and twelve others were badly hurt. Another trophy for King Alcohol! Sixteen at a gulp down the tyrant's throat!

**IT IS BARELY** possible that if the Conservatives and the Ultramontane Catholics unite they will have a majority in the new German Reichstag.

**THE "MAASDAM,"** a splendid steamer, took fire when crossing the Atlantic. The crew and passengers, numbering 186, were brought to New York by the "Rhein."

**THE "HEALTH EXHIBITION"** in London just closed, made a profit of \$150,000.

**A YOUNG LADY** in West Virginia, while eloping with a young man, was attacked and killed by panthers.

**ALL THE AUSTRALIAN** colonies except New South Wales have agreed upon Federation. As New South Wales, by virtue largely of her free trade policy, has become the chief colony on that continent, the Imperial government has dropped the scheme altogether.

**THE TORONTO GRAND JURY** have recommended that indecent assault be punished by flogging; that is certainly the right punishment for brutes, human or otherwise.

**A THREE YEAR OLD GIRL** was found on Saturday evening in Williamsburg Cemetery, New York. She was covered with leaves, a handkerchief was tied tightly round her throat, and she would have died if left much longer. She says her aunt did it, but her relatives cannot be found. Her name is Lizzie Engelman.

**TWO ELECTIONS** to the Canadian House of Commons have just been held, but without altering the strength of parties; Mr. Whyte, Liberal, was elected in Megantic, and Mr. Taschereau, Conservative, in Beauce.

**THE ASSOCIATION** for the Advancement of Women has been in conference at Baltimore.

**PATRICK FORD,** the man who in the *Irish World* has published about as many brutal personal attacks as have ever disgraced paper, is suing Patrick Kellihan and some others for \$200,000, alleging that they have libelled him.

**THE WORLD'S FAIR** at New Orleans is to be opened on the 16th of December. An electric railway is to be in operation round the grounds. It is hoped that Lord Lansdowne, the Governor General of Canada, will be present at the opening.

**JEWS,** who claim to be subjects of France, are being very badly treated in Morocco, and the French threaten to take revenge.

**THE ARABS** at HYDERABAD, the capital of an independent State in India, have been making disturbances, and have killed eleven policemen.

**CHOLERA** has broken out in Madras, India.

**A FIRE** at LUBEC, Maine, has destroyed eight wharves, two vessels, seven boats and sixteen factories; the damage is about \$40,000.

**FIFTEEN DEATHS,** said to be caused by cholera, have occurred at Nantes, on the west coast of France.

**THE CHOLERA** has disappeared from Naples, after lasting 74 days and killing 7,025 persons.

**TURKEY** wants to be represented at the conference on African affairs, saying that the Sultan has authority over the sources of the Congo. The Sultan will next be claiming authority over the Mohammedans of India, to make up for the fact that in Turkey itself he is almost powerless.

**THE PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD** of Alabama, by a vote of 41 to 19, has condemned the scientific theory that the higher animals have evolved or developed out of the lower. Two directors of the Seminary at Columbia have been dismissed for believing in evolution.

A HORSE IN A CHAPEL PEW.

When the professors and students of the Worcester, Mass., Institute met in the chapel for prayers, it was discovered that a horse, the property of Prof. M. P. Higgins, occupied one of the pews. The animal had evidently been taken up two flights of winding stairs the night before, his feet being muffled to prevent discovery by the night watchmen. The professors were at a loss how to remove the intruder, and he was allowed to occupy the quarters all day. In the evening they sent for a veterinary surgeon, who, with a number of assistants, securely blanketed the animal, tied his feet together, blindfolded him, and slid him down the stairs on skids. The boys gathered about in great numbers in the darkness to watch the proceedings and cheer the beast as it came out. They made so much noise that a squad of police was summoned to scatter the students. The buildings and grounds were securely guarded until the rescue was safely accomplished.

HOW TO MAKE A PRINCE.

A writer in a French paper publishes a circular which accidentally came into his possession. It is sent by an agency in Italy to successful bankers and financial men in all parts of Europe, and is worded thus: "Sir,—Knowing the high position you justly hold in the financial world, and wishing you to profit by the same, either in the interests of your business or those of your family, through resources of nobility, I have the honor to inform you that I can, against an amount officially fixed, obtain for you either certain decorations or a title, which would, doubtless, facilitate the transactions which you have undertaken. Title of Prince, 75,000 francs (\$15,000); Duke, 50,000 francs (\$10,000); Count, 25,000 francs (\$5,000); Baron, 20,000 francs (\$4,000.) All warranted, and in good form. Trusting to the favor of an early answer.—I am, sir, &c."



## HER OBEDIENCE.

Far out on a Western prairie lived little Jane Austin with her father and mother. The place might have seemed lonely to some people, for there were no houses in sight of her home, nor any neighbors within several miles, but the three who lived there were quite contented; and when, a few months before my story begins, a baby came to gladden the household with his presence, their happiness was complete.

The house itself was not much more than a cabin. It had been roughly put together at a time when skilled labor was not to be had; but it had served for a shelter, and now, when prosperity had rewarded years of toil and carefulness, it was to be replaced by a larger and better dwelling. The plans had been drawn, the estimates made, and one bright summer morning Mr. Austin set out for the nearest town to purchase the lumber for it.

His wife was not afraid to be left alone with the children. She was a courageous woman, calm and self-possessed at all times, and her little daughter had inherited the same traits. There was much to be done about the house, and the two were very busy. The time passed quickly. The second day was drawing to a close, when Mrs. Austin noticed signs of a change in the weather.

"We must fasten all doors very securely to-night," she said to Jane, as they went together to the barn to feed the cattle. "I think there will be a storm before morning."

Dark clouds were gathering on the western horizon, and before they went to bed the wind was blowing in fitful, violent gusts that rattled seriously the timbers of the old house. Still no thought of great danger entered their minds, though Jane said to her mother, after she had lain down in bed beside her—

"I shall be glad when the new house is built, mamma, for the wind won't make such a noise then."

"Yes," said Mrs. Austin, "I think we shall all enjoy it; but try to go to sleep now, dear, in spite of the noise."

Acting upon her own advice, she laid her head on the pillow and was soon unconscious of all around her. How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened by the slamming of a door. She listened for a moment, and then feeling sure that the wind had forced open the outer door of the kitchen, she arose, and slipping on her shoes, went down stairs, to fasten it.

There she found that she was quite right in her conjecture. The slight bolt had given way, and the door was swinging back and forth at the will of the wind.

But she was quite equal to the emergency. Lighting a lantern, and getting a hammer and some nails, she pushed the heavy tool chest against the door, and standing on it, she securely nailed a piece of wood across from one door-post to the other. Satisfied that all was safe, she turned to go up stairs, when, with a roar, like that of some wild beast, the tempest smote the house. There came a fearful crash, that almost stunned her and made her very heart stand still.

What had happened? Had the roof been carried away? Had the stone chimney fallen and crushed it in? The next moment, in a lull of the wind, she heard her child's voice.

"Mamma, where are you? What is the matter?"

She rushed up stairs, calling, "I am here, my darling! I am coming!"

But when she reached the bed-room door, she could go no further. She had left it open; it was now nearly closed, and some obstruction prevented her from moving it. She held up the lantern and looked through the open space.

What a scene met her gaze! The baby's crib in one corner stood untouched; but the chimney had fallen, and crashing through the roof, had made havoc of all else. Where her own head had lain on the pillow, a huge beam rested, and just beyond it she could see the white face and dilated eyes of her little girl.

"Janie," she gasped, "are you hurt? the roof has fallen in."

"No, mamma," said the child, "I am not hurt at all, but I can't get up. Something is holding me down."

The mother looked again, and now she could see that the stones and rafters had fallen in such a way as to imprison the child completely without injuring her. Oh, to be able her! to rescue her from her

perilous position! for who could tell but that some slight jar might loosen the whole mass, causing it to fall and crush the child?

But the door was immovable, and the poor woman clasped her hands in agony, realizing her own powerlessness.

"Janie," she said, presently, "listen to me, and try to be my own brave little girl. You must not move; if you do you may be hurt. If you will keep quite still, I hope you will be safe. I can do nothing to help you, my darling" (and here the mother almost broke down), "but I can go for help if you will promise me not to stir while I am gone."

"Yes, mamma," said a quivering voice. "I will try not to be afraid, if you will leave me the light."

"No, dear," said the mother, "I cannot do that, for fear of fire; you are much safer without it. You must believe that God can take care of you in the dark."

"Yes," said the child, gravely, "I know; but, O mamma! if baby should cry?"

"Never mind baby, dear. He cannot get out of the crib. It will not hurt him to cry a little, and I will be as quick as I can. Now we will ask God to be with you."

The mother knelt down and said aloud, "O my Father, I pray thee keep in safety my darling children, for Christ's sake!"

And the child's voice answered, "Amen."

There was no more hesitation now. Mrs. Austin knew what she must do, and that there was no time to be lost. Throwing on some articles of clothing that hung in a closet on the landing, she hurried to the stable.

Her husband's saddle-horse was there, a creature as gentle as he was fleet of foot. She had him saddled and bridled and was on her way in a few moments.

The storm was over, and in the Western sky the waning moon shone with a feeble light. She urged the horse to his utmost speed, for she was a fearless rider, but it seemed to her that the three miles she had to go were a hundred at least. Midway she met with an obstacle. A huge tree had been blown down directly across the road. She dismounted, and devoutly thankful that the snake-fence was one she could pull down, she tore the rails from their places, led her horse around, made another opening and proceeded.

The village was reached at last. Stopping at the first house, where the blacksmith lived, she knocked loudly at the door.

In a few moments a voice asked, "Who is there?"

"Mrs. Austin. We have had a fearful accident. My husband is away. I have come for assistance."

In a moment more the door was opened, but she would not go in.

"No, let me tell my story here. I must go back at once to my children."

In a few words she told her story. "You will need," she continued, "three or four men to help you, and, above all, a ladder long enough to reach the upper window; there is no other way of getting into the room. Now I will go back. I know I need not ask you to make all the haste you can, Mr. Green."

For answer the blacksmith turned to his son with orders to rouse the neighbors, while he himself at once left the house to harness his team and get ready the necessary tools.

Back the mother hastened along the weary way, trying to still the agony at her heart with the hope that no injury had come to her children.

The day was beginning to dawn when she reached her own gate. What was it that fell upon her listening ear? A child's voice singing, actually singing,—

"God shall charge His angel legions  
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

For the first time Mrs. Austin burst into tears. She hastened up the stair. "Janie, my darling! are you still safe?"

"Yes, mamma; I am so glad you have come!"

There was no tremor in the little voice now.

"Baby has not cried at all. I heard him move a little and I sang my last Sunday's hymn; and then it seemed so nice I began to sing it over again. Did no one come with you, mamma?"

"I would not wait for them, dear, but they are coming soon. I think I hear them now," she added, as the sound of the wheels in the distance reached her ear. The four fastest horses in the village were bringing

strong arms and eager hearts to their assistance.

A few moments more and Mr. Green stood in the room followed by three other men, while Mrs. Austin ran down stairs and stood at the foot of the ladder.

"Take baby first," said little Jane, and the infant was handed down safe and unharmed to his mother.

"Now, little missy it is your turn; we will have you out of that in a twinkling."

But as the blacksmith approached the bed he saw that it would be no easy task to extricate the child uninjured; for with one careless touch the overhanging mass might fall and crush her.

"Gently, gently," he said waving back his eager assistants. Then, taking a screw-driver from his pocket, he soon had the closet-door off the hinges. With that and the mattress and pillows from the crib, he built up a barricade over the little girl's head.

"Now I think we can raise this broken! am."

The strong iron bars they had brought with them were placed under it.

"One moment!" said Mr. Green. "Now, my little girl, as soon as I give the word, creep out just as quickly as you can. Ready! Lift!"

The child then turned and drew herself to the edge of the bed. In an instant a pair of strong arms caught and drew her to the window, and as the three other men sprang aside, stones and mortar, beams and rafters, fell upon the bed with a frightful crash.

But at the same moment the mother saw the little white-clad figure descending the ladder, and with a cry she caught the child in her arms and then fainted away. The first moments of intense excitement had scarcely passed when one waggon after another began to arrive from the village, where the news of the disaster had rapidly spread. Little Jane was the heroine of the hour.

"It was touch and go with the little one, you may believe," said Mr. Green, with a shiver. "I don't know what ever held up the rafter, for a baby's hand could have shaken it down."

"And she lay there all the time without moving!" said one of his hearers.

"She did that. If she had kicked and struggled like any other child, the whole mass would have fallen and crushed her."

But amidst the general wonder and admiration the child herself was quite unconscious that she had done anything at all remarkable. When questioned she said simply, "Mamma said I must not move."

The good blacksmith took Mrs. Austin and the children to his own house until Mr. Austin's return, and when evening came and they lay down to rest once more, the little girl nestled close to her mother and whispered, "Don't you think God sent His angels last night to take care of us?"

"I am sure of it, my darling," her mother answered, fervently.

So am I; but I am equally sure that the means by which His messengers do their ministry of love are often in our own power; and in this instance they worked the Divine will, partly, at least, through a little girl's obedience.—*Youth's Companion*.

## TOO TIDY.

In opposition to all that is written and said of neatness, order, method, and every other virtue which goes to make up the sum of good housekeeping would a woman endanger or lose her reputation entirely if she dared to say, do not be too neat, do not be too methodical. In drawing up your rules and regulations do not imitate the Medes and Persians whose laws were unalterable. Give way sometimes. You have no doubt heard that "circumstances alter cases." It is well to remember it. Solomon has told us that there is a time when certain things should be done, and other times when the same things should not be done.

If every wife and mother would store up this injunction of the wise man in some corner of her brain and act upon it occasionally, there would be an increase of the happiness and comfort of many a home. Truly the "must" and "must not" in some houses are the grimmest of lions standing across the path of any enjoyment, or even peace. If we may use an expression which is not very far removed from slang, it is possible to get too much of a good

thing. Every one knows what a house without method is, but perhaps every one has not considered what a house with too much may come to be. A place where rules and regulations ride rough shod over inclination and comfort and mercilessly crush every feeble attempt at resistance or rebellion; where the inmates are so hedged in by "thou shalt" on the right hand, and "thou shalt not" on the left, that the one course which they may pursue with impunity is wonderfully narrow and monotonous.

Then do not be too neat. Do not give every person under your roof or, indeed, who comes in contact with you, reason to hate that innocent, well-meaning word. It must be understood that here we do not refer to personal neatness, nor the cleanliness which is "akin to godliness," and without which no woman is worthy of the name, but to that over-developed bump of order which manifests itself in a never ending tidying of every thing, and keeps up a state of perpetual semi-house-cleaning, the thought of which contracts a man's heart with fear as he turns his face homewards, which drives the children out of doors in search of a place where they may amuse themselves without molestation, or if the season will not admit of that drives them to desperation in-doors, and often reduces them to that unenviable condition in which Satan will find something for them to do Or, perhaps, and this is a frequent case, in order to preserve the immaculate neatness of the more public part of the house, they are banished to some remote corner and there left to their own devices. This corner is often the most imperfectly lighted, warmed and ventilated apartment of the house, albeit dignified with the title of nursery. It is really a good plan to give the children one room which they may call their very own, and in which they may do as they please; but the house is their home all through, is it not? And is it advisable that their amusements and employments should always be a separate part of the home life. Let them occasionally bring their playthings where you are, let them feel free to make a little noise, and, if unavoidable, let them once in a while disturb the accustomed serenity of your dining or sewing room. Join 'n and show an interest in their occupations. You will add a hundred fold to their enjoyment by so doing and as much to your fondest memories in after years. Keep them as close to you as you can, you will be separated all too soon, other things than your love of order and neatness will rise up as a wall between you. The world, new ties, land and water, nay, even estrangement, and last of all death itself will separate you. Keep them close while you can.

How many world weary men and women cherish fondly, as a possession which no one and nothing can take from them, the memory of the one time when they were happy. Long ago, in the old home, care and trouble never reached them; oh, if they only could have remained children, and always been with mother. And how many more look back with bitterness, not unmingled with disgust, to a repressed, joyless childhood with recollections of little more than floors that must be kept clean, carpets which must not be walked on by other feet than those which had arrived at discretion, rooms which must not be entered, chairs which must not be sat upon, questions which must not be asked, until it seemed that whatever life or liberty they had known was what they had found in God's free air. No bright spot for them to gaze back upon. If they have found the world an unsatisfactory, disappointing place, well, it was always so; they never knew anything else. It has been a desert all through, unrelieved by even the memory of an oasis.—*Household*.

Blessed is he  
whose transgression  
is forgiven.

