

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

## The Weekly Messenger.

### A LIVELY TALE.

How Billy Knox went up in the world, what adventures he had, and how he had his love affair, was—but you will see how he came out by reading our new continued story which is just as lively a tale as one could wish for. We have determined to give the *Messenger* from now until the end of the year for

### FIFTEEN CENTS,

so that everyone may have a chance to take it for a short time on trial. Our new story begins in next week's number, so there is no time to lose. Speak to your neighbors at once, and if you cannot get them to take the *Messenger* for a year, ask them to take it on trial till the 1st of January, 1886. Every day that passes there is less chance of getting so many papers.

To the person who sends us the largest number of subscribers to the end of the year at fifteen cents each, we will give a prize of \$5 and our book of reprinted stories. To the one who sends us the second largest list of subscribers to the end of the year, we will give a prize of \$2.50, and to the next 15 most successful competitors, we will give our large story-book described in last week's number of this paper. There is

### A CHANCE FOR EVERYONE

to obtain one or other of these SEVENTEEN PRIZES. Clip this offer out and keep it in mind.

Remember, too, our special offer in regard to yearly subscribers. In obtaining yearly subscribers to form clubs of five, you may either send \$2.00 for each five, keeping fifty cents for yourself, or you may send \$2.50 and obtain our story book. Young folks will find that they can spend a few hours very profitably in canvassing for this paper.

### THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

We have already announced the death of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California. One who knew him writes this account of his life, which was romantic in the highest degree. In 1849 every sailing vessel and steamer landing at San Francisco was crowded with adventurers. These were told that gold had first been found at Coloma, and many went there. Without saying so much as "by your leave," they squatted upon Marshall's land about the mill, seized his work oxen for food, confiscated his horses and marked the land off into town lots and distributed them among themselves. Thus robbed of his property he, perforce, became a prospector, but never succeeded in finding much gold. The neighbors who had despoiled his possessions added insult to injury by presuming that he knew the whereabouts of rich deposits of gold, and refused to give information of them, and persecuted him on these false suppositions. To add to his troubles, his title to the land he had purchased prior to his great discovery was questioned; he lost it and died a poor man, though his discovery had led to the addition of untold millions to the wealth of California.

### WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather has been much more favorable for harvest work during the past week and in most sections the greater portion of the grain has been secured in good condition. In a few localities, especially in Wisconsin, there have been heavy rains, and much of the grain that was cut, as well as the standing grain, has been more or less damaged by the wet. The spring wheat in Ontario is turning out very poor owing to blight and rust, which has also done more or less damage to the wheat in the western states, but in the North-West the spring wheat is excellent. The cooler weather has checked the rapid growth of corn, but all of the earlier planted is nearly matured and out of danger, and should frost keep off for a few weeks longer an enormous crop will be secured. Potatoes are doing remarkably well and continue nearly free from rot. The wheat harvest in Britain has turned out more than an average, or about twenty-nine bushels per acre, but the oats will not come up to the average of other years. It looks as if great scarcity, if not famine, was to follow the pestilence in Spain, where the cholera has in many districts deprived the fields of the hands needed to gather the crops, and in many districts the crops have been almost destroyed by frequent and terrible storms.

### THE CHOLERA.

That the outbreak of cholera in Marseilles is far more threatening and dangerous than the epidemic was last year in the same city is shown by a comparison of mortality statistics. On one day there were 140 deaths in Marseilles. On no day during the progress of the disease there last year did the number of deaths exceed 70, and at the corresponding date last year, the number of deaths had fallen to 14 a day. The facts are all too plain. The cholera of this year is more searching and more deadly than the cholera of last year. The disease which attacked the south of France and Italy in 1884, and greatly aroused the fears of the inhabitants of Europe, the British Islands, and the American continent, lasted from the middle of June till the cold of winter set in, yet the recorded deaths, and probably every death from Asiatic cholera, was included, amounted only to 19,632. This year the cholera has reaped its harvest in Spain, and although it is likely that the number of deaths recorded from cholera is too small by half, yet the recorded deaths number 27,296. A great deal now depends on the weather whether the plague will continue to rage or not. The outlook is certainly not encouraging, for the hot season is far from being at an end. It is curious that Spain should have been so largely the sufferer, for it is no worse, from a sanitary point of view, than many other countries in Europe. The deaths in Spain still continue to average over fifteen hundred a day. The Government of Gibraltar is about to impose two days' quarantine against all arrivals from the country reported. If this is done the Spaniards, in spite of their Government, will retaliate by cutting Gibraltar off from all supplies from the towns.

The excitement among the people of the Canary Islands, caused by the fear of cholera amounts to a panic. They now refuse to permit any person from Spain to land. They made an exception in favor of the new Governor and allowed him to come ashore, but received him with riotous demonstrations and threw stones at him. The local authorities have resigned, and many people have gone into the interior in fear of the approach of the scourge. To-day soldiers occupy the streets and all the public buildings.

In Marseilles the cholera is taking a form that the doctors cannot deal with. The victims die suddenly and there is no time to administer medicine even. On catching the plague the patient feels a coldness which neither stimulants, hot applications nor violent rubbing will do away with. Two hours after death the body becomes black and soon begins to decay. Although the epidemic is not contagious it is feared that one hundred deaths will soon be recorded every day in Marseilles.

Captain Dawson, of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, writes to the Halifax *Herald* that all the swallows and martins had left that section of the country. "An old inhabitant" of Halifax comments upon the fact as follows: Referring to the early and unaccountable flight of the swallows and martins—leaving, as in some cases they have, their young behind them to die in their nests—permit me to mention that a precisely similar phenomenon was observed in 1834 immediately before the outbreak of cholera in this city. At that time not only the swallows and martins but nearly all the birds took flight and their entire absence during the period of cholera visitation was noticed and commented on. It, of course, does not follow that the early flight of the swallows this year is to be followed by the same pestilence, but the coincidence is sufficiently striking to be worth calling attention to.

### A CHAPTER IN THE SEQUEL.

There remain several Indians to be tried for the part they took in the Riel rebellion, and it is believed that all Indians guilty of murder will be hung. Poundmaker's sentence of three years to the Penitentiary is looked on as very severe, in the face of the doubt that he was responsible for any portion of his people's misdeeds. There is a prevalent opinion amongst those who know him and have some idea of his many good qualities, that his sentence will be commuted or greatly alleviated. The chief expressed his desire to be hung rather than go to gaol for three years. He knew what he was about when he made that statement for if he had been sentenced to death he stood a fair chance of a reprieve and his liberty. What he would like would be a similar punishment to what Riel had after his first rebellion—a good round sum of money to leave the country.

The *New York Tribune* says:—We hope that the State Department will ignore the petitions asking this Government to interfere in behalf of the Canadian rebel Riel.

It is hardly likely that he will be hanged; but, at all events, his fate is for the Dominion Government to decide. As to the assertion that Riel is an American citizen, it seems sufficient answer to say that even his counsel at the trial did not try to get him off on that weak plea.

Riel's wife has been prostrated ever since hearing of her husband's sentence. At one time it was feared she would die, but latterly she has slightly rallied. Riel's mother and family being visited were found grief-stricken. The poor old mother of seventy has refused almost all food since she heard of her son's sentence. They all expect he will be hanged, and offer prayers daily for his safe conduct to heaven.

How fare the volunteers who have returned from their campaign in the North-West? Everyone is enthusiastic over the erection of a monument in honor of those who sacrificed their lives for their country and the collectors of funds for this purpose are meeting with every success, so that the necessary sum will soon be raised. But help for those who are still living and who are in pinched circumstances does not appear so easy to obtain. Many volunteers are now waiting for their pay, which is slow in coming. Not a few have lost situations through their enforced absence and are not able to get new ones.

### BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

Take a look over the article headed "A lively tale" at the beginning of this paper and read this:

From now till the end of October we have decided to give a large book of stories, which sells at sixty cents, to anyone who will send us a list of five new subscribers, to the *Weekly Messenger* at fifty cents each. This offer does not include the club rates, but is of greater benefit to him who wins it. Take care, on sending in your list of subscribers, to write the names and post-offices very distinctly. The book in paper covers is eleven inches by fourteen and contains sixty stories of great interest, the continued ones not being too long. There are 237 pages and about 140 pictures illustrative of the stories. Anyone who has seen the book would be well pleased to take the trouble to secure it by sending in five new subscribers to the *Weekly Messenger*. The offer is too good a one for us to be able to make it for an unlimited time and we therefore place the time till October 31st, about two months from now.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA has written a notable letter to his dynamic agents in Havre and Antwerp. Rossa blames these agents for their present inactivity and says to them: "You have plenty of oatmeal and won't use it." He then commands them to recommence the dynamite war and arrange for several "simultaneous explosions in England forthwith." The more moderate dynamiters seem to be inclined to give Lord Salisbury a chance to benefit Ireland before doing any destructive work in England, Rossa, however, is not for letting the grass grow under his feet.

## WINNING THE PRIZE.

"Going to try for the prize, Jessie!"  
 "Why, certainly!"  
 "And you, Cad?"  
 "Of course."  
 "No need of asking you, Maggie; your work will probably throw the rest of us in the shade; hardly an equal contest with your deft fingers in the field, or rather on the canvas."

"I wish," continued the speaker, fair Susie Peckham, "that some one else had offered the prize, rather than that old Colonel Warwick. Being able to command a regiment is one thing and, possessing sufficient sagacity to judge fairly the comparative merits of young ladies is quite another."

"Oh, ho," chimed in Cad Wellington. "You let Colonel Warwick alone on the fancy-work question, my dear; there never was a gentleman better able to decide what is truly tasteful and ornamental, than this same Col. Warwick. But did you notice, by the way, that he did not specify fancy work at all in making his offer?"

"And the Colonel is so peculiar," said Maggie Luscomb. "We might do our very prettiest, and then likely as not he would take some queer freak and decide in favor of some out-of-the-way article no one else would ever see any beauty in whatever, until he pointed it out."

"All the better I should think," added Jessie Neale. "You know my patterns are apt to be what Balsom of the wool Bazaar calls unique; so I should hope for some consideration on that ground." And the speaker, a stately girl, carried something of a suggestion of the "unique" in manner and voice both so well-toned and slightly conscious.

"What are you going to do?" asked Maggie Luscomb of Cad Wellington.

"I don't know," was the evasive reply. "Probably something in the worsted."

"Wouldn't it be better for us not to tell each other our plans?" suggested Susie Pinkham.

"Well, yes," replied Jessie thoughtfully. "It wouldn't be quite agreeable to find we had produced duplicates when the time comes, at least none of us four cronies."

"Then suppose we tell enough to prevent any risk of that?" said Maggie. "I might crochet, another work on canvas, you know."

"Yes, that would be the best way," broke in Cad Wellington, "but, girls," she added, in a different tone, half laughing, "what do you imagine Poppy will try her hand at? Suppose she'll try at all?"

"Poor little Pauline," said Maggie Luscomb, pityingly, "it's a shame the way she has to dig and delve the livelong time? I declare I should give up in despair if I had to work as she does; proud little piece she is too, and by good rights, what's more. Her family was as high-toned as any people in the place once. But since her father died poor Poppy has literally spent her time popping from the kitchen to the dining-room, and vice versa, drudging for those everlasting boarders."

"H'm! she's one of the happiest girls I know," remarked Jessie Neale.

"And one of the smartest that ever lived," added Cad Wellington, "only the idea of her working for the fair and for the prize! Well, it's just a trifle too-too for my risibles," and Cad's duples came and went with such a ludicrous attempt at gravity, the effort resulted in a good laugh all round, and soon afterward the friends parted.

"Old Colonel Warwick," as he was generally known, was greatly interested in the fair soon to be in progress in his native town, in aid of a soldier's home. He was an old soldier himself, and carried about in his wise old head a vivid recollection of sufferings and dangers once encountered by a certain class of men, whose service he never meant to depreciate or forget not he! although it was part of his policy not to say much about what he termed a simple duty. Being, moreover, very much interested and as was also his charming wife, in young people, and holding in common with her certain firm opinions as to what their capabilities should be in several directions, he had offered a liberal prize to the young lady who should send to the fair, as he quaintly expressed it "the most beautiful, useful and well-made article on exhibition."

Many others than the few already mentioned entered the long list of competitors, but the abilities of these particular ones on this occasion being in advance of most others, we deal with them chiefly.

"What's matter, Poppy?" asked a soft voice full of gentle solicitude, of a young girl who sat wearily skimming the local paper late in the evening.

"Oh, nothing; why?"  
 "Because, child, you had a kind of disappointed look, and I thought perhaps something met your eye that tired or grieved you."

"Guess I'm too sleepy for grief to-night," and the next moment very cheerfully, "well, I'm sure the best thing I could do for Poppy Penrose would be to put her to bed, so good night, mamma."

But once in her quiet room she soliloquized regretfully:

"So good old Colonel Warwick offers a prize, does he, to the young lady producing the most beautiful, useful and well-made article on exhibition at the coming fair? Well, the time was I might have entered, but what could I do now I wonder?" and she looked ruefully down at her well-shaped, but little hands, somewhat stiffened by toil.

"I suppose," she went on, "Cad Wellington will embroider something in her fine style, and what she makes is often 'beautiful, useful' and always well made; and Jessie Neale will do some of her wonderful worsted work; Maggie Luscomb will crochet something so perfectly it would take a dozen pairs of Colonel's spectacles to detect a flaw; and as for Sue Pinkham, she will probably paint something true to life or nature, flowers perhaps, one could almost snatch them from the canvas, it would seem. And even then without taking the prize, such a worthy object for which to spend one's time and talent. But never Poppy Penrose," she added, patting her round sweet cheek, "your time may come yet for prizes—here or there," she added thoughtfully, with a glance out of her window toward the sky; and a few moments later she was sleeping the sweet sleep her faithful efforts had fairly earned.

Next day the four friends went with mysterious, interested faces to the neighboring city and in different directions accomplished a good deal of shopping, all very pleasant and inspiring.

Popping as usual from kitchen to dining-room, vice versa went Pauline Penrose, "cooking and delving and waiting upon those everlasting boarders," yet smiling and cheery as ever. But although the noble little thing had resolved her mother should know nothing of what absorbed her, nevertheless continually in her mind was the harrowing tempting query, "now what could I do! But there was no money with which to buy Berlin wools with their aspiring prices; and was not masaging every penny possible with which to buy farmer Adams' splendid cow, and wouldn't her sixteen quarts of milk a day help her out, though, in more ways than one? So there was no money for materials from which she could produce either the useful, beautiful or well-made, and no time to spend even in winning a nice prize; for Colonel Warwick would offer nothing short of nice; not he."

"Well, whatever has come over Pauline the dear child, I can't imagine," remarked Mrs. Penrose to one of her boarders, "but she just dances and sings ten times gayer than ever, from morning till night; something's up I do believe," and the mother looked pleased and puzzled.

Something was up—simply that Poppy had decided to enter as a competitor for the prize offered by old Colonel Warwick.

The opening evening of the fair had arrived. The articles were all in, and with expectation on tip-toe the friends arrayed themselves in their most becoming attire. All the towns-people who could walk seemed to be present, when at length the time came for inspecting a long table in the middle of the hall. Colonel Warwick advanced towards the spot, as notice was given that the articles presented by the young ladies who were candidates for his offered prize were ready. It was a charming array. At first the kindly old gentleman declared it was all too much for him; but requesting—"in his old way," Cad Wellington afterward remarked—that the crowd meander away from the table a while, and leave him to recall his bewildered senses, he shortly found himself an examining committee of one, and set himself vigorously to the work before him. At length after nearly two hours of faithful scrutiny, he had reduced the number of articles from which to choose

to four, and those were the offers of our four friends.

Cad Wellington's, as Poppy had predicted, was a pair of gentleman's slippers embroidered on velvet, with silk and chenille, and the Colonel with his fine eye for the beautiful, looked long and admiringly at the lovely pattern.

The next was Jessie Neale's work; a sofa pillow, in style "unique" indeed! A most enticing article, and such a useful present for his wife, the Colonel reflected.

Then came the wonderfully intricate wrap for a baby, all floss and ribbons it appeared, and the Colonel loved little babies so much as to "like all their belongings," and a very marvel of beauty was this wrap, the work of Maggie Luscomb's skilful fingers.

And true enough a bunch of pansies, moss-buds, and trailing vines, glowed clear and true to nature; Sue Pinkham's faultless contribution, as a card in the corner showed.

The Colonel was somehow inclining toward that baby wrap, when he noticed an object, which, from its plainness in contrast, perhaps, had before escaped his notice. It was a tray evidently containing something covered with a snowy napkin. Carefully removing the cloth, he gazed intently for a moment on the objects beneath; then he thrust his thumbs with a satisfied air in the arm-holes of his vest, and gave a low whistle; and Mrs. Warwick, hearing the sound, and observing the movement, remarked to a lady beside her:

"There! the Colonel is pleased now. I know that whistle and that contented attitude."

What he looked upon was a loaf cut in the middle, showing bread white as snow, light as foam, and tender as sponge cake, yet thoroughly well baked. Beside it was a brown loaf, cut in the same way, showing the perfect baking, and necessarily careful mixing. A couple of tartis showed puff paste in perfection. Across a well-cooked slice of turkey lay a slice of savory dressing, and a tiny block of apple jelly; a small plate of harlequin cake completing the tempting array. A card on the tray bore the name "Pauline Penrose," and it took up less room than either Jessie Neale's sofa pillow, or Maggie Luscomb's baby wrap, so deftly had the little hands disposed of her delicate wares.

Now, good bread had always been a favorite hobby with Colonel Warwick, and suddenly taking a large knife lying on the tray, he cut a large slice from the white loaf, and never paused a moment until every crumb had disappeared. Then he cut a similar slice from the brown bread, eating that also; and a tart followed; then a bite or two of cake; then part of the slice of turkey, all of the dressing, and the little block of apple jelly.

Then the Colonel thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and gave a long and loud whistle. This was followed by quite a little round of applause from the interested spectators.

After another careful survey of the articles in general, a small bell was rung to produce quiet, and Colonel Warwick at once had the floor.

"My young friends," he said, "you have so out-vided each other in the beauty and variety of your generous offering to our fair, that at one time I feared it would be impossible for me to satisfactorily decide who, according to the conditions specified, would be most deserving of the prize it is my intention to forward to-morrow to one of your number. To each and all of you, let me tender my hearty thanks for the deserving efforts put forth, and remember that having failed to win the prize is no proof that your work is not, in most instances, entirely acceptable."

"Comfortable, elegant slippers," he went on "are beautiful, useful, and well made; so are rich sofa pillows and other pretty things in worsted; also paintings, cushions, needle-books and the baby's wrap—bless it's little heart,—but what, after all, my friends, is more beautiful to look upon, so eminently useful and well made as good bread; light, wholesome pastry, palatable meat, in short, all nice culinary achievements in general! I was a farmer's boy, and my dear mother a thoroughly domestic woman, and I remember much about the toil and discipline required in perfecting one's self in those matters."

"So my conscientious verdict must be in favor of the youthful hands which furnished so deliciously the excellent sample of cookery so keenly relished just now. I shall,

therefore, take great pleasure in sending, to-morrow, my compliments to Miss Pauline Penrose; and may her example in sending samples of culinary skill be followed another year by all our young people, and the Lord willing, another prize shall then be awarded for the best productions in this department."

As the men did the applauding, it was loud and hearty, as the brief speech was finished. But gathered in one corner of the room, an hour later, sat the five friends, for Poppy was, as ever, a favorite with them all, and, to their credit be it said, the first shock of disappointment over, the other four were heartily glad that Poppy had won the prize.

"But, really, Poppy dear," Jessie Neale was saying—she of the stately carriage and "unique" patterns—"I didn't suppose any great practice was needed in bread to make good bread and pies; true, I never made them, and true too, father often worries over heavy loaves; but I supposed it was easy enough, one tried."

And Poppy answered rather tearfully, for her:

"Oh, you little know the cries I've had over poor bread and heavy pastry and slack cake; all the failures I've had to discourage me, and the pitiful wastes I sometimes made. But ma was always so patient and encouraging, and used often to say it would pay me well to persevere. But I never dreamed," she added slowly, "that all the time I was winning a prize."

But when the bell rang next day, and Colonel Warwick left with Mrs. Penrose a sealed envelope for Miss Pauline, it seemed as if Poppy's nervous fingers were very long in opening it. And when at last she held in her fingers simply a slip of paper with a few printed and written words on it, she was utterly unable to speak for a few minutes; but when the over-considerate mother said inquiringly:

"Well, Poppy, child?" she choked back a great sob, and burst out:

"Ma, darling! I'm going this very afternoon to farmer Adams' for that young cow, and you shall have that velvet bonnet I saw at Dresser's, for that blessed old Colonel Warwick has sent me a check for one hundred dollars, and all the result of that nine shillings' worth of material you allowed me to send fractions of to the fair." What a lucky hit it was to be sure.—*Golden Rule.*

## GORDON AT GRAVESEND.

BY ARTHUR STANNARD.

## A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

"Warrior of God, man's friend; not here below, But somewhere dead in the far waste Southland. Thou livest in all hearts; for all men know Thy certain path borne no simpler, nobler man."

—*Longfellow.*

Doubtless there will be more, as there have already been many, accounts given to the world of the life and doings of that brave and gallant soldier—that true and Christian gentleman—whose name, during the last twelve months or more, has been upon the lips of all mankind, whose deeds have been shouted aloud or whispered low, according as the scales of his fate were buoyant with victory or heavy with failure.

I am neither author nor journalist, but I had the advantage of working under General Gordon for nearly two years at a time when he was perhaps less conspicuous to the world but better known as a man than at any other period of his eventful life; and, therefore, I hope to be able to give a fair account of the man himself as he appeared apart from the glare of fame through which he was commonly viewed.

And a very real and human man he was—as great, as good, and as true as any have described him; not a colorless saint without a flaw or fault to retrieve his goodness from monotony—as some would apparently have us conceive him—but a man whose genius was too brilliant and whose parts were too strong to be without corresponding weaknesses and prejudices almost as marked as his talents. If I describe his peculiarities as well as his goodness it will not be to detract from his reputation but rather to enhance it, for who could have loved Gordon as we did if he had been nothing more than a model of all the virtues?

When I first stood face to face with the St. Paul of the nineteenth century—for surely no other man of modern times has united in his person so many points of resemblance to the great apostle, in career as well as in character—I was a long slip of a

lad rejoicing in the post of assistant to the manager for the contractors who were constructing the fortifications at and near Gravesend. I was standing, with my chief, Mr. Woodhouse, on the *terre plain* of the New Tavern Fort, then nearly completed, when the colonel came across the little parade ground from his office and joined us.

"This is my new assistant, Colonel Gordon," said my chief by way of introduction. My hand was grasped heartily, a quick, nervous voice bade me a kindly good-morning, and the next moment I was looking into "Chinese Gordon's" eyes. What eyes they were! keen and clear, filled with the beauty of holiness; bright, with an unnatural brightness; their expression one of settled feverishness, their color blue-gray, as is the sky on a bitter March morning. I know not what effect those eyes had on all whom he came in contact with—though from the unflinching and willing obedience with which his orders were carried out I fancy that to some extent he unconsciously mesmerized them. Upon me their effect was to raise a wild longing, a desperate desire to do something, anything, at his bidding. It was not an unpleasant or uncanny sensation; it was not that any evil thought or suspicion lurked within the windows of his brave and pure soul; his power was the power of resolute goodness, and it was strong, so strong that I am sure had he told me to stand on my head, or to perform some impossible feat, I should certainly have tried my utmost to accomplish it without giving a moment for reflection as to whether the order was reasonable or not.

I saw much and heard more of Gordon during the time I was on the Tilbury, Gravesend, and Cliffe forts. I can fully confirm the account Mr. Hake gives of his life at that time, except that I never saw any of the inscriptions "Good bless the Kernel" which he says were to be found chalked on the walls and fences in the neighborhood, nor have I been able to find any one who ever did see them.

It was Gordon's custom to begin his working day at eight o'clock in the morning, and end it at two in the afternoon. Before and after those hours he was practically as inaccessible as if he had been on the other side of the globe. Some few there were who had tried the experiment of interviewing him in his official capacity during the forbidden hours, but I never heard of their attempts being successful; indeed, the colonel's manner at such times was (to put it mildly) distinctly discouraging, and usually made the offenders to determine never to violate his rules again. For, in spite of the beautiful goodness of his heart and the great breadth of his charity, Gordon was far from possessing a placid temperament, or from being patient over small things. Indeed, his very energy and his single-mindedness tended to make him impatient and irritable whenever any person or thing interfered with his instructions or desires.

When Gordon was at work there was never any mistake about it, and woe to the man who then kept him waiting for anything a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. "Another five minutes gone! We shall never have them again!" would snap out at such times, and a whole world of meaning lay in the words when he was the speaker; infinitely more telling they were than the vigorous English in which most men give vent to growing impatience.

There was indeed nothing more remarkable about Gordon than his almost morbid appreciation of the value of time; he would not, of his own accord, waste a single moment; his own words, "Inaction is terrible to me," were in fact literally true.

For a man of his small stature, his activity was marvellous—he seemed able to walk every one else off their legs, over rough ground or smooth. It was a most comical sight, for any one with a sense of humor, to see him land at a fort and run up the glacis and round the works, followed by one or more of his own staff, my chief (a massive, slow-moving man), and two other foremen, all "comfortable" in bulk. Whenever he paused, his followers would struggle up one by one in various stages of breathlessness; and invariably did he require to address his first remark to one of those who were furthest behind. At Cliffe I being young and slim, was able to keep close to him, and I took care always to use the advantages nature had given me when he visited that fort.

In Gordon strength and weakness were

more fantastically mingled. There was of course no trace of timidity in his composition, or he could never have occupied his unique position in the world. But he was of a highly nervous temperament, which made him extremely sensitive in some respects, especially as to the feelings of others who might be affected by his doings. He had a most powerful will, and as high a sense of duty as was possible for a man to have; and when he believed any course to be right, and that it was his duty to follow it, he was absolutely indifferent to all dissuading or moderating influences. He did not combat opposing counsels at any time, but simply ignored them; when his mind was made up on a matter, it never seemed to occur to him that there could be any more to say about it.

This superb confidence in himself, without the least arrogance or conscious egotism, went far toward making Gordon the distinguished figure he was to every one with whom he had to do. No doubt his ability and industry can be equalled by many now serving their queen and country, but it is given to few to have such natural powers combined with a like absence of self-pride. Indeed, with him the desire to efface himself amounted almost to a disease. Nothing irritated him more than to be effusively or even gratefully thanked for any kindness, though kindness he was ever ready to show where there was want or misery to relieve. All sorts and conditions of men became the objects for his labor and the recipients of his charity; and of their deserts he was not critical.

There were those among his acquaintances who declared offenses that he was too indiscriminate, particularly those who themselves discriminated, so much as to relieve themselves from any efforts to help their fellow-creatures in trouble, but Gordon was never swayed by these; any visible want or misery was sufficient to arouse his sympathy and ensure his help.

As was but natural, he was often imposed upon. Boys there were whom he had rescued from the gutter, whom he had fed, clothed, and housed, whom he had kept for months in his own house until he could find such berths for them as would secure them decent livings; and some of these, having no grit in them, no mind to labor for themselves, came back again and again, trusting to the colonel's bounty and goodness. It needed many such failures to convince him that these defaulters were in truth incorrigible.

In one instance Gordon took a boy into his house, fed, clothed, and taught him, and at last placed him satisfactorily on board ship. But this youth, having no mind for work, bolted at the first chance, loafed about for a while, and then, finding he was getting thinly stocked both within and without, came in rags and tatters to the colonel and appealed to him for one more chance. The result was another trial, followed by another situation with another complete outfit. But it was all to no purpose. Three times this little impostor was taken in, fed back to strength, clothed afresh and well placed by the colonel, and as often did he return to the streets to sink again into wretchedness and rags. The last time he came back was at night. The colonel was not then at home, but when he returned he found his twice tried *protégé* on the doorstep, half dead with hunger and cold—though it was not winter time—a mass of rags, and in a disgusting state of filthiness. To take him in with three other boys, then living in the house, was out of the question; and to leave him outside was, for the colonel, no less impossible. He solved the difficulty by leading him across the yard to the stable (which, as he did not keep a horse himself, the colonel allowed my chief to use). There was a second stall therein which was used as a storage place for the clean straw: there were several bundles in it that night, and on them the colonel bade the boy rest till morning, and went out, leaving the candle, which had been blown out by a puff of wind, on the manger.

In the morning, when the groom came, he noticed the candle with some surprise, and in going for it walked over the boy.

"Hello!" said he, "what are you a-doing here?"

"Oh!" replied the boy, "the colonel brought me here, and told me he would come for me at six o'clock."

John grinned and made answer: "Oh, very well, bid where you are."

Just after six the colonel made his ap-

pearance, carrying a lump of soap, a towel of goodly proportions, a brush, and a sponge. He called the little vagabond out into the yard, and having poured a pail of hot water into the half barrel which did duty as the drinking trough, he then and there stripped his young friend, and gave him a thorough cleansing from head to foot, and afterwards dressed him in entirely new clothes—his own being only fit for the fames.

Gordon used to buy boys' boots by the gross, and coarse raiment by the dozen, to clothe his *protégés*. In his time he must have clothed some hundreds of boys, and although his kindness was often thrown away, there were many cases—some within my own knowledge—in which the help he gave proved to be the beginning of self-respect and success.

Gordon literally went out into the highways and byways to bring in his guests. As he was walking one day along the high-road, just beyond the village of Chalk, he came upon a ragged, wretched-looking boy sitting in the hedgerow, gently crying to himself for hunger. The colonel could not pass him, of course; so he entered into conversation with him, and after a while drew from him all his story. He was a Norfolk boy, and had run away, some three years before, from his home near Cromer; since then he had lived by his wits, which had not done any great things for him, and he had now got to his worst estate, being homeless, starving, and destitute. The colonel could not take him home, as he was on his way to a cottage further on, so he gave him his Testament in which was written his name and address, and told him to go thereto and await his return. Subsequently he found employment for him on the adjacent fort, and kept him some six weeks in his house while he made inquiries about him. As the result of these confirmed the lad's account of himself, the colonel thought it but right that he should return to his home; so, having made arrangements for him to be met, he one day sent him off, carriage paid, booked to Norwich. He probably reached his destination safely, for the mother never wrote to the contrary, neither did she or the boy ever think it necessary to send one word to the colonel in acknowledgment of his kindness to the wanderer!

His house truly was, as Mr. Hake says, "a school and hospital and almshouse in turn." Sometimes it was a sick lad he was nursing back to strength; at others a few boys for whom he was seeking places; while all the year round there were night classes—I believe on two evenings a week—which were attended by dozens of ragged youngsters.

Two afternoons a week he went to the Infirmary, where he read, talked and prayed with all who were lying sick there. Of his great sympathy with the sick, and his exertions on their behalf, I always heard more grateful words spoken than of anything else he was in the habit of doing. He was especially fond of seeking out old and bedridden people living outside the town, and in the country districts, who had few to look after them. To these old people he was more genial and communicative than to anyone else, and would tell them long stories of his doings in Russia and in China which it was simply impossible for any well-to-do person to extract from him.

All the world knows now how powerfully Gordon was swayed by his religious feelings. Nothing that has been written on that head which I have seen, exceeds the truth. When one realized what he did day by day, and all with such absolute indifference to praise or blame, one could not fail to comprehend that Gordon did indeed live for his God and not for himself. All he did was done without a thought of man's approbation or regard; he spared himself no exertion that could add to the comfort of those who were sick or miserable; his purse was never well stocked, for his gifts were only limited by his means.

When he left Gravesend for Galatz in 1871, he made arrangements to have the old and disabled persons whom he had regularly relieved up till then, still provided with regular pensions at his expense, in amounts varying from one to ten shillings per week, and I am told that even at the time of his death some of these were still living, and still being benefited from his purse. It was no wonder that he was frequently without money with which to meet unexpected calls; and it is true that on one occasion—the Hospital Sunday Fund was started—not having any money by him at the time,

he sent, as his contribution to the fund, a gold medal worth £10, to be melted down.

With all his belief, Gordon was perfectly free from cant, and never sought to press religion indiscriminately upon the notice of those with whom he came in contact, but confined himself in that way very much to those who were sick, and to boys and old people. He was, however, an assiduous tract-distributor in a quiet way. Any one who next trod the same path when the colonel had walked from one fort to another, as he sometimes did, would generally find a sprinkling of tracts on the way, all so placed that they could not be mistaken for stray papers deposited by wind or chance. If there was a stile to get over, a tract would be on the top bar, kept in place by a heavy stone; if the footpath was narrow, another tract would be found in the middle of it, secured in the same way; others would be seen hung on any nails that might project from fence or wall, or wrapped round gate-handles or bars, all so ingeniously placed that no one could fail to see they had been put there purposely.

At one fort a powerful telescope was kept through which the actions of those at the next fort—a mile and a half distant—could be watched; and I fear it was very frequently used, when the colonel left on foot, to count up the tracts which he disposed of on the way.

When we heard of his appointment to a fresh post in Galatz, we were one and all distressed that we were not to complete the forts under his eyes, for we all felt proud of working under one so distinguished as he had even then made himself throughout the world, and we felt we were not likely to see again a man whose whole life was such a lesson in modesty, energy, capacity, and godliness. I think it was not until he was really gone that it was fully realized how great a man had passed from our midst. It was perhaps as well that this was so, for nothing would have been more distasteful to him than a great demonstration of his popularity and of the general regret felt at his departure.

The last time I saw him an incident occurred which well showed his kindly regard for the feelings of others. He was making a farewell visit to the forts in the company of the inspector-general of fortifications, his successor (Colonel Wrottesley), and several engineer and artillery officers, who came with him to make a general inspection of the works on the command being transferred.

At Cliffe Fort my chief went round with the distinguished party, and I followed him. On the visitors reaching the jetty, after the inspection, on their way to the boat, I turned back, and, crossing the glacis, entered my little hut at the east corner of the fort.

I had scarcely closed the door when it was violently thrown open again, and in rushed Colonel Gordon. He hastily wrung my hand, and exclaimed, "Good-by, Stannard; God bless and keep you always!" Before I could utter a word in return he had darted out again, and was making his way at a sharp double across the glacis toward the steam launch on which all the others had by that time taken their places.

That was my last sight of him who was born in the cradle of modern warfare, and half a century later, after such a life as no man has lived since the days of the mighty apostle to whom I have likened him, fell by the dagger of a Mohammedan fanatic in the betrayed city of the burning desert. More than ever do I now value his last message to me, written from Galatz—"Tell Stannard to thank God he was born an Englishman;" more than ever do I see the force and truth and beauty of the lines written upon the great soldier of the past:—

His work is done.  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And teach the soldier firm, the statesman pure;  
Till in all lands and thro' all human story,  
The path of duty be the way to glory.  
—Nineteenth Century.

Young housekeepers who are worried when they wish to wash a feather-bed tick and will find that the best plan is to sew together two sheets, leaving half of one end open and ripping the half of the tick to match it. Sew both holes together, thus emptying out the tick without spreading the feathers.

## THE WEEK.

**THE FASTEST VOYAGE** around the world has been completed by the steamer "Arwa" in 73 days and 6 hours.

**EATEN BY SHARKS!** A steamer arriving at San Francisco from Honolulu brought the news of the capsizing of a schooner during a sudden squall. All on board were thrown into the water. Two of the crew managed to get into the boat, which had been in tow of the schooner, and rescued two other sailors, but the captain, his wife and child and two others of the crew were chased by sharks and drawn under the water before the rescuers were able to reach them.

**A GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE** seems to be slowly preparing in St. Louis under the guidance of the Knights of Labor. Bill Hogens one of the employees of the Missouri Pacific workshops refused to handle a certain kind of engine and was dismissed. The master of the shop was notified by the Knights of Labor that Hogens must be reinstated and paid for lost time or a strike would ensue. Under orders of the Superintendent Hogens was reinstated, and was paid for lost time. Both sides are acting very cautiously.

**TO THOSE** who live where law and order prevail it is hard to believe how far one man can go in disturbing the peace of good citizens in comparatively new countries where the machinery of civilization is not yet in full swing. For five years blood-thirsty Nane, chief of the renegade Indians of New Mexico, has been leader of marauding redskins who have terrorized the people of southern New Mexico and Arizona. It is reported that this chief has been killed lately.

**A MAN**, with the feelings of a dynamiter, whose name is Terence McDonald, has been making things uncomfortable for Lieut. Howard, the Gatling gun man, since the latter's return from the North-West to his home in New Haven. Terence thought it his duty, when Howard was at Fish Creek, to publicly express his indignation that he should do ought to inflict injury on an enemy of England, and of late has so annoyed the Gatling manipulator that the services of the police have been necessitated to prevent violence being done.

**PRIDE** should not keep one from begging if that is the last resort by which life may be saved. A poor, but exceedingly proud and sensitive couple, entered the Poor Director's office at Erie, Pennsylvania, very famished looking, with their child, a beautiful but young girl. "For God's sake give us food for her," said the man with emotion. When their turn came the pair told their tale of suffering, and upon turning to the girl to confirm the story it was found she had died of starvation while her parents were waiting their turn for relief. They had waited a day too long before seeking aid at the poor-house. It was a fault which is far too uncommon in America.

**THE GERMANS** have annexed the Caroline Islands which lie north of Australia between the Philippines and Marshall Island. There are five hundred islands on the average measuring more than a square mile. The announcement of this in Spain caused great excitement. A mob of forty thousand persons assembled in Madrid with banners. They marched through the streets, arousing great enthusiasm. King Alfonso of Spain fears he will be deposed by his subjects for not preventing the annexation of the islands which were discovered by Spain and remained hers since 1646. The King has entreated the Emperor William to delay their occupation by the Germans but to no purpose.

**THE CLERGYMEN** who are making a bicycle tour through Canada arrived in Belleville the other day. An exchange says: "It would be interesting to know how the spiritual wants of their flocks, who can't afford to indulge in bicycle tours, are being ministered to during their somewhat protracted absence." It may be a somewhat uncharitable question to ask, but yet one which it would be interesting to have answered.

**PARIS HAS BEEN** enquiring into the English mode of keeping the poor and has sent delegates to inspect the houses of the poorest class in London. The delegates seem to have had a very poor opinion of the treatment of the poor in London, for a French paper, the *Rappel*, commenting on their report says that they are allowed to die as quickly as possible so that they may not have any children to become heirs to their sufferings and wretchedness. The *Rappel* adds with pride: "A country (France) bearing the banner of fraternity cannot imitate the system." If the poor in London are really worse treated than those in Paris, how is it that the latter city is one so well noted for suicides resulting from poverty?

**IT IS RATHER CURIOUS** in America to think of the hold Socialists, Anarchists, and Dynamiters have in Europe. What would be thought if a procession of persons, whose object was to blow up great personages and world-renowned buildings, was to form on this side of the water and march unmolested through the streets of a large city doing honor to one of their number who was being hurried off to prison? The classes of society in America seem to be levelled enough even for dynamiters and they do not trouble us much. A man was arrested in Amsterdam for placarding a wall with Socialistic circulars. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Hundreds of sympathizers followed him to prison, displaying numerous red and black flags.

**THE MINERS AND LABORERS** employed in a colliery at Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, were recently notified that a ten percent reduction in all wages would go into effect at once. The men resolved not to accept the reduction. The mines were therefore hoisted from the mine and the mine closed up. Hungarians and Poles were immediately put to work about the mine, and late in the evening the foreigners were attacked by the strikers. The excitement brought to the scene numbers of persons, and the fight became general and was participated in by one hundred men and boys. All sorts of missiles were used, stones, clubs and fence rails. From fifteen to twenty-five persons were seriously wounded, and several Hungarians were fatally injured. As soon as one man became disabled he was carried away, and the battle renewed. The Hungarians fought desperately.

**SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS**, is greatly excited over a double and what may prove to be a triple murder, which occurred in broad daylight on one of the principal streets. Leonard Gardner, who spent the night in jail for wife beating, procured bail and was released. He immediately armed himself with two large revolvers of large calibre, and became loud in threats against Policemen Camp and Gall, who had arrested him. About noon Gardner saw the two officers approaching him on Washington street, and, hastily entering a hallway, he opened fire. Officer Camp fell dead. Gall returned the fire rapidly, and in a moment Gardner fell, pierced with three bullets. He died instantly. Officer Gall fell with two bullets in him. It is thought he will die.

**MR. L. BROPHY**, while in the North-West with the Sharpshooters, found an idol in Poundmaker's camp. Inside the heathen god was found a lock of hair enclosed in a piece of bark. Mr. Brophy, with a view of ascertaining what the curiosity was, showed it to one of the Indians attached to Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Just as soon as the Indian caught a glimpse of it he became greatly excited, his eyes glaring with surprise at what was to be thought the fact of this article being in the possession of a white man. The Indian held it firmly and hurriedly summoned those of his tribe around the place to look at it. They all appeared to be excited, and refused to return it to the owner. One of the scouts, however, snatched it from them and gave it to its owner. Mr. Brophy has failed thus far to discover the true nature of his curiosity.

**HOW CAPTAINS** stick to their ships to the last, although they may have little hope of ever bringing them to shore, is a lively theme for sailors to make yarns about. The captain of a steamer just arrived in Germany relates how he came across a waterlogged bark named "Brimiga" which was almost a total wreck in the rigging. The steamer had rescued eight men, two of whom had their legs seriously lacerated, and a third had his arm broken. The captain, first and the second mates, and cook of the injured bark had declined all offers of assistance and expressed the intention of making an attempt to work their way to Halifax, although the notion seemed an insane one. Captain Gertzler, who was in command of the bark, is reported to have said he was going to "Sheol" or Halifax. It is to be hoped he reached the latter place in safety if his only alternative was "Sheol."

**THERE IS A MORAL** for all young ladies of expensive tastes in the story of Mrs. Brinckle's 27 years' imprisonment in a mad-house, which has created a great stir in Philadelphia on account of the prominence of her relatives. Some one who had examined into her case told the authorities about her in these words: "A beautiful and charming young lady, just out of her teens, used to wealth, is extravagant and her father, reduced in circumstances, finding himself unable to restrain her habit of spending concludes she requires custodial care, places her in the hospital, heedless of her earnest protests; he dies and leaves her there. Here she has been nearly 30 years and is now nearly 50 years of age, and still begging to be released, but the custodians still think she needs 'custodial care,' and she remains to this day under restraint of her personal liberty." This led to an investigation but but it was some time before the old lady was released. She is still strong although her hair is gray with age.

**THE STEAMER "ETRURIA"** of the Currrd line has made the fastest trip from England to New York that has ever been made, the time from land to land being six days and two hours. The fastest trip of a freight train over the American continent was an hour and a half longer than the shortest ocean passage.

**THE YACHT "SUNBEAM,"** on which Mr. Gladstone and his wife and daughter are the guests of Sir Thomas Brassey, has reached Berlin, Norway. Mr. Gladstone has already been greatly benefited by his trip. On Monday he went ashore and walked eighteen miles over a rough road. Mr. Gladstone was not fatigued and was delighted with his jaunt. Pretty good for an elderly gentleman who has had so much work to do as Mr. Gladstone!

**A RICH MAIDEN LADY**, named Menetray recently disappeared from Paris society. A female servant, named Mercier, told the neighbors that the lady had entered a convent, leaving her to manage the property. The servant brought her own relatives to the house to live. Suspicion being aroused the police entered the premises, and discovered the lady's body buried in quicklime in the garden. The servant and her companions tried to escape, but were arrested.

**A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY**, the results of liquor, has occurred in Salem, Indiana. Fred. Berkey, son of a leading citizen of the place, while intoxicated fired nine shots, aiming at whoever happened to be in range. Laura Alerner received two bullets, one in the wrist and one in the shoulder, William McClanahan was shot through the hand. W. S. Perus sustained a flesh wound in the thigh. Jordan Payne received a ball through his body, just below the heart, and will die. Payne when shot was in a buggy. Berkey dragged him from the buggy, compelled another man to drive on and attempted to escape. Finding this impossible Berkey placed a pistol to his own head and fired, dying in fifteen minutes. The cause for the bloody work is unknown except that Berkey was crazed with liquor.

**A SHIP ARRIVED** in New York a few days ago with a man who had the yellow fever. One person had died of the disease on the voyage. Ryner, who was the sick man, left the ship and it was found that he had crossed to New York city. Search was at once made for him, but before it was begun a citizen had found Ryner lying very ill in the Battery park and had helped him along until he fell in a hallway unable to go further. There a sanitary inspector found him, and had him at once removed to the Riverside hospital. During the night he developed the well-known signs of the dreaded disease. In the morning he was removed to quarantine. The New York health officers got a great scare but their prompt action hindered the spread of the disease.

**ALL ATTEMPTS** to explore the polar regions have proved very unsuccessful and unprofitable. There is likely to arise a discussion as to the advisability of getting up another expedition to the Arctic Ocean from America. Lieut. Greely has expressed himself desirous of further investigations into the mysteries of the polar regions. Nearly all the naval officers in the United States are decidedly opposed to risking so many lives for what they consider of so little practical value as the discovery, for instance, of the north pole. What if Lieut. Greely did manage to find the north pole after a number of voyages? Would the sight of it, even if there happened to be a polar bear on top, be a sufficient recompense for the number of lives and the large quantity of money lost in the undertaking. Lieutenant Danenhower is very strongly against any further Arctic expeditions. He says:—"After having served with one Arctic expedition, and devoted seven years to the study of the subject, as well as to the watchful observation of the numerous efforts and the comparatively insignificant results attending sacrifice of human life and treasure, I unhesitatingly record myself as opposed to further exploration of the central polar basin with our present resources. The gradual extension of observatory stations in the interests of meteorology, magnetism and other scientific branches should be made, but national support should not be given to another polar expedition."

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**THE CAPTAIN** of a barque which arrived lately at St. John, New Brunswick, reports that he passed a monstrous iceberg, which was fully a mile square and 200 feet high. Capt. Jones says the berg looked like Dumbarton Castle. A couple of white bears were seen climbing up its side.

**ONE IS SOMETIMES** inclined to doubt whether the relating of accidents is of very much benefit to those who have not had actual experience of what carelessness will do. "A burnt child dreads the fire," but surely a grown up person ought to be able to use discretion without being burnt. A terrible accident is reported from Little Caillou, New Orleans. While Emille Livette was engaged in moulding some bullets for his gun, he asked his wife to fill his powder horn. She was twelve feet from the fireplace, where a few coals were smouldering. Her task was but half completed when a gust of wind sent a spark straight at the powder, which ignited, and a terrible explosion occurred. The roof of the dwelling was torn off, three children were instantly killed, and the mother died soon afterwards from her injuries. Livette and two other children were badly hurt.

**WILLIAM SMITH**, a man who does not scruple to go by a number of names, is a noted robber of stage coaches on the Pacific coast. His deeds rival those of the average cow-boy in dime novels if one is to believe the stories told of him. He has been up several times before the courts on trial for robbery but his last escapade is likely to win him a good term of imprisonment. While waiting in ambush for the stage, a light wagon containing seven men appeared. The robber captured the conveyance and stood the occupants up for an hour and a half until the Sierra Valley stage arrived. This contained four passengers, all of whom were compelled to get down except the driver, who was obliged to break open Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box and hand out the contents. While this was going on two vehicles approached and the driver in each was compelled to get down and mingle with the other prisoners. At the close of the afternoon's performance Smith had thirteen men, sixteen horses and four vehicles under control of his double-barrel shot gun.

**A TERRIBLE FLOATING FIRE** was witnessed from New York on the 22nd inst. A vessel, the "Colorado," caught fire and the flames spread to seven other ships. These ships, which belonged to the United States navy, had been condemned, and were bought from the Government by Stannard & Co., who were to break them up for the old iron and planks they could get out of them. The fire broke out on the forward deck of the "Colorado" when the men were at work burning up the planks to get the iron spikes. On the right of the "Colorado" was the "Susquehanna," to which the flames spread rapidly, and before either it or the "Colorado" could be towed out the flames had spread to the other boats. The fire burned so fiercely that inside of four hours nothing was left of the vessels but a few charred timbers. The hulls sank at once to the bottom. The "Susquehanna" broke loose from her moorings, and at one time it looked serious for the fishing craft anchored in her vicinity. She floated about fifty yards from shore and then heeled over and sank. Mr. Stannard said that the loss to him was not less than \$100,000 as it was only for the iron in the vessels that he bought them. Had the vessels been serviceable the loss would have footed up to millions.

#### HOW TO TAKE OFF A HIDE.

The hides of farm-slaughtered animals have a poor reputation, because of the careless way in which they are reduced one-half in value by being cut un-gashed, and improperly stretched. When a hide is stripped off, it should be stretched at once, and pegged out to dry, with the flesh side upward. If it is rolled up, or thrown in a heap and left to dry in that shape, it is so mean looking that a buyer will offer only half its real value. A few hints in regard to taking off a hide. The skin is slit from the chin down the brisket, in a straight line to the tail; it is then cut round each hoof; the hind legs are slit behind over the gambrel, but the front legs are slit up in front, over the knee. This leaves the skin in good shape for finishing the leather. The head and legs are first carefully skinned and all cutting the skin is avoided. The skin is then easily drawn off by taking hold of it firmly, and pulling it steadily. It is then spread out evenly on a flour, and salted with fine salt. If there is but one, it is best to stake it out as soon as the salt has taken, and dry at once in a cool, shaded place. If there are more than one, they are laid upon each other and salted quite freely, and afterwards they are thoroughly dried. If the skins are to be kept on hand, they should be closely watched for moths or grubs.

**THE VILLAGERS** of Wirt, Iowa, have been terribly excited and disgusted to find that some miserable person had been among them and had hung up an effigy of Gen. Grant on a lamp-post.

**AN ELEPHANT DOCTOR SAYS:** Solid drugs are given to elephants in pills. A pill eight inches in diameter and containing thirty shillings' worth of quinine does the business for a cold, while a peppine pill is given when one gets off his feed. They don't like the pills and it's a good deal of a job to get them down. The best way is to put a pill on the end of a stick, make them open their mouths, and shove it down before they realize the situation. Sometimes we cut out the middle of a turnip and put the drugs inside the vegetable, but, like the bad child in the Sunday school book, they're very apt to spit out the core."

**A LARGE ARMY** of convicts escaped from imprisonment in North Carolina. There were over a hundred of them inside of a stockade and it is difficult to see how they could have escaped the notice of the guards even though these were asleep. One would think it rather a difficult job for a hundred men to arrange an escape and then carry it out, although chained, without waking their keepers. One man who was later than the rest in getting free was shot at by a guard and killed. A police force and a number of detectives with bloodhounds immediately set out to try and recover as many of the fugitives as possible.

**THE CATTLEMEN** on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian reservations in Indian Territory have leased over four million acres from the Indians. This has created some displeasure among some who were averse to the lease. President Cleveland has seen fit to order that the cattlemen take their herds away before the 4th of September. This is likely to meet with resistance unless there is a body of military to enforce the order. Gen. Miles has therefore been instructed to hold troops in readiness to carry out the President's proclamation. Two train loads of cattle from Indian Territory, numbering 900 head, passed through Fort Scott on the 14th, en route for Chicago, being the first to make their exit from the territory under the president's order.

#### A CAT BEFRIENDS A BIRD.

One day my house cat rushed into my room having in its mouth a sparrow caught in the neighboring garden. Scarcely had puss entered the room when she let the bird free, evidently with the purpose of playing with it, as is the custom of cats with mice before devouring them. The sparrow having one of its wings injured could not escape by flying, but boldly began to attack its huge enemy by fierce blows on the nose with its beak. The cat seemed astonished at the attack, and beat a retreat. From that moment the two seemed to forget their natural instinct, and came to a mutual understanding. The truce continued, and gradually grew to a fraternal friendship. They ate, played, and slept together. Often they ran about the house, the sparrow perched on the cat's back, and was sometimes carried gently in the cat's mouth, from which it was released on the first wish to be free. When feeding together, puss never touched a morsel till her friend had first partaken.—  
*Translated from the Revue Scientifique.*

#### SMOTHERED IN A TRUNK.

The trial of Maxwell for the murder of Preller in St. Louis is to begin on the 2nd of September. Inquiries have been made in Manchester, England, which show that Maxwell is one named Hugh M. Brooks who practised for a time as a lawyer in Manchester. He became a wandering Englishman changing his name and occupation as often as it served his purpose. He belongs to a class of men which novelists are never tired of portraying. Starting with excellent chances, clever and ready-witted, the spirit of adventure was too strong for him, and the ingenuity which, well directed, might have led him to distinction in his profession has led him into the hands of the police.

The general belief concerning the death of Preller is that Maxwell tried to chloroform him but failed as his victim struggled successfully against the effects of the sleeping dose. Then Maxwell was compelled at last to choke him to death, and he probably did the choking after he had placed him in the trunk. If not, the victim was suffocated in the trunk after having been placed there. It is probable that after using the four ounces of chloroform got at a drug store at one o'clock in the afternoon, and administering it to Preller, that Maxwell saw the folly of killing his victim in that way, and that when he got the two ounces four hours later he used them merely to weaken Preller to a point where he could make short work of him by pulling a cord tight around his neck. This is the opinion of the doctors who have examined the body and say that death was directly caused by suffocation. The prosecution at the coming trial will be conducted on the above supposition.

As to the defence, while the prisoner refers people to his counsel and the latter evades questions, it is known that the defence will be that Preller died from accident and that the prisoner's subsequent flight was the natural course of a frightened and weak minded man. There continues to be a throng of visitors about the gaol, and women have begun to come to the front with presents and letters of sympathy.

**SIXTY-FIVE** pauper Arabs were refused permission to land at New York. They went round by Quebec and crossed into the United States. They have with them ten performing bears, twenty monkeys and several horses. It is supposed they have been stolen and they are a filthy ragged desperate crowd who are foraging on the community.

#### TAMING A MAD BULL.

**A FARMER'S SUCCESSFUL FIGHT WITH HIS VALUABLE BEAST.**

**ELDERVILLE, Penn., August 16.**—Abram Post, of this township, owns a blooded bull which has long been an object of terror to all employed on the farm, owing to its fierce and aggressive disposition. The bull had always been under the control of its owner, who declared that so long as any one stood up boldly against the animal no fear of its attacking him need be entertained. He urged this upon his hired help, but he never could employ any man who would not put himself in a safe place as soon as the bull assumed a belligerent attitude, and Post's wife frequently appealed to him to have the animal killed, believing that sooner or later it would rebel against the authority of her husband and attack him. The beast was too valuable an animal to be sacrificed, and Post, ridiculing the idea that the bull could master him, refused to part with it.

On Thursday evening Post had finished milking a cow in the barnyard, and was returning to the house when he noticed that the bull, which was in the yard, shook its head savagely as he passed by it, and had an unusually vicious look in its eyes. Post passed on, paying no attention to the animal. He had gone only a short distance when he heard a quick step behind him and a low bellowing which he knew was made by the bull. He turned quickly and saw the animal bearing down upon him. He grasped the bull with both hands, and endeavored to prevent it from going him, and the next instant he was tossed in the air. He fell on the bull's head and neck, and was tossed the second time, this time being thrown to the opposite side of the barnyard fence. He was badly bruised and his clothing was torn by the rough handling he had received, but believing that if he allowed the bull to remain master of the field its usefulness would be gone and its killing a necessity, Post determined to assume the offensive himself and use every effort to conquer the savage animal. He is a large and muscular man, and, arming himself with a heavy club, he jumped over the fence and advanced boldly upon the bull, which was pawing the ground and bellowing furiously. The moment it saw Post in the yard it plunged at him with horns lowered. Post met the bull with a terrific blow with the club across the forehead. The heavy force was broken to pieces, but the blow had no effect on the bull except to increase its fury. The bull pressed upon the farmer, who jumped aside and caught it by one horn and one ear, and endeavored to keep its head turned away. He was thrown from side to side and the bull kept coming. The bull caught him on its horns and once more tossed him in the air, this time throwing him over the fence into an adjoining field. The maddened animal charged against the fence and endeavored to knock down the barrier between it and the object of its rage.

Still the farmer was undismayed, and, entering his barn, he armed himself with a heavy three-tined pitchfork, and returned once more to the barnyard. The bull rushed against the attack. Post stood his ground and thrust the sharp tines of the fork into the bull's nose, supposing that the acute pain caused by the stabbing would force the animal to turn back and make it more cautious. In this he was mistaken. The animal rushed on, and was forcing him against the fence, where he would have been crushed to death in a moment. To prevent this Post threw himself forward, and the bull's head being lowered to the ground, he thrust the tines of the animal's neck. A few plunges by the bull threw him from that position, and he fell on the ground close by. Fortunately he retained his hold on the fork, and, rising quickly to his feet, he thrust the tines again and again into the animal's side and neck. The blood spurted from every wound made by the fork, and the bull bellowed with pain and redoubled its efforts to catch the farmer on its horns, but his desperate situation had nerveed him to greater activity, and the beast failed in all its efforts. Post continued his assaults with the pitchfork as he jumped from side to side to avoid the charges of the bull until both sides of the animal were dripping blood from neck to flanks. The bull continued the contest for a few minutes, and then turned and ran to the other side of the barnyard bellowing with pain.

Post did not move away for some time, and then went to his house. He was covered with blood, almost naked, and dripping with perspiration. He washed himself, rested a moment, and then, against the earnest protest of his wife, went back to the barnyard. He found the bull standing in one corner of the yard. Post walked briskly up to the animal, and it cowered at his approach and stood trembling in fear. The beast was completely maddened, and walked sullenly into the barn at Post's command. On the farmer's return to the house he found that his own injuries were greater than he had supposed, and he is now confined to his bed under a doctor's care.

**THE GOVERNOR** of the State of Michigan has written to Washington proposing that as "small-pox is prevailing" to an alarming extent in Montreal, it would be better to take measures immediately to prevent its introduction into the United States.



## War Notes.

A TEMPERANCE HOTEL has been opened on the summit of Ben Nevis, Scotland. It consists of three rooms tastefully furnished, one of them for ladies, and the principal apartment is fitted with seats which can be converted into beds. The structure was reared in ten days.

"ONE NEVER KNOWS when the W.C.T.U. finish anything," said a gentleman at the national convention, rather despondently. "One department suggests another; and they don't look to me as if they ever expected to stop this wholesale national house-cleaning they have undertaken. And the worst thing about it is they act just as if they expected to succeed. They resolve and petition and organize, year in and year out, and they are always at it, always."—*Exchange.*

THE SUM OF EIGHTY DOLLARS has been raised by a subscription in Shawville and \$45 at Guyton towards the expenses of submitting the Scott Act in Pontiac county. A public meeting of the Alliance of this county, held at Shawville, decided that from \$500 to \$600 would be needed to carry on the campaign. It cost \$1,000 to carry the Act in the county of Renfrew and experience has proven that so much labor is attached to his work that men have to be employed and paid. A Secretary has to be engaged and his services paid. Canvassers to obtain signatures to petitions will have to be employed in every township in the county and these have to be paid for their time. Certified copies of the voters' list costing \$90 have to be obtained from the registry office. Altogether the expenses attendant on this work are greatly more than is apparent to the casual observer.

So help is needed in the way of money to push the good cause, to "Roll the Old Chariot along" as they would say in Salvation Army dialect.

LAST WEEK another chapter was written in the history of temperance enterprise in the old metropolis (Annapolis). We have kept our readers informed of the determined efforts made by the League to crush the liquor traffic there. They are meeting with desperate opposition. One tavern that has been most destructive in its influence, has been fined already three times for violating the law. The owner of the hotel left town to avoid the proceedings of fine and imprisonment, and his wife kept up the establishment with more than the ordinary attention to the infamous duty. The next move was to arrest her. Three constables proceeded to do this, and were met by force. Black and white men interfered, collared one of the constables, and made way for the woman to escape.

This County is under the Scott Act. The League is represented by men who have both means and purpose. It is too bad that the desperate measures of law-breakers find any sympathy among the crowd. But people must be taught that anyone coming in between the rod and the culprit should take the full weight of the rod, no matter how it may smart.

The owner of the hotel has since returned and been promptly arrested. He is now serving his term in jail. His wife defied the authorities, saying she would keep her bar open in spite of them. Thus the contest has reached its last stage. Not less than three or four prosperous saloons have been driven to most secret measures of obtaining and selling liquors, or shut up altogether. This woman is the remaining antagonist. It remains to be seen how long even a woman's cunning can evade justice while followed up by a determined League.—*The Clarion.*

## THE COST OF IT.

The Ven. Archdeacon Bardsley has put the financial aspect of the drink question in a very striking way in a speech. He said:—"Regarding the subject from a financial point of view, if they took the Bible, and began with the first letter, and went

right on to the end of Revelation, they would find there were about three millions letters. They might then place forty sovereigns on the top of each letter before they had the sum spent annually in the country for drink. During the years 1875-6 and 1877 four hundred and thirty-two millions were spent in drink. To car that sum of money they would require two thousand seven hundred and sixteen carts, each cart being loaded with a ton and a quarter of gold sovereigns. That would give a procession of carts twelve miles long. The amount of grain used for brewing purposes per year if turned to good account, would make one hundred and seventeen 4 lb. loaves for every family in Great Britain. Merchants and others were crying 'hard times, hard times,' and complaining of over-production. This, at first sight, seemed true, but if the money spent in drink were used in clothing the poor women and children to be found in large towns, over-production would be done away with."

## WORTH ENQUIRING INTO.

If those, who state that the Scott Act is not accomplishing what it is intended to, would take the trouble to inquire into its working they would often be saved the responsibility of running down a good law. The following appeared in a late issue of the *Barrie Examiner*:—

"If the Scott Act is being carried out in other places as it is here, and if the same amount of drunkenness is found, then we ask for its repeal, or that it be amended to meet the requirements of the case as above shown."

The above coming under the notice of Mr. Ross Johnson, who has friends in Barrie from whom he had heard a much more favorable report of the working of the Scott Act, he resolved, in order to get as near the true state of affairs as possible, to drop a note of enquiry to both sheriff and gaoler.

Here are the letters he received in answer. The sheriff said:—"In reply I beg to state that the law seems to be giving satisfaction to its promoters in the diminution, if not the entire extinction of drunkenness, an evidence of which is the fact that I have not had a single committal to the county gaol through liquor since the law came into force on the 1st May last. There may be, and I have no doubt there is, more or less violation of the law, as there is against all other laws, but it cannot be to any considerable extent, or its fruits would be more apparent.

"My own opinion is that the law can never be satisfactorily worked until the Government appoint a magistrate in each county specially charged with the rigid enforcement of it."

Mr. A. Lang, the gaoler, said:—"I will answer by saying, that since the first of May now over three months, we have not had one committal for drunkenness in our county. It is now almost thirty-three years since I took charge of this gaol, during which time, up to the 1st of last May, committals for drunkenness were vastly in the ascendant. The Scott Act so far has done all that we could have expected it to do in so short a time. I don't mean to say that no liquor at all is drunk in Barrie (for while a few of our hotel-keepers are justly disposed to respect the law of the land, there are others who place their own self-respect far below the value of five cents, consequently we cannot expect them to pay honor either to law or moral principles). But there is one great fact that the bulk of our citizens heartily concur in, and that is, we see the farmers assemble by hundreds on market days, but no drunkenness, as on former occasions. Even some laborers of our town, who for years never drew a sober breath, and whose earnings went to fill the till of the bar, are now clothed and in their right mind, industrious and respected." \* \* \*

"On Dominion Day, several thousands of people assembled in Barrie, and on the following day a highly respectable gentleman told me that among that vast assembly he had not seen the slightest sign of liquor on anyone, nor had he heard an offensive expression given throughout the day. Now, after such a scene as that, who will not say that a grand improvement in the moral standing and respectability of our county has taken place? It is worth fighting for. It is worth all the trouble taken."

## HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

### REVIEW.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Sept. 6. 2 Kings 2 : 1-15.

Picture the weather-worn old man, his long hair flowing to the wind, his shoulders protected by a sheepskin, which is bound at the waist by a leather girdle. Follow him and his stalwart younger attendant down the steep mountain roads to the schools which he loved; hear his solemn counsels to the prophet students; see him strike the Jordan with his mantle as with a staff, and pass dry-shod on his steadfast way to the spot where God's messenger is appointed to meet him, and bring him to the presence of his Master.

Subject.—Faithfulness.

1. Faithfulness to God and man, (vers. 1-7).

(1) Elisha faithful in friendship. As proved (a) by his thrice-repeated refusal to leave, at this solemn crisis, the master who had gained his youthful allegiance. (b) By his refusal to discuss with inquisitive acquaintances Elijah's personal experiences and prospects.

(2) Elijah faithful to his work. As the Lord's sentinel, he would not leave his round of duty unless relieved by his commander. Illustration. Abraham Davenport, in that dark day of the last century, assured his trembling colleagues in the General Court that, if the Lord was coming, he desired to be found at his post.

(3) Elijah faithful to God in trusting obedience. It required marvellous courage to meet death then, before Jesus Christ had overcome its sharpness and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Elijah, neither alarmed nor disobeyed, went forth to meet this unknown experience.

Illustration. By contrasting his composure with the angry terror of King Ahab, whose death he had foretold.

II. Faithful to the end. The spirit of him who, having loved his own that were in the world, loved them to the end, was manifested by his forerunner, who longed to leave a blessing with his devoted attendant.

Notice in passing that the text gives no ground for trusting in the intercession of saints in heaven.

Elisha, when the great opportunity of his life came, did not commit moral suicide by a shallow request, but, single-hearted, he sought earnestly the best gift. Ask each scholar silently to consider what he would ask if he had such an opportunity; then remind the class that a greater than Elijah waits to hear their desires.

III. Faithfulness rewarded. Fire from heaven, heretofore a sign of Elijah's mission to execute judgment, was now a seal of the acceptance by God of his life-work. Here all word-pictures would fail.

Draw attention to the mention of Elijah in Malachi and James, and in the accounts of John the Baptist, and the wonderful scene on the Mount of Transfiguration. There is a somewhat remarkable parallel between his career and Moses'. Both fasted forty days; both had visions of God in Horeb; both were sent to rebuke kings; both prepared miraculous tables; both opened heaven; both revenged idolatry; both quenched the thirst of Israel; both divided the waters; both of them are forewarned of their departure; the body of Moses is hid; the body of Elijah is translated.—*Bishop Hall.*

## GLEANINGS.

Abundant use of common salt is excellent during the cholera season.

A bunch of peacock feathers, tied with a ribbon, makes a good ornament to hide a bad spot on the parlor wall.

In Virginia peanuts are now ground into what proves a very fair flour for making pie crust and other light pastries.

A little box put in the water in which scarlet napkins, and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

Mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them, or they will soon become rough, misty or granulated, and no longer give back a correct likeness.

## PUZZLES.

### ACROSTIC AND ANAGRAM.



Arrange the middle letters of the names of the objects surrounding the central picture so as to form the name of Freddie's dog.

### TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Transpose the following:

1. An animal and leave a support.
2. A measure and leave a fruit.
3. To exchange and leave an insect.
4. A title and leave to bow the head.
5. To attract and leave to guard.
6. To cut and leave a fruit.
7. A plant and leave an animal.
8. A fish and leave to fail.

### CHARADES.

Arise my first in peerless radiance beaming,  
A veil of glory thou dost weave for earth:  
The ocean waves to welcome thee are leaping,  
For thou alone to beauty givest birth.

Shine forth, my second! freshly now is flowing  
The busy stream of life, and labor too;  
Each heart with ardour, base or noble  
glowing.

Till thou shalt close, arresting all they do.  
All hail, my whole! thou comest with rich pleasure  
An angel from the land of pure delight.  
The great man's blessing, and the poor man's  
treasure,  
Our earnest of the day which knows no  
night.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ESQMA.—Needles.

#### (PECULIAR ZIGZAGS.

F A L G O N  
S A N D A L  
M O R I O N  
N A I L A D S  
B U R L E D  
S T O L E N  
I N F O R M  
E N T R A Y  
C R E S T S

#### LARMAITISE—CARDENAS.

#### MISPLACED WORDS.—

A traveller, through a dusty road strewed  
acorns on the lee;  
And one took root and sprouted up and grew  
into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to  
breathe his early vows,  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask  
beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds  
sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing ever-  
more.

CHARLES MACKAY.

#### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from  
Lillie A. Greene, and Everett D. Stone.

SWEET-POTATO PUDDINGS.—To a large sweet-potato, weighing two pounds, allow half a pound of sugar, one gill of sweet cream, one grated nutmeg and a little lemon peel, and four eggs. Boil the potato until thoroughly done, mash up fine, and while hot add the sugar and butter. Set aside to cool while you beat the eggs light, and add the seasoning last. Line tin plates with puff paste, and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate but regularly heated oven. When the puddings are drawn from the fire, cover the top with thinly sliced bits of preserved citron or quince marmalade. Strew the top thickly with granulated white sugar, and serve, with the addition of a glass of rich milk for each person at the table.

THE EVERLASTING LOVE.

"No, Charley, I shall not kiss you to-night; you have been a bad, troublesome boy to-day, and I wish you to realize that you have displeased me, and your Heavenly Father too. God does not love bad children, and neither do I."

It was a mother's voice that spoke, but her tone was cold and unsympathetic. The boy looked at her wistfully for a moment, and then left the room with a troubled face.

"There is no use in saying my prayers to-night," he said to himself as he crept into bed. "If God is angry with me, he will not listen to me, and I don't care."

Downstairs the mother bent over her work with an aching heart, as she thought of her boy's waywardness; and, as she lifted up her heart in prayer for him, she little knew that with her own hand, that night, she had sowed a seed of infidelity that would spring up into luxuriant growth in time to come.

Twenty-five years later, a guilt-stained man, bowed down under the weight of remorse, sat with his face buried in his hands, in his pastor's study. "It is useless to talk to me of God's mercy and love," he cried bitterly. "I have sinned too deeply, God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. For me there can be only fearful looking forward to judgment."

Vainly the tender voice spoke to him of the pity of Him who "receiveth sinners," of the "blood that cleanseth," of the love that is "everlasting." Too long had it been the habit of his mind to feel that God was an enemy to be feared—one whose power was used to overthrow the sinner, one to whom "vengeance belongeth." The beautiful promises of the Gospel fell upon deaf ears. "I have sinned too deeply, there is no hope for me," was his unvarying answer; and when the interview was over, he sought to drown his remorse by plunging into still deeper excesses.

"God does not love bad children." Mothers, beware that this heresy be not taught in your nurseries. Love begets love, and hate begets hate.

Let the thought most deeply impressed upon the young hearts given to your care be, that the awfulness of sin is that it is a wrong against love. That it is not God's anger they should fear, or the punishment that follows wrong doing, but that they should most dread to grieve the dear Saviour who has said to each one of us, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Teach your little ones that God is at war with sin because He loves the sinner, and therefore wills to break the hands with which Satan has bound him; that even when we trample on that love, we cannot destroy it; that we are His by creation, His by purchase, and that He cannot forget the work of His own hands; for if this thought be truly impressed, although in after life, conscience may be stilled, and the wrong path chosen for a while, there may come a time when the prodigal will weary of his husks, and then his penitent eyes will be lifted, not despairingly, but hopefully, to the Father's house, as he sees Christ, not as the door closed against him, but the open door through which he may gain access to that Father's presence.—*Parish Visitor.*

GOING TO COLORADO.

Fritz lifted his patient, lustrous eyes at the breakfast-table and said, "Brethren and sisters, the doctor says I must go to Colorado." Poor Fritz! with his pale face and his quiet, distant look, as if seeing things unseen. He had long been an invalid. "And what will astonish you is—I mean to go."

It did astonish us, for we knew that neither Fritz nor others of the family possessed the necessary means for a long journey. When

we questioned him further—all of us, eagerly, at once—he smiled at us and would not say a word. We saw he was enjoying the possession of a secret, or exercising some gentle freak of his fancy. He liked to make little mystifications for us. Half the time they involved some light gift or deed of service. He had intelligence—if that insufficient word may serve to indicate the delicate faculty of his mind, and knew how to make his hard fate bear lightly on those around him.

When an opportunity came two days later, I had something to say to Fritz. "Fritz" I said, "if the doctor really and truly thinks you should go to Colorado, what should you say if I should know some who might lend a little money?"

"I should say," he replied, echoing my sentence and putting his thin hands on my shoulders, while he bent upon me a look of mock intensity "that you should inform the authorities that they should immediately lock up some person in this town who is so clearly crazy as to propose lending money to a confirmed invalid."

"Yes, but your friend Mr. Hennessey—" I began, laughingly, only to be interrupted by his disappearing from the room. He re-entered a moment later with my son-in-law in

his hand. "I perceive," he said, "you do not believe I am going to Colorado, and so you must come for a walk with me, and be convinced by the evidence of your senses." I was led out of the front-door, where Fritz took possession of a hoe and entrusted to me a rake, and then we descended the hill to our family garden plot, and to a hillock at one side of it, where I was bidden to seat myself.

"You are now seated on Pike's Peak," said Fritz, sentimentally, "and I hope that the mountain air proves agreeable to you. This is Colorado,"—waving his hand over the garden—"the source of health to a thousand invalids who annually seek its unparalleled climate. The city of Denver lies beneath your eyes,"—pointing to a stake inscribed with the name of that city—"and under is Leadville. I am now going to plant a few beans in the suburbs of Leadville, and you can sit on Pike's Peak if you like and watch me. Some persons think it is the oxygen in the Colorado air which so benefits invalids; but my wise doctor assures me the benefit rather arises from the exercise and interest aroused by the outdoor life of this State. One wonders that the exercise and interest of outdoor life are not procurable elsewhere; but at all

events, now that I have got here, and at great expense, I shall take pains not to miss them." Fritz delivered this address with due gesture and gravity, standing before me in an attitude; then with a laugh he pulled my sun-hat over my eyes and went off to plant his beans.

Fritz passed a good portion of the summer in his Colorado, and the climate benefited his health immensely. My own visits to that State were frequent. Ours was one of the families whose members are acquainted with each other, and so Fritz's little geographical fantasia, so characteristic of him, became a frequent source of mirth at our pleasant dinner-table sittings. "These pens," he would say, "are from the summit of Pike's Peak, and considering the altitude at which they grew I think they are very good ones." Another day he made the alarming announcement that the potato-beetle had stripped the vegetation from the entire Kansas frontier. Indeed he kept us in fun and vegetables all the summer.

Will this sketch of Fritz's Colorado lead some other invalid to profit by the "exercise and interest of out-door life" he may find there, without losing the shelter of home?—*Exchange.*

AN OLD SONG ANALYZED.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before a king."

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—*Selected.*

NURSERY WHEAT-FIELDS.

Here is a simple and pretty way of having a growing garden indoors to amuse and gladden the little ones. Cut a circle of cardboard, about three and a half inches in diameter, and lay it in water to soak for a quarter of an hour. When sufficiently softened take it out and carefully fit it into a china saucer, smoothing it out well with the fingers and the bowl of a teaspoon, until all blisters have been removed. Lift it off with care and allow it to dry, after which give it one or two coats of shellac. Now cut a hole about half an inch in diameter in the centre, and place the little cardboard saucer on top of a wine-glass. Cut a strip of common blotting-paper as wide as the distance from the bottom of the wine-glass to a point a little above the hole in the saucer. Of this construct a roll of sufficient thickness to fit tightly into the hole in the saucer, and fasten it there with sealing wax. Sift a little half-moist garden mold and half fill the saucer; plant an even layer of grains of wheat, cover thinly with mold, then put in another layer of wheat, cover with mold to the top, and smooth off the whole. Now pour water into the wine-glass and place the little bed on top, when the water will soak through the stem of blotting-paper and thoroughly moisten the mold. A pretty change is to plant



THE END OF THE SKEIN.

The hands that wound  
The well-spun thread a moment's rest have found,  
And less thought disdaineth not to ask  
The busy hidden in the homely task.

And so while fall  
Fast gathering shades of twilight that forestall  
More solemn night, the grandame weaves a chain  
Of simple musing from the finished skein.

Short as this life!  
Wond'ring, she thinks, why do men plot and plan,  
And vex the night with schemes, the day with strife—  
Our threescore years and ten are but a span,

A tangled skein  
That we must first unravel to produce  
Ought that may higher destiny obtain,  
Or evermore befit the Master's use.

Endurance wanes:  
In haste some puzzling knot we closer draw,  
And see too late the blemish that remains,  
Where wiser patience had not left a flaw.

Yes; looking back,  
How many a time a twisted thread is found  
In this strange web of life ere, growing slack,  
It warns us that the skein is nearly wound.

Then, safely dyed  
In that most precious stream by mercy planned,  
Which flowed on Calvary from the Crucified,  
Our life once more awaits a fashioning hand.

And who shall say  
In what fair project it may woven be?  
Enough that through eternity's long day  
It will be spent, my God, in serving Thee.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## MEXICAN FLOATING GARDENS.

The floating gardens in certain parts of Mexico are among the greatest curiosities to be found in that country. Says a recent visitor: "When a tract of vegetation composed of reeds, water-plants and bushes, interwoven and laced together, becomes so dense that it will bear a superstructure, strips of turf twenty to thirty yards long by two yards wide are cut from some suitable firm place, floated to it down the canal and laid upon it; this is repeated several times, and thus an island is securely raised two or three feet above the level of the water; a little soil is spread over it, and it becomes a chinampa, or floating garden, on which Indian corn, vegetables and flowers are grown.

"The gardens vary in size from 100 to 200 feet in length, and from twenty to 100 in width, according to the nature of the vegetation which supports them. To secure these gardens in their proper places, long willow poles are driven through them into the ground below, where they soon take root. The poles also throw out roots into the beds of the floating gardens, and so hold them steady."

## THE FIRE AND WATER KINGS.

A meeting has taken place between the "Fire King" and Captain Paul Boyton well known to young folks and regarded by them as the "Water King." One day, not long ago, on leaving the water, Captain Boyton was met by a large crowd. They saw him advance towards an object that looked like his counterpart, except that it was white in contrast to his own suit. The object was Captain Charles N. Ahlstrom, the "Fire King." At one place in the grounds was a hastily constructed house and a tent. The house had a canvas roof, contained four cords of wood and some furniture and was saturated with twenty gallons of petroleum. The tent contained a large tank of water, with a force pump and two air pumps. Hose was attached to these at one end, and to Captain Ahlstrom at the other. As soon as the pumps were put in operation the house was set on fire and jets of water seemed to envelop the "Fire King" in a miniature cataract. A strong south wind was blowing, which caused the flames to develop with great intensity and drove the crowds back. Ahlstrom stepped through the door and was lost in a mass of flame. He remained perhaps a minute and then emerged and examined the hose. After adjusting this properly he returned into the dwelling and brought out burning tables, embers and other objects amid the plaudits of the crowd. "My suit is much like a diving bell," he explained. "It consists of a double covering of the body in two parts, one for the upper and one for the lower limbs. The inside or lining is of india rubber, air and water tight; the outside of canvas and moleskin. A brass plate covers the face, with two openings for the eyes, which may be closed. The air is supplied by bellows through hose attached to the dress. The inner suit being air-tight, the air escapes through the eye-holes, blowing away the fire and smoke so that I can see clearly. The entire dress is kept drenched by water through another rubber tube from a hydrant or fire engine. The water enters at the top of the headress and is distributed through channels in the upper part of the jacket. I am thus kept cool and my dress

## SHIFTLESS.

The story is an old one of the man who did not repair his leaky roof for two reasons: one was that he could not do so when it was raining, and the other was that the roof did not need mending when it was not raining. Such shiftless creatures are common even in this busy world.

A family named Kilridge, in Indiana, was notoriously shiftless. The husband and father, a giant in physical strength, spent his time playing an old fiddle, sleeping and eating when there was anything in his tumble-down old cabin to eat.

The mother was as indolent as her husband. A pipe of tobacco or mullein leaves, a cup of rye and corn-meal coffee, and any old rag in the shape of a dress supplied her earthly wants.

A horde of half-dressed and half-starved children ran wild in the woods, sometimes living a week on berries in the summer, and huddled around an old fireplace in the cabin in the winter, when they were not out begging or "borryin'" of their thrifty neighbors.

Several acres of excellent ground surrounded the Kilridge cabin, but not a foot of it was cultivated, and the fence had disappeared in ashes and smoke.

A stranger rode up to the cabin one fine June afternoon. Mr. Kilridge was stretched out at full length under a wild cherry-tree in the untidy door-yard. Four big yellow dogs were lying around him. His wife was sound asleep on a board of the loose cabin floor.

"Hello, there!" cried the stranger.

"'Ello!" said the yawning Mr. Kilridge.

"Do you live here?"

"Yaas."

"Do you own the place?"

"Yaas."

"Why are you not putting in a garden?"

"Ain't got no fence."

"Why don't you make one?"

"Ain't got no garden. Don't need no fence."

"How many children have you?"

"Dunno. Ain't counted 'em lately."

"Do they go to school?"

"Naw."

"Why not?"

"Haint never been sent."

"Why did you not send them?"

"Haint got no books?"

"But why don't you get them books?"

"They don't need 'em, 'cause they haint in school."

"What makes you keep so many worthless old dogs?"

"Aw, I dunno."

"Why under the sun don't you fix up your old house? It will tumble down on you some time."

"Let 'er tumble."

Here Mr. Kilridge yawned and closed his eyes.

"Well, see here," said the stranger, "I'll give you half a dollar if you'll watch my horse and keep it on the grass while I'm fishing in yonder stream."

Mr. K.—turned over, and cried out,—

"Marier! Say, Marier!"

"What yer want?" asked Mrs. K.—, sleepily.

"You want make half a dollar?"

"Not ef I hev ter git off'n this board, 'n' go out in the hot sun fer it."

"Yer too shif'less ter live," said Mr. Kilridge. "I guess ye'd better ride on stranger. Some folks won't work w'en they kin. 'Riar's one o' them kind, an' I reckon that's w'y I don't git 'long no better."

The next moment Mr. Kilridge had buried

## FAMOUS FUNERALS.

The funerals of Victor Hugo and General Grant we have lately described in full. It will be interesting to recall the honors paid after death to several great historical personages and to compare them with the funerals of these two popular heroes.

Two long years were spent in the formidable preparations for the funeral of Alexander the Great. Dying at Babylon, he directed that his body, which was immediately embalmed with great care by Egyptian and Chaldean adepts, should be deposited in the Temple of Jupiter on an Egyptian oasis. Undeterred by the enormous distance, the procession set forth, an army of workmen having been sent forward to repair the roads and bridges. The funeral-car was drawn by sixty-four mules, chosen for their strength and size, splendidly caparisoned. The car itself was of surpassing magnificence, the spokes and naves of the wheels and ends of the axles being covered with gold. The platform upholding the royal pavilion was thickly covered with gems, and supported a throne and a coffin, the latter of solid gold and filled with costly spices. But the body never reached its destination. Ptolemy arrested its progress and buried it at Alexandria, which city may be said to have itself proved the enduring monument of the conqueror. The account of this funeral is almost too much like a fairy tale to be believed and yet it is true.

Very different was the funeral of Julius Cæsar. The circumstances of his death were so tragic, and such enormous crowds gathered to the ceremony, that they could not be formed into a procession, and the different classes of people were accordingly asked to come together under their appropriate insignia in the Field of Mars. The body of the great Roman was exposed lying upon a gilded bed, covered with scarlet and cloth of gold, and placed under a magnificent canopy in the form of a temple. After the funeral ceremonies were over a question arose where they should burn the body. Some suggested a temple on Capitoline hill, others suggested the Senate House where he had fallen. The Senate, less willing to pay him extraordinary honors, proposed a more retired spot. The discussion was fast becoming a dispute, when two soldiers, with drawn swords and blazing torches in their hands, forced their way through the crowd and set fire to the bed. In a moment there was the wildest excitement. The multitude fell to work directly building the funeral pyre upon the spot. First they brought fagots and then benches from the neighboring porticos, and next any combustible material they could find, and at length, as the excitement grew, the soldiers threw in their arms, the musicians their instruments, while others stripped down and threw upon the flames the trappings of the funeral procession. So fierce was the fire that it spread to the neighboring houses, and was only with the greatest difficulty extinguished. As a fitting monument the people erected to the "Mighty Julius" a lofty column surmounted by a star.

Coming down to modern times, the accounts of the obsequies of the "Iron Duke," perhaps the greatest ever known in England, and the second funeral of Napoleon must still be borne freshly in mind by many of the veterans of to-day. The Duke of Wellington, after lying in state five days at Chelsea Hospital, was borne to his last resting place in St. Paul's on a car drawn by twelve horses, accompanied by a vast military and civic concourse, the latter including Prince Albert, both Houses of Parliament, judges, nobles, public bodies, the mourning

coaches of the Queen and Royal family, and an innumerable throng of the people.

The French have never been too poor to have great demonstrations. Napoleon's funeral, as a parade, remains unparalleled in our times. The cherished remains of their hero having been received by the French from the English, nineteen years after his death, it was not so much a funeral as a vast triumphal procession that followed, during which all France resounded with booming cannon, tolling bells and strains of martial music, while the excited people lined the banks of the Seine and filled the air with frenzied shouts and cries and sobs of joy and gratulation. The resources of the funeral art were exhausted upon the pageant, and the imagination is unable to distinguish the details of a procession in which the catafalque, the central object of interest, was borne on a moving mound of gold and velvet drawn by sixteen black horses and guarded and escorted, it is said, by an army of 150,000 soldiers.

## A BOY'S WISH.

I do wish I was a clock—got a face and don't have to wash it—got hands and don't have to keep them clean, and just gets to be looked up to by everybody—just runs all the time, and dad never once says "now don't run the legs off you, boy." Reckon it's a boy—seems to be pretty good on the strike, or maybe it's a mill-hand—anyhow it's a pretty nice thing to be; of course it can't eat! No good fried "taters" for you, clockie! No licorice water, either. You've got hands that might shake it, but no mouth for to drink with. Neither can you go bare-foot. Oh, I'd hate that. But then you don't have to wear an overcoat, or mittens on your hands, I hate that, too! One of your hands is smaller than the other, I wouldn't like that—wouldn't like to be "unformed," 'twould be such a plague—all the boys would find it out.

Tick! Tick! Tick! Tick! My, what a runner you are! I bet if you was running on a two dollar pair of shoes that dad had to pay for you'd be stopped mighty quick.

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