

# The Glowworm

Vol. I.

TORONTO, CANADA. 1891-

No. 1.

## TO OUR READERS.

In this issue the GLOWWORM makes its first bow to the reading public.

The GLOWWORM will be published as a monthly journal, replete with subjects of interest to the family circle; our aim being in every case to place before our readers only high class literary matter, embracing original serials and carefully written short stories by well-known Canadian and foreign authors, from which we will always carefully exclude everything bordering on the sensational or immoral. In short, we desire to place in the hands of our patrons such a periodical that the most scrupulous could have no objection in introducing within the family.

In this world of science it is proposed to keep abreast of the times by enabling our readers, both young and old, to keep in touch with the progress of scientific thought, in an age when science and civilization march hand in hand, endeavoring especially to direct attention to the practical application of the most advanced thought to the affairs of everyday life.

In the interest of our readers whose lives are devoted to agriculture, it is proposed to maintain a special department which will have for its object the monthly presentation of many subjects of importance to the farmer and stock raiser, together with valuable veterinary notes, including from time to time safe and practical recipes for the treatment of the common ailments of domestic animals.

Not forgetful of the ladies, there will be found in each issue practical notes on flowers and their culture, fancy work, and last though not least in importance, cooking and the kitchen, besides many of those nameless trifles dear to the heart of women, but which nevertheless contribute in so large degree to making the home happy within and attractive without.

The attention of our young friends is also called to our GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION, full particulars of which will be found in another column, this being no humbugging advertisement, as we mean exactly what we say and propose to carry out all our promises.

In conclusion we would ask all our friends to aid us by showing this paper to their neighbors and saying a kind word when the opportunity offers, as every new subscriber enables us to improve the quality of the paper and to make it still more worthy of support.

At periodic intervals a wave of unrest sweeps over our rural districts, awakening amongst the young of both sexes aspirations for wider scenes of activity. Increased means of communication between large cities and the country, has rendered our rising generation of farmers more ambitious, and perhaps a trifle more avaricious than their ancestors. Closer contact with the more polished city bred folks, has exhibited to country cousins the latter's superiority of dress and manner, without disclosing their shortcomings. The buzz of the factory wheel echoes through the daily press in the depths of our Dominion forests and reverberates across the great north-western prairies, and the feverish desire for wealth possesses alike the son of the western pioneer and the young Ontario farmer. And so we find our rural youths and maidens forsaking country districts in hordes, and flocking to industrial centres, some in pursuit of wealth and distinction, others seeking pleasure and changed conditions of life. Recent statistics showing the influx of our rural population to the great cities, and the consequent depopulation of the country, have started an interesting discussion amongst scientists regarding our agricultural future.

Perhaps the greatest evil of this pilgrimage is wrought in the already overcrowded ranks of unskilled labor. Generally speaking country boys are launched on the tempestuous sea of business life untutored in aught that pertains to mercantile pursuits; or if they have been fortunate enough to receive a short course in some business college, they find themselves at a great disadvantage to city boys of their age, through want of practical experience. The consequence is that having but little money, as a rule, they are glad to take any description of work offered, starting in this manner at a much lower round of life's ladder than would have been necessary had they taken a few precautions.

The foregoing reflections were suggested to us lately. The first step towards securing employment, adopted by most country boys, is to advertise; they seem

to think that no other effort is necessary on their part. On general principles we approve of this abundant confidence in the power of the press, but we must discourage any tendency towards a belief in its infallibility as a situation hunter. This work can best be accomplished by the person himself, and even he cannot hope to gain large success unless he is fully equipped by education for the position he seeks.

We would first, and in preference to all other courses, recommend every boy raised on a farm to round out his life there if possible. The glare and glamour of city life is seductive to some, but unsatisfying to all, and city workers are usually of less benefit to the nation than farm laborers.

To tell our farm boys that the chances are ten to one against their ever achieving the success they anticipate in mercantile life, discourages them but little, for everyone expects he will be counted in the minority. From a comparative standpoint, however, the farmers' chances for attaining an easy independence are now infinitely better than those of his city cousins. Stock has risen in price, and we believe that grain will advance in value during the ensuing winter. Our city population is increasing vastly, while the agricultural classes are multiplying slowly. All this presages that the enhancement in value of farm products in the future will be certain and continuous.

In spite of the bitter experience of thousands who have forsaken the farm to founder in the city, we know that others will not be deterred from trying their luck on the same wheel of fortune. These we would admonish not to see the city at first in any other capacity than as learners. The conditions of life are widely different, and no one can reach the top without building a solid foundation. The menial positions in all walks of life are over supplied, and consequently underpaid, so the student must go provided with enough money to board and clothe himself, if necessary, during this period of discipline and tuition. And so, too, as the lower strata of mercantile life are overcrowded, secure, if possible, a position before finally removing to the city; or if this is inconvenient, take sufficient money along to pay your board while seeking employment, having a balance large enough to return with in case you meet with disappointment. If you should fail at the first attempt don't hesitate to return to the farm, from any feelings of false pride; the folks at home will wel-

come you, and they are really the only ones for whose opinions you need care at this juncture. Breathe a few fresh draughts of the pure, nerve-bracing air of the country and return to your work, re-invigorated, with Richelieu's motto as your watchword, "there's no such word as fail."

### WAITING.

(Written for the "Glowworm.")

Ah! me. The day, for years desired, is spent—  
This festival, that should my love restore.  
O love-lorn heart, who wooed with blandishment,  
Is lost to thee—is lost for evermore:  
The reckoned time is o'er.

The beach the hour appointed knows, and yearns  
To feel the cooling torrent on its breast;  
Not once it ebbs, but duly it returns  
At turn of tide, and will not be suppressed—  
Untrue, my plighted guest.

The earth, how eagerly it waits the sun,  
And doffs its garb of shadow to attire  
In mantle green, with blossoms inter-spun,  
And wakes to melody her matin choir,  
When the faint stars expire.

All through the term of waiting have I kept  
A patient vigil for the meeting day;  
In dreams to him still faithful when I slept;  
In sleepless watches sighing time away,  
Expectant of to-day.

To-day, alas! is almost yesterday.  
And he—false one—in absence lingers yet.  
Nor comes his debt of promises to pay.  
Could he in life that solemn pledge forget?  
Or other fate have met?

O jealous heart, in mercy make excuse,  
N'er let thy passions riot o'er this slight.  
Why sharpen words to weapons of abuse?  
Hope yet a little, till has taken flight  
The eleventh hour of night.

Bethink thee of the neap tide's fickle flow—  
How many leagues of strand await in vain  
The sulky tides, that half way come and go,  
Until by moon propitious swelled again.  
Judge harshly not thy swain.

Remember seasons, too, of rain and gloom,  
When clouds obscure the sun, and earth is drear;  
Blame not the orb that should the sky illumine:  
It shineth constantly; the atmosphere  
The morrow maketh clear.

Who knows what hindrance may have thwarted  
haste?  
Oft trifles have a journey long delayed.  
I'll trim the lamp within the casement placed,  
Lest he shall say he in the darkness strayed,  
And bide me, undismayed.

What sound was that—the opening of the gate?  
A footstep? Yes. It halts—I hear a knock!  
O Love! twice welcome, though thou comest late,  
And chimes the midnight from the steeple clock.  
I will the door unlock.  
Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

### PRINTERS' INK.

When we hear of men becoming many times millionaires by the use of printers' ink it is certainly attributing a prodigious influence to the printers' art, but we know it to be a just commentary upon the marvelous effects it has had upon the welfare of mankind at large, as well as upon the fortunes of single individuals. And this

as much through the noble reformatory sentiments it continually breathes among the world, as from the yet untold advantages it gives to business men, through the medium of constant advertising. Our Canada, owing to the constant and wholesome guidance of its public press, is continually gaining upon all other countries in morality, intelligence and prosperity—forever increasing the distance between our general happiness and theirs. Waifs of useful instruction are ever floating about in the great world of the press, for the proper schooling of the hearts and minds of all admitted to its teachings. Our country owes much to the press; much of its present character and unparalleled prosperity, to the cheap and endless circulation of sound moral instruction, which teaches and encourages men to be proud of doing right, ashamed to do wrong, and to value things more as they improve in reality, and not in mere outward appearance. You will find THE GLOWWORM a *multum in parvo* if you are seeking instruction or a profitable advertising medium.

### REAL BEAUTY.

I presume I was too young to be sent off all alone in the cars, and that first trip, without escort, still stands out in my memory far more plainly than long journeys do. The distance was only from Lowell to Boston; but to me, the journey seemed as magnificent and as mysterious as are the cycles of the stars. Seated in the train, I waited for it to start. I had heard of railroad accidents, and rather wondered if this were the day for one.

Gradually the train filled up, and I was not entirely pleased when an elegantly dressed lady asked to sit beside me. I regretted this for two reasons. I was not sure that I ought to keep the place by the window; but far more I dreaded that someone would think I was under escort, and not alone at all. However, as she talked so pleasantly, and as her face was so very sweet and lovely, I was rather glad she was with me. Occasionally a gentleman behind us would speak to the lady. I knew he was a gentleman from the very tone of his voice; indeed, I think my little dog knows as much as this.

I wanted to look at the man whose voice seemed so genial and so refined; but, for a long time, I was able to avoid being so impertinent as to stare right around at him. At last an unusually jolly laugh almost forced me to turn around. When I did so, I started, and I felt all the expression of my features pass under a change. The face upon which I looked was seamed and ploughed up with great scars, till it seemed to fully realize my vague notion of the "Veiled Prophet" in Moor's wonderful romance. But, as the bird gazes upon the serpent that he dreads to see, so the same strange fascination held my eyes fixed upon the face that horrified me. Noting my very apparent fear, the lady spoke, and her sweet voice broke the strange spell that held me. "Does my dear husband's face alarm you? Why, when we were married, I thought him the handsomest man I ever saw, and to-day his face is far more beautiful than it was then. We were very happy in the cottage that we built. One night while my husband was

visiting a patient, our house took fire, and when he drove up the building was all in flames. Several had tried to rescue me, but the smoke and fire had driven them back. All said that rescue was impossible. My husband did not heed them. He bore me safely through the fire. His arms, his breast, his bowed head sheltered me. My flesh was scarcely singed. He saved me not only from the scars you see, but from an awful death. Do you wonder, then, that I love and admire him more and more each time I see what he has endured for me?"

Once more I looked upon the poor scarred face. Even as I gazed, the lines of horror faded, and in their stead I saw only the tokens of a heroic love, which scars could not mar nor fire destroy.

Many years have passed since I made my first trip to Boston, but this incident is still fresh in my memory; and often, over the vanished time, I look back upon the noble face, glorified by those grand scars.—Edward H. Rice.

### TO START BALKY HORSES.

Following are six rules for treatment of balky horses which are recommended by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. People who are unfortunate enough to own such animals are recommended to give one or more of these rules a trial:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck; examine the harness carefully, first on one side, then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the most balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle until he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort doesn't cure him, the second will.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut the wind off until he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brain of the horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time, therefore continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it, and tie in a bow knot. At the first cluck he will generally go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your farther drive.

5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth.

6. Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to his head.

### EXPLAINED.

Maud (examining photo of Mr. Seppie Fittsade).—"Why, how very grey he's grown. He's not quite thirty yet, and his hair is positively white."

Ethel.—"That's easily accounted for. The grey matter of his brain is on the outside."

## THRICE WEDDED.

### CHAPTER I.

"GO! AND MY WORST CURSES GO WITH YOU!"

In a retired street in one of the inland cities of Massachusetts stood a neat and attractive little cottage of purest white, the dark green of its blinds making it seem still whiter beneath the dazzling sunshine of a lovely June morning.

Its little gem of a yard was surrounded by the daintiest of white fences, and filled with the brightest and choicest of flowers, showing that the owner was a person of taste and refinement.

The neatly gravelled walk, from which every intruding blade of grass was carefully plucked, led to a smooth, wide stepping-stone as clean and spotless as a daily application of soap and water could make it.

The door stands invitingly open this bright morning, but we will not enter just yet. An introduction first is necessary to its inmates.

The sound of wheels is heard, and down the street comes a light, elegant buggy, drawn by a noble, spirited, but yet gentle horse of coal black. On and on it comes, until, at a word from the driver, it stops directly in front of the gate before the little cottage.

A boy of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age sprang lightly to the ground, tied his horse, then, with a look of eager expectation upon his face, walked quickly toward the open door.

He was a bright and active-appearing youth, with a full, round face, whose frank, open expression won you at once. His eyes were a fine hazel, large and full. His forehead, as he lifted his hat and ran his fingers through the clustering rings of chestnut hair that crowned his head, shone white and fair as polished marble, and was broad and high. His nose was straight and rather thin for the rest of his face, while his mouth was small but very pleasant in its expression, though there were certain lines about it that indicated firmness and a will of his own.

He was manly in form and bearing, and there was a look of conscious pride upon his beaming face as he glanced complacently back at the handsome equipage at the gate, while the silver tinkle of a bell gave back an answering echo to his touch.

"Oh, mamma, Robbie has come at last."

And a bright little elf sprang dancing into the hall, and instantly a pair of chubby arms were around Robbie's neck, and a hearty smack testified to the warmth of his reception.

She was just the sweetest little bit of sunshine ever caught and imprisoned in human form. A little round rosy face, all smiles and dimples; a pair of laughing blue eyes that danced and sparkled every minute in the day with fun and mischief. A pug nose and a rosebud mouth, always ready to give and take the sweetest kisses, as she had already proved. Her hair hung in curls around her plump cheeks, and was a sort of yellowish brown—not at all red, reader, but the brightest and richest auburn you ever saw.

Her figure was short and plump, while her little skipping fairy feet seemed almost too tiny to hold up so much precious flesh and blood.

"Oh, Robbie!" she said, almost breathless with delight and anticipation. "I thought you never, never, never would come; and mamma has coaxed and scolded to get me from the window, watching for you. She says it is so unbecoming and unladylike to be so impatient; but I couldn't help it, it's so long since I had a ride. How nice the old pony looks, doesn't he? and o-oh! you've had the buggy newly painted, too. What a grand time we will have! Come, I can't wait any longer."

The little witch was about to spring down the step, when a voice from within arrested her.

"Dora, Dora, wait, my child, you have no collar or gloves. Your hat is on wrong side front, and your cape is not fastened; come here, my dear, and let me fix you?"

A quiet, lady-like little woman followed the pleasant voice, and approached her lovely little daughter with the missing collar and gloves.

"Good-morning, Robert," she said, smiling. "Did you ever see such a little Miss Wild-fire before?"

"Good-morning, auntie! I can't blame Dora a mite, for I can hardly keep still myself this bright day. I wish you could go with us."

"Thank you, I fear Dora would hardly consent, for she thinks it is a great thing for you to take her out alone. How is your father to-day?"

"He is about as usual, only he does not seem to be in very good spirits. I told him the other day he would be happier if he was a poor man and had to work for a living. He would then have something besides himself to think about."

"What did he say to that?" asked Mrs. Dupont.

"Oh, he only laughed and said I was a queer boy, and that I might work for my living if I wanted to."

"Now, Dora," said her mother, "you must hold still or I shall never be able to dress you. Put on your gloves while I pin the collar. I fear Robert will not wish to take you riding often if you don't make a better appearance. Ladies never go to ride without their gloves."

"Put, mamma, I ain't a lady; I'm only a little girl, and I hate gloves and starched things."

The bright little face was very red just now from the effort of putting on the troublesome gloves, and there was something like a pout upon the red lips.

"Well, never mind, dear," returned her mother, kindly, "you will forget all about them after you have started. Have a happy time, and come home and tell me all about it. I hope you are a careful driver," she added, turning to Robert. "You won't forget that Dora is my all now."

"You may trust me, auntie, and then old Prince is so gentle there is no fear. Come, Brightie, you are ready now, and we will start."

He took Dora by the hand, and leading her to the buggy, put her carefully in; then unfastening the horse he sprang lightly after her, and with smiles and wavings of hands they started, and were soon out of sight.

Mrs. Dupont stood looking after them for a few minutes, a happy smile upon her fine face. She was a widow, and this one pet lamb—this bright and winsome Dora—was her all in the world.

Her husband had been a physician, and had settled in S— soon after marriage, building up a good practice, which increased every year; until he had earned this snug little home, which with a few thousand at interest, made him feel quite easy as to the future. Besides this he had his life insured for five thousand more, and so when he was suddenly stricken with a malignant fever, and knew he could not live, he felt that he should leave his dear ones in comfortable circumstances if not in affluence. It was a heavy blow to Mrs. Dupont, for it left her almost alone in the world. She was an orphan, with no relatives except a maiden aunt, who, disapproving her union with the poor physician, had cast her off forever, and threatened to leave her large fortune to some charitable institution.

Maggie Alroyd, scorning the fortune, married her own true love, and was happy with the penniless doctor. He had been dead now four years, having died when Dora was eight years of age. But he was not forgotten. His memory was still fondly cherished in their hearts, and not a day passed that loving words did not testify to the strength and depth of their affection for him.

Robert Ellerton, Jr., was the son of one of Dr. Dupont's patients. A rich and influential man, who was proud as Lucifer of his wealth, and also his name, which he claimed was spotless. His wife had died when Robert, their only child, was born, and he had never married again, his household affairs being governed by a maiden sister. He had conceived a sudden attachment for Dr. Dupont, who had saved Robert's life—for Mr. Ellerton declared that he did—when he had a severe attack of the croup.

There was nothing he would not do for the doctor after that; the families immediately became intimate, while Robert and Dora grew to love each other like brother and sister. Better, in fact, for Robert used to tell her that some time she should be "his little bright-eyed wife." And he always called Mrs. Dupont Auntie.

After the doctor died the intimacy continued, until within the last year or two, Mr. Ellerton had suddenly become cold and distant, though he still allowed Robert and Dora to visit each other. Whenever questioned why he did not visit them, his reply invariably was that his health was failing and he did not go out much. Indeed, it seemed to be, for he grew thin, pale, sullen and cross to everybody about him.

Even Robert began to fear him and keep out of his way. But in his secret heart he worshipped his bright and handsome boy, and planned his future course, building wondrous castles in the air for him.

He was beginning to think that it was about time to put a stop to "Robert's foolish fancy for that girl Dora," for they could not always expect to keep it up. His son would be rich, and would move in very different circles from the doctor's daughter, who was comparatively poor.

How well he succeeded the future alone will show!

The youthful pair, all unconscious of these plots against their peace, and also of the very queer act in life's drama which they were to play that bright June day, were riding briskly along the smooth, wide road that led into the country, enjoying to the uttermost the green fields, sparkling brooks and gay flowers, with faces as bright and smiling as their own happy, joyous hearts could make them.

"Where are we going, Robbie?" asked Dora, suddenly remembering that she did not know.

"I thought we'd ride out to N—and look at Squire Moulton's new statuary. I heard he had just received some, and that it's the finest collection in the country. I have a nice little lunch in a basket here, and after we've seen all we want to, we'll go down by the lake and eat it.

"Oh, how nice!" said Dora, clapping her hands. "Is it that great big house with the beautiful grounds, where we went to the picnic last summer?"

"Yes; only you remember I didn't go. Father doesn't like the squire very much," his face clouding for an instant.

"What is the reason he does not like him?" asked Dora, inquisitively.

"I don't know, I'm sure, only he was very cross last year when I asked if I might go to the squire's picnic, and I thought he swore about him."

"I don't care," said Dora hotly. "I think he's a real nice man to give all the children a picnic, and we had a splendid time. I shouldn't think he'd let you go to-day, if he wouldn't then."

"He didn't know where I was going to-day. I asked if I might take old Prince, and he said yes; but I don't think there would be any harm in going to see the statuary," replied Robert, though the hot blood rushed to his face, as if he felt half guilty.

"I don't think there is any harm, either; but, oh, Robbie, look at that squirrel there!—there he goes, right through the wall."

"Yes, and there goes its mate. Now they've both gone into that hole in that tree."

"Yes; how cunning they were! I wish you and I were squirrels, with nothing else to do but run around in the sunshine all day, and eat nuts; it must be real fun, glancing back wistfully toward the place where the squirrels had disappeared.

"Oh, no, Dora, you don't either; you forget that if we were squirrels we could not be married, and you know that some day you are to be my little wife," replied Robert, looking roguishly at her.

"Yes, I could be your wife just the same; for don't you suppose one of those squirrels was the other's wife? And then we shouldn't have to work. I hate to wash dishes, and dust, and —"

"Well, Dora," interrupted Robert, "you won't have to work when you marry me, for I shall have plenty of money, and you can have servants to do the work, and all you'll have to do will be to dress up in pretty clothes and trinkets, and play all the time, if you want to."

"Oh, that will be so nice, Robbie!" exclaiming Dora, heaving a sigh of relief at the pleasing prospect of not having to work. "I wish I were your little wife now."

"Do you?" he asked, a bright look coming into his face. "Well, I'll tell you what we will do. We will go and be married before we go home, then I can take you to mother, for she will be my mother too, then. Will you, Brightie?"

"Yes, indeed, we will," replied Dora. "Then my name will be Dora Ellerton, won't it? I think it's a real pretty name, too. But who will marry us, Robbie?"

"I don't know. I guess Squire Moulton will; he's justice, or something. Anyway, I'll ask him. Come, get up, old Prince, for we are going to be married."

He touched the horse lightly with the whip, and these two children so full of their fun and mischief, laughed, chatted, and planned for the future, little dreaming of the sorrow and misery they were about to entail upon themselves.

At length they rode up the broad driveway, and stopped before the squire's elegant country seat.

He was not in, the man said, who opened the door for them, but guessed they would find him somewhere about the grounds.

"Well, no matter," said Robert, who was beginning to feel a little embarrassed with this strange errand. "We will go and find him."

And taking Dora by the hand, they strolled down one of the beautiful walks until they came to a rustic arbor.

On looking within they discovered a little bent man of about fifty, with sharp black eyes and grizzly hair.

He looked up crossly as they entered, and demanded what they wanted, in a tone that made Dora shrink closer to Robert's side.

"Are you Squire Moulton, sir?" asked Robert, respectfully.

"Yes, I'm Squire Moulton. What is it?" he replied sarcastically mimicking the boy's manner.

"We've come to be married; that's what we want," said Dora, smartly, at the same time snapping her large eyes angrily at him.

"Come to be married, indeed! Ha! ha! ha!"

The little gray-headed old man went off into a paroxysm of laughter that made the echoes ring all over the grounds, while his evil black eyes glowed with the intensity of his merriment.

"And pray," he continued, when he could find breath to speak, and looking amusedly at the youthful pair before him, "who are you, and what may be the names of the parties who wish to assume the hymeneal yoke?"

And he laughed again.

"My name is Dora Dupont, and Robbie's is Robert Ellerton, and you needn't laugh, either, for we've been engaged this long time."

There was a sudden change in the man's manner, and he repeated, with a dark scowl, looking first at one, then the other.

"Been engaged this long time, have you?"

"Yes, we have, and if you won't marry us, we can go to some one else. Robbie is rich, and I guess he can pay for it, so you needn't be afraid about that."

The indignant little lady's face was of a crimson hue, and her blue eyes snapped fire, while she enforced her speech with a stamp of her tiny foot, as she stood erect and defiant before him.

They made a strange picture, and one that each remembered in the long, dreary years that followed. That gray old man, with his evil face, and wicked eyes, sitting there, looking so intently at the two children before him. Robert with his fine, manly face, glowing with excitement and exercise, a smile wreathing his full lips at Dora's anger, while at the same time there was a half perplexed look in his eyes at the old man's words and manner. He was holding Dora's hand in a protecting sort of way, while she stood all flushed and indignant, and half ready to cry at the bare idea of being made fun of, her hair tossed and flying with every motion of her quivering little form.

Yes, it was an interesting and striking picture beneath the rustic arbor, with the waving trees, the bright sunshine, and beautiful flowers, for a back-ground, interspersed here and there with the gleaming white figures of statuary, and an occasional glimpse of the silvery waters of a miniature lake, as the waving branches of the trees were parted by a gentle breeze.

As Dora mentioned the name of Robert Ellerton, a sudden change came over the squire's wrinkled face.

He became ashy pale, his lips were clenched beneath his teeth until they sank deep into the flesh, and his coal-black eyes became almost red with the fierce blaze of passion that seemed to stir him.

His frame quivered, and he glanced at the youthful lovers in a way that frightened Dora, who pulled Robert by the sleeve, and whispered that she was afraid, and wanted to go home.

Robert stood silent and spell-bound at the sudden and almost terrifying change in the squire's manner, staring at him with wonder-wide eyes and gaping mouth.

"Robert Ellerton!" at length almost gasped the man. "And is your father's name Robert Ellerton, too, young man?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, still regarding him with surprise.

"And your mother—tell me quick," he continued, hastily, and almost sternly.

"My mother is dead, sir. She died when I was born, and Aunt Nannie has always taken care of me."

"Dead! Oh, Heaven, dead! Jessie dead!" muttered the old man, pressing his hand to his side, and staggering back upon the seat from which he had just arisen.

Great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his hands shook as if with palsy, as he took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped them off.

"Oh, Jessie," he wailed, "thou wert lost to me before, but I did not think that thou hadst gone so long to the regions of the unknown."

"Say, boy," he added, and he clutched Robert almost fiercely by the arm, "was your father kind to her? Did she love him?"

"Of course he was kind to her—of course she loved him," replied Robert, indignantly, but wondering still more at the man's strange behavior.

"Come, Dora," he added, "we will go home; we won't stay here any longer."

He again took Dora's hand, which he had dropped in his astonishment, and started to leave the place.

"Stay," said Squire Moulton, quickly and a wicked expression swept away the



agony that had been on his white face a moment before, while the devilish look came back to his evil eyes, though he tried to control it, and render his manner pleasant and affable.

"Stay, my young friends; you shall have your wish. I will marry you. I used to know your mother, young man, and hearing that she was dead took me by surprise. Yes, I will marry you, certainly," he continued, gleefully rubbing his hands together; "only tell me first who this young lady is. Is her papa rich like your father?"

"No, sir," replied Dora, promptly, her anger vanishing at the squire's pleasant manner. "Poor papa is dead; he was a doctor; and my name is Dora, and mamma lives in a little cottage; but that is no matter, for Robbie will be rich, so it doesn't make any difference."

"No, no, certainly not, my little miss," and he laughed disagreeably again.

"You stay here a few minutes while I go and make out a certificate—for, luckily, I happen to be clerk as well as justice—and then I'll come back and perform the ceremony, and you shall be truly Mrs. Robert Ellerton before you go home."

So saying the squire strode with hasty steps towards his elegant mansion, where once within his library, he gave free vent to his pent-up feelings.

With clenched hands and wrinkled brow he paced back and forth the spacious length of that great room, cursing, bitterly cursing, and muttering to himself:

"Oh, Robert Ellerton," he said, "I have you now; I can now pay you twice told 'or all my weary years of woe and anguish. You shall moan and weep, and gnash your teeth even as I have done. Your false pride shall have a blow from which it will never recover. I remember you too well to know how it would gall you to have your son marry a poor girl, and under such circumstances too. And he—he too, will chafe in the future at the chain that binds him. I know how you have built proud castles in the air for him, even as you used to for yourself, but they shall all tumble about your ears in confusion. It is in my power to crush you now, and, curse you, I will do it! Oh, Jessie, my poor blossom, had you but given yourself to me, how bright would I have made your life! I would have held you close—close to this beating heart, and it should have given you life. My life has been, and is, like the dregs of the wine-cup, sour and bitter, but you could have made it sweet and fragrant as burning incense. But now there is nothing left but revenge, and—I will take it! Oh, how I hate you, blighter of my happiness! I curse you! and I will crush you and yours if I can."

It was a fearful passion that moved him. One moment of intense hatred and anger toward one whom he imagined had wrecked his life. The next full of tenderness and sorrow for the one loved and lost sweetness of his existence. It was a long pent-up agony flowing afresh over his soul, a wound long since healed and scarred over now torn rudely open, and pouring forth his inmost heart's blood. He tore his hair, he beat his breast, as he strode wildly back and forth, until at last, utterly overcome, he sank back exhausted upon a chair.

Several moments passed, when with a mighty effort he conquered his emotion

in a measure, and rising, he went to his secretary, took out some papers, and sitting down, commenced writing. He soon finished, folded the paper, and then went back to the arbor, where the children, having forgotten all unpleasantness, were chatting merrily.

They became silent as he approached, and looked uneasy; but he entered with a pleasant smile, told them to rise and take hold of each other's right hand, and going hastily through the marriage service, he soon pronounced them man and wife.

His own face paled as he looked into those so earnestly raised to his, and his heart half sank within him as the thought of what he had done rushed over him. But he quickly cast it from him, and giving the folded paper to Dora, he told her, with a sinister smile, that she must never part with it, but treasure it sacredly, or she could not prove that she was Robert's wife.

She took it, with a feeling half of awe, half of shame, and thrust it quickly within the depths of her pocket.

How could that bold, bad man, stand up so calmly and perform such a mockery in the sight of Heaven? How could he so deliberately plan to blight and crush two innocent hearts and lives—two babes, as they were, who had never had a thought or wish of evil for any of God's creatures? He little knew or realized to what extent his threat would be carried. Perhaps, could he have looked into the future, even he would have shrunk from the depth of woe to which his curses consigned them.

After he had performed this diabolical act, he instantly became the most agreeable of hosts, taking them all over his grounds, showing them the statuary, and explaining the different subjects to them; afterward giving them a sail upon the miniature lake in the daintiest of dainty boats. He then invited them into the grand old house, where, after looking a half-hour or so at some magnificent paintings, he ushered them into a pleasant little room, where they found a tempting little treat of strawberries and cream and cake.

They made merry here for a while, and then, as their buggy was ordered to the door, they bade their host a pleasant good-bye, thanking him for his kindness to them; took their seats and drove merrily away.

Squire Moulton watched them until they disappeared from view; then, raising one clenched hand, he shook it threateningly, and hissed through his shut teeth:

"Go, you young fools! and my worst curses go with you!"

He then went within, slamming the door violently after him. As he did so, two men arose from behind some bushes and shrubs which grew beside the arbor where the strange marriage had taken place, and stealthily made their way out of the grounds, whispering as they went.

(Continued.)

A Western schoolma'am has become famous by getting all of her pupils out of the school-house while a blizzard was in progress. Some day she may succeed in keeping them all in school while a circus procession is passing, and then her name will go down in history.

### "THE OLD, OLD SEA."

The evening falls, and the sun doth rest  
Behind a cloud in the golden west;  
Wandering alone on the pebbly shore,  
I list to the waves as they idly roar.

Oh! how I love the old, old sea!  
For a voice of music it brings to me;  
Murmuring ever, ceasing never,  
How sweet the voice of the old, old sea!

With sails outspread, the ship doth ride  
Nobly over the foaming tide.  
Bearing the gallant sailors along,  
Cheering each other with joyous song.

Ye sailors brave who dare to breast  
The angry ocean's foaming crest,  
May ye be cheered on the sea afar  
By the silvery moon and twinkling star!

Roll on, roll on, ye ceaseless waves,  
Murmuring from out your hoary caves;  
For music sweet is wafted to me  
From out thy depths, thou fathomless sea.

Oh! how I love the old, old sea!  
For a voice of music it brings to me;  
Murmuring ever, ceasing never,  
How sweet the voice of the old, old sea!

### SOMETHING IN STORE.

A policeman patrolling Gratiot avenue yesterday was called into a shoe-shop, the proprietor of which is an honest, unsuspecting burgher, and asked:

"Can you tell me if Sheneral Grant is still in der city?"

"Grant! Why, he hasn't been here in a year."

"Ish dot bossible! My fient, vhas der Bresident here about two weeks ago?"

"No."

"Vhas dere a big riot down tree weeks ago in which some Dutchmans got kilt?"

"No, sir."

"Vhas dere some ferry boats got blowed up?"

"Never heard of any."

"My fient, ledt me ask one more question. Vhas some orphan asylums all burned up one night last week and all der leedle children roasted like ducks in der oofen?"

"Of course not."

"Vhell, dot explains to me. I haf a poy Shon. He vhas oudt night, und he doan' come home till two o'clock next morneng. When I ask him about it he says some orphan asylum burned down, or some ferry-boat blew opp, or Sheneral Grant vhas in town und vphant's to see him. So dot poy has been lying to me?"

"Looks that way."

"Vhell, to-night he vhill shlip oudt as usual, und by one o'clock he vhill come creeping in. I shall ask him where he vhas all der time so long, and he vhill say Sheneral Sherman vhas in town. I shall tell him dot I take him out to der barn und introduce him to a school-house on fire, und when I am all tired oudt mit clubbing him I pelief dot poy vhill see some shokes und sthay home nights. I tought it vas funny dot so much happens all der time und dey doan' put it in der Sherman bapers. Vhell, vhell, I vish it vash night so I could begin to show him dot I am der biggest sheneral of all."

The woman question: "What are you going to trim it with?"

## ATTRACTIONS OF ALBERTA.

CANADIANS HAVE TRULY A GREAT HERITAGE.

READ WHAT REV. JAMES BUCHANAN, OF RED DEER, WRITES IN THE GLASGOW HERALD—HOW PEOPLE WILLING TO WORK CAN GET ALONG IN THE WORLD—THERE IS PLENTY OF ROOM—COAL AND WOOD IN ABUNDANCE—ALBERTA IS RICH IN MINERALS—A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

To the Editor of the Herald:

Sir,—With your permission I shall lay before your thousands of readers in the west of Scotland, and especially the mining community and coal masters, the great mineral and farming resources of the North-western Canadian territory, Alberta. Letters and articles have appeared in your paper from time to time devoted more or less to Manitoba, but Alberta, "the banner province of the Dominion," has not yet got its full share of notice. The reason for this is that "westward the trend of empire makes its way," and, while the immigration has been filling up Manitoba, those who went further west were attracted to the Rocky Mountains and the beautiful slopes of the Pacific in British Columbia. Alberta of late times has begun to attract attention because of its most magnificent grasses, of its more equable climate than any other of the western territories, of its never-failing supply of pure water, and last, because of its abundance of mineral, especially hematite iron ore and its immense coal beds.

Alberta is the best portion of America for raising stock.

CATTLE THRIVE AND GROW FAT on its ranches; horses are raised of every grade, keeping fat, sleek and shiny on grass and water. The winter is very short, about six weeks to two months; while in eastern provinces five months is not an overstatement of winter. Of course a Canadian knows that all Canada is free and bracing in its atmosphere, with a perpetual sun, invigorating and giving new life to the consumptive British toiler who seeks a home here. In Alberta the days are long, the nights short and refreshingly cool, while, with truth it may be said, the only enemy we have is frost. It would be wrong to say that Alberta is a grain-growing district; grain and other cereals have been raised, and will be grown still more; but while we have so many frosts all who come here must take frost risks. Interested parties write rose-colored pamphlets depicting in exaggerated language this country without a single drawback. Frost is its greatest; and yet plenty of grain is grown every year. Cattle, however, are not affected by frost, and are always a sure paying, if slow, crop. The hardships are, besides this, bad roads, few schools and churches, difficulty of access to markets, and personal laziness. Given a family willing to work early and late, willing to bear without grumbling jolting in a lumber wagon while the roads are being made, willing to live on bread, oatmeal, potatoes and meat, with milk and butter; with few houses or conveniences, only a log shanty, home-made chairs and stools, tables and beds, then in three years I

GUARANTEE COMPLETE SUCCESS.

It will be seen that a little capital is

needed to begin, and to maintain life till money can be turned. After these early trouble, life is easy, and stock make money without any attention from their owners other than provision of hay, which is not always needed, against severe weather in winter.

Then, again, nature has provided wood in abundance for fuel and building purposes, for fencing and other necessary improvements. A large expenditure of brawn and sinew, with sufficient outlay for tea, sugar, yeast, flour and other necessary articles, will bring in a large return, a greater interest than any other place I know. Pork, butter, milk, vegetables can be grown by one's self, and so also, after a year, abundance of meat, if the settler cares to kill his year-old steer. One hundred to two hundred pounds, savingly expended, will return without fail, after two, three or four years, not less than 50 per cent. Take an instance:

Isaac W. Haynes is a squatter in the Red Deer valley. After trying Kansas and Wyoming for 20 years, and finding success impossible there, he "hitched up" and travelled north to Alberta, a distance of 800 miles. The family consisted of himself and wife, sons 14 and 8 years, daughters 12, 10 and 6 years respectively. His outfit consisted of some bedding, a few household utensils and five horses. On the way he worked a few days here and there, thus earning a living "by the way." As he had always been a frontier man, he struck out about 25 miles from any neighbor. He pitched his outfit on a creek running into the Red Deer, and supplied by springs from the hills. After search he found a beautiful spring of fresh, clear water, beside which he started to build his house, and over the stream he has built his milk house, while the purling waters run clear and limpid through its centre, keeping the milk clean and cool. In his house everything is home-made—house itself, stools, chairs, press, bedsteads, windows, etc. He has been there two years; had no money when he came in; traded horses for first winter's provisions; with his son worked out, and got paid in cows for their labor; caught ducks and geese for kitchen, and now, after two years, has 22 head of cattle, five head of horses, with geese and hens in abundance. Hardship undoubtedly he has, and will have for some time to come; but then all he has is his own, the result of hard labor.

BUT ALBERTA IS RICH IN MINERAL.

On the Canadian Pacific railway the traveller will see at Langevin, Stair, Gleichen and other points huge jets of gas burning from an inch pipe. That gas denotes coal. At Lethbridge, in Southern Alberta, G. & F. J. Galt have raised a town of 2,500 inhabitants, with coal as the basis, the seam being about four feet. At the Rosebud, in Eastern Alberta, coal of a thickness of 4 feet crops out, and in Western Alberta anthracite coal up to ten feet is found in abundance.

On Monday, July 6, in company with Mr. Robert M'Lelland, J.P., an old-timer in the North-west, and his wife; Mr. William Withers, an Australian miner; Mr. William Jamieson, long a colliery foreman around Glasgow, with his wife; I started for the much-talked of North Alberta coal mines. My home is at the

Red Deer Crossing on the Calgary and Edmonton trail, distant 100 miles from Calgary, and four miles from the new town of Red Deer, only six weeks old, on the C. and E. railway, which has been constructed to a point in the Peace hills, about 20 miles south of Edmonton, but which will be completed and in full running order ere this is published in Glasgow. Taking a northerly course to the Blind Man, a river proposed town site, and terminus of the Buffalo Lake, Battleford and Hudson Bay railway, we turned our course eastward. Passing through a magnificent country of hill and dale, we followed the windings of the Blind Man to its mouth, where it falls into the Red Deer; then following the Red Deer we reached the coal seams after a 30-mile drive. Together with rests by the way 10 hours were consumed on the journey, although it can be done in less time. Pitching our tents, we prepared to squat for the night. Early in the morning we were off for the inspection at close range. With pick and spade and tape in hand, we travelled seven miles and saw such a sight as will never vanish from our memory.

THE RED DEER

is 300 feet wide, and at this season unfordable, hence we had to content ourselves with an inspection of the south side of the river from the north. Opinion was divided as to the depth of the seam of coal. Mr. Jamieson and myself agreed that it was from 25 to 35 feet from the top to the river's edge, with coal below the river's surface, and extending, so far as we could see, about half a mile. Following the river north-east we examined three seams, and with tape-line measured 25 feet, 30 feet and 34 feet, with coal below the river's surface. Every few yards huge pieces of coal crop out, and coal surfaces are walked over as we traverse the river bank. For seven miles along the river we travelled, and saw huge banks of coal from 400 to 1,000 yards in length, and probably 30 in number, varying in thickness of seam, visible to the eye, from 20 to 40 feet, with coal below the water's edge. Common report places some of the seams at 60 feet, and others as much as 75 feet in thickness, but these statements we cannot verify, nay rather feel inclined to disbelieve, because the greatness of this country, its undoubted wonderful resources, the immensity of the coal fields and the need of population and capital to work them, make the people inclined to exaggerate and tell "American fish stories." The immensity of the coal beds is beyond dispute, and in area no adequate conception can be had without direct inspection and practical test. As to quality the coal is like the best Wishaw, and superior, in my estimation, to any found about Airdrie. I believe it to be

A SUPERIOR HOUSE COAL,

with seams of the best gas coal, and interstices or seams of lignite, blue clay and other material.

I do not pretend to make a scientific statement regarding the character of the coal, but if burning is any test, it burns well, and leaves little if any ash, and that of a brown color, tinged very slightly with white. Besides, only the worst part of the coal has been tested, as facilities are not handy for getting coal that has not

yet been exposed for any length of time to the atmosphere. Some of the settlers drive on the ice in winter, and take home a wagon load for stove purposes, and all are agreed as to its heating qualities. The great question is: Can this coal be obtained and sold so as to pay a fair return? We believe it can, and further, this country will yet maintain a large mining population earning good wages.

The Dominion Government will give a coal claim of not more than 20,000 acres to any single company, at the nominal charge of \$10, or £2 sterling per acre, the output not being subject to any royalty or tax, and the land only bearing school tax. When Alberta becomes a regular province, with a government of its own and municipalities, a municipal tax will also be levied; but this is not likely for ten years to come. Then,

WITH REGARD TO RAILWAY FACILITIES, a bill has passed the House of Commons authorizing a railway to be built from Blind Man, on the Calgary and Edmonton railway, due east to Battleford, and running right through the coal fields, taking in one of the richest farming lands in Canada, free from frosts and tributary to the great Saskatchewan valley, which has untold resources undeveloped. The distance is 250 miles. From Battleford the railway is projected to run north-east to join the Regina, Long Lake and Prince Albert railway, already in full working order; from thence going north, then north-east to join the Hudson Bay railway from Winnipeg, 40 miles of which has been built, and a land grant of 6,400 acres per mile, with a subsidy of \$80,000 a year given by the Government of Canada. Then coming south the Calgary and Edmonton is joined at Blind Man, tapped at Red Deer and Calgary, where it joins the Canadian Pacific railway, thence south to the boundary, to Great Falls in Helena, joining the Northern Pacific, supplying the great smelting works of Butte and Montana, which burn 400 tons of coal per day.

#### AS TO A MARKET,

it cannot be denied that this is largely undeveloped. But the railways already built, and others to be built, will be large consumers, together with the growing population of the country, the population along the Canadian Pacific railway, that great railway itself, and, beyond a doubt, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska; which have great mineral resources in silver and gold, but neither coal nor wood. In fact, at present, at Butte and Helena coal has to be drawn from 900 to 1,000 miles, while the longest haul from the Red Deer would be from 250 to 400 or 500 miles. Again, coal being a natural product, is admitted into the United States free of duty, unless in Pennsylvania, where Nova Scotia competes with profit. I sincerely believe that all that is needed to make a productive trade in coal is energy and capital. I have not spoken of the hematite iron ore which, according to Dr. Weston, of Lower Canada, is here in great abundance, large chunks of which, also, I found lying profusely along the Red Deer banks, and a whole cliff of the same mineral is exposed to view in one of the cut banks. As to its value and character I cannot speak, not being an expert.

As we were driving along on the top of the banks of the river we were struck by a peculiar odor that saluted our nasal organs, and on arriving at a certain point one of the party pointed to steam issuing from the face of a bank. Upon examination this steam proved to be issuing from

#### A SULPHUR HOT SPRING,

which had been discovered and claimed a year or more ago by J. W. Haynes, who has fenced his claim in and built thereon a shack. The spring is an undoubted cure for rheumatism and other like ailments, and is likely to prove of value to Mr. Haynes. That springs of that character will be found on the Red Deer, not far from this one, we have not the slightest doubt, as we had every evidence that others were in existence, although from the character of the banks and the lack of necessary appliances we were unable to discover them. Our trip lasted four days, and made me believe that lying hidden away in these Red Deer banks God had deposited a rich harvest of wealth both for capital and labor, only awaiting development to provide work and homes for thousands with every material comfort.

I have written this with a view of awakening interest in this fertile land. I desire, as a patriot, to see the home of my adoption prosperous. I believe that around Glasgow, in the coal districts of Shettleston, Coatbridge, Airdrie, Motherwell, Hamilton, Wishaw, and Overtown and other places, there is abundance of unused money waiting for an opening to make it productive. Here is such an opening. Coal can be mined by simply removing the top earth from 6 to 20 feet in depth, or by sinking shafts and taking it out at any depth required. On every bank

#### SPRUCE GROWS IN GREAT ABUNDANCE

for stumps, costing the owners simply its cutting; and there is more than enough to last an age, both for stooing and ties or sleepers, and every available purpose about a pit. Not only that, the conditions of taking the land are favorable. Five years are allowed before the patent can be secured from the Government. A small payment of from 50 cents to a dollar (or 2s. to 4s.) per acre is all that the Government demands from the company until it proves its title to receive the land by working and laying down plant. Then when sufficient money has been vested, and the mines begin to pay, the Government exact the full price of \$10 or £2 per acre. The sum is so small for an acre of coal—at least 35 feet to 40 feet thick, and may be more—thaw we wonder at the ground rents in Scotland, which in many cases far exceed this trifling sum. Should any of my old friends in or around Airdrie, Kilmarnock, Paisley, Motherwell, or Glasgow, or any others interested in this matter, desire further information concerning this wonderful country, I shall be happy to answer any communication addressed to me.

Thanking you beforehand for publishing this letter and assuring you that I have no "axe to grind" by its writing, I am, etc.,

JAMES BUCHANAN,  
Presbyterian Minister,

Red Deer, Alberta, Canada.

#### AS THE CHILDREN SAW IT.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No, sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the reformation?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling for a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.' He took a bottle with which he ran away and filled with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Gettin' drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God."—*Ark. Traveller.*

When you are particularly anxious to attend the concert or play of the season, and feel that pricking pain and see the fatal little spot of red on the eyelid that surely foretells the coming of a sty, have no fears for the result, but put in a small bag a teaspoonful of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten; as soon as cool enough, put it on the eye, and let it remain until morning. The sty will in all probability be gone; if not, one more application will be certain to remove it.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, sir?" thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the canny Scot, "I'm no' lang here, and I dinna ken yet."

## HIS DREAM.

The accommodating wind that had all along been dallying with her unbound hair, now, by a sudden rush, raised the soft strains and blew them across his mouth, just as she was saying:

"I must go, Barney; every sound seems like a footfall. You mustn't tempt me; you know my father's temper."

"I do know it, Jessie, and that is the very reason that I urge you to-night to say that you will come under my protecting care."

"But he will see differently later, Barney. He can't see no charges against you; it is only ... prejudice that makes you enemies."

Barney thought not, but he could not tell her so. The soft breeze bent like waves against the line of evergreen trees under which they were standing, and those long mysterious "A-h!" were repeated over and over in their nodding taps.

"Well, then, Jessie," said the insistent young man, "I must bring up my last argument. I am going to leave this part of the coast."

"Oh, Barney! oh Barney!" she said, lifting her hands as if to ward off a blow, "why, where are you going?"

"Down to Morrissy Point—into the life-saving service."

"I thought—I thought that you would not go away from here. I thought you liked—"

"Not the position of coast guard, Jessie. I don't have a taste for hunting my kind, and—there are very disagreeable duties—or there might be, sometime, devolving upon this position. Come with me."

"Oh, Barney, I can't decide yet. My father will outgrow these unreasonable prejudices. I—"

But Barney thought differently. There was likely to be a somewhat lasting prejudice between a coast-guard'sman and a daring smuggler; and this latter he was fully convinced belonged to Captain McDowell. He was sure of this fact, and that his duty, at any time, might bring him into hostile collision with the desperate old man, that he secured a change of place for himself as soon as possible.

"Morrissy Point!—and the town such a little ways inland. Why, Barney, I shall lose you among those gay and polished seaside visitors."

He stopped her reproachful tones with his mouth, and she could only say, "But I will haunt you. In every sea-bird's voice you shall hear my despairing cry," when a heavier and more solemn "Ah-ah" of the firs, and some slight echo sent her slight body shivering against his heart. He held her there and they listened. No sound, only that thick, weird sighing overhead.

"Meet me here to-morrow night and decide to go with me," he whispered.

"Yes, if I can," she replied, returning his embrace with a convulsive caress, and then sped down the cliff to the cottage.

The next night Lieutenant Barney Lester hastened to the trysting place, only to meet the old housekeeper, Susan, who put into his hand a crumpled and meagre little note, which he deciphered by the waning twilight.

"Oh, Barney, I cannot come. He must have been near us, and he is in a fearful rage. I—"

That was all, but old Susan, with a wary glance around, supplemented the information.

"The cap'n's gone on a vige, and hez took Miss Jessie with him. Sailed at daybreak on this flood, this mornin'."

A combined emotion of anger and dismay surged over Barney's spirit. Fate or the furies had played him a trick, and he was helpless. With a stern and gloomy brow he began his night's beat.

Before morning a dishevelled mass of clouds were racing over the heavens. There were plumes and spirals, and clots of condensed or sifting vapors, and the ocean, as if shaken out of its dozing state, began to roar with rage.

"A storm!" he said, and stronger came that chilling foreboding of trouble. This was his last night there. In two or three days' time he would be down farther. Already he could distinguish the hollow, melancholy boom of the breakers to the south of Morrissy light—the boom whose monotonous jar and rumble was broken once in a while by the thunder of a higher incoming roller.

And Jessie, his Jessie, far out beyond the harbor bar—what dangers might assail her with this coming Atlantic storm? Oh, if he had only known last night he would not have let her leave him.

At daylight he was relieved, and went to his quarters, where he threw himself down without undressing, and almost instantly sank into a state of incubus.

He seemed to be standing by the water's edge, his weight partly raised by some rocks. The sea was calm and nearly noiseless, only sobbing to itself like a grieved child half asleep.

He thought that he stood spell-bound looking at a broad, white path out over the waves, and in that belt of light something beat and throbbed, rose and fell with the pulse of the sea. And the swallowing sound, and the sobbing and the heart beat of the tide made him shudder with nameless dread; and then the moon came up out of the sea and shone with blazing power into his face. He raised his hand to shade his eyes.

The action at least was real, and awoke him in a cold perspiration. The sun, for the first time breaking through the vapor, had struck with a full blaze upon his face.

He instantly sprang up, with an undefinable feeling of calamity in his heart. So vividly could he recall that piece of wreck, with the body lashed to it, throbbing in the water, that he did not try to sleep again.

All the earlier part of the day he watched the ominous clouds, so influenced by the upper currents, stranded, coiled, curdled; belts passing through loops, wisps blowing out between mimic colonnades, and the buzzing and humming of the breakers, beat back by a counter current nearer the earth.

His duty as guardsman was done, and some days would elapse before he would take his place actively in the life-saving service; but he could not rest.

Every heavier gust of the gathering storm brought him to his feet. By noon the sun had ceased to struggle to be seen. The clouds were being blown up in

banks and heaps, like rocks around a quarry.

At noon he started off on foot for his future field of labor, and sunset found him clambering over the rocks near Morrissy Light.

What an infuriated sunset it was! Low-down, long, blood-red gashes in the clouds; above these were purple bruises, and near by, coppery braziers burned ghastly vapors.

The brave fellows belonging to the service stood where the gale, in wild, hilarious gusts threw the spray over them; but not until midnight did the tempest gain its height, and for a few hours drove everything before its uncontrollable fury. Soon the shrieks of the gale, the thunder of the breakers and the splash of the water flying against the lighthouse created a deafening uproar.

Then short, sudden lulls occurred, as if the elements were weary and panting, and the full moon, riding high, floated her bright glance through every opening crevice.

The grey summer dawn at last, and the strained, expectant eyes upon the cliff descried what they have been watching for. A wild cry, and the stalwart fellow leaps along the rocks. He knows no boat can live in the sea, but with the shout—

"A wreck! a wreck!" he begins walking out through the surf.

They call to him, and he permits them to fasten the lines about him, and holding an oar in his iron grasp he begins his perilous advance. He holds a precarious footing on projecting rocks, for it is best to advance thus. Where the breakers are below the surf, the water shoots with fearful velocity, and makes irresistible whirlpools with tunnel-like centres. His valiant struggle is opposed by gigantic forces. The water in jets, in coils, in wedge shape, buffets him. He sways, he totters, he recovers his balance amid the hoarse shouts of those assisting and watching the uneven contest. Now an enormous roller strikes him in the breast. He is thrown backwards into the surf, but with a quick movement of the oar he keeps himself from striking his head upon the rocks. For full a minute he is down, jounced and shaken, and other brave fellows are coming to his aid; but with a herculean effort he once more regains his feet, and again his comrades' shouts mingle with the roar of the surf.

But the light spar is nearly in—tossed from wave to wave, and kneeling on a rocky ridge and partly sustained by their oar—Barney and another brave fellow grapple it before it is driven against the reef. The spray bursts around them; it pours in cascades from their devoted heads. They are thrown upon their knees, but their exhausted strength is renewed and sustained by others toiling to meet them.

Lashed face downward, soaked and apparently dead, the woman was carried beyond the rocks, cut from the spar and borne into the station. She had not been long in the water, and she was alive. The small, buoyant vessel had not foundered until after midnight, they afterwards learned.

When Jessie McDowell was fully resuscitated, the sky was blown clear of every rag of cloud, and the moon was poisoning over the western forests.



Days after, Barney hushed Jessie's uncontrollable grief at the loss of her father, by a bitter antidote.

"Better thus, my Jessie, than the end that surely otherwise would have overtaken him as a daring and persistent smuggler. Rather let us thank that benevolent Providence that sent me the dream which yesterday brought me to the coast. One unwarned, and so unwatchful, might never have seen that light spar till it had been tossed upon the outer reef, which would have ended all our hopes for the coming happy years."

With a low sob he sank again upon his breast.

### BEN HALLIDAY'S WELCOME.

On the steps of the largest ticket office for steamers in San Francisco, a sturdy, sun-burned, farmer-like man some forty years of age, stood lost in thought.

Painful thought, moreover, if one might judge from the nervous contraction of the broad white forehead, and the anxious, wandering glance of his full blue eyes.

The trouble in his face was so evident, that more than one stranger passing up and down the steps, turned and looked curiously back at him. At last a bright-eyed ticket agent came dashing up from the street, nearly running over the abstracted man. Both turned to apologize; both, after one broad stare of utter astonishment at each other, held out a hand in friendly greeting.

"Ben Halliday!" cried the agent, his voice as hearty as his look of welcome. "Well, I am glad, old fellow. I took you for your own ghost at first thought."

"I suppose you saw the report of my death from that explosion in the mines, last year, Burnham?" replied Halliday, speaking rather absently.

"To be sure I did, and sorry enough I was to see it. What did the reporters mean?"

"They were not to blame. A Ben Halliday was killed at the time. He was a poor English laboring man, without home or friends. I was away at another mine, and knew nothing of the matter for nearly six months. When I heard it I was afraid that the home papers had copied the account. I know now that they did. Every one in our village, Charley, believes me to be dead."

"But your wife and boy, Ben," began the agent, with a puzzled stare. "Your letters must have told them the truth."

"I have not heard from Lucy for nearly a year," said the other, gloomily. "I've kept that trouble to myself till now, but we were boys together, Charley, and I can trust you. I sent my money home, regularly. For a year past she has never acknowledged its receipt."

"Through whom did you send it, Ben?"

"Our mine agent, Thompson."

"Well, my opinion is, that we shall hear news of him, some day," said Charles Burnham, cautiously. "Don't put any more cash in his hands, my boy. And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write to old Hewson, the postmaster at Vernon. He will remember both of us, and I can find out all you wish to know, by the very next mail."

"Take no trouble, Charley; you'll see it all there. She was very, very handsome, you know. The belle of Vernon,

they called her, when she married me, and now—I suppose she thought, truly, that I was dead. But to be forgotten like that, so soon! and the boy, too! It's hard! my God, it is hard!"

The fine, brave face broke suddenly into quivering lines, the blue eyes filled and overflowed. Ashamed of his own grief, Halliday drew a New York paper from his breast pocket, pointed to the first page, and turned his head away.

There, with an inward groan over woman's fickleness, Charles Burnham read the marriage of Lucy Halliday to George Henderson of New York.

"Who would have believed that Lucy could be like that when she seemed so fond of you, Ben?" he exclaimed, angrily. "What are you going to do, old boy?"

"The only thing that can be done now," said Halliday, recovering his composure by a brave effort. "I must go home, that is, I must go back at once. I must see her people—a divorce can be obtained, I suppose—and then they can be really married. I should like to make it all right for her about the money, too. For her—and the boy."

"You won't leave him with her, Ben?"

"He's only a baby; he loves her best of course, and she is wrapped up in him, poor girl. I couldn't take him from her. I know now heartbroken she will be over this; the child will be her only comfort, for a time——"

"Ben, you have the kindest heart on earth," said the agent, and the tears stood in his eyes, "and you'll want a friend to see you through this dreadful business. I'll get a furlough and go back to Vernon with you, my dear boy."

A month afterwards, Charles Burnham's prediction was fulfilled. Thompson, the mine agent, levanted suddenly, leaving a set of beautifully kept (and falsified) books behind him, but carrying away the investments of the miners for the past six months. It was plain enough to the two friends where Ben Halliday's unacknowledged remittances had gone to.

"Poor Lucy," said the bereaved husband, as they were starting on their journey home, "we mustn't be too hard on her, Charley. She may have been driven to—such a step by actual want. All my fault. I never ought to have trusted any stranger as I trusted that villainous agent. God forgive him, I cannot! He has ruined all my life, and hers too, for she will never know another happy hour after she hears the truth. And yet it must be told. Ah, this isn't the kind of a home-coming that I looked forward to, when I went to the mines."

The close of a dull, rainy day in autumn saw the two friends safe once more in the little New Jersey village, where they had both been born.

As they alighted from the stage coach at the porch of the old-fashioned tavern, a strange landlord came out to welcome them, in the place of the rotund, jolly old "Uncle Gorham" whom they had known in their boyhood. But the tavern was "Gorham's" still, as in the olden time.

"Shall I order supper here?" asked Burnham, when the host had left them in the private room they had ordered.

"No, no! Come with me at once, Charley. I cannot rest or breathe until I have found out where she is," replied his friend, nervously. "We can inquire

at—at the house where I used to live. The new people there will tell me."

The next moment they were hurrying down the one street of the village, where lights were already burning in the cottage windows, and family groups were seated comfortably at the evening meal.

Ben Halliday gave a gasp of pain as he pointed to a neat gray house with green blinds, and a side verandah that stood in the midst of a pretty fruit orchard, at some distance from the street.

"There it is! It would kill me, I think, to go up to that door and not find her there. There's the orchard I planted for her; how the trees have grown; and how nice the garden looks. There never was a happier man in this world, Charley, than I when we lived there. Go, Charley, go and ask if she—if her people still live at the old farm. I can bear to talk it over with them, perhaps, they were always fond of me."

He rested his folded arms on the stone coping of the orchard wall, and bent his head down with such a groan of bitter, hopeless misery, that Charley Burnham hurried away, with eyes almost too dim to see the cottage path.

In reality he was scarcely gone ten minutes, although it seemed an age to the wretched man who waited to hear from his lips his doom.

Then the cottage door flew wide open, showing a snug interior of warmth, light and comfort. Down the path, over which a sudden gust now whirled heavy drops of rain, a fair, rosy woman came running with extended arms, and after her came Charles Burnham, with a baby boy carefully wrapped in his heavy overcoat, and shielded in his arms from the rapidly increasing storm.

"Ben! Ben! Oh, thank God that you are alive, and safe at home again with the child and me!" cried the weeping, laughing woman, as she sprang into the arms that were mechanically held out to receive her. "I thought you were dead, the papers all had it so. But how could you think that I had married anyone else, dear? How could you?"

"It was your cousin Lucy—same name—you remember her, Ben; little dark girl with lots of curls," said Charley, half choking under the stout pulls that the boy was giving to his beard and comforter. "Here, take him before he kills me quite."

And so, only half comprehending, as yet, his own exceeding happiness and good fortune, the weary, storm-tossed man went joyfully with wife, child and friend, in at the open, waiting cottage door.

Jackson—"Talking about literary style, there goes a man noted for his finished sentences." Binkson—"Indeed? Is he a novelist?" Jackson—"No; he is an ex-convict."

A goodly parson complained to an elderly lady of his congregation that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles or worldly finery, instead of fixing her mind on things above.

"You are mistaken, sir, answered she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things; but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind takes, as she is a little cross-eyed."

## Our Young Folks

### CORRESPONDING WITH STRANGERS.

No young girl should engage in a correspondence which she is unwilling that her mother should know about. No good comes from corresponding with a stranger, and much evil may follow. It is not rare to see advertisements for a wife or for a husband. These, usually by persons well advanced in life, are sufficiently disgusting, but when young girls of sixteen or eighteen advertise for correspondents of the opposite sex, with a view to matrimony, it is revolting to all right feeling persons. A paper published in Chicago, devoted to matrimonial matters, has two pages filled with advertisements of those of both sexes who wish correspondents, a most melancholy display. Many of the advertisements are most thoughtless, and show that the girls have no idea of the importance of the subject they approach with so much frivolity. One girl writes: "A blooming Miss of 'sweet sixteen,' with long black hair and blue eyes, wishes to correspond with an unlimited number of gents. Object, mutual improvement, and may be— Will reply to all who enclose stamp or photo." There is plainly room for "improvement" for any girl who speaks of gentlemen as "gents," but why "an unlimited number?" Another reads: "Two young school girls, cultured and refined, both brunettes, would like a few gentlemen correspondents. Emma is sixteen, and Geneva nineteen." The appearance of that advertisement shows that people have very different ideas about "refinement." The whole thing is wrong; it has not a single redeeming feature, and it is melancholy to think that there are so many young girls, as the paper shows, who are lacking in that modesty and that nice sense of propriety which should be the crowning graces of girlhood.

### A GIRL WHO CAN SHOOT.

"In my recent trip to New Mexico in the interest of the Omaha Stock Exchange, I witnessed an act of heroism that I shall never forget," said W. F. Skinner. "The central figure was a beautiful and refined young lady, the daughter of a banker who owns extensive cattle ranches in northern New Mexico. During the vacations she had passed on the ranch, she had acquired a wonderful proficiency with the rifle, and could shoot with the accuracy of an old ranchman. One day we were startled by seeing a cinnamon bear, and a large one at that, near the edge of a gully but a short distance from the house. Both father and daughter rushed for their rifles and made for the ravine. The wild beast was on the opposite side and unable to get at us. The banker in his excitement got too close to the edge of the ravine and tumbled in, falling a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. He lay stunned by the force of the fall, and we feared he had been seriously hurt. In another second down tumbled bruin into the gully, whether intentionally or accidentally, I don't know. But the awful danger of my host immediately flashed upon me. He was too stunned to help himself, and the

savage beast, infuriated by the pain of his fall, rushed toward the prostrate man. I was frozen with horror. In a twinkling I heard the report of a rifle at my side, saw a puff of smoke and the bear dropped dead, almost on the helpless form of the banker. I turned, and saw my fair companion just dropping her rifle from her shoulder. Her face was pale, but her eyes lit up with a look of mingled joy and triumph. She had saved her father from a terrible death by her presence of mind and unerring aim."—*Omaha Bee*.

### NO MONEY IN IT.

"My mother gets up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get \$2 a week, and father gets \$2 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there is no money in it."

Too many boys and men who earn much larger sums than those mentioned above, act as though "mother" not only had no right to share their earnings, but received what she did by some special grace on their part.

Among other factors in home happiness is the right management of home finances is an important one. The silent partner in the world-business, the wife who takes care of the husband, keeps the home bright and sunny, and manages the children, is entitled to what she thinks fit regarding the disposal of funds, and to have her own share of them to spend as she pleases.

### A DOG AT THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone has enabled a physician, several miles away, to detect whether a child had the croup. The child's mouth was held near to the mouth-piece of the instrument, and the physician heard it cough. But more singular than this is the following case of a dog recognizing its master's voice through the telephone: Jack is a coach dog that found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office and asked by telephone if the man had lost his dog. "Yes, where is he?" was the reply. "He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece and his master said, "Jack! Jack! how are you, Jack?" Jack instantly recognized the voice and began to yell. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the familiar barks,

and shortly afterwards he reached his friend's office to claim his property.—*Sidney (Australia) Eye*.

### BOYS.

An exchange says a boy will tramp two hundred and forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening, when, if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones' two-inch auger, he will be as stiff as a meat-block. Of course he will.

And he will go swimming all day, and stay in the water three hours at a time, and splash and dive at a paddle, and he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or a baldback horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home; and he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle-worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention.

But, all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you, and sympathize with you, and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of the small boys.

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail, bearing dust toe marks, on a rejected suitor, means, "I have spoken to your father."

Waitress to Landlady: "Oh, ma'am, Mr. Spitfire has left the table in a rage."

Landlady: "I'm glad of that. It's the first thing I ever knew him to leave."

She: "An unfortunate alliance, that of Miss Quickly's, wasn't it?"

He: "May be, but he was just her kind. You said, you know, that she wanted a husband bad, and she certainly got a bad one."

"You are as bad as a playful kitten in jumping at conclusions," remarked Kee-dick to his wife.

"Do kittens jump at conclusions?" asked Mrs. Kee-dick.

"Certainly, have you never seen kittens chase their tails?"

"You shouldn't be so restless in church, Charlie," said the minister to his little son. "I could see you moving and jumping about in the pew all through my sermon."

"I was stiller'n you were, papa," answered Charlie. "You was wavin' your arms and talkin' all through church."

She: "When did you begin to love me, George?"

He: "About two weeks ago, darling."

She: "But you have known me for over six months."

He: "Yes, dearest, but love is blind. I never knew till recently that your father was so rich."

"Why are not our girls strong?" asks a contemporary.

This is absurd, for they are strong. Many a one of 'em has been known to sit on a great, strapping man, and hold him down a whole evening.

## TRIALS OF A CANTON FLANNEL ELEPHANT.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I am a white elephant, standing less than a foot high, and weighing about a pound. I have been an elephant for a month. Previous to being an elephant I was canton flannel and cotton. I remember distinctly how it felt when the clerk sent his scissors through me to get off the two yards which served me for a skin. It thrills me to my cotton interior yet and brings tears into my glass eyes.

Shortly after I got home I was taken out of the brown paper, and laid on the floor, with a pattern pinned on me, and then I was cut out. If a canton flannel elephant is allowed to make a merry jest, I should be pleased to remark that I also felt very much cut up. Then I was sewed up partially on a sewing-machine, and stuffed with cotton. I don't know how much cotton there is in me, but I should say something like a bale on a rough guess. It was stuffed, packed, and hammered into me, and forced into my legs and trunk, until I actually thought I should split open and compel them to make another elephant.

Finally I was all sewed up, and then my tail was fixed on, and left loose enough to wag, or rather to be wagged, for I can't wag it myself, being simply cotton and not being supplied with muscles. Then my ears were clapped on the sides of my head, and my glass eyes inserted. My trunk turns under in such a way that I am frequently hung up like a button-hook for the night.

My keeper is a baby, and he makes it pretty lively for me too. He sets me on my haunches as though I were a rabbit or penguin, and then sticks the scissors in my eyes. He also knocks me about and sits on me, and allows the dog to shake me like a rat. The other day the dog carried me in his mouth away across the street, and absent-mindedly left me there. I never expected to see my little master again, but fortunately the nurse came along just then and took me home.

On the following morning the baby insisted on playing with me while he was taking his bath, and as a matter of course I was thrust under and soaked through and through. I suppose I should have taken cold if I had not been made of canton flannel. I was then wrung out and put in the oven to dry. While there the bottoms of my feet were burnt on. They were half-soled later in the day, and that made me feel better. But very shortly after a cat came through the yard where I was lying, and evidently mistook me for a rabbit, for she pounced on me and I am willing to admit that when she tore me open I felt all undone. I was afterwards patched up with a piece of red flannel, which gives me rather a loud air. I was then used as a foot-ball, and knocked about with tennis rackets until the thread got loose at the base of my eyes and I was a blind elephant. Then I was used for a pincushion, when the baby was not playing with me. I have also been stuffed into a broken window to keep the cold out, and on one occasion I heard the cook remark that, saturated with kerosene, I would make an excellent kindler.

Considering that I am used as a boxing glove, and continually covered with court plaster, it makes me sad at heart to think that a century is the average limit of an elephant's life. And it makes me sad to have this canton flannel hide on in summer. I think every baby's baby white elephant should have a mosquito-net skin during the heated term. I really have an awful time of it, and whenever I want to weep my eyes are out, and I can't. The other day I wept for an hour out of one eye, and I have felt lop-sided ever since.

To tell the truth, I am weary of life, and if you wont say anything I will tell you a little secret. Not long ago I was thrown into the closet, and some moths got in me. They are there yet, eating away as fast as they can, and I think in a month I shall be completely eaten up and digested, and free from the torments of the bald-headed little tyrant whom I call master. Not much longer will he dress me in doll's clothes, and rock me in a cradle, and then use me to drive nails into the floor.

When I am all eaten up, if there is enough of me left to make a decent funeral, I am going to have the following epitaph carved on my tombstone:

Here lies an elephant made of cloth,  
The victim of the hungry moth.

## THE BOYS' AQUARIUM.

Thinking that many of our boy readers might like to know how my brother and I made an out-door aquarium, I will send a description of it. We first took a box about three feet long, by 1½ wide, and the same in height. We filled the cracks where the pieces joined together upon the outside, with putty, to prevent it from leaking. We took sand and washed it until it was clean, and put it upon the bottom about two inches deep. In one end we put a mound of sand, about a foot high and six inches wide. Upon this we planted some water plants (they will grow nicely); we then built a small rockery partly on the mound and partly in the water, with the stones so arranged that the fish could go in among them easily. All that remained to do was to fill the aquarium with clear water.

Ours was so arranged that about a third of the water leaked out during the day, and we filled it up at night, which kept it fresh. We stocked it with small brook fish, of different kinds. A few water bugs, and a couple of tad-poles are good, as they will eat the slime and dirt. Feed the fish bits of fresh meat, bread or crackers. They love earth worms best, and would often jump out of the water, and take them from our hands; then like chickens, they try to get the food away from one another. Once a month we took the fish out with a small net, into a tub of water, and cleaned the aquarium. The outside we arranged as a large rockery, surrounding the aquarium with rough stones partly covered with moss, ferns and vines growing between the stones.

Fish love shade, as well as sun, so we placed ours partly underneath a large maple in the yard. It has been very much admired and we have spent many happy hours watching the graceful movements of the fish, and studying their habits. The bass seem the most intelli-

gent. We hate to part with our pets but when it becomes cold we put them back in their old home for the winter, and often imagine that we get some of them again the next season. One evening we were surprised to hear a decidedly froggy noise from the aquarium. Upon going to it we found, indeed, Mr. Frog sitting upon the rockery as independent as you please. He was a tad-pole no longer.—  
*Ernest L. Doty, in Farm and Home.*

## WHY CHILDREN SHOULD EAT HONEY.

Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their ever-developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eagerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrups" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead, they would develop and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter; one pound of honey will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has, beside, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and often produces cramp in the stomach, eructations, sourness, vomiting and diarrhoea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, is as pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry, or strawberry shortcake it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principle. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength—to the business man, mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but it produces a healthy action, the results of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

Because we pronounce "would" wood, it does not follow that we pronounce "Gould" good.

When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sort of a coming down.

Not a happy way of putting it—  
"Doctor. Brown will hardly get out again, eh? I saw your carriage in front of his door this morning."

Two little girls were saying their prayers prior to being tucked in for the night. When both had finished, the younger of the two climbed on her mother's knee, and said in a confidential but a triumphant whisper: "Mother, Clara only asked for her 'daily bread,' I asked for 'bread and milk.'"

## THE SQUIRE'S FUN.

Squire Doolittle was a farmer, fat and jolly, who liked fun, but always preferred it at some one else's expense. If he could play a trick on one of his sons he enjoyed it hugely. As a consequence the boys did not reverence him much, and were always trying some practical joke upon their father. Sometimes they succeeded, but not often.

"I'm too old a fish to be caught by the pin-hooks of boys," he would say, when some plan of theirs had miscarried and the joke was turned upon themselves, much to his delight and their chagrin. "You've heard of weasels, haven't you? Yes? Well, weasels, especially old weasels, never sleep."

"We must get a laugh against him in some way," said Tom. "He's too provoking! I'd give a dollar to trick him in such a way that he wouldn't like to hear about it."

"So would I," said John.

"And I'd make it two," said Robert. "But we are hardly sharp enough. That's the trouble."

It happened that the squire was in the haymow in the barn when this conversation took place, and the boys were sitting on some boxes on the barn floor. He chuckled as he listened, and a moment later called out from his lofty perch: "I'll tell you what I'll do, boys. When you get a good joke on me I'll buy each of you a hat."

The boys looked foolish. But finally, because they had nothing else to say, they accepted the challenge, and in a half-hearted sort of way set their wits to work to earn the hats.

In the squire's flock of sheep was an old ram called David. The animal had a chronic spite against the whole human family, and never lost an opportunity of exhibiting it to any individual of the family that crossed his path. If a stranger entered the pasture or yard where David was the poor man was fortunate if he was not knocked down as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning.

The ram always attacked from the rear. He would get behind the object of his attack, curb his neck, shut his eyes, and charge! As may be imagined, the great horns of the animal, backed up by the momentum gathered by his charge, gave anything but a pleasant sensation when they came in contact with the legs of his unsuspecting victim. Generally a board was strapped to his horns, over his woolly face, to obstruct his range of vision, and serve as a warning to strangers of his warlike propensities. But he often contrived to tear it from his head, and then alas for his unsuspecting victim.

The boys enjoyed many an hour of fun with David. The sheep-pasture came up to the barnyard on one side, and a creek ran along by both. Where the pasture came to the creek there was a very high bank, and this bank was steep. The Doolittle boys used to get upon a narrow rock that was just under the edge of the bank. Here, when they stood up, all of their bodies above the waist could be seen above the level of the pasture. Placing themselves in this position, they would attract the attention of old David by calling and shaking their hats at him. He was always ready for battle. With lowered head, curbed neck and a snort of

anger, he would rush at them with his eyes closed. Taking advantage of this peculiarity, the boys would drop down behind the bank, and David would go over them and into the water, with a plunge that would have done credit to a Newfoundland dog. Then he would get back to the shore, looking wrathful and sheepish; but he could not be induced to renew the attack again at that time.

His memory, however, was poor, or his pugnacity was too strong for his discretion, for in an hour, if the boys came back and showed themselves above the bank, he was ready for another charge. Perhaps the foolish animal thought that some time he would be too quick for them.

The squire had often watched this sport, and laughed at David's recklessness and at his appearance as he plunged into the water and came forth with wet wool and disgusted and wrathful aspect.

One day the squire was in the barnyard salting the cows. He had a half-bushel measure in his hand, and as he looked over the fence into the sheep-pasture, and saw David watching him, he held up the measure and shook it at the old fellow. David gave a snort of defiance, and began to curb his neck and shake his head, as if challenging the squire to combat.

"I wonder if I couldn't trick the old fellow in the same way that the boys fool him?" thought the deacon. He looked about the yard cautiously. His sons were not in sight, and he concluded he would have a laugh at David's expense. Crawling through the fence, he reached the rock on which the boys stood in their encounters with David. The ram had not seen him. When the squire raised himself cautiously and looked over the bank, David was watching the barnyard, and evidently wondering what had become of the man who had just challenged him.

"Hi, David!" cried the squire, holding the half-bushel measure out before him as a target for the sheep to aim at. "Hi, David!"

David "hied" at once. He gave a grand flourish, as if to say, "Look out there!" then charged.

Unfortunately for the squire, he was so excited over the fun that he forgot himself completely, and only thought of the half-bushel measure. Instead of dropping out of the sheep's way, he swung the measure on one side, in his excitement forgetting that David always shut his eyes when he charged, and aimed for the object before him when he closed them. The consequence was that the ram did not follow the measure, but bolting straight for the place where he last saw it, struck the poor squire square in the stomach and he and David went over the bank and into the creek as if shot out of a cannon.

"Wall, I snum!" sputtered the squire, as he made his way to the bank. "I forgot all about dodging. I do b'lieve the old reprobate's broke my stomach in, by the way it feels. You old rascal!" he screamed to David, whose air was one of victory, as he stood on the pasture side of the fence, making defiant motions with his head at the squire, who had clambered out of the water on the barn-yard side; "I'd like to break your old neck! I shan't get over this for a month, if I ever do. I wouldn't have been so bruised for five dollars. I'm glad the boys didn't see me."

He made his way up the bank and to-

wards the barn, under cover of the fence. He didn't want anyone at the house to see him in his wet clothes. As he opened the barn door, a broadside of laughter saluted his ears from the hay-mow in the end of the barn towards the creek. He knew then that the boys' hour of triumph had come. They had seen his discomfiture.

"I say, father!" irreverently called out Tom, in a voice choked with laughter, "you didn't scrooch quick enough. Next time you'll know better how to do it."

"What became of the half-bushel?" asked John; and Rob screamed, "Hi, David!" in such a way that notwithstanding his pain the squire was half inclined to laugh himself.

"I—I acknowledge that David was too much for me that time," said the squire, looking very red and foolish. "Laugh away, boys, if it does you any good."

"What's the price of hats?" asked John.

"Well, but the joke wasn't yours," said the squire. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you won't say anything about this foolish affair, I'll buy the hats, and give you a day's fishing any time you like to take it."

"We agree!—we agree!" cried the boys.

But the story leaked out in some way, and the squire had to endure a good deal of sly laughter from his fun-loving neighbors. But he never quite forgave old David, and although he did not say so, he had a feeling of unqualified satisfaction when he heard one day that the old sheep's neck had been broken in a fight.

Winkle—"I wish I could devise some way of hanging up my clothes."

Nodd—"I wish I could devise some way of getting them out after I have hung them up."

A highway robber, on being brought before the magistrate, asserted that he was more entitled to be pitied than to be punished. When asked to explain his meaning, he said, "Sure the money wasn't in the bank a week when the bank stopped payment, and I was robbed of every shilling."

Mary—"Isn't Miss Gowitt's hat too sweet for anything?"

Mabel—"Yes; perfectly lovely. But I believe her dressmaker could make a clothes-prop look graceful."

"Yes; I believe you. But you go to the same dressmaker, too, don't you?"

"Ah, Jonesy, old man," said Hicks, as he and Jones walked home from the club. "there's a light in your window for you! You married men—"

"By George! So there is!" returned Jones. "Let's go back to the club."

"Is there such a thing as a waiters' union?" asked the hungry customer in the restaurant.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"I believe I'll join it. I've waited here long enough to make me eligible, I fancy."

"May I trouble you to pass the mustard?" said a gentleman in a London dining-room to his opposite neighbor.

"Sir, do you mistake me for the waiter?" was the uncivil reply.

"No, sir; I mistook you for a gentleman."



## COMMON SENSE ABOUT GAMBLING AND "DRINK"

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

I want to say a few words of common sense about the question of Gambling, and then a few more words about "the Drink" expenditure of working men.

In the first place, as to gambling, I say there is no such thing as fair or equal gambling. We will suppose here are two men, and they have just received their wages. Each has £3, say, in his pocket, and they bet on dog races, or adopt some of those very intelligent modes of getting rid of their money: and one of them finds he has won the other's money, while the other, of course, has lost it. I say that it is not an equal transaction. Of course they may be perfectly fair and honest, but one of them has gained £3 that he did not expect to have, and does not quite know what he is going to do with it, and the other has not only lost £3, but he has lost the food for his wife and children for the next fortnight. He has lost his own self-respect, and perhaps the good opinion of those of his employers who may hear about the transaction. I therefore say the man who has lost has lost a great deal, and the man who has won has won almost nothing.

Another word on this subject is, I think, worthy of consideration. It is supposed that if people play quite fairly, and go on playing long enough, the thing will right itself, and they will have lost or won about as much, the one and the other, at the end of a year or two years. But, let me say, a man who indulges in what he calls unlimited play, forgets one important factor in the calculation—he forgets that his purse has a bottom to it. After a little time he will find that his last coin is staked, and his play is suddenly arrested just at the point when he needs to go on; and whatever his fine theory is about bringing the circle round, and all the rest of it, he cannot carry it out because his money is gone.

He is ruined; there is an end to him: and he and his theory go into oblivion.

I should like also to say that round about the associations of gambling in this country all sorts of rascaldom do gather. There is no chance of having fair play, because play brings a man into contact with those whom he cannot respect, and whom in any other transaction of life he would most carefully shun.

Why then do not our pulpits teem with denunciations of this thing? Why is it not a subject of constant remonstrance between the pastor and his flock? It ought to be so. I think it is partly this, that there is an idea that it is a little difficult to make it plain to people why they ought not to gamble. A man says, "I am the best judge of what I can afford to do," and tells his pastor not to interfere with what is not in itself a vice, as he could not prove that the thing had been pushed to a vicious excess. But have you noticed that in the book of Holy Writ our Lord says, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another"? If then it can be shown me that my action, whatever it be, however seemingly innocent in itself, is injurious to the faith, the

prosperity, or good condition of any one of those whom Christ loved equally with myself, that thing I am bound to abandon. I am not to ride rough-shod over their consciences and their rights. I will desist from it; for if I cannot prove that it is wrong, I can prove that it is injurious.

Well, now a few more words about the "drink" expenditure of working men.

The income of the various classes of the country amounts annually to about a thousand millions, of which the so-called working class—but I hope we all work a little—receive about £440,000,000, and the middle and higher classes, who are not dependent upon work for their daily bread, £560,000,000. Out of their incomes the working class—according to the same authority—Professor Leon Levi—spend 20 per cent. in luxuries, and the middle and upper classes about 14 per cent. I am not making this as a charge, but it is a fact, and it shows very clearly to my mind, and especially when I remember what we see in the newspapers about the sufferings of the working class, that they have a greater power in their own hands than they have as yet taken advantage of.

Just look only at these figures as proving the expenditure of this country. The drink expenditure is about £122,000,000; and at one time, when the iron and coal trades were flourishing, it went up as high as £147,000,000. Now, that is a most portentous figure. But you will say it relates to the whole country. Well, as the incomes are about half-and-half, we will take only about half of the £122,000,000 and put it down to the credit—or the discredit—of the working class, and then we shall have £61,000,000 as spent by the working classes on that article of drink alone—I leave out the other luxuries—or, in other words, about one-seventh part of the income of the class whom I am addressing is spent in drinking.

These figures are perfectly enormous. Such figures have often been quoted before—they are indisputably exact, and they tell me plainly that if the working class would throughout practice the virtue of thrift, which I believe many do practice, their condition would be very different, and the condition of their wives and children would be changed as from darkness into light. My advice to you is to consider the virtue of thrift, to consider those little bits of blue ribbon that I often see in sundry button-holes, and to consider that they really mean the difference between poverty and comparative prosperity.

Of course the money spent on drink means a good deal of drunkenness; and both as to gambling and drunkenness, I would ask, What right has any man to injure others while engaging in them? What right has any man to take his children's bread and turn it into drink, or squander it in these foolish pursuits? Depend upon it, the prosperity of the working classes and the whole future of this country, from the highest to the lowest, depends in a great measure upon our getting rid of those sins which deface society, and often make Christianity a by-word of inconsistency before the nations of the earth who do not practice them. We can all do it, and we ought to do it. The next time you see boys playing at "pitch-and-toss," give them,

in your own form, an idea of what you think of that transaction, and what it may lead to.

In a word, have done with these vices and put them out from among you. Make it a rule to think that, as to the drink, you had better do without it; and that, as to the gambling, you must.

### CHORUS OF EDITORS.

(With apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.)

The poets that bloom in the spring,

Tra-la.

Are preparing their mystical odes;  
And soon they'll be having their fling,

Tra-la.

When winter is well on the wing,

Tra-la.

They'll be bringing their efforts in loads.  
But times, though advanced, we will not be behind:  
Arrangements we're making of mystical kind,

Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la.

For the poets that bloom in the spring.

The poets that bloom in the spring,

Tra-la.

A welcome will always receive;  
A welcome fit for a king,

Tra-la.

With a most ingenious thing

Tra-la.

That poor mortal brain could conceive.  
We're superintending a long-wanted boon:  
No use shall we have for a fighting man soon,

Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la.

For the poets that bloom in the spring.

Oh, ye poets who bloom in the spring,

Tra-la.

'Tis only but right you should know,  
That this little, wonderful thing,

Tra-la.

Which works with a pull of a string,

Tra-la.

Conducts you with ease down below.  
And while in seclusion you moodily stay,  
Your diet will consist of "odes" thrice a day,

Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la.

By your brothers who bloom in the spring.

A MORE IMPORTANT POINT.—Jack.—  
"Amy, we shall have to elope. Would you marry without your parents' consent?"

Amy.—Of course I would; but, O Jack, how about the wedding presents?"

A little chick of four years, at Pawtucket, R. I., surprised his mother the other night by adding the following to his evening prayer: "God bless papa and mamma and Aunt Lizzie, and Bubber Hiram, and Tilley, and all the other kids."

"I remember," said a boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "you told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."

"Yes. Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"

"You see, a boy came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized. I remembered what you said, and began to count."

"And you didn't fight?"

"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count fifty and then run."

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## The Sisters of Tregarthen.

By the Author of "THE LADY OF THE FELL HOUSE,"  
"ELLEN MAYNARD; OR, THE DEATH-WALK OF THE  
HAWK-HAWK," "EFFIE, A STRANGE STORY," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"Dearest Isabel—I am about to write to you on an affair of importance; but, before commencing the business part, a spirit of mischief prompts me to give you a puzzle to solve. I trust to your honor to record your honest guess in the space I shall leave for that purpose. The riddle is to find out where I am at the present time.

"The apartment in which I find myself is a large and lofty hall, with a vaulted roof, every beam and rafter of which is also of black oak, richly carved. The walls are panelled with oak, black with age; and, to save constant repetitions, I may say at once that, wherever there is space for a bit of carving, there it is to be found. All this gives an indescribable tone of richness and beauty to the whole place, in spite of the dust and dirt accumulated during years of neglect. The windows are filled with stained glass, which would be beautiful if the thick coating of dust was removed. The walls must be quite six feet thick, and the wide low window-seats would afford delightful reading snuggeries, if they were clean and the windows glazed. Once more I must mention the carving, but it is only to allude to the exquisite beauty of the mantel-piece. I cannot attempt to describe it. It must be seen to be comprehended in its marvellous details. Beneath it yawns a noble old fireplace, twelve feet wide, with a cosy oak settle on each side. Opposite to the windows a wide flight of shallow stairs, with massive balusters, ends in a platform, beyond which is a recess, filled with a sweet-toned but sadly dilapidated organ. From this platform the stairs branch off to right and left, leading to the east and west wings. The rooms in the east wing are wholly abandoned to the bats and owls and the 'abomination of desolation.' On the west side there are two spacious bed-chambers, still habitable, and furnished with ponderous chests of drawers, wardrobes, and heavy high-backed chairs. Here, as below, everything is disfigured by the dust and dirt of a hundred years. The remains of furniture in this beautiful old hall consist of the fragments of what was once a large table, some frames of ancient chairs—I am sitting on the only one that has a seat—the frame of a wonderful old sofa, and the remains of a large many-leaved screen, which I have not ventured to disturb lest I should be smothered by clouds of dust, for this glorious old place has been used as a barn for thirty years. And now, my dear Isabel, tell me candidly where you think I am."

In the blank space which was left at the bottom of this page the writer of the above subsequently read these words, written in her correspondent's bold and legible characters:—

"My blessed Sairey Gamp! You are evidently paying a visit to your friend, Mrs. Harris, which it's well bekown to you that I don't believe there's no sich a pusson. Seriously, my dearest sister, I think you are going to write a novel, and this is the commencement. Am I right?"

"And now for serious business. You are aware that my last engagement was both tedious and extremely arduous. When at length my dear young patient was pronounced convalescent, and was ordered to the Riviera to complete her cure, the three great doctors who went to the North to give that favorable verdict sat upon poor me, gratis, and unanimously decided that I must take a complete rest for at least three months, under penalty of falling a victim to a nervous complaint from which I might never wholly recover. They said I had overtaxed my strength by unceasing devotion to my duty, and that nothing but absolute rest would restore tone to my nerves. 'Go to Brighton,' said one, 'and amuse yourself with its gaieties.' I told him that if there was one place I detested more than another, it was London-super-Mare, with its crowds of trippers.

'Then find a quiet place by the sea-side,' he said, 'and read novels.' 'Yes,' said another, 'take a strong dose of Rider Haggard to begin with.' I owned that that was a remedy which it was impossible to refuse. What was more to the purpose, they one and all promised that, as soon as I was fit to resume work, they would recommend me, adding many complimentary flourishes about the favorable result of the present case being as much due to my care as to their own prescriptions. I received their praises with all due humility, though quite convinced 'in my ain mind' that they were deserved, only it would not have been politic to let them into the secret.

"They must have told all this to the Earl, for his lordship did me the honor of handing me into the carriage, and, after an elaborate speech about the gratitude which he and the Countess must always feel towards me, he laid an envelope in my lap, saying it contained a slight token of their esteem, which he hoped might be of use during the enforced period of rest which my devotion to their daughter had rendered necessary. All this was very pleasant; but I had already been handsomely paid. The Countess had made me a present of a beautiful watch and chain, and my sweet patient had given me several articles of jewelry. You may be sure I was not out of the gates before I opened the envelope, which, to my delight and astonishment, I found to contain a cheque for three hundred pounds. This was indeed princely treatment. I wrote a short note of grateful thanks and sent it back by the coachman. Then off with all speed to London, for Sylvia's last letter had made me anxious about the child's health. I would not even break my journey to pay you a visit in your out-of-the-way corner among the wilds of Northumberland, for that would mean two or three days' delay.

"I was very glad I had lost no time, for I found the poor little darling had been working herself to a shadow for a bare pittance, painting Christmas and birthday cards—really lovely little things—for such miserable terms that she could only pay the rent of her single room and buy tea and bread, not always butter. I had more than once offered to send her money, but the poor dear child wished to be independent!

"It was a modest request for a sovereign, because she did not feel quite well or strong, that had roused my fears that there was something amiss with her. Besides, I could read between the lines. As I received her letter early on the morning of my departure, I was able to answer it in person. The darling was delighted to see me, and I was delighted that I had not wasted a single hour on the road. Imagine our joyous little Sylvia thin and pale, and with drooping mouth! I hope I may never again have cause to feel such bitter self-reproach as I endured when I saw her. I ought to have foreseen and prevented it. And she had a nasty teasing cough, and might be already far gone in consumption! It was some consolation to see her eat a hearty breakfast, and then I carried her off to consult my friend, Doctor Richards. He examined her thoroughly, and was kind enough to give me a lecture on the use of the stethoscope with practical illustrations of the most satisfactory nature, for they all went to support his opinion that my darling has not the faintest trace of disease about her. I had, of course, given him the entire history of the case, without any reserve, so he knew that she had been starving herself. 'Cod-liver oil?' he repeated derisively, when I suggested the dainty as being probably useful. 'Not a bit of it! New milk; plenty of it. Devonshire cream, if you like. No drugs wanted. Find a nice sandy shore, where she can hunt for sea-anemones all day long. Plenty of good food will do the rest. No more work for a time, or only such a small amount of sketching as she may have an absolute wish for. The same kind of place will suit you, madam; and the care of your sister will be a pleasant occupation, without overtaxing your strength. Fee! From you, Miss Conroy. Certainly not!' Then up and spoke our Sylvia, just like the saucy Sylvia of old days, and, said she, 'If I can make a really nice little water-color drawing of some pretty view, will you do me the favor to

accept it, sir?' 'With infinite gratitude, my dear child; and I will treasure it to the end of my life. There, take her away, Miss Conroy—take her away! I must not forget that I am a married man, and I shall be falling in love with her if she stays here much longer. Good-bye; Heaven bless you both! Report progress from time to time.'

"The dear good man! He can't be far from sixty, and he is fat and bald. But I believe that dainty little Sylvia, who considers every man under five-and-twenty a 'mere boy,' would have been quite willing, had there been no Mrs. Richards in existence, to reciprocate his attachment. Girls are such queer creatures. I knew a young lady once who was in love with Count Fosco!

"When we left Dr. Richards' house I felt so light-hearted that I could have floated over the top of St. Paul's. Luckily I had duties to bind me to earth, so I folded my wings and settled down to an earnest consideration of ways and means. We spent that afternoon in searching the papers for advertisements and answering a few, and also in removing Sylvia's belongings to two comfortable rooms on the first floor, which I took for a week, for I wanted a little time to complete my plans. I had an object in view, but could not see exactly how to attain it. On one point only was I fully determined, and that was that Sylvia should never again be left to her own devices. This might be secured by finding some agreeable family with whom to board, where she could be looked after during my professional absences. But the child yearns for family love, which cannot be bought and paid for. Besides, there would be a constant outlay, without anything being secured towards my main object, which is nothing more or less than the formation of a home. Very humble it must of necessity be at first; but it would not deserve the name, or be really a home, unless we were all three in it. I don't doubt your readiness to adopt any plan that would free you from your present house of bondage, where I know you are underpaid, and where I suspect you are also underfed and overworked. Yet you have too much good sense to drop even a small substance to snatch at a shadow. Therefore, when I have laid my project before you, should you think it too shadowy to be relied on, you can but reject it.

"I turned over a variety of projects, all aiming at the central idea of a home. For myself, I must of necessity keep a free hand to take the lucrative engagements of which I feel secure now that I have the confidence of those London big-wigs. But how delightful it would be to know that there was one spot on earth to which I could fly for an interval of rest, and find the little nest kept warm by the presence of my dear sisters! It was not however wholly of myself that I was thinking. I want you to have leisure for writing, for which you have an undoubted talent, and Sylvia to have the opportunity of studying art to some better purpose than painting Christmas cards. The problem to be solved is how to accomplish this with the means at my command, and to keep the mill at work till you and Sylvia begin to bring in a little grist. Alas that I was doomed to three months of inaction.

"Among the ideas that occurred to me was of course that invariable refuge for destitute females, a school—a small school by the sea-side for delicate children. Out of the question! You would be chained to the oar again like a galley-slave, and have no time for writing. Sylvia is utterly unfitted to be a teacher, and, as neither of you have the slightest idea of house-keeping, everything would go to ruin as soon as my back was turned.

"A sanitarium for a few invalid ladies and children? That would tie me to the spot, whether we had inmates enough to pay for my time or not; and, even if we had all we could accommodate in a small house, 'taking one consideration with another,' it would not pay me as well as a good engagement, while you two would be debarred from your cherished pursuits, and the place after all would not be like home. 'Home, sweet home!' How my soul craved for it! And how it seemed to elude me the more I strove to grasp it! I was in a complete fog,



yet the sweet star of home still shone before me, and I was sure there was a way to it, had I but the sense to find it out. Utterly weary, I fell asleep, and I think my latest idea was that we should charter a roomy van, and wander over the country sketching and scribbling, with no rent to pay and nothing to bother us! Then the thought occurred, 'What would the girls do when I was on a Gamping engagement, and could not be there to protect them?' I believe I was establishing a lovely and lovable bulldog, of angelic temper, unequalled ferocity, and preternatural ugliness, as your guardian, and having you instructed in the use of an equally trustworthy six-shooter, when I fell into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning.

"Has it ever happened to you that, when you are on the point of waking, an idea enters your head, just as if something external to yourself had put it there? It has happened to me more than once in an emergency, and has always suggested a course of action which I had not thought of previously. But never had the impression been so powerful as on this particular morning. I awoke to the full consciousness that I am the possessor of a landed estate! You need not laugh. It is quite true. My mother's grand-uncle, an eccentric old gentleman, left his ruinous house, situated on the coast of Cornwall, to my mother and her descendants.

"At the time of our great troubles, after dear father's death, I tried to sell it, but found that it was so left that it could not be sold, even if a purchaser could be found. Once the thought arose that we might live there, and I wrote to old Pengelley, the caretaker, to inquire if the house was habitable. Such an account of it as I received in return! The notion of living in such a place would have sent me into fits of laughter, had laughter been possible in those sad times. The letter was written by the schoolmaster, but dictated by Pengelley. There was not a room fit to live in but the stone-flagged kitchen, and that was damp and draughty, and gave him and the old woman the 'rheumatics.' There were two tumbledown bedrooms where he and his missis and their son and his wife slept, but they were hardly fit for Christians, let alone ladies; and there was nothing else that had a sound roof on it, except the barn. The notion of taking your delicately-nurtured little mother to such a place was simply preposterous. There was also the necessity of educating you two girls and fitting you, while your mother lived, to earn your own bread, for her income ceased at her death, and she was so crushed by her troubles that I feared she would not last long.

"I was at my wits' end to know what to do, when I had the first of those half-waking inspirations that I alluded to. The result was that you and Sylvia went to that excellent school at Hastings, where your mother was received as a lady boarder and spent the last eight years of her life peacefully. I meanwhile entered as a probationer at Guy's, where I found my vocation, though it is only now that I am beginning to reap the harvest that I have been sowing all these years; it is only now that I see my way to making a home for my sisters and myself. You, you dear sensible girl, have stuck like a brick—excuse slang; I pick it up among medical students—yes, like a brick, to your uncongenial work during the four years since your mother died. I can praise you for your steadiness without casting any dispraise upon dear little Sylvia. Indeed, it was no wonder that she should fly from the wretched position of an under-teacher in a second-rate school, when she saw a possibility of earning ever so poor a living by the practice of her adored art. I only blame her for not having demanded help from me.

"Without a word to Sylvia about my landed property, I set off on my travels. I left my child with everything to make her happy, namely, plenty of books, sufficient money, and a lovely Persian cat. What more can she want? She does not care for Prince Charming, and I don't think she knows the address of that dangerous old doctor, so my mind is at ease on that score.

"Well, down here I came, and you have already had a description of the old ruin as

seen with my eyes, in contrast with those of David Pengelley.

"You will naturally ask how it was that David P. did not mention this noble old hall as one of the habitable parts of the house. I had already seen the kitchen, and sundry reflections had crossed my mind. 'Umph! Not so very bad. Rather dark, but with good fires—yes—it might do. Cold stone floor; well, thick cocoon-matting, comfortable chairs, a large screen—yes, young folk rather like roughing it sometimes. But how when the novelty is worn off?'

"I own that my heart felt rather heavy as I turned to Pengelley and requested him to show me the bedrooms. In order to reach these rooms we had to pass through the hall. I gazed in astonishment and admiration around the beautiful old room, so magnificent even in all its dirt and squalor. 'Why, Pengelley, what do you call this?' I demanded indignantly, for I could not but suspect him of wilful deception. 'This here be the barn, mum,' he replied, with such utter simplicity that my suspicions vanished at once. 'Eh, but it be a whist gousty old place!' 'I think it a very beautiful old place,' I observed. 'Well, now, do 'ee, though? That do sim rummish to I. Them bits of colored glass be pretty, I dare say; but the pillum—dust—layeth so thick upon 'em you can't hardly see 'em.'

"Enough of Pengelley. Perhaps you will make his acquaintance by-and-by, and you will study him for yourself and put him in a book.

"With renewed hope I returned to the village inn.

"I have been here for a week. I have sent for an architect, who is also a surveyor and builder, and he has given me an estimate of the cost of all needful repairs, which he is ready to undertake at a day's notice.

"I have taken counsel with an upholsterer, who is also a cabinet-maker, and, luckily for me, has æsthetic views. We have rummaged all over the dismantled rooms, and have sat in judgment on every fragment of antique furniture that we could unearth, and I have in black and white the probable cost, within a few pounds, of repairing the solid and ancient wood-work, and of finding for the moth-eaten tapestry a very fair substitute from the many imitations with which the æsthetic craze has supplied us.

"The house is built on a cliff, within a few hundred yards of its precipitous edge, from which you look down upon the storm-tossed waves of the Atlantic. Landward there is a wide view over desolate but picturesque moorland, and a small tract of ancient forest, wherein we have the right to cut wood, as we also have—by virtue of being possessors of Tregarth Hall—sundry rights of pasturage and turbarry—which means liberty to cut turf or peat—upon the moor. "For the rest, there are a wilderness that was once a garden, an orchard full of gnarled old trees, and a small meadow. The ruinous house and this small modicum of land are all that we possess. The village, inhabited chiefly by fisher-folk, lies snugly in a wooded combe about half a mile from the house.

"In the neat little parlor of the village inn, looking out upon a garden filled with sweet-scented flowers, I have spent my evenings in calculating the thousand and one items that will be required to make us comfortable in the old house. I believe I have included everything, even to the purchase of a cow, which will be real economy, as we have the pasture. I find I can do it all, and still have enough to keep us afloat till March.

"By that time I shall be free to return to work. The days will be longer, and you two dear children will have become accustomed to the solitude. You will have had time to send some stories to the magazines, and Sylvia may have disposed of some pot-boilers. I don't like the notion of pot-boilers for her, poor darling, but they will at least be better than Christmas cards.

"You must not suppose that I am clever enough to do all this out of the Earl's cheque, though without that I could not have attempted it. The truth is that I have been saving money ever since I began to earn any. My first de-

posit was one pound in the savings-bank, and I was as proud of it as a hen that has laid an egg; only I did not cackle about it. I have gone on adding to it, year by year, and, thank Heaven, my little hoard has never been disturbed.

"I have not written the whole of this letter in the hall at one sitting; it has been continued, day by day, or rather night by night, here in the parlor of the inn.

"It will be despatched by the next post, and to-morrow I shall leave. I hope to receive your ultimatum within a week. Consider all the pros and cons carefully, and do nothing rash. There's one thing I forgot to mention—we shall not be able to keep a servant, but must do all our domestic work ourselves.

"That will not hurt us, and you and Sylvia will learn the mysteries of housekeeping all the more quickly for taking an active part in household duties. I am a good cook, having studied cookery as a necessary part of my profession, and I hope you will be apt pupils.

"Now, I have said my say, and a precious long say it has been. I give you two days to read it, two days to consider it, and two days to write your answer, which I shall expect in a week.

"Ever, dearest Isabel, your loving sister,  
CONSTANCE CONROY."

Miss Conroy found a telegram awaiting her in London. It contained these words—

"Yes—a thousand times yes! Don't lose a moment. Glorious emancipation!"

## CHAPTER II.

All this occurred at the latter end of September, and on Christmas Day the three sisters were in the full enjoyment of their picturesque old home. Isabel had arrived only two days previously, but the others had been lodging in the village while the repairs were going on, the elder superintending the work, the younger wandering about at her own sweet will, recovering her strength and the bloom of her fair young cheeks, and painting a really lovely picture of rocks and sandy shore, "with a quaint little fisher-boy "looking out for father's boat," which she duly sent to the friendly doctor, and received so warm a letter of thanks and praise that it almost made her feel conceited.

On this eventful Christmas morning, everything within and without seemed to enhance the enjoyment of the sisters so happily re-united.

Such a storm was raging as had not been known for many years, even on that tempest-beaten shore. It had been precluded by a succession of those awful rolling waves which, appearing without warning, render the western coast so dangerous. But the hurricane made no more impression on the massive walls and solid roof of the old mansion than upon the firm rock on which it was built. The snow was dashed in drifts against the windows and lay heaped up on the broad sills, obscuring the light, but only making the bright flames from a glorious wood fire gleam with increased cheerfulness upon all within its influence. And indeed it would be difficult to find a more thoroughly comfortable room than that old hall, notwithstanding its barn-like dimensions and the scantiness of its furniture. With a few exceptions, the latter all belonged to the renovated antique; but Miss Conroy had done her spiring judiciously, and everything was toned down to the sombre gray of age. Only one spot of brighter color was visible, and that was the old screen with many leaves, which had been repaired and covered with red baize. Spread out in front of the fire-place, but far enough to enclose the space of a moderate-sized room, it concentrated the warmth and light, and formed a perfect oasis of comfort.

Within the charmed circle stood a substantial square table; the old sofa frame, looking grim with age, yet made luxurious by means of springs and all the arts of modern upholstery, extended itself invitingly on the side nearest to the windows, basking in the warmth and partially sheltered by the screen.

The sound of the waves as they broke in fury upon the base of the rock, mingled with the howling of the wind, only made the interior seem more peaceful. The firelight danced

merrily on the figures of the girls as they flitted to and fro in the performance of their household duties, while their sweet voices and musical laughter rang through the old hall and the long vaulted passages.

Constance, the eldest sister, was thirty years of age. In figure she was unusually tall, but formed with perfect symmetry. Her shoulders were rather broad, but they were so finely formed, and carried so gracefully, that the blemish almost became a beauty. Her complexion was pale, yet healthy; her features were perfect, though the quiet thoughtfulness which habitually shaded them prevented a casual observer from perceiving her extreme beauty at the first glance. Her large and well-developed head might have given her a masculine appearance but for the abundant jet black hair which, growing low on her ample forehead, made her appear what she really was, a most womanly and lovable woman.

At the age of eighteen she had been a happy girl, the heiress of great wealth, her father being one of London's merchant princes. At one fell swoop all this was changed. It was the old story of speculation, followed by sudden ruin. Mr. Conroy was brought home dead, killed by the sudden loss; and, after a short period of uncertainty and confusion, Constance found herself with two helpless children on her hands—for her step-mother, her senior by only ten years, was utterly helpless—and with only the widow's annuity of three hundred pounds for their support. She had her own private source of sorrow in addition to that which she shared with her family; but this she resolutely put aside, having no time to spare for the indulgence of merely selfish griefs. Her lover—a man of rank—had accepted his freedom with ill-concealed eagerness. She had loved him in a girlish way—loved him sincerely, as she thought, or she would not have dreamed of marrying him; but now so strong a portion of contempt mingled with her sentiments towards him that she doubted whether she could ever have given him her whole heart's love.

"It was a mistake," she said to herself; "he is not what I believed him to be. My idol has feet of clay, or perhaps he is all clay, gilded by my imagination." And she calmly put aside all thoughts of love as a possibility of her own future, and set herself to the discharge of her duties.

But this short period of bitter trial had changed her from a light-hearted girl into a thoughtful, earnest woman. And, as she stood now, with her large calm eyes lighted up with pleasure, and watched the two young creatures whom she loved with a mother's love, and listened to their lively talk and merry peals of laughter, she felt amply repaid for the years of toil and anxious saving, whereby she had secured for them that queer but delightful home in which their high spirits ran riot.

Isabel, aged twenty-two, was of middle height, plump and pleasant, with dark brown hair and bright hazel eyes, and a graceful figure. Though not so beautiful as her sister, she was undeniably very pretty. With a large amount of good sense and shrewdness, and possessed of more general information than most girls of her age, she was full of fun as a kitten.

Sylvia was twenty, but looked no more than sixteen. She was very small, but exquisitely proportioned and graceful. Her pink-and-white complexion, wavy golden hair, and large limpid blue eyes gave her an appearance of fragility which was quite deceptive, for the young lady was particularly healthy and, for her size, strong.

The three sisters were all very plainly dressed. Constance wore the simple gray uniform of a professional nurse. The two younger were clad in neat serge frocks, and all wore large white aprons with capacious bibs, which was their costume while performing their household duties. They had just had a lesson in cookery, and had turned out some very creditable mince pies. On the previous day they had assisted in the manufacture of a large plum-pudding, which was now boiling on the kitchen fire; while a turkey lay on the dresser, ready to be put down to roast when the proper time arrived.

Constance was determined that their first Christmas in their own home should be celebrated in good old-fashioned style, though the circumstances would have made the very plainest fare enjoyable.

"This is perfectly heavenly!" exclaimed Isabel, clasping her hands and looking around upon the bright space within the screen. "The very storm outside makes the inside more delightful. Just listen to the wind! How it howls in the chimney, as if it wanted to get at us that way! But the jolly fire flames up all the more, and drives the wind back again."

"It is nice!" responded Sylvia, with a sigh of satisfaction, as she knelt before the sofa and caressed her Persian cat, who lay there, the very picture of luxurious ease and comfort. "And it is so pleasant to know that we are shut in here all by ourselves, and nobody can by any possibility get at us."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Isabel. "Suppose any one had lost his way on the moor, he'd see the smoke of these chimneys and make straight for the house. I should not like that unless he was somebody very charming indeed." "What fun it would be," cried Sylvia, looking up from her cat, "to have a really delightful clever man—a gentleman, of course—driven here by the storm! We could not turn him out, and we could have plenty of dinner to give him."

"I fear, young ladies," said Constance, "you must give up all hope of your errant knight arriving by way of the moor. He could not see the smoke through this blinding snowstorm, and common sense would tell him to follow a downward track, as the villages lie chiefly in the sheltered combs."

"Oh, I'm sure we don't want him!" said Isabel. "Let him wait till the summer. Then we can invite him to dinner, if we like the looks of him; and, if we don't, we can show him the way to the inn."

Sylvia started to her feet.

"Oh, look there!" she cried. "If knights errant can't find us out, it seems the dogs can. Oh, Conny, look at him! The poor thing seems half starved. Oh, the poor dear little thing! He keeps on trying to sit up and beg, and he has not strength to keep up!"

It was indeed a piteous object that had suddenly appeared among them—a rough half-bred terrier, very soiled and dirty, and nearly starved. His intelligent eyes, his feeble whining, and the futile efforts he made to rear himself up into the attitude of a canine mendicant, instantly won for him the sympathy of those on whom he had intruded.

"Poor fellow, he is starving!" said Constance, taking him in her arms and running into the kitchen. "Fetch some milk; and there's some cold beef in the larder. Cut it into very small bits, or he may choke himself. Now a dish of water—perhaps he will like that better than milk."

The animal drank eagerly, and snapped up some pieces of meat; but all the while he uttered short impatient moans, and fidgeted as though he were eating under protest and longing to get away.

"How oddly he behaves!" exclaimed Isabel. "Do you hear any one calling to him? What makes him keep looking towards the door in that strange way?"

"I know," said Sylvia, in a tone of profound conviction; "he wants to go back to his master, who is probably lying out in the snow, and he wishes us to go with him. You see, his duty pulls him one way, and his hunger pulls him the other, and all those little cries mean, 'I know I am a selfish brute to stay here guzzling while my poor master is perishing; but I am starving, and I can't help it.' That's just what he is thinking."

"I think you are right, Sylvia," said Constance, "and we must follow him when he goes away. So your knight may come over the moor after all."

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Isabel, turning pale at the horrible thought that flashed through her mind. "What if the man should be dead when we find him? What should we do then?"

"Follow the dog's example," replied Constance calmly, "and do our duty. It would spoil our pleasure, of course. But we must

hope that we may find him alive. We should give him a share of all our good things with all our hearts. He is most likely some poor laboring man, whose wife is now anxiously looking out for him."

"No—that he is not," pronounced the oracular Sylvia. "Workingmen don't have their names engraved on silver plates on their dogs' collars, and here is—keep still one moment, doggie—yes, it is, 'Ormsby Grant.' Why, he is an artist; I know his name quite well. Oh, doggie, doggie, take us to him quickly! He can't be out on the moor either, for the dog's coat is quite dry, and it has a dusty earthy smell. Where can he have come from?"

"He will show us no doubt as soon as his first hunger is allayed," said Constance.

She had hitherto fed him with small scraps of meat, which he bolted, but she now offered him a large piece of bread. The dog snatched it up eagerly and ran off as fast as his trembling legs could carry him.

To the surprise of his new friends, however, he did not go towards the back premises, but entered a dark passage which led to the cellars. The door having been accidentally left open, the dog had gained easy access to the house. How he had got into the cellars remained a mystery.

"Run back and fetch the lantern," said Constance. "I will stay here and watch him; I have never been far into this dungeon; but Prangelley assured me there was nothing beyond it."

The two nimble-footed girls sped back and quickly returned with a lantern and two lighted candles.

"I thought we had better have plenty of light," observed Isabel, "and I have put a box of matches into my pocket as well. It would not do to be left in these awful regions without the means of lighting our candles, if they should be blown out."

"Look well where you go, dear," said Constance; "there may be dangerous holes in this rock floor."

They were evidently going in the direction of the sea, for they could smell the sea air, and the sound of the waves became louder and louder as they advanced. It was a strange hollow roar, as if echoing through a cavern.

"Well, here we are at the end!" said the eldest sister, as she turned the light of the lantern upon a blank damp-looking wall.

"But there must be some way out of it," exclaimed practical Isabel, "for where is the dog gone? And how does the smell of the sea get in?"

Even as she spoke the little dog reappeared, emerging from a dark corner. He was highly excited, and, seizing the corner of Miss Conroy's apron, drew her eagerly towards the corner.

There they discovered a small door, thickly studded with rusty nails and secured by a heavy bar of wood. The sill was worn away by the traffic of past years, and the bottom of the door, where the wood was rotten with age and damp, had been torn away, and the fragments were lying about. This had been done quite recently, and was no doubt the work of the little dog, who now slipped, though with some difficulty, through the gap, and then, poking his sharp little face through the opening, whining anxiously, inviting them to follow.

Constance removed the bar, and pushed the door open upon its groaning hinges. A blast of cold air rushed in, and they heard a voice from below shouting for help.

"Who is there?" cried Constance.

"Two gentlemen," replied the voice, "shut in by the waves, and nearly starved to death. Bring help quickly; my friend is almost gone!"

"We'll come—we'll come!" answered Constance. "Now, girls," she continued, turning to her sisters, "you must fly back. Take both candles, and leave one on the way to guide you on your return. Bring a large jug of milk, two glasses, and a bottle of whiskey. Draw the cork. Put the things in a basket, and bring some more candles. I'll find the way down to these poor fellows, and then I'll direct you how to come. Whistle as soon as you reach this door. Now hasten! Their lives may depend upon your speed!"

Cautiously picking her path, Constance followed the eager little guide through a narrow passage. For a few yards the floor was tolerably level, then she came to a flight of roughly hewn steps, followed by another sloping descent, interspersed with occasional steps, till she stood at last upon a rocky platform which seemed to extend the whole width of a large and lofty cavern. She saw, by a faint gleam of daylight, that at the farther end it opened upon the shore, and that the mouth of the cave was filled with tumbling waves, which now and then rushed almost as far as the platform.

A voice crying, "This way—this way!" led her to the farther end of the platform, where she discovered two figures crouching in a nook that afforded a slight shelter from the keen wind. One was apparently a tall man, and he held the other, who seemed to be dead or dying, carefully clasped in his arms.

"Have you brought some brandy?" he demanded, as soon as the advancing light showed him that some human being was near.

"All that will come as quickly as possible," Constance answered. "Take the lantern and warm your hands over it. Give up your friend to me. He is not dead yet, and I hope we may save him. How long have you been here?"

"This is the third day!" the man answered, as he spread out his hands above the lantern. Constance noticed what fine muscular hands they were, though they were shaking with cold and weakness. "We were out for a walk, and sketching, when the storm began. My friend—oh, I forget we ought to introduce ourselves—his name is Edward Ainsleigh, and mine is Ormsby Grant. Ainsleigh has not been well—never very robust, poor fellow—so I made him take shelter in this infernal cave! I beg pardon; I should not have said that to a lady! We've been shut in here by the waves ever since—two nights and more than two days. How did you find us out?"

Constance in the meantime had seated herself upon the ground and drawn the fainting man from his friend's arms into her own. He was very slender, and she took as much as possible of the limp form upon her knees, held him close to impart warmth to him, wrapped her skirts about him, and rubbed and breathed upon his frozen hands. It was nothing to her that he was a rather good-looking man of about her own age; all ideas of propriety or impropriety were quite beside the question. He was a patient and she the nurse; he was a fellow-creature and she a Christian.

Nevertheless, there was some degree of consciousness still left within that seeming moribund frame. He knew that his head was pillowed on a woman's soft arm; he knew that her warm breath fanned his face; and he heaved a tremulous sigh, half wondering, in a dreamy way, if this was an angel, sent to guide him through the gates of death.

As for the tall artist, he was lost in amazement. Their rescuer was undoubtedly a lady—her appearance, her voice, her speech left no doubt of that; and he was equally certain that his friend was quite as much a stranger to her as he himself was; yet there she was, handling Ainsleigh as lovingly as though she were his mother, or his sister, or his wife. He could not understand it at all; least of all did he imagine that she would have done the same for any forlorn child or the roughest seaman afloat. He began to fear that his mind was wandering; so, to recall himself to existing events, he repeated his question—

"How did you find us out?"

"Your dog found his way into our house. We saw he was starving, so fed him, of course. As soon as he got a bit large enough to carry away, he ran off with it, and we followed him."

"Are some men coming to carry Ainsleigh?" he demanded.

"No; we must manage without. You will be able to get along with a little assistance," she said, after feeling his pulse; and, as for this gentleman, one of my sisters will help me. Hark, there they are! Now we shall be all right."

A shrill whistle roused the echoes. Constance replied by calling out—

"Follow the track! You can't miss the way."

A moment later two elegant girls appeared, carrying lighted candles and a basket.

"I hope they've brought some bread and cheese," said the hungry man, looking eagerly at the basket.

"If they have been so foolish as to bring it, you must not eat it," replied Constance, in a tone of authority which he felt it would be impossible to disobey; "your stomach is too weak to retain anything so heavy. I sent for milk and whiskey; that will give you strength to get into the house. When you are thoroughly warmed and have digested the milk and some raw eggs, you may be allowed to eat a bit of turkey. This is Christmas Day, you know."

"Turkey! Oh, blissful anticipation!" murmured the half-starved man.

"Now, dear, give me a tumbler. A wine-glassful of whiskey in that and fill it up with milk for Mr. Grant. Not too fast, my good friend; you will choke yourself!"

Constance mixed a smaller quantity of double strength and held it to the lips of her especial patient. He swallowed a little, took a deeper breath, and faintly whispered—

"Thank you!"

"Don't try to talk. Give Mr. Grant another glassful, Isabel, and then help him to his feet. We must have them by the fire as soon as possible; this cold is killing them."

Ormsby Grant quickly swallowed the second tumbler of the mixture, and then struggled to his feet.

In the meantime Constance, after administering another dose of the stimulating drink to her *protege*, had summoned Isabel to assist her in raising him.

"He will never be able to walk!" exclaimed Isabel. "Poor fellow, he cannot even stand! Whatever shall we do with him?"

"He must try to walk with my help," replied Constance, "and if he cannot, we must carry him. Hold him up on that side while I get his arm around my neck."

She drew his right hand over her shoulder and held it firmly, then passed her left arm round his waist, and, supporting him thus against her, she slowly advanced. He moved his feet feebly, but it was an advance, though of the slowest.

"Now we shall be all right," said Constance; "I can manage him very well. Hang the lantern upon my arm—that's it! Give him another drink. Now, do you all go on as fast as you can; if I want help I will whistle. Bring down some blankets, both the down quilts, and all the flannel garments you can find, and spread them round the fire; some pillows too, and my sitting-up gown—the warm quilted one that hangs in my wardrobe. Take off Mr. Grant's coat, wrap him in a hot blanket, and put him in the rocking-chair, with his legs on another chair, feet towards the fire, but don't scorch them. Pull off his boots and socks and wrap his feet in flannel. Cover him with the quilt and give him two eggs beaten up with milk and whiskey. Do everything you can think of to make him warm."

Sylvia had watched the movements of her experienced sister with observant eyes and a great desire to do what was right and proper in the circumstances.

"Oh, that's the way—I see!" she remarked when Constance drew her patient's arm over her shoulder; and forthwith she placed Mr. Grant's hand upon her own shoulder. "Oh, dear, I can't do the rest; I'm not tall enough! But you can lean on me; I'm very strong, though I am so little."

Perhaps the whiskey had had an undue effect upon the weakened brain of the big artist, or perhaps his sense of propriety had been affected by the cold. Anyhow, when his hand grasped the girl's small soft shoulder and he was seriously invited to lean his great bulk—he was six feet two and broad in proportion—upon the tiny creature, an irresistible impulse seized him. He suddenly encircled little Sylvia with his long arm and hugged her to his side with a strong, masterful, but by no means painful pressure. Instantly the enormity of this offence flashed across him, and he began to stammer forth profuse apologies.

"Pray forgive me! Awfully sorry! Indeed, I could not help it! A—a—a sudden contraction of the muscles! A—"

"Constance, Constance! Oh, dear, what can I do? This poor gentleman has such horrid cramps in his arms!"

"I don't wonder at that," Constance answered. "You can do nothing better than get him to the fire quickly. Boil some milk to mix with egg and whiskey and let him drink it hot. Bring me some of the same mixture—two eggs, mind. Don't wait for sugar; time is more precious than anything. And don't forget the little dog! See that he has plenty of water and milk; not too much meat. Give him a nice bone—that will amuse him. We must take great care of that little dog; he has saved two men's lives to-day."

Ormsby Grant would not trust himself to rest his hand again on Sylvia's shoulder, fearing a recurrence of the cramp with which she had so providentially discovered him to be afflicted; but he held her hand as a guide, and staggered along with the help of his stick. Constance dragged her charge slowly up the rugged passage, and when at length she stood, breathless and panting, but triumphant, within the empty cellar, she was rejoiced to see Isabel approaching. She had brought a chair as well as the hot drink. Constance, strong as she was, was glad to be released from her burthen for a short time. They placed him in the chair, and Isabel put a glass of the comforting mixture to his lips.

He shook his head feebly, and whispered—

"No—no! Make her drink first."

Constance drank a small quantity and then put the glass to his lips. He raised his eyes to hers and smiled before he emptied the glass; and Isabel observed that they were very beautiful large dark eyes.

"Now," said Constance cheerfully, "we shall soon have him in hot blankets on the sofa. How is Mr. Grant going on?"

"Oh, he's all right," responded Isabel impatiently; "tucked up in the rocking-chair, and Sylvia toasting his toes and feeding him."

"I hope she has not given him anything solid."

"No—only this kind of stuff. He seems to like it all very much."

Once more they started on their toilsome journey, though making better progress on the level ground, and in a comparatively short time they reached the hall. The strange scene roused even the benumbed faculties of the half-dead stranger. The lofty ceilings, the rich carvings, the antique furniture, the great roaring fire reflected from the crimson screen, and no inhabitants visible but the three sisters, all differing so much in appearance, yet each so very beautiful, quite bewildered him.

"Where is it? What is it? What are they?"

"You shall know presently," was the reply, "when you are safe on the sofa. Pull off his coat, Isabel, while I hold him up. Now, Sylvia, the dressing gown, quick. That's it. Are the pillows nice and warm? Put them on the sofa; spread that blanket. So; that will come over him nicely. Lie down now, and we'll soon have your boots off. How cold his feet are!"

While they were all three busy about the sofa, Grant, packed up like a mummy in blankets and rugs, watched them through half-closed eyelids.

"Venus attired by the Graces!" he murmured softly. But they all heard it and burst into a merry peal of laughter. Even Ainsleigh gave a faint chuckle.

"You are better already, dear old boy!" continued Grant, looking lovingly at his friend. "Don't see how you could help it, though, with three such nurses. Surely never were two fellows so deliciously coddled as we two are! Lucky beggars!"

He seemed to be exhausted with so much speaking, for his head fell back upon the pillow, and his eyes closed.

Sylvia was instantly at his side, and his head was raised on her arm, a glass of warm milk held to his lips, for Constance had uttered her edict—

"No more whiskey, but as much milk as he likes."

"I want to know where we are," murmured Ainsleigh, as his eyes wandered around the room and rested on the three graceful figures. "We

came out of that cavern, and I don't know where we are. Are we on the upper earth or in fairyland, or in the land of spirits? And are you angels?"

Isabel ran hastily into the kitchen, where she burst into a fit of laughter, which was not the less violent because she was obliged to go through the performance without noise.

When she re-entered the hall, it required the utmost exertion of her self-control to prevent another burst of mirth. It seemed that, whatever Constance did for her patient, Sylvia took it for granted must be the correct thing for her to do for the tall man whom she had taken under her especial protection. Therefore, when Constance proceeded to wash Mr. Ainsleigh's face and hands, and comb his hair, her little imitator did the same for Mr. Grant, with all the gravity of an experienced nurse.

Isabel secretly watched the performance.

"The wretch," she said to herself, "how he enjoys being fussed over!"

The little dog lay before the fire, licking his fore feet. As she stopped to caress him, she saw that they were bleeding.

"The poor dear little fellow," she exclaimed, "his feet are sore from scratching at that door in the cellar! What can be done for him, Constance?"

"I think I can see to that," said Sylvia. "Does he like cats, Mr. Grant?"

"He was very friendly with the cat in London," replied Grant, with an air of exhaustion that caused Isabel to be nearly choked with a suppressed giggle.

"And Zuleika is very fond of well-educated dogs," said Sylvia. "So I'll introduce them, and I dare say she will wash his poor little toes for him."

She took her cat from the sofa, and, sitting on a thick matting that covered the floor in lieu of carpet, cautiously presented the two creatures to each other. The dog sniffed at the cat, and, seeming satisfied, gave her a little kiss on the side of her face. Zuleika apparently understood at once that her ministrations were required, for she settled herself down, and began to wash the dog's wounds.

"Ainsleigh, Ainsleigh! Look there!" exclaimed Grant, in quite a strong voice, and with a roar of laughter, "the very cat shares the family proclivities! She is actually nursing Nip!"

"I am glad to see you so much better, Mr. Grant," said Isabel, looking him full in the face, with the air of a barrister cross-examining a shifty witness: "and I think Nip shares his master's proclivities, for he appears to enjoy his nursing and coddling very much."

Rather to her astonishment, Grant met her gaze so fairly and frankly that a friendly understanding was established between the two in a moment.

"Can you blame me?" he asked in a low tone, so as to be heard by her only.

"Some allowance must be made for a mind weakened by semi-starvation," she replied. "I won't blame you yet."

"Now, children," cried Constance, "let us see about dinner, while our patients take a little sleep! They cannot have had much in that dreadful cavern. You are doing very well"—as she felt Grant's pulse, which she had done many times—"You will be quite well tomorrow, except for a little weakness. Your friend's case is much more serious, but if we can ward off fever, he will be well in a week or two. Sleep well, and then you'll be able to enjoy turkey and mince-pies!" She gave a little professional touch to his wrappings, and went quickly and silently away, followed by her sisters.

As they passed the foot of the stairs, Isabel pointed towards the organ and whispered—

"Shall we?"

Constance smiled and nodded assent, whispering in return—

"Something very soft and dreamy, and not too long."

Isabel was the musician of the family. She took her seat at the instrument, and Sylvia went to the bellows.

Presently a sweet melody floated through the air, "like the faint exquisite music of a dream." From some peculiarity in the con-

struction of the building, it seemed rather to wander all around than to proceed from any fixed point. It was a plaintive Irish melody, and was played with rare skill and feeling.

The two men stared around in a state of bewilderment.

"The resources of this wonderful house are boundless!" murmured Grant.

"Where should this music be? 'Tis the earth or the air?" sighed Ainsleigh.

As the last soft breath of the fairy-like music died away, the two performers ran noiselessly down the stairs; but, before joining their sister in the kitchen, they peeped around the screen to see how the invalids were progressing.

"Ainsleigh, old chap," they heard Grant say, "I wish you'd oblige me with your ideas on the subject of paradise."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Ainsleigh in a languid tone. "What's the use of talking about ideas when one is enjoying the reality?"

"Can you tell me whether angels always wear large white aprons?" persisted Grant.

"That's the custom of all the angels I have ever met with," was the drowsy reply.

"With bibs to them?" continued the tormentor.

"With bibs—with bibs, of course. Oh, go to sleep, Grant, and let me sleep!"

With a soft chuckle, Grant turned his cheek upon the pillow, and the eavesdroppers flew to report the queer conversation to Constance, and help her in the preparations for dinner.

(Continued.)

It is not altogether strange that a bee-trothal should lead to a honey-moon.

A Western blizzard is what one might call with propriety a "howling success."

It is to be hoped that the students at Princeton College will Patton after the new president of the institution.

First tramp: "Run, run, Jake!" Second tramp: "Eh? Has that farmer got a gun?" "No, he's got a wood pile!"

Kentucky boasts of a citizen named Colonel Cammei. He can go a remarkably long time without water, too.

Curious—but the man who has the best standing in a fashionable church is generally the man who pays the most for his seat.

"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?" The little girl answered, after a moment's reflection, "It is the thing you forget with."

We sometimes exercise with all our might  
In order to create an appetite;  
The appetite created, down we sit  
And do our utmost to get rid of it.

Little Johnny—"Pa, do actors walk and talk like human beings when they are off the stage?" Pa—"Yes, my son—as you say, when they are off the stage."

There was a young lady from Niger,  
Who went to ride on a tiger.  
They returned from the ride,  
With the lady inside,  
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

Tramp (to farmer)—"Does your dog like strangers?" Farmer (re-assuringly)—"Yes, come on; Towser never refused to eat one yet."

A lad who had been bathing was in the act of dressing himself, when one of his shoes rolled down the rocks and disappeared in the water. In his attempt to rescue it he lost the other one also, whereupon, contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized: "Well, you are a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

## A FLOWER'S BALLAD.

"It was a thorn,  
And it stood forlorn  
In the burning sunrise land:

A blighted thorn,  
And at eve and morn  
Thus it sighed to the desert sand:

'Every flower,  
By its beauty's power,  
With a crown of glory is crown'd.

'No crown have I;  
For a crown I sigh,—  
For a crown that I have not found.

'A crown! a crown!  
A crown of mine own,  
To wind in a maiden's hair!

Sad thorn, why grieve?  
Thou a crown shalt weave,  
But not for a maiden to wear.

That crown shall shine  
When all crowns save thine.  
With the glory they gave, are gone:

For, thorn, my thorn,  
Thy crown shall be worn  
By the King of Sorrows alone."

Physician (to patient)—"Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too sick to care for anything)—"Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."

The proper size—Customer (to coal dealer)—"I want to get a ton of coal." Dealer—"Yes, sir; what size?" Customer (timidly)—"Well, if it isn't asking too much, sir, I would like to have a 2000-pound ton."

The rooster would be a much more popular bird if he could only be induced to feel that there is no real, vital necessity for his reporting his whereabouts between midnight and 3 a.m. We know that he is at home, in the bosom of his family. So are we, but we don't get up in the night to brag about it.

Teacher—"There will be no school tomorrow, as it is Washington's birthday. When was Washington born, children?" Pupil—"February 22, 1776." Teacher—"Why, that cannot be. That was the time of the Revolutionary war." Pupil—"But, sir, you said yesterday that he was in arms that year!"

A miser, troubled with heart disease, finally decided to call a physician. After the preliminary examination, the patient asked, "Doctor, how much is it going to cost?" "Not a sou." "Thanks; but you're too kind. I ought not to—" "Oh, don't you trouble yourself. Your heirs will see that I am paid."

Extenuating circumstances:—Magistrate (to prisoner)—"You say, Uncle Rastus, that you took the ham because you are out of work and your family are starving. And yet I understand that you have four dogs about the house." Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah, but I wuddent arsk my family to eat dogs, yo' Honah!"

He—"I never saw clothing so cheap as it is now. Any man can dress like a gentleman." She—"Yes, indeed. So can the ladies."



## ONLY YOU.

If I'm strolling in the meadows,  
Listening to the thrush's song,  
And by accident that evening  
You should chance to come along,  
And should ask to walk beside me,  
Just to say a word or two,  
Why, of course I shouldn't mind it,  
For 'tis only, only you!

If you say you feel much better  
With your arm about my waist,  
Can I think of getting angry  
When you show such perfect taste?  
If while walking you should give me  
Just a loving kiss or two,  
Why, I don't think I should mind it,  
For 'tis only, only you!

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**Woman's World**


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## BUYING THE RING.

WHERE MASCULINE COURAGE FAILS.

"You would be surprised," said a well-known jeweller to me the other day, "if you saw the timidity which a man can show when he comes to purchase that indispensable requirement for matrimony, the wedding-ring. There are exceptions, of course, but I shouldn't be far wrong if I said that the proportion of them is not more than two out of every score cases. Men have come into my shop who would stand without flinching before the cannon's mouth, whose courage, in short, is of the very highest order; but when they come to buy the wedding-ring their hearts, metaphorically speaking, drop down into their boots. Strange, isn't it?"

Of course I had to admit that it was strange; but, being an unmarried man myself, and with no prospect of turning Benedict just yet, I was unable to hazard an opinion as to the solution of the problem. Still I thought it would be a good opportunity to learn something; and I inwardly reflected that the jeweller should be "in the know."

So I pressed him to give the reasons to which he attributed this surprising masculine nervousness.

"It's not easy to say," he said with a smile, "and I have often wondered myself what the real reasons are. The nervousness seems to attach itself to young men rather than old ones; and when the former come in to make their fateful purchase they generally have a feel-like-a-fool sort of look about them. The young man, in a confused sort of way, asks to look at some watch-chains, forgetting, perhaps, that a gold Albert is displayed across his waistcoat, and he will look at a dozen different things before he screws his courage to the sticking-point.

"Then, after a few coughs, he will bend over the counter to look apparently at some of the things under the glass more closely, and feebly ask to be shown some wedding-rings. Well, as you may guess, when the tray is brought to him he doesn't take long in choosing. He picks up one or two rings nervously, chooses the one he thinks will fit his fiancée's finger, plunks down the guinea or whatever the price may be, and with an unexpressed sigh of relief goes out of the shop."

I began to express some surprise, but was interrupted.

"That is only an ordinary case," went on my interlocutor. "Why, the nervousness of some men is so great that they dare not come into the shop at all. It often happens that a man, sooner than come himself, will send a boy, after providing him with a piece of cardboard in which a hole is cut, so that we can give a ring of a proper size. It is really difficult to say why men are so nervous about the matter. After much observation, I think it must be that they feel foolish, and they imagine the jeweller's assistant is laughing at them all the time. An instance of how they feel on the matter I can give you.

"One day a young man came in here and said he wanted a wedding-ring. While he was examining some, another gentleman entered the shop, and, seeing the other, came up and slapped him on the back. It was evident he knew him, and he asked him what he was buying. The other, with some confusion, replied that he was purchasing a watch-chain, oblivious of the fact that the only jewellery on the counter before him were those wedding-rings. I suppose he felt ashamed to own he was going to get married."

Older men, I was informed, are not so particular in the matter, though they all, more or less, have an idea that the man who serves them is laughing. Why the jeweller's assistant should feel any reason for mirth is, of course, difficult to understand; at all events, he is always looked on with suspicion in this respect.

To those young men about to marry, therefore, I would say: Don't pretend when you go to buy the wedding-ring that you want something else. The jeweller is more apt to laugh at your nervousness than at your matrimonial intentions.

## AN AGE OF CUSHIONS.

If this is not an age of cushions, what is it? In the cozy room of a country house the other day were counted twenty-eight cushions, and it was not a very big room either. The footstools were great "toad-stool" cushions, perfectly round and measuring seven-eighths of a yard across. A long low divan was simply piled with square cushions covered with amber velvet; the window seats held more, oblong and holster shape, and the rest were scattered loosely about in the rattan rockers and armchairs. And the young mistress of all this downy softness called through the long French windows to a visiting friend: "Do come out on the piazza. I've piled a half dozen cushions in one hammock for you, and I'm in the other with some more."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

## SHAPES FOR GLOVES AND SHOES.

The woman who prides herself on the perfection of her toilet has in her dressing room nowadays both hand and foot shapes, which, as the name indicates, are models of those useful members. On the facsimile hand and wrist gloves are stretched for cleaning, and it is used to keep a nice pair in shape when not worn. The counterfeit presentment of milady's foot performs the same duty for her dainty boot and slipper, each model being a perfect cast of the individual member.—New York Times.

## THE HOME SNUGGERY.

There should always be one spot in the home kept sacred to the best interests of the family—a room full of comfort, where the sofa is made to lounge on, and the chairs to tilt back, and the carpet to dig the toes in; where the bills and bickerings are alike forbidden, and the straight-laced propriety of the dining-room and the drawing-room can be abandoned for romps and story-telling; where the firelight has a glow of old-fashioned comfort, and the very shadows are tame and approachable; where the dust doesn't show, and nothing is too fine for use, and at the door of which all the burdens drop off—a room whose speech is silver and whose silence is golden, where the tranquillity of a summer Sabbath is broken only by sweet murmurs of love and confidence, where a happy cat curls herself to repose in blissful affinity with a peaceful house-dog; a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Every home should have this one place of retreat. It is no impossible place. Love is the architect; content is its atmosphere.

## RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Speaking of the inclination of many girls to run away and get married, in opposition to their parents' wishes, an elderly friend says the trouble can be remedied easily enough if one knows how to do it.

"I had to steal my wife," he remarked, "and I afterwards found out how the old folks fooled us. It worked so well that when my girls grew up I played it myself.

"Now, there was Emma; she never would have married as she did if she thought her mother and I wanted her to. I took a fancy to Jim, who is a likely fellow, and wanted him for a son-in-law. So I began to run him down before Emma; told her she mustn't go with him any more, and finally forbade him coming to the house altogether."

"And what did she do?" interrupted the listener.

"See ran off with him the next night, just as I knew she would. I tied the dogs up myself after dark to keep them from spoiling the fun. I played the same trick on Mollie when William was coming to see her.

"The night they went away, though, I forgot about the dogs, and Mollie dosed every one of 'em for fear they'd bite Will when he came for her. I got another good son-in-law, but I lost every dog in the place."

## CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

Algernon.—"Awfully mannish get-up that young lady wears, don't you think?"

Cholly.—"Oh, she's a daughter of one of our Knights, and wears a shirt of *male* out of respect for the old feudal days."

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

Fair Parishioner.—"The prospects of Christian Union seem to be getting brighter, don't you think so, Dr. Rambler?"

Rev. Dr. Rambler.—"Decidedly so. There is now a substantial union amongst the Evangelical denominations on many doctrines, and an absolute agreement among the ministers on at least one important point—the necessity and duty of going to Europe for a summer holiday."

## THE BISHOP AND THE BUSHMAN.

During the ten years he was in Australia as Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse, the present Bishop of Manchester, made himself very popular through his geniality, tolerance, and common-sense.

One night the Bishop was about to lecture in a little township perched on a plateau in the Australian Alps. The hall was packed, but a young bushman, attired in a striped shirt and moleskin trousers, and wearing a flaming red comforter, was determined to push his way to the front.

He thought he saw a vacant seat on the platform, and made for it.

"Would you mind shoving up a bit, missus?" he said to a quiet, homely-looking lady.

"No, no; you mustn't sit there," interposed the local clergyman; "that's the Bishop's wife."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Bishop, who had overheard the remark. "Squeeze up a bit, Mary."

Mrs. Moorhouse laughingly acquiesced, and the young bushman in many-colored attire sat by the side of the Bishop's wife throughout the lecture.

## A GOWN SEEN AT WEST POINT.

A pretty carriage toilet was seen at West Point, and the susceptible heart of the cadet succumbed at once and has been captive ever since. The gown that created such havoc in our army is of India silk, white, with dainty little moss rosebuds scattered here and there, and looking so natural that one is strongly inclined to pick them. There is a delicate odor of rose sachet pervading the whole dress that completes this illusion. The skirt has a deep flounce of Irish point embroidery, caught up at intervals by small bows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

The bodice has a V of white mull gathered very full at the neck and brought down to the waist line. The lower edge of the bodice has a narrow ruffle of Irish point embroidery. The sleeves are of mull; they are large and full, and are gathered into a deep cuff of the embroidery. The hat worn with this costume is a large, black Leghorn, covered with black ostrich feathers. Black suede shoes peep out beneath the gown. While outing gloves, stitched with black, cover two little hands that hold an immense white parasol.—New York Advertiser.

## A GOOD WORD FOR THE SAILOR HAT.

The little round sailor hat is after all the only durable and always presentable head gear for the watering places. A big Gainsborough may make one look demure, piquant and coquettish, but it gathers all the dust and sand and it is almost impossible to tie a veil around it; then if you are out sailing the wind gets under it; it plays havoc with the hair, either straightens it all out and makes you look heathenish or catches in the hairpins and draws the plaits out of shape. The dear little hat! It has



so many pleasant traits. Two heads can get in very small places with sailor hats on.—New York Recorder.

## THE HADJI SAID.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

The Hadji said, "If o'er my tomb  
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,  
And if with tears the spot should be  
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,  
My rest would be a blissful rest,  
And I would count the Hadji blest."

No roses deck the Hadji's grave—  
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—  
And never woman's eye grows dim  
In that strange land at thought of him;  
And yet, no doubt, the Hadji's rest  
Is quite as sweet as if his breast  
Were by a million roses prest,  
And woman made his grave her quest.

## TO KEEP ROSES OVER WINTER.

Take them up after a good hard frost and heel them in, in some protected place in the garden; lay them close together at an angle of about forty-five degrees, pack the earth closely around the roots, then cover the whole with newly fallen leaves to the depth of six inches; over the leaves lay some brush or throw over them sufficient earth to keep the leaves from being scattered by the wind. The following spring gradually uncover upon the approach of warm weather, and replant as soon as the soil is in proper condition.

## PRUNING THE GRAPE.

Cut the vine and bud higher than it is intended to have it grow, and rub off the bud just below the cut. A cut just above a bud must, in the dying back of the wood, injure that bud (the most important one left on the vine) for the coming year.

She.—"John, if I accept you, you will not object to mamma visiting us as much as she wishes to?"

He.—"Of course not, dear."

She.—"And of course papa may accompany her?"

He.—"Certainly."

She.—"And Bertie and Nellie may come too, for they are too young to be left alone?"

He.—"Of course."

She.—"And you will occasionally go off and spend a few weeks somewhere else, so it will be just like home used to be?"

He.—"Yes."

She.—"Well then, you may ask papa and mamma to help you select the ring."

Those who ought to know say that "he" has not been to see "her" since, and that is a year ago.

One degree meaner than the man who never gives up his seat to a lady in the train, is the fellow who bullies the small boy and tells him to stand up and let the lady sit down.

"How would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately."

"Perhaps so, father; but his hair is so red that—"

"True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."

Mistress.—"Jane, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture."

Jane.—"All right, mum. I'll pull down the blinds."



## PRETTY TO LOOK AT.

HOW A YOUNG LADY GOT THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR POULTRY.

One of our subscribers from southern Wisconsin recently called at the office. Among other things he said: "My seventeen-year-old daughter has quite an eye to business, and noting the very tidy and attractive style in which many articles of merchandise are put up nowadays, she concluded the scheme was applicable to many farm products as well, and when fitting a lot of poultry for market last winter she gave it a trial. She marketed forty dressed chickens during the last week in December, selling them through a Chicago commission house.

"The November lot was dry picked, drawn, and the skin of the neck tied with common string. They were then packed in the ordinary way in a barrel and shipped. The net returns were 8½ cents per pound. The December lot was from the same flock and no better or fatter; they were dressed precisely the same, but the neck skin was carefully trimmed with shears and tied with a cheap, narrow blue ribbon in a double bow knot. The feet were thoroughly cleaned, and each fowl placed in a sitting position, and when cold the same kind of ribbon was tied around the body, over the feet and wings, with a double bow knot on the back.

"She obtained a store box of sufficient size and planed off all lettering. A row of unbroken rye straw, the length of the height of the inside of the box was placed on end around the ends and sides about one and a half inches thick, with a layer of straw in the bottom. This was covered with fowl placed closely together with their backs up, a course of straight rye straw was put over these, followed by more birds, and so on until the box was full. The box was then shipped to the same firm, and the net returns was thirteen cents per pound, while the market quotations were quarter of a cent less per pound than in November. A letter accompanied the remittance saying it was the most attractive lot of dressed poultry ever seen in the market, and that one hundred boxes like it could have been sold in one hour."—Farm, Stock and Home.

"Doctor," said Sohker, "how would you treat a man who was subject to dipsomania?"

"I wouldn't treat him at all," replied the doctor, after a moment's consideration; "treating is the bane of our civilization."

And the applicant for the information paid the usual fee and left the consulting room.

Men may come and men may go; but for coming and going the servant girl has a record that never will be broken except by herself.

# A World of Atoms

## ELECTRICIAN EDISON'S NOVEL DEFINITION OF WHAT IS LIFE.

Human Activity, Human Emotions, and every Human Impulse Directed Intelligently by Atoms, Imbued with Consciousness.

(From The Saturday Ledger, Nov. 25th.)

"What is Life?"

The question was addressed to Edison, the famous electrician, the other day.

His reply, which followed promptly, has aroused the most sensational interest among scientists, doctors, and preachers everywhere. Its propositions, while they will stagger the ordinary mind, have already been hailed as reasons that may light the way for new enquiries, and open new paths in the study of the great problem. Mr. Edison's contribution to this remarkable symposium is filled with food for thought. It is here given just as it comes from his pen:—

### INTELLIGENT ATOMS.

"My mind is not of a speculative order," writes Mr. Edison; "it is essentially practical, and when I am making an experiment I think only of getting something useful, of making electricity perform work.

"I don't soar; I keep down pretty close to earth. Of course there are problems in life I can't help thinking about, but I don't try to study them out. It is necessary that they should be studied, and men fitted for that work are doing it. I am not fitted for it. I leave the theoretical study of electricity to the physicists, confining my work to the practical application of the force. It is my belief, however, that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ. The intelligencies of man is, I take it, the sum of the intelligencies of the atoms of which he is composed. Every atom has an intelligent power of selection, and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms. The human body, I think, is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between the atoms so to persist. When the harmonious adjustment is destroyed the man dies, and the atoms seek other relations.

"I cannot regard the order of decay but as the result of the efforts of the atoms to disassociate themselves; they want to get away and make new combinations. Man, therefore, may be regarded in some sort as a microcosm of atoms agreeing to constitute his life as long as order and discipline can be maintained. But of course, there is disaffection, rebellion and anarchy, leading eventually to death, and through death to new forms of life, for life I regard as indestructible. That is, if matter is indestructible.

### LIFE IN MATTER.

"All matter lives and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Consider growing corn, for example. An atom of oxygen comes flying along the air. It seeks combination with other atoms and goes to the corn, not by chance, but by intention. It is seized by other atoms that need oxygen and is packed away in the corn where it can do its work. Now carbon, hydrogen and oxygen enter into the composition of every organic substance in one form of arrangement or another. The formula CHO, in fact, is almost universal.

"Very well, then, why does a tree atom of carbon select any particular one out of fifty thousand or more possible positions unless it wants to? I cannot see how we can deny intelligence to this act of volition on the part of the atom. To say that one atom has an affinity for another is simply to use a big word. The atom is conscious if man is conscious, is intelligent if man is intelligent, exercises will power if man does, is, in its own little way, all that man is. We are told by geologists that in the earliest periods no form of life could exist on the earth.

"How do they know that? A crystal is devoid of this vital principle they say, and yet certain kinds of atoms invariably arrange themselves in a particular way to form a crystal. They did that in geological periods ante-dating the appearance of any form of life and have been doing it ever since in precisely the same way. Some crystals form in branches like a fern. Why are there not life in the growth of a crystal?

Was the vital principle specially created at some particular period of the earth's history, or did it exist and control every atom of matter when the earth was molten? I cannot avoid the conclusion that all matter is composed of intelligent atoms and that life and mind are merely synonyms for the aggregation of atomic intelligence.

"Of course there is a source of energy. Nature is a perpetual motion machine, and perpetual motion implies a sustaining and impelling force.

### IT WOULD SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

"When I was in Berlin I met Du Bois Reymond, and wagging the end of my finger, I said to him, 'What is that? What moves that finger?' He said he didn't know; that investigators have for twenty-five years been trying to find out. If anybody could tell him what wagged that finger the problem of life would be solved.

"There are many forms of energy resulting from the combustion of coal under a boiler. Some of these forms we know something about in a practical way, but there may be many others we don't know anything about.

"Perhaps electricity will itself be superseded in time, who knows? Now a beef-steak in the human stomach is equivalent to coal under a boiler. By oxidation it excites energy that does work, but what form of energy is it? It is not steam pressure. It acts through the nerve cells, performs work that can be measured in foot pounds, and can be transformed into electricity, but the actual nature of this force which produces this work—which makes effectual the mandate of the will—is unknown.

"It is not magnetism, it doesn't attract iron. It is not electricity—at least not such a form of electricity as we are familiar with. Still, here it is necessary to be guarded, because so many different forms of electricity are known to science that it would be rash to say positively that we shall not classify vital energy as a form of electrical energy. We cannot argue anything from difference in speed. Nerve force may travel as fast as electricity, once it gets started. The apparent slowness may be in the brain. It may take an appreciable time for the brain to set the force going.

### MUSIC FROM A FROG'S LEG.

"I made an experiment with a frog's leg that indicates something of the kind. I took a leg that was susceptible to galvanic current. The vibration produced a note as a piccolo. While the leg was alive it responded to the electrical current; when it was dead it would not respond. After the frog's leg had been lying in the laboratory three days I couldn't make it squeal. The experiment was conclusive as to this point:—The vital force in the nerves of the leg was capable of acting with speed enough to induce the vibration of the diaphragm necessary to produce sound.

"Certainly this rate of speed is much greater than physiologists appear to allow, and it seems reasonable that there is a close affinity between vital energy and electricity. I do not say they are identical; on the contrary I say they are very like. If one could learn to make vital energy direct without fuel, that is without beefsteak in the stomach, and in such manner that the

Incorporated, 1887, with Cash Capital of \$50,000.

# THE OWEN



# ELECTRIC BELT

AND APPLIANCE CO.

49 KING ST. W., TORONTO, Ont

G. C. PATTERSON, Mgr. for Can.

Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances,

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It is fast taking the place of drugs in all nervous and rheumatic troubles, and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. It is nature's remedy, and by its steady, soothing current that is readily felt,

## POSITIVELY CURES

THE FOLLOWING:

Rheumatism,	Sexual Weakness.
Sciatica,	Female Complaints,
General Debility,	Impotency,
Lumbago,	Kidney Diseases,
Nervous Diseases,	Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia,	Lame Back.
Varicocele,	Urinary Diseases.

## RHEUMATISM.

It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces.

## To Restore Manhood and Womanhood

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Battery and Suspensory. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practicing a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

## We Challenge the World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant, by simply reducing the current. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured than all other makes combined.

**Electric Insoles.**—Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chills and Cramps in the feet and legs. Price \$1, by mail.

## Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts.

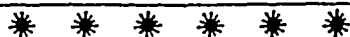
Our attention having been attracted to an imitation of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt, that is being peddled through the country from town to town, we desire to warn the public against such.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.

**THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO'Y,**  
49 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Mention this paper. Head Office, Chicago.



human system could appropriate it, the elixir of life would no longer be a dream of alchemy. But we have not yet learned to make electricity directly without the aid of fuel and steam.

"I believe this is possible; indeed, I have been experimenting in this direction for some time past. But until we can learn to make electricity, like nature, out of disturbed air, I am afraid the more delicate task of manufacturing vital energy so that it can be bottled and sold at the family grocery store will have to be deferred.

#### A FORM OF ENERGY.

"Electricity, by the way, is properly merely a form of energy and not a fluid. As for the ether which speculative science supposes to exist, I don't know anything about it. Nobody has discovered anything of the kind. In order to make their theories hold together they have, it seems to me, created the ether. But the ether imagined by them is unthinkable to me. I don't say I disagree with them, because I don't pretend to have any theories of that kind and am not competent to dispute with speculative scientists. All I can say is, my mind is unable to accept the theory. The ether, they say, is as rigid as steel and as soft as butter. I can't catch on to that idea.

"I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent, for man himself I regard as so much matter. Energy I know can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it works not only upon, but through matter. What this matter is, what this energy is, I do not know.

"However, it is possible that it is simply matter and energy, and that any desire to know too much about the whole question should be diagnosed as a disease; such a disease as German doctors are said to have discovered among the students of their universities—the disease of asking questions."

A story is told of a shrewish Scotch-woman who tried to wean her husband from the dram shop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighter ohn on his way home.

"Who are you?" said the man, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush.

"I am Old Nick," was the reply.

"Come away, man," said John, nothing daunted. "Give's a shake of your hand. I am married to a sister of yours."

#### HER MONEYMAKERS.

"Come out and see my moneymakers," said a lady living in the country to a friend from the city who was visiting her. "These," she continued, as they came to a large and well appointed hen house, "are my 'church hens'; all that I make out of them above expenses is devoted to religious objects.

"The geese you see down there on the pond are my 'poor and needy geese.' They cost little or nothing, and the profits are applied to the relief of the poor and needy. Away down beyond that wood I keep a drove of hogs, 'dress hogs' I call them, because I buy my dresses out of what I make from them.

"Those Alderney cows are my 'theatre and opera cows.' I saw four Wagner operas last winter out of the profits of one of them. You see that bed of strawberries? Well, we don't call them strawberries, but 'shoe berries.' I buy all the children's shoes and my own, too, out of the income from that strawberry patch.

"These and many other little money making schemes I manage myself, without troubling my husband, who works in the city for a not very big salary. Consequently we have a great many comforts and luxuries that we couldn't otherwise have; and I thoroughly enjoy the work too."

Do not this lady's methods suggest a host of little things which other ladies might turn to use as moneymakers and find health and pleasure in so doing?—*Youth's Companion.*

#### NO MYSTERY TO HIM.

A stubbed farmer, who had come to market with a load of potatoes, entered a restaurant near the Central Market and called for a dozen oysters on the half shell. A couple of jokers happened to be in the place, and, while one attracted the farmer's attention for a moment, another dropped a bullet into one of the oyster shells. The man gulped down one after another, until he got the one with

the bullet in his mouth. Calmly and quietly he bit at the lead with his teeth—calmly and quietly he removed it from his mouth and turned it to the light.

"By George! but it's a bullet!" cried one of the men.

"Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other.

"Well, that is a mystery!" said the man behind the counter.

"Gentlemen, that's no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the battle of Fair Oaks, over twenty years ago, I was hit in the leg by that very bullet. It's been a long time working up, but she's here at last, and I'll have it hung to my watch chain if it costs me \$5."

#### VERY WEAK.

Some time ago a man called on his brother, who was a farmer at a place some eight miles from B—, which was the nearest town to procure necessaries.

His brother happening to be out, his sister-in-law requested him to wait until he returned. In the meantime she offered him some of their home-brewed ale, saying:—

"Will you have a drop of our ale. It's right good. I can recommend it, as Bob fetched the malt and hops all the way from B—."

He complied, and when he had taken a good drink she asked him what he thought of it.

"Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it's a pity he hadn't to go as far for the wæ'er."

"Ma, do the little ducks like water?"

"Yes, dear."

"But they don't like to be out in the rain, do they?"

"Oh, yes, they do."

"Then why does the nurse take an umbrella with her, when she goes out in the rain? She's a little duck."

"Who says so?"

"Pa; I heard him tell her she was a little duck yesterday."

Cut this Out and Send it to the Publishers of "The Glowworm."

Date,

189

To the Publishers of

"THE GLOWWORM,"

19½ Richmond St. E., Toronto, Canada.

Gentlemen,

Please find enclosed the sum of \$

being my subscription for

"THE GLOWWORM" from

189

to

189

Yours truly,

Name

P. O.

Province

## Household Receipts.

### COOKERY LESSONS.

#### FOOD FOR THE CONVALESCENTS.

There is often a great desire for vegetable food, and when this is the case nothing will taste better than potato fluff. Wash as fine and large a potato as you can find and bake it until soft, then cut it carefully lengthwise so that there will be no ragged edges, remove the inside of the potato, mash it well and stir it lightly with the white of an egg, which has been previously beaten to a stiff froth. Add a little salt and milk and heap it back into the potato skins, return to the oven and bake in a brisk oven for five minutes more. With a bit of broiled fresh fish and a little fruit, a breakfast dainty enough for a prince may be served. Cooked celery is always a welcome dish to the invalid's tray, and creaming is the best way to prepare it. Cut the celery, which has been well scraped and washed, into small square pieces, and boil it in salted water until it is tender. Put a teaspoon of butter and two teaspoons of rice flour in a bowl and set it into boiling water, adding slowly a quarter of a pint of cream and half a pint of hot milk, stirring until the rice flour is thoroughly cooked. Season with salt and white pepper. Pour this over the celery and serve as hot as may be.

Oysters are admissible in convalescence from nearly all diseases and may be cooked in nearly any way except by frying. Venison and wild game being rich in phosphate, are especially suitable for repairing Nature's weakened outposts, and a juicy mutton chop with most of the fat trimmed off, and served with green peas and fresh or stewed tomatoes, will be an acceptable dinner if there is no objection to the seeds of the tomatoes. The maximum amount of nourishment in broiling meats is obtained by placing the piece to be served between two other pieces, one above and one below it, on the gridiron. The juices from each outside piece run into the central tid bit as the gridiron is turned. It is well to season meat but slightly before cooking, as salt toughens its fiber, but vegetables should be boiled in salted water, for this hardens the water, and the potash, which is an important element in the composition of many vegetables, is retained.

The convalescent should return as soon as possible to his three regular meals a day, as this gives the stomach plenty of time to do its work without overtaxing it, but the patient should not be allowed to become faint for want of food even at the risk of breaking over the rule. A glass of milk or some other light form of nourishment should be taken before going to sleep at night and also upon awakening from a nap during the day, if any faintness is experienced. Daintiness and diversity are the *sine qua non* of the invalid's daily menu, and in striving for the latter one is tempted into concocting dishes that shall be as the "four and twenty blackbirds" that were "baked in a pie," but do not forget that digestibility is of paramount importance and do not let any article of food of questionable utility find its way to the invalid's tray if you would have "good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."—*H. S. Clark.*

#### A GOOD FARMHOUSE DINNER.

A very good dinner is of fried sausage, mashed potato, fried apples, stewed tomatoes and apple roly-poly. Bulk sausage is best. Cut, and make into cakes, flour, and fry well. Cut sour apples in slices, fry brown in sausage fat and place around the meat as a garnish. Stew one quart of tomatoes, half a teacup of bread crumbs, season with butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper. Stew twenty minutes and serve hot. For the apple roly-poly make a crust of two teacups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, two tablespoons of shortening, and sweet milk to make a rollable dough. Spread with one teacup of stewed and sweetened apples, roll up, pinch the ends together, and steam one hour. Serve with any preferred sauce. For breakfast the next morning, chop the remaining cold sausage, add twice as much mashed potato, one chopped onion, one beaten egg; make into cakes and fry. Serve with baked apples, johnny cake, Saratoga potatoes, cup cakes and coffee, and you will have a good breakfast.—*Mary Carrier Parsons.*

#### ICE CREAM, No. 1.

One quart new milk, one quart cream, four eggs, three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Boil the milk; add eggs and sugar well beaten together. When cold, add flavoring, and freeze.

#### ICE CREAM, No. 2.

One quart of cream, one pint of milk, one cup of sugar; flavor to taste. Beat the cream to a froth; stir in the milk and sugar thoroughly, and freeze.

#### FROSTING.

Whites of two eggs beaten to a froth; add a cup of sugar and tablespoonful of powdered starch.

#### CHOCOLATE FROSTING.

Two squares of chocolate, one and a half cups sugar, one-half cup of boiling water.

#### SPANISH CREAM.

Dissolve one-third of a box of gelatine in three-fourths of a quart of milk for one hour; then put on the stove, and when boiling, stir in the yolks of three eggs beaten with three-fourths of a cup of sugar; when it is boiling hot, remove from the fire, and stir in the whites of three eggs well beaten. Flavor to taste; pour in moulds.

#### FRICANDELLES.

Take cold beef, veal, or any other meat, the more variety the better, hash it fine, and mix with two eggs, a little grated onion, melted butter, two crackers pounded, pepper, salt. Form into balls, and fry in butter. Serve with drawn butter flavored with lemon.

#### SPICED BEEF.

Five pounds of the shank, boiled five hours with celery seed. Drain off the gelatine then, and chop the meat very fine; add pepper and salt to taste, and put it into a cloth, on a platter. Cover with the cloth, and press it.

#### SPICED BEEF—(Served Hot).

Fry three or four slices of pork a light brown; then lay in the beef (the round is good for this purpose) in one piece. Let it brown a little on both sides; then cover it with water, and let it stew over a moderate fire four or five hours in a covered kettle. Add water when it boils

away to make gravy. About half an hour before it is done, salt and pepper to taste; add one teaspoonful of sweet marjoram, and if agreeable, one-half of an onion sliced. Pour the gravy over the beef when serving it.

#### BAKED OMELET.

Heat three gills of milk with a dessert spoonful of butter in it; beat thoroughly four or five eggs; wet a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of salt in a little cold milk. Mix the eggs with the flour and cold milk, then add the hot milk, stirring fast. Bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

#### OMELET SOUFFLE.

One pint sweet milk, made boiling hot, one cup of flour, mixed very smoothly in a little cold milk, one spoonful sugar, piece of butter size of a walnut. Stir all into the boiling milk till it is quite stiff (this can be done early in the morning). When cool, stir in the yolks of five eggs, thoroughly beaten, adding the whites last, also thoroughly beaten. Bake half an hour.

#### VEAL LOAF.

Take three and one-half pounds of veal, fat and lean, one thick slice of salt pork; chop the whole raw; take six common crackers pounded fine, two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of pepper, a little clove, and any herb to suit the taste. Mix it well together, and make into a loaf like bread; put into a shallow baking pan with a little water; cover with bits of butter, and dredge flour over it. Bake slowly two hours, basting it as you would meat. This is nice, cut in thin slices for a tea dish, and it will keep good for some time.

#### BUNS.

Three cups new milk, one cup of sugar, one half cup of yeast; make a stiff batter at night; in the morning mix one-half cup of butter and one and a half cups of sugar, and mix with the batter, flour to roll out, and currants. Cut out as biscuit, and raise them light before baking.

#### FRUIT CAKE.

Two eggs, one and a half cups of molasses, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, three cups of flour, one pound currants or raisins—improved by citron. Bake two hours rather slowly.

#### CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.

One-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, less than one-half cup of molasses, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda in molasses to foam, one cup of chopped raisins, a little clove and cinnamon.

#### NEW YORK CUP CAKE.

Take four eggs, four tumblers of sifted flour, three tumblers of powdered white sugar, one tumbler of butter, one tumbler of rich milk, one glass of white wine, a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus. Warm the milk and cut in the butter, keeping it by the fire until the butter is melted; stir into the milk the eggs beaten very lightly, in turn with the flour; add the spice and wine, and lastly the saleratus dissolved in a little vinegar. Stir it all very hard. Bake in a loaf, in a moderate oven.



### GLOWWORM.

Glowworm is the female of one of the species of lampyris; the light is most frequently observable early in the summer when the animal is in motion. It can be withdrawn or displayed at pleasure by contracting or unfolding the body. When crushed in the hand this luminous substance adheres to it and continues to shine till it dries. This extraordinary provision of nature is for the purpose of attracting the male. The glow-worm is apterous or without wings. The male possesses elytra which cover wings longer than the body. The head and antennae are black, the former concealed by the broad plate of the thorax. The four last rings of the abdomen, which emit the light, are not so bright in the male as in the female, and are nearly destitute of that luminous quality which renders her so remarkable.

### TIME TO PLANT GARDEN TULIPS.

There is one good use to make of the flower beds, and that is to fill them with Dutch bulbs of various kinds, and none give greater satisfaction than tulips. The time to do the planting is as soon as frosts have destroyed the summer flowers. This will usually be in October, but may sometimes be later. As soon as planted the bulbs at once begin to root and continue growing, except the beds become solidly frozen. By the time the beds are wanted again in the early summer the flowering of the tulips is over, and it has been proven that the bulbs, top and all, may be lifted, placed in some out-of-the-way place to ripen for the next year, and that this may go on for years. Here, then, is a famous chance to give a month of floral beauty from what would otherwise be naked beds of soil. All this class of bulbs show off best planted thickly, small bulbs like the crocus, as close as two or three inches, with hyacinths, narcissus and tulips not over six inches apart. Small bulbs should be planted three inches deep, larger about four. Any soil suitable for the summer flowers the bulbs will grow in, a preference lying in it being somewhat sandy. If there is any choice of location of the beds, select such as are sheltered from the trying cold spring winds. Not that the plants are not hardy, but to keep the early flowers from being beat about by the storms. If for the home use, select such spots as show well from some of the windows of the dwelling. As there is some little difference in the time of flowering and size to which they grow, plant such groups as ranunculus, tourmaline, and common garden tulips by themselves, the latter being the latest to flower of all. These latter are excellent for planting in and among shrubs.

### WHAT A COIN DID.

A coin is in itself a history. There was once a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia, King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he over-

ran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters Pandosia inscribed on it, but, what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well-known river, Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Brutium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a shilling, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British Museum £200, the price they paid for it.

### AN ARCTIC TEMPEST.

It is impossible, according to Arctic explorers, to form an adequate idea of a tempest in the polar seas. Icebergs are then like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and return to the charge until, losing their equilibrium, they tumble over in a cloud of spray, with a noise like the hissing of a monster serpent. The sea gulls fly away screaming, and often a whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks are enveloped in a halo of beautiful purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. "We passed," says a recent polar navigator, "from a heated cabin at 30 degrees above zero, to 47 degrees below zero in the open air, without inconvenience." A much higher degree becomes, however, insufferable if there is a wind. At 15 degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once, frozen by the wind, it falls in a faint powder. This phenomenon is called sea smoke. At 40 degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light, continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and throws off smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them.

### ETIQUETTE OF WEDDINGS.

The bridesmaids precede the bride to church and wait for her in the church porch.

She goes to church alone with her father, or whoever gives her away.

A bride may be given away by her mother in default of male relatives.

The bridegroom with his best man should await her at the chancel rails or at the entrance to the choir.

As she enters the church the bridesmaids must fall into procession behind her, and follow her up the aisle.

On reaching the bridegroom's side she hands her bouquet and gloves to her first bridesmaid.

She should make the responses in a firm clear voice; it is ill-bred to look about her, or to behave with levity.

When the service is over the bridegroom gives her his arm to conduct her to the vestry for the signing of the register.

The bride signs her name in full—her maiden surname for the last time. The first bridesmaid signs as witness.

On leaving the vestry, the bride and bridegroom go first, arm-in-arm, leaving the bridesmaids and other guests to follow.

The bride's father provides the carriage to take her to church, the bridegroom that to take her from it.

It is unusual now to have a wedding breakfast. Afternoon weddings and receptions are far more fashionable.

The wedding cake must be cut by the bride; but the making of speeches and proposing of toasts is happily growing obsolete.

The bride retires to change her dress for a travelling costume before the guests have left.

Wedding favors are now confined to the horses' ears and the servants. They are small, and have a bunch of white flowers on them.

The bridegroom pays the fees, and arranges for all decoration of the church—carpets, awnings, &c.

### RIDE ON A CAMEL.

The *Telegraph* Dongola correspondent writes: "A few days ago I had my first ride on a camel, and I thought it would have been my last. It was to go to our camp that I got cross-legged upon an Arab saddle, insecurely fastened by strings upon the back of a great, lumbering hump-backed brute. I no sooner attempted to take my place on the saddle than the camel, which was lying prone, into which position he had been forced began grunting like an old village pump violently worked. At the same time he turned his prehensile lips aside, grinned like a bull-dog and showed a grinning row of teeth, which he sought to close upon me. I got aboard without accident and had not long to wait for a rise. The first movement, as he lifted his fore-legs, nearly sent me over backwards; the next, as he straightened his hind legs, still more nearly tipped me over his head. I had been warned to hold tight, but it was only the clutch of desperation that saved me. After several lunges and plunges the brute got fairly on his legs. The reins consisted of a rope round his neck for steering and a string fastened to a ring thrust in his nostrils, to pull up his head and stop him when going too fast. My camel began to move forward, whereupon I oscillated and see-sawed as if seized with sea-sickness or cramps in the stomach. Involuntary as the movement was, an hour of it would, I am sure, have made as abject a victim of me as the worst sufferer on a channel passage. A heartless friend was in front of me on another camel, which he set trotting. Instantly I became as helpless as a child, for my camel disregarded the strain on his nostrils and my fervent ejaculations. My profane Arabic vocabulary was too limited to have the slightest effect. I

swayed to and fro, was bumped up and down, until I was almost shaken to pieces. It would have been a positive relief could I have found myself at rest on the ground, but the motion was so incessant I had not time to make up my mind what course to adopt. It ended as even experiences of the worst kind must do, and I found myself still on the camel's back. Not so my humorous friend, who to my great comfort performed a double summersault and did not succeed in landing quite on his feet. I was told I should become accustomed to camel-riding, and might even get to like it. But my faith is not great enough for that."

### BEES AND COLD WEATHER.

Bees are tiny creatures, and are not provided with blankets and overcoats; therefore their owners should look after their comfort. There has been much said about the cruelty of destroying bees with sulphur fumes, and little about those who let them shiver for months, and finally yield to the inevitable. Which is the more humane?

Good, strong colonies of bees with plenty of well ripened stores can come through the zero weather with colors flying, provided they are kept dry. This may appear at first glance to be an easy matter with a tight roof over their heads, but the danger is not from outside, but moisture from within. During very cold weather bees consume large quantities of honey in order to generate heat, and the moisture passes off in vapour through breathing holes in their bodies. If the air surrounding the cluster is very cold, this vapour congeals above and around them, and will do no harm as long as the cold continues, but let a thaw come on and the bees will be in a sad plight; should the weather turn suddenly cold the cluster will be frozen solid. Bee-keepers have been experimenting along this line, how to prevent dampness during cold weather, for many years.

There is no time now to be lost in looking after bees that are expected to survive the winter. Where a colony is known to have a young, vigorous queen and plenty of bees, they need no attention at present unless they have but little honey, and even then I would not feed until the frost had killed the flowers, for I have known large colonies to fill their hives during the last ten days of grace preceding frost. But all small colonies should be doubled up, as I have stated in previous articles.

I laid down my pen just now and went out into the apiary and opened a hive. O, dear me! I had forgotten that it hurt so bad to be stung. As long as I do not disturb a hive, no one is even stung, although there are more than one hundred colonies in close proximity to the house. There has been so little honey all summer that when a hive is disturbed the bees seem to think that they must defend their all at the risk of their lives and care naught for smoke.

This morning I was requested to stand in the shade and look up at the sky. I soon saw the reason why. The bees were darting in the direction of the river bottom; it almost seemed as though there would not be a bee left in the apiary. If this rush for the river bottom continues

many days, we feel assured that we shall have to feed but little for winter stores.—Mrs. Harrison.

### ECONOMICAL PAINT.

A paint for floors, which economizes the use of oil colors and varnish, is described at much length in the *Builder*, as a recent German invention. For flooring, two and one-eighth ounces of good, clear joiner's glue is soaked over night in cold water, and, when dissolved, is added, while being stirred, to thickish milk of lime, heated to the boiling point, and prepared from one pound of quick lime. Into boiling lime is poured—the stirring being continued—as much linseed oil as becomes united, by means of saponification, with the lime, and when the oil no longer mixes there is no more poured in. If there happens to be too much oil added, it must be combined by the addition of some fresh lime paste—about half a pound of oil for the quantity of lime just named. After this white, thickish foundation paint has cooled, a color is added which is not affected by lime, and, in case of need, the paint is diluted with water, or by the addition of a mixture of lime water with some linseed oil. The substance penetrates into the wood and renders it water-resisting.

### HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain a little later than usual.

"Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?"

"Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion in your head?"

"Well, he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."—*Philadelphia Call*.

### THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN.

A street car, so loaded down that passengers were hanging to the platforms by their toes, was going up Michigan Avenue the other day, when one of the "hangers" remarked to the other: "Bet you a cigar we won't go another block before some fool of a woman will stop the car and crowd in." "I'll take that bet." "All right." The car had gone half a block before the driver put on the brake and the conductor asked the men to make way for a lady. "Didn't I tell you!" exclaimed the first man in a triumphant voice, "the fool is at hand." "Well, I'll pay," replied the other, "but do you know who it is?" "Great jims! but it's my own wife!" growled the better as he dropped off the step in disgust and took to the sidewalk.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Young man, don't brag too much of your ancestry. You must remember that your first parents couldn't show a marriage certificate to save em.

Infant Mistress (to children): "You must not play tramways to-day; it is Sunday."

Little one (simply): "Please, miss, we ain't; we's playin' foonerals."

### WITTICISMS, OR FUNNY STORIES.

Nowadays a washerwoman will spend hours over a single line—and she earns quite as much money as many poets, too.

Black were the eyes—as black as jet—  
Of the country maid I knew;  
I kissed her, and her lover came,  
And mine are jet black too.

She.—"I shall always be happy while this ring is on my finger."

He (dubiously).—"I hope so; but you are the thirteenth girl who has worn it."

Young man—"I have fifteen clocks I'd like to sell you."

Jeweller—"I don't buy stolen goods, sir."

"But they weren't stolen, my dear sir. I was married yesterday."

Elderly maiden (out rowing with a possible suitor and her little sister, who is frightened by the waves)—"Theodora! If you are so nervous now, what will you be at my age?"

Little Sister (meekly)—"Thirty-seven, I suppose."

Father—"Now, listen to me, children: I want you from now to be as bad as you know how."

Tommy—"Won't you whip us, pa?"

Father—"Not if you are very bad, but I'll whip you if you behave yourselves. Your aunt is coming to visit us, and I don't want her to stay long."

Singleton—"I asked Miss Passe, point-blank, her age last night. She said she wouldn't tell me, but she would write it on a sheet of paper if I'd sign my name to it."

Benedict—"What is her age?"

"I didn't find out. The paper she produced was a marriage license."

Mrs. De Fine: "Here's my new bonnet. Isn't it a darling? Only thirty shillings."

Mr. De Fine: "You said bonnets could be bought at from five shillings up."

Mrs. De Fine: "Yes dear. This is one of the ups."

Pipkin (addressing Captain of Ocean Liner): "How long will it take to reach the other side?"

Captain: "Six days, if we don't have any trouble with the boilers."

Pipkin: "But if we do have trouble?"

Captain: "We may get there a good deal sooner."

Georgie is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said:

"Now, mamma, I'm a kid."

"Yes, my dear," said she.

"Do you know what kind of a kid I am, mamma?"

"No, darling."

"Well, nakid."

A widow called at the sculptor's studio to see the clay model of the bust of her late husband.

"I can change it in any particular that you may desire, madam," said the artist.

The woman regarded it with tearful eyes. "The nose is large."

"A large nose is an indication of goodness," responded the attentive and versatile artist.

The widow wiped away her tears and sobbed, "Well, then, make the nose larger."



## SPECIAL PRIZES.

### 1ST PRIZE:

The person sending the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the "Glowworm" will receive (\$25) twenty-five dollars in gold.

### 2ND PRIZE:

For the second largest list of Yearly Subscribers, (\$15) fifteen dollars in gold.

### 3RD PRIZE:

For the third largest list (\$10) ten dollars in gold.

This Contest will close on the 1st of May, and the Prizes will be paid on the 10th.

Besides the foregoing lists of Gold Prizes a large number of valuable prizes will be given in order of merit, consisting of Fancy, Ornamental, and Useful Articles.

## YOU CAN MAKE MONEY!

We wish to secure a larger number of people to act as our agents in Canada and the United States, and there must be many more of our readers who would like to earn money easily by employing their leisure time in soliciting subscriptions for us. We want an Agent to represent our publication in every Town, Village and School Section. We are willing to pay Agents well for the work, and at the very low price of our magazine, together with the list of premium offers, any person can secure a large number of subscribers. A liberal commission will be paid. Write for terms.

### SPECIAL.

Any person wishing to subscribe for "The Glowworm" for three (3) months can do so by remitting thirty (30) cents, and in addition to the magazine we will send a new puzzle or problem called the "9 Digits." See advertisement on page 32.



## BOYS' AND GIRLS' PRIZES

**1ST:** The boy or girl under 16 years of age sending in the largest number of correct words constructed from letters contained in the two words "The Glowworm" will receive twenty-five dollars (\$25) in gold.

**2ND:** The boy or girl under 16 years sending the second largest number of correct English words will receive ten dollars (\$10) in gold,

**3RD:** The boy or girl sending the third largest number of words will receive five (\$5) dollars in Gold.

**THIS CONTEST WILL CLOSE ON THE 10TH OF MAY, THE PRIZES WILL BE PAID ON THE 20TH OF MAY.**

**DIRECTIONS** —Write on one side of your paper only. Number your pages. Add up your words and give the grand total at the end. Give your address in full in plain writing and add whether mister, master, mistress or miss. Date your list and mail it on the day that it is dated.

Place all the words beginning with the same letter together. This is imperative, to prevent confusion, which might redound to the sender's detriment.

Enclose any money sent inside of your list, and if you please register it. Do not send your money in a separate enclosure, lest one of the enclosures should go astray or they should get mis-mated in the office. Do not send stamps except where it is unavoidable. Only 1, 2 and 3 cent stamps can be taken; other denominations are useless to us.

The merits of THE GLOWWORM are such, and the premiums offered for contributions to its columns so liberal, that it can live on the good-will that its treatment of its subscribers will secure for it, as soon as its merits and inducements are understood by the public. The contest offered above is solely for the purpose of bringing it to the notice of the public, and will be conducted at a loss to the publishers. It is entered upon solely as an advertisement of the magazine, and the publishers cannot promise a repetition of such liberal offers.

Do not write for information about the contest. It would be impossible for us to answer all the letters that we would receive on the subject. The advertisement should be sufficiently explanatory. Send your name and address for a free copy of THE GLOWWORM and see for yourself what the inducements are for contributions, and the prizes for the contest. It will pay to do so.

