

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

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The Weekly Messenger

TO OUR WORKERS.

In order to give every person a chance to become acquainted with this really interesting paper at an all but nominal price, we will send a copy to any address FROM NOW TILL THE END OF THE YEAR FOR FIFTEEN CENTS! When the *Messenger* once finds its way into any household, it almost invariably becomes, as we were, one of family, and, as many of our subscribers have told us, they "couldn't do without it." We think that there are very few persons indeed who would refuse to give a canvasser fifteen cents for four months' good reading, and we expect to be able to announce in an early number of this paper that its subscription list has very materially increased. In addition to this reduction in price we will give to the getter up of the Club half the money received by him or her, provided such subscriptions be sent in in no fewer numbers than ten at a time. In other words for each ten subscribers sent by any workers Seventy-five cents only need be remitted to us, the other SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS being kept by them for their trouble. This plan is meant to throw the advantages of these cheap trial rates as largely as possible into the hands of our present subscribers. Mark your letters "Autumn Trial Trip," and go to work at once and with a will. Address all communications:—

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Office,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

WEATHER AND CROP REVIEW.

After a week of tropical heat the weather has become quite cool, and in many parts of the New England States and Canada frost has done more or less damage to buckwheat, corn and beans, besides garden vegetables. The warm, dry weather has ripened the small grains, and harvest work is pretty well finished with these, while the corn has been making rapid progress and is much in advance of former seasons. The effects of the drought are being felt in many localities, and the pasturage is generally poor with a corresponding diminution of dairy produce. The blight is affecting late potatoes in many places, but, taking the country all over, the potato crop is unusually large and the quality very fine. Should there be no frosts in the corn-growing region for two weeks more, the crop will be unprecedentedly large. The cotton crop has suffered in some localities with drought, while in other places large crops are assured. It is generally conceded that the crop prospects

in Arkansas are the best in ten years. Little Rock expects to handle 40,000 bales of cotton more this fall than ever before since the organization of the Cotton Exchange. The cattle on the Western ranches continue to thrive well, having plenty of both feed and water, and though prices of common and inferior cattle have a downward tendency, yet all first-class animals find a ready sale at full prices.

ANOTHER WAR.

France and China having been crouching and growling and glaring at each other for so long, are now engaged in a deadly struggle. The quarrel began, it will be remembered, when some French troops were fired on by the Chinese after a treaty of peace had been signed. The French at once put in a claim for an enormous sum by way of compensation, threatening war if the money was not paid. After much haggling, the amount was reduced to a comparatively small figure, but the Chinese still refused to pay so much.

At last, a short time ago, the French war ships, which had long been cruising about in the neighborhood, bombarded and captured a fort on the Island of Formosa. They have now bombarded the arsenal at Foo-Choo, which cost \$8,000,000, and contained \$28,000,000 worth of arms and ammunition. There is now no saying how far the war will spread. The Chinese talk of invading Tonquin, which the French before obtained from them. Trade, of course, is in a very bad state in consequence of the prospect.

THE LORDS IN HOT WATER.

In spite of the terribly hot weather in England, which has made the farmers busy harvesting and has made everyone else lazy and perspiring, the agitation for the Reform Bill goes on with the greatest liveliness. Their Lordships, of course, have their defenders, and quite a large meeting assembled at Manchester to hear the great guns of the Tory party, Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. What these speakers took several hours to tell, we may put in a few words. They tried to make out that they were not opposed to the Reform Bill at all, but were only determined not to accept it till a Redistribution Bill was also in their hands.

However, the immense and numberless meetings already held—and got up with so little exertion—plainly show the feeling of the British nation. Indeed, a great meeting has just been held in St. James' Hall, London, to call for the abolition of the House of Lords altogether. Of course, it is only a question of time, when the people will refuse to be controlled by men whose only right to govern is that their fathers governed before them!

THE HON. J. A. CHAPLEAU, Canadian Secretary of State, has finished his investigation into the Chinese question in British Columbia, and is on his way back to Ottawa.

THE EGYPTIAN PLAGUE.

People were much disappointed to hear a few days ago, that the expedition up the Nile to help General Gordon had been given up, as the river was too low for navigation. It was announced that a flying column of troops would be taken to Suakim, on the Red Sea, landed there, and sent over the desert to Khartoum. Such a march would have had terrible results to the soldiers, and perhaps half of them would have died on the Nile route is to be taken after all.

Lord Northbrook, formerly Viceroy of India, and now a member of the Imperial Cabinet, has been sent on a special mission to Egypt, to help forward a settlement of her finances. One very good intention is to lighten the heavy taxes now paid by the peasants.

A. S. WARNER, President of the National Bank of Albany, N. Y., has absconded, taking with him the key of the safe. Two days before, the court gave judgment depositing him from his position as executor for the late R. S. Burrows, whose estate was worth from five to ten million dollars. It is feared that robbery is not the only crime. William R. Burrows, heir to his father's wealth, it dying, having been in some way poisoned by arsenic. It is suggested that Warner, who had been speculating, was not able to give an account of the money in his care, and plotted to kill the man who made inconvenient demands upon him.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE of the Privy Council in England has now formally made known its decision in the boundary dispute between Ontario and Manitoba. The southwestern boundary of Ontario is at the North-west corner of the Lake of the Woods, and thence due north as far as English River. The northern boundary, so far as settled, is along English River, including Lac Seul, and Lake Joseph. Their lordships strongly recommended the Imperial Parliament to pass an Act ratifying this decision.

CAPTAIN TRAYNOR, the foolhardy adventurer who set out to cross the Atlantic in a small dory, was met with after he had been 23 days out, and spent half an hour on board the schooner "D. A. Mader." He was in good health and spirits; he had met with one or two storms, but did not mind them.

MR. CORNWALL, the official of the Irish Government who was defeated in his libel action against *United Ireland*, was at once arrested for the disgusting crimes with which he was charged by that newspaper. He has, succeeded however, like his opponent, in getting a verdict of "not guilty."

AN AMERICAN SCHOONER'S anchor caught on a transatlantic telegraph cable on August 20th, and began to haul it up. To avoid the calamity of breaking the cable, the captain cut the hawser and left his anchor behind.

SEVEN MEN and eleven mules has been suffocated in a mine at Shamokin, Pennsylvania.

A CRIPPLE was the other day choked to death by a blind man at Teesvale, Pennsylvania. The murderer was afterwards run over and killed by a train.

MR. DAVITT'S friends in Ireland are going to get up a testimonial for him; he is also going to be assisted by "several prominent persons" when he goes on a lecturing tour. The object of all this is to show the sympathy which Davitt has gained in his opposition to Mr. Parnell's half of the Nationalist Party.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH passed by a Spanish court-martial on Zorilla and a cavalry officer for taking part in the recent rebellion, has been confirmed by the Supreme Council of War. Zorilla, however, has taken refuge in England, and is now in London.

SEVERAL MEN AND WOMEN have been arrested in Chicago, charged with cruelty to children. They claim to belong to a sort of religious sect, and to make a practice of caring for "God's Orphans." The oldest of the twelve children in their possession say they were cruelly treated and starved.

TWO FRENCH OFFICERS, arrested for making sketches of the fortifications at the German town of Coblenz, were released; the authorities were convinced that the sketches were not made for any hostile purpose.

OPIMUM SMOKING, it is said, is increasing among the Chinese in Toronto.

THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE," one of the wildest Tory newspapers in England, comes out with a story that the present agitation against the House of Lords was started in America, and is an attempt to bring Republican ideas into England. It charges Mr. Carnegie, an American iron-master, with being at the head of a "terrible conspiracy" to destroy not only the House of Lords but the monarchical form of government.

A DESPATCH FROM MEXICO says that the drought is terrible, and that cattle are dying by thousands from thirst and starvation.

MR. PARNELL, it is declared, is going to advise all the Irish in the United States to vote for any party which will promise to admit Irish manufactures free of duty. It is understood that this offer was made by the agitator's mother at a conference with Irish bishops and leaders of the Irish league.

AT AN ELECTION in Ross-shire, Scotland, the Liberal candidate has just been successful. It is a significant fact that even the Conservative candidate promised to support a reform of the land laws.

ANOTHER ATTACK on the Jews in St. Petersburg is reported. Fourteen of their houses and stores were pillaged and destroyed, and two of the Jews—who fought in self-defence—were killed. One "Christian" also lost his life.

THE FRENCH VICE-CONSUL at Jeddah has been killed by Bedouin Arabs.

THE SHORTHAND WRITERS are having an international congress at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On."

CHAPTER XI CONTINUED.

Considering the importance of the subject, everything was arranged quite as soon as could be expected; and it was decided that Reuben should go that very afternoon, on the four o'clock train, to take a look at his possible new home. To be sure, Mrs. Stone changed her mind ten times after Mr. Barrows left, and declared that she could not have Reuben going off alone. Why he had never spent a night away from home in his life!

"Yes I have, mother," he said, with twinkling eyes; "I spent it with a crazy horse, and a crazy man." Miss Hunter came in to hear the news, and took Reuben's side with earnestness. She had no doubt that he would have a good time, and a successful journey.

"It seems kind of a wild thing to do," the mother said, looking doubtfully at Reuben. "But then it doesn't cost anything, and perhaps he ought to know whether he could do the work they expect of him, before we make any move. We must do something. I'd like to get into the country, if I could, before another summer; and this is the first shadow of a chance I have had." So she bustled around to get him ready. You would be surprised to see what a length of time it took! This family was not used to packing. Miss Hunter lent an old-fashioned, flowered carpet-bag for him to carry his clothes, and Beth undertook to pack them. There were not so many that she had any trouble in getting them in; but grave questions came up for decision.

"Reuben," she said, turning to him as he came with his arms full of kindlings,—he had been getting ready enough to last until he came back,—"do you want to take your Bible?"

"Why, no," said his mother, "It isn't likely he will have any time to read; and it isn't worth while to make the carpet-bag any heavier than is necessary."

"But there will be a Sunday," said Reuben, "and I might want to read a chapter. I guess I'll take it. It isn't very heavy." So the little Bible was packed. Behold Reuben, by half past three, his Sunday shirt on, his carpet-bag in his arm, his good-byes in his hand, ready to bid his mother good-bye for the first time in his life.

"I'll be back in a week," he said cheerily, "and if it's all right, we'll move there—won't we? Take care of yourself, mother. If it snows, Jimmy Briggs will come and make your path. I spoke to him about it. He owes me a good turn or two; and Beth, don't you go after milk unless it is real pleasant. Jimmy Briggs said he would as soon go as not; he hasn't much to do; times are so slack. I guess I've fixed all the kindlings you'll need, and I put some coal in your bedroom, mother, so you wouldn't have to go after it. Well, good-bye." His voice choked a little over that word. Never mind if it was only for a week. He was fond enough of his mother and sister not to be ashamed at the sight of a tear over bidding them good-bye. As for Beth, she cried outright; and Mrs. Stone wiped her eyes on her apron two or three times, while she stood at the window watching her boy go down the street. Mr. Barrows was walking the platform, looking out for him, when he reached the depot; and exclaimed, as he saw him,—

"Here you are, eh? I began to think you would be left."

"No, sir," said Reuben, with the gravity and precision of a train despatcher. "There are four minutes yet, before train-time."

Whereupon, the gentleman laughed, and two other gentlemen, looking on, nodded their heads, and said, "Good business talent there." But this, Reuben did not hear. He followed Mr. Barrows, took a seat with him on the train; the engine snorted, and shrieked, and growled, and finally, having made up its mind to start, did so with a spiteful jerk that threw a small boy entirely from his seat, and they were off. Reuben's first ride on the cars! You wouldn't have known it if you had been watching him. He was very quiet and at ease. He had stood outside and watched the train off so many times that its way of starting was no novelty to him. So he gave his entire attention to the way things were managed inside. Mr. Barrows found an

acquaintance a few minutes after they left the depot, and went to talk to him. Left to himself, Reuben made good use of his time. A lady, just in front, tugged at her window to try to bring the blind down. The blind was obstinate, and would not come. The afternoon sun streamed in on the lady and made her uncomfortable, so she tried again; no use. Two or three gentlemen gazed at her in a sleepy way, but did not stir. "If I had ever seen such a concern as that before," said Reuben to himself in indignation, "I'd try to make it come down. I wonder how it is fixed, anyhow?" He leaned forward and studied it, and by the time the lady had gained courage to try again, he had made up his mind that she didn't pinch the spring at the right point, and decided to do it himself, or at least make the attempt. Down came the blind, settling into place with the promptness of one who owned itself mastered.

"Thank you," said the lady, who was young and pretty. "What a thing it is to know how,—isn't it?" and she gave him a handful of peanuts. He felt very nice. It was a pleasant thing to have conquered that blind. He believed he should now know how to raise and lower all car blinds.

A boy in front of him, certainly younger than himself, next attracted our traveler's attention. The boy had his mother with him. That would have been the way you would have put it, had you seen them. You would never have thought of saying that he was with his mother; it was so evident that she was with him! He took such excellent care of her. He watched the sun to keep the blind just right, he fixed up the shawl strap for a pillow to support her head, and put a satchel at her feet. He brought her water in a glass, moving steadily and holding it carefully. When the conductor came through, it was from his, the boy's hat, that the tickets came; and, in short, he was the protector of the lady by his side. Reuben looked on, pleased and observing. When he took his mother out to Monroe to live, he would take just such care of her. By-and-by, finding himself too near the stove, he took a seat with a boy somewhat older than himself, who was in a giggle over something; it was not quite clear what. Two seats in front of them was an old lady, a neat, trim lady, with a frilled-edge white cap, and a black dress and bonnet, looking very much like a neat, good grandmother to some boy or girl. Once there used to be a grandmother in Reuben's home. He remembered her. This woman was in some sort of trouble. Her tired, old face looked red and frightened, and she turned first one pocket inside out and then another; took out the contents of her little black bag one by one, turned them over carefully, shook them and then shook her gray head. Meantime, the boy giggled.

CHAPTER XII.

REUBEN ON THE RAIL.

"Just look at that old woman!" chuckled the boy, nudging Reuben's elbow; "she has been going on that way for the last half hour; she has turned every one of those pockets inside out at least six times. And of all the funny things that she's got in them!—dried leaves, and papers of pins, and a box of pills, and a stick of licorice, and a ball of red yarn, and I don't know what all."

"What is she hunting for," asked Reuben, his tone full of something besides amusement. In his heart he felt very sorry for the troubled old lady.

"Why, that's part of fun; she has lost her ticket. We changed conductors a few stations back, and ever since this new one came on she's had spells of hunting for the ticket. She can't find it high or low; and, between you and me, the conductor has about concluded she is fooling him and never had a ticket."

"Poor thing!" said Reuben. "What will he do about it?"

"Why, he'll put her off; I shouldn't wonder if he did it at the next station; he has got about out of patience with her. It is great fun to see her fumbling there. Wouldn't it be rich to see him put her off?"

"I think it would be horrid!" said Reuben, in indignation. "Aren't there any of the passengers who saw her with a ticket?"

"Oh, you're green; of course she had one; she has been on the cars all day; more than that, I know where it is. There's a little hole right behind her seat,—a sort of crack;

it slipped in there two hours ago; I saw it when it dropped, and I can see the end of it peeping out, when I stoop down; I should think she would get down on the floor and take a look through the cracks; but, she hasn't seemed to think of that at all."

Reuben waited only to flash one indignant glance at the boy from his black eyes, then darted forward, jerking his sleeve away when the other, guessing his object, tried to hold him, and in a moment was by the old lady's side.

"I can find your ticket for you, ma'am," he said; and he dodged under the seat, and pushed his hand up through the hole behind, bringing out with him the ugly pink ticket that had caused the poor old lady such trouble.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, seizing it eagerly. "You are a good boy to your mother, I know. What a word of trouble you have helped me out of. I was more sorry than you can think, to lose the ticket; it wasn't so much the money, though that was enough; but I believe I should have been put off the cars in disgrace; and they would never have let the old lady travel alone again."

"Oh, ho! aren't you a green one?" sneered the boy, when Reuben went back to his seat. "I didn't know that was your granny, or I'd have been more careful of your feelings; I wonder she didn't put her arms around your neck, and kiss you. I say, bubby, are you sure your mother knows you're out?"

"Are you from the poorhouse?" said Reuben, eyeing him gravely.

"From the poorhouse?" repeated the other,—thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the question,—"not much I ain't. What do you mean by that?"

"I heard they took a couple of idiots there last week, and I thought maybe you might be one of them."

This was the beginning of a series of persecutions which Reuben had to endure. The ill-behaved boy by the side of him used his tongue as a weapon, and made all manner of disagreeable speeches, as the train whizzed along. Twice Reuben changed his seat; but the boy immediately followed him, saying he must not think of being separated from the dear little fellow for a moment; he or his granny might come to harm if left to themselves. Beyond the first question, as to whether he was from the poorhouse,—of which, to tell you the truth, he was now a little ashamed,—Reuben took no further notice of his enemy, and tried hard to keep his temper. Presently there came a boy through the car with great yellow oranges, the largest that Reuben had ever seen; and while he was watching, and wondering what Beth would say if she had one of them, and whether he would ever be able to earn money enough to buy her an orange every now and then, a strange thing happened to him. The little old woman in front got out her purse, and bought and paid for two of the nicest oranges in the basket, then trotted over to where Reuben sat, and laid one in his hand.

"I hope it's sweet and juicy, and will keep saying 'Thank you!' for me, all the while you are eating it," she said, heartily, while Reuben stammered his thanks, and blushed, not so much for the orange, as he did for the boy, who broke into a rude laugh, and before the old lady was out of hearing, began,—

"Did its granny give it an orange? Nice boy! should have an orange,—so it should; and it should have a nice bit tied under its chin, so it wouldn't muss its little coiled toatie; yes, so it should," and he seized Reuben's handkerchief, that lay in on the window-seat, and made a bit, and began to tuck it under Reuben's chin. A good deal to his surprise, Reuben sat perfectly still, allowing the tucking to go on without disturbance, only saying, in the most good natured tones, "You're an awkward fellow; I guess you are not much used to doing kindness." Then he began to skillfully peel his orange. He had watched the process too often not to be skilful; but just as he had nicely halved it, his seat-mate gave his elbow a jostle, which almost sent it on the tobacco-stained floor; but for a quick-motivated movement from Reuben, much as a boy would put out his hand to catch a ball, it would have gone.

"Dear me!" said the rude boy, in pretended surprise; "what a narrow escape!"

"Very," said Reuben; "it would have been bad for you if it hadn't escaped, as that

is the half I meant for you all the while. Have it?"

"You are a queer chap," said the other, eyeing him closely, and apparently speaking in earnest for the first time. But he took the orange, and sucked it with relish.

"I do say it is a sweet one," he declared; "the old lady knows how to pick them out, Say, honor bright, is she any relation to you?"

"Not that I ever heard of," said Reuben, sucking at his orange, and eyeing the old woman reflectively, wondering who he would have been, and in what way his life would have been different, if she had been a relation of his.

"Where're you going, anyhow?" pursued his new acquaintance. "Is that man over there in the corner, your uncle, or what?"

"What, I guess," said Reuben, laughing. "You seem resolved on giving me some relations."

"Well, I know that old chap; and if I were you I'd be glad he wasn't your uncle nor nothing of that kind."

"Why?"

"O, because, he's a skinflint. I worked for him, once upon a time; stayed three weeks,—the meanest three weeks of my life."

"Perhaps he thinks just so about his life for those three weeks," said Reuben, laughing again, and glancing over to the man whose character was being discussed. He still liked his face, and believed in him, and he had not a very high opinion of the boy who sat beside him.

"Maybe he did!" said the boy, nodding his head with the air of one who could tell a hard story if he chose; "and maybe you don't know anything about it. I live in the same town, and I know all about him; there isn't a boy in town who likes him, —not one."

Reuben instantly made up his mind that he was sorry because the boy lived in the same town where he was going, and resolved not to say a word about his own expectations and plans. Still, it could do no harm to learn what fault all the boys had to find with the man whom he liked so well.

"Why don't they?" he asked.

"Oh, because they don't; he's a mean man to work for; never wants a fellow to have any fun; is always calling out, 'Come, step right; be sharp! don't let the grass grow under your feet; and all such mean things. He docks a fellow's wages if he's five minutes late, and he expects you to work right straight through, from morning till night, without stopping for breath."

"Nor for dinner?" asked Reuben.

"Oh, botheration! you know what I mean. It isn't likely you're so green as all that. Hallo! I declare! I've got home. Where are you going?"

"I'm going here, I suppose," said Reuben, springing to his feet, and seizing Mr. Barrows' satchel before he had time to look for it. Then began one of those crowding, pushing scenes, which every one understands about, who has seen an express train stop at a way station, giving about two minutes for twenty or thirty passengers to get off. Plenty of time, only nobody seems to think so, and they are each determined on being the first one out.

When Mr. Barrows was on the platform, he turned suddenly and said, "I have left my overcoat."

"Hear it, sir," said Reuben, just at his side; and the gentleman who had been talking to Mr. Barrows, said,—

"You have a wide-awake boy there."

"I believe I have," said Mr. Barrows, and he smiled on Reuben.

Among those who were struggling to get out, was the little old lady with her arms full of bundles. Perhaps it was nothing but carelessness that made Reuben's new acquaintance jostle against her, just as she was climbing down the steep steps, sending her bundles lying hither and thither; if it had been an accident, wouldn't you have supposed that he would have picked up the bundles, with a red face, and said, "Excuse me!" instead of which he put his hands in his pockets to keep them from the keen air, and laughed.

Reuben hastily gave the coat and satchel to Mr. Barrows, and stooped down to gather the bundles. Meantime, Mr. Barrows fixed a pair of very keen eyes on the giggling boy. "Andrew," he said, "You have not improved a bit in the last year,—have you?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy promptly; "I'm

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t and satchel d down to e, Mr. Bar- eyes on the said, "You last year, — aptly; "I'm

three inches taller than I was this time last year!" but he blushed just a little, or else the north wind made his cheeks grow redder.

All the time there was something new, for Reuben, during this winter day. The next thing was a great, high coach, with broad leather bands for the backs of the seats,—four seats, each able to take three passengers, and, indeed, when there was need for crowding, four,—the whole drawn by four eager-looking horses, whose restless feet pawed the ground as though they were in a hurry to be off. During all his ten years of city life Reuben had never seen such a coach before.

"Pile in," shouted some one, and a great many people ran across the snowy walk to obey the call, among them the little old woman; and by the time Reuben (who was really practising on her a little, trying to show himself how he would take care of his mother) had held open the door for her, and passed in her bundle after her, it became plain that there was but one seat left in the coach.

"One of you youngsters will have to sit outside," said the stout man, drawing his overcoat about him, and eyeing Reuben and Andrew; the last named "youngster" had been watching a fight between two dogs, and so was the last one at the coach.

"I know I won't, this cold night," he said briskly, and hopping past Reuben, as he spoke, took the vacant seat.

Reuben laughed good-naturedly. "You needn't be in such a hurry," he said; "I'd just as soon ride outside." So, though the little old lady snuggled herself into a very small corner, and declared that they could make room for that boy, Reuben closed the coach door and climbed to the driver's seat, well pleased to be so near to those four noble looking horses. What a ride it was!

—now piled, in some places, higher than the fences, drifted in great white heaps on either side, leaving almost bare places, and making what Reuben learned to know by the name of "pitch holes," for the runners to drop into every few minutes. In spite of the jolting, and the sudden descents, and the little squeals which came from inside the coach, Reuben enjoyed the ride. In fact it was almost impossible for him not to enjoy a ride of any kind; he had so few of them, and he loved horses so dearly.

"How far is it to the village?" he presently asked the driver, a great burly man, who was half buried in a fur overcoat.

No answer. "Well," said Reuben to himself "you are a gruff old fellow; why couldn't you as well be nice, and tell me about things? What is the use in folks being cross? This old fellow knows ever so much that I'd like to know, I suppose, and here he means to keep the whole of it to himself. Maybe he is half frozen! I mean to try to thaw him. I wonder if he likes his horses. I'll see if I can find out. What splendid fellows your horses are!" he said, in a loud and admiring tone. He liked the horses so very much that he did not have to pretend in the least; but the bundle of fur beside him might as well have been a polar bear for all answer that he received.

"He is a bear, and no mistake," said Reuben to himself, trying in vain to get a glimpse of the man's face; but then he kept still. On went the horses, ploughing through the snowy road, which was growing more difficult at every step, Reuben began to watch things with wide open eyes. It became very plain that the man who was holding the reins was not driving; he made not the slightest attempt at guiding the horses into the best parts of the road, nor in checking their speed as they went down a steep hill.

"If they didn't know how to drive themselves most wonderfully, we should all be pitched into a snow-drift," said Reuben and he peered curiously into the face of the cross and silent driver. He was more than cross; no sooner had Reuben got one glimpse when he leaned forward and gave a decided pull to the man's fur coat; then he said, "Well, I never in all my life!—never!"

(To be Continued.)

THE CRUSADERS (Catholic) of Minnesota have decided that members frequenting saloons for the purpose of purchasing cigars, billiard-playing, etc, violate their pledge in so doing, and their names will be dropped from the rolls.

JANIE'S SHOES.

"James," said Mrs. Townsend to her husband, "Janie won't be able to go out again till she has a new pair of shoes."

"Why! you don't mean to say that those I bought last are worn out?"

"Yes, they are; they have been patched and stitched until they are now quite beyond mending. Poor little thing, it is hard if she cannot run out, even in the garden, when it is the least damp, without getting wet-footed."

"Well, she can't have them this week, that is certain; I haven't a penny more than I shall want for railway fares and other things."

"What do you do with your money, James?" asked Mrs. Townsend, piteously. "I can't think where it all goes."

"No more can I," answered the husband; "it seems to me there must be great waste somewhere; how do you manage to get rid of it all?"

"I can show you an account of all I have spent," replied Mrs. Townsend. "Can you tell me what you spend?"

This was not said angrily, but, on the other hand, in a kindly, entreating tone.

"Well, you know, Kate, I hardly ever take any notice of the few pence I spend," answered her husband.

"But what becomes of the money? it must go somewhere, and I am sure I do not spend it extravagantly, James."

"Let me look at your book, Kate, and then I can judge for myself."

The account-book was brought, and Townsend looked it carefully through; column after column he added up, but could find no error; and he scratched his head in his perplexity, as though he thought that by doing so he could solve the mystery as to where his money had gone.

"I can't make it out," he said; "but if Janie wants a pair of shoes, of course she must have them. I lent John King fifteen shillings a little time ago, and I will go and ask him to return it; certainly I have had a little beer there since, but that will only come to a shilling or two."

King kept a beer-house not far from Townsend's home, and sometimes the latter had obliged the former by advancing him a few shillings when the collector had been coming and King was short of money.

"I wish you did not have so much to do with King," said Mrs. Townsend. "He will do you no good."

"No harm either, Kate. I must have a glass of ale now and then, and King's house is handiest for me; besides, I have known him from a child, and he is a very good sort of fellow."

So saying, Townsend took his hat and walked out. In a few minutes he was at "The Six Bells."

"Oh! Mrs. King," he said, "will it be convenient to you to return the money I lent your husband a few days ago?"

"Certainly, Mr. Townsend," answered the landlady. "Shall I deduct your beer score?"

"Yes, you may as well. I shan't have it to pay another time, if I do it now, that's one good thing," returned James.

"Let me see," said Mrs. King, looking at a book in which James' score was entered. "Let me see; I don't think there is much difference between us, is there?"

"Not much difference!" cried Townsend; "yes, I should think there is; it was fifteen shillings I lent King."

"Yes, and your score comes to fourteen and elevenpence."

"What!" said Townsend, "You must have made a mistake."

"No, here it is, you see; tenpence on Monday last week, a shilling on Tuesday— but there, you can see for yourself." So saying, she handed the book to her customer.

James scratched his head again, this time a little harder than before, but could not see that there was any error in the account.

"Fourteen and elevenpence!" he said at length; "I didn't think it was half that."

"Well, you know you have had a little extra lately, and then I sent in more on Saturday night to serve you for Sunday."

"Yes," said James, "I know you did; but fourteen and elevenpence; I can't make it out."

But it was no good for James Townsend to puzzle his brains or scratch his head; there was the amount, and he could dispute none of the items.

"Well, have a pint of beer and we will cry quits," said the landlady; "and I am sure we are much obliged to you for the loan."

"So I should think," thought James Townsend; "and I am very glad I did lend the money to you; if I had not done so I should have paid for my beer as I had it, a penny or twopence at a time, and then I should never have known how much I did spend on it. Let me see," he continued, as he walked slowly home, "fourteen shillings and elevenpence in a fortnight; why, that is more than a shilling a day. I couldn't have believed it; a shilling a day is eighteen pounds five a year, and say I only spent sixpence a day in the ordinary way, that's nine pounds two and six a year. I'll throw it up altogether. I won't buy a drop more, that I won't."

And he kept his word, and the next week Janie had a good pair of shoes, and now there are no complaints about being short of money, nor any wondering where it goes.

If every one who is in the habit of "dropping into" a public-house for a pint or half a pint several times a day, would take the trouble to reckon up what he spends weekly, we feel sure that many would be as much astonished to find what their beer costs them as was James Townsend on this occasion.—*British Workman.*

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

We have been much interested in a small work on "Health and Strength for Girls," written jointly by Mary J. Safford, M. D. and Mary E. Allen, the latter Superintendent of Boston Ladies' and Children's Gymnasium.

Chapter third is entitled "My Little Patient," and reads thus: "I am going to tell the young school-girl who read this about the little patient who came to me yesterday. What a wretched little huddle she looked as I came down to her! She is only thirteen, but the tired outer of forty-five was on her pale face. Her lungs were lost—folded up somewhere between her rounded, bowed shoulders, as she drooped in her chair.

"Sit up! sit up—up—up," I said, my own lungs aching sympathetically at sight of her.

"I—can't!" she answered me, and with such a hopeless respiration.

I doubt if she will, or can yet, of her own accord. I drew her shoulders back, but they fell forward again, in a moment, as I took my seat.

My patient goes to school from nine a. m. to two p. m.

The school is about four blocks from her house. I learn from her that she almost always rides to school on the horse-cars that pass by her door.

When my pale young friend gets home from school, does she do as does her brother two years her senior! He takes ball and ball, and makes a bee-line for the nearest play-ground; and there, with a rollicking set of playmates, throws his whole soul and body into fun-making for two or more hours. No, she doesn't do that. A piano lesson is to be practised, or there is a fascinating piece of Kensington stitch to be finished in time for a present for some festive occasion. She gets no change of position; her head still droops, her shoulders still bow forward, her spine still curves.

And thus the twelve hours of previous sunshine have faded into evening, and the pale girl has had it all under glass.

Now night closes in upon her, the lamp is lighted, and the brother and sister draw about it and begin the task of study for the coming day.

His mind is fresh. His body tingles with ruddy health from head to foot. He is ready for bed. Probably "study hours out of school" will work him no serious harm.

But his pale sister! She was so weary and nervous when she began to study, that nothing seems clear to her; and after spending two hours, bowed over her books, in an endeavor to commit her lessons to memory, discouraged, and it may be tearful, she is persuaded to go to bed. But it is not to sleep in quiet, restful sleep. Her lessons haunt her dreams. She awakens in the morning unrefreshed, to begin the routine of another high-pressure day.

What did I do for her?

I did not put up any medicine for her to carry home. I showed her how to sit correctly and healthfully, how to stand healthfully, and how to walk healthfully. But before the lesson was over, I saw that I must

send for the mother and instruct her. Upon her must fall, for a while, the responsibility of insisting that her neglected child sits, stands and walks healthfully.

She should have begun this supervision long ago when her daughter was but ten years old.—*Standard.*

DISH WASHING AND DISH CLOTHS.

A practical subject certainly to present to a young wife just beginning to be disgusted with housework in general, and dish washing in particular. At home she never did more in that line than rinse out the silver and glass and perhaps wipe the remainder of the table dishes, while mother did the rest. Now no hands but her own stand ready to attack the huge pile, and she sighs as she commences and sighs as she finishes them.

Now, my young friend, let me give you an insight into the science of this matter, and you will dread it no longer. When you clear up your table, remove all the food first, then the casser, sugar bowl, etc. Then take a knife and scrape all the crumbs from every plate and dish into the hens' pail, put the bits of butter into the plate of cooking butter, and pour out all slops of tea, coffee or water. Then pile up the plates artistically (here is some of the science,) the larger ones at the bottom, and so on.

When all are picked up and arranged in order, convey them to a shelf or table in close proximity to the sink. Mix in your dish pan, which should be a large tin one with two handles, as tin is so much easier to keep sweet and clean than the little wooden tubs we used years ago, and will never rust if scalded and wiped dry every time it is used, a quantity of pretty warm water, with a little soap. Wash every dish separately, commencing with glass and silver, and ending with tins and kettles. Then wash out your dish pan, pile all, or as many of the dishes as you can into it, pour a dipper of hot water into your tins, and wipe while hot—never drying by or on the stove as it spoils them. Rinse your silver and glass and wipe immediately; then pour the hot water over the dishes, with enough more to scald them thoroughly, and rinse off all the dish water. Whirl them around rapidly in the pan, then turn one by one upon a rack to drain, said rack supposed to be an indispensable appendage to the sink. Wipe as fast as possible. You will have to work lively at this stage of operations, as by so doing they have a spotted, streaked look. You will be perfectly astonished at the fun of washing dishes if you proceed in this way. They are finished up so suddenly that you wonder what has become of them.—*Exchange.*

DO NOT WAKE THE CHILDREN.

The habit of waking children early in the morning, before they are thoroughly recuperated with sleep, is an exceedingly injurious one. Sleep is nature's time of recuperation, a condition in which the principal, cardinal, and voluntary functions of the organism are largely suspended, in order that the process of recuperation may take place. Nature in this respect comprehends her necessities better than either parent or governess. A child grows rapidly, and is called upon, in the building up of the constitution, to recuperate abundantly, so that youth requires much more sleep than age. "After one's constitution becomes consolidated and he has passed middle life, he sleeps very much less than in younger times; but up to the age of twenty-five years, sleep in large degree is desirable that the constitution may be thoroughly invigorated and preserved against taxation in the future. Children should be put to bed early—say seven to eight o'clock; they should, if possible, go to sleep in a pleasant frame of mind, at peace with the world, and in loving submission to those who have them in charge; and they should be permitted to sleep until, having thoroughly recuperated, they waken of themselves in the morning. Be particular that their feet are warm, and that they have more covering placed upon the feet than upon other parts of the body. As long as a person keeps warm feet there is little danger of colds and serious illness, but when circulation in the extremities fail, we may look out for congestions or inflammations, which constitute nine-tenths of the diseases which afflict human beings.—*Health.*

THE WEEK.

BALLOONS have up till now utterly defied every attempt to steer them; they would sail well enough before the wind, but that was all. A member of the French Academy of Science, however, has just presented a report showing that a balloon at Meudon, was recently made to go against the wind, and was steered right back to the place it started from. If that is true, balloons will no longer be toys, but will be useful carriages.

A MELATTO WOMAN in Brazil, said to be 125 years old, lost her teeth forty years ago. A new set is now growing! This fact is certified by a doctor; but we are not informed that anyone certifies that the doctor is telling the truth.

THE CHICAGO "BREEDER'S GAZETTE" says: "At last the unwelcome truth is forced upon us that contagious pleuropneumonia has found lodgment in the prairies of Illinois. The evidence of its baleful presence is seen in not less than five Jersey herds in this state. Overwhelming and grave fears exist that the extent of the infection has only dawned upon us."

THE EDITOR of an Anarchist newspaper at Basle, Switzerland, has been arrested.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S letter, accepting the nomination of his party, contains—according to the London *Times*—"the usual discreditable features of campaign politics, and, following the Democratic platform, can hardly be satisfactory to those sanguine few who look for lofty views and statesmanship in a presidential contest."

A REPORT from the Gold Coast, western Africa, states that a British flag has been pulled down by some German officers. The two countries are not by any means on good terms in that part of the world. One despatch says that Germany has annexed a large territory near the Cape of Good Hope including a district already annexed by the Government of that British Colony.

BY A NEW RULE, stock cattle are not to be allowed to be imported into the United States from Europe without special permission from the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington.

A CONFERENCE of delegates from Young Men's Christian Associations all over the world has been held at Berlin. The visitors were welcomed by a kind message from the German Emperor, expressing sympathy with their work and praying that the Conference might have God's blessing.

THE MEXICANS are as unscrupulous in their way of getting rid of inconvenient politicians as the French despots were before the Revolution, if a recent account is to be believed. It is stated that General Palacios, a talented statesman and senator from a federal district, has been a prisoner in the bastille in Monterey, Mex., for several months. Nobody, except the members of the Government, knows the reason of the imprisonment. When the Government wish to get rid of a politician or general whom they fear, a guard is sent to arrest him, and before they reach the prison he is shot and a report carried to head quarters that they had to shoot him because he tried to escape. Eight victims have thus been executed in a few days on the way from Chilpancingo to the capital. The Government deny, however, that any conspirators have been shot.

A GREAT ROBBERY of valuable Austrian Government bonds has taken place at Frankfort on the Main.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE is proposed by a Dutch professor, to arrange for a permanent international committee to take united action against epidemics of disease.

THREE NATIVES of BOMBAY have just been sentenced each to three years' imprisonment for punishing their wives by cutting off the nose. An Indian newspaper says that this barbarous custom is not likely to be suppressed unless the law provides flogging as a punishment.

IN CHILI, up to the present time, no marriage was legal unless performed by a priest. A new law has just been passed, allowing the parties to be married by Protestant ministers if they desire. The people of Chili are just now awakening thoroughly to see the corrupt character of the Romish church.

THE MONTREAL "DAILY WITNESS" is just now publishing a series of most important articles, written especially for that journal by our most distinguished public men and thinkers, giving their opinions as to the political future of the country. The first article entitled "The Future of Canada," is by Sir Francis Hincks, G.C.M.G., C.B., formerly Governor of the Windward Islands and since Finance Minister of Canada. Then come—"Cosmopolitan Politics; an Anglo-American Alliance," by the Rev. Jos. Cook, of Boston; "The Organization of the English-speaking Race," by the Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston; the next is by Mr. Benjamin Sulte, author of the "History of the French-Canadians," and other works; followed by "Federation or Separation," by the Hon. L. S. Huntington, late Postmaster-General of Canada; "Annexationist Tendencies," by Mr. William Houston, Parliamentary Librarian, Toronto; and "Imperial Federation," by Mr. Henri Beaugrand, editor of *Les Patries*.

IT IS REPORTED that Archbishop Tascheran, of Quebec, is to be made a Cardinal.

JOHN C. ENO, the Bank robber-president who is honoring Quebec by his presence, has wisely decided not to sue the officers who arrested him, as he once talked of doing.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN, Canadian Minister of Public Works, is now spoken of as a likely successor to the present Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec Province.

A BELGIAN NUN who died ten years ago left \$11,750 to the convent to which she belonged. This was against the law of mortmain, which is fortunately in force in Belgium as well as in Britain. The convent has now been ordered by the Courts to give up the money to the lawful heirs, together with \$6,550 for interest.

THE AMOUNT now standing to the credit of depositors in the Canadian Government savings banks is \$13,483,965.

AN ULTIMATUM has been sent to the Rajah of Tenom, in Sumatra, demanding that he shall release the captive crew of the steamer "Nisero" within two weeks,—or take the consequences, which will come in the form of hot iron and lead from British guns.

THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH of Austria was out driving with his wife the other day, in Linberg, Bohemia, when the carriage was upset. Both were thrown out, but only slightly injured.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY has opened a free hospital in Asia Minor; the work is making steady progress.

THERE ARE DISTURBANCES on the frontier of China and Russia in Asia.

THE MEETINGS of the Salvation Army are "not of a religious character"—at least they have been forbidden in the Swiss capital, and that is the only reason given.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY has for long been an object of ridicule for all the wits in the republic. It is smaller than ever, now. The steam-warship "Tallapoosa," of 6500 tons, collided with a schooner, and was so badly broken up by the shock that she hid her shame under the waves.

THE NATIVES have revolted against their Portuguese rulers in the Zambezi district of Eastern Africa, and have killed or wounded all the Portuguese soldiers on the spot. Reinforcements have been sent.

THE BURMESE AUTHORITIES have captured 235 robbers between Mandalay and Bhamo and have executed fifty of them by crucifixing.

A HUNTING PARTY was attacked by Indians on the banks of the Red River, only a mile below Winnipeg, last week. There was a terrible fight, the red men using knives and the white men first shooting and then using their guns and clubs. At last the hunters got the upper hand, reached their boat and returned to the city,—but all were rather badly cut, and one of them was in a dangerous condition. One of the Indians was shot dead.

THE CUBANS IN FLORIDA, it is expected, will organize an earnest expedition to set Cuba free.

CALIFORNIA is expected to produce forty million dollars worth of wheat this year, besides forty million dollars worth of other articles. About \$56,000,000 will be exported.

GENERAL L. P. WALKER, who has died at Huntsville, Alabama, was the commander who gave the order to begin firing upon Fort Sumter.

A SPANISH MAIL STEAMER, bound for Cuba, has just returned to her starting place. Her boiler had burst, and seven of the crew had perished in the catastrophe.

BUSH FIRES are still raging in the Saguenay district, north-east of Quebec.

AN ATTACK on the Salvation Army at Worthing, a quiet English seaside town, had to be put down by a military force.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE at Odessa was riding in the street the other day when a young girl stepped up and tried to shoot him. She was captured, and was found to be the daughter of a Nihilist.

THE TOTAL NUMBER of persons that left the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland during the month of July was 27,176, making the total for the seven months of this year, 192,770. Of the persons who left the British Isles in the month of July, 17,214 were bound for the United States, and 4,443 for Canada; the numbers for the seven months being 129,193 and 27,797 respectively. In July of last year, 18,038 persons departed for the United States, and 6,428 for Canada, the total for the seven months being 172,043 and 39,673 respectively. The total number of emigrants in July last year was 32,877, making the total for the seven months 259,716. These figures show on analysis a decrease of 17.3 percent, in the total emigration for the month, and 25.7 for the seven months; as regards the United States, a falling off of 4.6 percent, for the month, and 24.7 for the seven months; and for Canada decreases of 30.9 and 29.9 respectively.

WITCHCRAFT IN MAURITIUS.

A writer to the London *Times* gives some most extraordinary information about witchcraft in the island of Mauritius. In that British colony hundreds of witch doctors and professional sorcerers live and thrive, and even persons of education and position believe in them. Most of the sorcerers are negroes, with a sprinkling of Indians. Crime is sometimes resorted to in the preparation of "charms."

I will now relate an incident that occurred about three years ago—an incident that shook the whole community. A noted sorcerer, a black, named Picot, abducted a girl about six years of age, and, after having fearfully maltreated her, cut her in pieces; with the object, it was stated, of using human flesh for diabolical purposes. The crime was traced to him; he was arrested, tried at the Assizes before our late Chief-Judge, Sir Adam Gib Ellis—now in the West Indies—and condemned to be hanged. After sentence was passed upon him, Picot declared that he was beyond the power of the Government; that the authorities could not hang him; his sorcery placed his life out of their reach. And now mark what followed. The Chief-Judge lived a few miles out of town, and no sooner had sentence been passed than showers of stones fell upon his house night after night. No sane person, free from superstition, has ever doubted that this was the work of Picot's accomplices and friends, who, aiming themselves with missiles, threw them upon the roof of the house and then made off. But the strangest part of the affair is the fact that the assailants could never be discovered. Night after night a volley of stones was discharged, but no trace could be obtained of the persons who threw them. What is of more importance, is the fact that the Judge's lady was nearly frightened to death, while the Judge himself, who, in condemning Picot, alluded to the crime in the terms it deserved, pleaded so earnestly before the Executive Council for the man's life that the sentence of death was reluctantly changed to one of imprisonment for life. These are simple facts. From that time "Picotism" has been as well defined a term in Mauritius as "Dacoitism" is in India. Master Picot is now well and hearty, and his friends exultingly say that he bears a charmed life, for did he not openly defy the Government to hang him!

After this illustration of what sorcery means in Mauritius, I will proceed. As I have stated, the most profitable part of the business is monopolized by the witch doctors. These people profess to cure the sick by means of charms and incantations. They chiefly practice upon the superstition of the lower classes, and, in this city of Port Louis, hundreds of persons die annually who have never been visited by any other medical attendant, unless a qualified practitioner is occasionally called in at the last moment.

A leading doctor, speaking of a request that he should sign a certificate giving the cause of death in a particular case, said to me: "I cannot, by merely glancing at a person whom I plainly see cannot live more than a few minutes, undertake to name a malady I have had no chance of studying. Hundreds of people die in this way, and are buried. There is no inquest, for we have no Coroner. They may have been poisoned by witch doctors, or by any one else. It is all the same."

But these people are consulted upon other points. They are sometimes fortune tellers. About twelve years ago an acquaintance of mine was involved in a dispute that led to a duel. Before the affair came off the ladies of his family went to try and find out whether the result was likely to be favorable or not. There is in the district of Savanne a place called Camp Diable. Here, living in miserable huts, are congregated a score or two of as repulsive-looking creatures as could be met with. They are principally negroes and Mozambique, and of both sexes. They are, without exception, priests and priestesses of "Petit Albert," and their children will become the same. The place is secluded, and has an ill-reputation about it. And yet it is to such a place that delicate women will venture for the sake of information which they are deluded into believing those wretches can impart to them. These people of the Devil's Camp prepare charms and sell them for all sorts of purposes. I have in my mind's eye at this moment two fairly well educated men, who both wore charms concealed in the linings of their hats to protect them from bodily in-

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jury. One was until recently an Inspector of Police. He is a German, but had married a Creole wife, a Roman Catholic, who revealed to him the mysterious powers of "Petit Albert." The other is a French Creole and a Roman Catholic, who firmly believes that his charm protects him from harm. Such is the atmosphere in the midst of which one lives at Mauritius. Is it not strange that while "Petit Albert" has votaries among the rich and educated section, the "priests," or whatever name they should go by, who expound his diabolical doctrine, are generally hideous blacks, and the more hideous they are in appearance the better!

I have mentioned that we have no Coroner, and, consequently, it must be inferred that no inquest is held in cases of sudden death. A post mortem is sometimes made, but there are numbers of Indians who are found hanging by the neck from a branch of a tree or the rafters of an out-house, who are cut down, and, after having been seen by the police, are buried with the simple verdict of "Suicide." I suppose we have not less than two or three such cases a month, and it is always quietly assumed that the poor wretches have become tired of life, and have so put an end to it. The official mind seems incapable of grasping the idea that a proportion of these "suicides" may be murders. They nearly always occur in some lonely place, or where the victim lives alone.

THE CAT AND THE SNAKES.

A despatch from Hawley, Pennsylvania, tells the following interesting story: Andrew Bellas, a car runner on the Pennsylvania Coal Company's gravity railway, lives at Plane No. 4 on the line of that road. One day last week a couple of small kittens were missing from his house, and he started out to look for them, as they were great pets with his family. As he was going through his back yard he saw the mother of the kittens stealing along through the grass. Bellas stopped, and, looking ahead of the cat, saw a large pilot snake lying in the grass about six feet distant. There was no doubt, from the fact that the cat was stealing on the snake and it was equally plain that the snake knew it and was ready for the attack. At first Bellas thought he would kill the snake at once, but he changed his mind and watched to see what the result of the impending fight would be.

The cat crept to within a foot of the snake, which was ready to strike at the proper time. The cat stopped, and raising her left fore paw cautiously held it out toward the pilot. Like a flash the latter struck at the paw, but the cat was quicker still, and bringing her right paw into play dealt the snake a blow on the side of the head that knocked it back a foot or more. The reptile, evidently greatly surprised and maddened by the cat's attack, returned to the fight. Again the cat presented her left fore paw, and again the pilot struck viciously at it, only to again miss and to receive the violent right-hand blow along the head. This was repeated four times, when the snake, weakened and thoroughly dispirited, turned and tried to drag itself away. Instantly the cat sprang upon the retreating reptile, and with two or three strokes of her sharp claws tore it to pieces. She carried the remains of the dead snake to a distant part of the yard, where she dug a hole and buried it.

The old cat has killed several snakes since the disappearance of her kittens. She never hunted snakes before. From that circumstance it is believed that her kittens were eaten by snakes, and she knows it and is avenging their death by killing snakes.

ALL RAILWAY and other large corporations are becoming great total abstinence societies. When an applicant comes for a position he is asked if he is a drinking man; if he takes a drink now and then; if so, they do not want him. This is not because the road superintendent cares more for one man than others, but because he must look out for the trains in his care, and must have men he knows are reliable and can always be depended on. And you can't depend on the man who drinks. Why, the other day I heard of a distiller that declined to hire an engineer because he admitted that he took a drop now and then. They wanted a sober and reliable man. Insurance companies won't insure men who drink heavily because of their great mortality.—Mrs. J. Ellen Foster.

A THRILLING STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

THE "GILJON," LAXHAM" DISASTER—SUFFERINGS IN AN OPEN BOAT—ON THE VERGE OF CANIBALISM.

(From Thaw's New York Herald).

Among the passengers on the steamer "Bothnia," of the Cunard Line, which arrived here from Liverpool yesterday, were Senor Joaquin Cores, Senor Enrique D. Granadas, Senor Pedro Obeso and Senor Diego Perez, who were among those saved from the wreck of the Spanish steamer "Gijon," which was sunk on July 21st by collision with the English steamer "Laxham" in the Bay of Biscay, and who were on their way to join their relatives in Cuba when the sad accident occurred. On their arrival here they drove to the Spanish Imperial Hotel, Irving Place, where a Herald reporter found them describing their hairbreadth escape to their host, Senor Guillermo Qutrel.

"I was pursuing my legal studies in the University of Madrid," said Senor Granadas, "when I got a despatch from my father, who is a merchant in Cuba, bidding me set out for Havana at once, as the cholera would certainly come to Spain and perhaps leave him without a son. I packed my trunk, took passage on the "Gijon," and set sail on the afternoon of July 21. As we steamed out of Coruna it began to foggy that those sitting in the stern of the vessel could not see those sitting forward, and I was just beginning to wonder what would happen if an accident occurred, when I heard an awful crash and a long, loud shriek, and the next thing I knew was that the "Gijon" had struck the centre of a steamer which was passing across her bow. It was then about a quarter of eight o'clock in the evening, and we were not more than twenty-five miles distant from the coast.

THE "GILJON" DOOMED TOO.

Captain Valdomar Iglesias at once ordered the engines of the "Gijon" to be stopped, so that the men of the other steamer, which turned out to be an English vessel, the "Laxham," might be able to leap on board. His orders were obeyed, and nineteen men out of twenty-three reached our vessel. They told us, however, that the captain of the English steamer, with his wife and infant daughter, were either on the "Laxham" or in the water, and our captain at once lowered a boat, and after a short search found them and brought them on board. A few seconds later the boilers of the "Laxham" burst, and within eight minutes after the collision took place she had disappeared from sight. As she went down a curious grinding noise was heard in our hold, and we all knew that the "Gijon" had been damaged by the bursting engines of the "Laxham" and was doomed to go down also. Captain Iglesias acted like a hero. He bade his men man the guns and save the passengers. His lives were saved. Four of the eight boats were quickly lowered and 80 of the 100 persons on board crowded into them. The other four boats could not be lowered, as the vessel was sinking too rapidly. Many of the passengers were in their berths suffering from seasickness, and had not even come on deck at sound of the collision; the English captain, however, as we were near the coast of Portugal, an English vessel, the "Zoe," commanded by Captain F. Hubbard, bore down on us and took us on board.

The second morning we sighted two steamers, but, though we tried to attract their attention, they evidently failed to see us. Soon after dark, however, as we were near the coast of Portugal, an English vessel, the "Zoe," commanded by Captain F. Hubbard, bore down on us and took us on board. They had only enough provisions on board for their own small crew but they gave us plenty of meat, wine and cigars, besides a new suit of clothes for every one of us. The engineer of the "Zoe" and were landed at last at Dartmouth, in England. Thence we went to Liverpool, and took passage there on the "Bothnia" for New York. Of the three other boats one was picked up by the "San Domingo," another by a schooner, and the third by a small sailing vessel. One arrived safe at London and the other two at Spanish ports. The engineer of the "Laxham" was a passenger on the one that reached London. He was picked up by the third officer of the "Gijon," but was so badly burned by the boiler of the "Laxham" that he is not expected to survive.

"Personally I did not suffer much," concluded Senor Granadas, stretching his huge frame, "but I shall never be able to forget the many hours of the awful night. To-day, however, I was somewhat annoyed at reading in a Spanish paper which was published here yesterday a full account of my own death and that of my friend Joaquin Cores."

Almost all the passengers on the "Gijon" were wealthy people, who were making their usual summer trip to Cuba, some of them being well acquainted with Spain on account of their dress and other things. The number of ladies on board the "Gijon" is said to have been between fifty and sixty. How many were saved is not accurately known.

"So, sir, the seventeen of us rowed away from the "Gijon," keeping clear for the other three equally well loaded boats, which, by the way, we never saw afterward, though we heard that they got safe to land; and when we were twenty fathoms away a blood curdling scream rang over the water, and we looked and saw that the Gijon had disappeared. We rowed on as best we could, and presently a voice hailed us, and a little while the third officer of the Gijon swam alongside and we took him on board. He had been ordered by Captain Iglesias to go to the rescue of a drowning English sailor, and had just managed to save his own life. He was the only officer who escaped."

"Well, sir, we rowed all that night in the Bay of Biscay, and when the morning came and a puff of breeze sprang up we made a sail out of Diego Perez's top-coat and two jibs out of a couple of pocket handkerchiefs, and so managed to make good headway until the light fell again. At this time, remember, we were without food or drink of any kind, and, bravely as we tried to bear our hard luck, some of us began to lose heart and to whisper that if no steamer came at dawn it would be necessary to draw lots in order that some one of us might be compelled to offer himself as a victim for the rest. Soon the whisper grew into a steady demand, and came at last to the ears of Pedro Mendes, the Roman Catholic priest."

A DIPLOMATIC PRIEST.

Imagine the horror with which he heard that bones, God-fearing Spaniards were proposing to save their own lives by feasting on the flesh of their companions, and try to imagine if you can the ruse which he employed to dissuade them from their wickedness. Did he threaten to communicate them or did he go on to say that he would appear before the name of the Church? Not he, for he was a man of the world and knew that on men in our condition such threats and appeals would have no effect. No, but he calmly pointed out that all of us were excited and in a feverish condition, and that if we ate human flesh tainted with fever none of us would ever set foot on land. Hour after hour he lectured on the evil results that invariably follow from the eating of unclean meat, and, at last, when the dawn appeared and a breeze again sprang up, it was easy to see from the silence that followed his harangue that his words had again furthered desire to become cannibals.

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WHAT WESLEY SAID ABOUT IT.

A GREAT PROHIBITIONIST OF LAST CENTURY.

"A Methodist," writing to the Shropshire Gazette, says: "Do you know what were the views of John Wesley on the liquor traffic? Hear him: 'Neither may we gain by harling our neighbor in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminentiy all that liquid fire, commonly called dram, or spirituous liquors. It is true, they may be used in medicine, but they may be of use in some bodily disorder (although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioners). But all who will sell them in the common way to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale.' See John Wesley's sermon on the use of money. Can we suppose a Method to be a friend of the liquor traffic? Let the 2,425 Methodists of Compton County do their duty! We are fourth in numbers in the county, but led by six papists, we can do nothing. It is pleasing to know that in the religious bodies which are larger than we are, as well as those which are smaller, thousands will be on the side of prohibition. If we only vote the right side with others there can be no failure to secure the Scott Act in Compton county."

THE STORY TELLER.

TAKE CARE.

I know a masher now on view, Take care Looking the ape that mashes do, Beware; Trust him not—he's fooling you. He has two eyes of bluish green, Take care; And the knowinest wink you've ever seen, Beware; Trust him not—he's fooling you. He has a collar four-inch deep, Take care; And speaks with a drawl as tho' asleep, Beware; Trust him not—he's fooling you. He has a hat with early brim, Take care; That looks a size too large for him, Beware; Trust him not—he's fooling you. He'll give his honor he speaks the truth, Take care; He hasn't any, poor pale-faced youth, Beware; Trust him not—he's fooling you.

A SCHOOL MASTER'S RESOURCE.

A popular school in the north of Shropshire rejoices in the possession of a second master of a higher original turn of mind. A few days ago one of the biggest pupils in the school, who takes the lead in all the dare-devil exploits of fresh enthusiastic youth, was "called up" for a brief interview. One of the parties to the discussion was a long lithe cane, guaranteed to curl round a fellow and make him sing. "Bend down," observed the second master, indignantly; "Shant," remarked the pupil, who was a fair head and shoulders taller than the pedagogue. "I beg your pardon," said the latter. "Shant," repeated the lad, "so take it out of that. I am not going to be caned; I'm not a boy." "Oh, very well," said the master, "very well; if you won't be treated as a boy, come down stairs and be treated as a man." He took off his coat as he spoke, and rolled up his sleeves. They adjourned to the playground, and the cocky youngster, revelling in his superior build, and the diminutive second master had a little set to. In about ten minutes the master had given the lad as sound a thrashing as ever he had in his life, and subsequently he prevailed upon him to take a gentle caning in the sanctity of an upper room. There is no moral to this story.—Shropshire (Eng.) Guardian.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

In addressing a stranger, be sure that he is the person you suppose him to be. Davies had telephoned an assistant to go to the Probate Court as a certain young man walked into the room. One of the attorneys, Major John Coon, turned to him, and said: "Well, I suppose you have come here to do a little business?" "Yes," said the young man in a hesitating manner. "Have you any paper?" "No, sir." "Nor pens?" "No, sir." "We will have to supply you, then." The young man sat down at a desk, on Judge Tilden's direction. Paper, ink and pens were placed before him. Then the judge said, "I guess we are now ready to proceed," and the examination of a witness commenced. Said Mr. Coon to the witness, "State what was said and done on the day in question." The witness answered at some length. A certain painfulness of effort on the part of the young man caused Judge Tilden to look over his shoulder. He had written out in an irregular hand, the word "state," and that was all he had done. "See here, young man," said the judge, "can you write shorthand?" "No, sir, not as I know of." "Were you not sent here to report this case?" "No, sir, I came in after a marriage license." He had thought that all this was a necessary preliminary to the license.—Brown's Monthly.

TWO YOUNG LADIES of literary tastes in Clifton were discussing their reading, when one of them remarked, "I have been engaged with a delightful work for a week past." "Indeed, what is it?" "Anthony Trollope's autobiography." "Who is the author?" "Really, I don't know. I have looked over the title page and through the preface, but I can't find any reference to the author at all. Whoever it is is an amusing writer, and seems to have known the novelist very intimately." "I'll get it and read it, but it is too provoking, isn't it that so many delightful authors of late are writing anonymously!"—Mersey and Traveller.

SEND US A DOLLAR and we will forward you twenty copies of War News, that newy Scott Act campaign paper, every week for six months.

THE BOY CAPTIVE.

A STORY OF BRIGAND LIFE IN EUROPEAN TURKEY.

By Miss I. M. Lyburn.

There might have been seen in a cavern, near the summit of one of those high mountains in Southern European Turkey, just after midnight, a band of a dozen or more Greek brigands. They were reclining or sitting cross-legged on their capotes, or large furry overcoats, drinking rachi. Their white fustanellas and scarlet jackets and gaiters formed a picturesque tableau in the brightly-lighted cavernous room; for each brigand kept his lamp burning before the picture of the Virgin, or of some specially revered saint, and however bloodthirsty or cruel the deeds of the day may have been, their devotion before the sacred pictures were duly performed at night. In another apartment the younger, raw recruits, who acted as valets for the rest, were busy preparing supper.

"Demetre," said the captain of the band, a tall, stalwart Greek, whose intelligent face and fine commanding appearance indicated that he could, under different circumstances and training, have commanded an army instead of a band of robbers, "go outside and tell those boys to roast four lamb; we are famishing and may have nothing more to eat in twenty-four hours. And tell them to make no fire near the opening of the cave, for one spark could be seen by those Turks, whose camp-fires are now burning on Mt. Pelion; and if they discover this retreat, there is not another for a hundred miles around so well suited to our needs, and so inaccessible to them; though I scarcely believe the cowardly dogs would attack us, should our retreat be discovered."

"Truly," growled one of the band, and muttered a terrible anathema on the head of the Sultan and all his followers.

"However," replied the captain, "the English might force them to ferret us out; then turning to the group around him, he said, "Well, my boys, we must make another capture; our funds are getting low, and our wives and our children are starving. What shall we do?"

"Capture the child from the English Consulate," replied the old Greek, with another oath, accompanied this time with the solemn bowing and reverent crossing of himself before the picture of the Virgin, adding, "May the most holy mother help us."

"Old Petros advises us to capture little Ernest Kamanski; shall we?" asked the captain.

"No, never," replied Nicholas, a kind-hearted old Greek who sat near.

"Who is this child?" asked young Themistocles a handsome youth who had joined the band the day before.

"Who is he?" replied the captain. "Why, the only son of an English lady who lives at the port some twenty miles distant and whose residence is the English Consulate," though her husband is a German and not the consul. But he is an English subject, and besides, a captive from the Consulate would secure for us a much larger booty than any other capture we could make. Why do you so warmly oppose it, Nicholas, my boy?"

"Why, captain," said the old man, "because the child was the playmate of my little Yannie, over whose grave there burns no oil for his soul because those fiendish wretches the Turks have left us nothing in our home. But little Ernest came every day to see my boy when he lay sick, and brought him part of his own food. He wept, too, as if his little heart would break, over little Yannie's grave, when the priest threw the spade full of earth into his face. No, I'll never see him taken from his mother's arms as my child was taken from mine. Besides, the Greeks have not a better friend in the country than Mrs. Kamanski."

"What," shrewdly inquired the captain, "took your child from your arms? Did he not perish from want of food, and do you choose that all of our children perish in the same way?" Then pausing for a moment he added with great warmth, "No; oppression begets revenge, and cruelty is but the natural child of cruelty; and just so long as fiends are allowed to rule over us, our actions must partake of fiendishness. No power on earth can so long retain or so soon remove this Turkish rule as England, therefore let the weight of these calamities come upon England's children as well as our own."

"Then why not capture the English consul

at once," said old Nicholas, partly convinced, still wanting to spare the child.

"Why, for more reasons than one," replied the captain; "he travels with a mounted guard, and it would take an armed force, more than we could muster, to capture him. Then, too, he is brave and daring. I do not believe we would ever take him alive, and his dead body would only bring revenge upon us and our children. We tried it once and failed."

"Then take the child," said one whose sorrow of countenance was mingled with hatred and revenge. "If revenge is sweet, let me drink deeply of it, for where are my wife and three little ones? Dead on Mt. Pelion! I went out on that bright spring morning and fought bravely until the sun set, and when I went back to my village at night what was left me? A barren, naked, desolate house, my wife and three little ones murdered by the Turks. The springtime has come and gone again, but no brightness or sunshine has ever come to me since. There is nothing for me to live for now but revenge."

"And I," said old Petros, not less vindictively, "have suffered more. My wife and daughters were brutally treated and cruelly beaten, and my boy, my only son, who would have perpetuated my name and family, was bound like a beast, and his head was cut off with the dull knives of Turkish soldiers, while I was tied hand and foot in sight and hearing of the deed."

"Who has eaten more bitterness than I?" growled still another of the band, "for only a few weeks ago my old father, mother, and brother-in-law were all cruelly murdered, and my beautiful sister was spared only that the fiends might revel in her anguish when she was taken in to see the dead bodies which they had placed in mocking attitudes before the open door. She, poor child, was found a few hours later and taken to the English consul a raving maniac."

"But were they not brigands like ourselves?" asked the young Themistocles.

"Like ourselves?" replied the captain. "Never; they were sheep-stealers—a lower grade of brigands who have no code of honor—and besides they were Turks. We capture only for booty, they to gratify their bloodthirsty passions."

"Yet we often shed blood, and innocent blood," answered the youth.

"We never do," said the captain, "unless forced to it by our necessities and those of our suffering wives and little ones."

"But, as in the case of Ernest Kamanski, may we not be forced to kill him, or at least mutilate his body?" asked Themistocles.

"What!" said old Nicholas, thoroughly aroused, "then we will never capture him. I'll go to his mother to-night and warn her of the threatened danger, unless, captain, you give me your word of honor, here in the presence of your land, that the child's body will be returned alive and whole to his mother."

"The fool will betray us, or I should not bind myself," said the captain aside; then to Nicholas, "My word of honor is given, and as leader of this band I do solemnly promise that the child shall be returned alive and whole to his parents. But to ease your conscience we will ask 'Papa Demetre' if this capture is right."

A lazy-looking priest with unkempt beard and long hair sat drinking a cup of strong coffee as an antidote for the rachi he had drunk so freely. "Well," said he "our religion does not teach that revenge is right, yet from pecuniary considerations this capture becomes a necessity. Why, my five daughters will never marry if I have no money to give them, and my portion of this child's ransom must go towards that."

"Upon the same plea he charged for his time for making a list of the suffering poor in his own parish, that they might receive aid from a benevolent society in England," said the young Themistocles aside to a comrade. "Sure they are pretty girls, and I should not object to marrying one of them myself if she brought a fair dowry."

"Well, then," said the captain, "it is decided we are to get the boy. Themistocles, you are to be trusted. Go down to old Dionysius at the foot of the mountain, tell him that twenty Napoleons in French gold will be paid him precisely at twelve o'clock to-morrow night if the child, alive and unharmed, is ours. Hasten, my boy; you will eat upon your return." Then, turning to the band, he said, "Leave it to old Diony-

The lower order of Greek priests marry.

sius, my brothers, we have no more faithful ally than he, and well he may be, for we have paid him nigh a thousand francs for information given and received from the country below."

The young Themistocles hastily adjusted a more sombre attire and went rapidly down the mountain-side, knowing only to obey the cruel command, yet having within him enough of those higher characteristics of the Greek to give him an uneasy, strange desire to do and be something better than the life of a highway robber permitted. A certain sense of honor was strongly inculcated into this brigand life. To betray his band, or even to shrink back from an undertaking entered into, would not for a moment be thought of by him; but he resolved that night to take no booty from Ernest Kamanski's capture, and to leave the band honorably as soon as this was over.

At ten o'clock the next night Ernest Kamanski reached the home of old Dionysius at the foot of the mountain, where he was carefully concealed by the old man from his wife and daughters. He had been deceived and gagged by the old Dionysius, thrown into a coarse bag, and put upon a mule, and thus brought out of the town without any suspicion on the part of anyone except the few accomplices employed by the old man. As soon as it was dark old Dionysius had taken the child up into his arms and the gag from his mouth. Poor little Ernest then cried and pleaded most piteously with this strange man, but all in vain. Now in the sheep-cot, tired and hungry and exhausted, carefully wrapped in the capote of old Dionysius, he soon slept soundly; nor did he wake as he was carried on the back of the strong young Themistocles up the mountain-side and tenderly laid on a bed of straw prepared for him in the cave by his old friend Nicholas.

"Waking early next morning, he cried out, "O mamma, I have had such a dreadful dream, and I am so hungry." Then opening his eyes wide he gazed around him in amazement for a moment, then burst into a piteous wail as the truth flashed upon him, for Ernest was too familiar with the habits of these mountain robbers not to recognize at once his surroundings. He had but a few months before listened with intense interest to the account of a merchant of the town who had been captured and spent several weeks with this band. The ransom being refused, the brigands had cut off his two thumbs and an ear and sent them to his friends, threatening at the same time to skin them alive if they did not immediately send what was demanded. And, knowing this would be done, his friends, had borrowed the money and paid the ransom.

Little Ernest's piteous cries brought forth the sympathy of all around him, for most of them had children of their own, and the Greeks love their children very tenderly. But none could comfort and soothe him until old Nicholas took him into a little room in the cave all alone, and let him weep his very soul out. Then, hugging up in his arms, he talked to him first of little Yannie, then of his mother, then told him how the captain had promised that no one should hurt him, and that before long he would be taken home to his mother.

"They want put me in the ground and throw earth in my face, will they?" sobbed the child.

"Oh, no," said Nicholas, now finding it his time to weep.

Finally the little fellow put an end to all weeping, by remembering that he was "so hungry." Old Nicholas was only too glad to find something to do for the child. He soon brought in some brown bread and warm milk from a goat, which the old man had brought up the mountain the night before especially for the comfort of the child. After eating heartily and really enjoying it, Ernest looked up so pleadingly into his friend's face, and said,

"Now take me home to see my mother."

To deny this request seemed too hard, so Nicholas did what most Greeks would have done under similar circumstances, told an untruth, and made the child believe that it was raining hard outside of the cave and that as soon as it cleared off he should go. This Ernest readily accepted, as the darkness of the cavern made him think it must be cloudy.

Themistocles just then came in, bringing with him a reed, out of which he proposed carving a shepherd's flute. Taking Ernest on his knee close to one of the lamps, they

were soon so engrossed in each other and in making the flute that the child forgot for the time all his sorrow.

Themistocles told him how the Turks had come over into the plains of Thessaly, where he lived, and had burned and destroyed all their houses, and how he and a half a dozen young men had gone up on a mountain and concealed themselves near the pathway where the Turkish soldiers would pass on their return to the port and had shot so many of them down in revenge. All these were horrible tales for so young a listener, but there was nothing brighter to relate in the lives of these poor people during those dark days when they were kept in waiting for their liberty.

"But what made you join the brigands?" asked Ernest. "They are such wicked men!"

"I know they are," said Themistocles, "and I wish already I never had. But, you see, I have an old mother almost seventy years old. She had one daughter and one son. My sister married when I was a little boy, and had six or seven children." Then the Turks came over the mountain they killed her husband in the fight and burned her house. My sister soon after took sick and died, and I was a prisoner for a long time down in the Turkish fort. My poor old mother has ever since lived in an old shed with my sister's children, with nothing but the few clothes they had on their backs, and eating grass and roots. Oh, it was too pitiful! When I came out of prison I tried to get work and could not, so I joined these robbers a few days ago, that my old mother and my sister's children might not die of want. They are starving even now, yet what can I do?"

"Why don't you ask the English consul to make you a soldier? He has a little army to keep the Turks and brigands from stealing everything from other people."

"True," said Themistocles thoughtfully, "he has an armed force in order to protect the ingathering crops, and I believe I will go right to him and ask permission to join it. The pay of a regular soldier would be better than this uncertainty."

"Then take me with you," begged the child, "because I know him, and he'll take me right to my mother."

"I cannot to-day," sadly replied Themistocles; "but I will not go until I can take you with me, I'll promise you that."

By this time the flute was finished, all beautifully carved, and Themistocles went into an adjoining apartment of the cavern and asked the captain's permission to blow it. This was readily granted, as they were entirely out of hearing of every one. Themistocles then played the Greek national air, whose wild, plaintive notes sounded peculiarly sweet within the cave. Thus entertained for the first day passed and at the end of it Themistocles and the child found themselves warm friends.

That night, at supper, the only meal which the brigands take, Ernest had a special seat of honor, down on the ground but just at the right of the captain, and he was given the best of everything their table supplied. A fat mutton, cut to pieces and cooked in large earthen vessels with rice, seasoned with tomatoes, formed a large part of their repast, while beets, boiled with the tops on, then cut up in vinegar and oil, make a salad much enjoyed by them all. Brown bread and coarse white cheese completed the whole. This was spread upon a rough straw matting, and the brigands sat cross-legged around on the ground. But near little Ernest there was a savory chop of the mutton broiled on the coals, two fresh boiled eggs, a cup of warm milk from the goat, and a large bunch of grapes. These had all been carefully prepared by old Nicholas, and he had walked some eight or ten miles that day to the country below to get the grapes and eggs.

Soon after eating, Ernest went soundly to sleep on his straw pallet, but not without kneeling in one corner of the cave and saying aloud his little prayer in Greek, which was as familiar to him as English. To his usual prayer which he said at his mother's knee every night, asking so earnestly to be forgiven his sins and made a good boy, he added to-night, "And please, God, make these brigands all good, and give their little children something to eat, but don't let them catch my mother and father and bring them here, for Jesus's sake. Amen."

To the wild mountain robbers, whose devotions consisted of hastily-read prayers in their churches, or of a few rapid crossings of themselves before some sacred picture, this

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ite was finished, all
Themistocles went
tment of the cavern
permission to blow
nted, as they were
ing of every one.
d the Greek national
five notes sounded
the cave. Thus en-
passed and at the end
nd the child found

er, the only meal
ake, Ernest had
own on the ground
the captain, and he
everything their table
n, cut to pieces and
n vessels with rice,
formed a large part
ets, boiled with the
n vinegar and oil,
joyed by them all.
white cheese com-
was spread upon a
nd the brigands sat
the ground. But
was a savory chop
the coals, two fresh
um milk from the
of grapes. These
pre-
dged some eight or
country below to

nest went soundly
let, but not without
f the cave and say-
er in Greek, which
s English. To his
aid at his mother's
; so earnestly to be
de a good boy, he
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nd give their little
t, but don't let them
her and bring them
men."

robbers, whose de-
ily-reader prayers in
rapid crossings of
acted picture, this

seemed strange and touching. They had never felt any need of forgiveness of sin, nor had they ever gone to God in any trouble and asked for help; and although, "May God help us" or "God forgive," was often on their lips, they knew nothing of any religion of the heart, and as little Ernest got in bed every one of them wiped from his eyes the tears they could not keep back.

Late that night the captain called a council of war and decided what proposition should be first sent below to the Consulate for the redemption of the child, also exact particulars of his condition. This was all to be arranged through accomplices, who, of course, would give no clue to his whereabouts, though the recapture of a prisoner is too dangerous to be undertaken, as it necessarily results in his murder. The brigands, of course, demanded at first so enormous a ransom that there would be no possibility of its being paid; but this was always done, accompanied with threats, and with the expectation of receiving in return an offer much smaller than they would receive. These negotiations would generally occupy some weeks until the two parties came to terms.

We cannot follow out each day in the life of our little captive. Every morning during the time he would awake and call old Nicholas, who slept right by his side, and ask him if it was still raining, always receiving the same answer. "Yes," he would reply, "do you not see how dark and cloudy it is? You can't go home to-day." This would often bring tears to the boy's eyes, but still, as he was never permitted to go outside the inner rooms of the cave, he never knew that it was not raining all the time, and so was content to wait. Once during this period a large army of Turks were ordered to cross over the mountains not far from this retreat of the brigands, and fearing it might mean a surprise and attack upon them, they dispersed in small parties out through the mountains to watch their movements. Those few days were very trying to little Ernest. He was taken up in the night blindfolded, though it was perfectly dark, and carried by old Petros he never knew where, but for several days he was kept in a dimly-lighted snail cave by the old man with nothing to eat but coarse bread and cheese, and water to drink from an earthen jug. Old Petros had never been specially friendly towards the child, and had always been feared by him, so the little fellow had a sad time of it, and those three days seemed long and weary. But at the end of that time his two best friends came, and Ernest was overjoyed to see them. They again blindfolded him and took him on their shoulders, this time not to the cave, but to the foot of the mountain. Old Nicholas could not help whispering to him, when it came his turn to carry the child, that it had stopped raining and they were carrying him to see his mother. The movements of the Turkish army had had no connection with his capture, and during those three days of his close confinement all the arrangements for paying the ransom and the safe delivery of the child had been made. This had not been done until the consuls in the village below had signed a contract that no effort should be made to capture the brigands who brought the child down and returned with the money. Under cover of night, near one of the mountain villages, the child was brought by Nicholas and Themistocles, who met others of the band at the appointed place, and there a party from the Consulate brought the money. The child was kept back and under concealment until the money was counted out, then the exchange was made. Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski were both there awaiting anxiously the first sight of their boy. A torchlight lit up the scene and little Ernest, no longer blindfolded but still pinioned, could see the brigands, closely masked, the party from the Consulate counting out the gold, and his father and mother standing by, fearing that even now some mistake or misunderstanding might cause their little one to be murdered. But at last the money was all counted, and as it was laid on the back of mules the child was unloosed and soon clasped in his mother's arms.

Early the next morning found Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski and little Ernest on a French steamer ready to set sail to England. They felt that the danger to their child was too great in this unsettled country. Themistocles came on board and was gladly recognized by Ernest. When Mr. and Mrs.

Kamanski learned of his great kindness to their boy, they wrote a warm letter of recommendation to the English consul who gave him employment with ample wages for the support of his old mother and little niece and nephews. Old Petros, Nicholas, Papa Demetre, the captain, and others continued with the band till the evening of Thessaly to Free Greece two years later, November, 1881. Thus the hearts of all were made glad except perhaps old Dionysius, who, like Othello, had lost his occupation, and whose cunning and craftiness brought him more gain in times of trouble than in peace and prosperity.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

BY HOPE LEDTARD.

We all know it is most unjust to show any spirit of favoritism, yet every mother must watch against an inclination to do this very thing. Perhaps it is not the brightest or best child that she favors; perhaps just because she feared being too fond of her good, dutiful, talented boy she has overdone matters as regards a blundering, heedless, unattractive child. A relation or visitor sees her partiality in act towards the blunderer and tells her of it, and the mother not realizing that "by our deeds we shall be justified" or condemned feels hurt and indignant. Instead of watching herself carefully, she only remembers that she was once tempted to partiality towards her eldest boy, and so will not believe she can be partial to any other.

But this spirit of partiality has to be cut down and rooted out again and again. We mothers must not treat all alike, for each child requires special treatment; this one needs to be sent alone, that one is brought to the right-about by a smart whipping, a third is punished most effectually through his stomach, or rather his palate (a child's stomach should never be denied what it needs.) But while we treat our children differently, we must love them all alike. How can we do it?

I know of but one way. Ask God for his love: the natural mother love, the mere animal love which we have in common with all the brute creation, will not suffice. For instance, a child mortifies you by doing an unmanly thing before some friend. Your natural love will at once give way, and you strike out just as a cat strikes her kittens; or if you are too well-bred to strike, you have no love, no pity, at the moment for the child. You are simply provoked and perhaps would "like to shake him." But ask God for his love; let him abide in you, and you are only anxious to correct sin, loving the sinner, day by day and hour by hour, with his strong tender love. This love can only flow into our hearts as we let it flow out; it must be used if we would have it. I know this may seem unreal and paradoxical; but act it out and see how it will help you in your home. The next time Dick heedlessly breaks something, think for a moment before you say a word to the boy; try to find out God's thought as to the act, and ask Him to give you His wisdom; you know we have Scripture warrant for this.

This is the only way I know of to escape being partial, and you must give this secret to the children as they grow up. Boys should not be allowed to have their favorites. One sister may be more congenial to a boy than another, and he may choose her oftener for company, but all must share his favors alike.

We mothers should so bring up our children that they will stand by each other all through life; if one is more successful than another, let him share his success with the others. This is not a mere theory; two mothers (at least) have already brought up their children to do this, and I trust there are others.

One set of brothers in Boston agreed to share their net profits every year. The eldest brother made much more than the others, but he put his large amount in the general fund, and year after year all divide their profits. Shall we not be stimulated by such examples to cultivate in our children the spirit of that wisdom from above which is "without partiality."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TAKE ME ON SHORE.

A godly minister had a careless son, who left his home and sailed for a foreign land.

His sorrowful parents could only pray for him and send him good advice. The ship which bore their boy reached a distant port, and was waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore, and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music.

He amused them for a long time; but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore."

The sailors told him he must not go yet. "O, I can't stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ. This is about the hour when he meets us under a tree to tell us more; I want to go and hear him."

The sailors were overcome by the boy's entreaties, and rowed him ashore.

The minister's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus than that poor boy, and yet caring far less for him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the Word of Life, while I am stupid and careless."

In great distress of mind he retired that night to his bunk. There his father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation he so much needed. He became a sincere Christian; and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.—*Foreign Missionary.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

September 7.—Pa. 27: 1-14.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. The Lord is my light. In all the departments of vegetable, animal, moral, and spiritual life, light stands out as the foremost blessing and benefit which God confers. In physical existence this is especially true. Thousands die for lack of light. No vigorous vegetable life, no healthful animal life, can long exist without light. The pestilence "walketh in darkness." Hundreds of dark kitchens, on the north sides of houses, are responsible for the deaths that have saddened the household, and left the home without a mother. Creeping vines, overshadowing verandahs, heavy curtains, closed blinds, all help to increase the death-rate, and prevent the recovery of the sick. Sir James Wyllie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, attentively studied the effects of light as a curative agent in the hospital of St. Petersburg, and he discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted was four times that of those confined in dark rooms. These different results are due to the agency of light, without a full supply of which, plants and animals maintain but a sickly and feeble existence. Light is the cheapest and best of all medicines. Nervous ailments yield to the power of sunshine. Pallid faces grow fresh and ruddy beneath its glow. The sun's rays have wonderful purifying power.—*H. L. Hastings, in The Christian.*

11. Teach me thy way. Rev. E. P. Hammond was once walking in the famous labyrinth at Hampton Court, and lost his way in it. He had thought he could find his way out by himself, but was utterly bewildered. At last, looking up, he saw a man in a high tower in the centre of the labyrinth waiting for him to look up to him. He from above could see all the way plainly, and was well acquainted with all the turnings and mysteries of the labyrinth. By his aid the evangelist soon found his way home. So God stands above us, waiting for us to look up to Him for guidance. And He sees all and knows all, will lead us in a plain path, if we trust to His direction.—*Sermon by Rev. E. P. Hammond in W. E. Crafts' book of Sermons to Children.* These facts are exactly adapted to show the effect of divine light upon the soul.

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 2, 3. Prosperity, ease, and safety often tend to draw men away from God. They find the world so well ordered outwardly, that it seems able to go on its way without a God. They have themselves so

few sorrows that they never feel that sense of helplessness, of danger, of ignorance, which has made the hearts of men in every age yearn for an unseen helper, deliverer, and teacher. According to the testimony of history, the most happy and successful communities are those who, through perpetual danger and struggle, have learned in the depth to cry out of the depth to God.—*Charles Kingsley.*

2. Ver. 4. The most desirable of all things is to walk with God and to abide in perpetual communion with Him.

3. We must dwell in God's house, abide in communion with Him, in order to receive the blessing.

4. Ver. 5. Often through trouble we are led to see the inmost heart of God; we become acquainted with Him as we do with friends in the hour of need. From trouble we are taken to the secret pavilion of God.

PUZZLES.

THE PUSSY PUZZLE.



Add 65 to this Pussy-cat,
And see what you can make of that.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan.

My body, He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when, from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen men I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me but empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I never shall see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

Now when these lines you closely read,
Go search your Bible with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

AUTHOR.

R Rev-vamp P
O Oportio O
E Barfe L L
E Eubel L L
R Rocco O O
T Thwack K K

BEHEADINGS.—1. Post, col. 2. Share, hare. 3. Revolve, evoke. 4. Splash, plash, each used. 5. Brush, rush. 6. Bleach, teach, each. 7. Dangle, angle.

WORD SQUARE.

CORN
O BOE
R O P E
N E E D

ODD HOUR-GLASS.

S C R A P E
C R A P E
R A P
R A P
C R A W
S P R A W I S

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Trinitarian Question Book.)

LESSON X.

Sept. 7, 1881. [Ps. 27:1-14.]

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 4-5.

1. The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?

2. When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise up against me, in this will I be confident.

4. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies, because I have said: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7. Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9. Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger; thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10. When my father any my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12. Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14. Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"—Ps. 27:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ps. 27:1-14. Confidence in God.

T. Ps. 121:1-8. Trust in the Lord.

W. Ps. 121:1-8. Trust in the Lord on our side.

Th. Ps. 121:1-8. Trust in the Lord who keeps us.

F. 1 Pet. 1:13-21. The Trial of Faith.

Sa. Isa. 41:8-29. "I Will Help Thee."

S. Rom. 8:12-38. Confidence and Security.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Light and Salvation. 2. Refuge and Strength. 3. Safety amid Enemies.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. MY LIGHT—darkness is the emblem of doubt, distress, trouble and sorrow; light of the opposite of these. John 8:12; 12:46. STRENGTH—affording security against violence. OF WHOM SHALL I BE AFRAID—compare Rom. 8:31, 33, 34. V. 2. TO EAT UP MY FLESH—like ravening wolves or lions. (Compare Job 19:22; Ps. 44:4. V. 3. IN THIS—in such an extremity I will calmly trust in God.

II.—V. 4. ONE THING—our main object. DWELL—All God's children love their Father's house. THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD—Ps. 130:3; Zech. 9:17. TO INQUIRE—seek instruction. V. 5. HIDE—defend, protect, in his own abode and in the most retired and private part of it. THERE I WILL SING—Ps. 31:20; 61:4. UPON A ROCK—in Palestine towers for defence were built on high rocks. Ps. 41:2. V. 7. HEAR, O LORD—thus far the Psalmist has used only the language of faith. Now, as he thinks of his own weakness, he turns to prayer for help. V. 8. THY FACE—thy favor. Ps. 40:4.

III.—V. 9. HIDE NOT THY FACE—turn not away in displeasure. (Compare Ps. 146:22; 147:9. V. 10. WILL TAKE ME UP—God is a sure and better friend than earthly parents are or can be. V. 11. THY WAY—of providence. Ps. 27:4. V. 12. A PLAIN PATH—teach me how to act so as to escape from my foes. V. 13. BREATHE OUT CREDULITY—compare Acts 9:1. V. 14. UNLESS I HAD BELIEVED—did for his faith in God he would have lost all courage. V. 14. WAIT—Isa. 40:31.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the Lord is the Light of his people, to direct them in doubt and to comfort them in sorrow.

2. That he is a stronghold and protection to them that trust in him, their shelter and their salvation.

3. That he will cause them to triumph over their enemies.

4. That they should love his house and offer him "sacrifices of joy."

5. That just merces and deliverances should encourage them to expect future blessings.

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Aug. 26, 1884.

The price of wheat, particularly upon our local market and in Liverpool, is not so strong this week, but Chicago has only weakened a couple of cents in two weeks now. A good deal of thrashing is now going on, and the yield promises to be larger even than was anticipated, both of wheat, and barley. The volume of business all through this country has so far not been large. A small quantity of Fall wheat, both red and white, having been sold to buyers and by them put on the market; millers have been able to get enough to keep them going from hand to mouth, but at slightly higher prices. Barley is hanging back, and so far the market can hardly be said to be opening. There have been probably more early apples than should have been brought upon this market, and sales of a carload of poor stock sold at 55c per barrel, and overripe early apples bringing about \$1.00. Good apples and choice bring from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

The Chicago market has been fluctuating now down a cent and then up three-quarters, the recovery being generally rather smaller than the reduction. We quote September at 78c; October at 80c and November at 81c. Corn is about steady all round at 52c Aug, 51c Sept., 50c Oct., 49c Nov., and 42c a year.

The local grain trade is of course very listless, although prices are now about what they ought to be. Red and White fall wheat is freely offered at 90c, and Spring is probably worth as much. Peas are weak and dull at 89c to 90c per 56 pound bushel.

FLOUR—There ought to be some flour business reported, for receipts are increasing daily; but there is not, and quotations are still said to be somewhat nominal. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$4.60 to \$4.65; Extra Superfine, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Fancy \$4.20 to \$4.25; Spring Extra \$4.15 to \$4.20; Superfine, \$3.95 to \$3.95; Strong Bakers', (Can.) \$4.75 to \$5.00; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.25 to \$5.60; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.30; Middling, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Pollard's, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (large included) Medium, \$2.20 to \$2.30; Spring Extra, \$2.00 to \$2.10; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.75.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—The shipments of cheese from this port, now reach 485,005 boxes, an unprecedented quantity. There has been a decrease of a cent a pound in the price, and it is worth about 16d per hundredweight less in England than it was, the price now being 51s 6d. Fine to quiet brings from 9c to 9 1/2c. Butter is quiet enough at for Creamery 21c to 22c; Eastern Townships, 18c to 20c and Western 14c to 16c.

EGGS are selling at 16c to 17c per dozen. HOG PRODUCTS are unchanged. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$20.00 to \$20.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western in pigs, 11c to 11 1/2c; do., Canadian, 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES.—Pots are rather dull at \$3.75 to \$3.85, as to tars, Pearls are nominal at about \$4.75.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The market for cattle, sheep and hogs, is quite active this week and prices are higher all round, especially is this the case with cattle and hogs, which have advanced from 4c to 4 1/2c per lb, live weight, during the past ten days. Shippers are buying all the suitable cattle they can get, and are taking a considerable number of half-fatted steers which they would not look at a short time ago. Good butchers' cattle sell at from 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c per lb; fat cows and fair conditioned steers at 4c to 4 1/2c do.; common dry cows at 3c to 3 1/2c do. Good lambs are in active demand at from \$3.50 to \$4 each. Common and inferior lambs continue dull of sale at from \$2 to \$3 each. Fat hogs have been selling lately at from 6 1/2c to 7 1/2c per lb. There is an active demand for good milk cows and the numbers brought to market lately have been much too small to meet the demand, and prices have advanced from \$5 to \$10 per head, superior cows selling at from \$50 to \$65 each; common cows at \$35 to \$45 each. An extra springer was sold here this week for \$90. The horse market continues very dull and few sales are made.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers have been very busy at their harvest work of late and only a few of those living near the city have been bringing produce to the markets. Market gardeners have been selling enormous quantities of produce of late and prices of some kinds are unusually low.

The new crop of oats is coming in freely and prices are declining; potatoes are not so abundant as was the case some time ago and prices are firmer, though still pretty low, all other roots and vegetables are abundant and cheap. The fruit market is glutted with apples and tomatoes and very low prices prevail.

There is an active demand for good butter and fresh laid eggs, and prices of these are firm. Poultry and dressed hogs have both been advancing in prices considerably of late. The supply of hay has not been large of late and prices have been advancing. Oats are 95c to \$1.05 per bag; potatoes 45c to 55c do.; apples \$1.50 to \$2.50 per barrel; tomatoes 20c to 30c per bushel; tub butter 17c to 21c per lb; print butter 20c to 30c do., eggs 18c to 30c per dozen. Fowls 75c to \$1.00 the pair; spring chickens 50c to 75c do.; young ducks 60c to 90c do.; dressed hogs \$9 per 100 lbs. Hay \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, August 25, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat 80c Sept.; 91c Oct. 3 93c Nov.; 94c Dec. Corn, 61c Sept. and 60c Oct.; 59 1/2c Nov. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72c. Oats in fair demand, 31c Aug., 31c Sept., 32c Oct., 33c Nov. Barley, nominal. Pease nominal.

FLOUR.—quotations are:—Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.50 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.35 to \$3.45; Clear, \$3.85 to \$4.80; Straight (full stock), \$4.45 to \$5.60; Patent, \$4.75 to \$6.10. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.30 to \$3.50; Clear (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$5.20; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.40 to \$5.75; Patent, \$4.85 to \$6.00; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.00 to \$5.40; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.40 to \$3.70; West India, sacks, \$4.15 to \$4.25; barrels, West India, \$4.90 to \$4.95; Patent, \$5.25 to \$5.75; South America, \$4.70 to \$4.85; Patent, \$5.15 to \$5.75. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.60 to \$5.00; Family, \$5.00 to \$5.75; Patent \$5.50 to \$5.85. Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine \$3.00 to \$4.50.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—white creamery, ordinary to select 15c to 23c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 15c to 21c. Welsh tubs 16c to 20c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery 9c to 17c. Cheese state factory ordinary to fall cream, 4c to 9c. Ohio hats fair to choice 6c to 8 1/2; Skims 1c to 2 1/2.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.00 to \$19.00; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$11.50 to \$12.00. Lard \$7.50 to \$8.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.10 to \$3.50 in burl; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS, dull. Clover 9c to 10c; Timothy, \$1.55 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.50 to \$1.60.

IT MAY BE THOUGHT by some of our boy readers that we are too strict in invariably forbidding the mention of fire-arms as articles of exchange. Let those who have had this opinion listen to this heart-rending incident. A few days ago a lad who had earned the money to subscribe for Young People by sawing wood, patiently saving it till he had enough, went with a friend to mail the amount to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The friend writes the same evening: "Fifteen minutes after Arthur and I reached home he was killed instantly—shot by his little brother who was playing with a loaded gun. His poor mother witnessed the fall of her child." The little brother did not mean to do this dreadful thing; it was an accident; but the memory of it will darken his whole life. It is a safe rule, boys, never, under any circumstances, to meddle with fire-arms or use them as playthings.—Harper's Young People.

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PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—At night take two quarts of flour, rub in three tablespoonfuls of lard, make a hole in the middle of the flour and put in one pint of cold boiled milk, one-third cup of good yeast, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, stir well, let it stand until morning without mixing, then mix and let stand until noon, roll out thin, cut with biscuit cutter, spread with butter, fold them over, let them get very light and bake in a quick oven.

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