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WHOLE NO. 57

Tales and Sketches.

RACHAEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was about this time that I had an illness. Hitherto I had not been accustomed to illness, and this was long and difficult to bear—not that it was very acute, but it sapped my strength utterly. For weeks I lay entirely passive; I believe my life was in danger oftener than once during its course. If Mrs. Myles and Fanny had been my sisters, they could not have done more for me than they did. I say Mrs. Myles,—for though she sided altogether with her husband, she loved her father very dearly, and she had gone backward and forward as usual, taking no notice of the changed position of affairs. Mr. Morgan for her sake, prevailed on himself to wink hard, and took no more notice of it than she did. I have no doubt he was very glad to have things on this footing with his daughter, although her husband was entirely beyond the pale of his forgiveness. And, my own sister Mary—what of her? I hungered sometimes for her presence, but she never came, never offered to come; she wrote constantly and expressed great love and sympathy. I wondered she didn't come. It was strange. But in that illness everything was strange. I lay, to all appearance, in a dreamy state, yet my senses were doubly, trebly acute, especially my hearing. I heard every word spoken in the room, in the very lowest tones. We chanced to have a servant who was very clumsy and awkward in her movements; when she entered for any purpose her presence was actual torture to me; her very breathing, the way she used her hands, her step across the room, the uproar she made about the fire, were to me terrible. I remember wishing that our ears had been furnished with sound-proof valves, or small ornamental stoppers to be used at will, as we shut our eyes. At last Fanny asked Mary to come and stay a few weeks, and one day I heard Lizzie and her discussing Mary's answer in tones, I daresay, they thought it impossible I should hear.

Next morning Fanny set off for New Broom, and towards evening Miss Betsy Morgan arrived to take her place beside me. I was surprised, although I was incapable of expressing it. I was past expressing that or anything else. Dr. England had sent for her, she said, "and as her house was room, she just threw about the key, pat it in her pouch, and cam off." So there she was, mistress of the situation at once; a most effective nurse, and she said, "I was a real guide patient, an' easy dune wi'." She banished the clumsy servant from the room, and kept things straight herself—an infinite relief to me.

"Rachel," she said, "I am loath to leave you, but—" "But you are wearying to get home; it is quite natural, it would be a pity if you didn't. I think you ought to go to-morrow; and you can tell Fanny and John that I am quite independent, now." I dared not ask her a question. If she had wished to speak of anything, to ask counsel or sympathy, to whom would she have gone but to me, and she had not; in all our close, private intercourse, during the fortnight she had been with me, she had never said a word of any cause for anxiety she might have; so I could ask no questions, I could only reiterate her prayer.

She was deeply moved when she left me, but I bade her good-bye with a cheerful countenance, and said, "that the next time she came, she must bring John and the children, or they must bring her, and not be long of doing so." I knew Fanny would return to us immediately, and I counted the hours till she came, for I thought I might get some information from her. The moment she entered the door, my spirit felt lighter. There were no evil tidings in her face, it was radiant with health and happiness, and "dear John and the children were all so well!" My fears were dispelled, but still that impassioned cry would haunt me.

Miss Betsy Morgan did not hurry her departure yet for a while; she said, "As she was here, she might as well break the back of the winter afore she gaed hame," which she accordingly did. The doctor and she were great friends; I imagine they had been long acquainted. I used to hear her bringing up the subject of the doctor's visits to any one. Often she would say, "I have seen the doctor, and he says they will be well, and not long in coming in her way." On one occasion, when I awoke from a kind of doze,—the doctor and Miss Betsy were sitting by the hearth waiting till I should awake—she was saying, "Weel, thae reports are fleeing; do ye think there's ony truth in them?"

HER MODERN PICKWICK.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

Jan. 2, 1866.—I repeat it, it was excessively vexatious; and I would not have believed it of Charley—up, never! Charley Leigh, whom I've known all my life; ever since I was a little girl, when he used to bring me packages of red and white peppermints, with a mysterious odor of segars about them, and help me to jump rope in a shady corner of the park; Charley, with his queer, old bachelor ways, and his prosaic ideas of life, to come and try to make love to me. Well! I never was so annoyed before.

I'll tell you all about it, my dear, new diary, with your pretty Scotch plaid cover, which I have just purchased, and in which I am about making my first entry for the new year. I never had a diary before; but I am now eighteen years old, and go out into society, (to meet my fate—who knows?) and Adele Watson says it's the "correct thing" to write out one's experience in a diary. By-the-way, I must be very careful not to leave it lying about, as it would not be wise to betray my lovers' (if) secrets. Adele is seven months older than I, and has had two offers, (I've had one—that wretched Charley); and she gives me plenty of good advice, and I like to have her—when she doesn't put on too many elderly airs.

PURE GOLD.

"Oh!" said he, covered with confusion, and turning pink, "I came to see Nettie! Ah! That is—Isn't it nearly dinner-time?"

Of course that brilliant suggestion made Louis start up with an apology, and take abrupt leave. I wanted to pinch Charley, but I couldn't do more than give him a provoked frown, for papa came in at that moment. I wonder why Charley gave me such an odd, mournful look over his spectacles, as we went out to dinner? It's absurd for "Mr. Pickwick" to look sentiment; but positively, there was something in that glance which I can't make out; it has haunted me ever since. Nonsense! What's Charley Leigh to me? Louis loves me; I care for nothing else!

April 20.—I take up my diary with eyes so dim that I can hardly see the page. And yet I feel as if writing would be a relief to me. There! Down splashed a tear, and made that great blot! Nettie, be a woman, and try to bear it.

Between this entry and the last, a long gap of pain. What a merry-hearted girl it was who sat here in the blue wrapper that night. I look in the glass, now, and see my black dress and heavy eyes, and pity this pale, sad creature. I ought to be ashamed to do it. How dreadful to have grown morbid enough to pity oneself.

Let me try to write out a few things calmly. That next day, the 24th of February, the crash came. I have not a business head, or a clever way of telling business details; but something went wrong in Wall street, and stocks and gold fell, suddenly; ever so many men were ruined; but the worst and blackest ruin of all was my dear papa. Poor papa! He sits down in his little room (a den I call it, after our house in Madison Avenue) and looks grayer and older every day. And no mamma to help him to bear it.

Oh, mother! laid away under the sod, where the spring violets are beginning to push their sweet faces up toward the sunshine, do you know how we want your tender heart and helping hand? Mamma, come back! God help us!

That was the hardest of all, you know. We set ourselves to look poverty and adversity in the face with comparative cheerfulness; but when mamma sickened and died, (she was ill only three days) then it seemed as if there was nothing but blackness and desolation. I can't talk about it calmly, even yet.

Papa behaved splendidly. How proud I was of him. He gave up everything to his creditors, and if we children had not had our little fortune from grandpa Turner, I think we must have gone to the poor-house. We left our beautiful house, and came into this queer, dark, little house, away over in East Thirty-Fifth street, and papa has taken a book-keeper's place in the bank where Charley Leigh is cashier. And that puts me in mind. I don't know what we should have done without Charley to assist poor papa, and counsel him. All through that dreadful time, he had to take this place in the bank "till something better turned up." I am thankful to say that Charley has forgotten all about his ridiculous fancy for me and last New-Year-day's performances, and has gone back to being fatherly and useful—more Pickwickian than ever.

April 30.—I had to run away, and leave my diary just there, for Bobby was crying for mamma, and nobody can quiet the poor little fellow but "sissy"; and, after that, Emma had her French lesson, and Harry his Latin verbs; so I got no opportunity to write more. Charley came in to play whist; but as papa seemed interested in talking with Mr. Sampson, Harry appealed to him.

"Eh? What?" said Charley, with the Pickwickian glance over his spectacles. "Don't disturb your father. Give me that book; Nettie looks tired." And that was the last verb I had to hear for that night.

It's very queer. I don't understand it; but Louis hasn't been here for ever so long. Only once since mamma went. But he wrote me a beautiful letter; yes, a really beautiful letter, though, somehow, it seems cold to me as I read it over now, for the twentieth time. It's all about being 'resigned,' and how happy dear mamma is; but he doesn't once say that he loves me—the poor, little girl, who is hungry for one fond word. What was it that Charley said, when he saw me that day—the day God took mamma: "My poor, little Nettie! A storm-wind has beaten your bonnie head to the ground."

Charley's voice was choked and broken, and his horrid, gold-rimmed spectacles were wet and dim; but it was nice of him—very, I didn't know that 'Mr. Pickwick' had so much poetry in him.

May 28.—And my birthday. I got up feeling sad enough, but I did not have much time to think of last year's fête, for Bobby got away from his nurse, and frightened the family by tumbling down the entire flight of back-stairs, which, by-the-way, are so long and dark, that I only wonder how he has escaped doing so before. He was more terrified than hurt; but he has a big lump on his forehead, and a black-and-blue mark on his knee; so I have taken him to sleep with me to-night, and shall write a page here before I go to bed.

I did have a present to-day; such a lovely one, that I know it could come but from one person—my dear, handsome Louis! It was like his delicacy to send his gift anonymously, for fear papa would not let me accept it. The parcel came just after breakfast, and inside it, I found

just the loveliest pair of bracelets—onyx, with a buckle of gold, and studded each buckle, six large, beautiful pearls. I haven't shown them to any one except Charley and Adele. Adele's manner was so odd; she asked me if I had written a note to thank Louis (told her I meant to wait until I saw him; and she said he had gone to Chicago for a month.

Why, he did not come to bid me good-bye; but, of course, this was his lover-like way of letting me know that I was never forgotten. What could Adele mean by asking me if I was sure Louis sent them?

I showed Charley the Bracelets, and he smiled in that beamy way of his, which always reminds me of a full moon, and asked who sent them. Of course it was a very natural remark, but I got quite hot over it.

"There is but one person whom I could think of accepting them from," said I, loftily. He stared.

"And who may that be?" said he slowly.

"Louis Delaplaine," said I, rather triumphantly, and I am afraid that my face betrayed the whole. But Charley walked off to see papa. I do think he might take a little more interest in what concerns me.

(N. B.—I put the bracelets on, and now, just as I'm ready to put out the gas, one won't unclasp! Well, it's rather pleasant to think, that though Louis is far away, I am, after a fashion, his chained captive. Nettie, you goose! go to bed.)

June 8.—I have not been able to keep my diary with any regularity. What with the children's lessons and housekeeping, and mending, my quills are pretty full. And we have had an invasion. I am principled against domestic invasions, particularly when they come in the form of a female cousin. Papa could not help it, for aunt Maria wrote to ask him if cousin Sophia could come here for her summer shopping, giving by way of an equivalent, an invitation to "Nettie and the children" to spend the month of July with them at Nahant. Now, I know that papa has been dreading the long, hot season for Bobby and Emma, and he would have welcomed Medusa herself, if she had promised a change of air for his babes; therefore, he was unaffectionately polite and kind to Sophia Nesbit, and evidently expects me to be equally so. I sometimes take the most unreasonable prejudices. Dear mamma once warned me of that fault. I don't like Sophia, and for the same excellent reason that the nursery rhyme gives for not liking Dr. Fell.

She is pretty and stylish, and not old, although she may be five years my senior; but, somehow, I think she's sly. And the way she purrs around Charley Leigh is plainly disgusting!

To begin with, she asked me a multitude of questions about him, and, especially, whether he was rich. I told her I believed he was. She said I lied, and that she had three sisters to take care of! Her countenance fell, and I indulged in pumped papa on the same subject, and he, poor, innocent man, set Charley's means down at a far larger figure than I had ever imagined. Sophia cooed gently, and I was vexed, and would not send for hot coffee for her second cup, although I knew that what remained in the urn was stone-cold.

And that night, as luck had it, Mr. Sampson couldn't come to play whist, and Sophia said, modestly, that she would play, to make up a game. I hate whist! I never could learn it, and what's more, I never will; so Charley's journey to the nursery for me was of no avail, and Sophia sat down in my stead. And it turned out that she played capitally. Charley eulogized her performance until I was sick of the subject, and if you'll believe it, when I went to bed at half past twelve, there those people sat, playing still. Charley banging the table, and crying, "By Jupiter!" every ten minutes, over her good play.

Since that night, Charley has behaved in the most perfectly ridiculous manner, as far as Sophia is concerned. He appeals to her opinion in everything, and is Pickwick intensified—acts like a great shiny idiot! And she defers to him, and quotes him, and purrs about him to papa. Bah! I'm out of all patience. The idea of my being so foolish as to give a whole page of my diary to Charley Leigh.

Louis Delaplaine has not come home yet, and Adele has not been here for three days. What can be the matter.

June 19.—Have had a weary day. Bobby is ailing, and I did not finish the mending; and Mary, the cook, gave warning; and Charley sent a splendid basket of flowers to Sophia. There! I was just going to say something mean, but I won't, on second thoughts.

June 30.—How I have ever lived through to-day is a mystery. The world seems to have turned topsy-turvy, and I'm not at all sure that I shan't wake up, and find it's all a dream. To begin properly: this morning cousin Sophia got ready for her daily shopping excursion, right after breakfast and Charley came in with some fruit for Emma; so, of course, Sophia invited him to go with her as far as Stewart's. I have hardly spoken to Charley for a week. It's partly his own fault; he hasn't noticed me, and I was quite crusty and short with him, when he sidled up to me and said, rather anxiously, that he thought I looked pale.

They had not been gone five minutes when a note came for me. It was from Adele. And I ran into papa's little den down stairs to read it. Well, what do you suppose it was? My very dear and intimate friend, in a short and very

carefully-worded manner, announced her engagement to Louis Delaplaine!

I sat very still for some moments; the room ought to have whirled before my eyes, and it might have been proper to have fainted dead away in my chair—but neither orthodox catastrophe occurred. To my utter amazement, I did not care very much; (hard-headed girl!) and a thousand little things came back to me then, which I wondered why I had been so unsuspecting as not to notice.

But to think of Adele's treachery; Adele, who had been my dearest friend ever since we rolled hoops together, and stole plumb-cake from her mother's pantry—that did hurt me, and I hid my face in the sofa-pillow, and cried tempestuously.

"Nettie, Nettie, oh, don't!" said a distressed voice, presently; and, looking up, I discovered Charley standing first on one foot, and then on the other, in his embarrassment, very much like a distracted stork.

"Don't what?" said I, angrily. "Go away! What brought you back, I should like to know?"

"I came for an insurance-policy which your father left on the table," said he meekly. "I beg your pardon; I'll go immediately. Miss Nesbitt said she would wait at Arnold's."

I instantly resolved that Sophia should spend the day there.

"Charley," said I, as he laid his hand on the door-knob, "would you mind leaving a note at Adele's for me as you go down?"

To my great surprise, he turned pink, as pink as possible, and stammered out,

"Adele's? Then you do know. No, you don't. How could you?"

"Know what?" said I. "Pray, what are you talking about?"

"Don't ask me," said he, assuming the Pickwickian attitude, and brandishing one hand up and down. "But Nettie, you'll believe, won't you? that I would have saved you the pain if I could—if I could, my child. And he's an infernal scoundrel, by Jupiter!" wound up Charley, banging the table furiously.

"If you'll be good enough to explain, and not add to the holes you've already knocked in that unhappy table, I'll be obliged to you," said I, pushing a chair toward him.

"You won't be angry, Nettie," said he, still persisting in being an agitated "Mr. Pickwick." From some rumors that came to my ears, I felt convinced that that fellow, Delaplaine, was playing fast and loose with you, and I called—I called on him last night; and he told me he was engaged to your very particular friend, Adele Watson; and, by Jupiter, I believe I shook him. You'll forgive me, won't you, Nettie?"

He looked at me in such a ridiculous, pleading way, that I plunged my face into the sofa-pillow, and burst into tears. "Nettie, don't be so angry," said he, coaxingly. "Nettie, don't! I am not me that; and he's a scoundrel!"

"Wait!" I said, deserting the sofa-pillow, as a remembrance of my bracelets occurred to me, one of which I had never been able to take off my arm since I put it on. "Will you take these back to Mr. Delaplaine for me?"

"No, I won't!" said Charley, bluntly.

"And pray, why not?" said I, the foolish tears rushing up into my eyes. Everybody was deserting me; even "Mr. Pickwick" was only like the rest of the world, after all. "I'll never ask another favor of you, Charley Leigh. You teach me how a beggar should be answered."

"Then I have a favor to ask of you," said Charley, in a gentle, firm way, which affected me in the oddest way. "Keep the bracelets, Nettie, for I sent them. Did you think your birthday was going past without a gift from me, child? Do you suppose that I did not know how hard the birthday was in this poor old house, or how heavily you struggled to keep your father from knowing the home-sickness which drove you into a dark corner all that evening? You thought Louis sent the bracelets. Well," said I, to myself, "she would rather wear his gift than mine, if it makes her any happier, or lifts a straw's weight from her burden, let it pass." But don't ask me to take back my gift, Nettie. I like to think that something of mine belongs to you; that you care enough for old Charley to—never mind! I'm a fool, darling. I'll go away; and sometime, when you feel that you can say it honestly, just tell me, "Mr. Pickwick I'll wear the bracelets." Will you, Nettie?"

There he stood, his face crimson, his dear old spectacles moist, and his lips quivering with suppressed feeling. A great big lump gathered up in my throat; I made a dash at the spectacles.

"Take them off, Charley!" said I, between crying and laughing; "they don't help you, you dear, blind bat, to see what is going on under your very nose."

"Nettie!" gasped he, as I threw these detestable glasses on the sofa.

"I think it's a genuine case of the blind leading the blind," said I, despairingly. "I'll never return the bracelets! I'll keep them because you—you are the dearest and best. Oh, Charley! don't you see—"

Whether he saw or not, I had two strong arms around me the next moment, and I'm not going to tell you what he said. No, indeed! my dear, absurd, noble-hearted Charley! God bless him!

Sept. 30.—(Entry in a different handwriting.) Nettie has given me her diary to read, and I must add, that she is as much of a child as ever and a worse tease, if that were possible, although

40-morrow is our wedding day. My little girl loves me, at last; and I am happy in the knowledge that she is fully contented and satisfied with the devotion of "HIS MODERATE PICKWICK."

HEBE'S JUMBLES.

Scribner's Monthly.

"TWELVE, thirteen, fourteen—just enough! Oh, I am glad!" said Hebe Gladney gathering up that fortunate number of pennies and giving them a miserly rattle. "A pound of white sugar will be just fourteen cents, and I can work out the eggs and flour."

Having made this satisfactory financial review, she addressed herself to the broken bit of looking-glass on the wall, and finished braiding her hair. Auburn a braids look well, passed, circlet fashion around a small head, brought close to the forehead and tied with a knot of blue ribbon. Hebe acknowledged it, and gave an innocent little sigh of satisfaction. She was very tired. Her cheeks had an uncomfortable flush, as different from their morning freshness as a pink morning glory just opening, dewy, well-poised, responding to the light currents of air, is unlike its same pink drooping self at noon. She had weeded the garden and scrubbed the pantry-shelves from top to bottom, besides her ordinary round of kitchen work.

"Aunt Lizzie knew I wanted to make something for the donation party, and she locked up the sugar and let the fire go out on purpose?" and Hebe gathered up the pennies, twitched her sun-bonnet from the wall, crept softly through the kitchen and garden, climbed the fence, and took the shortest cut to the village store.

Miss Lizzie Stebbins had not locked up the sugar accidentally; there, was method in her madness always. As she turned the key that morning she said to herself, with grim satisfaction, "There! whether it's crullers, or waffles, or goose-berry tarts that mix has got on her mind to make, I reckon they'll stay on her mind. Minister Bliss and his donation party ain't going to gorge on my butter; when he's eat some of his own words to me, sauce and all, it will be time to think of coddling him like the other girls in the church," and Miss Stebbins tossed her head with a virtuous air that plainly admitted no compromise with the Delilahs of the parish; and, flouncing through the kitchen, she scowled at her little grand-niece Hebe, who was up to her pretty elbows in flour over the kneading-board.

The painful inference here asserts itself, that Miss Stebbins was in a highly inflamed state of mind toward her spiritual shepherd. And yet time was when the new minister counted no disciple more ardent and devoted than Miss Stebbins. She paved his way to dyspepsia with pies of deadly pastry, and then deluged him with bonnet tea. She worked book-marks for him on ribbons of unimaginable hues, which taken collectively formed a complete concordance of the word *Levee*. She was herself a perennial abolition party, until rumor had it that she was ready to vote herself and all her charms to the minister on the slightest provocation. It never came, however. On the contrary, Mr. Bliss cut himself off from further pastry tributes by making Miss Stebbins a pastoral call, and mildly reproving her for slandering Miss Marsh, the district-school teacher.

"Love thinketh no evil," said Mr. Bliss on that memorable call, as if suggesting a text for a book-mark, which she had overlooked.

"If some folks is minded to walk in blindness and tongue-tied all their life, they're welcome to—I believe in seeing truth, and speaking truth," replied Miss Stebbins.

"My friend," said Mr. Bliss, with tender solemnity, "look into the hearts of men with eyes as clear and piercing as our Lord's; but beware of failing to see the good He saw, and beware of passing judgments less loving and charitable than His."

Four Sundays had passed and Hebe was the only worshiper in Miss Stebbins's pew. She sat there with her soul in her eyes and her eyes on the minister, her round cheek flushing and paling as she joined in the hymns; and once, when she lifted her head after the last prayer, the minister himself remarked the tremulous lips and wet lashes, and wondered what they meant.

"I tell you, wife, I shouldn't be s'prised if the spirit was working in that young Heby," remarked Deacon Biddle, going home from church.

"Father, it's my belief it's an evil spirit, and that spirit is Liza Stebbins," replied his wife, emphatically.

Of course rumor was not dumb on the subject of Miss Stebbins's sudden withdrawal from sanctuary privileges; it made shrewd guesses at the truth and it looked forward to the donation party as a test occasion: "if she holds out against that, we may as well give her up," was the village conclusion. This was a wretched time for Hebe. She loved the meeting-house and minister with all her innocent heart, and she could not bear to feel that a shadow had fallen on their pew, excommunicating them, as it were, from the sunlight of God's favor.

And then to give up the party—all its fun and merry-making, the loaded table, the smell of coffee over the whole house, the dazzling brilliancy of lamps everywhere, the good old games of blind-man's buff and fox-and-geese,—and then to put such an open slight on the minister! Oh, it was heart-breaking; and Hebe decided on her knees, —she had a way of solving such little problems of life in the middle of her prayers,—that she would, and with full hands too. Then she wound up with the petition,—hardly to be found in any prayer-book,—that Aunt Lizzie's heart might be moved to let her make some jumbles.

The next day, however, doubting whether Providence intended to interfere in the matter of the jumbles, Hebe came to the desperate resolve, as we have seen, for investing her entire worldly fortune in sugar. She came softly up the garden-walk, swinging her bonnet by the strings, and carrying fourteen cents worth of sweetness under her apron. Her forces were quickly brought together and arranged on the buttery shelf—flour, sugar milk, and great eggs with transparent shells. From that moment the jumbles were forgone conclusions. Looking at the preparations and the hands beating up the eggs so deftly, I should have said: There is the most delicious batch of jumbles you ever tasted! and if you had asked, Where?—I would have replied, chaotically but contentedly: Oh, in the sugar and things, but mostly I guess, in Hebe's fingers.

Through the open window came little puffs of air, faint and sweet like a baby's breath, and looted with the rings of hair about her face, until she brushed them back with her floury hands, giving herself quite unconsciously the look of a modern belle.

The cakes came out of the oven round and golden, spotted here and there with sugary eyes where sugar bubbles had burst. "There!" said Hebe, with a sigh of immense relief as she stacked up the cakes by the window and spread a white napkin over them; "it's all come true—what Mr. Bliss says about God's using our fingers to answer our prayers with: I shouldn't wonder if He put Aunt Stebbins asleep on purpose."

Aunt Stebbins at that moment was sniffing the fragrance of fresh-baked cake through a crack in the kitchen door, and gaining all the baleful knowledge which that rather limited avenue of light afforded to one eye; and these were the words that fell slowly and vengefully from the thin lips—"I'll be even with her—the hussey!"

Hebe ran up to her little back room, a very poor place—until she entered it. She put back the curtain from the west window, and sat down on a stool, in the level sunshine. The sun was drooping towards the horizon through fathoms of misty blue and golden haze, and the tranquil air was sweet with old-fashioned pinks and flowering currant. Hebe was sensitive to beauty always, wide-awake to the charms of common things; not that a flower or a sunset was of any commercial value to her, for she was absolutely incapable of tinging sentiment with the rose of a sunset or embalming it in the scent of a violet. But her instincts were fine and true, and they led her to appropriate, for their own sake, sweets of sound, scent, and color wherever she found them. Ordinarily, that is; at present, worn with the fatigue of the day, her head drooped on her crossed arms; and, she slept, the old apple-tree just outside the window drooped a few of its heavy, drooping branches on the auburn hair.

And as she slept, Miss Liza Stebbins down below was getting "even with her."

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The cakes came out of the oven round and golden, spotted here and there with sugary eyes where sugar bubbles had burst. "There!" said Hebe, with a sigh of immense relief as she stacked up the cakes by the window and spread a white napkin over them; "it's all come true—what Mr. Bliss says about God's using our fingers to answer our prayers with: I shouldn't wonder if He put Aunt Stebbins asleep on purpose."

Aunt Stebbins at that moment was sniffing the fragrance of fresh-baked cake through a crack in the kitchen door, and gaining all the baleful knowledge which that rather limited avenue of light afforded to one eye; and these were the words that fell slowly and vengefully from the thin lips—"I'll be even with her—the hussey!"

Hebe ran up to her little back room, a very poor place—until she entered it. She put back the curtain from the west window, and sat down on a stool, in the level sunshine. The sun was drooping towards the horizon through fathoms of misty blue and golden haze, and the tranquil air was sweet with old-fashioned pinks and flowering currant. Hebe was sensitive to beauty always, wide-awake to the charms of common things; not that a flower or a sunset was of any commercial value to her, for she was absolutely incapable of tinging sentiment with the rose of a sunset or embalming it in the scent of a violet. But her instincts were fine and true, and they led her to appropriate, for their own sake, sweets of sound, scent, and color wherever she found them. Ordinarily, that is; at present, worn with the fatigue of the day, her head drooped on her crossed arms; and, she slept, the old apple-tree just outside the window drooped a few of its heavy, drooping branches on the auburn hair.

And as she slept, Miss Liza Stebbins down below was getting "even with her."

"Here comes Hebe Gladney, girls; and with a donation too, as you're alive!" whispered Crinthy Crane.

"Well now, Heby, it's good to see your bonny face!" said Mother Biddle, bustling forward, and giving her a comprehensive kiss that made you think of a sunflower smacking a peach-blossom. "And ain't Miss Stebbins come?" questioned Mrs. Biddle.

"No, ma'am," said Hebe, hesitating and sorrowful.

"There, girls; didn't I tell you Lizzy Stebbins was mortal mad at the minister?" said Miss Crane, not too softly for Hebe's ears.

"There's beauties, Mr. Bliss!" exclaimed Mrs. Biddle, cheerily, catching the minister's coat as he was passing, and lifting the napkin from Hebe's basket; "you can always count on something good from Miss Stebbins oven."

Oh, how Hebe blessed the dear soul, in her heart, for that speech!

"Your aunt made 'em dear?"

"N-no—I made them," said Hebe, devoutly wishing that the tip of Miss Stebbins's little finger had touched the dough, so that she might divide her honors with her.

"La! Mr. Bliss, off with you now, not a jumble till supper-time," cried the good woman holding the basket above her head;—"you must save your appetite for the substantives," she added, unconscious of the arid grammatical prospect to which she doomed a hungry man.

"Ah, if you knew what small rations my house-keeper has kept me on for the last week, starving me on anticipations of to-night," pleaded Mr. Bliss pathetically, but Mother Biddle trotted off to the supper-room, laughing and shaking a fat finger at him.

Oh, the jollity and good-fellowship attending an old-fashioned donation party—that compromise between meanness and generosity, that parody on justice, that raven-like method of feeding starving Elijahs! All day the goodly stores pour in; now a load of smooth-skinned hickory that made Squire Trecai's eyes water in the loading; now a white-ben whose glossy feathers some little maid kissed before sending it to the minister; now a barrel of flour, and a bag of coffee, and packages of groceries, until the parsonage appears to be in a state of siege. Then the delightful bustle, the boiler of coffee, steaming up fragrance, the mothers in Israel, hanging over the supper table and wedding in one more plate of goodies, where as an eye but that of faith, there was not room for a fairy's teacup.

"Friends, we will ask what we all need—God's blessing," Mr. Bliss stood, with lifted hand, at the head of the table.

The hum of voices was hushed, the laugh and the joke died on the lips, and all heads, young and old, were reverently bowed while he prayed

that Love might not be an absent guest, but that sitting at one board, they all might be of one heart and of one mind.

"Now, Mr. Bliss, I know you're hankering after one of Hebe's jumbles," said Mrs. Biddle when the meal reached a stage that justified an attack on the cake.

"Thank you; remembering past famine, I'll take two," said the minister, beaming on Hebe over Deacon Biddle's shoulder.

That little speech created a demand for jumbles that stooped only with the supply. But alas for Hebe! her eager eyes fastened on the minister, caught him in the act of making up the wryset of faces. At the same instant Deacon Biddle, who had taken at a bite two thirds of a cake, turned purple, gurgling and sputtering alarmingly: "Bless the man!" cried his wife, promptly doubling him over one stout arm and thumping his back with all the strength of the other. A small boy between the Deacon's legs, concluding that boys were fallen on evil times when vengeance was overtaking deacons, took a lightning review of his sins, gave himself up for lost, and set up a lamentable wail.

"It's that horrid stuff!" cried several candid spirits, and fragments of the cake were dropped on the floor and table with small ceremony.

"Who would have thought the young heart could be so desp't' wickid as to salt donation jumbles!" sighed an old lady.

"It's worthy of a sheep in wolf's clothing, that it is," said Crinthy Crane, too righteousness indignant to mind her metaphors.

Blind with shame and burning tears, Hebe slipped unnoticed through the door, picking up on the way a bit of the discarded cake,—it was as salt as Lot's wife! Hardly knowing where she went, she ran down the garden walk and flung herself into an old rustic seat.

"I see it all," she sobbed; "the hateful thing! she found them out when I was asleep, and made another batch just like excepting salt for sugar. And now she's eating up my cakes and crowing over me; and then to put such an insult on the minister," and Hebe, frightened at the violence of her sobs and the catching pain at her heart, tried to still herself.

"Why, Hebe—my child—" and the minister laid a tender hand on her heaving shoulder. With a sense of disappointment in the girl and pity for the silly joke, as he thought it, he had searched the room for her, and as he stepped to the door for a moment's respite from the clamor of the supper room, her sobs betrayed her refuge to him.

"O sir, I will go home,—I ought to have gone at once," and Hebe sprang up and ran to the gate. But the minister was at her side before she touched the latch: "Not till you have told me your trouble, dear child. I have a right to your confidence, as you have a right at all times to my love and sympathy."

"And you—hate me?" faltered Hebe, yielding a little cold palm into the minister's hand.

"Not altogether," he laughed. He led her back to the seat, the great syringa bush over it was in its sweet white prime of flowering.

There, nestling up to him like a grieving child, she told him the true story of the jumbles, omitting only the sacrifice of the fourteen cents.

"But to have everybody think that I meant to vex you,—with a little catch in the breath—when I love you better than any of them—even old Deacon Biddle."

"Oh, ever so much! I have wished," said Hebe laughing softly in the fullness of her happy confidence, "fifty times, that I was your little daughter to dust your books, and pray for you all day long,—but I can do that, now."

"And do you, Hebe?" the minister's voice was broken.

"Yes, sir," said Hebe. "If there ain't the minister settin' under the syringa-bush with Hebe Gladney," exclaimed Miss Crane, making a double-barreled spy-glass of her hands, and gazing out of the window as if the sight had a horrible fascination for her.

"Can't somethin' be done, Deacon Biddle?"

"Waal, yes," said the Deacon, squaring his elbows and indulging in that peculiarly mellow gurgling of his; "sposin' you take my arm, Miss Crinthy, and we'll walk down and take a swing on the gate to show them how ketchin' is a bad example. Shall we, ma?"

Whereat Mother Biddle laughed—a mellow laugh in its way, to—and said "Don't mind his chaff, Crinthy," but Miss Crane had flung away to sow the seeds of scandal in more congenial soil.

"And you will not go in with me, Hebe, and let me explain it to the people? I will shield your aunt as much as possible," urged Mr. Bliss.

But Hebe shrank from facing them again that night; and if he would be so good as to tell them, she would run home alone.

At the gate—he followed her so far,—she said timidly, "I don't know how I dared to tell you my heart, sir; but it was so full, and you were so kind—so kind"—the happy tears were glistening in Hebe's eyes.

"I understand you, little daughter."

As he stooped, the moonlight showed him a tremulous sweet mouth held innocently up to him, but he only kissed her forehead. "Good-night, little daughter," and he laid his hand in blessing on her head.

As she sped away down the narrow path—so narrow that her dress wiped the dew from the faces of daisies and dandelions—he watched her with a new warmth at his heart, and a sense of purity, as if the earth had taken a baptismal vow of holiness upon its lips, and the stars were registering it. As for Hebe, she fairly flew homeward, too light-hearted to walk. The door was open. Miss Stebbins was wrapp'd in invisibility, if not in slumber, and she crept to her room and to bed, like a bird with a new song in its throat, which she

must wait till morning to practice. She felt to measure this new happiness, to assure herself of its reality, to feel again each thrill of utter comfort and content, from the first touch of his hand upon her shoulder—such a strong and gentle hand—to his fatherly kiss. And she was to be his little daughter, always! But suddenly her new happiness crumbled in her hands to dust,—the change came in a breath;—Hebe was only fifteen, but she blushed and wept the tears of twenty-one, as she hid her face in the pillow from the moon light.

The next day Mr. Bliss and Miss Crane met upon Miss Stebbin's door-step; not by design,—far from it. However prone the minister might be to clandestine meetings under syringa bushes, Miss Crane could not accuse him of seeking *tete-a-tetes* with herself. It would be uncharitable to suspect that this made her a keener moral detective or sharpened her sense of virtue.

Hebe ushered them into Miss Stebbin's parlor, to which shortly descended that lady with an enigmatical expression on her face. She bowed frigidly to Mr. Bliss, who said with perfect cordiality:

"We missed you from our party last night, Miss Stebbins."

"I was cleaning the communion silver, Mr. Bliss. I may be unworthy of communion myself, but I hope I do my duty by the silver," replied the lady, severely.

The silver, which at Miss Stebbin's own request had been confided to her care for the year, was in danger of being refined quite away, for, according to her own account, its cleaning was the business and pleasure of her life.

"I thank you, on behalf of the church," said Mr. Bliss, and then conversation languished.

Miss Crane had come expressly to tell Miss Stebbins of the minister's "goings on" with Hebe. Miss Stebbins was burning to hear the results of her malice, for Hebe's lips had been sealed on the subject all day.

"Hebe," said the minister abruptly, "get your hat, please; I want your opinion about the parsonage flower-beds."

"Hebe's got an afternoon's ironing to do," said Miss Stebbins, sharply.

"Very well; my housekeeper will gladly come over and help you. I cannot wait, Hebe," turning to the girl, who stood in an agony of hope and fear in the doorway. That shade of authority gave wings to her feet as she mounted the stairs, and nerved her to walk off with the minister under the indignant noses of the two maiden ladies.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Stebbins, peering through the blinds at the pair, and trembling with rage; "Of all owldacious men, a minister is the owldaciousest,—the minx! walkin' off under my very eyes."

"Ah, if you knew all, Lizzie," said Miss Crane, mournfully.

"All! If there's anything worse, I'd like to see it!" exclaimed the other, with unconscious sincerity.

"Don't ask me; if it was anybody but your own niece I might have the heart to tell."

"O, I can bear it. I'm prepared for the worst."

"Well, what does Hebe do, when we was all at table, but sneak out o' doors, winking of course to Mr. Bliss on the way, and what does he do, in the middle of one of Deacon Biddle's stories, but follow her on; and where, do you suppose? To the Syringa bush! I never should have suspected such a thing myself, but when I see them setting there together it told the whole story. And there they set and they set, till folks were enquiring after the minister. I told all I could, as was my Christian duty, but not a sinner of 'em went out to put a stop it. Bimeby they walked off down the walk, and stood mooning at the gate I s'pose, for of all shining faces that ever you saw, his was the shiniest when he come in. She went home, of course, being ashamed to show her face after such goings on."

Miss Stebbin's cup of bitterness was not quite brimmed,—she had yet to learn, as soon as Miss Crane recovered breath, that the cake plot was an utter failure, since Mr. Bliss had made a neat apology for the absent Hebe, which had called forth a hearty cheer from the company, led by the Deacon himself and effectively sustained by the small boy, who had recovered his spirits.

"The next time Hebe Gladney goes a-walkin' with Minister Bliss, she leaves my roof," said Miss Stebbins, with deadly emphasis.

Meantime the minister and Hebe had strolled to the parsonage gate—were passing it, indeed,—when she said, timidly, "Your flower-beds, sir."

"Why, certainly," he answered; "we need not go in,—leaning over the fence abstractedly."

"What is your idea of a bed in the middle of that grass-plot?"

"Why, sir, you told me you had planted cypress-vine seeds there."

"So I did!" said the minister; and after a pause "How would verbenas look climbing up the sides of the stoop?"

"O dear, very nice if they could, but they only creep," laughed Hebe.

"Well, well, I see I am not fit even to make suggestions. Just draw a little plan of two or three beds, with the varieties of flowers suited to them, and I will work it out. Now I want to walk you across the fields to the bend in the brook where there are more verbenas than you could press in my library."

It was a strange walk. Hebe thought of the times she had walked from Sunday-school with him, talking of the lesson and the little duties to which it pointed, and wondered why that should be so different from going to look at verbenas. The very grass had a strange feeling under her feet, and what a monstrous thing seemed a stile to get over, when the minister, of whom one stands in so much awe for all his kindness, is holding out a helpful hand! At the second stile he stopped, enconced Hebe in a sunny angle of the rail-fence, and said, in answer to her questioning look,

"Hebe, I must take it back—the name I gave you last night."

"Yes," said Hebe, "I know it."

"An assent so ready, and given in a tone of such quiet, sad conviction, took him quite aback. Nature had stolen a march on the minister, and revealed this thing to the girl by one of those flashes of perception that reveal new truths so absolutely in all their bearings and sequences to the soul, that it accepts them without surprise.

"You know it, Hebe—how?"

"I feel it; I can't—tell—!" said the girl, quivering, and peeling the lichens from the fence.

It was infinitely worse than saying the catechism to him—only the catechism himself seemed strangely at a loss for the next question.

"Shall I answer for you?—O child! if the little daughter of last night might some time—in years to come—be happy as my little wife—?"

"I think Hebe will never forget just now, when one is half blind with joy, the yellow disc of a dandelion swells into a golden mushroom, and how a lark lifts the happy heart to heaven on a thread of song."

For Spring was everywhere,—a tiny cupful of Spring in every buttercup,—a nestful of it wherever married birds were beginning life; but nowhere such radiant, perfect Spring as in Hebe's eyes.

"It is only a relic of college vanity, and has no associations but those we give it now," said the minister, slipping a thin gold ring from his finger to Hebe's; "large, isn't it? Well, it will stand the better for two things: that you can never get outside the circle of my love, and yet—you see how easily it slips off—it must never bind you to a mistake."

The small finger has been growing since then,—growing quite to the measure of the circle; and it has found out no mistake as yet. Only lately, walking through the same fields, Hebe said,

"See what a good fit it is!"

"Perfect," said the minister; "and this is a good-quiet place to practice in. Let me see,—"

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

"I'm glad I shall not have to promise that," broke in Hebe, with a mischievous twinkle.

"And why so, pray, Hebe Bliss?"

"Because I couldn't; didn't I put my last cent into those jumbles, sir?"

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COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED. Also, Manufacturer of Flower Pots.

GOLD.

WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

NINE months ago we began the publication of PURE GOLD—not without prognostications of failure from various quarters.

Since the opening of the present year, many enquiries have been made concerning PURE GOLD—its character, objects, etc.

- 1. "The felt need of a Publication in which great moral and social questions—scarcely noticed by the present daily or weekly press—will have a prominent place.

PURE GOLD PUBLISHING Co., Toronto.

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Pure Gold Publishing Co., 40 Church St., Toronto.

PURE GOLD.

TORONTO, JULY 26th 1872

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS AND TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

BY WILSON MORTON.

There are few who wield a greater amount of influence for evil or for good than common school teachers. They have it pre-eminently in their power, to advance or retard the progress of any particular movement which in any way affects the minds of those, over whom they preside.

The education that the rising generation will receive, depends to a very large extent, upon the common school teacher, and, according, as they are educated in any particular movement in their

youth, will it have a lasting effect upon their future career.

To a large extent the moulding of the minds of the young is conceded to the school teacher, and in whatever manner he discharges this duty, will it show itself in after years.

The example the teacher sets is keenly observed by his pupils, and if in him be many defects, some of these will certainly be copied by those who are placed under his care, for, indeed youth are as prone to copy defects even, perhaps more so than what is excellent.

There is no better way conceivable in order to secure prohibition than, that the rising generation should be trained up to total abstinence.

It is a matter for regret, to one who has experienced in his own career and also witnessed the triumphs of stump orators in the past, to see members of the fraternity, time after time, humiliated, baffled and even laughed off the rostrum by the ignoble vulgar below.

APPROPRIATE HINTS TO STUMP ORATORS.

BY JONES.

GENTLEMEN, as we are now entering upon a season in which your services will be in demand, a few words to your fraternity, from an old stager, may not be out of place.

It is a matter for regret, to one who has experienced in his own career and also witnessed the triumphs of stump orators in the past, to see members of the fraternity, time after time, humiliated, baffled and even laughed off the rostrum by the ignoble vulgar below.

The only way to remedy these defects and bring stump oratory to its quondam position of excellence is to have it regarded as a science, as it undoubtedly is, and to let it be the subject of thought and study.

To deserve success then, let the orator in the first place have in his audience

ENTHUSIASM.

This is to be obtained in several ways; the most sure, and at the same time the most easy and pleasant manner is to have a select number of friends stationed in the audience, in about the same neighborhood, if possible,—who are thoroughly up in the "signals."

Wiping your face with your pocket-handkerchief will also do, although in the summer especial care must be taken, that the perspiration caused by laborious effort or the machinations of some fugitive or inconsiderate fly lighting upon your nose may cause you involuntarily to use your handkerchief, and thus the applause may possibly be brought in the wrong place.

It is well moreover to be "dragged" on the platform. If you are not well-known request the friendly ring to keep up a continual call for your appearance, during every interval, and don't respond to the invitation of the chairman until towards the end.

GROANING

is a matter of the very highest importance, and one that scarcely meets with the attention it deserves. Whenever your political opponents' names are mentioned, let them, if possible, be mentioned at the end of a sentence, so as to allow ample opportunity for the faithful to groan.

We advise the stump orator moreover, if he be thin skinned, while speaking to

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS.

unless he have the "ring" posted in replies. We have actually heard parties, professional stump orators, go on in this style: "Who have built up this country?" "Who have extended its boundaries from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the great chain of lakes to the North Pole?"

The thorough "stump" moreover, studies fully the composition of his audiences and changes his expressions to suit circumstances. In this particular we are glad to see no marks of degeneracy in the platform speaker of the present day.

NATIONALITY, CREED, &C.

This is sometimes carried to extreme, as witness the conduct of a Western professional who wore on one side of his vest a shamrock, and on the other something suggestive of sour kroust, and ever more culpable still, a scientist of our own soil, who had two small poodles—one of which carried an orange ribbon around his neck, and the other a green one, which poodles were manipulated to suit circumstances.

These are a few of the many points to be attended to, the others shall be referred to as we witness careless mis-management in the internal arrangement of political meetings.

CHURCH ACTION IN REFERENCE TO THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

At the general conference of the M. E. Church recently held in Brooklyn, U. S. The following action was taken in reference to the Temperance Question.

We regard the common use of intoxicants as the bane and burden of civilized communities. Among even Christian nations they are a prolific source of evil of every description, attacking the public welfare at every point.

The drinking habits of the people are destructive of public and private virtue, safety, and prosperity, and hostile to human happiness in all its forms, both in this life and that which is to come.

Our deliberate judgment is that to engage in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants intended to be used as a beverage is immoral, and that even the occasional needless use of them is unwise and to be avoided, being unsafe to him who indulges in them, and dangerous as an example to others.

While we thus recognise the drinking habits of the people as the direct antagonist of the Gospel, we also recognize the Temperance Reform as an essential part of the true work of the Church of God. Every Quarterly Conference shall therefore appoint a Standing Committee, consisting of three or more members, the preacher in charge being chairman ex officio, to be called the Committee on Temperance Reform. It shall be the duty of this Committee, wherever practicable.

1. To provide from time to time for the delivery of sermons and addresses on the subject of Temperance, both in the Sunday-school and the public congregation, and also by means of the press to disseminate, as widely as possible, solid information in regard to the evils which we deplore.

2. To organize in each Church and Sunday-school a Temperance Society, and labor to secure by pledge or otherwise, an avowed adherence of the whole community to the principles and practice of total abstinence, and enlist them in the active work of reform.

3. To report their action to the Quarterly Conference, to which body they shall be amenable.

4. To co-operate with others in all right measures for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and for the furtherance of the general cause.

5. In our foreign mission fields, where opium and other drugs are employed for purposes of intoxication, no professed convert shall be received on probation, or retained in Church membership while addicted to any vicious indulgence of the articles indicated.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections are at hand, and already the sounds of coming strife are heard, and the champions of either party are girding themselves for the contest. Meetings are convened, and at these we listen to assurances of redress for every grievance that our country complains of, except the greatest.

Miscellaneous.

STANLEY'S MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

London letters from the Herald's African explorer have been condensed as follows:—

Stanley reached Unyanyembe on the 23d of September, 1871, having lost on the way by illness one white man, two of the armed escort, eight Pagags, two horses and twenty-seven asses.

The Arabs endeavoured to dissuade me and said that death was certain, and frightened my followers. Shaw deserted but I nevertheless pushed forward over an untrodden desert for 400 miles and reached the suburbs of Ujiji, which I entered firing guns and carrying the American flag at the head of the procession.

We both left on the 16th of October, and arrived Unyanyembe. We spent Christmas in Ujiji. I arrived on the coast March 14th, leaving Livingston at Unyanyembe to explore north of Tanganyika lake and the remaining 180 miles of Luabua river. This will occupy the next two years.

REALLY HARD TIMES.

One of our subscribers living at Dix, Illinois, says that he has heard and read a great deal about hard times in these days, but avers that they do not compare with the times of twenty five years ago.

In Jefferson county in this State, Mr. Oby Babcock in 1836, wishing to purchase two pair of shoes, went to his country store, and found that the keeper had the shoes he desired; one pair at 90 cents, the other at 75 cents.

ket) This was distant 80 miles from his residence, but he shouldered his rifle, put some "corn dodger" and salt in his shot bag, and started on foot, killing birds for meat, and lying at night by camp fires of mark-eters, which were plenty at that time.

While a Waterbury (Ct.) farmer was mowing his dooryard, a sly puppy hid in the grass and then jumped out to take the scythe by surprise.

MARRIAGE AND WILLS.—Marriage, after making a will, renders the will void, probably for the reason that the testator is held to have been of unsound mind or he would not have committed the folly of getting married.

M. Proudhomme, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But uncle," suddenly exclaimed the nephew, "what struck you most during your life?" "My adler boy, it was your aunt."

Mrs. A. F. Hall, of Wellsville, N. Y., received ten years ago a Wheeler & Wilson Machine as a bridal present, the most valuable of her gifts, not excepting a check for \$500; it had done all the sewing for her own, her father's and sisters' families, without a cent for repairs and but two needles broken.

ABJURATION.

'Tis done! 'tis well!—I've freely signed
The pledge which prompts me to wise,
To keep the balance of my mind,
To cast the film from off my eyes:

How frail—how failing I have been
In man's best duties here below!
My thoughts how dark—how dimly seen,
How all-unsafe, can only know.

THE LOST DAY.

Lost—lost—lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graven in Paradise.

Lost—lost—lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;

Correspondence.

MR. CHISHOLM AND HAMILTON!

We have received a communication from Hamilton which appears below, and which we have great pleasure in inserting. The writer ably shows why Mr Chisholm should meet with the support of all interested in the total prohibition of the liquor traffic.

TO THE EDITOR OF PURE GOLD.

DEAR SIR:—The great absorbing question with us in Hamilton is the Election. As there is no important point at issue, I feel but little interest as far as the party is concerned which side wins, but am interested in the men, and do feel grieved at the inconsistency and short-sightedness of many of our projected Christian and Temperance men, for a simple question of Railroad, or little difference of opinion on the Washington Treaty, or some other minor point will refuse to support a true Christian and Temperance man like D. B. Chisholm, and take up men notorious for their profanity, and men that will do all to support the liquor interest, simply because they are the nominee of their party, and state in justification of their course that temperance is not the question at issue.

PURE GOLD.

the liquor dealer. For years the Temperance people of England acted as the people of Canada are doing now...

Hamilton, July 23rd.

A PLAN FOR FACILITATING SELF EDUCATION.

The essential features for this plan is a system of instruction, conducted mainly by correspondence...

3 Suppose a student wishes to have a translation corrected. Let him divide his page lengthwise by a line.

4 The faculty of any institution of learning might publish that they would furnish instruction in this manner to all persons in their vicinity.

5 By means of this arrangement, the public school teachers of any section could avail themselves of such assistance as they might need in studies pursued in their schools.

6 College students who spend a portion of the year in teaching, could in this manner keep up a part of all the studies pursued by their class-mates in their absence.

7 Any person or association of persons could put the plan into operation in any locality to the extent of the resources at command.

8 A paper issued weekly or monthly, as the interests of such an enterprise might demand, could be made to afford great encouragement to all persons struggling to acquire an education by indicating the best, and most economical division of time, by suggesting the best manner of overcoming the particular difficulties in the way of any student, by teaching the best method of preserving health, and by numerous suggestions and helps for the student.

9 Many minds all over the land would be set at work and encouraged to make themselves acquainted with nature around them. For instance let any one begin the study of botany.

10 By making known the circumstances, the obstacles, and the success of many students, others would be encouraged to overcome each his own obstacles and to achieve like success.

11 Students under such a system could practice declamation and composition in common schools. Having reached a more advanced stage of progress they could write for local papers and lecture in their vicinity.

12 Should they prefer not to become publicly identified with such a system by registering of name, they could nevertheless prosecute their studies in connection with the system.

Any objections such as the lack of the stimulus afforded by association may be readily answered.

G. B. ELLIOTT.

Temperance.

THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR.

This institution which has been lately organized in Canada is progressing very favourably. The Temple, located in Toronto, is receiving members from different parts of the country...

I. O. G. T.

TORONTO DISTRICT, DEGREE TEMPLE.

At the regular fortnightly meeting of the above Temple held in the Rev. J. Rice's Church (Agnes St.) on Thursday evening 11th inst. the following were elected Officers for the ensuing term:

We are glad to note a growing interest in this very important branch of Good Templarism in the city of Toronto. We are sometimes asked, "What is the use of this Degree Temple and what result is it likely to produce?" We answer, "As its members is composed of representatives from all the subordinate temples (with one exception) it is the means of binding us together in a closer bond of union.

In this temple a good opportunity is afforded us to get acquainted with many members of our order, with whom we would not otherwise come in contact with, not having time to visit the temples from night to night.

11 Portions of this plan can be immediately put into operation by any institution in the country to the extent of its resources, portions also by Teachers' Institutes.

12 The putting of this plan, or portions of it, into operation in any institution would afford poor, but intelligent students means of support.

13 It would wake up much talent, and increase the number of students in existing institutions of learning.

14 It would afford topics of conversation and social amusement in many circles now dissipated or dissipating.

Some observations on this plan. Let any school teacher, farmer's son, printer's apprentice, clerk in a store, artisan, operative, or any other person secure a room, furnish it with a desk, a table, a chair, and a light. A portion of his earnings devoted to procuring books and instruction, would with perseverance afford him an education limited only by Divine Providence.

temptation is required to make use of the Means of Grace within his reach, so we if we want to keep alive our interest in the cause of temperance must not neglect the assembling of ourselves together...

Brethren! We have entered upon a new quarter of labor; will you unite with us in making it the most successful in the experience of our Degree Temple. In conclusion I would remind you that the Lord Jehovah is on our side, and if we only trust in Him the gates of hell will not prevail against us.

W. R. M.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

It is rumored that were to have two new Divisions established in this city, in a very short time; but unfortunately in localities where sickly divisions at present exist. One is to be in the West End and the other in St. John's Ward.

FALKLAND DIVISION, we are pleased to learn continues to prosper, the following are its officers for the current quarter:—

Job Davis, W.P.; John Harris, W.A.; Geo. Simpson, R.S.; C. Showers, A.R.S.; G. Scott, Treas.; S. Day, F.S.; R. Tew, Chaplain; W. Lewis, Con.; D. Laydon, A.C.; W. French, I.S.; E. Moody, O.S.

ON the evening of the regular installation of officers, the Standard Division folks had a "good time." Bro. A. Hudson, D.G.W.P., presided, and did his part well; while Bro. James Tutt charmed the audience with his performances on the organ.

Bro. Thos. Webster, W.P.; Sister Story, W.A.; Bro. J. K. Wedlake, R.S.; Sister McCauley, A.R.S.; Bro. M. Brown, F.S.; Bro. A. P. Simpson, T.; Rev D. Pomeroy, Chap.; Bro. A. McCauley, C.; Sister Webster, A.C.; Bro. G. Wedlake, T.C.; Bro. Wm F. A. Mart, O.S.

ROSE HILL DIVISION met, as usual, on Saturday evening, when the following officers for the current quarter were duly installed by Bro. D.G.W.P., W. H. Griffin:—

Bro. Stenebaugh, W.P.; Wm. Outhard, W.A.; A. Hartley, R.S.; Sister A. Griffin, A.R.S.; Bro. Rutherford, F.S. and Treas.; S. Churchill, Chap.; Sister Lang, Con.; Bro. Belette, A.C.; T. McGun, I.S.; J. Lang, O.S.

There were four persons installed, and eight the evening following. They had twenty initiated during the quarter. The cause is prospering in Onondaga, notwithstanding the opposition of the whisky-sellers, and the self-styled moderate drinkers.

EDWARD CARSWELL, Esq., the well-known Canadian temperance orator, is at home in Oshawa. We demand his services can be secured for public meetings, during the summer, by addressing him at Oshawa P.O., or by applying to the Grand Scribe S. of L. Bradford.

A GRAND union Temperance Picnic was held in the woods of Mr. Richard Swayze, in Binbrook, on the 15th of July. No less than ten different organizations were represented, and about one thousand people were estimated to be on the ground altogether.

BEAUFORT, Esq., the well-known Canadian temperance orator, is at home in Oshawa. We demand his services can be secured for public meetings, during the summer, by addressing him at Oshawa P.O., or by applying to the Grand Scribe S. of L. Bradford.

BEAUFORT OF Temperance, and have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. Strong drink dims the eyes, whitens the cheeks, and enfeebles the frame.

BEAUFORT OF Temperance, and have a peaceful heart, a quiet conscience, so that you may be happy we here. Strong drink fills many a heart with mire and implants in many a conscience a sting.

BEAUFORT OF Temperance, and have a quiet home and hapiness. Strong drink makes ten thousand homes stretched and miserable.

ON the evening, 28th June, a pleasing incident occurred; the regular meeting of Athenaeum Division, Halifax, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of 66th Regt who are members of that Division surprised Lady Organist, Miss Annie Wetmore, by presenting her with a handsome gold chain.

Handiest Brightest, Best, PURE GOLD, A Weekly Journal for Canadian Homes. \$2 a Year; \$1 for Six Months. JAMES THOMSON, 358 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA.

BEING desirous of testing the merits of the different water-wheels now offered for sale in Canada...

Each party to give good and sufficient bonds, to the amount of \$1,000, that the loser shall pay the entire expenses of the test. There are some wheels that give very good results with full head and full gate which entirely fail under partial head and partial gate.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number.

We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a rival in the world in practical results.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number.

We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet containing 150 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants.

For further information address, F. W. GLEN, Oshawa, Ont.

We take the pleasure of informing the public of Canada that we have sold and furnished MR. F. W. GLEN, of Oshawa, Ontario, Patterns, Formers, Drawings, Gauges, and all other necessary information to build our celebrated Double Turbine Water-wheel...

JAMES LEFFEL & Co. Oshawa, Ont.

Table of train schedules for Grand Trunk Railway, including routes like Toronto to Montreal and Toronto to Toronto.

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Temperance Directory.

Announcements in this column are charged Ten cents each insertion, or Four Dollars a year. Cash, in all cases, must accompany the order.

TORONTO DISTRICT DEGREE TEMPLE meets monthly. The next meeting will be held March 28th, in the hall of St. John's Temple, on Sayer Street...

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, No. 87, British Templars, meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Bro. A. E. Whitton, W.C.T.; Bro. Edward M. White, W. Sec.

ST. JOHN'S TEMPLE, No. 58, meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chesnut Streets, every Friday evening at 7:30. Richard Dennis, W.C.T.; James L. Thorpe, W.S.; W.R. Morrison, T.D.J.

A COLD WATER TEMPLE meets in the above place on the same evening at 6:30. Superintendent, W. R. Morrison; assisted by Sister Baker and Bro. W. Metherell.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, No. 600, meets in Good Templars' Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, sharp. Thos Nixon W. C.T.; Bro. Merton, W. S.; Luke Sharpe, T.D.

TORONTO STAR TEMPLE meets every Friday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets. W. C. T., H. B. Montreuil; W. S. E. M. White; T. D. C. Woodhead.

MAPLE LEAF TEMPLE meets every Tuesday evening, corner of Adelaide and Francis Streets. W. C. T. Bro. G. C. Patterson, Sec. Bro. Follet, T. D. Bro. H. Fairclot.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN DIVISION OF THE Sons of Temperance meets every Tuesday evening, at 6 o'clock, in the basement of the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street. Bro. G. M. Rose, Sec. King Street, and Bro. Jas. Thompson, 358 Yonge Street, will be happy to give any information with regard to this Division.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table of train schedules for Grand Trunk Railway, GOING EAST-TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

Table of train schedules for Grand Trunk Railway, GOING WEST-MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

Table of train schedules for Grand Trunk Railway, TORONTO TO SARINIA.

Table of train schedules for Grand Trunk Railway, SARINIA TO TORONTO.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Table of train schedules for Great Western Railway, MAIN LINE-GOING WEST.

Table of train schedules for Great Western Railway, MAIN LINE-GOING EAST.

TORONTO LINE-G. W. R. R.

Table of train schedules for Toronto Line-G. W. R. R., TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

Table of train schedules for Toronto Line-G. W. R. R., TORONTO TO NIPISSING RAILWAY.

REMEMBER BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown up he'll not forget it;
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents,
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grand sire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or relate some slight of coldness,
With the brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember, boys make men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy.
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid a gloomy den;
Seeking elsewhere joy and comfort!
And remember, boys make men!

STRAUSS IN THE BOSTON COLISEUM.

If any one doubts whether or no to call Strauss a genius, let him watch the leader. To see Strauss conduct the playing of his own music is to see the spirit of the waltz before one. All the quickness and nobility that belong to the Viennese are found in this swarthy man of low stature, whose limbs bend and sway like slender reeds. His face is curiously like Carl Zerrin's. Their pictures would pass for a light and a dark engraving of the same person. Strauss's taken with too much ink, and Mr. Zerrin's when the plates were worn. When time to play, Strauss springs nimbly up the steps, gives the movement with his baton to different parts of the orchestra, and flies into the measure. At concert, his baton is the bow of his violin with which he leads in nice passages, and at rehearsals he plays vehemently on an imaginary instrument from time to time. The hero of Charles Auchester was said to have a violin-face, it was so expressive of emotion. Strauss is a violin himself, his whole supple body seeming charged with music as it might be with electric fluid. A gentle movement of his bow opens the easy measures, gliding through a dream of sweet sounds, into a rush and swell, which he emphasizes with bow and violin, in both arms held out; then, as the crescendo, marking the faint passages with his fingertips, which seem to fairly curl and crinkle with excitement. A measure does not come up to his idea; a gesture appeals for silence; they start again, Strauss playing it on his empty left arm, bringing the movement up with a crisp turn, which none of that orchestra will ever forget. Now, the music is soft, and the tenderly-moving hand enforces the expression; now it is loud, and his arms, flying with nervous gestures, lead it, while his feet mark time without lifting, and his knees twitch to the measure. Supple, graceful, and ready, every inch of him, every motion nervous and graceful, his South-German face beaming with pleasure as he leans his cheek against his violin to play a favourite passage, responding to and possessed by his own music. Nothing more subtle and vivacious has ever crossed the steps of a conductor's desk. This wizard of the waltz puts his own excitement into the whole body of musicians. It was said that the orchestra went raving under him the first day, and have kept the fever up ever since. Certainly nobody ever listened to such life in playing as they show under the gentle, bewitching wand.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

WE suppose that there is nothing simpler than simple addition, excepting, perhaps, those people who have no talent for it, of whom, unfortunately, there is considerable number, especially among the striking craftsmen. If it were to be announced to-day that ten dollars will hereafter be the average price of a day's labor, among all the trades, we do not doubt that it would be regarded by the toiling multitudes as the gladdest and grandest event that had ever occurred in the history of the national industry. Let us see, then, if we can, what the effect such an advance in the price of labor would be. This is a rich country; and every rich country has a multitude of artificial wants. To supply these wants, there have been organized a large number of productive industries and hundreds of thousands of laborers are fed by them. The first effect of a doubling of the price of labor would be to destroy all those industries which are engaged in producing things that men and women can do without. When the price of the necessities of life is raised, the use of luxuries is reduced in a corresponding degree. This law is just as unvarying in its operation as the law of gravitation. A man who spends \$10,000 a year giving \$2,000 of it to luxuries, drops his luxuries, and spends his \$10,000 on a smaller number of people. He dismisses a servant, and gives up his carriage. He stops buying flowers and giving entertainments. Every man and woman has had

anything to do in feeding his artificial wants loses his patronage; and thus whole classes of people would, by such an advance in the price of labor, be thrown out of employment and into distress. This, however would be only an indirect or incidental damage to the laboring interest, though it would be a damage to that interest alone. The rich would really suffer very little by it.

There are certain things that we must all have—the rich and poor alike—houses to live in, clothes to wear, and bread and meat to eat. What effect would such a change have upon these? A house that cost \$3,000 to build yesterday, will cost \$6,000 tomorrow. The brickmaker, the stonemason, the mason, the carpenter, all working at double wages, would by that very fact, advance the price of their own rent in a corresponding degree. The tenement that rents for \$250 to-day will rent for \$500 to-morrow, and if it cannot be rented for that sum, it will not be built at all. The same thing will be true concerning what are called the necessities of life. If it costs twice as much money to produce a barrel of flour to-day as it did yesterday, it will double in price. Every article of produce, every garment that we buy for ourselves or our children, will have added to its price exactly what has been added to the cost of its production or manufacture; and when this excess has been added to the excess of rent, the laborer will find himself at the end of his first year no what benefited by what seemed to hold the promise of a fortune. We cannot imagine a man with common-sense enough to labor intelligently who will fail to see at a glance that our conclusions on this point are inevitable.

Now there is beyond this direct result of a doubling of the price of labor an indirect effect upon the price of real estate, which greatly enhances the trouble of the laborer. The destruction of various branches of industry, and the rendering of other branches either precarious or insufficient in their profits, would inevitably concentrate capital, so far as possible, upon real estate. Idle or poorly-employed capital is always seeking for an investment; and if banking and manufacturing and trade become unprofitable through a disturbance of just relations between labor and capital, the man who has money puts it into real estate. Under this stimulus real estate rises at once. It already feels this stimulus in this country, and it is destined to feel it still more and more. If the price of labor were doubled, the advance in rents from this cause alone would not only be appreciable but decidedly onerous. The inevitable tendency of every strike is to drive capital out of manufacturing into real estate, to raise the price of real estate, and to raise the laborer's rent.

We have supposed this extreme case in order to show the laborer, as we could in no other way, the tendency of his measures to secure large wages by arbitrary means. It is as demonstrable as any problem in mathematics. There is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to push his demand for increased wages, or for fewer hours of labor, which is the same thing. Our impression is that he has reached that point, and we are speaking in his interest entirely. The present high and increasing price of real estate, and the buoyance of railroad and fancy stocks, show that money seeks to get away from manufactures, and all these enterprises where capital is compelled to deal much with labor. This is a sad thing for labor—the saddest that can happen. The labor market should always be in that condition which tends to draw capital away from real estate. Then rents will be low, provisions will stand at a reasonable price, every hand will find sufficient employment with sufficient pay, and labor and capital be mutually dependent friends. We sympathize with every effort of the laborer to better his condition, and our simple wish is to warn them against supposing that increased wages beyond a certain point, which he seems already to have reached, will be of the slightest use to him. There is an average price for a day's labor which capital can afford to pay, and which alone labor can afford to receive. Beyond this all is disorder, injustice, and pecuniary adversity and loss to every class. The extorted dollar which capital cannot afford to give to labor is a curse to the hand that receives it.—*Dr. F. G. Holland, in Scribner's for August.*

THE END OF THE INDIRECT CLAIMS.

(From the London Spectator, June 29.)
THE Indirect Claims have, very appropriately, been indirectly considered and indirectly barred. The Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, has taken them into extra-judicial consideration, before they were formally before them, and has spontaneously declared that on general grounds totally unconnected with the construction of the treaty of Washington, they were inadmissible as international claims. That is a decision which Great Britain did not ask for and did not support, and to which, though it is in entire agreement with her Government's expressed view, she does not defer; indeed she has no occasion to regard it as in any way judicially binding upon her. But that is no reason why she may not avail herself of its first consequence—the declaration by the judges, with the assent of the United States, that "the Indirect Claims are, and from henceforth will be, wholly excluded from their consideration," which has been embodied in the Protocol. It is not candid of Lord Cairns to say that "the Arbitrators at Geneva have decided the particular and special point which I thought we had all

agreed they should not be allowed to decide namely, the scope and extent of the Treaty, and the question of what should properly come under their cognizance by virtue of that Treaty." For, in the first place, the decision was not given on "the scope and intent of the Treaty" at all. The Arbitrators state that "they have arrived individually and collectively at the conclusion that these claims do not constitute, upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, good foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations, and should, upon such principles, be wholly excluded from the consideration of the Tribunal in making its award." Nothing can be clearer than that that is not "a decision on the scope and intent of the Treaty," but an *obiter dictum* as to the general admissibility of such claims on principles of international law. If the Arbitrators had said just the opposite, namely, that such claims were admissible on general principles of international law, Great Britain would not have been bound to quarrel with the statement, though she would not have agreed with it. She would still have said, "Well, whether admissible under general principles of international law or not, these claims are not admissible under the Treaty of Washington." In the next place, the decision, such as it was, was not one on which we had invited or on which we had asked the Arbitrators' opinion. It was given to soothe the feelings of the Government of the United States, which had oddly professed that it brought forward these claims only in order to have them rejected. And though they were not rejected at all by the Court of Arbitration—for the Court as a Court could only decide on what was submitted to by both parties—and were rejected only by the individual and collective opinion of the persons who formed the Court, still that was a sufficient loophole for Mr. Fish's ride to creep through. Whatever may be said against Lord Granville's conduct of these negotiations, no one can fairly say that he has not maintained most tenaciously, and without the concession of a single hair's-breadth of principle, the position he so tardily took up. The feeling of the country will not only be one of intense relief that this political Frankenstein is at length disposed of—probably to no one's satisfaction more than that of its unhappy maker—but of just gratitude to Lord Granville, to whom most of us have been at times unfair, for the patient tenacity he has displayed in holding his ground.

THE WINE QUESTION IN SOCIETY.

IT is universally admitted among sensible and candid people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and small-pox bring similar fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives, and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer. In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are unconscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite which has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild wagers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fearful disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that come from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the "wine question," and the grape culture, and live on as if we had no care in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wine at feasts, and we furnish it just as generously as we did not know that a certain percentage of our men who drink it will die miserable drunks, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are really hundreds of thousands of people in this life in America who would not dare to go to dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they select the very guests who will drink too much every occasion that gives them an opportunity. There are old men and women who in young men to their feasts, whom they know not to drink the wine they propose to furnish with danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, and under the compulsions of social usage, and we understand the power of this influence, and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from festive occasions, and deny it to our guests. The main thing is so generally offered at the tables of friends, and it is so difficult, apparently for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water for drink. It has a niggardly—almost an unseemly—quality; yet what shall a man do who is so much accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water for drink? The answer is, do not be up for an answer every year and every time since men thought or talked about wine at all.

We know of but one answer to make to it. A man cannot, without stultifying and morally debasing himself, fight in public that which he tolerates in private. We have heard of such things as writing temperance addresses with a demijohn under the table; and society has learned by heart the old talk against drinking too much—"the excess of the thing, you know"—by those who have the power of drinking a little, but who would sooner part with their right eye than with that little. A man who talks temperance with a wine-glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself so that he can hold it without shame. We do not deny that many men have self-control, or that they can drink wine through life without suffering, to themselves or others. It may seem hard that they should be deprived of a pleasure because others are less fortunate in their temperament or their power of will. But the question is whether a man is willing to sell his power to do good to a great multitude for a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in its plainest terms. If he is, then he has very little benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of the evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many good men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let all these declare that they will minister no longer at the social altars of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinner and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for the sake of personal character, the family peace, and social purity, and national strength—they will discard wine at their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done. Let them declare that it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine-drinking at dinner is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but were compelled to say that they sell influence at a shameful cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If the men and women of good society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moderately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a great many people, how can they expect a poor, broken-down wretch to deny an appetite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment for the failure to do duty in this business is sickening to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on. Every young man will rush wildly, to the devil, middle-aged men will boozed away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think that they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drunken women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of them. It is her safeguard in many ways.—*Dr. F. G. Holland in Scribner's for August.*

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MY WIFE'S BRIDAL TOUR.

When I married my second wife she was dreadful set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her she had better wait six months or a year and I'd try to go with her, and she said she'd rather go alone—when women was traveling, a man was an out-and-out humbug.

When the circus was in Brunkville the agent gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but gave her half the money.

I don't think any man ought to get married until he can consider her happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married I concluded to do likewise.

'Matilda,' said I, 'I suppose you are aware that I am your lord and master?'

'Not much, you ain't,' said she. 'Mrs Skinner,' said I, 'you are fearfully disorganized. You are cranky, and I brandished my new sixty cent umbrella wildly around her.'

'After this, I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way; and the plan from the first worked like a charm. It is the best way of managing a wife that I know of.'

'Go, Matilda,' said I 'and stay as long as you want to, then if you feel as though

you would like to stay a little longer, stay, my dear.' She told me to stop talking, and go up stairs and get her flannel night-cap, and that bag of pennyroyal for her Aunt Abigail. My wife is a smart woman.

Well, well! I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks whose hearts have got a little calloused by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like it—and I think they do.

No, gentlemen,' said she, 'give it to the poor.' She was always just so charitable. She gave her boys permission to go barefooted all winter, and insisted on it so much in her kind way that the boys could not refuse.

In conclusion, I would say to all young men, marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it.

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