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The Weekly Messenger

PULLING THE LION'S TAIL.

The past week has been signalized by one of the vilest crimes that ever stirred the indignation of every human being on this earth. On Saturday afternoon, three explosions took place in London, causing great damage to the most precious buildings in England, as well as maiming a number of innocent men, women and children. It was about two o'clock, when the Saturday afternoon holiday-makers were crowding to see the magnificent buildings in which the Houses of Parliament carry on the business of the British empire, that a lady visitor noticed a suspicious parcel at the foot of some stairs leading to a vault under Westminster Hall. She called the attention of a policeman, who took the parcel and was carrying it out when it burst in his arms. If the dynamite—for there is no doubt that that was the devilish substance used—had exploded where it was placed, the magnificent old hall, where so many great historic scenes have been enacted, might have been greatly injured. As it was, nearly every window was smashed, a large hole was bored in the floor, slates were blown from the roof, and much damage was done to the pedestals on which stand the marble statues of King George IV and King William IV. The policeman was so badly burned that he is not expected to recover, and several visitors standing near were also severely injured, while persons standing at quite a distance were thrown to the ground.

The visitors, hearing the loud report, rushed from the inner parts of the building to find an explanation. It was well they did—for three minutes later a second explosion occurred. This time the scene of the crime was in the House of Commons itself. The explosive material had been dropped or placed in a shaded place under one of the galleries. The result of the explosion was considerable, but appeared worse than it afterwards turned out to be. The gallery was wrecked—and from the injury done on the floor of the house, among the seats occupied by the members themselves, it was clear that if the House had been sitting about two hundred of the country's representatives would have lost their lives or been seriously hurt. The seat which suffered the most damage was that usually occupied by one of the greatest statesmen and noblest Christians of the present day—William Ewart Gladstone, Prime Minister.

About the same time a third explosion took place—this time not in the stately halls where the great battles of modern politics are fought, but in the ancient fortress that for nearly a thousand years has stood on the shores of the Thames, guarding what was at one time the approach to London. The Tower of London, now in the heart of the city instead of on its outskirts, is perhaps the spot to which every visitor from America or from any other country makes a pilgrimage on arriving in England. Between its massive walls have been committed all the atrocities of which unscrupulous mon-

archs were capable in the dark old days. The noblest men and women of the land, including even queens of England, have been imprisoned and beheaded there. Today, besides the relics of the terrible old days, the Tower is used as an armory, and in one of its impenetrable chambers are kept the Crown and the royal jewels of the British monarchy.

The White Tower, where the explosion took place, stands in the centre of the fortress. It is one hundred and sixteen feet long and ninety-six feet wide, and the walls are fifteen feet thick, so it would take a great deal even of dynamite to shake the building. But the room, which was formerly a banquet hall, is now used for the storage of fire arms, and thousands of rifles were twisted into every imaginable shape. About sixty persons were present, and many of them were badly hurt. Little children had their faces sadly cut and bruised.

Several persons were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in those hell-inspired crimes; all but one were released on giving satisfactory evidence of their proceedings. It is supposed the murderous packages were concealed under the long cloaks of women.

As may be imagined, this senseless injury done to the buildings dearest to the heart of every Briton, and, still more, this brutal killing and wounding of innocent children and women, has made the people simply furious. Lynch law has till now been considered an American institution; but if an English crowd were now to get hold of anyone reasonably suspected of having a hand in these plots, his life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. And it is needless to say that no plan for getting "justice to Ireland,"—whatever that may mean,—could be better calculated to prevent Ireland ever getting anything she really needs.

O'Donovan Rossa, and the other cowards who live in luxury and safety in America on the money contributed by their ignorant dupes, openly claim credit for these deeds. There is some hope that the foul disgrace of harboring such inhuman villains will be wiped out by the American Government. Senator Edmunds has introduced in Congress a bill for the punishment, as felons, of any persons who make or deal in any explosive substance in the United States with the intention of injuring public or private property or persons either in the United States or in any other country. And on Monday, in the United States Senate, the following resolution was proposed by Senator Bayard, and passed:

"Resolved—That the Senate of the United States has heard with indignation and profound sorrow of the attempt to destroy the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings in London, and hereby expresses its horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilization."

REBELLION IN ECUADOR.

Unhappy South America is never without a revolution, and the events now going on in Ecuador amount to a civil war of no small importance to that republic. A telegram from Panama, dated Jan. 14, says that the news from Ecuador is vague in the extreme. The Government claim to hold

the whole of the coast, yet they will not allow steamers leaving here to call at ports north of Guayaquil. They are extremely frightened, although in some instances they have stopped the levy. They have quite a formidable army in the field, and keep the men busily employed in chasing small parties of rebels which have taken to the hills in some districts. Several have been killed, among the number being Senor Moncayo, a relative of the writer of the same name. Marcus Alfaro, a brother of the revolutionary chief, is a prisoner, and it is probable that he will be shot. Should he suffer death horrible reprisals will undoubtedly be made by his brother, who recently proved his mettle by fighting two vessels with a crew of 80 men, killing upward of 300 of his opponents, and then burning his vessel when he saw that he could not conquer. Alfaro is somewhere in the vicinity of Rio Banla and has collected a strong force, with which he meditates attacking Quito.

WHERE IS GENERAL STEWART?

The intense excitement caused by the numerous attempts in England has not drawn the attention of the world from Egypt. In fact, the anxiety about affairs in the Soudan is indescribable. Despatches from Lord Wolseley last week told of a great battle fought between General Stewart and the rebels near Metemneh. Crossing the desert with an army of fifteen hundred men, from one point on the Nile to another, in order to save a bend in the river, General Stewart found ten thousand rebels encamped at Abu Klea wells, within a short distance of the river-side town Metemneh. At first, the British could not draw the enemy from their earthworks, so they went round and made a flank movement on the Arabs. These were thus compelled to turn and attack their assailants. The British formed in square, and stood like a rock against terrific and repeated onslaughts. At one time the rebels succeeded in penetrating the square, by sheer force of numbers, and then a fierce hand-to-hand fight took place; but the square formed again and the enemy was finally driven off. The slaughter during this battle was terrible. Eight hundred Arabs were left dead on the field, and it is estimated that at least two thousand were wounded. The British fought against tremendous odds, so far as numbers are concerned, and the bravery of the Arabs could not be surpassed. It was equalled, however, and the British troops well kept up their country's reputation for "no surrender." The break in the square was caused, it is stated, by the camels becoming uncontrollable, having been badly powder-burned. Most of the British loss was caused at that terrible moment of the conflict. General Stewart's horse was shot under him. Nine commissioned officers were killed and nine wounded, while sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men were killed, and 85 wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Burnaby, so famous as a traveller in Central Asia as well as a British officer, was found dead on the field—his hand tightly clutched round the neck of an Arab whose spear had penetrated the gallant officer's own throat.

The news of this battle came as a surprise to the authorities in England, who had not expected any severe fighting at the time. But the surprise has deepened into anxiety and intolerable suspense as day after day has passed without bringing any more news of the little army out there in the desert. A private telegram says that General Stewart was compelled, after the battle, to retire before an overwhelming force of the enemy, and is now encamped somewhere in the desert. General Lord Wolseley has decided to advance, with the main body of the army, and this looks as if the position of General Stewart was really rather precarious.

A CHINESE LYNNING.

Just outside the west gate of the Shanghai city is a small hamlet where lived an old man and his son. The latter made a practice of calling upon his father for cash whenever he was in want of it, until the thing got rather monotonous for the father, who remonstrated with his son, and being saucily replied to, the father attempted to apply "paternal correction" on the son; the son, in rage, then caught hold of the door bar and brought it down with such force upon the father's skull that he cracked it and killed the old man. The neighbors, hearing the row, assembled at the door of the house where the murder was committed and captured the son as he was endeavoring to escape. The members of the father's clan were then called together, and at a solemn convocation it was decided to administer on the spot the law set aside for parricides instead of appealing to the magistrates, which invariably causes much delay, and perhaps the murderer might effect his escape in the meantime. So the parricide was bound hand and foot, and just without the hamlet a hole was dug and the wretched murderer consigned to its depths. The mud was thrown into the hole and the members of the clan stamped by turns on the grave until it was on a level with the ground, and so, without leaving a mound or any marks to point out the parricide's grave, the assembled crowd dispersed silently to their daily avocations.—*Celestial Empire.*

A SHINING TREE.

The *Tuscarora* (Nev.) *Times* says: A most remarkable tree or shrub grows in a gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora. It is about six or seven feet in height, with a trunk which, at its base, is three times the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry tree. Its foliage at certain seasons of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat, in size, shape and color, those of the aromatic bay tree of California. The luminous property is evidently parasitic, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears.

JACK.

BY A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

One charming July day, some five and twenty years ago, there was a great gathering at the Bathursts' pretty little country house by the Suffolk coast; for the event of the morning had brought many friends about them, who appeared to be in no hurry to disperse even after luncheon was over. On the contrary, they loitered about the garden till presently the gentlemen strolled off to the little farm, which was Henry Bathurst's summer amusement, and then the ladies of the party grouped themselves under a splendid chestnut-tree, round the very centre of attraction, the hero of the occasion, the Baby!

A solemn-eyed five-week-old beauty reposing in perfect contentment on his mother's lap, sleepily blinking out of his nest of fluffy Shetland wraps, accepting unmoved the feminine admiration and flattery lavished on him. There he lay, this little John Bathurst, whose christening that morning had set the whole village astir, while he himself was blissfully unconscious of the commotion he was making in the world. His dimples, his mouth (about the size of a shilling), his golden downy hair, his very remarkable nose (exactly like his papa's)—all in turn were admired and examined, and favorably compared with those of every other baby ever known. And even his little pink feet were exhibited, and since there is nothing prettier than a baby's feet, except, perhaps, his hands, this was the very climax of the show, after which the small mortal was carried off by his jealous nurse, and his mother left in peace, supporting her maternally dignity without his assistance.

"Well, it isn't every baby that has so much made of him as this one," laughed a mother of five. "Let's hope his good luck will last all his life through."

"It's better to be born lucky than rich, they say, but your boy is to be both, apparently," said another lady. "Though," she added, rather aside to the young mother, "I dare say you would willingly have dispensed with some of the riches. Your husband must have been shocked at his brother's death, I'm sure."

"Oh, dreadfully!" answered Mrs. Bathurst. "He was only ill such a short time, and he and my husband were so much attached to each other. To tell the truth, I was a little vexed at baby being named 'John,' of course. I wanted him to be named 'Henry,' but my husband had set his heart on calling him after his brother, so I had to give in."

"And that's you who were always going to have your own way," merrily broke in Mrs. Bathurst's old schoolfellow, bridesmaid and baby's godmother, Kathleen Hughes, with a shake of the head, signifying how great was the thraldom of matrimony.

"Oh, I didn't mind so much as to make a very great point of it," retorted her friend, happily confident in her own power. "If I had, of course my husband would have done as I wished."

"Oh, is that to be the rule of your establishment, madam?" her put in another very old friend, no other than the family doctor, who had known Mrs. Bathurst since she herself was no bigger than her son and heir.

"No; don't let me frighten you ladies away. I am only just come to say good-bye, for I must be off on my afternoon rounds; and your good husband, Mr. Bathurst, is taking the gentlemen yonder to look at his hay, so I couldn't stop with them."

"I'm afraid he will make his head ache dreadfully in this blazing sunshine," said the wife, looking anxiously across the fields.

"Headache! Why, he doesn't often indulge in that, does he?" said Dr. Greaves.

"Not very often, only as a rule, he never takes wine at lunch, and when he does take it at dinner, he seldom goes out afterwards. If he does, he is sure to have a headache."

"Oh, he has to be careful, has he?" said the doctor, rather musingly. "Well, that's a very good thing." Then, seeing his hostess's look of astonishment, and noting that the other ladies had left them alone, he added—"Don't be offended, my dear child, or fancy that I see the least danger of your husband's following in his poor brother's wake, because I don't. But honestly, I am always glad to hear of a little wine giving a man a headache; I look upon it as one of nature's safeguards to keep him off the habit of taking too much."

"But, doctor, my husband is so strictly moderate. I'm sure he does not deserve the least bit of headache for the ridiculously small quantity he ever drinks."

"Then I'll revoke my hard-hearted speech and apologise for seeming such a boor. With all his good sense and good principles, as I said before, I think your husband is safe, but I've known the Bathursts for fifty years, remember, and know very well what wine did for his father and brother, so you mustn't mind my making a remark when you tell me what it does for your husband. What's this?"—as Kathleen Hughes, a very special favorite of the old doctor, came smiling up with a laden tray. "What, Master Baby's christening presents? Dear me, what a fine thing it is to be an only son! And pray, whose gift is this?" taking up a beautiful silver mug, and turning it about for inspection.

"Oh, that is from baby's godpapa," said Miss Kathleen with a conscious blush.

"Baby's godpapa! And who may that be?" said Dr. Greaves, pretending ignorance.

"Why, Mr. Conway," says Kathleen with a beautiful air of indifference.

"Oh, indeed! Mr. Conway is it," says the wicked old doctor. "Well, it's very handsome indeed. Let's hope he'll have equally handsome ones given to his own children when he—Why, my dear, where are you off to?" for Kathleen seized the tray and decamped, much to her friend's amusement.

"Is this true?" asked Dr. Greaves. "Am I going to lose all you young people I and is young Conway going to carry off Kathleen?"

"Yes, by-and-by," said Mrs. Bathurst, complacently—the gentleman was her husband's friend, and the match was one after her heart—but he is not rich, and they will wait, I fancy, three or four years."

"Won't do them any harm. I'm glad she is not going yet. Well, he has managed to spare his godson something worth having, and I'll give you something to match, only I'm not sure you'll care to take my offering."

"What is it, doctor?"

"A piece of advice."

"Well?"

"Teach your little Christian to drink nothing but water out of it."

"Doctor!" incredulously.

"Ah, you may look, but I mean it. You won't suspect an old man like me running after fashions. It is not from fashion, but facts, that I have worked out this notion of mine and I wish I'd held the idea forty years ago as strongly as I do now. If you never begin giving that little creature strong drinks, he'll never want them, and considering his forbears, it will be much the safest plan. Now good bye really." And away went the worthy old doctor, leaving his hostess just a trifle annoyed by his plain speech.

Of course the incident was repeated to Mr. Bathurst, but he, a most steady, even-minded man, many years his wife's senior, smiled away her shadow of vexation, and reassured her mind, already anxious for her baby's future.

"I think we can manage to take care of our boy, Amy, without going to any such extremes as Dr. Greaves proposes. My poor father, we all know, did think too much of his cellar, but it was more the fashion among country squires then than it is now. Probably by the time little Jack grows up the habit will have less hold on society. At any rate, we'll be very careful always. Suppose we go and look at him?"

I wonder how often in long after years, the tender mother, who leant so lovingly over her child's cot that night, recalled the afternoon's counsel, lightly received, carelessly set aside, and echoed out of an aching heart the old country doctor's words—

"Considering his forbears, it would have been the safest plan."

CHAPTER II.

The three or four years suggested by Mrs. Bathurst shortened into two, for at the end of that time Mr. Conway, who was in one of the Government offices had the good luck to be unexpectedly promoted, and there was no longer need to delay his marriage with Kathleen Hughes.

Thenceforth Eastham only knew her as a visitor, and little Jack Bathurst missed his best nurse and playfellow sadly. The first summer after her departure they passed in the country, but the summer after that made up for all his disappointment, for there came back not only "old Kathleen," as he politely called his godmother, but a

young creature of the same name, a sweet little live doll, which became at once the object of his youthful devotion. For of toys of this description Jack had none. He was the only child still, and therefore the advent of this baby girl marked a new era in his life, and for years formed the special charm of their sojourn in the Eastham home.

The time when, with more vigor than prudence, he rocked his helpless guest out of her cradle, and, terrified at his rash act, ran off, leaving her to be found, a trifle suffocated, but exceedingly warm and happy under a heap of blankets; his many polite but ill-judged efforts to feed his little friend with uncooked vegetables, or sour apple, or some such delicacy—efforts invariably resulting in half choking her; that never-to-be-forgotten morning when he essayed to carry her downstairs, and of course they both tumbled from top to bottom, but by some miracle were neither of them hurt—all these, and scores more such tricks, made their summer visits very memorable, and the theme of many and many a talk in after years between the mothers.

These two, as well as their husbands, kept up their old friendship as time went by, and as Jack and little Kathleen grew out of childhood into vigorous, healthy boy and girlhood, perhaps it is not to be wondered at if the thought often crossed the minds of, at any rate, the two wives, that it would be pleasant for these young people to form a closer bond, and change their present ties into those of kinship. Such a thing seemed so very possible, or even probable, that these matchmaking mothers exchanged opinions on the subject, and by the time Jack and Kathleen had reached the mature ages of thirteen and ten, had settled—ostensibly in joke, but with an under current of real hope—that their children would make an admirable couple in another ten years time.

"Jack will be rich enough to satisfy Mr. Conway," laughingly determined Mrs. Bathurst, "and he can do whatever Kathleen and he chooses. If they like the country, his father will buy him more land here, or if he cares to take up a profession, they can live wherever they like best, and we old folks will follow them."

"Yes, and Frank and I will come too; so we shall make a sort of happy family," finished off Mrs. Conway. "Oh, do look at the children, they seem happy enough now!"

And as she spoke, she pointed from the window of the summer-house where they were sitting, to the boat coming along close by the shore, in which the two fathers were lazily permitting themselves to be rowed by their delighted boy and girl.

"Make haste, mother!" shouted Jack, as they glided past; "we shall be at the landing-steps, directly, and we're so hungry!"

"That means," said his smiling mother, "that we must make our way in to lunch. There," folding up her work, "I shall leave my things here, ready for to-morrow. I like being here better than in the house or on the open shore. My husband was talking of pulling this place down and building a larger one, but I love this little den! Jack was so fond of it when he was quite a baby, we called it, you remember, his nursery. While the cottage belongs to us this must stand, for the dear boy's sake."

Then they left the queer little many cornered room, papered with nursery pictures and littered with Jack's tools and toys, intending fully to spend their next morning there, but that next morning brought the Conways a sudden recall to London, and those two friends had no more happy hours in the little summer-house. After so many years of regular visits, it seemed strange that a very long interval should pass without these families meeting again. But so it was. Another step into a more important post gave Mr. Conway a longer holiday at a later season than the Bathursts generally remained in the country, and this was nearly always spent abroad, when his wife and Kathleen (she was an only child too) invariably went with him. Then Jack was at one of our large schools, and wanted rest and country air in the holidays, his father declared, so a London visit never formed part of their vacation programme, and the old intimacy was kept up chiefly by correspondence. But even this languished after a while, since, as time wore on, they had no thing but themselves and their one child each to write about, and concerning the latter it would have been too ridiculous, now they were really growing up, to send

backwards and forwards the comically affectionate messages with which at first they overburdened their parents' missives.

So Kathleen grew into young womanhood fully as charming and bright as her mother had been before her, but had now reached twenty, and for the last half of her life had not met her old companion, though there certainly lurked still in some corner of her heart a very warm liking for that same Jack.

His mother she had seen and Mr. Bathurst, too, during a flying visit to London, which they paid a year before; but the father was much aged, and looked a very different person to what she remembered, while his wife was still more strangely changed.

Their time together was certainly short, but three-quarters of it was not occupied, as once it would have been, by details of Jack's savings and doings.

On the contrary, a brief assertion that he had done exceedingly well at school, and would easily get his degree at Cambridge in October, was all that passed about him, and Mrs. Conway, taking fright at the idea that her friend might suspect her of too great a desire to carry out her old project, forbore making any special inquiries about her pet of former days.

Still Mrs. Bathurst did not seem at ease, and her eyes used to follow Kathleen about very wistfully, while a remark that broke from her, "Ah, if she were my daughter really!" seemed to say that the plan would have been as welcome as ever to her, though some unmentionable obstacle stood in the way of its fulfilment.

Her admiring praise of Kathleen, too, and warm parting from the girl, pointed to the wish being yet alive, so much so, that the old floating fancy took stronger hold of Mrs. Conway, and came well to the front when another proposal of marriage for her daughter brought up discussion on the matter between her and her husband. Kathleen's would be suitor had much to be said for him—something against him. He was certainly heartily in love with their child—that was quite right, but perfectly natural. He was fairly well born, a gentleman by position, an honorable man by nature; so far so good, but—

But he was a barrister with his fortune yet to make, though he had sufficient private means to satisfy modest young housekeepers; and then he was "afflicted with fancies." This is how Mr. Conway put it when, after Kathleen had gone off to bed one night, he and his wife deliberated over Mr. Ellis's letter and proposal.

"I'm not at all sure about his politics," mused Mr. Conway, "but perhaps that doesn't matter so much, but the man is quite daff on some points. Just imagine the absurdity of an individual who has his way to make taking up with this abstinence party. I don't like it. I don't care to associate myself with fanatics of any class. I don't believe Kathleen cares for him, and I'd much rather she didn't."

But Mrs. Conway was more cautious in expressing her opinion. It was a very right minded thing in her eyes to fall in love with Kathleen, and no person must be lightly condemned who had the good sense to do so.

She demurred, therefore, at her husband's protest, and averred that if that were the only thing against Mr. Ellis, she really didn't think it would signify much. He was very unobtrusive and quiet in his opinions.

"Quiet, do you call it?" exclaimed Mr. Conway. "Why, my dear, he was getting up a temperance lecture, or something of that sort, when I looked in at his rooms the other day, and he's going to deliver the rhodomontade at the schoolroom here one night soon! Do you call that being quiet? And I've heard him say over and over again—though that's before he began thinking of Kathleen, I suppose—that his household, whenever he had one, must be all of the same mind, for he never intended to have wine or anything of the sort in it! Now can you fancy Kathleen at the head of her table inviting our friends to unlimited drinks of cold water? Fudge!"

Judiciously forbearing from argument on a point she felt sure of being able to carry, if necessary, Mrs. Conway quietly let her husband talk himself out, and then unveiled her objections.

"Rupert Ellis is a very nice fellow, and many people would think Kathleen lucky to have him."

"Would they? Then let them have him themselves!" interposed Mr. Conway.

"But I can't help feeling as though it would be very treacherous to the Bathurst, and to poor dear Jack, you know, if we let her get engaged, and perhaps married, without letting him have any chance at all."

"But, my dear," expostulated Mr. Conway, who was not the least romantic, and had forgotten entirely the two mothers' designs—"my dear that would be a very awkward notion to keep Kathleen on hand, as it were (though I don't want her married and away, bless her!), waiting to see if the Bathursts wish for her as a daughter-in-law."

"But I'm almost sure they do—at least, his mother does. I heard from her to-day, and she asks if I cannot go over to Norbury and take Kathleen with me. What do you think? Had we better go?"

"Oh, you contrivers! Then these young people will meet again?"

"No, that's rather curious, but Jack will be away, she says. He's finished at Cambridge, you know, and is doing nothing yet, but perhaps she will talk to me as she used to do, and they will see more of Kathleen, and we may be able to decide better about Mr. Ellis when we come back? Shall we go?"

"Well, seeing your heart is set on it, I had better say 'Yes,' answered her husband, laughing. "Only mind, my wife, we won't have any lingering little girl at any one's head. Young Bathurst above all others I should like it if it comes about naturally; but you must let things take their course. Have you told Kathleen anything of Ellis's letter, and do you think she cares for him?"

"She knows nothing of the letter, and as for caring about him, I scarcely know what to say. I think a little absence from home might teach her her own mind, to say nothing of—"

"Of giving Jack a chance," finished Mr. Conway. "Well, go then by all means, and so far as matchmaking is concerned, I honestly say, 'Good luck go with you!' Jack would be a son-in-law much more to my taste than this 'total abstinence,' with all his ridiculous propaganda."

CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful October day when Kathleen and her mother travelled to the Bathurst town home in the old city of Norbury. To the girl the journey and visit were not only a welcome change, but a doubly welcome rest—rest from a great deal that even her parents could not understand; for though she might be ignorant of the precise date and wording of that letter, which they had received, yet that it was coming she knew perfectly well, and a curious excitement had taken possession of her, fed by frequent and unavoidable meetings with Rupert Ellis, and harassing to the mind that as yet hardly knew its own desire.

But once away from the pleading of voice and glance, if not of actual words, Kathleen felt that she would have breathing-time, and be ready on her return to give her answer.

And now I'm afraid it will read like a terrible confession of weakness on the part of a girl by no means deficient in either intellect or courage, but truth compels me to say that the opinion of Mr. Ellis, which so greatly irritated her father, was also a decided stumbling-block in Kathleen's way. She shrank from being "peculiar," and could see no harm in a habit which, in her father's person, she had never seen carried beyond "gentlemanly bounds," and she dreaded the ironical imputations which she might have to face as mistress of an abstaining home.

With a certain shyness which perhaps any girl will easily understand, Kathleen kept this sore point to herself, and was thereby all the more sensitive to any stray shaft of ridicule aimed at the class to which her lover belonged; and then (laugh at her if you like, but remember she was only twenty!), then even with her there was a sort of lingering, lurking kindness for her old play-fellow that might possibly leap out into sudden life, or might die off entirely on later acquaintance—who could tell!

Anyway, that visit to Norbury was hailed as a relief from the strain of present circumstances, and Kathleen was looking her brightest and best when they arrived at Mr. Bathurst's house.

Here the kindest of welcomes met them, and the hours between luncheon and dinner were passed in pleasant retrospect, though as six o'clock drew nigh Kathleen could not help noticing that Mrs. Bathurst's glance

went often and uneasily to the time-piece.

She had rather puzzled them by announcing almost as soon as they met that "Jack" was at home after all; he was at a cricket-match in the neighborhood, and would be home to dinner, which was all very natural, and to be taken as a matter of course, were it not for the very restrained and uneasy tone in which the mother spoke.

"I'm half afraid," thought Mrs. Conway, as they were dressing for dinner, "that poor Jack has formed some engagement they don't approve of, otherwise why should she seem so strange when speaking of him?" then aloud to her daughter, "What a nice likeness that is of Jack in the drawing-room."

"Isn't it, mamma!" says Kathleen frankly. "He looks a splendid fellow! I told Mr. Bathurst how I liked it, but he didn't say a word. I hope Jack has not been finishing off at college badly, or doing anything to vex him."

At dinner-time there was by Kathleen's side a vacant place, at which Mr. Bathurst glanced, and then said to the servant behind him, "Mr. John not in?"

"Not in, sir," and then they began in the midst of a noticeable silence, and Mr. John had put in no appearance before the ladies left the room.

"I don't know whether it was a little bit of girlish pique at this neglect, or whether new-born fealty to some one absent was the cause, but Kathleen's wine-glasses went away untouched, and from that night to this time present, never has one been used by the little lady again.

For Mrs. Bathurst's strange uneasiness was entirely and sadly explained an hour later.

"Tell Mr. John who is here when he comes in," she had said to a servant, as they went from the dining room. "Be sure," with emphasis, "to see Mr. John as soon as he returns, and tell him Mrs. and Miss Conway are with me." And Randall, the old servant who had been with them ever since their son was born, replied that he should be in the hall and would be quite sure to tell Mr. John.

What this might mean the Conways hardly knew; presently they found out. Mr. Bathurst had just joined them, and with forced interest was challenging Kathleen to a game of chess, when the hall-door went open with an impatient fling, something of an altercation seemed to be taking place, Randall's voice in expostulation came nearer and nearer, and Mrs. Bathurst turned a pitiful white face to her husband; but before he could reach the handle of the door, it was turned from without, and there in a flood of light stood—Jack! But alas for those who loved him, what a sorry sight he was!

Balancing himself with tipsy solemnity against the wall, he gazed from one to the other of the party within with varying expressions of maudlin imbecility. His disordered, the white crick-ting-suit soiled by many a tumble and jostle, his handsome face flushed and letting loose only its most animal expression—there he stood, that only son, the darling of his mother's weak heart, the man coveted by Mrs. Conway for her child—Jack! Before anyone could speak or break through the spell of pain the sight cast over them, the poor fellow had got himself into the room, in spite of Randall's earnest efforts to entice him away upstairs.

"I tell ye," he jerked out, "it is nonsense; y' don't s'pose I'm goin' without speakin' to th' ladies. To th' ladies," he repeated, advancing unsteadily towards Kathleen, who, terrified beyond measure, shrank backward and backward, as he came on "to the ladies." "Cause every—every gent'leman should love every—lady. So my—my—little beauty, give—give—give me a kiss for old 'quaintance sake!" And here, with a tipsy plunge, he caught poor Kathleen in his arms, before his shamed and wretched father could stop him. But the poor girl gave one cry, and slipped beneath his arms on to the floor, as white as her own dress, and Jack was left clasping his hands in empty air with a drunken stare of surprise that would have seemed ludicrous if he had not been so ineffably sad.

By dint of persuasion and a little good-humoured force, Randall got his young master out of the room, followed within a word by the humiliated, miserable father; and presently Kathleen, awaking to a remembrance of what had happened, roused all her powers and joined Mrs. Conway in

every effort to comfort the unhappy mother.

But oh! when released at last from these friendly but unavailing endeavours, these two sought their own room, how Kathleen cried on her own mother's shoulder, and how she begged to go back to her Richmond home, away from the scene of what had been to her a new and shocking and most disgusting incident. The very thought of that hot, reeking breath upon her cheek seemed to contaminate the girl, and yet generous grief for her old playfellow's downfall worked so strongly in her young heart that the night was passed in wakefulness and sorrow, and she spent more tears on Jack than pity had ever drawn from her eyes before.

Their wish to leave was scarcely combated by Mrs. Bathurst.

"It has been like this," she told her friend, shuddering, "ever since he left Cambridge, only getting worse and worse. We knew it was beginning almost years ago. We would give it up ourselves, we would do anything to stop it, but—"

But, poor mother, she had turned her back on "the safest course," she had fostered and guided and encouraged the innocent-looking stream of early habit, till suddenly that same stream had widened out into a mighty current, and neither prayer nor love could stay its ruinous rush, its tide swept on and carried before it all her life's happiness!

Kathleen and her mother were soon back again, and Rupert Ellis was speedily gladdened by the promise of the wife he sought; and more, the contact with vice had so startled his betrothed that she came to him with earnest voluntary adhesion to his views upon her lips, while every day since she has been his wife has strengthened her thankfulness that her surroundings are free from the dangers of even "moderation."

With the ringing of her wedding-bells we are tempted to close our paper, but for truth's sake we are fain to put a different ending.

Not so very many months ago the Bathursts were again at Eastham, making, only Heaven knows how hard, an effort to keep their son to safer courses in the comparative seclusion of the country. But it was useless; for these long days he was absent from them, gone they knew not where—back with his wildest friends (!) in Norbury, they knew afterwards; then came one fatal morning, when his mother, straying sally to her favorite haunt of happier days, found the little summer house door swinging to and fro in the autumn wind, unlocked by whom she guessed not till, entering, she saw there, stretched dead on the rough bench made by his own hands years ago, Jack!

His light had gone out in darkness, and a lonely woman, widowed now, poor in the midst of riches, looks back with bitter self-reproach on her own share in that most wretched work; looks forward—ah, none can tell how in the anguish of her spirit she does that—to the future where she dare not think to meet her boy again.

Mothers, be wiser with your own, and pray for her.—Temperance Mirror.

THE END.

STALE BREAD.

A great deal of bread is thrown away by those who can ill afford it from the lack of knowledge how to utilize it. On the farm in most instances, of course, stale bread is not wholly lost, for it wet a little it makes good food for poultry, or may be given to the pigs, but this is not the best way to make use of it, even by those who have poultry and pigs. There are many ways to utilize stale bread. It makes a delicious griddle-cakes when soaked soft in cold water. Three small slices with water enough to cover them should be sufficient, when the milk and flour are added, to make about two quarts of batter. Some prefer to put in one egg, while others like them fully as well without. When the bread is soaked soft, make it fine with a spoon, add the milk and sufficient flour to stiffen enough so that the cakes can be easily turned. If sour milk is used add soda. French toast, always a favorite dish with children, can be made of thin slices cut from a stale loaf and moistened in milk and eggs—two eggs to a pint of milk—and then fried on a griddle with a mixture of butter and lard, or butter and beef drippings, and may be eaten with sugar or syrup, like griddle cakes. Pieces of

bread which are not too hard can be made into a resemblance of turkey dressing. Cut the bread into dice, and if you have a quantity of gravy from which fat can be taken, left from any kind of roast (though a piece of butter will do as well), thoroughly grease the bottom of a spider, put in the bread with some little chunks of butter and plenty of seasoning; then pour enough boiling water on to moisten it, cover tightly, and, in a moment, it will steam through and you can stir it, and either brown a little or have it moist like dressing. It should be eaten with gravy over it, and is a good substitute for potatoes. The little dry, hard pieces and crusts which always accumulate can be put on a pie tin in an oven that is just hot enough to dry and make them a light brown, then roll them fine and put away to use in making croquettes, frying fish, etc. Even those slightly browned crumbs make excellent griddle-cakes with the addition of one egg and a handful of flour and milk to make a batter. Stale bread may be utilized in making a custard pudding also. The fact is, that where economy is the rule bread will not be thrown away.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is often a pet,
My last is always one;
My whole is lifeless, and yet
Very active in making fun.

A RIDDLE.

Unwelcome guests they are, and no wonder.

Their first half is a wrestle. Their second half regular fights.

They entertain angry insects and venomous serpents. They are full of battles, and after heads are twice cut off, cruel darts remain.

SQUARE WORD.

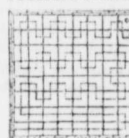
A fruit. A city. An impression. Language. To hinder.

AN ACROSTIC.

- 1. A famous poet. 2. A great navigator. 3. A good queen. 4. An American author. 5. A British statesman. 6. A poet whose name is like a household word. 7. A Spanish queen. 8. An Italian ruler. 9. A banished monarch. 10. A great philosopher. 11. An Italian patriot. 12. The greatest English poet. 13. A President of the United States. 14. An Indian chief. 15. A great conqueror. 16. An American orator. My whole, reading primals downward, is a famous explorer, whose life is a romance.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

FRISBEE'S PUZZLE.



CHARADE.—Handout.
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lebaron,

DELETIONS.

O A B B L E
C L F A N S
C A N T I B R
I N J U R E
C H A I N S
T M R E
R O I L E D
R A N T E D
L A W Y E R
P E A R S
M I S T A R
N A T I V E

BENJAMIN WBY.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Take a common two quart basin, put bits of butter in the bottom, then slice potatoes until about half full, then put a little butter in and salt and pepper, then fill up with potatoes within an inch of the top, put on more salt, butter and pepper, break three eggs in a dish, beat them as you would for custard, add milk enough to cover the potatoes, pour in the dish with the potatoes, and bake about one hour in a moderate oven. Try them with a knife and if it is not milky it is done. You can use either cooked or raw potatoes; if raw, bake a little longer. I hope some one will try this. This recipe is for a family of eight.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31.

"TRADE FLOURISHING"—FOR THE TRADER.

"This place cost me \$15,000," said the proprietor of an elegantly fitted up saloon in Chicago, to a *Daily News* reporter, as he swelled his chest and waved his left hand in a monarch-of-all-I-survey manner over the mahogany bar. The place in question certainly was gorgeous enough to satisfy the most exacting of whiskey-drinkers; but, in quest of still finer saloons, the reporter went into one a few steps away and was fairly dazzled by the glitter of mirrors, polished brass and stained glass screens with gaslights placed behind to show off their beauties.

"What did you say it cost?" asked the astonished inquirer, as he held on to a brass railing and asked the proprietor to say it again.

"I said it cost \$44,000, and if you don't believe it I can show you the bills," repeated the person addressed. "This is no contract job, either. I said to the man who fixed her up, 'Go ahead and send in your bills, and there ain't a place in the country that can beat it, and I've seen 'em all.'"

This establishment is fitted up with imported English oak and mahogany. A wide fireplace is built in one corner of Minton tile and polished brass. Wherever a window can be put a fanciful design in stained glass is placed, and a half-dozen fine oil paintings decorate the walls.

Across the street is another place that cost \$24,000. It is fitted up with marble. The bar mirror cost \$2,000 and the screen in front of the entrance, composed of massive-carved walnut, with a mirror and clock, cost \$1,400. A short tour about the principal streets showed that there were a dozen other places where the thirsty pedestrian can satisfy his appetite for alcoholic beverages in saloons costing from \$20,000 to \$30,000 to fit up. It would seem that the modern toper no longer can take his nip over anything less costly than a marble or mahogany bar, and the expense incurred by saloon-keepers to entice custom is the best argument to be found that the high-license law is the least onerous of all the selling of whiskey imposes.

NO YIELDING IN IOWA.

The temperance people of Iowa,—a state possessing the best prohibitory law in existence,—have just had a very harmonious and enthusiastic State Convention. On taking the chair, Senator Clark made a stirring and effective speech. He said the question now was between a few thousand saloon keepers and the hundreds of thousands by whose will the prohibitory law was enacted. The law has not yet had a fair trial. The policy of the opposition is to obstruct by all possible means, and make it so odious that the law will be repealed. In his county not a single open saloon is run. If the traffic must continue, let it be against law and not with its sanction. He would keep the work above party politics, and would support none but temperance men for the Legislature. The people are not going back to license until prohibition has had a long and thorough test. The speaker was frequently applauded. At the afternoon session resolutions were reported setting forth that the people of Iowa had four times declared for prohibition, and declaring that prohibitionists will not tolerate

any backward steps by any party heretofore committed to prohibition. This passed unanimously. Francis Murphy addressed a crowded house in the evening.

A REMARKABLE MIRAGE.

On Wednesday of last week the atmosphere was unusually clear and the sun shone out from a spotless sky. For days before the weather had been foggy, raining at intervals, but the day named was one of those enchanting days of Winter weather experienced only on this coast. On this day the most remarkable mirage that has been seen for a long time was visible. The land across the bay that ordinarily is scarcely visible loomed up, appearing but a mile or so off, and houses and smaller objects could be plainly seen. The land of Mustang and St. Joseph Islands, 20 miles away, appeared like bluffs and hills. It is seldom visible in clear weather even from the high bluff of Corpus. Above the opposite shore across the bay appeared a counterpart suspended inverted in the air. Windmills were plainly to be seen, and seemed to be in the back country, undoubtedly those belonging to the McCampbell pasture, several miles from the coast. A large building with a steeple was also noticed suspended inverted in the air, and is supposed to have been the reflection of the Baptist Church which stands in the heart of Rockport. There is no building like it on that side of the bay, and if the surmise is correct, the object was this rendered visible to the people of Corpus Christi 25 miles away. It is a phenomenon often seen on the coast, but seldom so plain and marked.—From the *Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller*, Jan. 11.

SHE KEPT HIM AT HOME.

Mrs. Harvey, wife of a gentleman who was formerly a Justice of the Peace in New Jersey, has brought suit against him for her support, declaring that he has deserted her. Mr. Harvey,—a very handsome man, six feet high and broad in proportion,—makes a defence that has probably never been heard in a court of law before. He alleges that he left his wife—who is a little woman—for justifiable cause, claiming that for a period of fully one year she kept him in a state of constant physical pain by the application of croton oil to his undergarments, and that when this oil came in contact with his skin and was subjected to friction it acted as a torture, especially when walking. When in a state of repose his misery was not so keen. Mr. Harvey was a club man and was frequently out, as his wife alleges, in the evening. After the application of the croton oil he was always home at night and was a peculiarly submissive husband. But for the fact, as he alleges, that his wife revealed the secret of his tortures to a number of married ladies whose husbands were also members of clubs, the cause of his physical sufferings would probably have never been ascertained. He had consulted physician after physician, and they were not only unable to relieve him, but were wholly at sea as to the cause of the eruptions which showed themselves on his body. Evidence was taken last week before Alfred Hugg, late City Solicitor of Camden and Master in Chancery, and the testimony of the druggist who sold Mrs. Harvey the croton oil and of the physician who treated Mr. Harvey had been recorded. A number of lady visitors will be called upon, the defendant declares, to testify as to Mrs. Harvey's admission as to having applied the oil, and that she did it to keep him from leaving the house.

EATEN BY WOLVES.

Mr. A. H. Butts, secretary of the Chicago Lumber Company, has just returned to Kankakee, Illinois, from the logging camp near Metropolitan, Mich., a point in the Pinerias forty miles north of Escanaba. He says the night before he left camp the mercury had dropped to 43 degrees below zero. This was the climax of four days of very extreme weather. That night an old trapper and Indian hunter named Tom Dudging, while returning from hunting, was killed and eaten by wolves, within two miles of camp. The wolves there are more numerous and bold than usual on account of the scarcity of small game. His friends searching for him next morning found his closely gnawed bones. Thirteen dead wolves were lying near him pierced by his rifle balls, and his Winchester rifle by his side with one chamber loaded.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, presided at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London, England, on Wednesday evening, at which the subject of American labor and wages was discussed. Replying to a remark of a prominent speaker that, although wages were sixty percent higher in America than in England, the English artisan would be no richer there owing to the greater cost of living, but that his social status would be higher, that the tariff in America had no influence on wages, and that the workmen there were not likely to initiate free trade, Mr. Lowell observed that his position prevented his expressing an opinion on the subject, but he would say that many far-sighted Englishmen believed the adoption of free trade in America would give England a dangerous competitor in all markets of the world, because many American fabrics were more honest than English goods of the same description. Free trade would enable America soon to equal England's mercantile marine, which had heretofore been impossible through the operation of the American navigation laws and tariff. England would find America the most intelligent competitor she had yet met.

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL has opened most successfully with blue skies, bright sunshine and frosty weather. Thousands of visitors are in the city, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. The great Illustrated Carnival Number published by the *Daily Witness* was issued on Saturday, and as soon as it had been seen the rush was greater than the accommodation. The presses have not been able to turn out the papers nearly as fast as they have been required. This is no wonder, for the immense picture of the storming of the Ice Castle is itself perhaps the finest work of art ever produced on any press in the Dominion. The picture measures about two feet eight inches by two feet; it is the work of Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A., who stands head and shoulders above all but two or three artists in Canada, and it is worthy of his great reputation. It is impossible here to describe all the illustrations, by our best artists, with which the seventeen pages are covered,—or the letter-press, including the Carnival Poem for which the *Witness* proprietors gave a prize of \$100. The whole publication would be considered cheap at twenty-five cents in England—that land of cheap publications—and it is easy to explain the immense demand for such a work when the price is only ten cents.

ITALY, it is believed, is preparing to act in alliance with Britain in Egyptian affairs.

THE WEEK.

A CINCINNATI REPORT says that William Heffner died in the Long View insane Asylum, from the effects of scalding water used by an attendant in bathing him.

A PROPOSAL is made to meet the Protectionist countries by a union of Britain with Belgium and Holland, the other free trade countries of Europe.

A VERY HEAVY snow-fall has caused great loss of life in the Alps of Italy.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, the maker of great guns, has obtained a valuable grant of land from the government of Italy, and is going to establish a foundry for guns and armor-plating in that country.

A GREAT STORE of cotton, wool, camphor, tobacco, &c., at Hamburg, has been burned; \$250,000 damage was caused by fire, and an equal amount by water.

A COMMITTEE of the Senate recommends that no imported material be used in building ships or making guns for the use of the United States.

THE CITY OF GUELPH, Ontario, last Thursday, adopted the Scott Act by a majority of 168, the vote standing 694 to 526. Guelph is the first city in Ontario and the third in Canada to adopt prohibition. Carleton County, Ontario, votes on this present Thursday, and the united counties of Northumberland and Durham on the 27th of February. Drummond, Quebec, votes on the 5th of March.

A YOUNG MAN NAMED HOLMAN, son of a Congressman, knocked a Spaniard down at a fashionable reception the other evening, believing that he had insulted a lady. De Castro, who is Secretary to the Ambassador from Venezuela, sent a challenge for a duel,—but Holman apologized, on the ground that he was drunk when he committed the assault.

FOUR OR FIVE men have been frozen to death in the lower part of Quebec Province. In Italy and Spain, terrible loss of life is reported to have been caused by the weather.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT proposes a grant of 250,000 marks for the expense of governors in several West African districts.

TWO WELL-KNOWN Nihilists on last Saturday morning attempted to assassinate Police Superintendent Koller in one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg. Each fired shots at him from revolvers, but none took effect. The assassins were captured. They gave their names as Pehlengow and Leonow.

LORD LANSDOWNE, the Governor-General, arrived in Montreal on Monday to attend the Carnival.

ELECTIONS to the French Senate were held on Sunday, and resulted in more gains for the Republican party.

MR. PARNELL delivered a lecture on Friday evening, in Cork, on the "Irish Parliament." He eulogized the aid given to the Irish National cause by Irishmen and women beyond the seas, especially in free America, where the exiles had an opportunity to see the wonderful advance made by that country since its emancipation from English misrule. He fully believed the restoration to Ireland of her own parliamentary power was imminent. England was already beaten in heart and that glorious result would speedily be accomplished if Irishmen remained true to the cause and to themselves.

THERE IS FAMINE in the Northern Russian provinces of Archangel and Vologda.

AT THE COMING session of the Dominion Parliament one of the chief matters to be discussed will be the present need for international law relating to criminals. Sir Alexander Campbell, the Minister of Justice, is in favor of such a treaty by which a criminal shall be considered a criminal both in Canada and the United States, no matter where the crime was committed.

DAVID MACKAY, proprietor of a public skating rink in Boston, has been fined \$50 and costs for refusing to allow colored men to skate.

MANY spurious ten dollar bills are afloat in the States; they bear a badly engraved portrait of Webster.

CHIEF DETECTIVE FARRELL, of New Orleans, has died from an overdose of acetone and the druggist who gave it to him has been arrested.

NELLIE HORAN, arrested in Wisconsin on a charge of poisoning her sister, is suspected of having made away with another sister, as well as her father and mother, within the past few years.

THE U.S. WARSHIP "Lancaster" has been ordered to the Congo from Nice, where the officers and their wives have been having rather too good a time to satisfy naval discipline.

THERE is a movement on foot among business men in New York to organize a committee to drive away the dynamite gangs. The committee does not propose to take the law into its own hands, but will collect evidence against parties and assist the authorities in punishing them. Many prominent men in Wall street and elsewhere have been approached on the subject and are anxious to join the Association.

AS TO FRANCE AND CHINA, they continue to glare and plot each others' ruin, and to do little else. The French attacks on the island of Formosa do not seem to meet with much success, and General Negrier is anxiously waiting for reinforcements.

EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS have been made in Florida. If the story be true, a regular assassination society existed at Sarasota, formed of "respectable" citizens, for the removal of all persons objectionable to the members.

THE LARGEST INSURANCE ever known was on the life of the Earl of Aylesford. Every company in London, except the Equitable and the New York Life, was hit, the amount just rising to \$1,000,000, mainly on the security of loans and mortgages. The Equitable made a special examination and refused him, which induced the New York Company to refuse him. Litigation is expected, on the ground of concealment of material facts as to health.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE DUTY of fifty cents per barrel on flour which was imposed in the interests of Ontario millers, it is ascertained that the total value of flour imported into Canada during the year 1884 was \$2,434,000, an increase of \$1,098,000 over 1883. The duty collected amounted to \$265,000 against \$133,000 in the preceding year. The duty imposed on coal to reconcile the people of the Maritime Provinces to that on flour has not produced the desired results, as while in the output of the Nova Scotia mines there was a decrease of over 20,000 tons, the quantity of coal imported into Canada during last year was valued at \$7,459,000, an increase of \$1,158,000 over 1883, while the duty collected reached \$1,108,000.

THE IMPORTS into the United States last year amounted to \$629,327,000; the exports were \$749,303,000.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Representatives recommends Congress to grant \$10,000 for the survey of a water canal between Lake Michigan and the Detroit River, across the State of Michigan.

THE SPEAKER of the Illinois Legislature resigned the other night and there was a fight to get his position. At last the unruly members were subdued and a temporary speaker was appointed in a more Republican manner.

RICHARD HARPER, Michael Condy, and seventeen other Catholics, charged with the murder of the Orangeman, William French, on St. Stephen's day, 1883, were acquitted at St. John's, Newfoundland, last week. They were immediately re-committed, charged with the murder at the same time of three others, Bray, Nichols and Callahan.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT has just published a letter, in the form of a pamphlet, devoted to a consideration of the effect likely to be produced by the extension of the franchise, which has been brought about by the recent British Franchise Bill. The great Liberal predicts that a reformation of the land laws will follow, such as will lead to a material improvement in the present position of farm laborers. Then will come a revision of the game laws, in the direction of accepting the principle that the game belongs to the farmer and not to the landlord.

MR. EDMUND YATES, editor of a London society-paper, is in gaol for publishing a libel on Lord Lonsdale. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., his rival, has just paid \$8,000 damages to Willeys & Co., bankers, whom his paper had libelled.

NONE of the Roman Catholic clergy were present at a recent banquet to Mr. Parnell at Cork, their attendance being forbidden by their bishop.

"ONLY LET US SHOW OUR TEETH," says a German newspaper, "and England will surprise the world with her cowardice." Yes, it certainly would be a surprise for the world to see England turned coward. Considering what has happened before now when Europe has shown her teeth to England, the surprise seems still a long way off.

THE CROFTERS on the Isle of Skye are showing what they think of the way in which their land is treated, by shooting the deer belonging to Mr. Winans, an American who has become a landlord in the old country.

A LARGE QUANTITY of spurious American and Canadian dollars, halves and quarters, have been circulated around Windsor, Ontario. A Mrs. Harris and another woman, besides a Mr. Hall, have been arrested and charged with the offence of counterfeiting. Several packages of "the queer" were found in their premises.

ANECDOTES OF MR. GLADSTONE. An interesting little book, containing a large collection of anecdotes relating to Mr. Gladstone, has just been published by Mr. J. Ross, of Meib. The compilers are "an Oxford man and a Hawardenite," and whilst they have not neglected the sources of published information, they have found their chief material in the stories told by the villagers in the neighborhood of Hawarden. We select a few specimens:—About forty years ago several haulers were employed in carrying pig iron from Brynbo to Queensferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man, when going down Tinkersdale one day, with his load of iron, was accosted by a stranger, who chatted very freely with him. Among other questions, the stranger asked how much he got per ton for carrying the iron. "Six and sixpence," said the carrier. "What weight have you on the cart?" "About a ton and a half,

"And what do you pay for gates?" "Eighteen pence." "How much does it cost to keep the mare?" "Thirteen shillings a week." Presently they reached the foot of the Mill Hill. "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger. "Oh, I'll jump get me sluder, and push up here." "I'll help you a bit," said he, and at once put his shoulder to the cart, and pushed up the hill well. When they reached the top the hauler said: "We carries all manner of goods for the inhabitants of the districts through which he passes. On one occasion he brought a barrel of beer from Chester for a farmer living in Moor Lane, the entrance to which is close to one of Mr. Gladstone's lodges. Arriving at this spot he stopped his horse, and was wondering how he could manage to get the barrel lowered, for he was to leave it by the lodge, as the farmer had agreed to fetch it from there himself. At this moment came Mr. Gladstone, with his axe upon his shoulder. "Hey, old comrade," said he, "come and give us a hand with this barrel." Without any hesitation the Premier assisted him to lower it to the ground. "Now, old fellow," said the carrier, "if thou'll come up into the village I'll pay for a pint of beer for thee." "No, thank you. You are welcome to my assistance," said Mr. Gladstone, and walked away towards the castle smiling. A villager, who was standing a little way off, then came up to the carrier, and asked him if he knew who had been helping him. "No," was the reply. "Why," said the villager, "that was Mr. Gladstone." "What a fool I be," said the carrier, "but he's a good old chap. He helped me, and thou knows he done it so willing like." Mr. Gladstone on one occasion visited one of his tenants with a bundle of comic papers under his arm in which he and Mr. Disraeli were severely caricatured. Handing them to the tenant, he roughly said, "Here I am; what do you think of me and my friend?" At the Hawarden Flower Show of 1884, the Premier was seen arming about the Castle grounds, where the show is annually held, a fat old carrier woman, whom he humorously introduced to the visitors as "Lady Margaret." This notable personage, Margaret Hughes, the carrier woman, was at one of the feasts given in honor of Mr. W. H. Gladstone's marriage, and as is usual at such gatherings, toasts were introduced. It fell to Margaret's lot to propose the Premier's health. Springing to her feet, she, in very homely yet appropriate terms, made her proposition. Mr. Gladstone, responding, thanked them for all their good wishes, more especially "Lady Margaret," as he did not know the name of which caused roars of laughter. The title has clung to her from that day to this, and letters are often addressed to her bearing that title. On one occasion she said to the Premier, "Eh, sir, why do you come and live with us always, where everybody thinks so much of you, instead of going up to London and bothering yourself with those fellows who will never let you alone? Why not settle down here in your beautiful house, and enjoy yourself?" "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "let me put you a question. Why should you not sell your horse and cart and give up troubling yourself about this going and coming from Chester?" "Eh, but," she answered, "that is my work, and I think if I gave it up I should die." "And the other," said Mr. Gladstone, "is my work, and I must do it the best way I can." Mrs. Gladstone was going out for a walk. She had got a short distance from the castle when a party of visitors met her. "I say, is the old gentleman at home?" said one of them. "Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone. "We want to see him," said he. "Follow me," was her reply; "I'll take you to him." She led the way to the front door, and called out, "William, you're wanted." "By jolly," whispered one of them, "she must be his wife!" —*Glasgow Mail.*

AN EAGLE AND A BOY. Xenia, Ohio, Jan. 15.—An exciting and novel battle took place in one of the pasture fields at the Soldiers' Orphan's Home this morning. Wallace Meek, a fifteen year old boy, had gone out to look for some cattle when he was attacked by a large eagle. When the boy first saw the eagle it was perched in a tree, and he started on a run for the institution. The bird of freedom gave chase and soon overtook the youngster. It buried its talons in the fleshy part of his leg, but the boy was able to shake his assailant off. It then jumped upon the little fellow and bit him severely upon the arm. The boy commenced to fight the eagle, and the matter was in its true pugilistic style with his bare fists. He succeeded in getting a good hold upon the eagle's neck and choked and crushed it to death. The boy was exhausted after the conflict and had to be taken to the hospital, where it was found that he had received many scratches and bites. The body of the eagle measures four feet from tip to tip. This is the first eagle captured in Green County for many years.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE STORY TELLER.

It is Oun that, although carpets are bought by the yard, yet they are worn by the foot.

MURKES (to housemaid).—Now, Mary, you know I am going to give a ball to-morrow night, and I shall expect you to bestir yourself, and be useful generally." Mary.—Yes, ma'am; but I am very sorry to say I can't dance.

ANECDOTE OF THE "IRON DUKE."

The Duke of Wellington's course of life, after his victories in a hundred fights, was singularly simple and unostentatious. His bedroom contained a small iron bed; the chamber was a copy of his tent, as plainly furnished as if it had to be moved at a moment's notice. The anecdote is well known that illustrates his character. Some one protesting against such restricted accommodation, said:—"Why, in such a bed you have not room to turn round!" "Turn round," was the Duke's comment; "you do not need to do it. When you want to turn round, it is about time to turn out."

A GENTLE HINT.

The Rev. Jonathan French, of South Andover, says an exchange, was supplied with wood by his parishioners, according to the terms of his settlement. Winter was coming on, but no wood had been furnished. Mr. French waited until the Governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving came, when, after reading it to the people, he said, with great apparent simplicity, "My brethren, you perceive that His Excellency has appointed next Thursday as a day of thanksgiving, and according to custom it is my intention to prepare two discourses for that occasion—provided I can write them without fire." The hint took, and on the next day all his winter's wood was in his woodyard.

CULLED PHILOSOPHY.

You may note it on de pailin's a mighty risky plan To make our judgment by de clo's dat kivers up a man; For I hardly need to tell you how you often come across A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty dollar horse; An' wakin' in de low groun's you disskiver as you go Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meames' nubb in a row; I never judge of people dat I meets along de way By de places dat dey cum fun and de houses wha dey stay; For de bantam chicken's awful fond of roostin' pretty high, An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky; Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea, An' you fin's de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind of tree. —*The Century.*

HOW THE INVENTOR FLAIGHTS HIS POOR WIFE.

A facetious fellow connected with one of our daily newspapers gives the following amusing burlesque on trials of an inventor's wife:—"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like somebody to tell me what I am to do with my husband." "What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic old lady. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but William will invent. He goes inventing round from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort. I didn't object when he invented a fire escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how it worked. Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing." "Why didn't he take his coat off?" "I wanted him to, but he stood around till the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it. That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clockwork. William got into it, and up it went. Bless your heart he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night, when it flew open and dislodged William with the plans and specifications of a patent washboard that would tip over just when it got so full. The result was that I lost all my rings and a brasspin down the waste pipe. Then he got up a crutch for a man that could also be used as an opera-glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye to find William, it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. Once he invented a rope ladder to be worn as a guard chain and lengthened out with a spring. He put it round his neck, but the spring got loose and turned it into a ladder and almost choked him to death. Then he invented a patent boot heel to crack nuts with, but he mangled it with nuts and gave it up. Why, he has a wash tub full of inventions. One of them is a prayerbook that always opens at the right place. We tried it one mornin' at church, but the wheels and springs made such a noise that the sexton took William by the collar and told him to leave his fire engines at home 'n' come to worship. The other day I saw him going up the street with a model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip pocket, and he is fixing up an improved shot tower in our back room."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S PASTORAL WORK.

[A CONVENTION ADDRESS BY MRS. EMILY DAVIES.]

We would like to discuss this subject by trying to answer two questions:

1. What is pastoral work?
2. Of what use is it?

To tell all that it is, would be more than could be expected of one person at one time, but just to speak of it in outline, we would say, it is the interest you show, and the loving care you give your scholars, not only when you are with them altogether in the class but whenever and wherever you can reach them. It is not your teaching, properly so called, not your "Rabbi's" work, but your tending, protecting, shepherding care. The sweet sympathy you give secretly to some smitten life, the kindness you show to some hungry soul, the protection to some poor wounded girl, the lifting you will give to some strayed lamb who got among the thorns and briars, and who will beat out its penitence in your ear, if you but seek for it. Teacher, please look around your class next Sunday while the opening exercises are going on, and discover to yourself what you know of the life of each one.

Is it a class of men? Which of them has a trial in his own home and you have never noticed that there was something wrong with him? Who stands where he is tempted to impatience and bitterness by the unreasonableness of those about him? Who has sought employment, unable to find it, till he comes to you with almost disbelief in God and certainly despair shadowing his face? Who has a new joy which shows in every movement of his body? Who is it that you know? Then you have failed in pastoral work. Is it a class of girls (excuse me— young ladies—there are no girls now.) Is it a class of young ladies, and one of them has a severe disappointment from the failure of some long cherished scheme, and you have not strengthened her with your sympathy? Has one of them provoked a new love, taken upon herself the vows of betrothal and is to become a wife, and you have never privately reminded her that the church is the Bride of Christ, and with what beauty of character she should fit herself for her husband? Is one of them sick and you have not known it? Is one careless about coming and you have not made her feel you could not teach comfortably without her? Then your pastoral work has not been all that it ought.

Or, take a class of rather small boys—say any where between the ages of ten and fourteen—and by way of digression I would like to say that in such a class a teacher has about one of the hardest things to encompass, and she has my sincere sympathy, for—well, I have three sons. Now, boys are full of life and vigor, restless and, for the most part, heedless. They have ideas that to them are as big as a world; to you they are very small. They love to talk; they are just becoming important to themselves and consequently not quite so much so to other people; and for the teacher who has not made the lesson as bright as possible, or has not found out a bright way of preventing it, I am sorry. But use plentiful patience. You should lift your hat to those boys, for who knows but there may be among them a Martin Luther, or a John Bunyan? At any rate, never forget that you are making men. The pastoral work in such a class will rather be the discovering at times that may best present themselves to you, either in school or out, their peculiar tastes and exhibitions of character, their bent of mind, as it will be called. In doing this you will find that one boy loves fishing, boating and the wide sea; another loves books, especially history; another no one thing in particular, but in a weak fashion notices everything, and still another will love nothing apparently but mischief. The searching out of this is finding their daily life, for at present this is what their life consists of; unless, indeed, the hard merciless grip of poverty has driven them to toil beyond their years; and may God give you a few such.

But you will say, how is all this to be accomplished? We want something practical. So do I, and if you will bear with me a few moments longer I will try to tell you how it seems to me possible to do it. To those who have time, and there are many who have a good deal to give to their work, I would suggest a system of visitation which would suit the needs of your scholars. One

half hour two or three times a week with an invalid, or one hour of good, spirited, cheerful, religious conversation with one of their now and then an occasional visit upon all, would be of great value. Then if I had a pleasant home with book-shelves filled with interesting books, or cabinets of geological stones and "bic-a-brac" of foreign travel, my scholars should visit me and I would try to interest them in these things. I would go over again the pleasant spots of my travel; they should find not "sermons" but knowledge in stones and "good in everything." If I had spacious grounds, the summer should find my boys or girls as much at home in them as myself, by frequent picnics, for which I should supply the baskets. Surely in some of these interviews their very hearts would peep out, and that is just what I should seek to gain by all this.

But there are those who are doing real hard work that will tell in eternity, who have no such advantages. They have but few books, no spacious grounds, they have not traveled far, and they need themselves to go on a picnic to get rested a little. They are doing their work amid the pressing daily cares of life. Such will tell me time is money, which they need, and it must not be wasted. Can they do this work? My brother, my sister, this is what is needed for you, and you can do it. One hour a week, well used, will do a great deal; and if there is one teacher in all this State who can say conscientiously he has not one hour a week to spare, I think the Lord will excuse him from the work altogether till he can find more time for it. It is surprising, however, how much a little time wisely used will accomplish. It may be a few words on the street going to or from business or dinner (you can leave out all about the weather if moments are scarce); a jump on your business wagon to go and plead with some one to give employment to that poor fellow; a message sent to some one you could not see yourself; or you might send, to one needing it, a postal card with this written upon it: "Keep a brave heart; the sun was never yet so hidden with clouds but it shone through. Be at school on Sunday; I can't teach well without you." Fifteen cents spent for a couple of rose buds or a few violets to send or take to the one who is sick, or an invitation to your boys to come and have games with fruit and cake at your house once or twice during the winter nights does wonders. Perhaps the best time you can take will be a few moments after school. It may be with a member of the class upon whom you see that an impression has been made by the lesson.

In the class of the writer was a young lady who for a long time had been in a state of indecision. On one Sunday morning I saw that she had been very much interested in the lesson. After school she lingered a little. I put my hand upon her shoulder and said, "Susie, are you decided for Christ?" In making answer I saw she had missed the idea of the one Sacrifice for sin. Presently she said something which led me to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." With evident wonder she said, "Is that so?" After a little further conversation we parted. A few hours later I sent her a number of passages of Scripture bearing upon this point. A few days after I learned that she had trusted and was saved by the blood. I had labored for a year but that one sentence—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth"—at the divinely directed moment, seemed to do more than all.

Any or all of the methods named, or others that may be suggested, may come under the name of pastoral work, and if you have not tried any of them you don't know what a secret they would put into your possession.

Our second question is: Of what use is this pastoral work? It will have several important uses which we may not suggest, but the first we think of is that it will establish a strong bond of sympathy between the teacher and the taught, and so lighten your labor. If you show this constant loving care for your scholars, do you think it can help giving you a great deal in return? If you once win the true love and loyalty of those hearts, do you think they would knowingly disobey you or do anything to vex or annoy you? Then it will increase the number of your class; for be sure there are those passing along in the world with wearied hearts who will surely find out where they can rest a little. Those to whom you are giving your sympathy and

love, and who grow really interested, will bring others; they cannot keep the blessings to themselves if they try.

A boy in London removed from the locality of a school he had attended for some time; but though five miles away, he still went back to the "old school." When his companions asked him why he went back, instead of attending one of the many schools near by, he said: "O, well, they love a fellow there."

But the third and last use I think of is that it gives the key to unlock the door of the most successful teaching in the world. To our mind the most successful teaching is that which adapts the lesson to the everyday life and wants of the pupils. We cannot but think we are right in this, since it seems to have been our Lord's constant method. To fishermen he said: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

It was in the land where the vines grew on the sunny slopes that He said: "I am the true vine, my Father is the husbandman. Ye are the branches. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." So that when the impure woman came with her waterpot to fill for the day's use He said: "If thou hast known who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him and he would have given thee living water." But we must not stay to multiply instances, for "without a parable spake He not unto them." Only by the knowledge of the real needs of your pupils, which your pastoral work will give, can you so teach your lesson as to make it of practical value in the every-day life of each pupil. Without being in the least offensively personal, you can touch the hidden secret of each life with your blessed message, and make it full of effect. Your most touching and forced illustrations should be taken from this source, and every lesson, without unlawful straining, should be made to bear upon each life before you. Some duty should be enforced from it, some comfort sandwiched in, or some small fault correctly rebuked by it, for, depend upon it, this word is "quick and powerful."

But it may be some one is thinking, "I have a class of little ones, and all this does not apply to them. Troubles have not yet assailed their life, and religious conversation must be very limited, and if I went to call upon them I should hope to find them at play." Dear teacher, do not think lightly esteem your work, for I do not; but your pastoral work must be done indirectly. A call upon the parents of your little ones will greatly help you. You may do the parents themselves great good—at least you will win their hearts and they will send the children without their new summer clothes, it may be, but with their verses well committed to memory, the mother saying to herself, "I must send the children to school, the teacher feels so badly when they are away." But remember that perhaps yours is the happiest work in all the school. You have the precious seed ground before the enemy has cast in the tares. The little ones have no doubts to be dispelled; they will not challenge your dates, and the gospels always harmonize to them, while it is greatly important, for the future good of their life will depend upon your foundation work.

It was once my privilege to listen to a sermon from the great Dr. Guthrie of Scotland, whose words of eloquence seem still to ring in my ears. You remember he was a founder and friend of Sunday and ragged schools all his life, till it became one long act of consecration, and his praise was in all lands. It is said when he lay dying he murmured to his friends: "Fetch one of the barns to me." They understood him. A wee girlie from one of his flocks was brought and she stood by his bedside. He said: "My bonnie lamb, sing me one of the barns' songs." And in a low sweet voice she commenced, but he had not listened long before the song blended into that of angels; for he had passed away. It was earth's evensong and heaven's matin shout, all in one; it was the tinkling bell on the chariot which bore him to heaven.

Dear friends, sometime to you and to me the time will come when the vineyard door will be shut; we shall go no more in to dress the vines. It will matter very little then to us about the slaudits of the vine dressers, who will say: "She has gone home to her Father's house; her work is done." But if we have taken a young tendril and trained it to some strong support, and exposed it to the blessed sunlight, it will bear

rich fruit to refresh the world and glorify our kindly Husbandman and that, we matter to all eternity.—*Intermediate Teachers' Quarterly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

February 8.—Acts 21: 27-40.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

I. Draw from the scholars the circumstances of the lesson by a brief review of last Sabbath's lesson.

II. Show how the plan may have been successful with the Christian Jews whom they were aiming to conciliate; but a new and unexpected difficulty arose from the unbelieving Jews.

III. Give to the scholars a clear and distinct idea of the temple and its courts, so that they can see what parts were forbidden to the Gentiles, where in the temple Paul was completing his vow, where were the gates that were shut, and where Paul was rescued by the soldiers, and where he made his address to them. This will make the whole account more vivid.

IV. The subject is,—suffering for Christ's sake.

I. The assault upon Paul in the temple (vers. 27-30.) Paul meets some unexpected opposition from Jews who had known and opposed him in Ephesus. The results of what we do in one place follow as wherever we go.

Illustration. In the old church at Newburyport, Mass., where Whitefield used to preach, and where his bones still lie, is a peculiar echo. It was said to have been discovered thus. The corner gallery pews are built very high, and close to the arched ceiling. In one of these some boys were sitting, and during the service whispered to one another that now was a good time to steal some of a good deacon's pears, while he was in church. Accordingly they went out. But the deacon was sitting in the opposite corner, and distinctly heard across the church the words which were inaudible everywhere else. They were echoed along the arched ceiling. So our words and deeds are echoed, and exert an influence in a far distant place, or across years of our life.

Illustration. Stirred up all the people (ver. 27.) Envy is like a stone thrown into a pool of water; it rises in circles, each circle begetteth another, and growing still wider, till they all quite lose themselves in the end (ver. 31; 19: 29.) *dato uno, mille sequuntur*; like Cadmus's brood, they start up suddenly, and as soon fall foul of each other.—*Ch. Herk.*

Illustration. A little water is evaporated into a great deal of steam and smoke; and so a thing, trifling in itself, may become the means of incalculable mischief if it be put forth in the spirit of malice or even inconsiderateness.—*Manton.*

Illustrations may be drawn from the opposition of rum-sellers and saloon-keepers, and those who rent buildings for such uses, to faithful churches and ministers. So those who oppose lotteries in fairs, and the bad and corrupting business of men. Instance the attempts against Anthony Comstock.

II. The rescue (vers. 31-36.) Here the place should be pointed out on the plan of the temple, with the castle of Antonia.

III. Good out of evil. Paul's character contrasted with that of the Egyptian may be pointed out; but the chief lesson is from the fact that his assault, by placing Paul under the protection of the Roman soldiers, gave Paul an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the Jews, and to the Romans also, such as he could have obtained in no other way. Till this time he had not discussed the Gospel in the temple (Acts 24: 12.)

Illustration. There is an old Huguenot device representing men around an anvil striking it with their hammers, and others handing them new ones as fast as the ones used are broken on the anvil. Underneath is this legend: "Strike away, ye rebels; your hammers may break, but the anvil of God's word endures."—*John Cotton Smith.*

SALMON SALAD.—Take eight or ten stalks of celery to a can of salmon, cut the celery in small pieces and mix with the salmon, which should also be picked into small bits. Sprinkle a little salt and a very little pepper on it, and pour over it some good vinegar. There is always sufficient oil in the salmon. A small onion may be added if liked.

WHY DIRT IS NECESSARY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Keep the babies in the open air," said the sensible medical man to the mother of two pale delicate looking children.

"Well, I can't see that they get anything out dirt out of doors," the lady responded somewhat fretfully.

"Dirt is a good deal better than medicine for children," the doctor replied.

Mrs. Weldon looked at the tucked and ruffled dresses that her little ones wore, the broad ribbon sashes, the elaborate lace caps, and shook her head dubiously. Dirt and disorder were very distasteful to her. The children never went out with their nurse—a woman who had been specially selected for her neatness and care-taking qualities—that they did not return the worse for wear.

The excuse for this was that Master Willie—four years old—would pick up all the stones and sticks that came in his way, and baby Ruth always tried to do just what her brother did.

Mrs. Weldon could not understand why the clean, well-aired nursery was not as healthful a place for children to play in as out doors in the dirt. They had a drive every pleasant day, and why wasn't this enough? She believed that it was, but the children grew thinner and paler and more fretful. The doctor was summoned again and his prescription was the usual one—air and dirt.

Some folks might think this a very expensive prescription, but to Mrs. Weldon it meant dollars and dollars worth of elegant fabrics soiled and ruined. Her children had no common dresses and she did not intend that they should have. She wondered if it were not possible for the babies to have all the out-door they needed without the obnoxious dirt? The experiment was worth trying at all events. She would accompany the nurse a few times and see wherein this servant failed to carry out her instructions. It might require some energy and watchfulness to keep children from crawling in the dirt, but of course it could be done. So one fine morning the little family started out with the intention of spending several hours in the Park. A baby carriage was procured at the entrance for the children, and for a half hour or more everything progressed in an orderly manner. Then Master Willie grew tired and demanded to be allowed to walk. This was the signal for a grand outburst from the baby who staunchly declined to remain a moment longer than her brother did. Mrs. Weldon took the latter infant by the hand, while the nurse led the baby and propelled the carriage. This arrangement was of short duration. Master Willie spied a bird and with almost a bird's quickness started in pursuit. In vain did his mother call to him to return. On and on he went, but the momentum was too great, and before long Master Willie had collided with another little boy, falling flat on his face in a not over clean spot. There was a great splash of mud on his beautiful crimson sash, mud on his pretty cap, mud on his embroidered skirts, and his poor little nose had met with very hard fate indeed. A lady who had just seated herself on an opposite bench, and who also had two little ones with her, appeared at this crisis, and offered Mrs. Weldon a wash cloth. It was as white as now and just damp enough for the purpose.

"I always take three or four with me on such occasions," she said with a smile, holding up the oil silk bag which contained these most necessary articles.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place."

Mrs. Weldon watched the operations of this lady with great interest as she returned to her children. They were dressed in excellent taste, but somewhat more plainly than her babies. Their ribbons were taken off and consigned to the motherly hand-bag which seemed filled with every necessary thing. Their delicate caps gave place to little dark shade hats, and over each dress was drawn a long loose gingham garment, tastefully made, completely covering their finery. Then the children went their way with perfect freedom, while their mother conscious that they would be in respectable condition to take home, was able to give herself up to enjoyment also.

Mrs. Weldon's nurse went to a hydrant and rinsed the wash cloth, and her mistress returned it with many thanks.

"You had better keep it," said the lady gracefully, "for you will doubtless need it again."

"Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully.

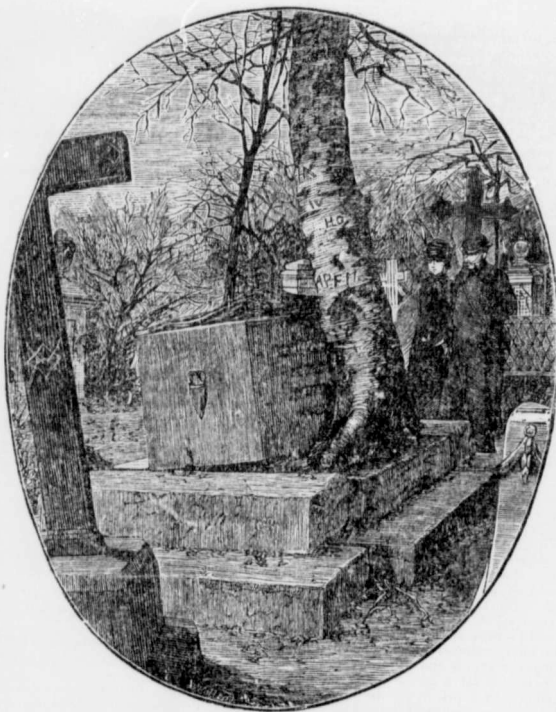
"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt and I took the matter into my own hands. The result was that I not only found she was not to blame, but had really done her work admirably, in fact much better than I could."

"But don't you think it would be as well to train children to keep out of dirt?" Mrs. Weldon inquired anxiously. "It doesn't seem to me," she added, "that dirt is necessary to a child's health or happiness."

"I have found out," said the lady, "that dirt is necessary to my children's happiness, and for this reason and this alone is necessary to their health. Think of the strain upon your nerves, to be incessantly watching your little ones to prevent them from soiling their clothes. It is impossible for a mother or nurse to keep from losing their good nature under such circumstances. I discovered after a while that my children were simply little animals, and that to constantly interfere with their instincts was to

nurse's amusement, but it was the last time. Now they play, and laugh and scream with delight, hour after hour, and their mother has found out why dirt is essential to her children's happiness.—*The Cottage Hearth.*

TEA BAD FOR CHILDREN.—A Waterbury physician wants to begin a movement against tea. "I just came," he said, "from attending the case of a five year old babe who is ruined for life by its parents indulging it in tea drinking. The child became very nervous and dyspeptic, and they sent for me. I asked them how much tea the child drank. 'About two cups at each meal and several between meals,' was the reply. You see they let the teapot stand on the stove all day. Thus the tannic acid is extracted, which serves to turn the linings of the stomach into leather, and brings on dyspepsia and kindred diseases. Yes, you will find hundreds of women, young girls, and aged women, and occasionally a man who have completely ruined their nervous system by the excessive use of common tea. It will be a blessing to mankind when a temperance crusade can spare wind enough



TOMB FORCED OPEN BY A GROWING TREE.

do them a grievous wrong that was sure to react upon myself. My little boy would be happy for half an hour with a stone that would soil his dress. To dig a hole in the dirt with a stick and scoop it out with his hands was a pleasure impossible to exaggerate. If for the sake of his finery I tried to prevent such enjoyment the result was a conflict extremely demoralizing to both of us. I have known him to serenade and kick until he was completely exhausted and would remain irritable all the rest of the day. A morning in the Park with my children and a good nurse to look after them would make me ill for a week. Now under this regime I often prefer to serve alone. It is a real rest and comfort to me."

"And you get all this out of a couple of gingham aprons?" said Mrs. Weldon.

"Out of suitable clothing and an oil silk bag to hold the wash cloths," the lady responded laughingly.

"I shall copy you in every respect," said Mrs. Weldon. "I was at my wit's end," she added, "and I am rejoiced at having met you."

The babies were more unrepresentable on this occasion than ever before, very much to

from its attack on alcohol to assual tea."—*N. Y. Witness.*

If Mrs. H. would use a solution of hartshorn or spirits of ammonia to clean coat collars and sleeves she would like it better than soap and it is not so liable to injure the fabric. I have cleaned the most delicate colors with it without hurting them in the least. It is splendid for cleaning Spanish laces. I do not use it, however, for anything without weakening it. I take two parts water and one part spirits unless the article is very much soiled when I use more of the ammonia.—*Cor. Household.*

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters, pound very fine eight soft crackers, or grate a stale loaf of bread, butter a deep dish, sprinkle in a layer of crumbs, then a layer of oysters, a little mace, pepper, and bits of butter; another layer of crumbs, another of oysters; then season as before, and so on until the dish is filled, cover the dish over with bread crumbs, seasoning as before. Turn over it a cup of the oyster liquor; set in the oven for thirty or forty minutes to brown.

THE MIGHT OF THE PRECIOUS SEED.

Near Mary street, in Hanover, which is becoming a flourishing mercantile centre of Northern Germany, is the old Garden graveyard. Once in the outskirts, now the rush of traffic and rattle of street cars disturb the quiet of the old cemetery. For many a year its rusty gates have never been swung back to receive any new tenants. The graves are overshadowed by large trees and overgrown by weeds, and neglected marks the spot everywhere. Quite near the entrance, in the shadow of the old church, lie the remains of a lady who belonged to the old nobility and who was buried here during the middle of the last century. Her grave is covered by two massive blocks of sandstone on which lies another double their size. The latter is ornamented in relief by an extinguished torch, the symbol of death.

The immense blocks are fastened together by heavy iron-clamps, showing the intention of the owner not to have the place disturbed. This is still more emphatically pronounced by the inscription which is hewn in large letters opposite to the name of the occupant and the date of her death. On one of the lower stones, "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." But what is man's will in a universe ruled by an Almighty Creator? Where the two stones are joined together, a passing wind, not long after the monument was erected, carried a tiny seed. No one observed it but the eye of God.

But there it took, and as summer showers and winter storms followed the course of the seasons it grew, its roots finding nourishment in the soil beneath, till now an immense birch-tree spreads out its silvery and graceful branches over the moss-covered stones, and the sparrows build their nests in it. But in getting its present growth and expansion its great roots have gone clear through the grave, and the dust of the dead has nourished them, while its massive trunk has lifted the ponderous stones out of their places, turning them on edge and rending the iron clamps that held them together. And there the leafy branches, high in the air, nod to the sculptured legend below, as if in quiet mockery of the man's vain command, "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." It is the triumph of life over death.—*Selected.*

A GREAT STEP is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.—*Guesses at Truth.*

GOD'S ALMANAC has but one day; that is to-day.

